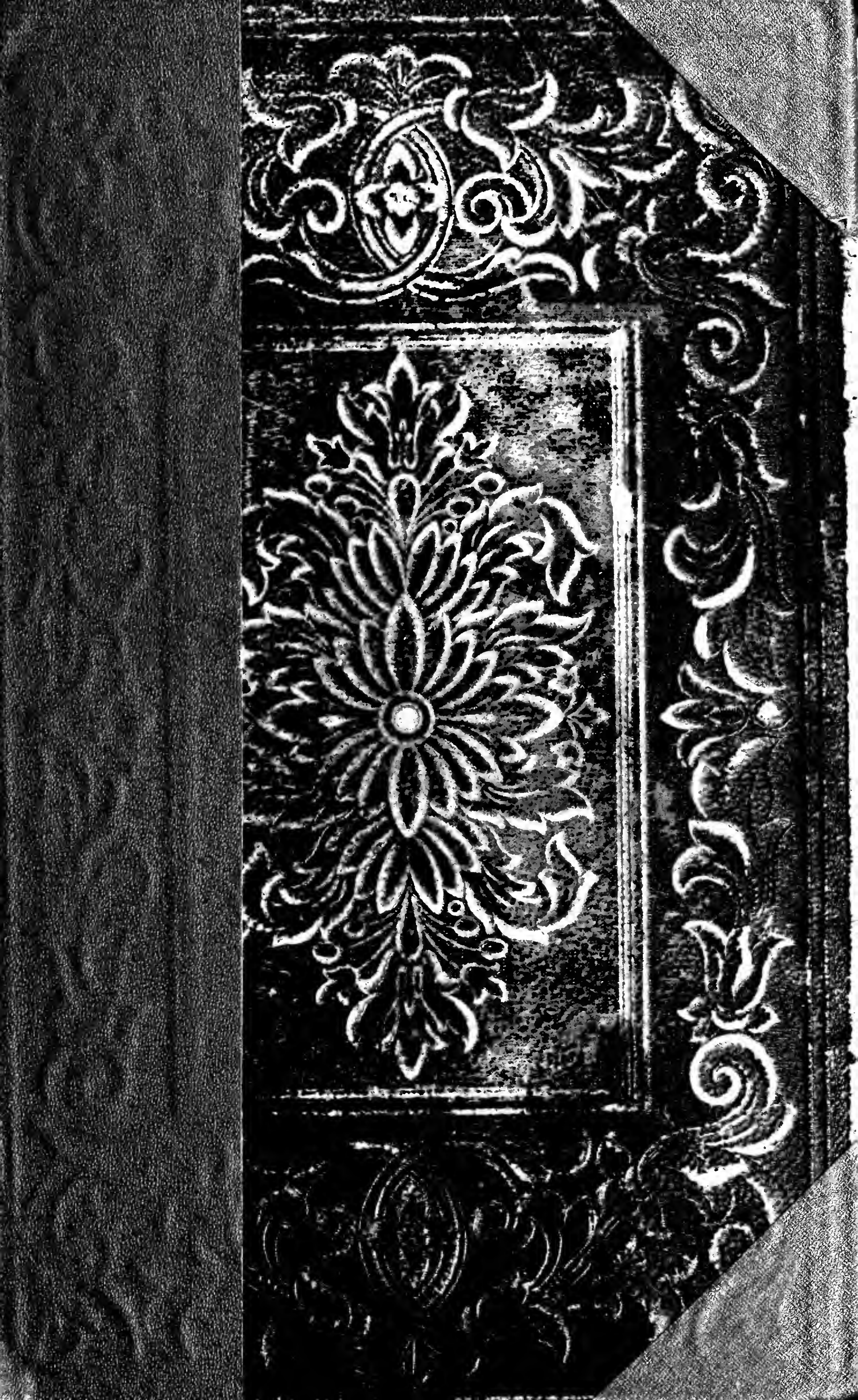

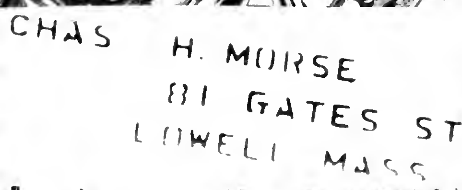
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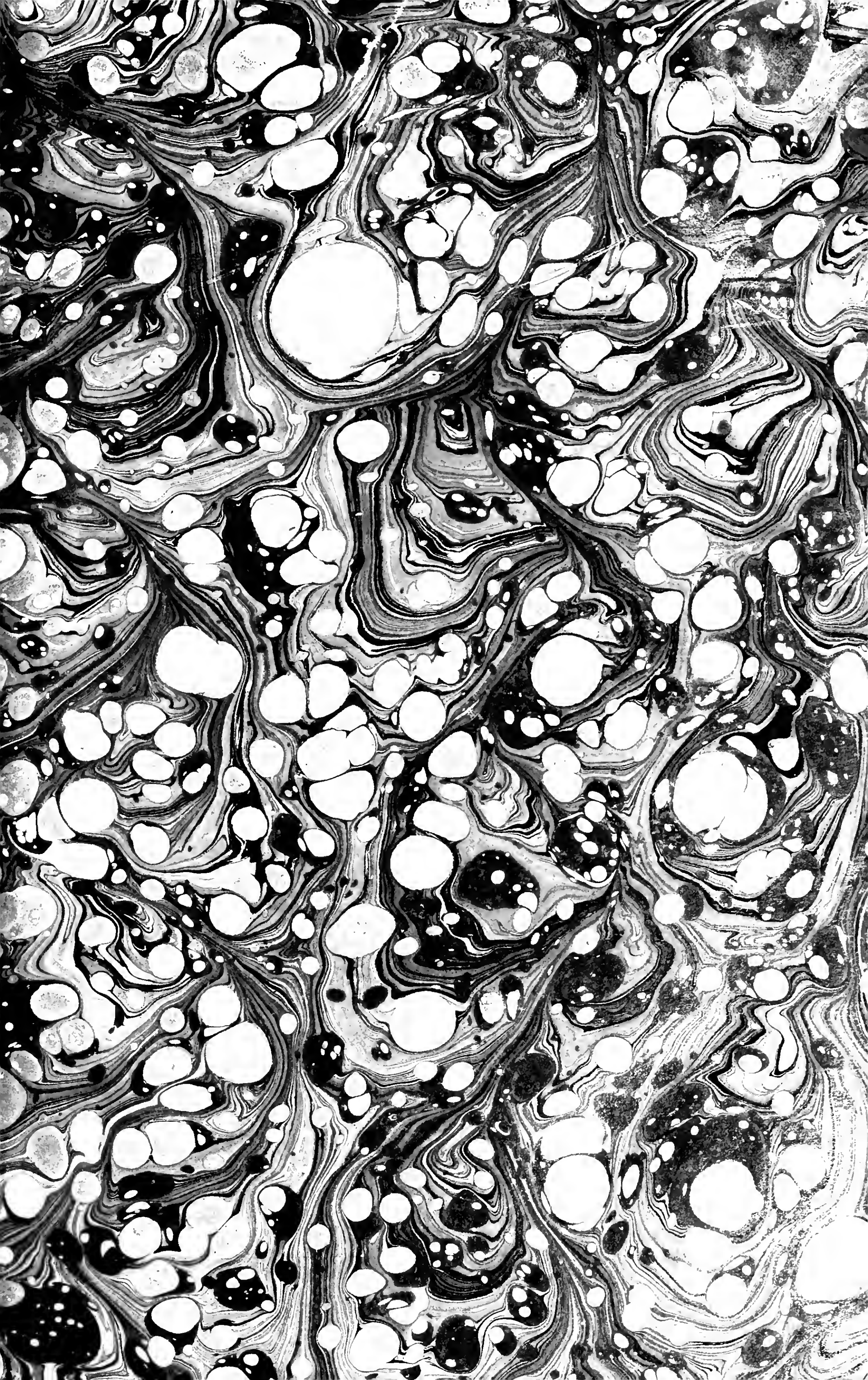


atharine F. Richmond

rom Mrs. Morse via Mona

une 7, 1938 -

THE LIFE OF

THE

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

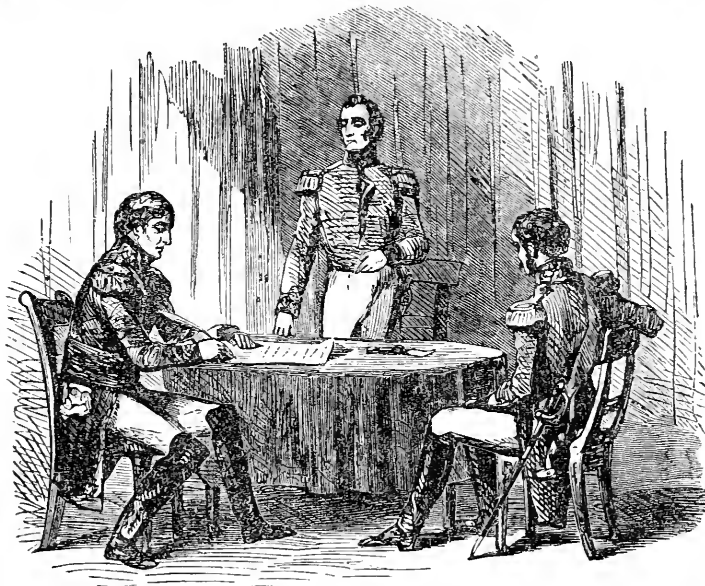
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON WHEN LIEUT.-GEN. SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, K. B.

THE LIFE OF

FIELD MARSHAL

THE

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



(CONVENTION OF CINTRA.)

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.,

Author of "The British Officer," "The Handbook of British India," "The Military Encyclopædia," "Travels in Persia, Turkey, Russia, Germany, &c.," and other works.

IN TWO VOLUMES, WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
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PREFACE.

The "Memoirs" and "Lives" of the great Duke of Wellington already before the public are so numerous and so varied in character, that some explanation may appear to be necessary why another candidate for public favour should appear in the field, and presume to hope for patronage.

In the first place, it is respectfully submitted that a complete "Life" of the immortal Duke does not exist. Closing with the Battle of Waterloo, the works of Maxwell, Moyle Sherer, and of Jackson and Scott, embrace merely the military view of his Grace's career, and offer but few elucidations of the administrative character of the mighty soldier.

In the second place, the greater portion of the abridgments tell but very imperfectly the story of the eventful life here minutely pourtrayed, while the larger works, deriving illustration from military despatches, are too much fraught with technicality to be intelligible to the general reader.

In the third place, no work hitherto extant contains pictorial embellishments of a truthful character. The imagination of the artists, uncontrolled by experience, has been suffered to revel in absurdity, and nothing has come of the exuberance of fancy but anachronism, falsehood, and incongruity.

In the fourth place, so entirely are the authors of contemporary works absorbed in the subject of their biography, that the multitudinous accessories important in the history of a man, whose history is that of Europe, for the time, and of war in all its phases, are lost sight of.

These four objections point directly to the peculiar features of the work now offered to the public. With the second volume, the Life of the Duke of Wellington will be brought down to the hour when his remains were conveyed to the tomb,

amidst the lamentations of a grateful and sorrowing people. The Work will thus offer, for the first time, a *complete* history of the marvellous career of the unapproachable soldier and the sagacious statesman. The numerous illustrations, some of which (as Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, &c.,) are contributed by the graceful pencil of Colonel John Luard, author of a "History of the Dress of the British Soldier," an actor in the scenes delineated, and the remainder by Messrs G. and R. Thomas, the eminent artists and engravers, have the unusual advantage of truthfulness in the matter of scenery, costume, and portraiture. The stories of battle are told with the slightest possible reference to official detail, that they may be rendered familiar to unprofessional readers, and copious anecdotes of military existence in the camp and the bivouac are supplied, that just ideas may be formed of the quality of the "service" to which a soldier is exposed. Finally, every line which the Duke wrote and published, every word which he publicly uttered, illustrative of his character and his principles, has been cited, referred to, or reproduced, that general inferences may the more readily be drawn of the springs and motives of action by which his public life was influenced, and that he may in a great measure be made the interpreter, exponent, and apologist of his own miraculous deeds.

It will be a satisfaction to the writer to find that, in all these respects, he has contributed to supply a desideratum, and not produced a work altogether unworthy of the exalted theme.

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LIFE OF

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

Birth, parentage, and education, of Arthur Wellesley—Enters the Army—Serves in Holland with the 33rd Regiment—Proceeds to India—Capture of Seringapatam—Becomes Governor of the place—Attacks Dhoondia Waugh, the freebooter—Promoted to Major-General—Conducts the campaign against the Mahratta chieftains—Gains the victories of Assaye and Argaun—Takes the fortresses of Ahmednuggur, Asseerghur and Gawilghur—Created a Knight of the Bath—Receives addresses and rewards—Returns home.

T generally falls to the lot of a biographer to start with his subject from an obscure point, and to enjoy the satisfaction of travelling with him to the eminence which has given his early history a claim upon public respect and curiosity. Nothing is more agreeable than to track an adventurous spirit through all the difficulties and obstructions which beset the path of the friendless, and to share, in imagination, in its honourable struggles, to glide over its smoother passages, to depict its patience and fortitude, and, finally, to participate in its noble triumphs.

The writer who should undertake to narrate the history of Wellington is deprived of a portion of this satisfaction, because the career of the great warrior and statesman commenced under circumstances of peculiar advantage. Nobly

born, carefully educated, and connected with people enjoying considerable political influence, he was subjected to no early wrestlings with fate. He was launched upon the stream of life under the most favourable auspices, tasting neither the bitterness of poverty nor the humiliation of obscurity. His public life, from first to last, was one uninterrupted chain of glory, each link more brilliant than its predecessor, and unlike other great adventurers, whose course from insignificance to splendour was broken, through a series of mischances or their own unsteadiness of character, *his* progress knew no culminating point—his fame no tarnish—his fortunes no reverse.

But the even tenor of his career is no disparagement of the vast merit of the Duke of Wellington. If his antecedents were less humble than the public beginnings of other men, let it be remembered that he reached a higher eminence than any personage of whom the annals of England possess a record—always excepting John, Duke of Marlborough, his prototype in all things but political virtue. Nor has his upward path been free from a thousand obstructions, which none but a gigantic mind and a firm heart could surmount. His difficulties begin with his direct responsibility. His triumphs followed as the results of his indomitable perseverance, his unflinching courage and his amazing constancy.

Irrational and exacting must be the biographer who is not content with such materials for his story!

It was in March, 1769, that Arthur Wellesley first saw the light. Biographers differ as to the date and the locality; but it appears by the evidence taken before a Parliamentary Committee in 1791, to inquire into a petition against his return for the borough of Trim, on the ground of his being a minor, that he was really born at Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, Ireland, at the time alleged above. His father was the second Earl of Mornington, who enjoyed much celebrity for his nice musical taste; his mother, Anne, the eldest daughter of Viscount Dungannon. Early in life Arthur Wellesley was sent to Eton College for his education, in conjunction with his afterwards distinguished brother Richard. Richard, at Eton, displayed an aptitude for the acquisition of knowledge, and was gifted with good taste and poetic fancy. There are extant several of his juvenile compositions, and even to a late period of his life he did homage to the Muses in the hours of leisure and retirement. The obvious bent of his genius and inclinations led to his removal to Oxford.

Arthur, on the other hand, gave no promise of excellence, and was therefore deemed fit for the army. In those days, younger brothers,

whose talent was slow in developing itself, were considered by sagacious friends only adapted to professions in which, it was most erroneously supposed, there was neither scope nor necessity for intellectual activity. They were sent into the army to acquire rank and position without effort. But it was considered, in the case of Arthur Wellesley, that he ought at least to have the advantages of some military preparation, and he was therefore sent to the College of Angiers, directed by Pignard, a celebrated French engineer,—for England at that time did not possess such an institution as the College at Sandhurst.

At the age of eighteen, after he had gone through a course of French military instruction, Arthur Wellesley was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 73d Regiment. This was in March, 1787. Nine months later he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 76th. Subsequent exchanges carried him into the 41st Foot, and the 12th Light Dragoons.

In 1791 (30th of June), being then twenty-two years of age, he procured a company in the 58th Foot, whence, four months later, he exchanged to a troop in the 18th Light Dragoons. Under the system in force in the British army, officers, avid of rapid promotion, must seek it in other regiments than their own, if their immediate seniors are prepared to purchase advancement. As Arthur Wellesley had had no opportunities of displaying zeal and gallantry in the field during these four years of service, his quick progress may be fairly set down to the combined action of ministerial favor, and a sufficiency of pecuniary means. Neither at school, nor college, nor in the performance of the easy regimental duty peculiar to a time of peace, and incidental to five exchanges, did he display any of those qualities which developed themselves in so remarkable a manner a few years later.

Previous to obtaining his company, Lieutenant Wellesley was returned a member of the Irish parliament. He sat for three years, during a portion of which time he was an aide-de-camp to the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

The young member occasionally spoke, always in opposition to liberal measures; and his oratory was characterized more by a curt and decided form of expression than by the efflorescence then popular among the Grattans, Cuffs, Parnells, and other members of the legislature. His opinions were of the Tory cast; and, even at that early period, he opposed himself to any consideration of the Catholic claims, and to schemes of Parliamentary Reform. As an aide-de-camp, and a member of a Protestant family, his sentiments were, of course, colored by the opinions of the noblemen and statesmen with whom

he continually associated; but there can be little reason to suppose that he was altogether under the dominion of partisanship. Freedom of thought was an early habit with Arthur Wellesley, and he sought on all occasions the independence of action which was its proper accompaniment.

On the 30th of April, 1793, Captain Wellesley was gazetted Major of the 33rd Foot. On the 30th of September, of the same year, he succeeded to the Lieutenant-Coloneley of the corps.

It was as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 33rd that the military career of Arthur Wellesley may be said to have fairly commenced.

In 1794, the French Republic was in arms to propagate the opinions upon which its existence was based, and to meet the forces of Austria and Prussia who had assembled to fight the battle of order and legitimacy. Some parties in Holland, who had imbibed the modern French doctrines, sought the aid of the Republicans in the establishment of a system of government and institutions akin to their own; and the Directory, recognising the appeal, menaced the Stadtholder with the invasion of his provinces. Alarmed for the integrity of Holland, the Stadtholder sought the assistance of England. Pitt, the British Minister, caught at the opportunity of assisting to check the dissemination of principles which threatened the social disturbance of Great Britain; and an army was at once equipped and dispatched to Holland under the orders of the Duke of York, the second son of King George III.

While this army was operating in the Netherlands, a separate expedition, under the Earl of Moira (afterwards Marquis of Hastings, and Governor-General of India), was directed to make a descent upon the coast of France. Of this expedition, the 33rd Regiment formed a part, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Wellesley commanding. The troops had embarked on board the transports, and awaited a wind, but the arrival of the intelligence of the failure of the Duke of York, the surrender of Tournay, and the repulse before Oudenarde, induced the Government to change the destination of the expedition, and to direct Lord Moira to proceed to Ostend.

Lord Moira's aid encouraged the Duke of York to persevere in his operations, but it did not in any way promote their success. Wherever the French Republican troops encountered the British, the latter, after a vain contest, were compelled to give way. At Mechlin, the Duke was forced to retreat; first upon Antwerp, then upon Breda and Bois le Duc. Occasionally a stand was made, and the French were attacked in their turn, but the result of the struggle was invariably unfavorable to the British.

These episodical affairs, however, gave scope for the display of good soldiership on the part of Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley. At Schyndel, Lieutenant-General (afterwards Sir Ralph) Abercrombie was engaged with a large body of the Republicans, who had contrived to mask themselves, until the British, consisting of the two regiments of Guards, the 33rd and 44th Regiments of the line, and some squadrons of Dragoons, were brought within the range of a deadly fire of artillery, under cover of which the French Hussars prepared to make a desperate charge. In the retrograde movement rendered necessary by the cannonade, the British fell into some confusion, the Dragoons mingling with the Guards. At this juncture, with the promptitude which ever afterwards marked his movements, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley deployed the 33rd into line in rear of the household troops, in order to occupy the road, and hold the French in check.

The Hussars continued to advance, with their usual impetuosity, and when within a suitable distance furiously charged. The 33rd reserved their fire until the cavalry came within one hundred yards; then, delivering a murderous volley, they threw back the assailants, and followed them, as they in turn retreated, with a succession of destructive fusillades. Upon a subsequent occasion at Meteren,—Walmoden having intermediately succeeded to the command of the allied Hanoverian and British forces,—Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley did good service in forcing a confident body of Republican troops to abandon an attack upon the position of Generals Dundas and Dalwick.

Occupying Meteren with a wing of the 33rd, two field-pices, and a squadron of Hussars, Colonel Wellesley was obliged by superior numbers to fall back upon the British lines, losing his cannon in the retrogression. Reinforced by the other wing of his regiment, he, in turn, became the assailant, regained the guns, and repulsed the enemy; then, falling back upon the post of Geldermalsen, he maintained himself with the 42nd and 78th Highlanders, and the 33rd, until the French retired after repeated efforts to dislodge him.

Returning to England at the close of the disastrous campaign in Holland, the 33rd Regiment commenced recruiting, for what between sickness, and the ordinary contingencies of war, the corps had been reduced to a skeleton. It had scarcely been reported effective, ere, in the autumn of 1795, it was ordered to the West Indies as part of an expedition, and had actually embarked. Stress of weather, however, prevented the departure of the expedition, and the 33rd re-landed under instructions to prepare for service in the East.

If the optimist wished for an elucidation of his doctrine that *tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes*, he might triumphantly

point to the "ill-winds" which diverted the West Indian expedition from its destined course. But for the happy accident of the return of the 33rd to port, Wellesley would have lost the admirable opportunity for the display of his talents which India was shortly to open to him.

In the month of April, 1796, the 33rd sailed for India, the Lieutenant-Colonel remaining for the moment in England, in ill health. The regiment put into the Cape for provisions, and here it was joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley, who proceeded with it to Calcutta.

In those days, voyages to the East Indies were tedious operations, and they were not expedited by a stoppage at the Cape of Good Hope. It was February, 1797, before the 33rd Regiment disembarked at Calcutta.

For nearly two years subsequent to his arrival in India, the time of Colonel Wellesley was passed in the performance of garrison and district duty, if we except the preparation for an expedition to Manilla, which was abandoned before it was carried into execution. At the close of 1798, however, Lord Mornington (Colonel Wellesley's brother), who had become Governor-General of India, having acquired information that Tippoo, the Sultan of Mysore, was negotiating with the French Republicans at Mauritius (then called the Isle of France) for the establishment of an offensive and defensive alliance having for its object the expulsion of the English from India, his lordship determined on assembling a large body of troops in the vicinity of Tippoo's territories.

Colonel Wellesley was, on this occasion, appointed to a responsible command; and in November, 1798, we find him at the head of all the disposable troops assembled and encamped at Wallajabad. This responsible duty he fulfilled until February, 1799, when General Harris, who had been nominated to the chief direction of the operations which Tippoo's contumacy and treachery seemed to render advisable, joined the army, and took the command. He immediately addressed himself to the necessary preparations for the campaign. From no individual in the army did he derive greater aid than from Colonel Wellesley, as his first report of that officer's masterly arrangements to the Governor-General expressed in the following letter:

"Camp, near Vellore, 2nd *February*, 1799.

"My Lord,

"Having had leisure since my arrival here to inspect the division of the army which has been since its formation under the

orders of the Honorable Colonel Wellesley, I have much satisfaction in acquainting your lordship that the very handsome appearance and perfect discipline of the troops do honor to themselves and to him; while the judicious and masterly arrangements in respect to supplies, which opened an abundant free market, and inspired confidence into dealers of every description, were no less creditable to Colonel Wellesley than advantageous to the public service, and deservedly entitle him to my thanks and approbation.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect, &c.,

"G. Harris."

Soon after General Harris had joined, the army, consisting of upwards of 50,000 fighting men, formed into three large divisions, one of which was placed under Colonel Wellesley, moved towards Seringapatam.[1] Tippoo, confident in his own resources, and the bravery of his troops, advanced to meet them. He had no alternative, he considered, but to attack himself, or to remain in his capital to be assailed. He adopted the former. At Sedaseer (6th March, 1799), he encountered the Western or Cannanore army, under General Stuart. Falling furiously upon a brigade of Sepoys, commanded by Colonel Montresor, he hoped to annihilate it by the superiority of his numbers. But Stuart coming to his aid, Tippoo's troops, after a five hours' attack, gave way with great loss. Three weeks subsequently, Tippoo affronted the allied army under General Harris at Mullavelly. The brunt of the battle was borne by the infantry of the Nizam under Colonel Wellesley, supported by the cavalry under General Floyd. The conflict lasted for some hours. At length the *élite* of Tippoo's divisions came in contact with the 33rd, and halting, coolly delivered its fire. The 33rd, Colonel Wellesley's regiment, returned the volley, and charged with the bayonet. The enemy wavered, broke, and fled; General Floyd's cavalry pursued and destroyed them.

Tippoo now retired to Seringapatam, whither he was followed by the allied army. General Harris was not long in investing the city, and making arrangements for a siege. These siege operations commenced upon the junction of the Bombay army with that of the Madras force on the 14th of April, 1799, and continued unceasingly until the 4th of May, when breaches having been effected, the general assault was made, under the personal command of Sir David Baird. Intermediately some minor operations had taken place, connected

[1] A fortified town in Mysore, then the capital.

with the occupation of villages, the attack upon the citadel, and the repulse of sorties, and in all of these Colonel Wellesley displayed great judgment, coolness, and gallantry.

In an attack upon a tope or grove, occupied by the enemy, Colonel Wellesley was struck on the knee by a spent ball, and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Sultan's troops. On the day appointed for the attack on Seringapatam a circumstance occurred which illustrated the habit so long conspicuous in Wellesley in after life, of adhering rigidly to the orders of his superiors; a principle of action he was sedulous to inculcate when he came to exercise superior command. When all was ready for the assault, Colonel Wellesley was not present, and as General Harris had ordered that he should command, he could not comprehend why the Colonel was absent, especially when so much time had elapsed whilst the additional forces were marching down to their allotted stations. After waiting a little longer, and inquiring from his staff what could be the reason of Colonel Wellesley's absence, General Harris became uneasy and apprehensive that the favorable moment for the attack would be lost; and he directed General Baird, who was on the spot, to take the command, and proceed to the attack. General Baird immediately drew his sword, and, turning his horse, rode towards the column for this purpose. He had not moved many paces when General Harris called him back, and said, "On further consideration I think that we must wait a little longer for Colonel Wellesley," in which General Baird expressed his hearty concurrence. Colonel Wellesley appeared in a few moments afterwards, having, by an omission in the Adjutant-General's Office, been only just then warned for the duty. He instantly took the command of the troops, and proceeded to the attack.

Seringapatam fell after a short but murderous conflict.

After the capture of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley was placed in command of the fortress. In this responsible position it became his duty to see to the interment of the dead, the stoppage of the plunder of houses and the molestation of the inhabitants, and the re-establishment of bazaars throughout the city.

The inclination of the soldiery to indulge in every kind of debauchery and violence compelled the Colonel to resort to measures of severity, and it was not until several men had been executed for marauding, that the plunder ceased. Colonel Wellesley then applied himself to the task of conciliating the adherents of the Sultan, and of restoring the general confidence of the Mussulman population, a duty which he discharged with consummate sagacity.

A commission having been appointed to partition the conquered territories among the allies, in conformity to preliminary treaties, Colonel Wellesley was named one of the commissioners.

As soon as the Hindoo family which had been displaced by the Mussulmans was restored to the Musnud, or throne of Mysore, the grand army was broken up, General Harris returned to Madras, his head quarters, as Commander-in-Chief, and Colonel Wellesley was left in command of the troops serving above the Ghauts, a command with which were associated certain civil duties of an important character.

The manner in which these military and civil functions were discharged elicited the highest approbation. The "active superintendence, discernment, impartiality, and decision," of the Colonel called repeatedly for the especial commendation of the Government. There were, however, not a few persons who objected that the selection of Colonel Wellesley for the command was made at the instance of his brother, the Earl. This led to some correspondence between General Harris and the Governor-General, in the course of which the following passages occurred. Lord Mornington, in writing to General Harris, said—

"*July 7th*, 1799.

"With respect to the language which you say people have held of my brother's appointment to command in Seringapatam, you know that I never recommended my brother to you, and of course never even suggested how, or where, he should be employed; and I believe you know also, that you would not have pleased me by placing him in any situation in which his appointment would be injurious to the public service. My opinion, or rather knowledge and experience, of his discretion, judgment, temper, and integrity, are such, that if you had not placed him in Seringapatam, I would have done so of my own authority, because I think him in every point of view the most proper for that service.

"MORNINGTON."

No man who knows what was the nature of the service to be performed by the permanent Commandant of Seringapatam at that moment, will wonder that the Governor-General should have declared thus distinctly to General Harris, "if you had not placed Colonel Wellesley in command, I would." But General Harris had been deeply sensible of the weighty responsibility which

attached to him on the death of Tippoo, when the destinies of an empire hung in the balance, and when he was the sole guardian of the high interests involved in this momentous charge until Lord Mornington should decide upon the future policy to be pursued. With a full sense of the imperative necessity of selecting as a commandant for Seringapatam one in whose talents, integrity, and discretion, unbounded confidence could be placed, he appointed Colonel Wellesley, and was, says his biographer, proud of his choice to the last hour of his life.

An early proof of the devotion of Wellesley to the interests of the service—his complete abnegation of self, when the public welfare demanded the sacrifice—is presented to us about this time. The Dutch, subdued by the French, had united with the Republic in its aggressive measures against England and other states. It became, therefore, a measure of policy to attack her principal possession in India, Batavia, the capital of Java. Lord Mornington, accordingly, prepared an armament for the reduction of the place, and in a just confidence in the military merit of Colonel Wellesley, offered the appointment to his brother. The probable advantages and credit to be gained by it were great; but Wellesley "left all that entirely out of the question." He felt that the tranquillity of the country, then under his military government, was a subject of primary importance; and, believing his continued presence calculated to insure it, he declined the proffered command, with the qualification that if Lord Clive the then Governor of Madras, chose to accept it for him, he would not hesitate as to the course he should pursue, especially if the sailing of the expedition could be delayed. Before the appeal to Lord Clive could reach him, a letter from his lordship to Colonel Wellesley crossed it. This letter directed the advance of the troops under Wellesley into the Mahratta territory. The Colonel elected to refuse the Batavian command definitively.

Amongst the captives liberated from the dungeons of Seringapatam after Tippoo's death, was one Dhoondia Waugh, a Mahratta trooper, who had deserted from Hyder Ali, and at the head of an armed banditti committed depredations in Mysore. Tippoo seduced him to his court, and then seizing an early pretext for quarrelling with him, converted Dhoondia into a Mussulman, and plunged him into a prison. Once more enlarged through the generosity of the British, the ungrateful ruffian collected a body of miscreants, the greater part of whom had been in the military service of Tippoo, and who were now, by his destruction, cast upon the world. At the head of this band of desperadoes Dhoondia ravaged the country of Bednore. His

power increased each day. Thousands flocked to his standard. Many of the Killadars (governors of fortresses) either surrendered to him, or freely joined his plundering enterprise. At length he became so formidable, that it was found necessary, for the sake of the peace of the country, to send out troops to check his wild career. The expedition was successful. Dhoondia, who called himself, in the hyperbolic phraseology peculiar to the potentates of the East, the "King of the Two Worlds," was driven from place to place by the British force under Colonels Dalrymple and Stevenson, and his camp ultimately dispersed. Dhoondia took refuge in the Mahratta country.

In the year 1800, Dhoondia reappeared in the field, at the head of a considerable army, and at this time also the Polygars, Nairs, and other warlike people in the south of India, began to threaten

MAHRATTA SOLDIERS.

the tranquillity and integrity of Mysore. It now became necessary for Colonel Wellesley to assume the offensive in person, and to the end that he might completely crush the daring marauder Dhoondia, he declined the proffered command of an expedition to Batavia,

which George III. was anxious should be undertaken.[1] Joined by the cavalry of Goklah, a Mahratta chieftain in the interest and service of the Peishwa of Poonah, Colonel Wellesley set forth with the 19th and 25th Dragoons, and a body of native cavalry and infantry.

Dhoondia moved away on his approach, and for three months the pursuit continued over a hilly country, dotted with hill-fortresses, or droogs, and intersected by rivers. At length after several successful assaults upon the hill-forts occupied by his partisans, and the destruction of most of his baggage and equipage, Dhoondia Waugh was overtaken at Conahgull with a body of 5000 horse. Here Colonel Wellesley gave him battle, defeated and dispersed his force, and obtained possession of his standing camp. In this encounter Dhoondia was killed. The warfare was thus terminated; happily for Mysore, which would probably have been over-run by the freebooter and his hordes had Colonel Wellesley permitted him to cross the Toombuddra with the Pathan chiefs.

The expedition against Dhoondia Waugh was not merely creditable to Colonel Wellesley's sagacity and soldiership; it was honourable also to his humanity. When the baggage of the brigand was overtaken, his son, a child of four years of age, was found. He ran up to the palanquin of the Colonel, and sought his compassion. The appeal was not made in vain. Colonel Wellesley adopted him, and supplied the means of his subsistence and education for some years.[2]

The warfare against Dhoondia at an end, Colonel Wellesley returned to his command at Seringapatam. He had in the recent contest achieved more than the simple subjugation of a powerful robber, and the annihilation of an extensive system of brigandage. He had raised his reputation among the Mahrattas to a lofty pitch, and, with the moral force thus created, was enabled to check any intrigues in which the remaining discontented might indulge. At this moment, however, the Mahrattas were too much engaged in encroachments upon one another, to trouble themselves much about the British.

The operations of the French did not cease to be a subject of much solicitude with the Anglo-Indian authorities. Tippoo had been destroyed, but Mauritius (then called the Isle of France) still

1 It was Wellesley's principle that an officer should always forego private considerations when public duty was in question. In this instance we have an illustration of the conformity of his practice to his principle.

2 The boy lived until his twenty-sixth year, when he died of cholera, while in the service of the Rajah of Mysore.

furnished a rendezvous for plotters, a depôt for French troops and ships, and a *point d'appui* for hostile movements against the British possessions in India. Moreover, Egypt had now become the arena of European warfare. Napoleon Buonaparte, eager to neutralise the mischievous effects of the Battle of the Nile, by restoring the reputation of the French arms in Egypt, was engaged in reinforcing the troops in the latter country. He had an ulterior object in view—the invasion of India from Egypt—in which project he calculated upon being assisted by Russia. To counteract this object, or to attack Mauritius, was the motive of an armament now ordered by Lord Mornington to assemble at Trincomalee, a harbor on the north-eastern coast of Ceylon.

Colonel Wellesley was directed to assume the command of the force. Early in 1801, we find him at Ceylon preparing to act according to the orders he might receive. He believed that the destination of the force would be to the Red Sea; and, under this persuasion, as the season rapidly advanced, he sailed to Bombay *en route*, intending there to re-victual his troops, and receive definite instructions from his brother. But the Earl of Mornington had, in the meanwhile, determined to send the expedition to Batavia, and having, for certain good reasons, resolved on placing General Baird at the head of the enterprise, Wellesley, on reaching Bombay, found letters superseding him in the command. It has been conjectured that the Earl of Mornington intended by this measure to mark his disapprobation of Colonel Wellesley's procedure upon his own responsibility. The Earl himself explained the act by reference to the relative rank of the officers. He conceived that for such an enterprise a General Officer should be employed. Be this as it may, the supercession was a subject of much distress to Wellesley, and he expressed himself regarding it in terms of annoyance most unusual with him when his own personal interests were alone concerned:—

"I have not been guilty of robbery or murder, and he (Lord M.) has certainly changed his mind; but the world, which is always good-natured towards those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not, or rather does not, fail to suspect that both, or worse, have been the occasion of my being banished. * * * * I did not look, and did not wish, for the appointment which was given to me; and I say that it would probably have been more proper to give it to somebody else; but when it was given to me, and a circular written to the Governments upon the subject, it would have been fair to allow me to hold it till I did something to deserve to lose it. I put private considerations out of the question, as they ought (to have) and have had no

weight in causing either my original appointment or my supercession. I am not quite satisfied with the manner in which I have been treated by Government upon the occasion. However, I have lost neither my health, spirits, nor temper, in consequence thereof. But it is useless to write any more upon a subject of which I wish to retain no remembrance whatever."

It should be stated that this little explosion of wrath and disappointment occurs in a private letter to the Hon. Henry Wellesley (afterwards Lord Cowley), and does not form any part of an official record.

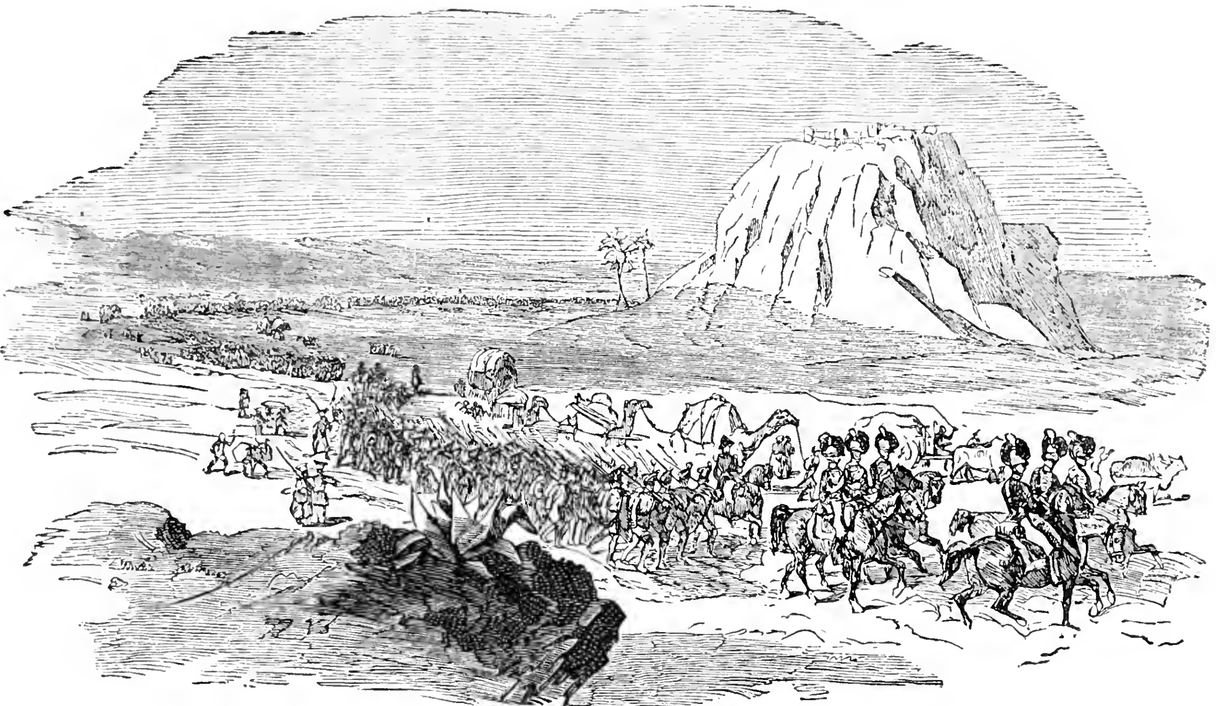
By way of balm to his hurt mind, Lord Mornington appointed his brother second in command under General Baird; but it was not in his destiny to fill an office for which, on subsequent occasions, he declared he never could perceive the necessity. Fever seized him, and he was incapable of proceeding with the expedition, which was now ordered to Egypt. He nevertheless gave Baird, in an elaborate and interesting memorandum on the operations in the Red Sea, the fruits of his reflections and examination of the subject; establishing in this a magnanimity of character, and a zealous anxiety for the prosperity of the public service, rarely found in men smarting under the pangs of imaginary injustice. Nor was his philosophy less conspicuous than his generosity. "I see clearly," he says to Colonel Champagné, "the evil consequences of all this to my reputation and future views; but it cannot be helped, and to things of that nature I generally contrive to make up my mind."

In April, 1801, Colonel Wellesley resumed his appointment in Mysore.

A year elapsed, during which Colonel Wellesley continued to fulfil his duties in the most exemplary manner, acquiring the confidence of the people by his rigid love of justice, and his respect for their religious prejudices and social usages. In April, 1802, he was gazetted a Major-General.

And here again we find cause of thankfulness to the mysterious fate which had decreed the continuance of Wellesley in a sphere where he was to achieve measures of far greater importance and utility than, as the result established, could be accomplished by the army sent into Egypt.

For a considerable time previous to the campaigns narrated above, the great Mahratta chieftains, Scindiah, Holkar, and the Peishwa, had been at issue. Each had acquired possessions of immense extent in the Deccan (or south), the country lying between the Nerbudda and Kistna rivers, and the two former were ambitious of an extension of



MARCH OF A BRITISH ARMY IN INDIA. THE DROOG, 1803. p. 15.

their power. With this view, Scindiah had procured the military services of a great many French and other European officers, who were employed to drill and discipline his troops. Holkar, similarly influenced, employed a similar agency. The clash of ambitious projects at length placed Holkar and Scindiah in an attitude of hostility to each other.

The latter then formed an alliance with the Peishwa, but Holkar vigorously prosecuting hostilities, defeated the combined forces in the territories of the Peishwa, and entered the Peishwa's capital, Poonah. At this juncture the Peishwa sought the aid of the British, through the Resident at Poonah. The application was favourably received, for the Governor-General, now become Marquis of Wellesley, had viewed with alarm the growth of the power of the different chieftains, each of whom trenched more or less upon the territories of allies which were contiguous to the British dominions, and was anxious to strengthen his hands by a connexion which would interpose a barrier between the Mysore country and the designs of the Mahrattas. Accordingly an agreement was entered into with the Peishwa to procure the restoration of his authority.

Offers were made to Scindiah to admit him a party to the treaty, but as he had his own designs against the British, he declined to share in the arrangement.

The course now taken by the Governor-General, in concert with the governments of Madras and Bombay, was to order the assembly of a *corps d'armée* at all the points threatened by Holkar in the conduct of his operations against the Peishwa. A corps of observation was placed on the southern frontier of the Peishwa, to maintain the integrity of the British possessions, and the territories of the Nizam, and the Mysore Rajah.

Another was established on the north-west frontier of Mysore, while the Bombay government pushed troops to the eastern and southern confines of the territory which it controlled. The Nizam was not inactive. The subsidiary force at Hyderabad prepared for service.

To Major-General Wellesley was entrusted the command of a division of the Madras army. He had previously drawn up a memorandum for the guidance of any officer who might at any time be called upon to conduct a war against the Mahrattas, and was therefore deemed peculiarly competent to open a campaign in the Mahratta country. His instructions were to advance upon Poonah in concert with the subsidiary force of the Deccan, to drive Holkar from the capital, and secure the return of the Peishwa. The march

was successfully accomplished, the troops were received everywhere with open arms, and Major-General Wellesley reached Poonah on the 20th of April, 1803.

The Peishwa soon afterwards entered his capital. But this did not deter Scindiah from the prosecution of his designs. In conjunction with the Rajah of Berar he threatened the territories of our ally, the Nizam, and was also discovered to be in active correspondence with Holkar. Hereupon the Marquis of Wellesley resolved upon further measures.

Lord Lake was appointed to the command of the army of Hindostan, and high powers were entrusted to General Wellesley. His campaign against Dhoondia, and his march to Poonah, had familiarised him with the topography of the country; and the admirable discipline he had established inspired him with perfect confidence in his troops. The 74th were with him, and the 78th (Highlanders), and his European Cavalry comprised the 19th and 25th Light Dragoons, ably commanded. The Sepoys had learned to respect and confide in him; and although they had not attained any degree of efficiency for which they are now remarkable, they knew the value of loyalty to their *salt*. Every man prided himself in being *nimmukwallah*[1] of the Company, for his pay was good, the pension was certain, and he had profound faith in the care which the Government took of the families of men who fell in action. The latter at once marched to the city of Ahmednuggur, a fortified town of great strength, in the province of the same name. He found the Pettah, or citadel, garrisoned by about 3000 Mahrattas, and 1500 Arabs. No time was lost in attacking it. It fell to an assault, in which the British sustained important losses, on the 8th of August. Two days afterwards an attack was directed upon the fort, but the cannonade had not lasted very long when the Killadar made proposals of surrender, and in effect the fort was given up on the 12th, and thenceforth occupied by our troops. The conquest of Ahmednuggur was of much importance. It secured to the army the communication with Poonah, and became a very useful depôt.

The loss of Ahmednuggur, followed, as it was, by the occupation of Aurungabad,—for General Wellesley suffered very little time to elapse between one operation and another,—induced Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar to quicken their movements upon Hyderabad. Their united forces consisted of 88,500 cavalry, 18,000 infantry, some matchlock

[1] Literally, "salt-fellow." To have eaten the salt of another, is, in the figurative language of the East, to have given a pledge of loyalty.

men, 500 zambooruks (camel guns), and about 200 pieces of artillery, 35 of which were of a heavy description of ordnance. French officers commanded their troops.

With the view of protecting Hyderabad, and of securing certain convoys on their route to join his army, General Wellesley arranged with Colonel Stevenson that they should divide their force, consisting of 17,000 men, so as to reach the enemy with the greater rapidity and ease, the former proceeding by a westerly, and the latter by an easterly, route to Bolerdun, where the Mahrattas were encamped, and there to co-operate an attack. Information which was brought to the General, by the *hircarrahs* (messengers), on his reaching Naulniah induced him to believe that the enemy had retired with their cavalry, leaving their infantry to follow. It was added that the latter were still encamped at a distance of two leagues from the division under General Wellesley. Sending messengers to expedite the movements of Colonel Stevenson, Wellesley hurried forward, and, after a severe march, found himself to his great astonishment in the presence of the whole of the armies of the confederate chiefs. They occupied a space between Bolerdun and the village of Assaye, having the river Kaitna in their front, and the Jouah in their rear. The Mahratta infantry occupied the left and centre of the line, while the cavalry was on the right.

Surprised but undismayed by this formidable array, General Wellesley, after contemplating the enemy's position for a short time, determined to attack the infantry. His force consisted at this moment of only 8000 men, 1600 of whom were cavalry. Of the entire body of troops not more than 1500 were British—the 19th Light Dragoons, the 74th and 78th Regiments of Foot. The artillery consisted of seventeen guns. Colonel Stevenson's division had not come up.

It is not venturing too much to say that any other man would have doubted the propriety of attacking under such circumstances. He would have halted to give Stevenson time to come up, or he would have retreated. But Wellesley did not see with the eyes of other men; he did not reason with the faculties of ordinary soldiers. His eagle glance discerned in an instant the point of vantage whence the foe might be stricken. He had learned the value of a "dash" at the natives when unprepared; and this dash he was determined to attempt. The Mahrattas were stationed between two rivers meeting at a point. To gain a position near the angle formed by the confluence of the streams, and thus to offer a narrow but compact and well flanked front to the enemy—to attack his infantry on ground where

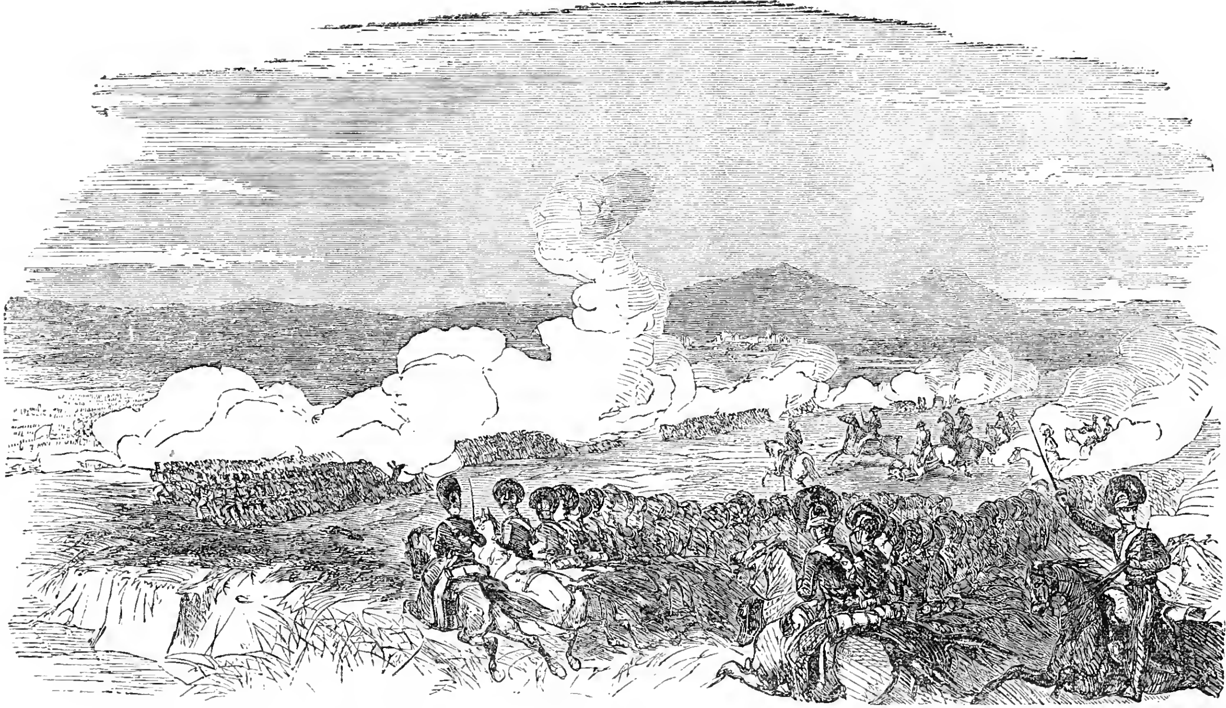
his Cavalry could not manœuvre—were the objects to which General Wellesley at once directed his attention. And with him to conceive was to execute. He instantly passed the river Kaitna, at a ford beyond the enemy's left flank, and, under cover of the Mysore Cavalry, took up the coveted position. "*My doing this*," we have heard the lamented Duke say, "*has been called a stroke of genius. I call it common sense.*"

Scindiah's army immediately changed its position, and occupying the whole space between the Kaitna and Assaye, with a great number of guns in front, commenced a murderous cannonade. The small number of British guns was quite incapable of coping with this vast battery. General Wellesley, therefore, directed his infantry to advance with the bayonet.

With the determined courage which had given them victory at Seringapatam, in the actions with Dhoondia Waugh, and on the walls of Ahmednuggur, the line dashed forward, carried the guns on the right, and approached Assaye. At this moment a cloud of Mahratta horse, which had stolen round the village, fell upom them—sabre to bayonet—with characteristic fury. The 74th wavered—the charge was too much for them, cut up as they had previously been by the grape shot from the guns.

Colonel Maxwell, of the 19th Light Dragoons, saw that the critical moment had arrived. Forward! was the word. Falling upon the Mahratta cavalry, the Dragoons gave the British infantry time to rally, cut up the Mahratta horsemen, pushed through the Scindiah's left, and threw the whole of that part of the Mahratta army into confusion.

In the mean time, the enemy's centre, which had remained untouched, closed in upon the ground before occupied by their left wing, and, uniting with such of their artillery and infantry as had been passed over unhurt by the British cavalry, formed itself into a kind of crescent, with its right horn resting on the river Jouah, and its left on the village of Assaye; thus presenting themselves in a fresh position on the flank of our infantry, on which, having collected a considerable number of their guns, they re-commenced a heavy fire. The battle was now to be fought over again, with this difference, that the contending forces had exchanged sides; and, had the enemy's horse behaved with the least spirit, while our cavalry was absent in pursuit of their broken battalions, there is no guessing what the consequence might have been; but, happily for General Wellesley, they kept aloof. To oppose the enemy in their new position, the Sepoy battalion on the right was immediately advanced against them, but without effect, being compelled to retire. Another wa. brought



ADVANCE OF THE BRITISH LINE AT ASSAYE. WELLESLEY'S HORSE SHOT. SEPT., 1803. p. 18.

C

forward, and equally repulsed. The cavalry, having by this time returned from the pursuit, and formed on the left, and the enemy's horse having disappeared before them, the General ordered the 78th Regiment and 7th Cavalry up to head a fresh attack against the enemy's infantry and guns, which still defended their position with obstinacy. No sooner, however, had he formed the 78th Regiment in line, in directing which his horse's leg was carried off by a cannon shot, than the enemy, without waiting the attack, commenced their retreat across the Jouah, which they passed in tolerable order before our troops could come up with them. Previously to this last attack, Colonel Maxwell had requested and obtained permission to charge a considerable body of infantry and guns, which, having formed part of the reserve, were seen retiring in good order along the right bank of the Jouah.

The 19th Dragoons were not long in coming up with the enemy, who, having formed with their left to the Jouah, steadily awaited their approach. The charge was sounded: the Dragoons advanced with rapidity, amidst a shower of musketry and grape, and had already got almost within reach of the bayonets of the enemy, who still gallantly stood their ground. "At this moment," writes an officer engaged in the charge, "instead of dashing among their ranks, I suddenly found my horse swept round as it were by an eddy torrent. Away we galloped, right shoulders forward, along the whole of the enemy's line, receiving their fire as we passed, till having turned our backs upon them, we took to our heels manfully, every one calling out, '*Halt! Halt!*' while nobody would set the example; till at last, a trumpet having sounded, we pulled up, but in complete disorder, dragoons and native cavalry, pell-mell. On this occasion, Colonel Maxwell fell, pierced by a grape-shot. He was gallantly leading the charge, when he received his death-blow. Having involuntarily checked his horse, and thrown his arm back, when he received his wound, the soldiers immediately behind him, not knowing the cause, mistook the gesture for a signal to retire, and did so accordingly. At least, this was the reason afterwards assigned for the failure; and, if true, it shows how the fate of armies, and even of nations, may depend upon the direction of a single shot." Recovering from their disorder, the Dragoons renewed the charge with terrible effect, and the enemy gave way in every direction.

Thus closed this memorable battle, one of the most bloody on record to the victors. Out of about 4500 men in action, upwards of 2000 were either killed or wounded, the former amounting to more than a third of the whole number.

Nothing could be more complete than the *déroute* of Scindiah's force. In broad mid-day he was the occupant of the ground with 50,000 men,—at sunset a small proportion of the British *corps d'armée* bivouacked on his position.

General Wellesley has been censured for fighting Scindiah with so inferior a force. He had scarcely an alternative. He knew how much discipline, order, coolness, and judicious movements might accomplish against hordes of irregular or half-disciplined troops, and he likewise knew that, if he did not attack the enemy, Scindiah would certainly have availed himself of the absence of Colonel Stevenson's division to become the assailant, with all the advantage of a good theatre for cavalry operations. Be this as it may, the end justified the audacity of General Wellesley's procedure. Never were skill, moral courage, and sound discipline more brilliantly and more effectively displayed. In testimony of the high honour acquired by the army under the personal command of Major-General Wellesley at the battle of Assaye, the Governor-General in Council ordered that honorary colours, with a device properly suited to commemorate that signal and splendid victory, should be presented to the corps of cavalry and infantry employed on that glorious occasion. The names of the brave officers and men who fell at the battle of Assaye were commemorated, together with the circumstances of the action, upon the public monument erected at Fort William, Calcutta, to the memory of those who had fallen in the public service during the campaign.

Contemporaneously with General Wellesley's operations in the Deccan, Lord Lake was destroying Scindiah's power in the centre of Hindostan. He had taken the fortress of Allighur, and obtained possession of Delhi, and defeated the Mahrattas under French leadership at Laswarree. Meanwhile Colonel Harcourt attacked the possessions of the Rajah of Berar in the south of India, and Colonel Woodington, with a part of the Bombay army, subdued Broach, Chumpaneer, and other places belonging to Scindiah in the province of Guzerat. Colonel Stevenson was dispatched to reduce Burhampoor and Asseerghur, while Major-General Wellesley moved southerly towards Aurungabad, from which direction, however, he diverged, when within sixteen miles of the city, in order to go down the Ghauts, and reinforce Colonel Stevenson.

Colonel Stevenson succeeded in the duty intrusted to him. He gained possession both of Burhampoor and Asseerghur, with comparative ease.[1]

[1] Sir Jasper Nicolls, afterwards Commander-in-Chief in India in 1840, '41, '42, and '43 was on the staff of General Wellesley during the Mahratta campaign. He preserved notes of

And here it may not be irrelevant to quote the instructions which he received from General Wellesley, regarding the best methods of proceeding against the Mahrattas. They demonstrate the aptitude of Wellesley's genius to contend with the Mahrattas, and the talent with which he could compress into a few words a volume of advice upon a system of strategy suited to the exigencies of the time.

"Supposing that you determine to have a brush with them, I recommend what follows to your consideration. Do not attack their position, because they always take up such as are confoundedly strong and difficult of access, for which the banks of the numerous rivers and nullahs afford them every facility. Do not remain in your own position, however strong it may be, or however well you may have entrenched it; but when you shall hear that they are on their march to attack you, secure your baggage, and move out of your camp. You will find them in the common disorder of march; they will not have time to form, which, being but half-disciplined troops, is necessary for them.

"At all events, you will have the advantage of making the attack on ground which they will not have chosen for the battle; a part of their troops only will be engaged; and it is possible that you will gain an easy victory. Indeed, according to this mode, you might choose the field of battle yourself some days before, and might meet them upon that very ground."

Scindiah being nearly disposed of, General Wellesley now bestowed his attention upon the Rajah of Berar. Having ascertained that he had traversed the hill country on the borders of Candeish on his route to the banks of the Godavery, the General, on the 25th of October, 1803, ascended the Adjuntee Ghaut.

From this point he continued to press the Rajah back upon his own territories. On his way, in an easterly direction, General Wellesley encountered a Vakeel (Envoy) from Scindiah, who had retired to his proper dominions, and now sought peace.

An armistice resulted, from which the Rajah of Berar was excluded.

the campaign, and from these may be gathered some pleasing evidences of Wellesley's humanity. After the taking of Asseerghur, late in October, 1803, Sir Jasper writes:—

"Visiting the sick officers and wounded, we heard of General Wellesley's liberality to them. The evening we left Asseerghur, he sent in to every one a dozen of Madeira from his stock, and that wine is neither cheap nor plentiful; to-day he was in amongst them before the camp was pitched, making inquiries which are as honorable to his feelings as they are agreeable and gratifying to the poor invalids. The men have every comfort which can be afforded from the camp, or procured here, which I fear are not very numerous; indeed, the refugees from the adjoining parts, and Scindiah's wounded men, are dying here every day in want of the commonest and coarsest food."

The object of the armistice was to detach one chieftain from the other, and to render unnecessary the pursuit of his horse to a distance, which would interfere with other operations of consequence.

It was a condition of the armistice that Scindiah should retire within his own dominions, which he affected to do. General Wellesley, being now bent on the reduction of the fort of Gawilghur, proceeded down the Ghauts to cover the investment which was to be undertaken by Colonel Stevenson. But when he came within six miles of the village of Argaum (28th November, 1803), he found Scindiah's army drawn up in front of the village in a line five miles in extent. Forming his own force in two lines, one of cavalry and one of infantry facing the enemy, covered by the Mogul and Mysore cavalry, he advanced to the attack, the enemy as usual commencing with a terrific discharge of artillery. It was late in the day. Sufficient light, however, remained to enable him to defeat and scatter the foe, who were pursued by the cavalry by moonlight. From this defeat Scindiah never rallied.

Continuing the movement upon Gawilghur, a fort situated in a range of mountains between the sources of the rivers Poonah and Taptee, it was reached early in December, and the place was at once invested by the combined forces of Wellesley and Stevenson. The walls were breached and rendered practicable by the 14th, and on the morning of the 15th a storming party, consisting of the flank companies of the 94th and of the native corps in Colonel Stevenson's division, assaulted Gawilghur and carried it triumphantly. The opposition was vigorous but brief. The garrison was extensive, consisting of the refugee troops from Argaum, and their bravery undeniable. Great numbers were killed, but the victors did not disgrace their achievement by subsequent barbarities. So moderate was the conduct of the soldiery as to call for the special commendation of General Wellesley, who declared that he "never saw a storm in which so little irregularity was committed."[1]

1 A second reference is made to the characteristic humanity of Wellesley, in General Nicoll's notes to the storming of Gawilghur.

"*December*, 1803.

"When General Wellesley entered the fort, his first enquiry was for the Killadar, and he went immediately to his house; his son, a fine lad of nine or ten years of age, said he did not know where he was, that he had gone out about two hours before, and had not returned. The poor fellow was ignorant of his fate, perhaps; but when order was sufficiently restored to admit the inhabitants who survived to venture out, a search was made, and his body, with that of Bery Sing, was found amidst a heap of slain, near the gateway. These two men, of good Rajpoot families, had determined to die in defence of their trust; and, according to the custom of their country, to save their wives and daughters from destruction by putting them to death before they went out to meet their own. From some cause unknown to us, this was

Two short days only elapsed between the fall of Gawilghur and the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Rajah of Berar and the East India Company. The Rajah ceded extensive territories in Cuttack, near the western shores of the Bay of Bengal, and in the Deccan renounced his connection with the Mahratta confederates, and engaged never again to retain in his armies the natives of any European state who might be at war with England. These cessions were followed by Scindiah's formal submission, which conferred upon the Company even still greater advantages than those obtained from the Berar Rajah.

With these achievements the career of Major-General Wellesley in India may be said to have closed, although he continued for some little time to wage a desultory war with the hordes, who, deprived by peace of their regular means of subsistence, levied contributions on the country.

The hour of recompense had now arrived, and if it had had to be measured by the gratitude and admiration of the Europeans and natives of India, General Wellesley received tributes and addresses enough to have satisfied the most inordinate cravings. A sword of the value of £1000 was voted to the General by the British inhabitants of Calcutta; the officers of his division presented him with a service of plate; *fetes* and addresses awaited him at Bombay, at Madras, and at Seringapatam; but the approbation—next to that of his own pure mind—which Wellesley coveted, was unaccountably withheld. No sign or token of thankfulness came from the Court of East India Directors nor the Government of George III. The Order of the Bath was, indeed, conferred upon the hero of Assaye and Argaum, and there all reward stopped, for in those days the difficulties of Indian conquests were unappreciated, or their real value misunderstood. The noble generosity which in these days garnishes the coronet of a Hardinge or a Gough with a valuable pension, and recognises the deeds of a Pollock and a Nott with suitable annuities, had no share in the councils of Leadenhall Street. Founded on a trading charter, the government of the East India Company discerned more merit in the voyage of a single commander of one of their splendid 1400 ton vessels than in the brightest military achievement which added a hundred thousand acres to their possessions. In

but imperfectly performed; of twelve or fourteen women, but three, I think, were dead when our men discovered them, and three or four more lay bleeding, having received two or three cuts or stabs with a knife or dagger: probably these Rajpoots entrusted this shocking duty to hands more humane than their own. General Wellesley visited them, and ordered every respect and care to be shown to them."

the fulness of his chagrin, Wellesley wrote to his friend, Major Shawe,—

"I have served the country in important situations for many years, and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors, although I am a singular instance of an officer who has served under all the governments, and in communication with all the residents, and many civil authorities; and there is not an instance on record, or in any private correspondence, of disapprobation of any one of my acts or a single complaint, or even a symptom of ill-temper, from any one of the political or civil authorities in communication with whom I have acted. The King's ministers have as little claims upon me as the Court of Directors. I am not very ambitious, and I acknowledge that I never have been very sanguine in my expectations that military services in India would be considered on the scale on which are considered similar services in other parts of the world. But I might have expected to be placed on the Staff of India, and if it had not been for the lamented death of General Frazer, General Smith's arrival would have made me supernumerary."

A similar degree of indifference to high claims marked the conduct of the Government towards the Earl of Mornington. The King raised him to the Marquisate of Wellesley; but it was not until thirty or forty years subsequently that the Court of Directors repaired the shameful omission of their predecessors by soothing his declining days with a valuable gratuity.

In March, 1805, Sir Arthur Wellesley embarked in the *Trident* frigate for England. He left behind him an imperishable reputation. For long years afterwards the name of Wellesley was synonymous in India with truth, justice, humanity, and good faith. The natives of Mysore had found in him a firm and honest friend, and the army recognised in Wellesley the general who was always sure to conduct them to victory. His unceasing activity in procuring supplies, his stern reprehension of infractions of discipline, his excellent example of patience and endurance when long and forced marches tried the spirits and strength of his companions, his assertion of the interests and regard for the comforts of the soldiery, all tended to raise the character and condition of the army, and render it an efficient agent in the accomplishment of the important objects he was called upon to accomplish. Although he had suffered from severe attacks of illness both in India and before his arrival in the country, and found incessant occupation in an extensive correspondence which regulated distant affairs, in the presence of formidable enemies, or the necessity

for conciliating and overawing doubtful friends, yet he never betrayed anxiety of mind or exhaustion of body. On the contrary, writes an eloquent biographer, "not a man in his army seemed more devoid of care. Full of animation and urbanity, no reproving look checked the joke or suppressed the laugh of those about him. 'Come away!' he would call out, and off he went at full speed after his gallant greyhounds, who commonly obtained much of his attention during a march, and game abounding, the general, and any officers not required to be with their regiments, who felt disposed to enjoy the coursing, were able to beguile the time with the exhilarating sport. With an astonishing facility of getting through business, aided by a rapid pen, he found leisure for everything, and the ordinary hours of employment past, was ready to give his opinion on the shape or qualities of a dog or horse with all the acumen of a connoisseur. He was temperate in his habits, especially as regarded the pleasures of the table, and appeared to suffer but little from the power of a tropical sun. In person he was a little above the medium height, well limbed, and muscular, with little encumbrance of flesh beyond that which gives shape and manliness to the outline of the figure, with a firm tread, an erect carriage, a countenance strongly patrician both in feature, profile, and expression, and an appearance remarkable and distinguished. Few could approach him on any duty, or on any subject requiring his serious attention, without being sensible of something strange and penetrating in his clear, light eye."

However great the advantage which he gained from his subsequent experience in European warfare, it must be obvious to all who have studied the "Despatches" written during the Indian campaigns, that very much of the renown acquired by Wellesley was the fruit of his natural sagacity. We trace in these despatches, and in the records of the time preserved by others, the prompt development of all the qualities on which his subsequent greatness was built—the immediate sources of his marvellous success—the key to the confidence with which he alike inspired those who employed and those who served under him. His leading characteristic was his devotion to the public service. By no means destitute of ambition, and having private objects to attain, he invariably treated them as secondary to the duty imposed upon him, even when the opportunity was given him of doing just as he pleased. In a letter to the Hon. H. Wellesley, of March, 1801, he says: "I have never had much value for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary." And that this was an ingrianed principle was apparent in 1800, when he declined to take the command

of the troops intended for Batavia, because it would remove from the Mahratta country, where he might be more usefully employed. "I cannot think," he wrote to Lord Clive, "of relinquishing the command with which your lordship has entrusted me at this interesting period for any object of advantage or credit to be gained in another place."

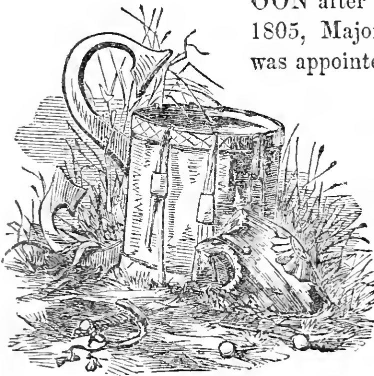
Of his quick appreciation of the military character of the Mahrattas and the organisation of their forces, no better proof can be afforded than the battle of Assaye and his instructions to Colonel Stevenson. He discovered that they were unwary—loose in their discipline—and liable to be thrown into confusion by a sudden attack upon the march or in a position in which they believed themselves to be secure. The tactics of his great contemporary Napoleon, who had taught the Austrians to respect an enemy who moved with promptitude and assaulted with vigor, were practised by Wellesley—from the same intuitive perception of their value—in the Indian campaign. Time was, in the opinion of both commanders, *everything* in military operations.

The justice and moderation of Wellesley were conspicuous in his management of the affairs of Seringapatam, and his protestations against appointments of officers whose merit lay rather in their family connections than their capacity. He evinced no irritability in his commerce with the natives, who were new to British rule; on the contrary, he always practised and recommended patience and forbearance. Speaking of the new Hindoo government of Seringapatam, he said, "We have never been hitherto accustomed to a native government: we cannot readily bear the disappointments and delays which are usual in all their transactions; prejudices are entertained against them, and all their actions are misconstrued, and we mistrust them. I see instances of this daily in the best of our officers, and I cannot but acknowledge that, from the delays of the natives, they have sometimes reason to complain; *but they have none to ill use any man.*"

The quickness of General Wellesley in acquiring a knowledge of the topography and resources of the country in which he was to carry on operations was the theme of admiration amongst the officers who had spent their lives in India. Nothing escaped him—nothing was left unsaid in his instructions to his subordinates, or his applications to the local government, which could contribute to the completeness of his equipments, and the success of the service on which he was engaged. Of his kindness and humanity, Sir Jasper Nicolls has supplied proofs, which are already before the reader.

CHAPTER II.

Appointed to the Staff as Commander of a Brigade—Becomes Secretary for Ireland—Joins the Expedition to Denmark—Distinguishes himself at Kioge—Proceeds to Portugal—Gains the victories of Roriça and Vimiero—The Convention of Cintra—Returns to England.



OON after his return to England, in March, 1805, Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the Staff as Commander of a brigade of troops stationed at Hastings, in Sussex, upon their return from Hanover. His descent from the command of an army to a comparatively inferior trust did not in any way weaken his zeal or diminish his interest in his professional duties. The order and superior discipline of the brigade while under his direction were equally conspicuous with the fine state of the troops he had elsewhere led to victory.

The Colonelcy of the 33rd Regiment having fallen vacant through the demise of the Marquis Cornwallis in India, the King bestowed it upon Major-General Wellesley. Previous, however, to this occurrence he married the Lady Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, by whom he had issue, Arthur, (born 3rd February, 1807), and Charles (born 16th January, 1808.)

When the Duke of Richmond became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1807, Sir Arthur Wellesley accepted the appointment of chief secretary, upon the understanding that it was not to interfere with his military promotion or pursuits. In this new office, Sir Arthur displayed all the courage and perseverance which characterized his career in India. The condition of Ireland at the time rendered it

necessary to place large powers in the hands of the secretary, and these were exercised with firmness, discrimination, and temper, in spite of the violent opposition which they experienced from the liberal party.

It would interfere too much with the course of the narrative to trace the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose great jealousy of the power of England, had now begun to take a formidable shape. A few words must, however, be employed to establish the connection between the future military operations of Sir Arthur and those of the French Emperor, against whose armies he was afterwards to be so much, and so successfully, employed.

Passing through the gradations of power, during the existence of the Republic of France, until he had attained the office of First Consul in perpetuity, Napoleon, in 1804, procured himself to be elected Emperor of the French. Defeated at sea by Nelson, Jervis, Calder, and Collingwood, Napoleon, after the rupture of a brief treaty with England in 1801, directed the arms of France upon Austria, Prussia, and Russia; and obtaining great successes over the Prussians established himself in the Prussian capital. Here he gave full latitude to his hostility to England, and published a Decree for the blockade of the British Isles! This proceeding,—which was intended to destroy the commerce, and by terminating the prosperity eventually to crush the power of England; but which, in operation, recoiled upon Napoleon, and accelerated, if it did not produce, his overthrow, —was dated on the 21st November, 1806. After setting forth that England would not consent to regulate naval warfare by the laws and amenities which were established on land, but had introduced new customs into her maritime code, and revived those of a barbarous age; that she refused to recognise the distinctions of private property and the rights of foreigners not serving in war, but seized on merchant vessels and made their crews prisoners as if they had been armed and sent out by their respective governments against an enemy, and that the British declaration of blockade extended to places not actually blockaded—thus extending the evils of war to peaceful and unarmed citizens,—the British isles were declared by the Decree to be in a state of blockade. All commerce and correspondence with them were strictly prohibited. All English subjects found in countries occupied by the troops of France were declared to be prisoners of war. All merchandize or property of any kind belonging to British owners, and all articles of British manufacture, or the produce of British colonies, were declared to be lawful prize. Half of the proceeds of all confiscations were to be

applied to the relief of those merchants whose ships had been captured by English cruisers. No vessel from England or the English colonies was to be admitted into a continental port, but every one entering a foreign harbor was to be seized and forfeited. Two Prize-Courts were to be established; one at Paris for the French Empire, and the other at Milan for the kingdom of Italy.

The system thus established had, there is no doubt, been for some time in contemplation, but Napoleon had not deemed the time favorable for its promulgation till he was master of nearly all the line of coast round Europe. . . . . The habits of two or three centuries of unrestricted commerce had placed many of the articles sought to be prohibited, among the absolute necessaries of life; to dispense with which would have occasioned great and universal distress and inconvenience. It was, therefore, a proclamation of war with the feelings, tastes, and wishes of mankind—an attempt to force civilisation backward for three centuries, which the most tyrannic and absolute power could not have succeeded in effecting. One blow in one place was useless; to exclude commerce it required a constant tension of watchful energy in every port of the Continent, not only at the known ports and harbors, but at every creek, cove and islet by which the shore of ocean was indented; and while Napoleon was thus employing his ascendancy, the British government was exerting all its energies to defeat the powers arrayed against its commerce. It began by endeavoring to create a new species of commerce where none had previously existed, and where the simple wants of the inhabitants were supplied by the produce of the land. Two expeditions were sent (one in 1806 and another in 1807) against Buenos Ayres, to compel the natives to deal in British merchandise, but the sturdy semi-barbarous population, not only resolutely refused to purchase what it did not require and had no money to pay for, but took up arms in defence of its national independence, and speedily defeating the British troops, drove them from the insulted coast. The Government of England next despatched an armament against Turkey, to compel the Sultan to abandon an alliance he had formed with Napoleon, dismiss the French ambassador from Constantinople, and surrender all his ships of war to the English until a general peace. Sir Thomas Duckworth, who commanded the expedition, passed the Dardanelles and urged the demands contained in his instructions, but with so little effect and under such increasing disadvantages and dangers, that after negotiating for a week, the admiral precipitately retired from before the Turkish capital. Petty expeditions, however, constituted at this period the British system

of warfare. Accordingly, in March, a small army was sent against Egypt under General Frazer, which easily obtained possession of Alexandria, but being subsequently pressed hard on all sides by the Turks and Mamelukes, was compelled, after losing more than a fifth of its number, to capitulate and wholly to evacuate the Egyptian territories. As a set-off against these disasters, the small Dutch island of Curaçao and the Cape of Good Hope—a really important acquisition, were conquered. But the general policy of the English cabinet was too narrow to accomplish any great object, or to operate with effect in bringing the war to a close. At length the people of England began to complain of the imbecile conduct of the ministry, and this, echoed by the press, eventually stimulated the Government to bolder action.

In the beginning of August, an expedition consisting of twenty-seven sail of the line and a great number of frigates and smaller vessels, carrying upwards of 20,000 soldiers under the command of Lord Cathcart, was despatched to the Baltic, secretly commissioned to demand from Denmark, the only northern power which still possessed what might be justly called a fleet, the delivery of its ships and naval stores to Great Britain, to be held in trust till the proclamation of peace. Sir Arthur Wellesley accompanied the expedition as commander of a division. Between the Danes and the English at this period the truest friendly relations were subsisting. Extensive mercantile dealings were mutual, and ambassadors resided at their respective courts. No intimation was given of the hostile intentions of Great Britain. No complaint of misconduct on the part of Denmark, or hint of apprehensions as to her ulterior designs, was suffered to transpire even after the expedition had sailed. Admiralty licenses were granted to British merchants trading to Denmark, and Danish ships were encouraged to enter English ports as those of friends and allies. Hence the object of the armament was unsuspected, when Admiral Gambier, with his armed freight, passed the Sound and the Great Belt, and entering the Baltic, blockaded the island of Zealand, on which Copenhagen, the capital of the kingdom, is situated. It was not until ninety pennons were flying around these unprepared shores that Mr. Jackson, the British Minister, thought fit to communicate to the Crown Prince the requisitions of his government, which were then stated to have originated in a fear that the French Emperor would not long permit Denmark to remain neutral, but would seize and employ her fleet in his meditated attempt to subjugate England. The Danish Prince, with just indignation, repelled the demand as an unwarrantable

attempt to deprive his country of its independence, and prepared to offer what resistance he could to the unprovoked aggression of his pretended friends. The British, however, were too numerous, and their course of proceeding had been too well organised for a hasty and ill-arranged defence to be availing. The troops were disembarked, and preparations made for bombarding Copenhagen, which, after a gallant resistance for three days, during which many public buildings, churches, libraries, and an immense number of private habitations, and great part of the population were destroyed, was compelled to surrender its citadel and forts.[1]

Shortly after Copenhagen had been invested by the British forces, Sir Arthur Wellesley was detached with 4000 or 5000 men to march against the Danish Lieutenant-General Castenskiold, who was then encamped near Rochild, with an army composed of 14,000 men. As the British commander advanced, the Danish retreated, endeavouring by all means to avoid a battle. After Sir Arthur had passed through Rochild with his forces, he hesitated for some time which of the two roads he should take, either that towards Kioge, or that towards Holbeck; he ultimately determined upon the latter; and in the evening he fixed his head-quarters at an inn not far distant from the mansion of the Count of Holstein, named Leigre or Lethraborg, the former residence of the ancient kings of Denmark. On his march thither Sir Arthur observed that the Danish army had recently been encamped in a very advantageous situation on a steep hill, near Gjeoninge: he expressed his surprise that the enemy should have quitted a place, where it would scarcely have been possible for him to have dislodged them or attacked them with any chance of success. Inquiring into the strength and disposition of the Danish army, he was informed that the enemy consisted of about 14,000 men; and so inveterate were they against the invaders of their country that they had unanimously intreated their commander in the most earnest manner, to lead them directly against the British, a request with which General Castenskiold did not think proper to comply.

Sir Arthur Wellesley without the least altering his countenance, and without changing the plan he had already laid down for himself to proceed upon, turned round to the officers near his person, and in his usual laconic way, coolly observed, "Then, gentlemen, I suppose we shall have pretty hot work of it." The Danish army debouched towards Riogo: the British general had no sooner intimation of this manœuvre, than he crossed the country and followed the enemy close

[1] Bussy's "Life of Napoleon."

up. General Castenskiold made a stand near Riogo. Sir Arthur immediately attacked the Danish forces, which he defeated after a very short action, and dispersed in all directions over the country. Sir Arthur then returned to his former head-quarters, and it was now that he exercised that humanity, and displayed that generosity towards the adjacent inhabitants, which always formed such a conspicuous feature in his character. He preserved the utmost regularity and order among his men; no complaint preferred, even by the poorest peasant, against any man, of whatever rank, who had either injured or insulted him, went unnoticed; and the country people, who had been taught to look upon the British as monsters of iniquity, loudly exclaimed that they were better treated by their enemies than they had been by their own people: the former paid for all they had with the utmost liberality; the latter compelled them to furnish them with whatever they required, without offering the least indemnification. The men had been taken away from their homes to fill up the ranks in the militia; thus labourers were wanted to gather in the harvest; distress and ruin would have been the sure consequences, had not Sir Arthur permitted the British troops to assist the farmers. It was a sight not less curious than grateful to see soldiers placed in almost every house, to guard the inhabitants from the insults of such stragglers as might stray from the British camp, from a desire of plunder; nor would Sir Arthur permit his troops to receive any reward for their services in this respect, though the gentlemen, farmers, and peasants, were willing to be liberal towards men whom they looked upon as their protectors; in fact, so attached had they become to our troops, that they anticipated with much uneasiness the day which, by the capitulation of Copenhagen, was fixed upon for the evacuation of Zealand by the British forces. Theft of any kind was punished by Sir Arthur with the utmost severity; but it is just to state that only two complaints of this nature were ever made against any British soldier in Zealand, and then, by the exertion of their officers, the property was restored to its owners. Such was the magnanimous conduct of the subject of this memoir during his stay with the army in Zealand.

In the siege of Copenhagen not more than 200 were killed and wounded out of an army 20,000 strong. Late in September, 1807, the expedition returned to England, carrying with it the Danish fleet of sixteen sail of the line, nine frigates, fourteen sloops, and many smaller vessels.

Some difference of opinion prevailed in England upon the justice and necessity of the expedition, though its policy obtained almost

universal concurrence. A vote of thanks to the forces employed was not obtained without some resistance in the House of Commons, but it was at length ultimately carried by a majority of eighty-one.

A VIEW OF COPENHAGEN.

The Speaker, in communicating the vote, thus expressed himself with regard to Sir Arthur Wellesley :—

" But I should indeed be wanting to the full expression of those sentiments which animate this House, and the whole country, if I forbear to notice that we are, on this day, crowning with our thanks one gallant officer, long since known to the gratitude of this House, who has long trodden the paths of glory, whose genius and valour have already extended our fame and empire; whose sword has been the terror of our distant enemies, and will not now be drawn in vain to defend the seat of Empire itself, and the throne of his King. I am, Sir Arthur Wellesley, charged to deliver the thanks of this House to you; and I do accordingly thank you, in the name of the Commons of the United Kingdom, for your zeal, intrepidity, and exertion, displayed in the various operations which were necessary for conducting the siege, and effecting the surrender of the navy and arsenal of Copenhagen."

Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley replied as follows :—

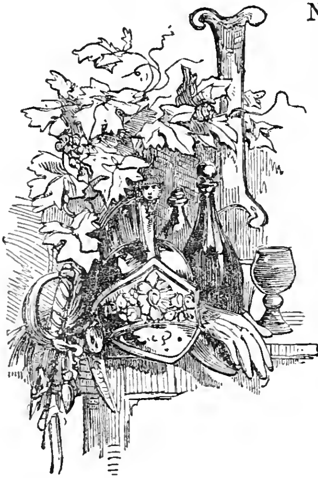
" Mr. Speaker,—I consider myself fortunate that I was employed by his Majesty on a service which this House has considered of such importance, as to have marked with its approbation the conduct of those officers and troops who have performed it. The honour which this House has conferred upon my honourable friends and myself, is justly considered by the officers of the navy and army, as the

highest which this country can confer; it is the object of the ambition of all who are employed in his Majesty's service; and to obtain it has doubtless been the motive of many of those acts of valour and good conduct which have tended so eminently to the glory, and have advanced the prosperity and advantage of this country. I can assure the House that I am most sensible of the great honour which they have done me; and I beg leave to take this opportunity of returning you, Sir, my thanks for the handsome terms, respecting myself, in which your kindness to me has induced you to convey the resolution of the House."

Early in the year 1808 Sir Arthur resumed his duties as Irish Secretary, which, however, he only continued to fill for about five months. A new field was now opening to his honourable military ambition, and Europe was about to receive the benefits of those services which had hitherto been rendered to England alone.

CHAPTER III.

French invasion of Portugal—Occupation of Spain—Sir Arthur proceeds to Portugal—Battles of Roria and Vimiero—Convention of Cintra—Sir Arthur returns home.



IN the execution of his design for annexing Spain to the dominions of France, and punishing Portugal for refusing to obey the Berlin decree, Napoleon Bonaparte had covered the former countries with his troops, and usurped the government of the kingdoms.

To counteract his purposes, and to expel the French from Portugal, the British Government, in virtue of the obligations imposed upon England by treaty, resolved to despatch a large force to the Peninsula.

This force, consisting of eleven battalions of infantry, the 29th Foot, a body of dragoons, a detachment of the Royal Staff Corps, and a proportion of artillery, was confided to the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had now obtained the rank of Lieutenant-General.

A reserve force of 10,000 men was, in the meantime, held in hand in England, until it should be required in Portugal.

Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley embarked with the expedition in July, 1808, quitting it, in pursuance of his instructions, in the "Crocodile" frigate, and making immediately for Coruña, where he would obtain the means of learning the actual state of things in Spain and Portugal before the arrival of the army.

To understand the magnitude of the task which now devolved upon Sir Arthur Wellesley, it may be as well to glance at the position

which Bonaparte had acquired in Europe, and the events which preceded the despatch of the Expedition. Prussia, beaten, humbled, and dismembered, existed only by his sufferance. Austria, after three lamentably misconducted and disastrous struggles with Revolutionary France, found herself despoiled of the Netherlands, the Tyrol, all her Italian territories, and other possessions. "Denmark was in alliance with France; the government rather than the nation, co-operating with Bonaparte. Sweden, with an insane king and a discontented people, maintained against him a war which was little more than nominal. Russia, the only country which seemed secure in its distance, its strength, and the unanimity of its inhabitants,—the only continental state to which the rest of Europe might have looked as to a conservative power,—Russia appeared to be dazzled by Bonaparte's glory, duped by his insidious talents, and blindly subservient to his ambition. Spain was entirely subject to his control; its troops and its treasures were more at the disposal of the French government than of its own. Portugal had hitherto been suffered to remain neutral, because Bonaparte, from time to time, extorted large sums from the court as the price of its neutrality, and because the produce of the Spanish mines found their way safely through the British cruisers under the Portuguese flag. England alone perseveringly opposed the projects of the ambitious conqueror, and prevented the possibility of his accomplishing that scheme of universal dominion which, had it not been for her interference, he believed to be within his reach."[1]

Spain having been duped into a secret treaty with France, by which Portugal was to be partitioned, and the *élite* of the Spanish army, amounting to 16,000 men, placed at the disposal of Napoleon, and drafted to the north of Germany, steps were taken to obtain military possession of Portugal, and, if possible, secure the persons of the Braganza family. By way of pretext for these iniquitous acts, the French and Spanish ambassadors communicated to the Court of Lisbon Napoleon's demands, to which Portugal was desired to submit. Her ports must be closed against England, any subjects of that power resident in the country were to be arrested,—all English property confiscated,—and these stipulations were to be acceded to within three weeks, or war with both powers denounced as the alternative.

Before the time allowed to the Portuguese Court for taking these demands into consideration had elapsed, Napoleon commenced his aggressions. All Portuguese vessels in his harbours were seized, and an army of 25,000 infantry, with 3000 cavalry, was ordered to march

[1] Southey.

directly on Lisbon, to be joined on the frontier by a Spanish corps. Junot, a favourite aide-de-camp of Napoleon, to whom the occupation of the devoted kingdom had been entrusted, moved immediately from Salamanca. Junot had risen from the ranks. He was a man of great courage, but possessed neither judgment nor moral principle.

In a few days he reached Alcantara, and by forced marches was within ninety miles of Lisbon before the authorities in that city were apprised that the enemy had crossed the Spanish frontier.

Spain joined readily in the aggression, because she could not help herself. Every soldier in the Spanish army was put in requisition to make up the force auxiliary to the French invading corps.

To avert the hostility which suddenly threatened to overwhelm her, Portugal yielded without a blow; and the British minister removed himself on board a man-of-war forming part of a squadron which now blockaded Lisbon, the more strictly that a Russian fleet, unable to reach the Baltic before the winter would set in, had anchored in the Tagus.

Junot continued to advance. With promises of friendship on his lips, and declarations of peaceful intentions in his proclamations, he permitted his army to practice every kind of spoliation on its way. Houses and churches were plundered, orchards robbed of their produce.[1] Alcantara, Castello, Bramo, Santarem, were given up to sack and ruin. None of the inhabitants escaped insult, even though they received the invaders with kindness. Reaching Lisbon, Junot formally took possession of that capital, and the royal family at once threw itself upon the protection of England, and emigrated to the Brazils.

The conduct of the French, when at Lisbon, has been thus forcibly described:—"The French were scarcely rested in Lisbon until the true character of the invaders displayed itself. Nightly, and without beat of drum, reinforcements poured in, and they were quartered in such parts of the capital as were best calculated to overawe the citizens, and secure a safe communication between the troops. The great convents were converted into barracks, their former occupants

1 When the British troops subsequently occupied Lisbon after the expulsion of the French (in 1808), they entered their various hutted camps across the river, which were found arranged with comfort and taste. Their army had found the ripe wheat standing, and, regardless of its value, had not only thatched, but made whole huts, with the corn in the ear, which, hanging down, shed the grain on the ground. They had built with boughs of trees an immense *Salle de Spectacle*, and formed, by putting down and removing the largest olive-trees, and sticking their pointed ends into the ground, an avenue leading up to it, of some length—an act more wanton and reprehensible than that of taking the unthrashed corn, as the fruit of the olive is not produced under several years' growth.

having been unceremoniously ejected; while the houses of the noblesse, and the wealthier of the merchants, were taken from their owners and occupied by the general officers and their staff. Edicts were issued for the confiscation of English property, the use of arms strictly prohibited, and the inhabitants were not only obliged to afford lodgings, but subsistence, to the unwelcome inmates forced upon them by their pseudo-deliverer. Even when persons abandoned their homes, and retired to the country, they were required to support the establishment, and answer all the demands the intruders chose to make.

"Continued insults and exactions at last inflamed the people to resistance; riots ensued, and lives were lost on both sides. Junot easily suppressed the tumult, and took effectual means to prevent its recurrence.

"New works were thrown up around the castle by which the city might at any time be laid in ruins; the provincial militia were disbanded; to prevent alarm, the French commander ordered that the church bells were never to be rung at night, while the host itself, during its circuit, was to be restricted to the accompaniment of a handbell, and that only was permitted to be sounded thrice.

"The effect of French oppression was soon apparent; trade and industry altogether ceased, and a kind of national despondency pervaded every class. The merchant abandoned himself to despair, and the peasant refused to till the ground. Suicide, a crime unfrequent among the Portuguese, occurred daily in the city, while fields unsown, and vineyards running wild, told that the peasant had become as reckless as the trader.

"Such was the state of Portugal—such the immediate consequences of her military occupation by the French, assisted by their faithless and imbecile confederates, the Spaniards. The latter, indeed, appeared to have entered fully into the spirit of aggression, and imitated the example of the 'emancipating' army. Caraffa, who commanded a division at Porto, raised on his march a contribution of 4000 cruzados at Thomar, and plundered the depository at Coimbra of 10,000 more. But while aiding in the oppression of their neighbours, and abetting the robbery of an ancient ally, the Spaniards little dreamed that the chain was secretly and swiftly winding round themselves, and that the spoilers were soon to be within the gates of their own capital."

Napoleon had despatched a second army of observation under Dupont, and another under Moncey, across the Pyrenees, with the ostensible purpose of strengthening the hands of Junot. This raised the French force in Spain to 50,000 men. With Moncey's corps

was Murat, the Grand Duke of Berg, who crossed the Somosierra and advanced upon Madrid. In the meanwhile the feeble old King of Spain, alarmed at a state of things which he could not control, abdicated the crown in favor of his son Ferdinand, who was proclaimed the sovereign of the Spanish people on the 20th of March, 1808; but Ferdinand was not permitted to hold the sceptre many days. The French Commander refused to recognise him, and Charles, the ex-king, interpreting this into Napoleon's espousal of his own cause, revoked his abdication, and implored the direct assistance of the French Emperor. Ferdinand then fled to France, appointing a Junta, with his uncle Don Antonio at its head, and Murat a member thereof. His example was followed by his demented and senile father. Soon afterwards Napoleon caused Don Antonio to be re-called from the lieutenancy of the kingdom; Murat being appointed sole Regent. This last measure roused the anger of the Spanish people to the highest point of exasperation. A mob used violent means to prevent the departure of the remaining members of the royal family of Spain—the traces of the carriages were cut, and Murat's officers insulted. The Regent wished for no better excuse for placing the French troops in an attitude of hostility to the populace. The alarm was beaten, a bloody conflict ensued. Madrid was filled with French guards. The Spanish citizens, aided by a large body of the peasantry, fought with amazing resolution under a hundred disadvantages; but they were borne down by disciplined and well-organised battalions, and many of those who escaped butchery in the streets were seized, tried by a military commission, and were immediately executed, in groups of forty, in the public squares and parades.

The news of the wholesale massacres of Madrid flew like wildfire through the country. Shocked at the state of degradation to which they had been reduced by the imbecility of their rulers, the people rose *en masse*, resolved to deliver their country at all hazards from the ruthless and perfidious invader.

A national government was formed at Seville, under the denomination of the Supreme Junta, and subordinate Juntas were appointed in the remainder of the towns and districts.

It is beyond the purpose and the proposed compass of this rapid narrative to describe at length the episode of the general insurrection which created for Spanish patriotism an almost universal sympathy. The murders of the governors who were favorable to French domination; the elevation of Joseph Bonaparte to the monarchy of Spain; the proclamation of "war to the knife" in the Asturias,

Gallicia, Estremadura, Catalonia, Valencia, and Andalusia; the noble defence of Saragossa; the vigorous measures taken by Napoleon tc crush the rebellion; the defeat and surrender of Dupont's corps; and the appeal of Spain to Great Britain for intervention and assistance, are historical events with which every tyro is familiar.

The spirit of resistance originating in Spain communicated itself to Portugal, and led to the defection of the national troops who formed part of the force under Junot's orders. The vigilance, however, of that astute soldier prevented any general outbreak, and he and the 25,000 Frenchmen at his command, continued to trample upon the unhappy inhabitants of Lisbon.

Sir Arthur Wellesley reached Coruña in due course, and after communicating with the Gallician authorities proceeded to Oporto, where the Supreme Junta of Portugal had assembled. To that body he expounded his plans. He was convinced that nothing effectual could be accomplished towards the deliverance of Spain and Portugal until Lisbon was occupied by a friendly force. He therefore proposed to land his troops, and with the aid of the collected patriots of Portugal march at once upon the capital. This proposal was, however, negatived, and Sir Arthur set sail for Mondego Bay, to the northward of Lisbon, because that place afforded a better landing place than any part of the coast lower down.

The "Sepoy-General," as Napoleon, in his assumed contempt for the British leader, was wont to call him, landed with his small compact force between the 1st and 5th of August, 1808. As the last brigade was leaving the transports for the shore, General Brent Spencer's division most opportunely came to anchor. By the 8th of the same month, General Spencer, with his 4000 or 5000 men, was by the side of Sir Arthur, and the latter, without waiting for any one of the three or four expected senior officers who might at any moment wrest the chief command from his capable hands, commenced operations. Anything more interesting than the march from Mondego Bay,[1] considered with reference to its then expected results, is not to be found in the page of history. Junot, alarmed at the news of his approach, instantly despatched General Laborde and General Loison to arrest his progress. We trace, in our mind's eye, the anxious progress of Loison and his cohorts, in order to effect a junction with Laborde and repel the English intrusion: we watch with equal interest the movements of Wellesley and Spencer: with nervous apprehension we read of the outpost affair at Obidos, where

[1] A bay to the north of Lisbon. It is the only part of the coast contiguous to the mouth of the Tagus which offered security in landing.

the impetuosity of the British Rifles carried them into the lion's jaws: and then we come upon the rencontre at Roriça. As Laborde enters to take up a better position—as Fergusson and the Portuguese

RIFLEMEN AT RORIÇA.

move forward and find themselves checked by ravines—we hold our breath; the issue hangs upon a thread. At length, the indomitable 29th Foot and the daring 9th advance under a shower of bullets; the 29th is foremost; it nearly reaches the crest of the mountain. Lake, its colonel, cheers it on to the attack—the French rush forward in masses—the 29th staggers—gives ground—the men fall off by sections—Lake is killed. But the 9th are at hand! Hurra! both corps renew the attack with increased vigour. "Forward!" is still the word. Stewart, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 9th, falls, mortally wounded. Again a terrific concussion—the French retire—the table land is gained and held by the British infantry—Laborde grows desperate—the 5th Foot and Hill's flank companies now scale the heights—the French are obstinate in their attacks—Fergusson's column appears—Laborde commands a retreat—his cavalry support it with their charges. No matter—the British are resolute

—the cavalry are discomfited—the French retire to Zambugeira—they rally and deploy: it is of no use; Spencer is at them with his division: one gallant charge,[1] and the enemy fly; the British are masters of the field!

Sir Arthur Wellesley lost 480 men in killed, wounded, and missing on the heights of Roriça; but had not Lake been amongst the killed, he would have considered his first victory cheaply purchased.

The heroic attack at Roriça, and the perseverance which distinguished the British troops, satisfied the French that they had now an enemy to contend with who could be as formidable on land as he had proved himself at sea. The moral influence of the victory in Portugal and Spain was immense. At the same time it pointed out to the French leaders the necessity of increased exertion.

It was the intention of Sir Arthur Wellesley to press the retreat of the French even to the very gates of Lisbon. Intelligence, however, reached him that General Anstruther, with a fresh brigade and a fleet of store ships, had arrived from England and was anchored off Peniche. Sir Arthur, therefore, moved on Lourinha to secure the safe landing of this welcome accession. A second brigade under General Acland soon afterwards arrived, and with the united forces, now amounting to 16,000 men, and eighteen pieces of artillery, Sir Arthur Wellesley took up a position near the village of Vimiero. Thence he intended to march to Lisbon. The arrival of Sir Harry Burrard, an officer senior to himself, however, prevented the execution of this intention. Sir Harry Burrard was on board a frigate in Maceira roads, contiguous to the little river Maceira, which runs through the village of Vimiero, and did not immediately land. Sir Arthur visited him. Sir Harry did not consider the army sufficiently strong and effective for such an enterprise as the march to Lisbon: he wished to delay operations until Sir John Moore should reach the coast with reinforcements. Like the Cunctator of old, he was all for delay, while Wellesley knew that success depended upon taking time by the forelock. Finding that no impression could be made upon him, Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to his quarters; but the

[1] The military character of Sir Brent Spencer was marked by an ardent zeal, an inflexible firmness, and a devotion to the performance of the trusts reposed in him, almost unparalleled. The charge, and the use of the bayonet, were his constant and favourite mode of warfare. In the numerous actions in which he was afterwards engaged, he, on all occasions possible, adopted it, with the most powerful effect; and he must be considered to have been particularly instrumental in establishing a practice which has in all our military movements given a decided superiority to our arms; and in restoring to the British soldier that mode of fighting the most consonant to the national character, and by which the victories and conquests of former ages were gained.

very next morning an event occurred which gave him the opportunity he sought of striking another blow at the power of the French in Portugal.

Junot, the Duke d'Abrantes, feeling that after the terrible repulse at Roriça, safety was not to be found in remaining at Lisbon, pushed forward with the whole of his disposable force. Reaching the heights on the road to Lourinha, in the vicinity of Vimiero, on the morning of the 21st of August, he descried the British, and at once gave battle. Dividing his army into two parts, one wing under Laborde assailed the advanced brigade of Sir Arthur's position on an eminence near the village of Vimiero, and General Solignac, with the other division, attacked the British left. The contest was most desperate—the attacks, though separate, were simultaneous, but only one-half the British force was engaged. In less than four hours the French were completely routed, and driven from the field in disorder. Nearly 3000 of their number lay dead upon the heights, and in the valley; one general officer (Brennier) was wounded and made prisoner, and not less than thirteen pieces of cannon, twenty-three ammunition waggons with 20,000 rounds of ammunition, powder, shells, and stores of all kinds, were taken from them. The loss of the British amounted to nearly 800 men and officers. Flushed with their signal victory, the British pursued the scattered French columns, the dragoons cutting them up in their flight, when an order was given for a *halt.* Sir Harry Burrard had assumed the command; and, obstinate in his determination to impede the movement suggested by Wellesley, checked the troops in their victorious career! The consternation and bitter vexation of Sir Arthur at this untimely interference may be imagined. But true to his principle of obedience, he confined his dissatisfaction to simple remonstrance.

Within twelve hours of the fatal halt, Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived, and assumed the direction of affairs.

Satisfied with the course, and applauding the victory, of Sir Arthur at Roriça, it was his wish that the latter should continue his course of proceeding uninterruptedly. This intention did not, however, reach Sir Arthur until too late to be of use; the French had had time to recover their order and to effect a retreat in a regular and soldier-like manner.

Sir Hew Dalrymple, on taking the command of the army, issued orders for an advance in conformity with the original plan of Sir Arthur. An unexpected incident prevented the fulfilment of this intention.

General Kellerman, with an escort of cavalry, appeared in the

British camp. He came to propose an armistice as a preparatory step to the evacuation of Portugal by the French army.

The armistice was agreed to, and negotiations were entered upon, which terminated in what is called the CONVENTION OF CINTRA, although Cintra was at some distance from the scene of discussion.

This Convention was so exceedingly indulgent towards the French, conceding to them so many points which the British generals were in a position to refuse, that Sir Arthur Wellesley protested vehemently against it, but failing to prevent its conclusion, he drew up a paper (dated Ramahal, 23rd of August, 1808), which involved several subsidiary stipulations calculated to neutralise, in some sort, the mischievous effects of the concession.

To the Home Government, a few days subsequently, he communicated his sentiments respecting the Convention, and the prospects of the British in Portugal, and expressed his anxious desire to quit the army. The officers and men he had led to victory deeply regretted with himself the unnecessary suspension of operations, and the Generals Spencer, Hill, Fergusson, Nightingale, Bowles, Fane, and Catlin Crawford, who had commanded brigades and divisions under his orders, presented him with a piece of plate value one thousand guineas, as a testimony of their esteem and respect.

From Vimiero, the British army proceeded to Torres Vedras, and quartered there and in the vicinity of Lisbon. That Sir Arthur could feel himself at his ease under Dalrymple was not to be expected after all that had occurred, and though he was unremitting in his co-operation with that officer, when his advice and assistance were called for, it is no subject of marvel that we find him writing to Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Pulteney) Malcolm in these terms:—

"I am afraid that I am so much connected with the credit of this army that I cannot remain with it, without falling as it will fall. If I could be of any use to men who have served me so well, I would stay with them for ever; but as matters are situated, I am sure that I can be of no use to them; I am convinced that they cannot render any service, and I am determined to go home immediately."

And again, addressing Lord Castlereagh, on the 30th of August, he says—

"I assure you, my dear Lord, matters are not prospering here; and I feel an earnest desire to quit the army. I have been too successful with this army ever to serve with it, in a subordinate situation, with satisfaction to the person who shall command it, and of course

not to myself. However, I shall do whatever the Government may wish."

On the 11th and 12th of September, the French army embarked under the protection of a brigade of British troops. The inhabitants of Lisbon were so much incensed by the conduct of the French, and so little pleased with the Convention, that they had previously perpetrated numerous assassinations in the streets and houses. Without the protection afforded, the French could not have left the city. On their departure, the people gave way to tumultuous joy which lasted for nine days.

Five days subsequent to the embarkation of the French, Sir Arthur Wellesley obtained leave to return to England. He had pointed out a course of conduct to Sir Hew Dalrymple which Sir Hew did not choose to adopt, and the just pride and patriotism of the hero of Roriça and Vimiero were offended that Lord William Bentinck should have been selected as the medium of communication between the British commander and the local Junta.

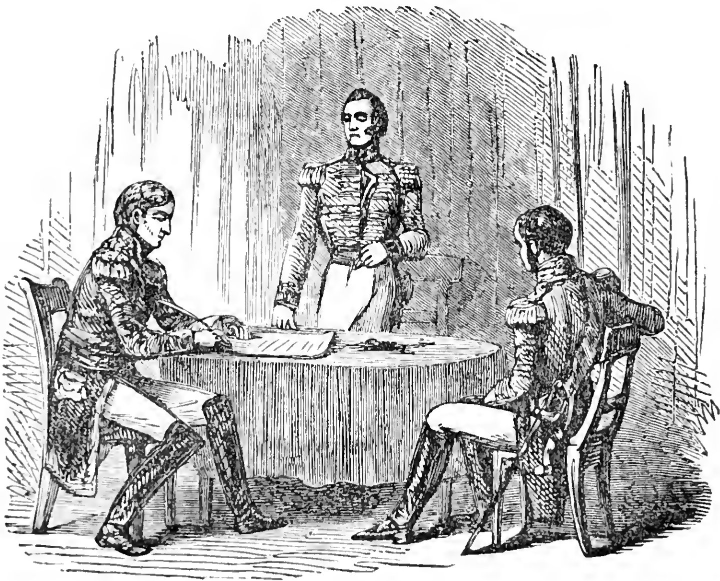
Not long after Sir Arthur Wellesley's return, Sir Hew Dalrymple was recalled, and Sir Harry Burrard, who temporarily succeeded him, resigned. The command of the army then devolved upon Sir John Moore.

Nothing could exceed the sorrow and indignation of the people of England at this issue to a victory they had been tumultuously celebrating. 'Byron, in some unpublished lines in "Childe Harold,' thus summed up the national feeling *post* and *ante* the battle and the Convention:—

"Dull victory! baffled by a vanquished foe,
Wheedled by conynge tongues of laurels due,
Stood worthy of each other in a row—
Sir Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew,
Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of t'other tew.
* * * * *
—Well I wot when first the news did come,
That Vimiero's field by Gaul was lost,
For paragraph no paper scarce had room,
Such Pæans teemed for our triumphant host,
In Courier, Chronicle, and eke in Morning Post.

But when Convention sent his handywork,
Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar;
Mayor, Aldermen, laid down the uplifted fork;
The Bench of Bishops half forgot to snore;
Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore
To question aught, once more with transport leapt,
And bit his devilish quill again, and swore
With foe such treaty never should be kept.
Then burst the blatant beast, and roared, and raged, and slept."

Upon the arrival of Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard, a board of general officers was ordered to investigate the circumstances attending upon the (so called) Convention of Cintra. During the sitting, public opinion was loudly expressed against the measure. At its conclusion, "at which nothing was concluded," the King expressed a vague opinion upon the armistice and the negotiations, which certainly did not imply satisfaction at their terms and conditions.



THE CONVENTION.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir John Moore in Spain, and Sir John Cradock in Portugal—Memorandum on the Defence of Portugal—Departure for Portugal—Reception at Lisbon—Advance upon Oporto—Passage of the Douro—Battle of Talavera—The British wounded—Lines of Torres Vedras—Massena's advance—Guerrillas—Battle of Busaco.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY resumed his duties as Chief Secretary of Ireland. Parliament met in January, 1809. He took his seat upon the occasion, and then received the thanks of the House of Commons for his "distinguished valour, ability, and conduct" at the battle of Vimiero.

The gallant and skilful, but ultimately unfortunate attempt of Sir John Moore to penetrate Spain, and rescue her from the domination now consolidating under the personal exertions of Napoleon Bonaparte, forms an appropriate episode in a memoir of the Duke of Wellington. The limits, however, which we have prescribed to ourselves in this sketch, forbid more than a passing reference to occurrences in which his Grace was not either an actor, or over which he did not exercise an immediate personal control. Moreover, the story of the retreat to Coruña has been so vividly related by a hundred eloquent writers, and lives so freshly in the memory of all who have read the biography of Moore, that its repetition would be almost a work of supererogation. Let it suffice that, though the retreat was in all respects a victory, reflecting the highest honour upon the talents and bravery of Sir John Moore, and the noble fellows he commanded, its effects were disastrous in the extreme to Spain. Her cause was virtually lost. "Her armies" (I quote Napier) "were dispersed,

her government bewildered, and her people dismayed; the cry of resistance had ceased, and, in its stead, the stern voice of Napoleon, answered by the tread of 300,000 veterans, was heard throughout the land."

To command the small body of British troops, which remained in the Peninsula, Sir John Cradock was despatched to Lisbon. He found the government in a state bordering upon imbecility,—the people unreflecting, oblivious of past service, in an attitude of hostility to their recent protectors,—the whole country in a state of confusion, and the army disorganised. From the Minho to the Tagus, the distressing picture was unvaried, and it was quite obvious that nothing which Sir John could do to restore order and confidence would possibly succeed with the limited means then at his disposal. In these circumstances, the English Ministry thought of abandoning the Peninsula, but before they came to any final decision upon the subject it was deemed advisable to consult Sir Arthur Wellesley.

The opinion given by this matchless soldier is contained in a Memorandum, dated London, 9th March, 1809. The subjoined extract will sufficiently disclose his views:—

"The British force employed in Portugal should not be less than 30,000 men, of which number 4000 or 5000 should be cavalry, and there should be a large body of artillery.

"The extent of force in cavalry and artillery, above required, is because the Portuguese military establishments must necessarily be deficient in these two branches; and British or German cavalry and artillery must be employed with the Portuguese infantry.

"The whole of the army in Portugal, Portuguese as well as British, should be placed under the command of British officers. The staff of the army, the commissariat in particular, must be British, and these departments must be extensive in proportion to the strength of the whole army which will act in Portugal, to the number of detached posts which it will be necessary to occupy, and in a view to the difficulties of providing and distributing supplies in that country. In regard to the detail of these measures, I recommend that the British army in Portugal should be reinforced as soon as possible with some companies of British riflemen, with 3000 British or German cavalry; that the complement of ordnance with that army should be made thirty pieces of cannon, of which two brigades should be nine pounders; that these pieces of ordnance should be completely horsed; that twenty pieces of brass (twelve pounders) ordnance, upon travelling carriages, should be sent to Portugal, with a view to the occupation of certain positions in the country; that a corps of engineers for an

army of 60,000 men should be sent there, and a corps of artillery for sixty pieces of cannon.

"I understand that the British army now in Portugal consists of 20,000 men, including cavalry. It should be made up to 20,000 infantry, at least, as soon as possible, by additions of riflemen and other good infantry, which by this time may have been refitted after the campaign in Spain.

"The reinforcements may follow as the troops shall recover from their fatigues.

"The first measures to be adopted are to complete the army in Portugal with its cavalry and artillery, and to horse the ordnance as it ought to be. As soon as this shall be done, the general and staff officers should go out; as it may be depended upon, that as soon as the newspapers shall have announced the departure of officers for Portugal, the French armies in Spain will receive orders to make their movements towards Portugal, so as to anticipate our measures for its defence. We ought, therefore, to have everything on the spot, or nearly so, before any alarm is created at home, respecting our intentions.

"Besides the articles above enumerated, 30,000 stands of arms, clothing and shoes, for the Portuguese army, should be sent to Lisbon, as soon as possible."

This "memorandum," from such a source, was not to be disregarded. Lord Castlereagh instantly resolved upon the adoption of the suggestions, provided the consent of the Junta of Portugal could be obtained. The intention to assist Spain in her prostrate condition, was not immediately contemplated, but it was not concealed that the success of Sir Arthur's scheme in Portugal would sooner or later operate beneficially upon the interests of the sister kingdom.

Upon the receipt of the acquiescence of the Portuguese in the proposals, the command of the Portuguese army was offered to Sir Arthur, and on his declining its acceptance, the appointment was conferred on General Beresford, who was subsequently assisted by General Hill. At the same time the force of Sir John Cradock was augmented. Under Beresford's excellent system of discipline, the Portuguese battalions rapidly acquired an efficient character, and were about to take the field, in conjunction with the troops under Cradock, when Napoleon's generals made a dash upon the territory, seizing Oporto under circumstances of cruelty,[1] and establishing

[1] Soult, who commanded, issued an order, upon his entry into Spain, commanding that all

themselves in positions which compelled Sir John Cradock to restrict himself to an arrangement by which he could cover Lisbon and the Tagus.

The British Government now saw the necessity of employing the master spirit whose genius had devised the new scheme of defence. At this distant period it appears unaccountable that any hesitation should have existed to entrust to one so highly gifted the execution of a project which he alone could conceive.

Accepting the trust, Sir Arthur embarked on board the *Surveillante*, with his staff, left Portsmouth on the 16th of April, 1809, and after a dangerous, but quick passage, anchored in the Tagus on the 22nd.

"The effect produced upon the British army in Portugal, by the arrival of their favorite chief, seemed magical. Into every department his presence seemed to infuse new life and confidence. Men spoke no longer of defensive security, or speculated on the probable period of their departure from the Tagus; but all looked forward to active service, as a thing consequent on the appearance of a victorious commander; and the general question which was asked was, 'when shall we be in readiness to move forward?' The delight of the Portuguese was unbounded, and they welcomed Sir Arthur Wellesley 'as if conquest and his name were one.'

"All day long the streets were crowded with men and women congratulating one another on the happy event; and at night the city was illuminated, even in the most obscure and meanest of its lanes and alleys.

"In the theatres pieces were hastily got up, somewhat after the fashion of the masks anciently exhibited among ourselves, in which Victory was made to crown the representative of the hero with laurels, and to address him in language as far removed from the terms of ordinary conversation as might be expected from an allegorical personage. But it was not by such exhibitions alone that the Portuguese nation sought to evince its confidence in its former deliverer and its satisfaction at his return. Sir Arthur Wellesley was immediately nominated Marshal-General of the armies of Portugal; by which means, whilst the care of training and managing the whole of the interior economy rested still with Beresford, the fullest authority to move the troops whithersoever he would, and to employ them in any series of operations in which he might desire to embark, devolved upon him."

persons found with arms in their hands should be treated as gangs of banditti, having no other object than robbery and murder, and condemned and shot immediately. This sanguinary edict he carried into Portugal.

The eagle glance of Wellesley at once took in a view of the position of the French armies, and the condition of Portugal, and with characteristic decision he resolved to march to the northward, with the whole of the British troops, and 6000 Portuguese. The conviction of success which seemed to possess him is visible in a passage of his despatch to the Foreign Minister of the 27th of April, 1809:—

"*As soon as the enemy shall have evacuated the north of Portugal, it is my intention to return* to the eastern frontier of the kingdom, and to co-operate with the Spanish General Cuesta against the army of Marshal Victor."

On Sir Arthur's way to Coimbra, the greatest demonstrations of joy were made by the people. The towns were illuminated, and his entrance into Coimbra was distinguished by the most extravagant excesses of delight. The balconies were thronged with ladies, who covered the General "with roses and sugar plums."

On the 4th of May the army was fresh brigaded. It was divided into eight brigades of infantry and one of cavalry. The latter, commanded by Major-General Stapleton Cotton, consisted of the 14th, 16th, and 20th Light Dragoons, and the 3rd regiment of the King's German Legion. The infantry was composed of two battalions of Guards, the 3rd, or Buffs, the 7th Fusileers, 9th Foot, 27th, 29th, 31st, 45th, 48th, 53rd, 66th, 83rd, 87th, 88th, and 97th, the 5th battalion of the 60th rifles, and a battalion of detachments. Intermingled with these were several Portuguese battalions, and the brigades were commanded by Major-Generals Hill, Tilson, and M'Kenzie; Brigadier-Generals H. Campbell, Cameron, Steward, Sontag, and A. Campbell. In addition to this force were four regiments (two brigades) of the infantry of the King's German Legion, respectively commanded by Brigadier-Generals Langworth and Dribourg, which were again commanded by Major-General Murray. The whole army was subsequently divided into wings under Lieutenant-Generals Sherbrooke and Paget, and the cavalry placed under Lieutenant-General Payne.

On the 6th of May Sir Arthur Wellesley inspected the troops, and was gratified with the appearance of the disciplined Portuguese, although of course they were every way inferior to the British. On the 9th of the month the Commander-in-chief quitted Coimbra with the last brigade, the remainder having preceded him in two columns on the main roads between Oporto, by Adiga on the Vouga, and by the Bay Tilson's brigade and some cavalry under the orders of General of Aveiro to Ovar. Previous to this, a corps, consisting of Marshal Beresford, had been sent forward to move on the enemy's left flank and rear.

The advance of the French, under General Francheschi, was on the Vouga, and arrangements were made for surprising it. This, however, failed from want of sufficient precaution on the part of the Portuguese cavalry and the guides. On the 11th of May the army came upon a strong body of 4000 or 5000 infantry of the division of Mermet, posted upon a height over the village of Grijon. The 16th Portuguese regiment and the German Light Infantry were in front acting as shirmishers on the left and right of the road. As the enemy showed himself the skirmishing became very sharp, and the 29th regiment was forced to support the Portuguese, who were once obliged to fall back. At the moment of this retrogression the French pushed a column of infantry down the road through the village, which being reported to Sir Arthur, he replied in the most quiet manner, "*Order the battalion of detachments to charge them with the bayonet if they come any further.*"

The officers of the staff, many of them at that time young soldiers, could not help evincing strong feeling on hearing the simple and distinct manner in which the order was given; but before some months had passed over their heads they had opportunities of not only hearing similar orders repeated, but of seeing them carried into execution.

The French retired from their position. The cavalry, under Brigadier-General Stewart pursued them for some distance, making some gallant charges and capturing one hundred prisoners. The French fell back on Ovar, where, finding Major-General Hill, they withdrew, after some skirmishing, to Oporto during the night.

Approaching Oporto, Sir Arthur Wellesley received intimation that the bridge of boats over the Douro had been destroyed by the enemy. At Villa Nova, where Hill's brigade had previously arrived, Sir Arthur took a reconnaissance of the country in his front. Taking post upon an elevated spot, the garden of the Convent of Sierra, he found the whole city visible like a panorama; nothing that passed within it could be hidden from his view. The French guards and sentries were at their posts, but they did not appear to notice the proximity of the British.

The passage of a river in front of an enemy is allowed to be the most difficult of military operations; and when it became obvious, from the collection of boats on the other bank, that precautions had been taken to secure them from the English, the barrier appeared insurmountable. General Murray had been directed to march in the morning to try and cross the river, about five miles up at Avintas, but having only four battalions and two squadrons, unless he could

be aided in his successful passage, he would lie open to defeat; and in consequence, Sir Arthur's anxiety was very great to establish his army on the opposite bank. In the meanwhile, Colonel Waters, of the Quartermaster General's Department, had passed up the left bank

PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

of the river, searching for means to cross it, and about two miles above the city found a small boat lying in the mud partially concealed among some reeds. The peasantry demurred at going over to the other side to procure some larger boats seen on the opposite bank; but the Colonel (from speaking Portuguese like a native), learned that the Prior of Amarante was not distant from the spot, and hoped by his influence to attain his object. This patriotic priest, on learning the desire of the British, joined with Colonel Waters in inducing the peasants, after some persuasion, to accompany the Colonel across, who brought back four boats.

When the doubts and fears of the army were at the highest, this agreeable information arrived, and was received by all with the greatest satisfaction. The moment the first boat reached the bank, the circumstance was reported to Sir Arthur. "Then," said he, "let

the men cross." Three companies of the Buffs, accompanied by General Paget, were immediately conveyed to the other side.

The spot at which they passed over and landed was about half a mile above the city, at the foot of a steep cliff, up which a zigzag road, or wide path, led to a vast unfinished brick building, called the seminary, standing on the brink. This was intended for a new residence for the bishop, and placed in the Prado, being surrounded by a wall with a large iron gate, opening on the road to Vallonga. It was a strong post, and the three companies, on gaining the summit, threw themselves into it, as it at once covered the place of disembarkation, and was for themselves a good means of defence. The British Artillery was posted on the high bank, on the other side, completely commanding the Prado and the Vallonga road.

Soult had his quarters on the side of the city, near the sea, and having collected all the boats, as he supposed, on the right bank, considered himself in perfect security. He thought if the British made any attempt to cross, it would be in conjunction with the ships lying off the bar, and all his attention was devoted to that quarter. He even turned into ridicule the first report of their having crossed, and discredited the fact to the last, until it was incontestably proved by the firing. The boats had made more than one trip before any one in the town appeared to notice it. General Foy instantly ordered the drums of the nearest battalion to beat the *générale.* Nearly the whole of the Buffs had crossed, and the French regiments began forming on their parades. This was an anxious moment, and just as the whole of the Buffs had landed, a battalion was observed moving down a road towards them. This was the 17th *Infanterie de la ligne*, brought down by Foy, and which was quickly supported by the 70th. The first made an attack on the Buffs, who stood their ground, giving a tremendous fire, while the artillery from the opposite side killed and wounded a great many of the enemy.

More boats, in the mean time, were carried across, and more troops; the 48th, 66th, and a Portuguese battalion, landed, and not only defended themselves successfully, but even drove the enemy from the walls, between the town and the bishop's palace. This petty success was seen by Sir Arthur and his staff, who cheered the soldiery as they chased the enemy from the various posts. The enemy's troops now came through the town in great numbers, and obliged our troops to confine themselves to the enclosure.[1] They

[1] A visitor to the scene of action, speaking of the sequel to the fight, says: "With difficulty we pushed our way through the dense mob, as we turned our steps toward the seminary. We felt naturally curious to see the place where our first detachment landed, and to examine

continued running along the road towards and beyond the iron-gate, while the shells and shot were whizzing through the trees and between the houses into the road as they passed. They brought up a gun through the gate to batter the house; but this proved an unfortunate experiment, as the British troops increasing in number by fresh disembarkations, though General Paget was wounded, charged and captured it. The enemy also brought some guns to bear from the open spaces in the town, but they were tamely, if not badly served But General Murray had made good his position on the north bank of the river, and was soon descried making as much show as possible, marching with his ranks open towards the Vallonga road, thus threatening the communication of the enemy with Loison. He was not, however, strong enough to interrupt the retreat of 10,000 desperate men; for the French now began to think of nothing else, and directed their march towards Amarante. On their deserting the quays, the Portuguese jumped into the boats, which soon transported across (amidst the cheers of the people and the waving of pocket handkerchiefs by the women from the windows) the Guards and General Stewart's brigade, who proceeded through the town with the greatest speed.

The Buffs, in the mean time, had dashed into the city and cut off a battery of Light Artillery in retreat, which becoming jammed between that regiment and the 29th, received the fire of both, and was captured.

The flight of the enemy was continued, but they were overtaken by the two squadrons which had passed with General Murray, led by Brigadier-General Stewart, who charged the rear and made 200 prisoners. Major Hervey, who commanded the Dragoons, lost his arm. The enemy collected their scattered troops at some distance, but continued their retreat towards Amarante in the night. The loss of the British did not exceed 120 men, while the enemy, besides

the opportunities of defence it presented. The building itself was a large and irregular one, of an oblong form, surrounded by a high wall of solid masonry, the only entrance being by a heavy iron gate. At this spot, the battle appeared to have raged with violence; one side of the massive gate was torn from its hinges, and lay flat upon the ground; the walls were breached in many places, and pieces of torn uniforms, broken bayonets, and bruised shakos, attested that the conflict was a close one. The seminary itself was in a falling state; the roof, from which Paget had given his orders, and where he was wounded, had fallen in. The French cannon had fissured the building from top to bottom, and it seemed only awaiting the slightest impulse to crumble into ruin. When we regarded the spot, and examined the narrow doorway which, opening upon a flight of a few steps to the river, admitted our first party, we could not help feeling struck anew with the gallantry of that mere handful of brave fellows who thus threw themselves amid the overwhelming legions of the enemy, and at once, without waiting for a single reinforcement, opened a fire upon their ranks."

killed and wounded, left on hand 500 prisoners and 1000 sick in the hospitals, and several pieces of cannon. The city of Oporto was illuminated at night, and Sir Arthur, without allowing himself any rest, the same evening gave out an order of thanks to the army, after eating the dinner which had been prepared for Soult. The operations of the three preceding days had been most gratifying, and the quickness with which the enemy had been forced from his various positions and pursued, seldom equalled. The army had advanced eighty miles in four days, three of which were in constant presence of the enemy.

Sir Arthur had completely surprised in his quarters one of the most distinguished French Marshals, and consummated in his face the most difficult operation in war, that of crossing a deep and rapid river before an enemy. The rapidity of Sir Arthur's own movements had been wonderful; for within twenty-six days of leaving Portsmouth, Oporto was captured, and the enemy in full retreat. Captain Fitzroy Stanhope, one of the Commander of the Forces' aides-de-camp, was sent to England with the despatches containing the report of this success by one of the ships cruising off the port, whose crews from the sea had seen the smoke of the firing during the actions of the 11th and 12th of April.

The Duke of Dalmatia, Marshal Soult, was overwhelmed with astonishment at the audacity and success of the passage of the Douro. But he was too experienced and collected a soldier to regard the reverse as final.

Falling back by the Vallonga road he restored his battalions to their just organisation, and retreated with great regularity in order to unite with Loison and Amarante. He was not aware at the time that Beresford had forced Loison to abandon the bridge and move towards Oporto. This news came upon him like a thunder-clap. He saw that his intended retreat was cut off, and that his army could only be saved by the desperate expedient of abandoning artillery, ammunition, and baggage, and rapidly marching over the mountains to the Braga road.

The object to be attained was worth the sacrifice; and the sacrifice was accordingly made. After encountering innumerable perils consequent upon a mountain march, over almost impassable paths, and in the midst of the most tempestuous weather, pursued by the British, encountering everywhere blazing or deserted villages, and suffering a variety of obstructions from the indignant Portuguese people, Soult reached Orense with 19,000 men, having lost since he crossed the frontier, nearly one third of his force, and sixty pieces of

artillery! His renown, however, was far from tarnished by this bold movement; on the contrary, it gained in the estimation of military men, and above all in that of the astute British Commanaer.

Intimation now reaching Wellesley that a menacing movement had been made on Estremadura, he determined to return immediately to the Tagus. He accordingly proceeded thither by easy marches. Sickness had broken out among his troops, and of those who continued in the vigour of health so many were guilty of excesses as they passed through the towns and villages that it became necessary to make examples of some of the most flagrant offenders, and this involved halts and delays. The Provost Marshal had continual employment. Sir Arthur was compelled to execute some of the heaviest culprits.

Nor was the ill health of some, and the misconduct of others, the only obstruction to rapidity of movement.

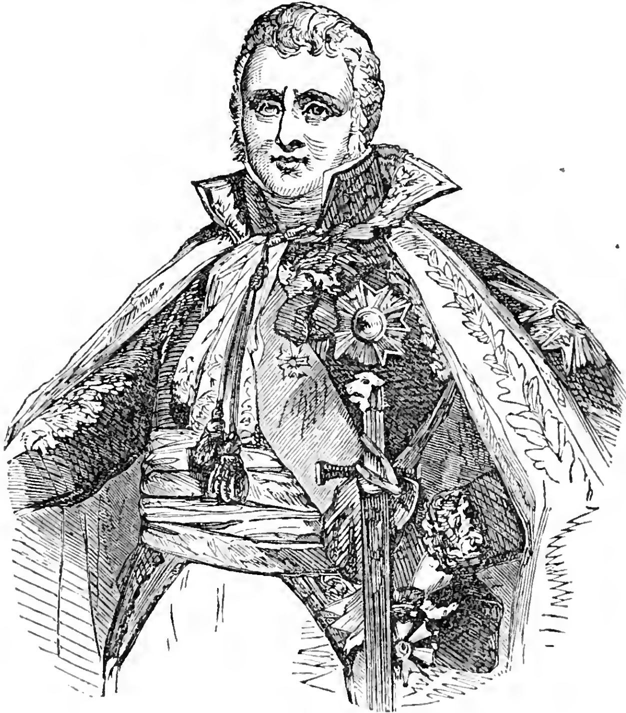
Money was wanting. The remittances from the Home Government were inadequate to the necessities of the hour, and the Portuguese Government and merchants doled out loans reluctantly, and in small sums. Over all these difficulties Sir Arthur ultimately rode triumphantly. But valuable time was consumed in the struggle, and in the meanwhile the French Marshals, Soult and Victor, were enabled leisurely to take up good positions, or to retreat towards the frontier.

If the enforced pause in Sir Arthur's operations was in one respect detrimental and vexatious, it had its advantages in giving him time to arrange his future plans. Several were open to him, and he selected that which held out the prospect of cutting off the retreat of the enemy. He resolved to unite himself to the Spanish General Cuesta, and to march by Plasencia and Almaraz towards Madrid.

The French at this time were tolerably strong upon the Spanish frontier. Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno, had 28,000 men stationed at Merida; General Sebastiani was at Ciudad Rodrigo with 16,000. The plan suggested by Sir Arthur was calculated either to force Victor to give him battle or retire, and Cuesta might have acted separately against Sebastiani, for the latter general was not able with facility to form a junction with Victor. Unhappily for the interests of Spain, her Commander was an obstinate, ignorant, vain, and indolent man. Advanced in years, incapable of physical exertion, and unwilling to admit the great intellectual superiority of his *collaborateur*, he seemed rather to take a pleasure in thwarting the designs and wishes of Sir Arthur Wellesley. In dealing with this incapable and impracticable soldier, Sir Arthur evinced wonderful patience and forbearance, and felt his talents for war called into

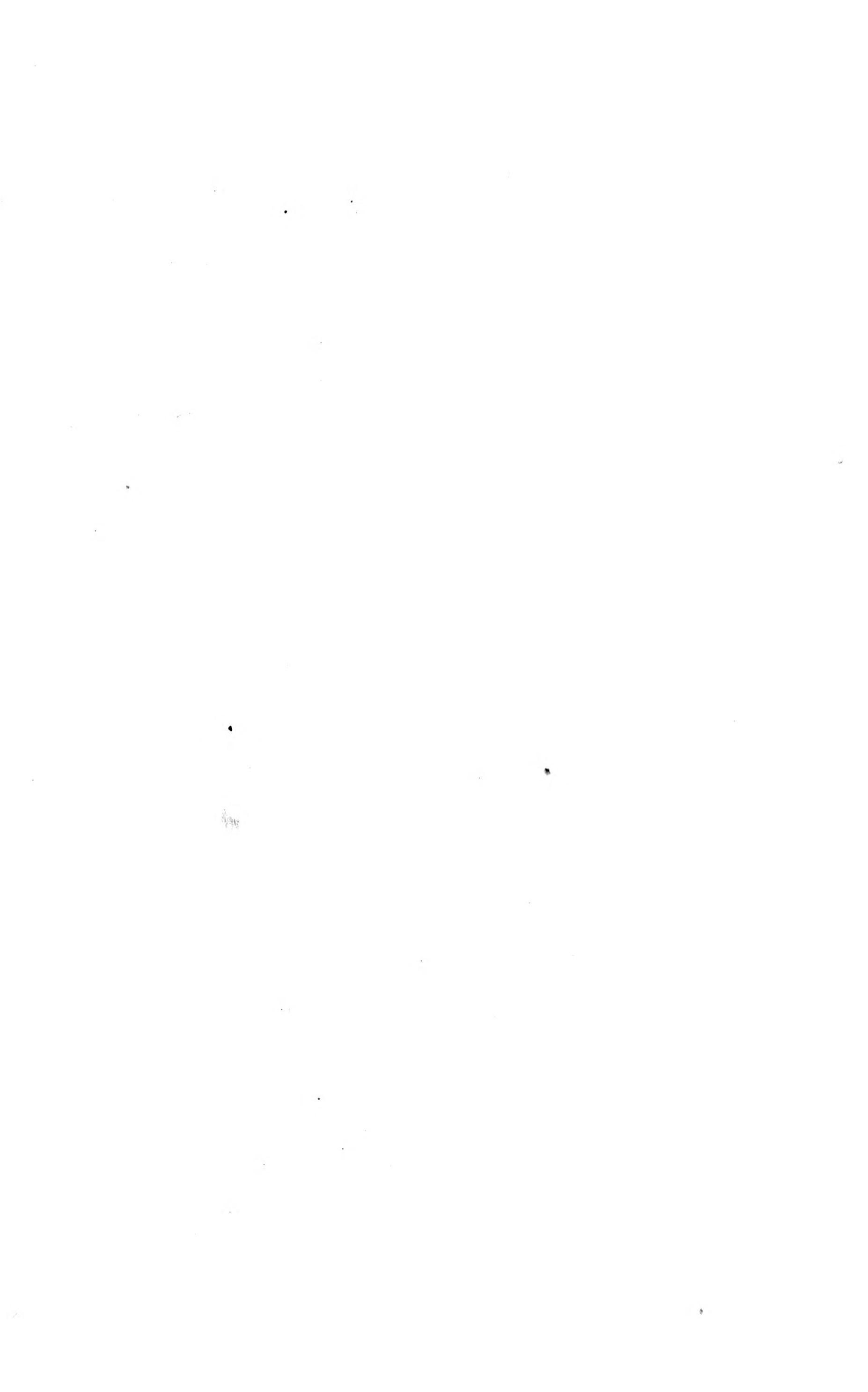
redoubled exercise to avert the evils which Cuesta's perverseness would have precipitated.

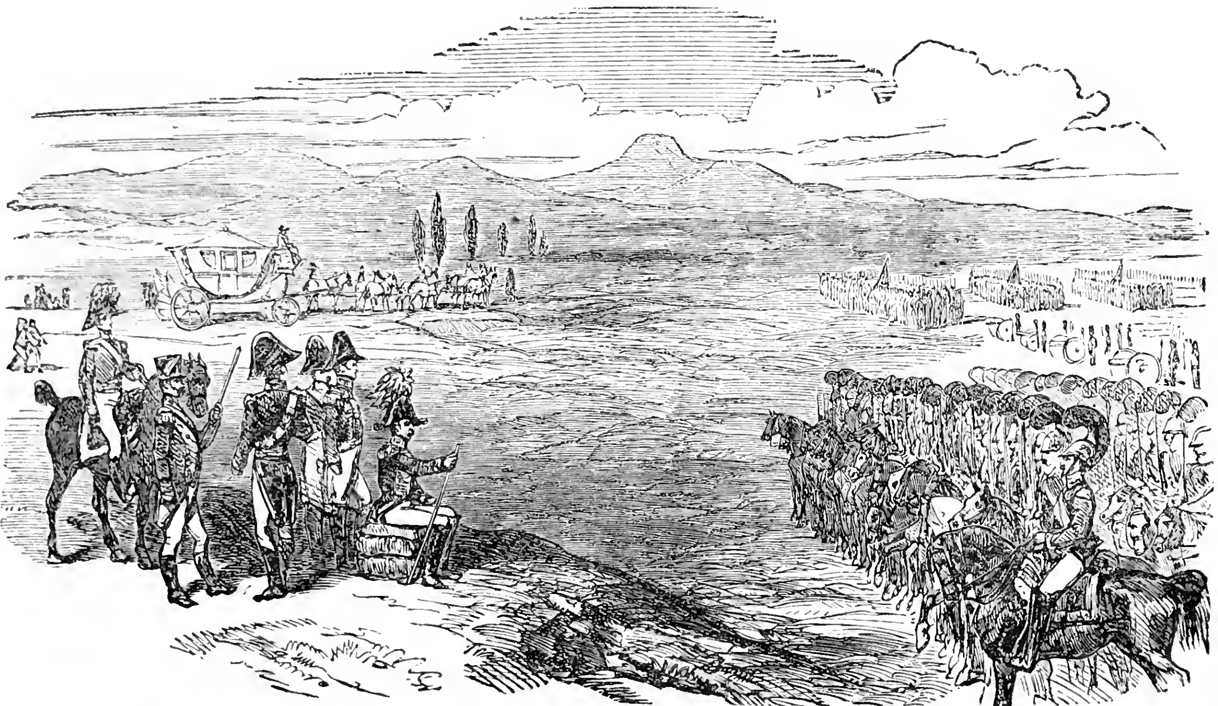
Pending Sir Arthur's arrangements, Joseph Bonaparte, who was King of Spain, crossed the Tagus, and reinforced Sebastiana and



MARSHAL VICTOR.

Victor. The force of the latter now consisted of 35,000 men, and was concentrated in the vicinity of Talavera del Reyna and on the Alberche. Sir Arthur resolved to attack it, and arranged with Cuesta to execute his plan of operations on the 18th of July, "if the French should remain so long in their position." But Cuesta had his own projects. Eager to reap the honour of driving the French single-handed out of the Peninsula, he forsook his position, followed a French corps into a net, was surrounded, and compelled with heavy loss, and in great disorder, to retrace his steps. Upon his return Sir Arthur, with some difficulty, placed him on the right





GEN. CUESTA INSPECTING THE SPANISH ADVANCED POSTS, 1809

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of the British line, in a position of some security in front of the town of Talavera down to the Tagus, protected by olive trees, walls, fences, and embankments. The British line occupied two miles of open ground commanded by a height on which was placed a division of infantry under Major-General Hill.

The Bivouac of Cuesta was on the road to Madrid, about three-quarters of a mile from the Alberche, where, on the cushions taken out of his carriage, he sat the picture of mental and physical inability. Two soldiers stood near to aid or support him in any little necessary operation, and the scene would have been ridiculous had it not been painful, as the British officers saw the tide, which, "when taken at its flood," might, nay, would "lead on to fortune" and victory, fast ebbing without advantage being taken of it. After considerable suspense, it was universally reported throughout the army, that on being pressed and driven to his last excuse, Cuesta pleaded that it was Sunday, at the same time promising to attack at daylight the next morning, and the troops were in consequence ordered back to their bivouacs. It may be fairly considered that pride had considerable weight on this occasion. Cuesta was a true Spaniard, and disliked suggestions from an English General in his own country, and, with the recollections of two hundred and fifty years before him, could not bring his ideas down to present changes and circumstances. These feelings were national and constantly evinced, and it was only very late in the war, after the Spaniards found they had not an officer to lead their armies, and they despaired of finding one, that they consented to place Sir Arthur at their head.

Though sorely annoyed by Cuesta's determination, the officers could not let pass without ridicule the incongruity they had observed within a few days in the old gentleman's proceedings. It was impossible not to notice the Spanish General going out to battle, to within half-a-mile of the advanced posts, in a carriage drawn by nine mules, and the precautions to preserve him from rheumatism, like those taken by delicate ladies, in our humid climate at a *fête champêtre*, in placing the carriage cushions on the grass. To these the Spanish Commander-in-Chief was supported by two grenadiers, and on which he was let drop, as his knees were too feeble to attempt reclining without the chance, nay, certainty of a fall. Yet this was the man to whom the Cortes had entrusted their armies, but who ought (if he did not himself feel his own inability) to have been removed without a moment's delay after the first trial.

The French army, commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, was admirably posted, and in great strength. It consisted of upwards of 60,000

men, formed into corps severally commanded by Marshals Victor and Jourdan and General Sebastiani. The British army and the German legion did not exceed 20,000 cavalry and infantry, with 30 guns. In subordinate commands in the French army were Generals Ruffin, Villatte, and Lapisse. The British brigades were led by Hill, Campbell, Tilson, McKenzie, and Colonel Donkin.

On the night of the 26th July, Sir Arthur, surrounded by his staff, slept, wrapped in his cloak, on the open ground, in rear of the second line, about the centre of the British army. A hasty doze was occasionally taken, as more continued rest was disturbed by alarm of different kinds, while the reflections of others kept them waking.

"We could not but feel," wrote one of the young combatants new to such scenes, "that here was to be another trial of the ancient military rivalry of England and France; that the cool, constitutional, persevering courage was again to be pitted against the more artificial, however chivalrous, though not less praiseworthy, bravery of the latter. This view of the relative valour of the two nations cannot be questioned, if we consider that the reminding the British of this moral quality is wholly unnecessary, and instead of language of excitement being constantly applied to our soldiery, that of control, obedience, and composure is solely recommended; while our ancient opponents are obliged incessantly to drive into the ears of their men that they are nationally and individually the bravest of the human race Hearing nothing else so flattering to their unbounded vanity, they become so puffed up by this eternal stimulant, as to be fully convinced of its truth, which, in consequence, makes their first attack tremendous."

It was on the 27th and 28th of July, 1809, that the Battle of Talavera was fought. It was a terrible trial. The odds were greatly against the British—three to one, at least, and most of the latter were raw soldiers.[1]

True, there was the Spanish army of 34,000 men, with 70 guns, pseudo allies of the English; but when it is remembered that no dependence was to be placed upon the fidelity of their adherence, and that they were commanded by a senile dotard, whose *soi-disant* co-operation had been a fruitful source of vexation and perplexity to Sir Arthur for some time previously, they are scarcely to be counted

[1] "We could not hide from ourselves," says an officer writing soon afterwards, "that our ranks were filled with young soldiers, being principally the second battalions of those English regiments who had embarked at Coruña, and consisting of draughts from the Militia, that had never seen an enemy. With the exception of the Guards and a few others, there were more knapsacks with the names of Militia regiments upon them, than of numbered regular regiments." This was a force scarcely to be relied upon.

as augmenting the British strength. And, in effect, they did nothing during the whole of the two eventful days of the battle, although they afterwards claimed a portion of the honor. We may, then, in all fairness, consider Wellesley to have been opposed by a disciplined and highly effective force, nearly treble the numerical extent of his own army. This was a difficulty of sufficient magnitude to appal generals of other nations; but from the days of Henry V., Englishmen have never stood upon ceremony in that respect. Marlborough revived the practice of beating the French with an inferior army, after four or five centuries of comparative peace, and Wellesley adopted it from his first entrance upon the Peninsula. This was a feature of the battle of Talavera, calculated to give it importance in the eyes of the world; but there were other circumstances of interest in the operation. The opposite tactics of the two greatest generals of the age had now to be tried on a grand scale. The French attacked in dense column, sending out clouds of skirmishers in the first instance, and supporting the advance with a heavy cannonade from heights in the rear. The English commander received them in line, delivering volley upon volley, then charging with the bayonet,[1] assisted by the cavalry of the German Legion. The contest was long and doubtful;

1 Throughout the campaigns in the Peninsula, Lord Wellington adopted this method of resisting the French attack in column, and as he was almost always successful, he expresses his surprise, in one of his despatches, that they should persevere in such a system. It has, however, been demonstrated by able military writers that it requires certain qualities in soldiers to act in line which are seldom found united in any but the British. Success is also in some measure dependent upon the nature of the ground. "In line, the greater part of the officers and non-commissioned officers are either in the rear or in the ranks; the soldier is, therefore, not animated by the example of his superiors; the enemy's grape-shot and musketry-fire may cause blanks in the ranks, which can only be repaired by the rapidity of the march; it may be requisite to halt, and re-establish order, and then all impulse is at an end. The natural instinct of the soldier induces him to make use of his weapon at the sight of danger; hence, firing begins in spite of all the orders of the officers, and the charge fails. This frequently occurs when the enemy, not allowing himself to be intimidated, awaits the charge with coolness, and only begins to fire within short range. Besides, the defeat of one battalion, exposing the flank of the one next to it, might cause a general rout."—(*Jervis's Manual of Field Operations.*)

This found its illustration at Toulouse, where the Spaniards attacked a horn work in line, and were driven back in great disorder. At Albuera, also, Colborne's brigade was exposed to heavy loss by General Stewart's attempt to deploy into line within range of the enemy's fire. The advantages of the column, when not too deep, are, that impulse is given to the men by their confidence in the support they possess; the leading division, finding itself supported, advances more boldly; those that follow fancy they are protected by the one in front; the sharpshooters make up for the deficiency of the fire of the columns, and in this formation they can be more numerous without inconvenience, as they have large intervening spaces to retire into. Besides, the sharpshooters protect the deployment of columns, who can, thus protected, continue, according to circumstances, their charge in line, or halt and begin firing. This is so obviously rational, that the continual failure of the French is only to be ascribed to the fact of their columns being too deep, exposing them to great loss from the fire of artillery,

but British resolution ultimately succeeded in maintaining the position which had been taken up, and the enemy retired to the ground they had occupied before the battle, leaving 10,000 men dead upon the field. Never, perhaps, were the characteristic coolness and decision of Sir Arthur put to a severer test than in the battle of Talavera del Reyna.

From his point of observation in a tower, and afterwards on the summit of a hill he was continually witnessing scenes which would have alarmed less gifted men. The flight of 5,000 Spaniards, almost immediately after the "order of battle" had been formed; the turning of the left of Donkin's brigade; the night charge of Ruffin's division; the announcement next day that "Cuesta was betraying the English army;" the check given by the ravines to Anson's Dragoon charge, just as the French were commencing their attack upon the whole British line—all conspired to try the British General's nerves to the utmost. The greater, therefore, the achievement.

Few victories excited greater emotion in England than this of Talavera. The good old King was peculiarly pleased with the success of Sir Arthur Wellesley's operation, and the Duke of York, always prompted to the generous expression of his sentiments, put forth the following general order:—

"The Commander-in-Chief has received the King's commands to notify to the army the splendid victory obtained by his troops in Spain, under the command of Lieutenant-General the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the 27th and 28th of last month (July 1809), at the battle of Talavera de la Reyna.

"His Majesty is confident that his army will learn with becoming exultation that the enemy, after escaping by a precipitate retreat from the well-concerted attack with which Sir Arthur Wellesley, in conjunction with the Spanish army, had threatened him on the 24th of July, concentrated his force by calling to his aid the corps under the French General, Sebastiani, and the garrisons of Madrid; and thus re-inforced, again approached the allied army on the 27th of July; and, on this occasion, owing to the local circumstances of its position, and to the deliberate purpose of the enemy to direct his whole efforts against the troops of his Majesty, the British army

and the lapping fire of the British infantry wheeled upon their flanks. The best order of attack is a combination of the two systems—making one portion of the troops march in line, while the other is formed in columns at the wings. It was tried with success by Lord Wellington in 1812.

sustained nearly the whole weight of this great contest, and has acquired the glory of having vanquished a French army double its numbers, not in a short and partial struggle, but in a battle obstinately contested on two successive days (not wholly discontinued even throughout the intervening night), and fought under circumstances which brought both armies into close and repeated combat.

"The King, in contemplating so glorious a display of the valour and prowess of his troops, has been graciously pleased to command that his royal approbation of the conduct of the army serving under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley shall be thus publicly declared in General Orders.

"The Commander-in-Chief has received the King's commands to signify, in the most marked and special manner, the sense his Majesty entertains of Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley's personal services on this memorable occasion, not less displayed in the result of the battle itself, than in the consummate ability, valour, and military resource with which the many difficulties of this arduous and protracted contest were met, and provided for, by his experience and judgment.

"The conduct of Lieutenant-General Sherbrook, second in command, has entitled him to the King's marked approbation. His Majesty has observed with satisfaction the manner in which he led on the troops to the charge with the bayonet—a species of combat, which, on all occasions, so well accords with the dauntless character of British soldiers.

"His Majesty has noticed with the same gracious approbation the conduct of the several generals and other officers. All have done their duty; most of them have had occasions of eminently distinguishing themselves, the instances of which have not escaped his Majesty's attention.

"It is his Majesty's commands, that his royal approbation and thanks shall be given in the most distinct and most particular manner to the non-commissioned officers and private men. In no instance have they displayed with greater lustre their native valour and characteristic energy, nor have they on any former occasion more decidedly proved their superiority over the inveterate enemy of their country.

"Brilliant, however, as is the victory obtained at Talavera, it is not solely on that occasion that Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, and the troops under his command, are entitled to his Majesty's applause. The important service effected in an early part of the campaign by the same army, under the command of the same

distinguished General, by the rapid march on the Douro, the passage of that river, the total discomfiture of the enemy, and his expulsion from the territory of one of his Majesty's ancient and most faithful allies, are circumstances which have made a lasting impression on his Majesty's mind; and have induced his Majesty to direct that the operations of this arduous and eventful campaign shall be thus recorded, as furnishing splendid examples of military skill, fortitude, perseverance, and of a spirit of enterprise calculated to produce emulation in every part of his army, and largely to add to the renown and to the military character of the British nation.

"By order of the Right Honorable the Commander-in-Chief.

"HARRY CALVERT, *Adjutant-General.*

"HORSE-GUARDS, 13*th August*, 1809."

In the battle of Talavera, General McKenzie was killed. Sir Arthur had also to lament the loss of Brigadier-General Langworth of the German Legion, and Brigade-Major Beckett of the Guards. The battle of the 27th began at two in the morning, and was continued until night. Renewed at day-break on the 28th, it raged until nine o'clock, when a pause of two or three hours took place. In this interval a signal illustration of the absence of personal vindictiveness, on the part of rival French and English soldiers, was presented. A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle-ground, and separated the combatants. During the pause, the respective armies removed their dead from the scene of action, and then it was, as Lord Castlereagh observed, when moving a vote of thanks to the army and its leader, that "those whose arms were before uplifted for mutual havoc met at the stream which intervened between their mutual positions, and shook hands in token of their reciprocal admiration of the bravery, skill, and firmness displayed on both sides."[1]

[1] These civil passages, so characteristic of civilised warfare, were of frequent occurrence during the Peninsular War. An interesting article in a popular Magazine, contained, about twenty-five years ago, the subjoined description of the friendly understanding subsisting between the rival armies:—

"I have known several instances of right feeling evinced by the enemy, worthy of gentlemen who are above turning into individual strife the quarrels of the two countries. While the light division was at Gallegos, some greyhounds belonging to an officer strayed into the enemy's lines, and an opportunity was found, by means of the first flag of truce, to request their being returned. The answer was favourable, stating that they should be sent in on the first opportunity. A day or two after, the greyhounds were seen in couples in the rear, and on the first carabine being fired, they were let slip (the dogs of war?) and came curveting through the whistling balls to their old master.

"These recollections revive others. On the day the French retired from Fuentes.

On the day following the battle of Talavera, the light brigade, under Major-General Robert Craufurd, consisting of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th (Rifles) reached Talavera. They had marched sixty miles in twenty-six hours. With this reinforcement, it was the intention

d'Onore, the last troops they withdrew from our front were some squadrons of cavalry. Accompanied by a friend of mine, we quietly followed their retrograde movement, and, secure in the speed of our horses, and the open plain, gradually neared the rear-guard. When we came within a few yards, an officer rode out, and begged that we would not encroach so much, or otherwise he should be obliged, but with regret, *à faire charger les tirailleurs;* it is needless to say that we did not further obtrude upon his good nature or civility. I have witnessed some remarkable instances, on a momentary suspension of arms, even during a general action, of almost a mixture of the armies. At Buasco, when the baggage of General St. Simon, who had been left in the midst of our ranks on the repulse and overthrow of the enemy's attack, was sent for, the light division and the enemy's troops opposed to them fairly mingled in plundering the dead, and Lord Wellington became desirous of checking it, as some of their soldiery had strolled up (I spoke to several of them) to the very summit of the hill, even beyond where their advance had penetrated in their previous attack.

"A similar occurrence took place in front of our lines that covered Lisbon. Before we fell back upon our redoubts, we held the ground near the village of Santa Quintina, opposite our centre, for several days. The 71st, under Colonel Cadogan, were here posted behind a little bank they had thrown up, and were only divided from the enemy, equally covered by a wall, by a small field, about a hundred yards across. Under Loison's direction, the enemy stormed our post, and were beat back by Colonels Cadogan and Reynell, at the head of two companies, literally with the bayonet, as one of their men was stabbed as he was crossing the parapet of the breast-work. The whole skirmish and the repulse were speedily over, and when all firing had ceased, they called across for permission to carry off their killed and wounded men, who were strewed over the little field in front. To this we assented, and they sent a party, accompanied by an officer, who commenced their removal. Whilst they were so employed, the officer came up to Reynell, and with some flippancy, mingled with mortification, said, '*Apres l'affaire nous sommes de bons amis.*' Colonel Reynell replied with great quickness, pointing to a shot he had just received through his blue cloth light infantry cap, '*Sans doute; cependant je vous remercie pour cette marque de votre bonte.*'

"I only know of one accident arising from similar communication, and that, I have understood, arose from a mistake, though its effects were fatal. During the time Colonel Cadogan occupied the town of Fuentes d'Onore, when no firing was going on, though a portion of the village was in the hands of the enemy, he was called to by a French officer to approach, having something to communicate. He accordingly descended, with a sergeant and a man, to the banks of the little rivulet that runs through the village to meet him, and at that instant some of their nearest men, seizing their muskets (it is believed not being aware of what had passed), fired, and shot the sergeant through the body, and the private (one of his best men) through the ear into the head. Considering that we are always playing with *edge tools*, it is surprising that more accidents do not occur. At Oporto, in 1809, to be sure, we commenced by cannonading a few Portuguese, whose blue jackets we mistook for French; at Talavera we had some pitiable instances of the light infantry in our front being killed and wounded by our own fire during the night; and Sir S. Cotton being wounded by a Portuguese sentry after Salamanca; but beyond these, I do not recollect any similar mishaps.

"Civilities have at all times passed between the two armies, softening much the rigours of war, and baggage and money have ever been received on both sides for officers who have had the misfortune to be made prisoners. Lord Wellington generally received the enemy's officers of rank at his table; and on one occasion, at Celorico, the pertness of a Colonel of gens-d'armes drew forth from a Spanish Colonel attached to head-quarters a keen repartee. Lord Wellington

of Sir Arthur Wellesley to have maintained his ground. But news reached him of the advance of Soult, and as Cuesta refused until too late to send a Spanish corps to defend Banos, the point to which Soult directed his steps, and supplies of every kind were with difficulty obtained at Talavera, Sir Arthur Wellesley resolved on moving with the British army to Plasencia in the hope of encountering Soult, Ney, and Mortier. This resolution was carried out on the 3rd of August, arrangements having been made that the Spanish General, Cuesta, should remain at Talavera to check Victor, secure the rear of the British army, and protect the numerous sick and wounded who were unavoidably left in the hospitals. A few hours subsequent to the departure of the British, Cuesta violating his promise and utterly regardless of consequences, abandoned Talavera, and followed upon the footsteps of Sir A. Wellesley, to his great consternation and embarrassment.

Sir Arthur's thoughts immediately reverted to the wounded. He wrote at once the following note to General Kellerman:—

"TO GENERAL KELLERMAN.

"DELEYTOSA, *9th August*, 1809.

"The fortune of war has placed the officers and soldiers of the British army who were wounded in the recent battle of Talavera in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief of the French army.

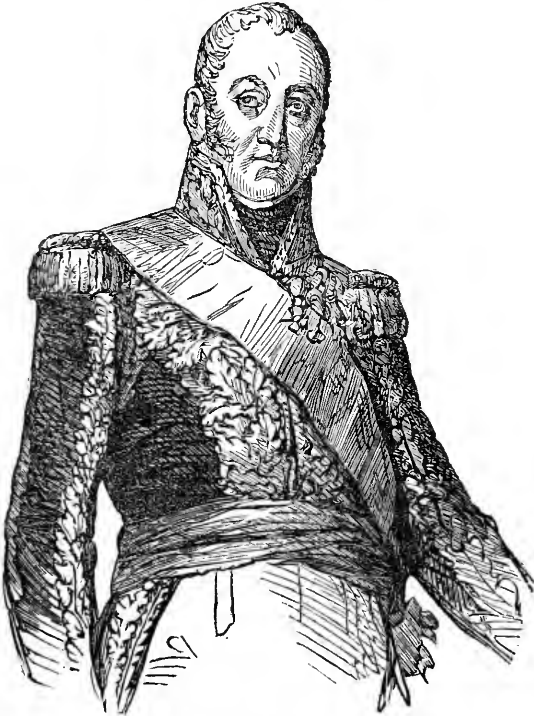
"I wrote to the Commander-in-Chief of the French army to commend these soldiers to him, and to request him to permit me to send to Talavera to attend to those officers who will not be considered as prisoners of war, and to whom their return to the army may be granted when their wounds are healed. I requested, also, to be allowed to send a small amount of money to the officers.

"Having the honour of being known to you, I venture to engage your kind offices with the Commander-in-Chief of the French army, and to recommend my wounded to you. If it were Marshal Soult who commanded, he owes me all the care which can be given to my brave soldiers, for I saved his (whom the fate of warfare placed in my power) from the fury of the Portuguese populace, and took care of them. Besides, as the two nations are always at war, we ought to reciprocate those attentions which I claim for my wounded, and

asked if the Duchess of Abrantes (Madame Junot) was not at Salamanca, to which he replied in the affirmative, and added, '*Elle a l'intention d'accoucher dans son Duche*'—Abrantes being at that time two hundred miles to *our rear*, and into which place, as it happened, the French never entered. This brought upon him the happy and neat remark to which I allude—'*Peut-etre la Duchesse aura une fausse couche!*'"

which I have always bestowed upon those whose lot cast them on me."

Happily for the interests of humanity, the French Marshals, who occupied Talavera upon its evacuation by the besotted Spaniards, took every care of the British wounded! Victor, who, more than any other French general, embodied the characteristics of the *preux chevalier* of old, on his entrance into the town, sent soldiers to every house with orders to the inhabitants to receive and accommodate the wounded English, as well as the wounded French, and he expressly directed that, in the care and attention bestowed on them, preference should be given to the English. On his being relieved by Marshal Mortier, Duke de Bulluno, the latter continued the humane offices of his gallant predecessor, and would not permit his own soldiers,



MARSHAL MORTIER.

although suffering severe privations themselves, to receive rations until the hospitals were first supplied.

Mortier was a man of great humanity of character. In the Russian war of 1812, he gave several proofs of the excellence of his heart. It is said that his conduct towards the wounded at Talavera arose from the fact of one of his old friends and schoolfellows of the English army being amongst them, but those who have tracked him through other campaigns are aware that humanity was a feature of his character.

The idiotic (to call it by no worse name) proceeding of Cuesta forced Sir Arthur to change his plan of operations. He felt compelled to give up the movement upon Plasencia, and retire to the left bank of the Tagus.

On the 11th of August he withdrew his troops over the bridge of Arzobispo, with the view of covering Seville and the south of Spain, and at the same time preserve his communication with Lisbon, and reached the valley watered by the Elevante on the 11th of August. After his troops had had time to repose, finding that it would be impossible to prosecute the war in Spain with any chance of success against the French forces, which had now greatly augmented, and were preparing to enter Portugal by Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, Sir Arthur Wellesley determined to move into Portugul. He therefore fell back, and in September, 1809, took up the line of the Guadiana, and established his head-quarters at Badajoz. In this position he expected to secure the province of Andalusia, as the enemy could not venture to penetrate across the Sierra Morena with the British army on their right flank ; to give confidence to the army of La Mancha, and finally to encourage the people to persevere in the cause, by affording the Spanish nation an opportunity of reforming its government, and of choosing new men to direct their measures in the cabinet and conduct their armies in the field.

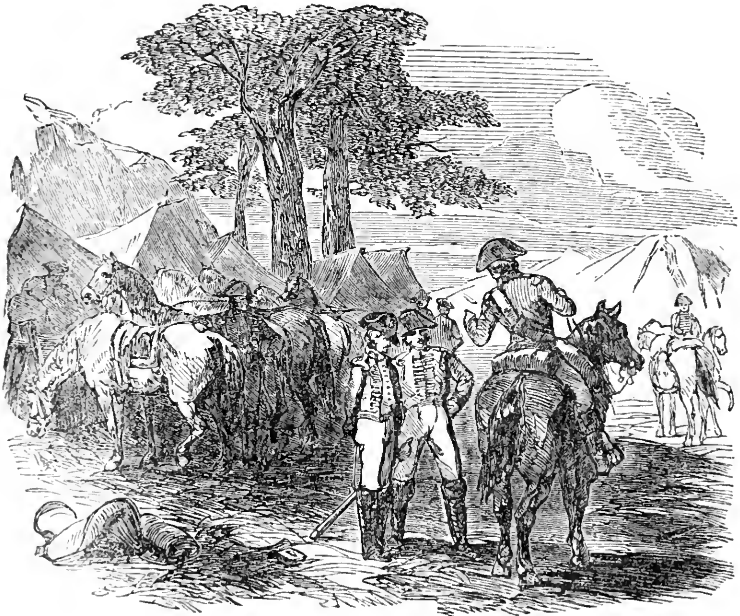
While in this position a variety of circumstances occurred, calculated to produce an alternation of hope and despair, ultimately terminating in the destruction of Sir Arthur Wellesley's plans. The British Minister, Frere, who had caused much annoyance to the British commander, was withdrawn, and replaced by the Marquis of Wellesley, the sagacious brother of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had destroyed the Mysore power and the Mahratta confederacy in India. Cuesta was removed from the command of the Spanish army, and in recompense of the very distinguished gallantry and profound skill which had marked Sir Arthur Wellesley's operations at Talavera, the King raised him to the peerage, by the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington in the county of Somerset ; and a grateful country, by its repre-

sentatives in Parliament, voted him a pension of two thousand pounds per annum.

On the other hand, all the Spanish generals who held out against the French in different parts of Spain endured serious reverses, the British troops, suffering intensely from privations and sickness, daily diminished in numbers ; dissatisfaction arose among the officers ; a large political party in England assailed Lord Wellington with every species of misrepresentation and acrimonious abuse ; the Spanish Junta continued to torment the General with their indecision and imbecility, and Napoleon, having humbled Russia, Prussia, and Austria, sent his cohorts, 110,000 strong, under Marshal Massena, to attempt the re-conquest of Portugal.

After a stay of a month or so at Badajoz, Lord Wellington set out for Lisbon upon a journey, leaving the army in its quarters. The object of this journey, which he kept a profound secret as long as it was possible, excited a great deal of speculation among the troops, and throughout the Peninsula. By many it was expected that he meditated arrangements for the evacuation of Portugal, but he, hoping against hope, confident while all others despaired, was, on the contrary, devising means for defending Lisbon against any army the French could bring into the field. Lord Wellington's purpose was to examine the ground personally, and to plan those famous lines which were to give a fatal check to the progress of Napoleon's armies. THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS, which brought the Peninsular struggle to a crisis, are a monument of power and perseverance which "neither the Romans in ancient, nor Napoleon in modern times" ever reared, vast as was their military genius. When completed, these works formed a double and nearly parallel chain of redoubts and other entrenchments. The outer or advanced lines extended from the mouth of the small river Zinandro, on the ocean through the mountain points of Torres Vedras and Monte Agraça, the keys of the position, to Alhandra, on the Tagus, and, following the trace of its defensive features, this outer line measured twenty-nine miles. In rear of this, the second, or principal, line of defence across the Peninsula had its left on the sea, at the mouth of the little river St. Lorenzo (in front of Ericeira), and its right on the Tagus at Via Longa ; occupying on its trace the strong mountain passes of Mafra, Montachique, and Bucellas, through which run three of the four great roads to Lisbon, while the fourth skirts the river. The principal line, in its sinuosities, measured twenty-four miles, the direct breadth of the neck of the Peninsula between the flanks of the two lines being, however, twenty-five and twenty-two miles respectively.

In the month of December, 1809, Lord Wellington withdrew his army from Spain, and in the course of three weeks the whole of his force was placed on a new and extended position along the frontier of Portugal, the head-quarters being in the city of Viseu. Here they remained for six months.



BRITISH HEAVY DRAGOONS.

During this interval Napoleon put an immense force in motion. Besides the 100,000 men mentioned above, 20,000 of the Imperial Guard were marching on the Bidassoa, a corps of Poles and Italians had entered Catalonia, and a powerful siege-train, and nearly 800 carriages with stores and ammunition, were moving by the Burgos road. The grand total of the French army actually within the Pyrenees amounted to 365,000 men. From the *élite* of this enormous force two grand armies were formed, each comprising three distinct corps. The first, under the command of the Duke of Dalmatia, was composed of the corps of Victor, Mortier, and Sebastiani, with a reserve under General Dessoles. The second comprised the corps of Ney, Junot, and part of Victor's, and was especially intended to be employed by Massena, the Prince of Essling. The first *corps d' armée*,

collected at the foot of the Sierra Morena, mustered 65,000 men, and was intended to overrun Andalusia. The second, concentrated in the valley of the Tagus, amounted to 80,000 effective soldiers, and was destined to reduce Ciudad Rodrigo in the onset, and finally to expel the English from Portugal, and thus achieve the conquest of the Peninsula.

On the 11th of June, 1810, the enemy invested the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo with 30,000 infantry, and 5000 cavalry. The garrison, despairing of being able to hold out against so large a force, deputed the Marquis of Romana to entreat Lord Wellington to advance to its relief; but this his lordship refused to do. It did not appear to him that it was safe to risk the general cause of the Peninsula for the sake of saving a small garrison. He, therefore, held his ground, and on the 16th of July the fortress surrendered by capitulation to Marshal Ney. Foreseeing the line of attack meditated by the French upon Portugal, Lord Wellington had taken up a fresh position. His army, organized into six divisions, and respectively commanded by Generals Spencer, Hill, Picton, Lowry Cole, Robert Craufurd, and Stapleton Cotton, formed the segment of a circle of which the convex part was opposed to Beira and the Alemtejo. Guardo, Celerico, Pinhel, and the west bank of the Coa with its tributary streams flowing in front of the line along the greater part of its extent.

The fortresses of Almeida, Elvas, and Valenca, Peniche, Abrantes, and Setuval, were garrisoned by the Portuguese regulars and militia. Baceller held the provinces beyond the Douro with native troops. The country between Penamacor and the Tagus was similarly defended. Four regiments of militia occupied the Alemtejo; three garrisoned the fortresses of the Algarves; while twelve remained in reserve, quartered upon both banks of the Tagus, and chiefly about Setuval.

By this masterly arrangement the extremes, of the defensive line were entrusted to the militia and ordenanza, while the whole of the regular troops occupied the central positions; thus enabling Lord Wellington, in two marches, to concentrate 40,000 splendid soldiers, either at Guarda, or between that place and the Douro.

The tenure of this position, and the general operations of the war at this time, were distinguished by a very gallant affair on the river Coa occasioned by General Craufurd's movement in aid of the besieged at Ciudad Rodrigo; by the fall of the fortress of Almeida, and by the growth, activity, intelligence, and determination of the Spanish Guerillas. Without discipline, but acting always in concert,

and with a fierce determination to exterminate the French, these daring men, often headed and encouraged by the priesthood, assembled in bands at a brief notice, and from the rocks above the mountain passes, in forests skirting the roads, on the banks of rivers, in towns and in villages, assailed the enemy, committed the most barbarous cruelties upon the persons of the French in retaliation of the wrongs done to themselves and their families, and intercepted the provisions and stores which were sent from France across the Pyrenees.

GUERILLAS CAPTURING A FRENCH PRISONER.

Mina, a chief possessing great authority and ability, had under his command 3000 of these men, who, divided into small parties, from their knowledge of the country dispersed and assembled in a few hours' time. One instance of their activity and courage is sufficient to furnish an idea of what they could accomplish, when regularly organised Mina was a member of the Spanish University: a nephew of his commenced this destructive method of weakening the enemy, with his companions, most of them young men of education. The nephew was killed in a skirmish, and the uncle took the lead;

and of so much importance was he considered by the enemy, that a plan was formed by four French generals, to entrap him and his followers, particularly as a large quantity of stores were expected from Bayonne, which they apprehended would fall into the clutches of this daring leader and his hardy companions. By four different routes they imagined he might be surrounded, and, by closing, take himself and party. The wily Mina, however, was not only aware of this plot laid for him, but also was on the watch to attack the convoy, amounting to 2000 men.

By the mode of dispersing his troops in small parties, he soon got clear of the French forces, and by re-assembling at an appointed place on the Pyrenees, he was enabled to attack the convoy, of which he killed 900, took 600 prisoners, and all the stores: King Joseph's secretary, disguised as a peasant, was killed. Thus the skill, courage, and dexterity of Mina, with a band of undisciplined men, defeated a body of 2000 French soldiery, and took an immense quantity of stores.

Many like feats were performed by the other Guerilla chiefs, and as a convincing proof of their activity, the French could not send a bag of letters, but under a guard of 250 horse and foot; nor could this Guerilla force be readily destroyed; for, acquainted as they were with the different passes in the mountains, and the by-roads through the country, they could assemble at any given point, or disperse, without the possibility of defeat.

As this description of warrior was self-appointed, and acknowledging no control, although at all times found prepared to conform to the chieftain's orders, no exact account could be taken of their numbers: they were, however, very generally esteemed at 15,000 men: they lived by rapine, of course were no expense to the state: they were dressed as each man could afford, and armed as they could obtain weapons; some mounted, some on foot, but all equally ferocious and hardy.

The following extract from the notes of an officer who served the campaign of 1809–14, illustrates the feeling and acts of the Guerillas:—

"Though the large towns had become accustomed to the French, still the peasantry felt to the last, hatred and vengeance. These became blended in all their acts and ideas, and were even introduced in their national songs. Little couplets of four lines, or of two, with a senseless chorus, imitating the crowing of a Gallic cock, sounding like *kokaroo*, *kokaroo*, *koo*, were chaunted by the very girls during the evening dances, and accompanied by their tambourines.

One, I recollect, amused me much, putting in fair contrast the oaths of their friends and their enemies:

"'Viva los Ingleses qui dicen
God damn you!
Mueran los qui dicen
Sacre nom de Dieu?'

"The inhabitants of the Peninsula thought the French who invaded and insulted their houses could deserve no mercy; and the peasantry, who found a fit opportunity to shoot one of them, felt no more compunction than in destroying a pole-cat, or other vermin. The military ideas of the French only tolerated as a legitimate enemy those in uniform, and considering all others they found armed as brigands, put them to death without mercy. These different views produced retaliation, leading on both sides to horrid atrocities, and for a long while no quarter was given or received between the Guerillas and the enemy.

"General Franceschi, one of the most active officers of the French Light Cavalry, having most imprudently declined an escort, was taken near Zamory, early in 1809, and aftewards died at Granada, in prison. The Guerillas, posted in countries difficult of access, as much actuated by hope of plunder as patriotism, were constantly on the alert; and the corps under the enterprising Mina, established in the valley of Arragon and Biscay, at the very threshold of France, interrupted all supplies not accompanied by a little army. Large supplies of clothes and stores fell occasionally into their hands, and in 1813–14, the infantry of Mina were in French uniforms. An officer of Guerillas, on one occasion, brought his plunder for sale to head-quarters, which we conceived to be, from the choice and number of patterns, the travelling stock of a tailor. We were shown several badges of embroidery and beautiful cyphers (several with that of Marie Louise), intended for collars, cuffs, and skirts of coats, besides some splendid sashes. The Guerilla captain understood so well to *marchander*, and remained so long at head-quarters, that we were all satisfied he was less patriotic than mercenary. Do not suppose that we give the like credit to the Guerillas as you have done in England; for, however they may have annoyed and even distressed the enemy, and rendered necessary the employment of large bodies of troops to keep up communication, they never could nor would have liberated their country. Their petty mountain warfare could not lead to great results, while their miserable armies only entered the plains to be dispersed, and, but for our forces, all the best

and accessible countries of every province were permanently subdued.

Towards the middle of the month of September, 1810, the Prince of Essling (Massena) made a feint of moving down upon the left bank of the Mondego.

MARSHAL MASSENA.

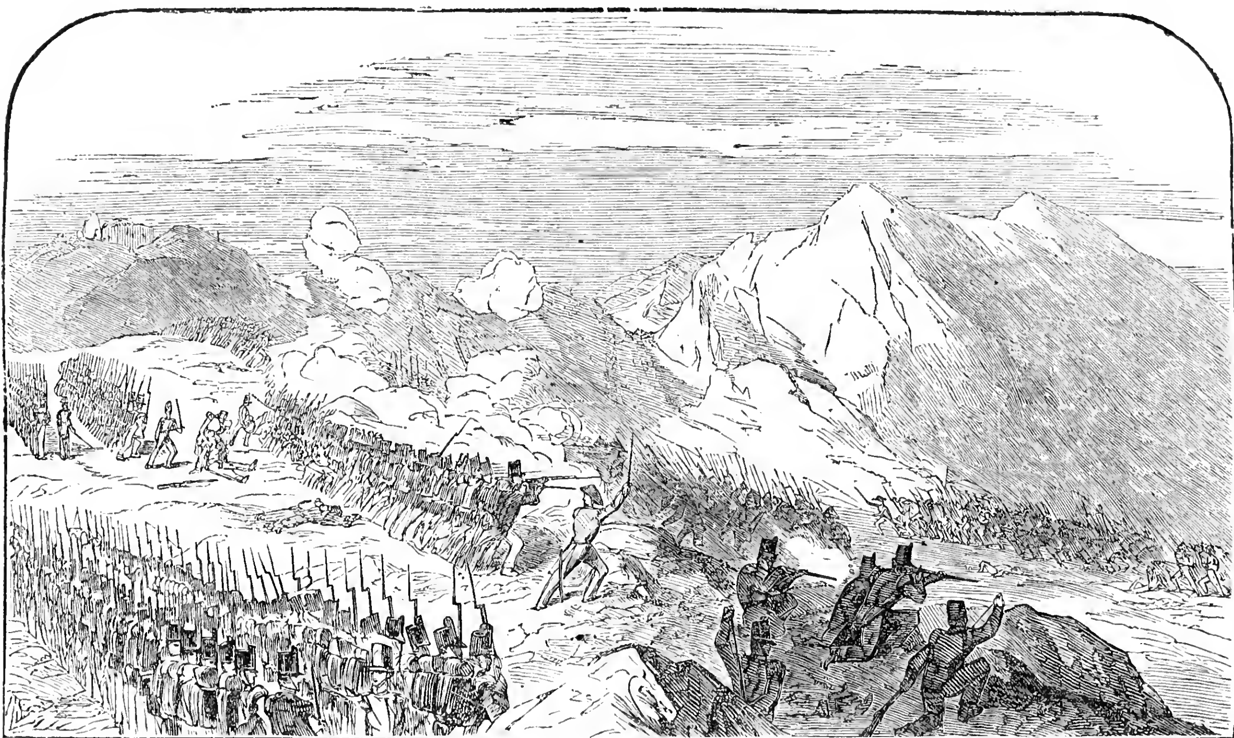
Wellington retired behind the Alva. By the 20th of September, Massena had crossed the river below Celerico, and was advancing upon Coimbra by the way of Vizeu. This movement was counteracted by Lord Wellington with his usual prescience. The intentions of the enemy being very apparent, the second division of the army under the orders of Lieutenant-General Hill made a parallel movement with Regnier's *corps d'armée*, when the whole of the combined army, with the exception of General Fane's division of cavalry, and Le Cor's brigade of Portuguese infantry, "was placed upon the right bank of the Mondego with a celerity which set all ordinary calculation at defiance."

The mountain road north of the Mondego runs over a high ridge

called the Sierra de Busaco. Towards this it was evident Marshal Massena's force directed its steps *en route* to Coimbra. At this point, therefore, Wellington was resolved to stop him. Accordingly, at day-break on the 26th of September (1810), the several divisions of British and Portuguese troops ascended the heights of Busaco, where the whole of the enemy's force, consisting of 60,000 infantry, and a very large body of cavalry, could distinctly be seen from a convent which Sir Arthur occupied. Colonel Leith Hay, in his "Narrative of the Peninsular War," vividly describes the scene that presented itself. "Nothing could be conceived more enlivening, more interesting, or more varied, than the scene from the heights of Busaco. Commanding a very extensive prospect to the eastward, the movements of the French army were distinctly perceptible; it was impossible to conceal them from the observation of the troops stationed along the whole range of the mountain; nor did this appear to be the object of the enemy. Rising grounds were covered with troops, cannon, or equipages: the widely-extended country seemed to contain a host moving forward, or gradually condensing into numerous masses, checked in their progress by the grand natural barrier on which the allies were placed, and at the base of which it became necessary to pause. In imposing appearance as to numerical strength, there has been rarely seen anything comparable to that of the enemy's army from Busaco; it was not alone an army encamped before us, but a multitude: cavalry, infantry, artillery, cars of the country, tribes of mules with their attendants, sutlers, followers of every description, crowded the moving scene upon which Lord Wellington and his army looked down."

Towards evening, the French pickets made an attack upon the Portuguese Caçadores, who returned the fire with great steadiness and effect. At night the troops bivouacked in their several positions. "The veterans," says Alison, in his admirable "History of Europe," "accustomed to similar scenes of excitement, slept profoundly on their stony beds; but many of the younger soldiers, who were now to witness a battle for the first time, were kept awake by the grandeur and solemnity of the scene around them."

At dawn of day the fight began by the French making two desperate attacks upon the right and centre of the allied army. General Simon's brigade led the assault. The fire of the light troops and the horse artillery scattered death among the leading columns, but did not check their advance—they reach the summit—they deploy into line. "Charge!" cried Craufurd, who watched the upward progress of the French brigade—the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th



BATTLE OF BUSACO. "CHARGE!" CRIED CRAUFURD. SEPT., 1810. p. 76.

rush forward with the bayonet—the French give way—their columns are overlapped by the light troops—they break—retreat—volley after volley is poured into them, tumbling them down the hill, whence they escape covered by the fire of Ney's guns from the opposite side of the hill. Previous to this an attack was made on the right of the British line, but was repelled with equal gallantry by Colonel Mackinnon's brigade, directed by Major-General Picton, supported by Generals Leith and Lightburne. The battle lasted great part of the day, but with unvarying success on the part of the British.

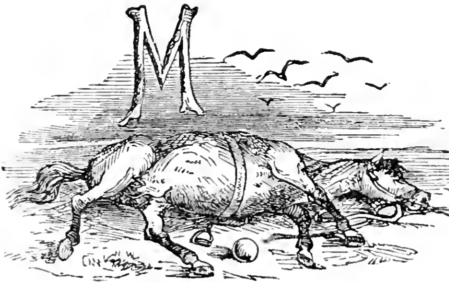
Every effort of the French troops, however daring and skilful, was foiled by the indomitable British line and the Portuguese levies. The British force engaged in the battle of Busaco consisted of 24,000 men. The French army was not less than 55,000 strong. The British artillery was used with great effect from the heights, and the Portuguese Caçadores made a most successful *dêbut* in the field.

On the morning of the 28th, Marshal Massena made a feint attack with his light troops, and towards mid-day marched on the road from Mortagoa, over the mountains towards the Vouga. Inferring from this movement, that it was the Prince of Essling's intention to gain the Oporto road, and the position of Busaco having been actually turned, on the 29th Lord Wellington recrossed the Mondego, and retreated to the position he had previously determined on in front of Lisbon, with his right at Alhandra on the Tagus, passing by Torres Vedras, and his left on the sea.

Lord Wellington's army entered the lines of Torres Vedras on the 8th of October, and by the 15th the allies finally took up their ground. Shortly afterwards they were joined by the Marquis de la Romana with about 5000 effective men. Lord Wellington was now to reap the advantage of his admirable foresight. Girdled by impregnable works, strengthend by Nature, the allied army remained within the Lines for five months, laughing to scorn the futile efforts of Massena to penetrate its strongholds.

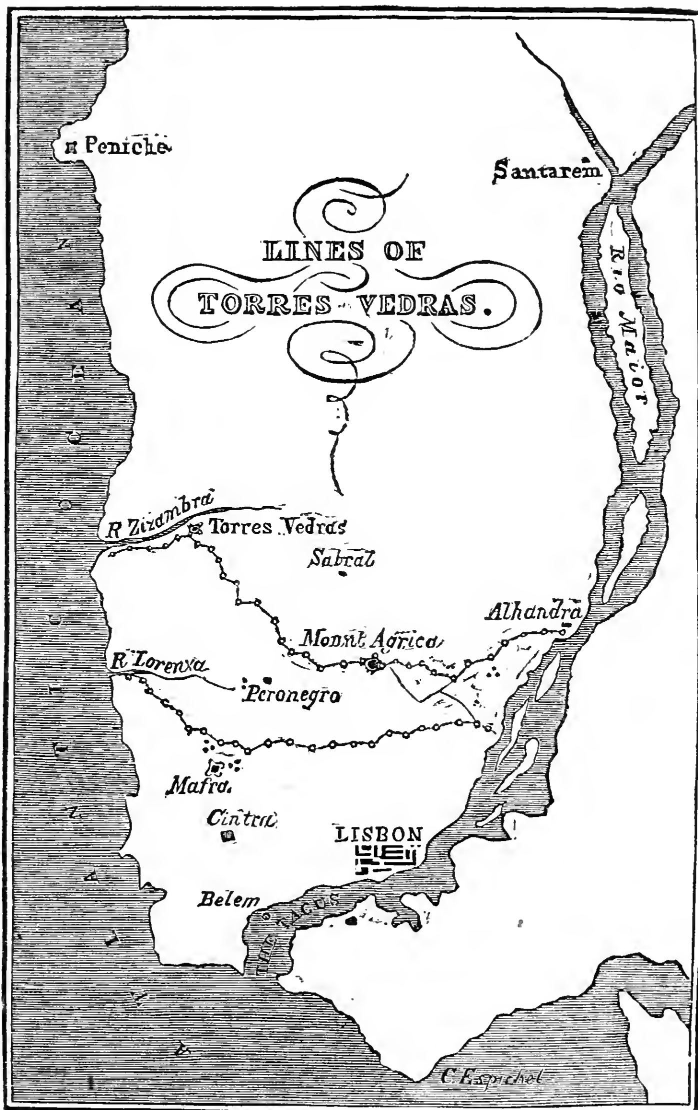
CHAPTER V.

Massena before the Lines—His Retreat—Pursuit by the Allies—Affairs at Redinha, Pombal, Foz d'Aronce, and Casal Nova—Wellington's Correspondence.



MASSENA—baffled in his endeavours to force the Lines—of the existence of which he had only heard five days before he approached them—retired on the 14th of November, 1810, to Santarem—a place admirably adapted for a defensive post against an assailant moving from the side of Lisbon. Whether he hoped to lure Lord Wellington from his fastnesses to attack him, or whether he really wished to maintain the position against any possible attack, it is certain that he took great pains to entrench himself. What nature had left unfinished to render the position formidable, Massena endeavoured to accomplish. Field-works of various kinds crowned the eminence, while the face of the hill was studded with innumerable breast-works, from which thousands of Frenchmen frowned defiance upon the allies.

When Massena moved to Santarem, Lord Wellington concluded that he was about to retreat into Spain. The grounds of this supposition were natural. By the retreat, Massena would have been able to supply his army with plenty of food during the winter, and put them into good and quiet cantonments; he could have procured medical attendance and medicines for his numerous sick; he would have been able to clothe and re-equip his troops, afford the people of the country the means of cultivating their ground, and at any



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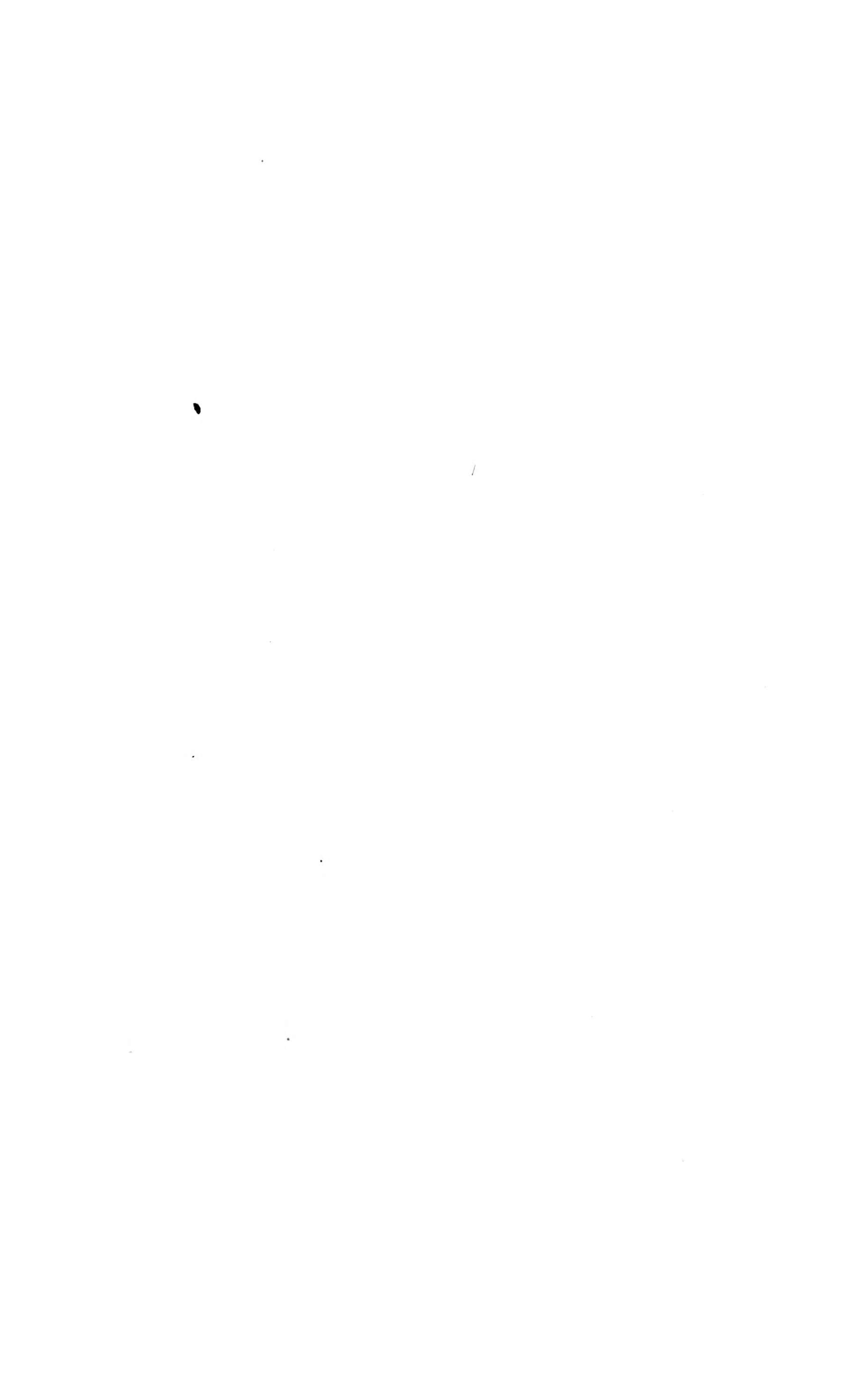
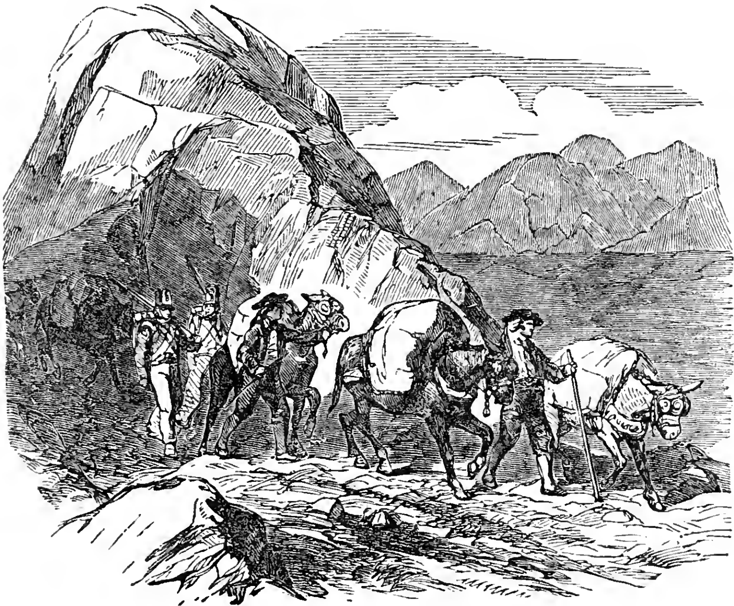


time have resumed his position in greater strength. Acting then, upon the belief that a retreat was intended, Lord Wellington dispatched Major-General Hill to cross the Tagus and attack Santarem, while his lordship moved the head quarters to Cartaxo. When General Hill was near enough to reconnoitre the positions, it was evident that the crafty Massena had no such object as an immediate retreat in view. The whole of his force was brought up in the vicinity of Santarem. From this circumstance, and the fact of the roads and rivulets being impassable, owing to heavy rains, it was deemed unadvisable to attempt the attack. Immense loss must have ensued, and the British General ran a risk of having some of his detachments insulated and cut off from all communication with others.

It was late in November when General Hill crossed the Tagus and stood in the path of the French Marshal, who obviously meditated an attempt on Lisbon. From that time until the 5th of March, 1811, neither army stirred. Lord Wellington was not inactive, as we shall



REINFORCEMENTS.

presently show, but his antagonist made an effort to disturb his repose. In fact, during January and February, 1811, the weather

was so bad that military operations upon either side were quite out of the question. With an uninterrupted communication with the sea, Lord Wellington was enabled to receive reinforcements and considerable supplies from England during this interval, though the latter came not by any means in the proportion expected or desired. The British Prime Minister, Perceival, oscillating between the fear of increasing the power of the opposition, who continued steadily to oppose the Peninsular War on financial grounds, and the apprehension of weakening his own position with the Prince Regent, almost starved the troops, notwithstanding the arguments of the Marquis of Wellesley at home, and the indignant remonstrances of Lord Wellington abroad. Massena's position grew every day more perilous. It was the practice of the French armies to make the countries through which they passed support them. Every man foraged for himself when the columns came to a halt, and, as a necessary consequence, much violence was practised if the villagers and townspeople did not in their alarm burn and forsake their dwellings, and drive away their flocks before the enemy arrived.[1] This abominable and most unwise usage had converted the country in Massena's rear into a desert. To feed his army at Santarem, he was, therefore, obliged to send out strong foraging parties to scour the country to the very confines of the British positions. Several important captures of cattle and grain were made in this way. But

[1] "The French plundered after the most scientific and approved methods; they used to throw water on suspected places, and watch its absorption, judging the spot where it dried the quickest had been lately disturbed. No qualms of conscience prevented the orthodox Catholic soldiery of the French army from rifling the most sacred places. The communion plate and silver lamps and candlesticks even vanished in the twinkling of an eye. Not content with what the churches afforded above-ground, or from a zeal for antiquarian research, they despised a superficial or traditional account of the former modes of burial, and investigated the point by breaking open the tombs. At Jericejo (a word by-the-by, no one but a native ever pronounced), when they turned Cuesta's flank, in 1809, by the bridge of Arzo Bispo, they tore open a sarcophagus, let into the wall, containing the mortal remains of some great hidalgo, who had been buried (the date was the 16th century) near three hundred years before. Finding the body, though not absolutely embalmed, was dried into a sort of mummy, they took it out, and stuck it up against the door as a bugaboo, with a musket in his hand! However chivalrous and warlike this contemporary Don of Charles or the Philips, he could never have surmised, had he even believed in the metempsychosis (which would not have been prudent in those times for a good Catholic), that after being comfortably buried two hundred and fifty years, he should do duty as a Factionnaire Scarecrow at the door of his own church! The thoughtlessness of the French character was often shown in similar practical jokes. When they retired from before the lines, they placed the bodies of their dead comrades in cupboards and against closed doors, insuring the fall of these grim *memento moris* on the first inquisitive searcher. At Cartaxo, with a view, no doubt, to improve the water, or to leave us ingredients to prepare a *soup maigre* on a large scale, they dropped a dead donkey into one of the finest wells in the place. This was not detected until it was possible for a regiment of the 1st Division to report upon the flavour of *soup à l'ane*."—*United Service Journal.*

the cavalry of Lord Wellington was always upon the alert, and the cattle and corn were often recovered, while the French foragers, thrown into a frightful state of indiscipline, were frequently cut off and made prisoners. The cupidity of some of the people of Lisbon was likewise a material source of supply to Massena. "Under the pretence of selling sugar at Thomar and Torres Novas, the agents of certain fidalgos in Lisbon passed by the road of Celdas and through the mountains of Pedragoa." This failed in time, as discovery increased Wellington's surveillance, and Massena, early in March, 1811, found it necessary to break up his camp and abandon in despair the hope of reaching Lisbon.

It is a rule in war that a retreat shall always, when practicable, be followed by a pursuit. Massena quitted his position on the 4th of March. He had continued at Santarem longer than was justifiable by the state of his magazines and the health of the troops, in the expectation of being joined by Marshal Soult with 14,000 men—an expectation defeated by the vigilance of the foe. Moving away with the apparent intention of proceeding to Thomar, he was followed in a day or two by Lord Wellington's army, every now and then checking his pursuer by a movement which appeared to be directed on the lines of Torres Vedras, thus gaining four marches upon his adversary.

There are many tales extant in the history of war of disastrous retreats—retreats in which the sufferings of the retiring force have even awakened the compassion of their pursuers—but the world's annals do not produce a parallel to the cruelties and abominations which marked the progress of the French when quitting Portugal. With the double purpose of satisfying the cravings of hunger, and avenging the hostility of the Portuguese, who had rendered their stay at Santarem a bitter trial, they burnt, plundered, devastated, and murdered without remorse. Sir William Napier, always just, often indulgent, towards a gallant enemy, truthful to a point offensive to prejudice, says:—

"The laws of war, rigorously interpreted, authorise such examples,[1] when the inhabitants take arms, yet it can only be justly done to overawe, and not to revenge defeat; but every horror making war hideous attended this dreadful retreat! Distress, conflagration, death in all modes!—from wounds, from fatigue, from water, from the flames, from starvation, on every side unlimited ferocity! I myself saw a peasant hounding on his dog to devour the dead and dying; and the spirit of cruelty once unchained smote even the brute creation, for, on the

[1] He is referring to the "harsh and ruthless spirit" with which Massena burnt towns and villages.

15th, Massena, to diminish the incumbrances, ordered the destruction of some beasts of burthen, and the inhuman fellow charged with the execution hamstringed 500 asses and left them to starve. Being thus found by the British army, the mute yet deep expression of pain and grief visible in their looks, wonderfully aroused the fury of the soldiers, and so little weight has reason with the multitude when opposed by a momentary sensation, that no quarter would have been given to any prisoner at that moment, and a humane feeling would have led to direct cruelty. The French have, however, been accused of crimes which they did not, and could not, commit; such as the driving of all women above ten years of age into their camp at Redinha, near which there were neither men nor women to be driven! The country was a desert! They have been also charged, by the same writer, with the mutilating of John the First's body in the convent of Batalha during Massena's retreat; whereas the body of that monarch had been wantonly pulled to pieces and carried off by British officers during the retreat to the lines!"

Colonel Jones, in his work on the sieges in Spain, quotes from *a French military writer* a distinct statement, in contradiction of part of the foregoing, that in Massena's army detachments sent out to forage had orders to bring all girls between twelve and thirty years of age for the use of the soldiery. "*I saw with my own eyes*," writes an officer in the "Quarterly Review" of 1839, "when Massena had retired from before the lines of Torres Vedras, forty or fifty of these wretches in a state of disease, famine, and *insanity* beyond all conception." This was making war support war (Napoleon's theory) with a vengeance!

Vigorously following the baffled French Marshal, Lord Wellington's troops came up with him several times. Massena turned, showed his teeth, and again moved on with a still diminishing force. He was making for the Mondego river, when the Light Division, the German Hussars, and the Portuguese Casçadores, under Brigadier Pack, came up with him at Pombal, drove the French from the castle and town, and took several prisoners. On the 12th of March, the French having, during the previous night, reached a strong position at the end of a defile between Redinah and Pombal, with their right in a wood, Redinha on their rear, and their left extending towards some high ground above the river of Redinha, the British army again assailed them. Sir W. Erskine led the Light Division, and forced the wood in gallant style. Lord Wellington, in his despatch, bore personal testimony to the dashing facility with which the operations were performed. The 3rd Division—which acquired,

during the Peninsular war, the soubriquet of *the* "fighting division"—was headed by Major-General Picton: Major-General Cole took the 4th Division into action; and Lieutenant-General Sir Brent Spencer led the line against the enemy's position on the heights. Two days after this affair the British came up with a strong corps of the enemy, under Marshal Ney, an officer of the rarest courage and determination—intrepid in attack—resolute in defensive retreat. Unaware of the strength of the position Ney had taken up at Casel Nova, owing to the density of the fog on the mountains, Erskine sent forward the 52nd Light Infantry to attack him. Isolated, opposed by a daring and superior foe, the Oxfordshire Regiment was in peril, but it manfully held its ground until succour came in the shape of the residue of the glorious Light Division. The combat then became general. The 6th Division under General Campbell, supported the Light Division, assaulting the front of the French. The 3rd and 4th Divisions, under Cole and Picton, turned their left and right. The enemy, after a sharp struggle, abandoned all their positions in the mountains, and the *corps d'armée*, composing the rear guard, were flung back upon the main body, at Miranda de Corvo, upon the river Deira, with considerable loss of killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The first contest in the retreat is graphically described by the historian of the Peninsular war. "The French right rested on wooded and rugged ground, their left upon the village of Foz d'Aronce. The weather was obscure and rainy. The allies reached the Ceira at four o'clock on the 15th, and, expecting no action, kindled fires; but Wellington having rapidly scanned Ney's division, directed the Light Division and Pack's Brigade to hold the right in play, and sent Picton against the left, while the horse artillery, galloping forward to a rising ground, opened with a great and sudden effect. Ney's left, overthrown by the first charge, fled in confusion towards the river, and some missing the fords, rushed into the deeps and were drowned; others crowding to the bridge, were crushed to death. On the right, the ground being rugged and close, the action resolved itself into a skirmish, and Ney was enabled to use some battalions to check the pursuit of his left; but darkness came on, and the defeated troops in their disorder fired on each other. Four officers and sixty men fell on the side of the British. The French lost five hundred, one half being drowned, and an eagle was afterwards found in the river. Massena had gone behind the Alva, yet Ney, notwithstanding this disastrous combat, kept his post on the left bank of the Ceira until every incumbrance had passed, and

then, blowing up seventy feet of the bridge, sent his corps on, remaining himself with the Rear-Guard." [1]

Lord Wellington, never slow to recognise the good services of troops, though wanting perhaps in the fervour of expression which has characterized other Generals, speaks of the 43rd, 52nd, 95th, and the 3rd Portuguese Caçadores (Light Infantry) as having particularly distinguished themselves in this last affair. He also named with honour Colonels Drummond and Beckwith, Lieutenant-Colonels Ross, Elder, and others. Particularly to mark his sense of the services of the three regiments, he recommended a serjeant of each regiment for promotion to an ensigncy.

The account of the close of the operations in the pursuit of Massena must be given in Lord Wellington's own words:—

"The result of these operations has been that we have saved Coimbra and Upper Beira from the enemy's ravages; we have opened the communications with the northern provinces; and we have obliged the enemy to take for their retreat the road by Ponte da Murcella, on which they may be annoyed by the militia acting in security upon their flank, while the allied army will press upon their rear. The whole country, however, affords many advantageous positions to a retreating army, of which the enemy have shown that they know how to avail themselves. They are retreating from the country, as they entered it, in one solid mass, covering their rear on every march by the operations of either one or two *corps d'armée* in the strong positions which the country affords, which *corps d'armée* are closely supported by the main body. Before they quitted their position they destroyed a part of their cannon and ammunition, and they have since blown up whatever the horses were unable to draw away. They have no provisions, excepting what they plunder on the spot, or, having plundered, what the soldiers carry on their backs, and live cattle.

"I am concerned to be obliged to add to this account, that their conduct throughout this retreat has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Pernes, in which the head quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been invited by promises of good treatment, to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed on the night the enemy withdrew from their position; and they have since burnt

1 As a further and a striking illustration of the indomitable perseverance of Marshal Ney in covering a retreat, the reader is recommended to peruse Segur's and De Fezensac's description of the retreat from Moscow to the west of the Niemen.

every town and village through which they have passed. The convent of Alcobaça was burnt by order from the French head-quarters. The Bishop's palace, and the whole town of Leyria, in which General Drouet had had his head-quarters, shared the same fate; and there is not an inhabitant of the country of any class or description, who has had any dealing or communication with the French army, who has not had reason to repent of it, and to complain of them. This is the mode in which the promises have been performed and the assurances have been fulfilled, which were held out in the proclamation of the French Commander-in-Chief, in which he told the inhabitants of Portugal that he was not come to make war upon them, but with a powerful army of 110,000 men to drive the English into the sea. It is to be hoped that the example of what has occurred in this country will teach the people of this and of other nations what value they ought to place on such promises and assurances; and that there is no security for life, or for anything which makes life valuable, excepting in decided resistance to the enemy."

It has been observed above, that Lord Wellington was not inactive during the period of his occupation of the Lines of Torres Vedras. His correspondence at this period conveys the best evidence of the grasp and activity of his mind. Ranging discursively over fifty subjects of deep interest, we find him calmly and dispassionately examining questions of high political importance, offering advice deferentially, yet with a conviction of its utility, and then descending to small matters of regimental economy with equal zeal and earnestness. Nothing seems to have been too high for his judgment—nothing too low for his generosity. His orders between October, 1810, and March, 1811, embrace manifold subjects bearing reference to the good order and safety of the army, and the integrity of its conduct in its relations with the Portuguese country people. He was most anxious to prevent straggling, plundering,[1] and the employment of

[1] The following General Order was issued at Leyria, on the 3rd of October, 1810:—

"LEYRIA, *3rd October*, 1810.

"The Commander of the Forces is concerned to have been under the necessity of carrying into execution the determination which he has so long announced, of directing the immediate execution of any soldiers caught plundering; and that a British and a Portuguese soldier have consequently been hanged this day, for plundering in the town of Leyria, where they were, contrary to order, and for this criminal purpose.

"He trusts that this example will deter others from those disgraceful practices in future; and the troops may depend upon it that no instance of the kind will be passed over. They are well fed, and taken care of, and there is no excuse for plunder, which could not be admitted on any account.

"Once more, the Commander of the Forces calls upon the commanding officers of regiments to oblige their men to march in a regular manner, with their companies.

the men as servants and orderlies; he regulated the issues of rice and salt meat; directed that the soldiery be supplied with blankets; took measures to check desertion;[1] enjoined the careful clearing of houses, which the French might have occupied, before they were slept in by British officers or men; prohibited the destruction of olive and other fruit-trees for fire-wood; forbade deer-shooting in the private parks near the cantonments; regulated the leave of absence of officers; revived the proceedings of Courts Martial; and did a hundred other things to conduce to regularity, health, and discipline. His correspondence for the same period shows how alive he was to the responsibility which had devolved upon him; how resolute to maintain his authority; how solicitous for the welfare of the Portuguese; how careful not to compromise the safety of his position by any premature attack upon the French; how admirably informed of the strength, the resources, and the intentions of his enemies; how desirous that no rules should stand in the way of the promotion of officers of merit; how indignant at the alternate interference and supineness of the Spanish and Portuguese governments; how punctual in keeping the British Ministry apprised of all his movements, impressions, and views; how angry with the Portuguese authorities for attempting to deprive British soldiers of their billets; how enraged with the misrepresentations of newspapers at home and abroad (and yet how nobly independent of their lies and strictures!); how enlarged his views on the subject of recruiting for the army; how just and truthful, frank and uncompromising

[1] "GENERAL ORDERS.

"PERO NEGRO, 10*th Nov.*, 1810.

"The Commander of the Forces is concerned to have received reports from some of the regiments of the desertion of the British soldiers to the enemy; a crime which, in all his experience in the British service, in different parts of the world, was till lately unknown in it; and the existence of which at the present moment he can attribute only to some false hopes held out to those unfortunate criminal persons.

"The British soldier cannot but be aware of the difference between their situation, and that of the enemy opposed to them; and the miserable tale told by the half-starved wretches whom they see daily coming into their lines, ought alone, exclusive of their sense of honour and patriotism, to be sufficient to deter them from participating in their miserable fate.

"However, although the Commander of the Forces laments the fate of the unfortunate soldiers who have committed this crime, he is determined that they shall feel the consequence of it during their lives, and that they shall never return to their friends or their homes.

"He accordingly requests that the commanding officers of regiments from which any soldier has deserted to the enemy will, as soon as possible, send to the Adjutant-General's office a description of his person, together with an account when he was enlisted with the regiment, where born, and to what parish he belongs, in order that the friends of these soldiers may be made acquainted with the crime which they have committed; may be prepared to consider them as lost for ever, and may deliver them up to justice in case they should ever return to their native country."

upon every point which concerned or affected the public interest in any way.

So much of the character of the subject of this biography is to be deduced from his letters, that no better elucidation of the great strength of his mind, his determination of purpose, his jealousy of unprofitable interference, his candour, and his highly becoming self-respect, can be offered than the four following extracts supply:—

"TO CHARLES STUART, ESQ.

"RIO MAYOR, *6th Oct.*, 1810.

"I BEG that you will do me the favour to inform the Regency, and, above all, Principal Sousa, that his Majesty and the Prince Regent having intrusted me with the command of their armies, and exclusively with the conduct of the military operations, I will not suffer them, or anybody else, to interfere with them; that I know best where to station my troops, and where to make a stand against the enemy, and I shall not alter a system, framed upon mature consideration, upon any suggestion of theirs.

"I am responsible for what I do, and they are not; and I recommend them to look to the measures for which they are responsible, which I long ago recommended to them, viz., to provide for the tranquillity of Lisbon, and for the food of the army, and of the people, while the troops shall be engaged with the enemy.

"As for Principal Sousa, I beg you to tell him, from me, that I have had no satisfaction in transacting the business of this country since he has been a member of the Government; that being embarked in a course of military operations, of which I hope to see the successful termination, I shall continue to carry them on to their end; but that no power on earth shall induce me to remain in the Peninsula, for one moment, after I shall have obtained his Majesty's leave to resign my charge, if Principal Sousa is to remain either a member of the Government, or to continue at Lisbon. Either he must quit the country or I shall; and, if I should be obliged to go, I will take care that the world, in Portugal at least, and the Prince Regent, shall be made acquainted with my reasons.

"From the letter of the 3rd instant, which I have received from Dom M. Forjaz, I had hoped that the Government were satisfied with what I had done and intended to; and that, instead of endeavouring to render all further defence fruitless, by disturbing the minds of the populace at Lisbon, they would have done their duty by adopting measures to secure the tranquillity of the town.

"But I suppose that, like other weak individuals, they add duplicity to their weakness, and that their expressions of approbation, and even gratitude, were intended to convey censure. I request you to communicate this letter to the Regency; and to transmit it to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

"P. S. All I ask from the Portuguese Regency is, tranquillity in the town of Lisbon, and provisions *for their own troops*, while they shall be employed in this part of the country.

"I have but little doubt of success; but as I have fought a sufficient number of battles to discover that the result of any one is not certain, even under the best arrangements, I am anxious that the Government should adopt preparatory arrangements to take out of the enemy's way those persons and their families who would suffer if they were to fall into his hands."

"TO THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

"PERO NEGRO, 27*th Oct.*, 1810.

"YOUR Lordship has been apprised of the measures which had been adopted to induce the inhabitants of Portugal to quit that part of the country through which the enemy was likely to pass, or which it was probable would become the seat of his operations, carrying off with them their valuable property, and everything which could tend to the enemy's subsistence, or to facilitate his progress.

"There is no doubt that these inhabitants had sufficient knowledge from former experience, of the treatment they would receive from the enemy; and there is no instance of those of any town or village having remained, or of their having failed to remove what might be useful to the enemy, when they had sufficiently early intimation of the wishes of government, or of myself, that they should abandon their houses and carry away their property.

"All those who are acquainted with the nature of military operations, with their dependence upon the assistance of the country to supply the wants of the army, and particularly with the degree to which the French armies depend upon this assistance, must be aware of the distress which this system has occasioned to the enemy; and the official and private letters which have been intercepted, are filled with complaints of its effects, which have been repeated in the official papers published in the *Moniteur* at Paris.

"It happened, unfortunately, that the Indian corn harvest, which is the principal support of the inhabitants of a large part of Portugal, was on the ground at the moment of the enemy's invasion. This, of course, could not be carried off: the enemy's troops have, as usual,

destroyed what they could not move, and nothing remains. If, therefore, the result of the campaign should be to oblige the enemy to withdraw from Portugal, it is much to be apprehended that the greatest distress will be felt in those districts through which the enemy's troops have passed, which there are no means whatever in this country of relieving.

"Upon former occasions, the wealthy inhabitants of Great Britain, and of London in particular, have stepped forward to assist and relieve the distresses of foreign nations, whether suffering under calamities inflicted by Providence, or by a cruel and powerful enemy. This nation has received the benefit of the charitable disposition of his Majesty's subjects, and there never was a case in which their assistance was required in a greater degree, whether the sufferings of the people, or their fidelity to the cause they have espoused, and their attachment to his Majesty's subjects, be considered.

"I declare that I have scarcely known an instance in which any person in Portugal, even of the lowest order, has had communication with the enemy inconsistent with his duty to his own Sovereign, or with the orders he had received.

"I would, therefore, beg leave to recommend the unfortunate portion of the inhabitants who have suffered from the enemy's invasion to your lordship's protection; and I request you to consider of the mode of recommending them to the benevolent disposition of his Majesty's subjects, at the moment which I hope may be not far distant, that the enemy may be under the necessity of evacuating the country."

"TO CHARLES STUART, ESQ.,

"CARTAXO, 31*st Dec.*, 1810.

"I HAVE received your letter of the 30th December. I have already had great difficulty in arranging the business of quartering the officers of the army at Lisbon, and have given orders upon this subject, in respect to that town and other parts of Portugal, of which I enclose copies. I cannot be certain that these orders have in every instance been obeyed; but it is difficult to have orders obeyed by the officers which affect their own convenience, when the inhabitants of the towns do not attend to any regulations upon the same subject; and I receive innumerable complaints, particularly of the conduct of the inhabitants of Lisbon.

"In respect to Dom M. Forjaz's regulations, they look very well upon paper, but who will attend to them? The officers of the British army in England are not billeted upon private houses, but upon inns.

There is not an inn in Portugal in which an officer could be billeted. and it would follow that, owing to the deficiency of inns, the officers must go into the streets. The soldiers also, where there are no convents to cover them, must be exposed to the open air, because there are no public-houses in which they can be billeted: but Dom M. Forjaz will probably have no objection to their being billeted where we like in the country, contrary to the proposed regulation and our own law, which is to be introduced here, provided Lisbon is not disturbed by either officers or soldiers! I do not see what further steps I can take in the business; and I only desire that when my order is disobeyed complaint may be made, stating the name of the person, and that the complainant may be prepared to prove his story before a court martial.

"I declare that I think it disgraceful to the Portuguese government, and to the people of Lisbon in particular, that such a proposition should have been made as has come from Dom M. Forjaz. They have now part of one battalion in Lisbon, and some convalescents at Balem, some of the officers attached to whom must be lodged in the town. They have besides some sick and wounded officers there, and occasionally a regiment passes a night or two in Lisbon, when it lands from England or from Cadiz. Are the people of Lisbon so inhospitable that the officers of these corps must be put, on their landing, into cold, damp, and dark empty houses, without the chance of getting anything to eat? Is there an inn or tavern at Lisbon to which an officer can go in such circumstances?

"But I forgot, the general officers of the army, those upon the staff, the officers of the Guards (for the others can but ill afford the expense), do occasionally go to Lisbon for a day or two for their amusement. Is Dom M. Forjaz serious in expressing a wish that officers of this description should go into empty houses, or into the street? Is this the mode in which the cause of Portugal is to be made popular in the British army? Is every consideration to be sacrificed to the caprice and ease of the people of Lisbon? Are officers of this class, and I and Marshal Beresford, to be provided with a lodging upon billet; but the others who go there upon duty, and who can less afford to bear the hardships, be put into the empty houses or into the streets? For my part, I do not go often to Lisbon; but if the rule is made for one class it must for all, and I will have no lodging upon billet any more than any other officer of the army. The circumstances stated by Dom M. Forjaz, respecting the mode of lodging the British officers formerly, suit neither the circumstances of the army nor of the times. I declare that I have no patience with

the constant efforts which I see made by the Government to indulge the caprice and ease of the people of Lisbon, at the expense of every other consideration; and they prefer to have recourse to any expedients rather than oblige them to do what they dislike, which is, when they make a complaint of an officer, to appear before a court and prove it."

"TO MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

"CARTAXO, 26*th Jan.*, 1811.

"IT may also be asked, why we should spend our money, and why these troops should not go on as the French troops do, without pay, provisions, magazines, or anything? The answer to this question is as long as what I have already written. The French army is certainly a wonderful machine; but if we are to form such a one, we must form such a Government as exists in France, which can with impunity lose one-half of the troops employed in the field every year, only by the privations and hardships imposed upon them. Next, we must compose our army of soldiers drawn from all classes of the population of the country—from the good and middling, as well in rank as in education, as from the bad; and not as all other nations, and we in particular, do, from the bad only. Thirdly, we must establish such a system of discipline as the French have—a system founded upon the strength of the tyranny of the Government, which operates upon an army composed of soldiers, the majority of whom are sober, well-disposed, amenable to order, and in some degree educated.

"When we shall have done all this, and shall have made these armies of the strength of those employed by the French, we may require of them to live as the French do, viz., by authorised and regulated plunder of the country and its inhabitants, if any should remain; and we may expose them to the labour, hardships, and privations which the French soldier suffers every day; and we must expect the same proportion of loss every campaign, viz., one-half of those who take the field.

"This plan is not proposed for the British army, nor has it yet been practised in any great degree by the Portuguese; but I shall state the effect which, in my opinion, the attempt has had upon the Spaniards.

"There is neither subordination nor discipline in the army, among either officers or soldiers; and it is not even attempted (as indeed it would be in vain to attempt) to establish either. It has, in my opinion, been the cause of the dastardly conduct which we have so frequently witnessed in the Spanish troops; and they have become

odious to their country; and the peaceable inhabitants, much as they detest and suffer from the French, almost wish for the establishment of Joseph's Government, to be protected from the outrages of their own troops.

"These armies, therefore, must be paid and supported, if any service is expected from them; and at present, at least, I see no chance of their being paid, except by British assistance.

"There is but little that is new in this letter; but the subject to which it relates requires the early consideration, decision, and interference of the British Government, or the cause must suffer."

"TO CHARLES STUART, Esq.

"CARTAXO, 28*th Jan.*, 1811.

"I THINK the Portuguese Government are still looking to assistance from England, and I have written to the King's Government strongly upon the subject in their favour. But I should deceive myself if I believed we should get anything, and them if I were to tell them we should. They must, therefore, look to their own resources. I shall not enter upon the political crisis now existing in England; but I believe you will agree with me that if the change which is probable should be made, the chance is less than it was.

"It is quite nonsense their quarrelling with me, whether the system of operations I have followed was the best or not. I believe I am not only the best, but the only friend they have ever had, who has had the power of supporting them for a moment in England; and I now tell them that the only chance they have is to endeavour to bring their revenue equal to their expenses. It is ridiculous to talk of the efforts they have made. They have, hitherto, produced neither men in proportion to their population, nor money in proportion to their commerce and riches, nor by any means in proportion to their gains by the war. They talk of the war in their country: was Portugal ever involved seriously in any war without having it in the heart of the country? I think I can save them from their enemy, if they will make an exertion to maintain their army; but they are now come to that situation between the enemy, the people, and us, that they must decide either to raise an adequate revenue from the people, in earnest, or to give themselves over to the enemy.

"Now, upon this point, I can only tell them one thing; and that is, that although they may find causes for not levying a revenue upon the people to continue the contest against the enemy, the enemy will

allow of none for not raising every shilling that can be drawn from the people, when they may come into possession. They should have thought of the miseries endured by the people, which they describe so feelingly, before they commenced the war; though, by the by, I would observe upon these miseries, that the enemy occupy only a part of one province, and that they had only passed through another: this is bad enough, God knows! but is better than that the whole should be in their possession, as it was, and as it will be, if a real effort is not made."

CHAPTER VI.

Affairs in the South of Spain—Siege of Cadiz—Battle of Barossa—Retreat of Massena—Attempt on Almeida—Battle of Fuentes d'Oñoro—The wounded at Fuentes d'Oñoro.

TO preserve a connection between the events which occurred immediately under Lord Wellington's own eye and those which transpired at a distance, but which, at the same time, formed part and parcel of the system adopted for expelling the French from the Peninsula, we must now retrace our steps a little.

While Lord Wellington, intent upon the Preservation of Portugal, was forced to disengage his attention from the affairs of Spain, the French, late in 1810, made great efforts to obtain possession of Cadiz (one of the three great naval ports of Spain on the southern coast), in which they were opposed by the Spanish patriots. Anxious to afford the latter every assistance in their resolute defence of the place, the British Government sent Major-General Graham, who had previously been appointed second in command to Wellington, to take the command of the troops in the fortress. General Graham was a soldier of ability, who had served first at Toulon under Lord Mulgrave, as a volunteer—obtained rank in the army by raising two regiments at his own expense—and then proceeded to join the Austrian army when engaged with the French Republican forces in Italy. He next served in the Mediterranean under Sir Charles Stuart, at the attack of Minorca, the blockade of Malta, &c.—was in Egypt, in Ireland, in Sweden with Sir John Moore, and under that fine soldier at Coruña

He subsequently served at the siege of Flushing, in the island of Walcheren, and was then sent to assist Lord Wellington in the Peninsula.

The office of second in command of an army in the field is one of small importance, where the head is endowed with much activity and feels the entire weight of the responsibility. In truth, to use the words of Wellington himself, "the office is not only useless, but injurious to the service. A person without defined duties, excepting to give flying opinions from which he may depart at pleasure, must be a nuisance in moments of decision." He declared more than once that, whether he had a second in command or not, he was determined always to act according to the dictates of his own judgment. It was therefore of no consequence to him that a separate field was found for Graham's talents, and Graham himself rejoiced at the opportunity of independent action. He was "a daring old man, and of a ready temper for battle."

The only point from which it was easy for the French to annoy the garrison of Cadiz was Fort Matagorda. The post was dismantled at their approach, but when it was perceived that they began to reconstruct it, Graham determined to dispossess and even endeavour to maintain it against them. This was accordingly done under his direction. The fort was defended by Captain Maclaine,[1] with a degree of bravery which excited the highest admiration of the Spaniards, dismayed the French, and received the approbation of the British Government.

Soult commanded in the operations against Cadiz, and stubbornly urged the siege. Graham had, however, rendered the town almost impregnable, and Soult made little progress. Yet it was tedious work to act only on the defensive; the blockade was becoming irksome, and the garrison tired of inaction. General La Peña, who commanded in chief, resolved therefore, in concert with Graham, upon making an attack upon the rear of the French army. Ten thousand men were straightway embarked in Cadiz Bay for the purpose of forming a junction with General San Roche. They disembarked at Algesiras, (a fortified city in the Gulf of Gibraltar,) and uniting at Tarifa, a town on the coast, west of Gibraltar, moved thence on the 28th of February, 1811.

The Spanish van-guard having opened a communication with the Isla de Leon, by attacking the rear of the enemy's lines near the

[1] Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Maclaine, K.C.B., an officer who had seen service in India, and in different parts of the Peninsula.

Santi Petri river, General Graham, at the head of 3000 British troops, was ordered by La Peña to move to Bermeja, a position about half-way between Barossa (a low ridge, rising gradually from the coast up a mile and a half, four miles from the river, and on which Graham was halted) and the Santi Petri. Leaving Major Brown with the flank companies of two regiments on Barossa ridge, Graham moved down, but he had not proceeded very far when intimation reached him that the enemy were in force in the plains, and advancing towards the heights of this position. He instantly faced about and regained the plains, expecting fully to find La Peña, with the Spaniards and the cavalry, on the Barossa hill. But, to his consternation, he beheld General Ruffin's brigade with other French troops near the summit on one side, the Spanish van-guard and baggage flying towards the sea on the other, pursued by the French cavalry. There was no sign of La Peña!

"In this desperate situation, feeling that a retreat to Bermeja would bring the enemy pell-mell with the Allies on to that narrow ridge, and must be disastrous, Graham resolved to attack, although the key of the field of battle was in the enemy's possession. Ten guns, under Major Duncan, instantly opened a terrific fire against Laval's column, and Colonel Andrew Barnard, running vehemently out with his riflemen and some Portuguese companies, commenced the fight, while the rest of the British troops, without any attention to regiments or brigades, so sudden was the affair, formed two masses, with one of which General Dilkes marched against Ruffin, while Colonel Wheatley led the other against Laval. Duncan's guns ravaged the French ranks; Laval's artillery replied vigorously; Ruffin's batteries took Wheatley's column in flank, and the infantry on both sides pressed forward eagerly and with a pealing musketry. But when the masses drew near, a fierce, rapid, prolonged charge of the 87th Regiment overthrew the first line of the French, and though the latter fought roughly, they were dashed violently upon the second line, and both being broken by the shock went off, the reserve battalion of grenadiers, hitherto posted on the right, alone remaining to cover the retreat.

"Meanwhile Brown, having received Graham's laconic order,[1] fell headlong upon Ruffin, and though nearly half of his detachment went down under the enemy's first fire, he maintained the fight until Dilkes' column, which had crossed a deep hollow, and never stopped even to re-form the regiments, arrived, with little order indeed, but in a fighting mood, and then the whole ran up towards the summit; there

[1] "Fight!" was all that Graham replied in answer to an application for instructions.

was no slackness on either side, for at the very edge of the ascent their gallant opponents met them, when a dreadful, and for some time a doubtful, combat raged. Finally, Ruffin and Chaudron Rousseau, who commanded the chosen grenadiers, fell, both mortally wounded; the English bore strongly onward, and their slaughtering fire forced the French from the hill, with the loss of three guns and many brave soldiers.

"The discomfitted divisions, retiring concentrically from the different points of battle, soon met, and, with infinite spirit, endeavoured to re-form and renew the action; but the play of Duncan's guns, rapid and murderous, rendered the attempt vain. Victor then quitted the field of battle, and the British, having been twenty-four hours under arms without food, were too exhausted to pursue.

"While these terrible combats of infantry were fighting, La Peña looked idly on, neither sending his cavalry, nor his horse artillery, nor any part of his army to the assistance of his ally; nor yet menacing Villatte, who was close to him, and comparatively weak. The Spanish Walloon Guards, the regiment of Ciudad Real, and some Guerilla cavalry, turned indeed without orders, and came up just as the action ceased; and it was expected that Whittingham, an Englishman, commanding a powerful body of Spanish horse, would have done as much; but no stroke in aid was struck by a Spanish sabre that day, although the French cavalry did not exceed two hundred and fifty men; and it is evident the eight hundred under Whittingham might, by sweeping round the left of Ruffin's division, have rendered the defeat ruinous. So certain, indeed, was this, that Frederick Ponsonby, drawing off his hundred and eighty German hussars belonging to the English army, reached the field of battle, charged the French squadrons in their retreat, overthrew them, took two guns, and even attempted though vainly, to sabre Rousseau's chosen battalions. This was the fight of Barossa. Short, for it lasted only one hour and a half; violent and bloody, for fifty officers, sixty sergeants, eleven hundred British soldiers, and more than two thousand French, were killed and wounded. Six guns, an eagle, two generals, both mortally wounded, together with four hundred other prisoners, fell into the hands of the victors."

Little can be added to the vigorous picture of the fight at Barossa drawn by the master hand of Napier. It will suffice to state, that the French force was numerically double that of the English. The regiments of the enemy were the flower of the army, and had received honorary distinctions from the Emperor, in record of their previous services and gallantry. Graham's troops had not even the advantage

of experience in the field. The position of the English, too, was seriously disadvantageous. The enemy had been able to choose his own ground, and the ground had been also previously selected by Graham, for the command it afforded.

Many officers who became eminent in after life for their intrepidity and professional skill, reaching high rank and distinguished command, behaved nobly on the heights of Barossa. Colonel Barnard, afterwards Sir Andrew, the leader of the Rifles,—Gough, the commanding officer of the 87th, who rose to be Lord Gough, and a mighty soldier in China and in India,—Wheatley, who died Sir Henry, Privy Purse to his Sovereign,—John Macdonald, who lived to be Adjutant-General of the British army,—all cropped honours from the enemy, to weave a garland for themselves.

Parliament voted its thanks to General Graham, his officers, and troops, not forgetting the German cavalry and Portuguese infantry, who served under his orders. The 87th Regiment,[1] which captured the eagle of the French corps, was thenceforth called the Prince of Wales's Royal First Fusileers. A medal was struck in honour of the battle; and, not long afterwards, Graham, to whom it was presented, received the Military Order of the Bath, for services of which Barossa was by no means deemed the least.

The Spaniards, who, by their leaders, made a point throughout the Peninsular War, of claiming every victory, and repudiating every defeat, were so loud at Cadiz in extolling their own bravery, and detracting from Graham's merit, that the veteran rejected with contempt some empty honours voted to him by the Cortes, and, after resenting the conduct of General La Peña, resigned his command, and hastened to join Lord Wellington.

In the opinion of Lord Wellington, Graham, to whom his lordship addressed a cordial and complimentary letter, peculiarly gratifying to the old man's feelings, had saved the allied army by his prompt and vigorous attack. There is no doubt that the siege of Cadiz could have been raised had the Spaniards co-operated zealously, yielding to the superior judgment of the British general. The vulgarly proud spirit of the degenerate descendants of Don Roderick was ever in the way of the consolidation of a success. The leaders were bad soldiers,[2] in all but absolute fighting, when "every man is

[1] This regiment is called the *Faugh a Ballaghs*, or "Clear the Way." The origin of the Celtic term is not known.

[2] "They march the troops night and day, without provisions or rest, and abusing anybody who proposes a moment's delay, to afford either to the famished and fatigued soldiers. They reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertions, or to execute any

brave," and gave immense trouble by their incapacity to command, and their disinclination to obey.

Let us return to Lord Wellington's operations.

The necessity under which the British chief found himself of leaving the fortresses upon the frontier of Spain and Portugal to their fate, while he concentrated his troops in the lines of Torres Vedras, and hemmed in Massena with the corps under Sir William Beresford and Sir Rowland Hill, had led to the capture of those fortresses by the French, and at the time when he issued from his fastness to follow the "*enfant gaté*," no longer enjoying the unbroken prestige of victory, Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo were in the possession of the enemy, and Badajoz soon followed. To recover these fortresses became now the object of the Commander of the Forces; for, without them, Portugal would not be free from the risk of invasion, nor the expulsion of the French from Spain practicable.

A brief glance at the geographical positions of the fortresses and the adjacent country, the course of the rivers, and the direction of the ridges, will the better assist to an understanding of what follows.

Almeida is a very strong town standing upon the river Coa, an affluent on the left of the Douro, which comes down from the Sierra de Esta, and flows into Portugal. It is situated in advance of the Estrella. The spur which separates the Coa from the Agueda, encloses the plateau of Fuentes d'Oñoro.

Ciudad Rodrigo is another place of great strength—one of the defences of Spain against Portugal. It stands on the river Agueda, another issue from the Sierra de Esta, and closes the road from Madrid to Lisbon. The Agueda forms, during parts of its course, the frontier of Portugal. Both this river and the Coa form very precipitous banks, and flow in a very mountainous basin. They are advanced defences of Portugal, backed by the spurs of the Estrella.

Badajoz is a formidable place, defended by nine bastions, two advanced works, and the castle of San Cristoval. It rises 400 feet above the river Guadiana (the ancient Aras), which rises to the north of the Sierra Alcaraz, among lagunes. After crossing a marshy country for about ten miles, the stream disappears among rushes and flags near Tornelloso, on the road from Madrid to Ubeda. About thirteen miles further on, at a place called the Eyes of the Guadiana, the water gushes from the earth in large boiling jets, and forms

plan, even if any plan had been formed: and then, when the moment of action arrives, they are totally incapable of movement, and they stand by to see their allies destroyed, and afterwards abuse them, because they do not continue, unsupported, exertions to which human nature is not equal."—*Letter of Lord Wellington to General Graham.*

almost immediately a magnificent canal, which is the Guadiana restored to the light. Traversing an almost desert country, it washes the walls of Calatrava, and passes on within two miles and a half of Ciudad Real. Beyond this part of its course, the river winds a great deal, by reason of the small chain of mountains that bar its progress, and laves Medellin, Merida (a place where many roads meet), and Badajoz. After this, the Guadiana turns at a right angle, forms the frontier between the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, as far as Mourao, washes Juramenta, a strong town belonging to Portugal, and leaves upon the left, Olivença, a Spanish post. At Mourao, the river flows entirely in Portugal.

A glance at the map will show the relative positions of the three fortresses. Almeida is in lat. 40° 55′ north, long. 7° 10′ west; Ciudad Rodrigo is nearly the same latitude, and about fifteen miles further east. Badajoz is in lat. 38° 50′ north, and long. 7° 20′ west.

It was the opinion of Wellington that all the fortresses might

ATTACK ON MASSENA'S REAR.

have been held if the Spanish garrisons had been true to themselves. The surrender of Badajoz was peculiarly unaccountable. The

garrison was not deficient in either ammunition or provisions; it was 9000 strong, and the besieging army did not number more than 11,600 men, including 2000 cavalry. Nothing but treason could have caused its surrender.

Continuing his pursuit of Massena, Lord Wellington had some affairs with his troops at Celorico, Sabugal, and on the Coa, driving them before him as on the previous days, with still increasing loss on the side of the enemy. At length, on the 4th of April, 1811, Massena entered the Spanish frontier, and on the 8th, "the last of the French crossed the Agueda."

On the 10th of April, in the full pride of success, or, to speak as Wellington habitually spoke—in the pleasant consciousness of having done his duty, and done it well—Lord Wellington issued a Proclamation to the Portuguese people:—

PROCLAMATION.

"*10th April*, 1811.

"The Portuguese nation are informed that the cruel enemy who had invaded Portugal, and had devastated their country, have been obliged to evacuate it, after suffering great losses, and have retired across the Agueda. The inhabitants of the country are therefore at liberty to return to their occupations.

"The Marshal-General refers them to the Proclamation which he addressed to them in August last, a copy of which will accompany this Proclamation.

"The Portuguese nation now know by experience that the Marshal-General was not mistaken, either in the nature or the amount of the evil with which they were threatened, or respecting the only remedies to avoid it; viz., decided and determined resistance, or removal and the concealment of all property, and everything which could tend to the subsistence of the enemy, or to facilitate his progress.

"Nearly four years have now elapsed since the tyrant of Europe invaded Portugal with a powerful army. The cause of this invasion was not self-defence—it was not to seek revenge for insults offered or injuries done by the benevolent Sovereign of this kingdom—it was not even the ambitious desire of augmenting his own political power, as the Portuguese Government had, without resistance, yielded to all demands of the tyrant; but the object was the insatiable desire of plunder, the wish to disturb the tranquillity, and to enjoy the riches of a people who had passed nearly half a century in peace.

"The same desire occasioned the invasion of the northern provinces

of Portugal in 1809, and the same want of plunder the invasion of 1810, now happily defeated; and the Marshal-General appeals to the experience of those who have been witnesses of the conduct of the French army during these three invasions, whether confiscation, plunder, and outrage, are not the sole objects of their attention, from the General down to the soldier.

"Those countries which have submitted to the tyranny have not been better treated than those which have resisted. The inhabitants have lost all their possessions, their families have been dishonoured, their laws overturned, their religion destroyed, and, above all, they have deprived themselves of the honour of that manly resistance to the oppressor of which the people of Portugal have given so signal and so successful an example.

"The Marshal-General, however, considers it his duty, in announcing the intelligence of the result of the last invasion, to warn the people of Portugal, that, although the danger is removed, it is not entirely gone by. They have something to lose, and the tyrant will endeavour to plunder them; they are happy under the mild government of a beneficent Sovereign, and he will endeavour to destroy their happiness; they have successfully resisted him, and he will endeavour to force them to submit to his iron yoke. They should be unremitting in their preparations for decided and steady resistance; those capable of bearing arms should learn the use of them; or those whose age or sex renders them unfit to bear arms should fix upon places of security and concealment, and should make all the arrangements for their easy removal to them when the moment of danger shall approach. Valuable property, which tempts the avarice of the tyrant and his followers, and is the great object of their invasion, should be carefully buried beforehand, each individual concealing his own, and thus not trusting to the weakness of others to keep a secret in which they may not be interested.

"Measures should be taken to conceal or destroy provisions which cannot be removed, and everything which can tend to facilitate the enemy's progress: for this may be depended upon, that the enemy's troops seize upon everything, and leave nothing for the owner. By these measures, whatever may be the superiority of numbers with which the desire of plunder and of revenge may induce, and his power may enable, the tyrant again to invade this country, the result will be certain; and the independence of Portugal, and the happiness of its inhabitants, will be finally established to their eternal honour."

After the flight of the enemy into Spain, Lord Wellington cantoned his army along the river Dos Casas and on the sources

of the Azova, placing the Light Division at Gallegos and Espeja. His object was to blockade the fortress of Almeida, which was then well supplied with provisions for its garrison. The blockade was established; but on the 2nd of May the whole of the army of Massena re-crossed the Agueda at Ciudad Rodrigo with the evident intention of raising the blockade of Almeida. In proportion as the enemy advanced, the British division fell back and were collected at the little hamlet of Fuentes d'Oñoro.[1] The French force had been materially increased. Napoleon had sent Marshal Bessières, with 8,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, to join Massena. They had thus 80,000 men wherewith to attack the allied army of 30,000 British and 20,000 Portuguese.

On the 3rd of May, shortly after thay had formed on the ground on the right of the Dos Casas, the enemy attacked, with a considerable force, the village of Fuentes d'Oñoro, which was gallantly defended by some Light Infantry battalions. The latter maintained their position with great valour, but as the enemy were bent upon attaining possession of a place which would be of so much advantage to them in their subsequent operations, the British Commander reinforced the village with the 76th and 79th Highlanders. The contest continued during the night, the British remaining in possession of the ground.

On the following day the French made a reconnoissance of the whole of the British position, and on the 5th of May appeared in great force to renew the struggle. Some changes in Lord Wellington's dispositions had thus been rendered necessary: the army was extended on some high ground from the Turones to the Dos Casas, covering the communication with the Coa, and preventing that of the enemy by the road between the Turones and that river, Fuentes d'Oñoro, however, being still held by the Highland regiments. The French commenced their attack by a tremendous cannonade and several charges of cavalry upon the right of the British position.

[1] *Fuentes de Nora* is, perhaps, the proper orthography of the place, but it saves confusion to adopt the commonly corrupted method of spelling. *Noria* in Spanish, and *Nora* in Portuguese, signify the apparatus to raise water which is often seen in those countries (carried thither, doubtless, by the Moors), and which we call the "Persian wheel." Both words are nouns feminine in their respective languages, though the name of the village has found its way into our maps as *Fuentes de Onora*, which is the Portuguese noun feminine with an article masculine before it (*O Nora*). This appears to have led to numerous mistakes in the manner of writing and pronouncing the name, which, as the village is within the Spanish boundary, should be written *Fuentes de Noria*, the *Fountains of the Noria*, or Persian wheel. This etymology and orthography were given, twenty-two years ago, by an accomplished traveller in Spain and Portugal, and there seems to be no good reason for hesitating to adopt them.

But their principal effort was directed throughout the day against Fuentes de Oñoro, of which they at one time obtained possession, to hold it for a very brief period, for the light infantry battalions of the 1st and 3d Divisions, the 6th Portuguese Caçadores, and the light companies of some Portuguese brigades came to the rescue, with the 74th and the 1st battalion 88th Regiment, and drove the enemy through the village. Again and again the French gallantly renewed their efforts, and always with the same results. The British were invincible.

On the night of the 7th of May, Massena commenced retiring from his position, and fell back with such haste that he could not even communicate with Almeida, which he left to its fate, one single soldier only contriving to get in with the orders to the governor to blow up and abandon the fortress.

In this action, or succession of severe actions, the British troops covered themselves with glory. Lieutenant-Colonels Williams, Cameron, and Cadogan, Colonel Mackinnon, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly (24th Regiment), received honourable mention in the dispatches of the Commander-in-Chief; and his Lordship called attention to the gallant conduct of Major Macintosh of the 85th, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nixon, of the Caçadores; Lieutenant-Colonel Eustace, of the Chasseurs Britanniques (who behaved most steadily in repelling the charges of the advanced guard of the enemy's cavalry), and Lord Blantyre.

But there was one man, whose intrepidity was the admiration of the field,—a soldier who had acted from a noble impulse, forgetful for the moment of the instructions he had received to occupy a particular position,—and his name was omitted in the despatches. His momentary disobedience had neutralised his amazing gallantry. It is understood that had Captain Norman Ramsay held to his instructions he would not have been exposed to the serious risk which enforced his display of intrepidity. Let the story be told in the nervous language of Napier. Montburn, a first-rate cavalry general, turned the right of the 7th Division and charged the British cavalry which had moved up to its support.

"The combat was unequal, for by an abuse too common, so many men had been drawn from the ranks as orderlies to general officers, and for other purposes, that not more than a thousand English troopers were in the field. The French, therefore, drove in all the cavalry out-guards at the first shock, cut off Ramsay's battery of horse artillery, and came sweeping in upon the reserves of cavalry and upon the 7th Division. Their leading squadrons, approaching in

a disorderly manner, were partially checked by fire; but a great commotion was observed in their main body, men and horses were seen to close with confusion and tumult towards one point, where a thick dust and loud cries, and the sparkling of blades and flashing of pistols, indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude became violently agitated, an English shout pealed high and clear, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth, sword in hand, at the head of his battery, his horses, breathing

NORMAN RAMSAY AT FUENTES D'ONORO.

fire, stretched like greyhounds along the plain, the guns bounded behind them like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners followed close, with heads bent low and pointed weapons, in desperate career. Captain Brotherton, of the 14th Dragoons, seeing this, instantly rode forth, and with his squadron shocked the head of the pursuing troops, and General Charles Stewart, joining in the charge, took the French Colonel Lamotte, fighting hand to hand; but then the main body of the French came on strongly, and the British cavalry retired behind the Light Division, which was immediately thrown into squares. The 7th Division, which was more advanced,

did the same, but the horsemen were upon them first, and some were cut down. The mass, however, stood firm, and the Chasseurs Britanniques, ranged behind a loose stone wall, poured such a fire, that their foes recoiled, and seemed bewildered."

Amongst the officers mortally wounded at Fuentes d'Oñoro, none were more lamented than Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron, of the 79th. The regiment was devotedly attached to him. Young, ardent, patriotic, courageous, his whole soul was in the cause in which Wellington was engaged—the deliverance of Portugal. At one time, his regiment was the only one in the village of Fuentes. The French column, 1500 strong, advanced sternly and resolutely to occupy the place. Had the Highlanders been a light-infantry regiment, or accustomed to street fighting, Cameron would have found the advantage of distributing them in the houses, the chapel, and other buildings affording cover. But he seems not only to have been unaware of the superiority this would have given his men, but reluctant to fight in any other than the old method of closing upon the foe with the bayonet. Forming the regiment into three divisions, and allotting to each the business of opposing a separate French column, he ordered them to charge, and waved his bonnet as a signal. At that instant he was struck down by a musket shot. The regiment for an instant halted, paralyzed by sudden grief. Twice did Major Petrie, in the agony and peril of the moment, repeat the last order of the intrepid Cameron. He now stood aghast. On came the French columns massed for mischief. Petrie rushed to the ensigns, seized the colours, and exclaiming, "There are your colours, my lads, follow me!" dashed forward. As if by one sudden instinct, the Highlanders recovered from their stupor, raised a wild shriek, and threw themselves upon the enemy.

Lord Wellington much regretted Cameron's fall; and addressed an affecting letter of condolence to his father, General Cameron:—"I am convinced," he wrote, "that you will credit the assurance which I give you, that I condole with you most sincerely upon this misfortune, of the extent of which no man is more capable than myself of forming an estimate, from the knowledge which I had, and the just estimate which I had formed, in my own opinion, of the merits of your son.

"You will always regret and lament his loss, I am convinced; but I hope that you will derive some consolation from the reflection that he fell in the performance of his duty, at the head of your brave regiment, loved and respected by all that knew him,—in an action in which, if possible, the British troops surpassed everything they had

ever done before, and of which the result was most honourable to his Majesty's arms.

"At all events, Providence having deprived you of your son, I cannot conceive a string of circumstances more honourable and glorious than those under which he lost his life, in the cause of his country. Believe me, however, that, although I am fully alive to all these honourable circumstances attending his death, I most sincerely condole with you upon your loss."

The body of Colonel Cameron was carried from the spot where he fell, at Fuentes, across the frontier, into Portugal, and interred facing the church door at a village called Villa Formosa, between Almeida and Fuentes. The Portuguese refused him Christian burial, by not suffering his remains to repose within the walls of the church; but they have, nevertheless, respected the monument which records his fall. It was raised before the church door; and the Portuguese look upon it as identified with their own achievements.

The number of British officers and men killed in the battle of Fuentes d'Oñoro was only 235, of whom 11 were officers; but the amount of wounded was very heavy; they amounted to no less than 1234. Lord Wellington computed the enemy's loss at between 4000 and 5000, of whom 400 were said to have been slain in the village of Fuentes. This latter statement, however, has been contradicted by Sir W. Napier, who having had charge to bring the carcases immediately about the village, "found only 130, one-third being British."

The state of the wounded at Fuentes d'Oñoro was fearful. A tragically picturesque detail of the scene which followed upon the battle has been given by an officer who was an actor in the stirring event, and a spectator of its melancholy sequel. Unconsciously he illustrates the advantage derivable to the medical man from the hours spent in the dissecting-room. No surgeon could perform such duties as unfortunately devolve upon those attached to regiments, had not "custom made it a property of easiness in them." It is a wise provision of Nature, that the sense of sympathy should be blunted, the better to facilitate the operations essential to the relief of suffering humanity:—

"The next day, the 6th, we had no fighting, each army kept its position, and Villa Formosa continued to be the receptacle for the wounded. This village is beautifully situated on a craggy hill, at the foot of which runs the little stream of Onore. Its healthful and tranquil situation, added to its proximity to the scene of action, rendered it a most desirable place for our wounded. The perfume of

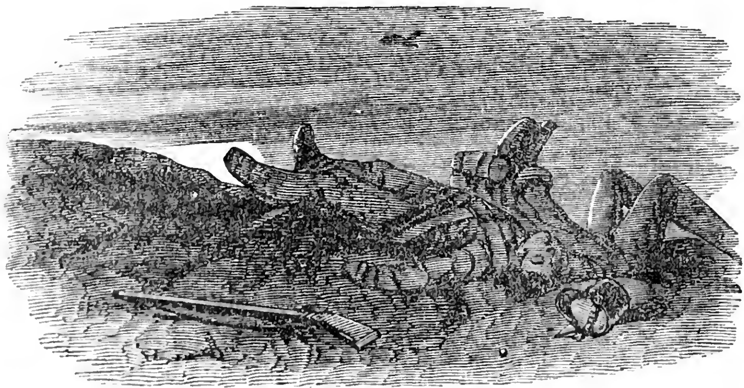
several groves of forest trees, was a delightful contrast to the smell that was accumulating in the plain below, and the change of scene, added to a strong desire to see a brother officer who had been wounded in the action of the 5th, led me thither. On reaching the village, I had little difficulty in finding out the hospitals, as every house might be considered one, but it was some time before I discovered that which I wished for. At last I found it; it consisted of four rooms; in it were pent up twelve officers, all badly wounded. The largest room was twelve feet by eight, and this apartment had for its occupants four officers. Next the door, on a bundle of straw, lay two of the 79th Highlanders; one of them shot through the spine. He told me he had been wounded in the streets of Fuentes on the 5th, and that although he had felt a good deal of pain before, he was now perfectly easy, and free from suffering. I was but ill skilled in surgery, but nevertheless I disliked the account he gave of himself. I passed on to my friend; he was sitting on a table, his back resting against a wall. A musket ball had penetrated his right breast, and passing through his lungs, came out at his back, and he owed his life to the great skill and attention of Drs. Stewart and Bell of the 3d Division. The quantity of blood taken from him was astonishing: three, and sometimes four, times a day they would bleed him, and his recovery was one of those extraordinary instances seldom witnessed. In an inner room was a young officer, shot through the head; his was a hopeless case: he was quite delirious, and obliged to be held down by two men; his strength was astonishing; and more than once while I remained he succeeded in escaping from his attendants. The Scotch officer's servant soon after came in, and stooping down inquired of his officer how he felt, but received no reply. He had half turned on his face, the man took hold of his master's hand; it was still warm but the pulse had ceased. He was dead. The suddenness of this young man's death sensibly affected his companions, and I took leave of my friend and companion Owgan, fully impressed with the idea that I should never see him again. I was on my return to the army when my attention was arrested by an extraordinary degree of bustle, and a kind of half stifled moaning in the yard of a quinta, or nobleman's house. I looked through the grating, and saw about 200 soldiers wounded, waiting to have their limbs amputated, while others were arriving every moment. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the frightful appearance of those men; they had been wounded on the 5th, and this was the 7th; the limbs were swollen to an enormous size, and the smell from the gun-shot wounds was dreadful. Some were sitting

upright against a wall, under a shade of a number of chesnut trees, and *many* of those were wounded in the head, as well as limbs; the ghastly countenances of these poor fellows presented a dismal sight; the streams of gore which had trickled down their cheeks were quite hardened by the sun, and gave their faces a glazed and copper-coloured hue; their eyes were sunk and fixed, and what between the effects of the sun and exhaustion of despair, they resembled more a group of bronze figures than anything human; they sat silent and statue-like waiting for their turn to be carried to the amputating tables. At the other side of the yard lay several whose state was too helpless for them to sit up; a feeble cry from them occasionally to those who were passing, for a drink of water, was all they uttered. A little further on, in an upper court, were the surgeons; they were stripped to their shirts, and bloody; curiosity led me forwards; a number of doors placed on barrels, served as temporary tables, and on these lay the different subjects upon whom the surgeons were operating; to the right and left were arms and legs flung here and there without distinction, and the ground was dyed with blood. Dr. Bell was going to take off the thigh of a man of the 50th, and he requested I would hold down the man for him; he was one of the best-hearted men I ever met with, but such is the force of habit, he seemed insensible to the scene that was passing around, and with much composure was eating almonds out of his waistcoat pockets, which he offered to share with me, but if I got the universe for it I could not have swallowed a morsel of any thing. The operation upon the man of the 50th was the most shocking sight I ever witnessed; it lasted nearly half an hour, but his life was saved. Turning out of this place towards the street I passed hastily on near the gate; an assistant-surgeon was taking off the leg of an old German sergeant of the 60th; the doctor was evidently a young practitioner, and Bell, our staff-surgeon, took much trouble in instructing him. It was a pretty generally received opinion, that when the saw passes through the marrow, the patient suffers most pain but such is not the case, and taking up the arteries is the worst; while the old German was undergoing the operation, he seemed insensible to pain; when the saw was at work, now and then he would exclaim in broken English, if wearied, "*Oh! mine Gott, is she off still,*" but he, as well as all those I noticed, felt much when the knife was first introduced, and all thought that red hot iron was applied to them when the arteries were being taken up."

If the continual presence of danger, and occasional personal suffering, did not really beget an indifference to both, it certainly

imparted to the officers and men a looseness of sentiment that was not without wholesome influences in habituating men to be ready for the worst that could befall. An officer of the Adjutant-General's Department, whose love of fun was independent of circumstances and situation, is known to have described to his *camarados* the sensation of being wounded (while bullets were flying about the group) in these terms:—

"Astonished at finding oneself overturned by a sharp blow on the breast, and on evincing an inclination to rise, being convinced, by the total diminution of your strength, that some very unpleasant accident has occurred to you. Thus satisfied as to your incapacity of movement, you lie quietly on the ground with certain very unpleasant forebodings in your mind, till one of your friends brings you a surgeon, who, opening your coat, finds you are shot through the lungs, and to satisfy himself (not you) says 'Spit, sir, spit.' In the attempt your mouth fills with blood, which your medical friend (no longer, alas! your adviser) wished to ascertain, who, putting a bit of lint on the wound, shrugs up his shoulders, and leaves you to be suffocated, while he goes to congratulate your juniors on their promotion."



CHAPTER VII.

Escape of the garrison of Almeida—Contrast between Wellington and Napoleon—Caution to Officers to repress injudicious zeal—Marshal Beresford—Investment of Badajoz—Battle of Albuera—Abandonment of the siege of Badajoz—The Spanish and Portuguese allies.

HE defeat of Massena at Fuentes d'Oñoro destroyed the hopes of relief entertained by the garrison of Almeida. Brennier, who commanded the fortress, heard the firing at Fuentes, and cherished a conviction that Massena would repel the English, and raise the blockade. The hopes of his sturdy little band of 400 men rose with each cannonade, and they almost ventured to name the very hour when the cordon of red coats, which barred their egress, should be rent asunder. When the French soldier passed the line of sentries, and making his way into the fortress, disclosed the intelligence that the English remained the victors, hope gave way to desperation. To surrender to General Campbell, whose divisions carelessly encircled the fortress, or to cut away through and join Massena, were the only alternatives left to Brennier. Napoleon was impatient of surrender: his view of the duty of the governor of a garrison extended to his dying at his post. Brennier elected to march out and trust to fortune for his forcing a passage. The choice was happy in its results. Fate smiled upon the courageous enterprise. Blowing up the works and cannon with so ingenious an appearance of firing upon the blockading party that his proceedings were never for one moment

suspected, he availed himself of the brilliancy of the moon-light on the second night succeeding his operations, and retired with his men in their usual order of march. The advanced guards bayoneted the sentinels of the besiegers. The garrison made for Barba de Puerco on the Agueda. The bridge at this place was totally unguarded. Aware of the certainty of their escape if they reached this spot unopposed, General Campbell and Brigadier Pack hastened thither with the 36th regiment and the light battalion of the 5th Division. They came up with the enemy, but were unable to prevent them effecting the passage of the Agueda. Some fighting took place, in which the French suffered, but by far the greater number of the garrison effected their escape. It was a gallant achievement, and it deserved to succeed. Lord Wellington was much annoyed at the occurrence, on account of the advantage that he justly thought would be taken of the circumstance by Massena, and the partisan press at home, to convey erroneous impressions to all Europe. Still we do not find him giving loose to temper in his despatches to Lord Liverpool—he was always more ready to quarrel with himself for an oversight than blame his generals.[1]

And here we cannot avoid contrasting the generous and indulgent character of Wellington with the unforgiving and uncharitable disposition of his great rival, Napoleon. While the British General seized every occasion for cordially applauding the skill of his companions in arms, and palliating errors if they did not arise from a wilful disobedience of orders, Napoleon gave loose to the violence of his rage if success did not crown the efforts of his Marshals, and in the hurricane of passion he forgot all the former services which he had recompensed with titles and commands. Success with Napoleon hallowed every action performed by his own troops, though he could not admit the same excuse for the achievements of his enemies, if they were founded on a departure from the acknowledged principles of war. Failure, on the other hand—that is to say *French* failure—

[1] The escape of the garrison was a subject of bitter mortification with the 2nd (Queen's Royals) and the 4th Foot, who happened to be on picquet when the French made their way through the investing force. Lampoons and pasquinades were composed impromptu, and levelled at the devices of the two corps. The badge of the Queen's is a *Lamb*, and that of the 4th a *Lion*. In Costello's entertaining "Adventures of a Soldier," one of these squibs has been preserved:—

> "The Lion went to sleep,
> And the Lambs were at play,
> The Eagle spread his wings
> And from Almeida flew away."

The Colonel of the 4th, stung to the quick with sorrow and mortification, committed suicide shortly after the Almeida affair.

could only, in his opinion, result from carelessness and ignorance. He allowed nothing to the superiority of the prowess or position of the English—they always, he pretended, gained a battle by an accident! What Talleyrand predicted of somebody else, Napoleon practically affirmed of his unlucky Marshals—"*Ils sont pires que les criminels—ils ont commis des erreurs!*" Witness his reproaches of Dorsenne for the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo—his acrimonious reprehension of Marmont for his manner of conducting the war in 1812—his treatment of Suchet—his temporary withdrawal of all confidence from Soult after the fight at Albuera. All of these Generals solicited their recall on the ground of the unworthy censures lavished upon them while they did their best. A more accurate and impartial estimate of the vast military genius of Wellington, and the quality of his soldiers, would probably have made the French Emperor more tolerant of the disasters of his chosen lieutenants.

After the battle of Fuentes d' Oñoro, Lord Wellington, for a time, fixed his head-quarters at Villa Formosa. Massena, retreating with Ney, Junot, and Loison, who got tired of the war in Spain and Portugal, and of one another, proceeded towards the Pyrenees, *en route* to France, leaving Marshal Marmont, Duke de Ragusa, in command of the army of Portugal, on the river Tormes.

It was the anxious desire of the British troops to follow the enemy; and Lord Wellington found it necessay to check their impetuosity by interposing grave remonstrances. In a letter addressed to Major-General Alexander Campbell, we find him exercising that wonderful prudence which, if it sometimes made the irreflective and impotent imagine that golden oportunities had been suffered to slip, always proved, in the long run, the guarantee of future permament success. He did not doubt, he said, the readiness of the officers and soldiers to advance upon the enemy; but he held it to be his duty to regulate that spirit, and not to expose the soldiers to contend with unequal numbers in situations disadvantageous to them. He would not allow them to follow up trifling advantages to situations in which they could not be supported, from which their retreat was not secure, and in which they incurred the risk of being prisoners to the enemy they had before beaten. He was most anxious to see the officers at the head of the troops possess a cool, discriminating judgment in actions, which would enable them to decide with promptitude how far they could and ought to go with propriety, and to convey their orders and act with such vigour and decision that the soldiers would look up to them with confidence in the moment of action, and obey them with alacrity. Lord Wellington further endeavoured to impress upon the

officers that the enemy to whom they were opposed was not less prudent than powerful. He rejected, upon the testimony of experience, the idea that small bodies, unsupported, could be successfully opposed to large, and laughed at the stories current, of whole armies being driven by a handful of light infantry or dragoons. After the affair at Celorioo, in the pursuit of Massena, Lord Wellington found it necessary to instruct Marshal Beresford to call together the officers of the dragoons, and point out to them the folly and danger of following the enemy with "undisciplined ardour." He compared the conduct of some cavalry regiments to that of a rabble galloping as fast as their horses could carry them, over a plain, after an enemy to whom they could do no mischief after they were broken, and the pursuit had continued to a limited distance; and sacrificing substantial advantages, and all the objects of the operation, by their want of discipline.

That no time might be lost in clearing the frontier of the French, Lord Wellington, while he operated upon Almeida, had entrusted to Marshal Sir William Beresford the reduction of the fortress of Badajoz.

Marshal Beresford was an officer of considerable distinction, earned by bravery and professional ability. He had seen much service in many parts of the globe: as a Subaltern at Nova Scotia; as Captain at the sieges of Toulon and Bastia; as Lieutenant-Colonel in India and in Egypt (under Sir David Baird), in Ireland, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in America. Finally, he had fought under Moore at Coruña, covering the embarkation of the troops with distinguished firmness and skill. His merit was not unperceived by Lord Wellington—always prompt to discern professional superiority. When the Government had determined upon carrying out the plan for the defence of Portugal, suggested in the Memorandum of 9th March, 1809, Beresford was pointed out by Wellington as the officer most adapted to the serious duty of organizing and drilling the Portuguese army. Accordingly, after assisting in the operations in the north of Portugal, crossing the Douro considerably above Oporto, in sight of General Loison's division, forcing him back upon Amarante, and pursuing him in his retreat, Beresford entered upon the great task which had been assigned to him. To facilitate the execution of his purposes, the Portuguese Government dignified him with the title and rank of Field-Marshal, and appointed him Generalissimo, the British Government, through the Commander-in-Chief, having previously brevetted him as Lieutenant-General. Marshal Beresford, carrying out the principle of selection adopted in his own

case by Lord Wellington, made choice of many excellent officers to aid him in organizing and disciplining the Portuguese army. The names of Gough, Pack, Bradford, and Robert Arbuthnot attest the iustice and prudence of his choice; and the conduct of the Portuguese Caçadores, at the battle of Busaco, demonstrates how rapidly the system of discipline prospered. Those young troops had never before been in front of the enemy.

It was to this officer (Beresford) that the capture of Badajoz was entrusted; and in order to prevent, if possible, the raising of the siege by the enemy, Lord Wellington had detached the 3rd and 7th divisions, and the 2nd Hussars, into the Alemtejo, and had further directed the Spanish troops, under General Blake, to approach the frontier of Estremadura.

Sir William Beresford invested Badajoz on both sides of the Guadiana, on the 8th May, 1811, and, on the same night, broke ground on both sides. There is a strong outwork, or castle, called San Cristoval, on the right bank of the Guadiana, against which the besiegers were to direct their earliest operations. To prevent their occupying the ground whence the attack was to be directed, the garrison made a sortie, but were driven in with loss. On the 10th May, they made a second sortie, and were a second time driven in, the impetuosity of our troops carrying them to the very glacis of San Cristoval, and to a situation in which they were exposed to the fire of musketry and grape from the outwork, as well as from the body of the place. The British casualties were numerous. On the 11th of May, Beresford opened his fire upon the fortress.

While these operations were in progress, Marshal Soult was at Seville, and, from the works going on there, it was supposed that he intended occupying the place for a considerable time, the more especially as he was using every exertion to assemble a large body of troops around him. Soult had far different views. The relief of Badajoz was his ulterior end. And, in fulfilment of this object, he moved away on the 10th May with 15,000 men, forming a junction, in his descent into Estremadura, with General Latour Maubourg, who was at the head of 5000 more.

No further question now of Badajoz. To hurl back Soult became the leading object of Sir William Beresford. Instantly raising the siege, he proceeded to Valverde with the infantry, leaving General the Hon. Lowry Cole to follow with the ordnance and stores, convoyed by 2000 Spanish troops. But as the occupation of Valverde left Badajoz open to the enemy, Beresford changed his position to Albuera, south of Badajoz, and was there joined by the corps of

General Blake, the troops under Cole, and the Spanish Brigade under Don Carlos de España, on the 15th of May.

On the afternoon of the same day Soult's army appeared in front The British force was immediately placed in position. On the morning of the 16th of May, Soult commenced his movement for breaking through the obstacle thus suddenly interposed to his expedition. He advanced upon the right of the English with the full design of cutting them off from Valverde. He gained the heights occupied by the Spanish troops. Major-General the Hon. W. Stewart rushed with his division to retake and maintain those heights. Failing to shake the columns of the enemy with fire, the division employed the bayonet. A body of Polish Lancers attacked the division in the rear, broke it, and inflicted great slaughter. The 31st Foot alone remained unshaken. The third brigade, under General Houghton, now came to the rescue, and Houghton fell, pierced by wounds. Soult persevered; his artillery committing great havoc in the British ranks; the French infantry showered *mitrailles* in murderous succession; the cavalry was held in check by General Lumley's allied dragoons. The battle was for some time doubtful; but Cole perceiving the danger to which Stewart's division was exposed, dashed up the heights with the Fusilier Brigade. Still the cannon spat forth their deadly opposition, and Soult deemed victory in his grasp. Concentrating its terrific energies, bearing itself as only British infantry ever can and ever did in the midst of the pitiless iron storm, the brigade came to the charge, and in spite of the terrible obstructions of the ground, and the determined attitude of the enemy, bore onward with the force of a hurricane. Staggering beneath the irresistible shock, the French now give way, they waver—they break—they fly. The Fusiliers press onwards—the British huzza mingling with the discordant cries of the scattered foe. Hundreds still fight with fierce desperation, but fall at length beneath the terrific pressure. The heights are cleared—the enemy are in confusion—and Soult, discomfited and crest-fallen, abandons his attempt, and recrosses the Agueda.

A sanguinary battle was the battle of Albuera. Fifteen thousand men fell in four hours. Of these, eight thousand were Frenchmen, and seven thousand English.[1] The loss of the Spanish and Portu-

[1] "About six o'clock, A. M., we came in sight of our troops on the field of battle, at Albuera; the French were discerned near a wood about a mile and a half in their front. We now advanced in subdivisions, at double distance, to make our numbers as formidable as possible, and, arriving on the field, piled our arms, and were permitted to move about. With awful astonishment we gazed on the terrific scene before us; a total suspension took place of

guese was light, though it is admitted on all hands that they fought with surprising valour when called upon to do so. Marshal Beresford was no niggard of his praises, for every one had done his duty. He had reason to be especially pleased with the 7th and 23rd Fusiliers, the 31st and the 57th regiments, the latter of which obtained the soubriquet of the "Die-hards," for as the fire of the enemy thinned their numbers, and utter annihilation seemed inevitable, the colonel called out to them "57th, let us die hard!" Only eighteen hundred British soldiers of the nine thousand that went into battle survived the encounter on Albuera's heights. Amongst the officers who fell, none were more missed and lamented than Sir William Myers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Duckworth. The 7th Fusiliers, whom Myers commanded, to this moment preserve a memento of his worth and gallantry. Beresford bore willing testimony to the good conduct of the allies, naming especially Generals Ballasteros, Lagos, and Don Carlos de España, and he did not fail to speak well of Brigadier-General d'Urban and Lieutenant-Colonel Hardinge, Deputy Quarter-Master-General to the Portuguese troops. To the advice of the latter at a critical moment the salvation of the battle may have been said to have been owing, for it was Hardinge who urged General Cole to advance with the fourth division, while Beresford, agitated by the peril of Stewart's division, was on the point of retiring his forces from the field.[1]

that noisy gaiety so characteristic of Irish soldiers; the most obdurate or risible countenances sunk at once into a pensive sadness, and for some time speech was supplanted by an exchange of sorrowful looks and significant nods. Before us lay the appalling sight of 6000 men dead, and mostly stark naked, having, as we were informed, been stripped during the night by the Spaniards; their bodies disfigured with dirt and clotted blood, and torn by the deadly gashes inflicted by the bullet, bayonet, sword, or lance, that had terminated their mortal existence. Those who had been killed outright appeared merely in the pallid sleep of death, while others, whose wounds had been less suddenly fatal, from the agonies of their last struggle, exhibited a fearful distortion of features. Near our arms was a small streamlet, almost choked with bodies of the dead, and, from the deep traces of blood in its miry margin, it was evident that many of them had crawled thither to allay their last thirst. The waters of this oozing stream were so deeply tinged, that it seemed actually to run blood. A few perches distant was a draw-well, about which were collected several hundreds of those severely wounded, who had crept or been carried thither. They were sitting or lying in the puddle, and each time the bucket reached the surface with its scanty supply, there was a clamorous and heartrending confusion; the cries for water resounding in at least ten languages, while a kindness of feeling was visible in the manner this beverage was passed to each other."—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Hardinge's judgment in this instance paved the way to his subsequent advancement. In after years he was employed with the Prussian army in the contest with Napoleon, and, long after the war, became successively Secretary at War, Governor General of India, and Master General of the Ordnance. In India he greatly distinguished himself by aiding Lord Gough to drive the invading Sikhs across the Sutlej, and take from them a portion of their territory. This earned him the Peerage. The death of the Duke of Wellington led to his being appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British army.

Marshal Beresford has been censured by some writers, first for laying siege to Badajoz with inadequate means; secondly, for not keeping himself accurately informed of the movements of Soult; and thirdly, for receiving battle at Albuera.[1] It is not worth while interrupting the course of this narrative to enter upon a theme foreign to the subject in hand, and which has been productive of endless controversy: it is sufficient to state that the conduct of the Marshal and his troops had the approbation of Lord Wellington. He regarded the action as one of the most glorious and honorable to the character of the troops of any that had been fought during the war; he lauded the ability, firmness, and gallantry of Sir William Beresford, and he was of opinion that Sir William Beresford would have gained a complete victory, without very material loss, if the Spaniards could have manœuvred.

The incapacity of the Spanish troops to manœuvre in front of an enemy was a subject of great annoyance to Lord Wellington. They did not refuse to stand firmly as targets to the enemy, but could never be trusted to move. At Talavera and Barrossa, as well as at Albuera, this defect in their discipline occasioned a heavy sacrifice of life, for their immobility forced English soldiers to perform the duty which otherwise would have devolved upon the Allies. The Portuguese levies were not obnoxious to the same reproach. "We do what we please with the Portuguese troops," writes Lord Wellington to Mr. Henry Wellesley, the Minister at Madrid. "We manœuvre them under fire equally with our own, and have some dependence on them; but these Spaniards can do nothing but stand still, and we consider ourselves fortunate if they do not run away."

Marshal Beresford resumed the siege of Badajoz on the 19th of May. In the meanwhile, Lord Wellington, to be nearer the scene of operations, had removed his head quarters to Elvas. Here his attention was much engaged by the condition of the Spanish and Portuguese governments, and more especially the latter. They were in a state of decrepitude. Malversations in office, neglect of duty, habitual disobedience of orders, inattention to regulations, base intrigues and jobs for personal ends, vanities, jealousies, made up the sum of the operations of the Juntas. All complaints and remonstrances were vain; the authorities were inaccessible alike to reason

[1] A private soldier, describing the battle of Albuera, says: "The complaints of the men were loud and general, and always ended with some expression of deep regret for the absence of him we looked up to with unlimited confidence, whose presence gave us additional courage, and under whom we deemed ourselves invincible and certain of success—need I add, that person was WELLINGTON?"

LORD WELLINGTON IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE BADAJOZ.

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and to virtue. In addition to embarrassments of all descriptions surrounding him on every side, Lord Wellington had to contend with an ancient enmity between the two nations, which he described as more like cat and dog than anything else. Of this hereditary feud no sense of common danger, or common interest, or anything, could get the better even in individuals. Nothing but the firmness of his heart, and his undeviating sense of the claims of duty, could have sustained Wellington when so perplexed.

A practical proof of the utter helplessness of the Portuguese departments attached to the army was now to be supplied with humiliating results. Two attacks upon breaches in San Cristoval having failed, Lord Wellington undertook the seige of Badajoz in person, under the persausion that the means at his command at Elvas would have enabled him to reduce the place before the 15th of June. He had been reinforced by battalions from the frontiers of Castille, and believed in the efficacy of the ordnance, and abundance of supplies in Elvas. The guns, however, were found to be of a calibre larger than the shot; the carriages were so decayed that time was continually lost in putting them into order after a succession of discharges, and the effect of these combined obstacles to a direct and effectual fire was to render the siege operations perfectly futile even at the small distance of from 400 to 600 yards. To add to this great source of vexation the magazines of Elvas were drained to support the Portuguese brigades, for the government either could not or would not send forward provisions; and by the 10th of June, there was not a supply for the garrison calculated to last more than a fortnight. This destitution of the very sinews of war would have furnished a sufficient reason for raising the siege of Badajoz; but a new cause of disquiet now arose. By an intercepted despatch, it was ascertained that Marshals Soult and Marmont were collecting their forces in Estremadura for a movement in a southerly direction. An altered position therefore became necessary; and the British army retired from Badajoz. Lord Wellington, in reporting that he had raised the siege, made honourable mention of the principal officers who had assisted him in the execution of his plans. Major-Generals Picton, Houstone, and Hamilton; Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, of the engineers; Lieutenant-Colonel Framlingham, and Major Dickson, of the artillery, were particularly noticed. Of Dickson (afterwards Sir Alexander) the commanding officer of the forces spoke in the highest terms. His activity, zeal, and intelligence, had conferred great advantage in the different operations against Badajoz.

The ensuing three months, namely, from the middle of June to the middle of September, passed away without the occurrence of any remarkable events. The next great object contemplated by Lord Wellington was the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; and to this end reinforcements, recruiting, the drilling the Allies, and the accumulation of stores of the ordinary appliances of war, were indispensable. While the Spanish and Portuguese governments continued their usual practices, ample occupation was provided for the pen of the British general in the remonstrances and complaints which their obstinacy suggested; and if the correspondence answered no other purpose, it at least served as a good safety-valve for the indignation of Wellington's honest heart. Dumourier, who had distinguished himself in the early campaigns of the French republic, was honoured with the confidence and communications of Lord Wellington, and to that good soldier the complaints of the British general were unreservedly expressed. In a letter dispatched from Quinta de St. João, he writes—

"Quoique les alliès soient chez eux, et que tout le monde (en Portugal sans exception quelconque, et presque sans exception en Espagne) soit ennemi des Français, les alliés ont rarement eu plus que la moitié de la force de l'ennemi, et jamais, même à présent, plus que les deux tiers. A ce désavantage il faut ajouter que nous sommes alliés; que nous n'avons pas de tête, qu'il n'y a ni généraux, ni officiers d'état major, ni troupes disciplinées, et point de cavalerie, parmi les Espagnols; que ces deux gouvernemens ont commencé la guerre sans magasins ou ressource militaire d'aucune espèce, et sans argent ou ressource de finance; et que ceux qui ont été à la tête des affaires sont des individusaussi faibles que les ressources à leur disposition sont pauvres; et vous serez etonné que nous puissions continuer la lutte, même avec espérance de succès definitif."

But a little farther on after this painful detail of disheartening obstacles to success, the unconquerable spirit of the man discloses itself. The fine hopefulness of his nature revives as he contemplates the "disgusting tyranny" of Napoleon, and remembers what Europe owes to herself:—

"Il faut de la patience—de la grande patience; mais j'attends tout du temps, que donnera l'expérience, des généraux et des armées, à mes amis les Espagnols: et il n'est pas possible que l'Europe puisse se soumettre bien plus long temps à la tyrannie dégoûtante dont elle est opprimée."

Amongst the subjects connected with the discipline of the army which at this, and indeed at too many other times, engaged the serious

attention of Lord Wellington, was the "accursed thirst" of the British soldier. Every opportunity was taken by the men of procuring wine and spirits. They often robbed the peasantry and innkeepers; and knowing that considerable quantities were concealed in convents, cottages, and even in caves, they would wander far from cantonments and run the risk of being taken prisoners in their avid search for the coveted beverages. Repeated orders failed to check the marauding spirit, and punishment was at length resorted to.[1]

[1] It requires a very Argus to prevent English soldiers from being incapacitated from their duty by intemperance, which is the very bane of the British service. It will scarcely be believed that, so systematic and deliberate were the men in procuring spirits or wine during the Peninsular war, that a soldier kept an itinerary of the different shops where these were sold, between Lisbon and the army, for the benefit of one of his comrades who was to come after him. This curious document came by some accident into the hands of the military authorities at Lisbon, and was considered so unique, as to be forwarded for Lord Wellington's inspection. Its details were similar to those of our road-books.

"Two leagues from Lisbon, on R. at the Casa de Pasto . good vino.
Half a league beyond, on the L. . . . . . . strong akedent (*aqua ardiente.*)
At Rio Mayor, at the end of the town, on the L. a small house. . . . . right strong vino.
At Lerida, a shop going up to the Bishop's palace, on the R. . . . . good akedent.
Two leagues beyond Pombal, on L. . . . . horrid rot-gut stuff.
Half-a-league further, white house (without a bush) . right good stuff.
On entering Coimbra [which, by-the-by, our soldiers pronounced Quimborough], on the R. . . . good cheap vino."

And this precious *morceau*, so justly to be denominated a *toper*-graphical account of the route, was thus continued to head-quarters.

CHAPTER VIII.

Position at Guinaldo—Affair of El Bodon—Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo—Surprise of the French at Arroyo del Molinos—Character of Sir R. Hill—Advice to Lord W. Bentinck—Winter Costumes—Defence of Tarifa.

OULT and Marmont after pouring supplies into Badajoz, and adding men and *matériel* to prepare it for future attacks, separated, the Duke of Dalmatia falling back upon Seville, and the Duke of Ragusa taking a northerly course.

Lord Wellington now deemed it advisable to take up a new position. Getting rid of the Spanish general, Blake, whom he advised to proceed to the south and endeavour to obtain possession of Seville (for his presence was only a clog and an embarrassment to the British general) he changed his head quarters to Fuente Guinaldo, a height which commanded an extensive view of the country in front, across which it might be expected the French would come. Leaving General Hill on the Alemtejo to observe General Girard, Lord Wellington occupied the line of the river Coa with the allied troops, because it enabled him at any time to blockade Ciudad Rodrigo, on the possession of which fortress his expectations now rested. To attack Ciudad Rodrigo at that moment would have been madness. Things had gone wrong in the eastern part of Spain, where Marshal Suchet had successfully attacked and captured Tarragona. And they had not prospered in the south, for the Duke of Dalmatia was too much for Blake, who was driven to Cadiz; while in the north, Count Dorsenne

had operated so successfully against the Spanish forces, that Abadea, who commanded them, had been obliged to fly to the passes of Villa Franca. Lord Wellington, therefore, held to the Fabian policy of delay, strictly blockading the fortress he could not take.

Meanwhile, the French generals continued to receive strong reinforcements, and before Wellington had been a month at Guinaldo not fewer than 50,000 fresh troops had assembled in Spain. Of this number, 8,000 were cavalry, an important arm of the French service in which they were always strong, and the British porportionately weak. These were considerable odds against Lord Wellington, but his position was so good that the French were placed on the horns of a dilemma; their power was for the moment neutralised. "If," said his lordship, writing to Lord Liverpool, "we cannot maintain this blockade [of Ciudad Rodrigo], the enemy must bring 50,000 men to oblige us to raise it, and they can undertake nothing else this year, for they must still continue to watch this place, and we shall so far save the cause. In the mean time if they offer me a favorable opportunity of bringing any of them to action I shall do it."

The tenure of Ciudad Rodrigo was of vital consequence to the French cause. The provisions of the garrison were rapidly wasting; surrender was inevitable if supplies were not immediately thrown in. A desperate effort to effect this object was accordingly resolved upon, through the junction of the forces of Marmont, Souham, and Dorsenne, and in furtherance of the object large convoys were collected at Placentia and Salamanca.

To convey a clear idea of the operations which followed, we must go more into detail than usual.

About fifty miles to the north of Ciudad Rodrigo is the river Douro, flowing east and west, that is to say, across the country. From the south bank of this river issues the river Agueda, which runs southerly towards Ciudad Rodrigo. About twenty miles from its mouth in the Douro, the main stream of the Agueda divides itself into two branches, an easterly one towards Portugal, and a westerly one in Spain. The eastern branch is the river Azava; the westerly branch is the continuation of the Agueda. The plain, therefore, in which Ciudad Rodrigo is situated, is intersected by these two rivers. The Agueda runs down to the town, which is situated upon it, and the Azava flows parallel to it, and about eight miles distant, on the Portuguese frontier. Lord Wellington took up his position in part between these two rivers, and partly on a ridge of hills on the Portuguese side of the Azava, and about seven miles from Ciudad Rodrigo, so as to have the latter river in his front; and in this

position he awaited the attack of the enemy. On the 24th of September they encamped for the evening on the heights above Ciudad Rodrigo. On the 25th the enemy moved forwards. General Montbrun, at the head of fourteen squadrons, amongst which were the Lanciers de Berg, moved briskly to the Azava, and having passed that river, began the battle, by attacking our army posted on the ridge. General Montbrun's division of cavalry consisted of two parts; the one under himself, and the other under General Wattier. General Wattier took the charge of the attack of the ridge, whilst Montbrun, going off to the left, took the road to Fuente Guinaldo, where was the English right. It was seen, at the same time, that the greatest part of the enemy's infantry were taking the same direction. Lord Wellington, therefore, having thus discovered the object of their principal attack, immediately hastened reinforcements to his divisions in that quarter, and himself rode from one position to the other, to encourage them to do their duty, to receive the enemy in squares, and to fall back when necessary without disorder. In the mean time General Wattier had commenced the feint attack on the English left. Immediately, however, upon his crossing the Azava, he was charged by two squadrons of the 16th and 14th Light Dragoons, and, for the moment, was compelled to give way. General Wattier now put himself at the head of his men, and rallied them with much spirit. They made a second charge upon the English cavalry, but, as they were advancing, were unexpectedly saluted by a brisk discharge of musketry from a wood on their left flank. This well-timed fire was from the 61st regiment, which, with the most laudable promptitude, had been secretly sent, and posted there, during the first attack. The effect was to the full what had been anticipated. The impetuosity of the enemy's charge, and the connection of their ranks, were broken; and Major-General Anson falling upon them at the same time, converted their confusion into a rout. They hastily recrossed the Azava, and were pursued for some distance by the English. Whilst this was going on, upon the English left, Montbrun, with the greater part of the French cavalry, and with the French infantry following up immediately behind him, advanced to attack the extreme part of the English right. The position of this right was on a ridge of heights, in front of Fuente Guinaldo, and crossing the road to that town. As Lord Wellington could not foresee the point of their attack, before they put themselves in march, this was the weakest part of the English line. The object of Montbrun was to force the line, and thus, by turning it, and getting into its rear, to shut in the English position between himself

and the Azava. Montbrun succeeded so far as to reach the position before the reinforcements sent up by Lord Wellington. The small body of English troops, however, sustained the onset with most distinguished bravery. One regiment of French Dragoons succeeded in taking two pieces of cannon, which had been posted on a rising ground, on the right of the English; but they were charged by the second battalion of the 5th Regiment, under the command of Major Ridge, and the guns were immediately retaken. The 77th Regiment, and three squadrons of Major-General Alten's brigade, also distinguished themselves eminently. The enemy attacked the position in three columns; the 5th Regiment, as observed, repulsed their left column; the 77th their centre column, and the three squadrons of Major-General Alten their right column. In the mean time, the great body of the enemy's infantry came up, and Lord Wellington, seeing their superiority, and that the continuance of the contest in that quarter would lead to a general action, ordered their retreat on Fuente Guinaldo. This was accordingly done in the best possible order. The troops were formed into several squares, and marched in this shape. The French cavalry in vain rushed upon them. The squares halted, and repelled them with the most distinguished steadiness. One of the squares in particular, composed of the 5th and 77th Regiments, was charged on three sides at once; it halted on the instant, and assuming a determined attitude, received the enemy with the most heroic firmness. Not a man moved from the ranks, except when his corpse filled up the space previously occupied by his living body. Effecting their retreat, the whole of the English line entered its temporary entrenchments at Fuente Guinaldo in the course of the same evening, and of the following morning. The French followed this movement so far as to present themselves in front of Fuente Guinaldo on the morning of the 24th; Lord Wellington declined a battle; for the several reasons already mentioned, shortly withdrew again behind the Agueda; and, a few days afterwards, both Marmont and Lord Wellington resumed not only their former positions, but almost their former relations and views. Marmont posted himself at Placentia, and Lord Wellington took up the same line around Ciudad Rodrigo as before.

It was generally the practice of Lord Wellington, after an engagement, to publish a general order, announcing, in the briefest terms, his approbation of the conduct of the troops, and his admiration of the manner in which they did "their duty." The details of the affairs he reserved for his despatches. The army sometimes complained of the exceeding brevity of his encomiums, and attributed to a coldness

and indifference what was simply the result of an anxiety not to diminish the value of praise by too much prodigality of expression on ordinary occasions. In reference to the operation above detailed, Lord Wellington departed from his ordinary conciseness, and published the following gratifying order.

"RICHOSO, *2nd Oct.*, 1811.

"The Commander of the Forces is desirous of drawing the attention of the army to the conduct of the 2nd Battalion, 5th and 77th Regiments, and the 21st Portuguese regiment, and Major Arentschildt's Portuguese artillery, under the command of the Hon. Major General Colville, and of the 11th Light Dragoons, and 1st Hussars, under Major-General V. Alten, in the affair with the enemy on the 16th ult. These troops were attacked by between thirty and forty squadrons of cavalry, with six pieces of cannon, supported by a division consisting of fourteen battalions of infantry with cannon.

"The Portuguese artillerymen were cut down at their guns before they quitted them, but the 2nd Battalion, 5th Regiment, attacked the cavalry which had taken the guns, and retook them. At the same time the 77th Regiment were attacked in front by another body of cavalry, upon which body they advanced, and repulsed them.

"While these actions were performed, Major-General V. Alten's brigade, of which there were only three squadrons on the ground, were engaged on the left, with numbers infinitely superior to themselves. These squadrons charged repeatedly, supporting each other, and took about twenty prisoners; and notwithstanding the immense superiority of the enemy, the post would have been maintained, if the Commander of the Forces had not ordered the troops to withdraw from it, seeing that the action would become still more unequal, as the enemy's infantry were likely to be engaged in it, before the reinforcement ordered to the support of the post could arrive.

"The troops then retired with the same determined spirit, and in the same good order, with which they had maintained their posts, the 2nd battalion, 5th Regiment, and 77th in one square, and the 21st Portuguese regiment in another, supported by Major-General V. Alten's cavalry, and the Portuguese artillery. The enemy's cavalry charged three faces of the square of the British infantry, but were beaten off; and finding from their repeated fruitless efforts, that these brave troops were not to be broken, they were contented with following them at a distance, and with firing upon them with their artillery, till the troops joined the remainder of the 3rd

division, and were afterwards supported by a brigade of the 4th division. Although the 21st Portuguese regiment were not actually charged by the cavalry, their steadiness and determination were conspicuous; and the Commander of the Forces observed with pleasure the order and regularity with which they made all their movements, and the confidence they showed in their officers.

"The Commander of the Forces has been particular in stating the details of this action, in the general orders, as in his opinion it affords a memorable example of what can be effected by steadiness, discipline, and confidence. It is impossible that any troops can, at any time, be exposed to the attack of numbers relatively greater than those which attacked the troops under Major-General Colville, and Major-General V. Alten, on the 25th of Sept.; and the Commander of the Forces recommends the conduct of those troops to the particular attention of the officers and soldiers of the army, as an example to be followed in all such circumstances.

"The Commander of the Forces considers Major-General V. Alten, and Major-General Colville, and the commanding officers of the regiments under their command respectively, viz., Lieutenant-Colonel Cummings, Lieutenant-Colonel Arentschildt, Lieutenant-Colonel Broomhead, Major Ridge, and Colonel Bacellar of the 21st Portuguese regiment, and the officers and soldiers under their command, to be entitled to his particular thanks; and he assures them that he has not failed to report his sense of their conduct, in the action of the 25th of Sept., to those by whom he trusts that it will be duly appreciated and recollected."

Following the incidents of Lord Wellington's career in their chronological order, we may here mention that on the 26th of October, 1811, one month following the events at El Bodon, and Aldea de Ponte, he received a license, in the name of King George III., from the Prince Regent, to accept the title of Conde de Vimiero, and the insignia of Knight Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword from the Prince Regent of Portugal.

We must now advert to the proceedings of Lieutenant-General Rowland Hill, who was commanding a corps of observation at Portalegre, watching the movements of General Gerard.

Gerard had crossed the Guadiana, pressing upon the Spanish General Morillo, who had advanced towards Caceres, in Spanish Estremadura, for the double purpose of procuring supplies and recruits. Hill was now instructed by Lord Wellington to move against Gerard and drive him behind the Guadiana.

Quitting his cantonments at Portalegre on the 22nd of October,

Hill accordingly advanced towards the frontier. For five days his march lay through a difficult country, rendered more impracticable by continued heavy falls of rain. On the morning of the 27th, the troops reached Alcuesca, three miles from Arroyo del Molinos, where the French were posted.

Arroyo del Molinos is a little town situated at the foot of one extremity of the Sierra de Montanches; this mountain, which is everywhere steep, and appears almost inaccessible, forms a cone or crescent behind it, the two points of which are about two miles asunder. The Truxillo road winds under the eastern point. The road to Merida runs at right angles with that to Alcuesca, and that to Medellin between the Truxillo and Merida roads. The ground between Alcuesca and Arroyo del Molinos is a plain, thinly scattered with cork trees and evergreen oaks.

Fully resolved to attack the enemy on the following morning, all the troops, save the 71st, were placed in bivouac in rear of the village, and completely out of the enemy's view. No fires were permitted, and the 71st Regiment, which occupied the town of Alcuesca, placed piquets all around the village, to intercept any spy or disaffected person that might attempt to carry to Gerard any intelligence of Hill's movements. About six in the evening the rain again descended in perfect torrents, and continued with unabated violence throughout the whole of the ensuing night. On being desired to make themselves as comfortable as they could, without tne aid of fires, the troops without a murmur consigned themselves to rest, and bore their allotted portion of misery like men and soldiers. At two o'clock in the morning of the 28th, the sergeants went round their respective companies and in a whisper bade their men prepare for action; the utmost silence being absolutely necessary to ensure the success which the general anticipated. A few minutes were sufficient to put the column in motion, and a few more to show it the enemy's fires, at the appearance of which our poor fellows were quite overjoyed, being to them a sure indication that the birds had not flown. Although the distance between the belligerents was little more than three miles, yet from the broken state of the road, the darkness of the morning, and the inclemency of the weather, the British were fully four hours in traversing that space. The whole moved in one column, right in front, until they arrived within half a mile of Arroyc del Molinos, when the various battalions closed up, and under cover of a little eminence, were formed into three columns of attack; the left consisting of three infantry regiments, and three field-pieces, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart; the right of three English

and two Portuguese regiments, two field-pieces, and a howitzer, led by Major-General Howard; and the centre of two regiments of English dragoons, one of German hussars, and another of Spanish cavalry, all commanded by Sir William Erskine. The left column moved upon the village, the right column crossed the plains to the right of the town in order to cut off the enemy's retreat by any of the roads leading from Arroyo del Molinos to Truxillo, Medellin, or Merida; the centre moved between the other two, and was kept in readiness to act wherever its services might be required.

The 71st and 92nd Regiments, belonging to the left column, entered the village at a quick pace, and, at the point of the bayonet, soon cleared it of the enemy, who were quite unprepared for such an unceremonious visit. One brigade of the French infantry had moved from Arroyos to Medellin before the arrival of General Hill's force, and the others were filing out of the village for a similar purpose, when the British huzza fell on their ears, and arrested their progress. Finding it totally impossible to escape without giving battle, Gerard faced to the right-about, and made the best disposition in his power for a determined resistance. The infantry he formed into two squares on the roads leading to Merida and Medellin. The 71st, immediately on reaching the eastern extremity of the principal street, moved to their left, lined some of the village garden walls, and saluted them with volleys of musketry. The 92nd Highlanders, following closely upon the heels of their companions, filed to the right, formed line, and prepared to charge, but were not permitted to fire a single shot, although the enemy vigorously assailed them. This was extremely galling to the soldiers, who saw their officers and comrades falling wounded around them; but, knowing that the success of an enterprise frequently depends on the manner in which orders of this description are attended to, the Highlanders, with praiseworthy forbearance, resisted every temptation to commit a breach of their orders, and, with a patience not very peculiar to their countrymen, waited the arrival of the decisive moment. The three field-pieces attached to the left column were now brought forward, and fired with terrible effect on the enemy's masses, carrying death into their thickest ranks. At this moment the 92nd were ordered to charge. The bayonets were levelled—the rush had received its momentum, when the French suddenly wheeled to the right about, and retreated to a steep hill in their rear. Pending these operations against the enemy's right, General Howard manœuvred round their left, and after cutting off their retreat upon Merida and Medellin, endeavoured to interpose his whole force between the enemy and the

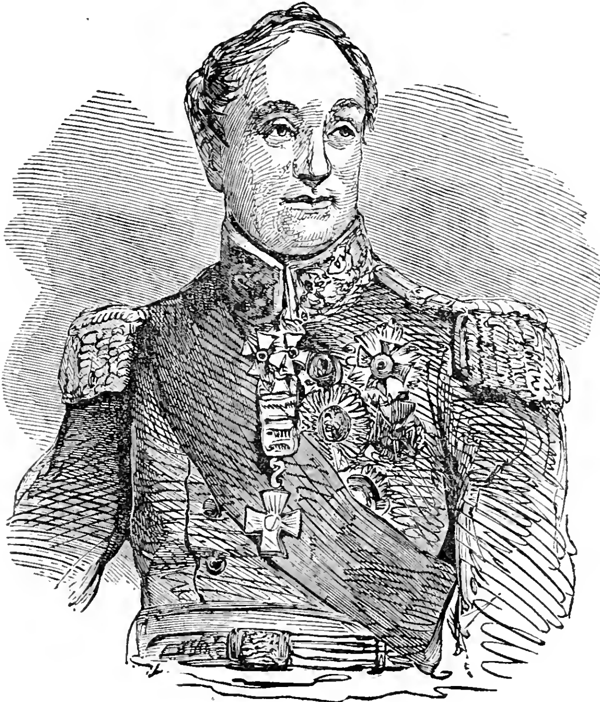
mountains in their rear. Nor were the cavalry idle. On perceiving it to be General Gerard's intention to gain the rock with his mixed force, Sir W. Erskine advanced, cut off the French cavalry from their infantry, charged them repeatedly, routed them, and captured all their artillery. These movements drove Gerard to the alternative of unconditional surrender, or a hazardous flight across the mountains. He adopted the latter; retiring upon the most inaccessible point of the hill, and then facing about to fire upon the British columns from behind the rocks with which it was covered. Howard ascended the hill with the 28th and 34th, sending the 39th and Colonel Ashworth's Portuguese round the eastern corner, to charge the fugitives in flank. These movements satisfied Gerard of the impossibility of continuing the conflict except at an awful sacrifice of human life. A rapid retreat was attempted—arms and ammunition were cast away—and followed by the left column, under Stewart, the French, disordered, precipitately fled. But the greater number, seeing that escape was impossible, halted, and hoisted a white flag on the point of a sword, in token of submission. The remainder continued their retrograde movement across the mountains; and the British troops being much in want of repose, General Hill gave over the pursuit of the fugitives to General Morillo, who followed them twenty miles, killing many, and making a number of prisoners.

The loss of the British in this well-conducted affair was trifling, compared with that of the enemy. The latter lost several officers of high rank, and from thirteen to fourteen hundred non-commissioned officers and privates.

Lord Wellington was particularly well pleased with the conduct of General Hill, in carrying into execution the operations entrusted to his charge,—so much so, indeed, that he stated to Lord Liverpool that it would be "particularly agreeable" to him if some mark of the favour of H. R. H. the Prince Regent were conferred upon him. His services had always been meritorious and very distinguished, and, added Lord Wellington emphatically, he "is beloved by the whole army."

And so he was. And the foundation of the affection borne him was his great personal worth and his heroic spirit. His popularity increased and strengthened the moment he was beheld. It is written of Hill that he was the "very picture of a country gentlemen" (the portraits extant prove this). "To those soldiers who came from the rural districts of Old England he *represented home;* his fresh complexion, placid face, kind eyes, kind voice, the total absence of all parade or noise in his habits, delighted them. The displeasure of

General Hill was worse to them than the loudest anger of other generals; and when they saw anxiety in his face that all should be right, they doubly wished it themselves; and when they saw his countenance bright, with the expression that all *was* right, why, they were glad for him as well as for themselves."



GENERAL HILL.

Hill had sought no royal road to preferment. He had gone through all the regimental grades in the field. He distinguished himself when a captain at the siege of Toulon, and nearly lost his life. In Egypt, with Abercrombie, he was wounded. He exerted himself greatly with Moore on the retreat to Coruña, and went to the Peninsula with Wellington in 1809. It is hardly necessary to add, that the recommendations that Hill should receive some mark of royal favour received all proper attention.

In winter quarters at Freneda, Lord Wellington continued to advise

all the authorities in different parts of Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere, upon the subject of the establishment of a strong government, and the creation of an efficient army. He was strongly impressed with a horror of Bonaparte's tyranny, which he never hesitated to denounce as fraudulent and disgusting. To Lord William Bentinck, who had been entrusted with the command of an army in Sicily, where he also held the post of British Minister, he addressed himself energetically. A number of passages occur in his communications, illustrative of the deep interest he took in the questions which then agitated ten million hearts, and of the rare wisdom with which he was endowed. He laid it down as an axiom that those who had drawn the sword for the purpose of destroying Napoleon's projects, ought not to return it to the scabbard until they had completely accomplished their object. "They must be prepared and must be forced to make all sacrifices to the cause. Submission to military discipline and order is a matter of course; but when a nation determines to resist the authority, and to shake off the government of Bonaparte, they must be prepared and forced to sacrifice the luxuries and comforts of life, and to risk all in a contest which, it should be clearly understood before it is undertaken, has for its object, to save all or nothing." The words of wisdom which follow should be engraven on the minds of all rulers:—

"The first measure of a country to adopt, is to form an army, and to raise a revenue from the people to defray the expense of the army. Above all, to form a government of such strength, as that army and people can be forced by it to perform their duty. This is the rock upon which Spain has split; and all our measures in any other country which should afford hopes of resistance to Bonaparte should be directed to avoid it. The enthusiasm of the people is very fine, and looks well in print; but I have never known it produce anything but confusion. In France, what was called enthusiasm was power and tyranny acting through the medium of popular societies, which have ended by overturning Europe, and in establishing the most powerful and dreadful tyranny that ever existed. In Spain, the enthusiasm of the people spent itself in vivas and vain boasting. The notion of its existence prevented even the attempt to discipline the armies; and its existence has been alleged, ever since, as the excuse for the rank ignorance of the officers, and the indiscipline and constant misbehaviour of the troops.

"I, therefore, earnestly recommend you, wherever you go, to trust nothing to the enthusiasm of the people. Give them a strong and a just, and, if possible, a good government; but, above all, a strong one, which shall enforce upon them to do their duty by themselves and

their country; and let measures of finance to support an army go hand-in-hand with measures to raise it. I am quite certain that the finances of Great Britain are more than a match for Buonaparte, and that we shall have the means of aiding any country that may be disposed to resist his tyranny. But those means are necessarily limited in every country by the difficulty of procuring specie. This necessary article can be obtained in sufficient quantities only by the contributions of the people; and although Great Britain can and ought to assist with money, as well in other modes, every effort of this description, the principal financial as well as military effort, ought to be by the people of the resisting country."

The winter of 1811 was very severe, and professional inaction rendered it sometimes a difficult matter for the officers to kill time and to keep the men out of mischief. Neither books nor female society contributed to while away dull hours. This, however, only served to stimulate all parties to greater efforts in chasing away *ennui*. Lord Wellington had a good pack of hounds, and many a morning was passed at cover side and in the chase. The men of the Light Division turned a barn into a theatre, while racing, shooting, fishing, coursing, cricket, smoking, and whist (the latter, by-the-by, a favourite game at head-quarters), aided in expelling dull care. Some time was also profitably taken up in rendering quarters habitable. The greater part of the troops were located in and about miserable villages, consisting of small houses of the most wretched quality. A journal kept by an officer of the Fourth Division about this time conveys a very good idea of the shifts to which he and his companions were put to render their domiciles agreeable. He says, speaking of the inhabitants of several places, "they seldom had chimneys but in their kitchens, and our officers, with or without their leave, considerably, at least to their own ideas, improved them by adding this *sine qua non* to an Englishman's comfort. The windows few of which had anything to exclude the weather but shutters, put on quite a new appearance, their closings being perforated, and the sashes filled with oiled paper instead of glass. Useful articles of furniture were often required, particularly in villages from whence the enemy had expelled the population, and the handicraft men in the regiment were in requisition. The number of all kinds of workmen 'who turned out,' to use a military term, on these occasions, was truly wonderful, and not only carpenters, masons, smiths, &c., but individuals of 'callings' little to be expected in military life. When it was wished to make some portable telegraphs a doubt was expressed if men could be found to arrange the pulleys and cords. However,

the attempt was made by 'calling these spirits,' and to the astonishment of all, they not only came, but in such numbers that one regiment, I think in the Fourth Division, produced fifteen sail-makers and eighteen riggers. The astonishment of the *patrons*, on returning to their houses, if we had occupied them between the retreat of tho enemy and their arrival, was considerable; they hardly knew their improved tenements from these little additions to the comforts of their guest of another climate."

Before proceeding to notice the next great operation conducted by Lord Wellington in person, we must glance at the proceedings of the armies in the South and East during the winter of 1811. In the East, Generals Blake and Maby moved out from Valencia on the 24th October, and attacked Suchet, who had invested Saguntum, but had hitherto failed to take the place although several attempts were made to carry the breach by storm. Suchet defeated Blake and his colleague on the 25th October, taking from them many prisoners and eight pieces of cannon. The French then summoned the garrison of Saguntum to surrender, which they did upon capitulation. Suchet subsequently advanced upon Valencia, receiving a good deal of stout opposition. In the mean time the Guerillas were active and interfering in Arragon and Navarre. Mina defeated a detachment of 1100 men sent against him, only three of whom escaped. In conjunction with the Empecinado and Duran he took the garrison of Daroci, consisting of 2400 men.

General Ballasteros, who commanded a large Spanish force, was, in the autumn of 1811, very successful by his light operations against the rear of the French army blockading Cadiz. In order to aid Ballasteros, and to give additional security to Tarifa,[1] Colonel Skerritt, with about 1200 men, including the 47th and 87th Regiments, was detached thither from Cadiz on the 10th October. Not many weeks afterwards the place was invested by the French under Victor's command, and a breach, 25 yards in breadth, was effected in the walls of the ancient town. The French commander, Laval, summoned the governor to surrender; but Coupon replied that he would be found upon the breach. On the 29th December the enemy opened upon the town; and on the 31st the attack was made by a stream of French Grenadiers, who, in the assurance of victory, arrived without shouting within a few yards of the walls. Here

[1] Founded, in all probability, by the Moorish General, El Tarik. It stands west of Gibraltar, on a bold headland. The place was very weak, and upon the eastern side, where the French attacked it, only two 24-pounders and two mortars, with two or three field-pieces, could be employed in the defence.

they were received with a crushing volley from the British infantry regiments. The houses and streets behind the breach had been strongly fortified with palisades, gabions, sand-bags—everything, in short, of which an ingenious garrison could avail itself. Although numbers fell at the first volley of the defenders the French penetrated the works and spread themselves along the slopes of ground (for the town is built upon a slope rising from the sea), under the ramparts, to the right and left, and opened a quick irregular fire. Additional attacking parties at the same time issued from the trenches; but the 47th and 87th, with the Spanish infantry, kept up a tremendous fire, and committed such terrific havoc among the assailants that not less than 500 bodies were strewed along the slopes and ramparts. Never was resistance more determined. Laval, seeing the impossibility of capturing the place, ordered a retreat to be sounded, and as the remnant of the storming party retired into a hollow near Tarifa, a shout of victory, mingled with the sound of musical instruments, passed round the wall of the town. Gough, who commanded the 87th, was not, however, merely satisfied with resistance. When the enemy, scared, ran from the walls, he drew his sword, made the band strike up "Garry Owen," and followed the fugitives for two or three hundred yards.[1]

The comment of Lord Wellington upon this gallant exploit was characteristic. He wrote to General Cooke, who commanded at Cadiz,—

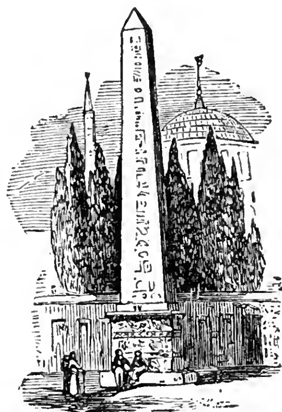
"We have a right to expect that his Majesty's officers and troops will perform their duty upon every occasion, but we had no right to expect that comparatively a small number would be able to hold the town of Tarifa, commandéd as it is at short distances, enfiladed on every direction, unprovided with artillery, and the walls scarcely cannon-proof. The enemy, however, retired with disgrace, infinitely to the honour of the brave troops who defended Tarifa."

It is evident that Lord Wellington considered so small a body of troops should not have been exposed to the risk attending the defence of such a place.

Lord Wellington was in the habit of drawing up a "Memorandum of his Operations" in the shape of a brief history at intervals of a few months. The conclusion he came to, and to which any one who

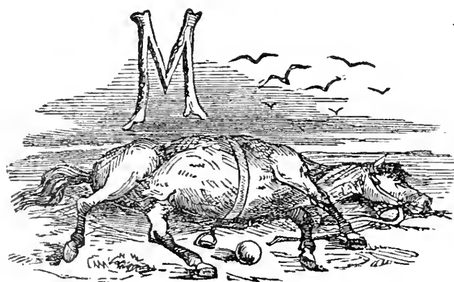
[1] The enthusiasm of the Royal Irish Fusileers—the heroes of Barossa—was so great, that some of the men almost ran into the French lines. When Sir H. Gough, overtaking and bringing one of them back, reproached him for his impetuosity, the man answered, "Oh, I was only teaching them what it is to attack the *Aiglers!*" The 87th, after capturing the French eagle at Barossa, always called themselves the Eaglers.

patiently reads his clear and comprehensive summaries, closing in December, 1811, must come, was that if the Spaniards had behaved with common prudence, or if their conduct had been even tolerably good, the result of Massena's campaign in Portugal must have been the relief of the south of the Peninsula. Wellington did not think his success had been what it might and ought to have been, but he had the satisfation of feeling that he had lost no ground and with a handful of British troops fit for service had kept the enemy in check in all quarters for nine months, namely, from March until December.



CHAPTER IX.

Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo—Plunder and Conflagration—Death and Burial of General Craufurd—General Mackinnon—The Napiers.



MARSHAL MARMONT having moved towards Toledo, with the view, as was supposed, of aiding Suchet, it became necessary to make preparations for the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. There was a double motive for this — the capture of the place would be easy, and a capital base of operations provided for a spring campaign—or Marmont would retrace his steps, and Valencia would be safe.

Ciudad Rodrigo was not a place of very great strength preparatory to its occupation by the French. They had done everything to render it impregnable, and it now had the advantage of formidable outworks. There was a palisaded redoubt on a hill (San Francisco) in the neighbourhood, and three convents in the suburbs were also fortified and connected with the redoubt. Still, even in its original condition it was capable of a stout resistance. In 1809, Marshal Massena had spent twenty-five days in the *summer time* in trying to capture Ciudad Rodrigo, though only garrisoned by a few Spaniards. It was of course more likely to offer a stout resistance now, when the garrison was strong, and the operations rendered difficult by the season. Yet Lord Wellington felt confident of success, and his anticipations were strengthened by the spirit of his troops. They burned with impatience to wipe away the blot of the former year in the unfortunate siege of San Cristoval at Badajoz, and had become

so impressed with notions of their own invincibility, that "it would have been difficult to persuade the men that they could not beat the French under any odds."

As a preliminary to the investment of the town, it was essential that the redoubt on the hill of San Francisco should be captured. This work was entrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne of the 52nd. His force consisted of 200 men of the 43rd, 52nd, and Rifles. Immediately after dark they proceeded to the redoubt, and carried it by a *coup de main*, making prisoners two captains and forty-seven men, capturing three pieces of cannon, and putting the rest of the garrison to the sword. Our loss was six men killed and four officers and fourteen men wounded.

Ground was now broken within 600 yards of Ciudad Rodrigo, notwithstanding that the enemy still held the fortified convents. That which had been a defence had now become a means of attack. The enemy's work on the hill was turned into a part of the first parallel [1] of the besiegers.

Numerically, the corps of engineers with Lord Wellington's army was very inefficient. To remedy this defect, a proportion of the most intelligent officers and soldiers of the infantry had been selected during the autumn months, and placed under the direction of Colonel Fletcher, the chief engineer. They were soon taught how to make fascines[2] and gabions,[3] and what was of more consequence, how *to use* them. They likewise learned the manner of working by sap, and by this means, that branch of the army, which was before the weakest, had now become very efficient. Provided with a pickaxe and shovel, and distributed in files, the men went to work, "digging with a vengeance into the frozen mould under a continual fire from the garrison." They toiled with alacrity, but they did not like it. In fact, there is no duty which a British soldier performs before an enemy that he does with so much reluctance—a retreat always excepted—as working in trenches. Although essentially necessary to the accomplishment of the most gallant achievement a soldier can aspire to—"the storming the imminent deadly breach"—it is felt to be an inglorious calling, one full of danger, attended with great labour and annoyance, and for this reason, that the soldiers are not only

1 *Parallels*, in the attack of a place, are wide trenches affording the besieging troops a free covered communication between their various batteries and *approaches*. The first parallel is the first work of an attack which is laid down. *Approaches* is a general name given to the trenches, &c., formed to cover the attack of a fortress.

2 *Fascines.*—Bundles of twigs, six feet in length, tied together and used, when intermixed with earth, to construct artificial walls, or batteries.

3 *Gabions.*—Cylindrical baskets, also used, with earth, to construct batteries and parapets.

taken out of their natural line of action, but they are partially, if not entirely, at least practically, commanded by officers of engineers, whose habits are totally different from those to which they have been accustomed. No two classes ever differed more completely in their propensities than the British engineer and the British infantry soldier. The latter delights in an open field and a fair "stand-up" fight. If he falls there, he falls in the opinion of his comrades with credit to himself; but a life lost in the trenches is looked upon as thrown away, and lost ingloriously. The engineer, on the contrary, braves all the dangers of a siege with a cheerful countenance: he even courts them,[1] and no mole ever took greater delight in burrowing through a sand hill, than an engineer does in mining a covert way,[2] or blowing up a counterscarp.[3] Not so with the infantry soldier, who is obliged to stand to be shot at, with a pickaxe and shovel in his hand, instead of his firelock and bayonet.

The duty in the trenches was carried on by the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and Light Divisions, each taking its separate turn every twenty-four hours. They had neither coats nor hats of any description, and the ground was covered with snow. Nevertheless, the men used every exertion to forward the work, so fully were all impressed with its necessity. The garrison made many sorties, each of which was gallantly repulsed: in some instances the men pursued the French to

[1] At the attack on San Cristoval (Badajoz) in the previous summer, a striking instance of this occurred. Colonel Fletcher, the chief engineer, went into a battery, to observe some work that had been thrown up by the enemy near the foot of the castle, the preceding night. The battery was more than usually full of workmen, repairing the effects of the morning's fire, and the efforts of the enemy against this part of the works was excessively animated. A number of men had fallen, and were falling, but Colonel Fletcher, apparently disregarding the circumstance, walked out to the right of the battery, and taking his stand upon the level ground, put his glass to his eye, and commenced his observations with much composure. Shot and shell flew thickly about him, and one of the former tore up the ground by his side, and covered him with clay; but, not in the least regarding this, he remained steadily observing the enemy. When at length he had satisfied himself, he quietly put up his glass, and turning to a man who was sitting *outside* of an embrasure, pegging in a fascine, said, "My fine fellow, you are too much exposed; get *inside* the embrasure, you will do your work nearly as well." "I'm almost finished, Colonel," replied the soldier, "and it isn't worth while to move now; those fellow's *can't* hit me, for they have been trying it these fifteen minutes." It was the last word he ever spoke! He had scarcely uttered the final syllable, when a round shot cut him in two, and knocked half of his body across the breech of a gun. The name of this soldier was Edmond Man; he was an Englishman, although he belonged to the 88th Regiment. When he fell, the French cannoniers, as was usual with them, set up a shout, denoting how well satisfied they were with their practice.

[2] *Covert way*, or *Covered way*, a protected communication all round the works of a fortress, or the outer edge of the ditch.

[3] *Counterscarp*, the outer boundary of the ditch of a fortress.

the very *glacis*,[1] and many a fine fellow, carried away by his enthusiasm, died at the muzzles of their cannon.

On the 14th of January, 1812, Lord Wellington commenced besieging Ciudad Rodrigo from the first parallel, with twenty-three pieces of ordnance, and on the night of the 14th he opened an approach 150 yards from the place. By the 18th of the month breaches had been made which were considered practicable. Lord Wellington therefore summoned the garrison to surrender.

The answer which he received to this brave appeal was worthy of a brave Frenchman:—

"*L'Empereur mon maître m'a confié le commandement de Ciudad Rodrigo; je ne puis pas le rendre. Au contraire, moi et le brave garnison que je commande s'enseveliront sous les ruines.*"

During the Peninsular war the French and Spaniards gloried in imitating the brief expressions of resolute resistance common to the heroes of antiquity. The "*come and take them*" of the ancients, when summoned to surrender their arms, found imitations in the reply of "*war to the knife!*" when the French called upon the garrison of Saragoza to capitulate. Coupon, Phillippon, and others were equally terse in their communications with a besieging enemy.

The moment the answer was received from the Governor of Ciudad Rodrigo, Lord Wellington issued orders for the attack. These orders were precise. In their tone the General evinced his perfect confidence in his troops; but, at the same time, resolved to leave nothing to chance. The General Order began—

"The attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo must be made this evening at seven o'clock."

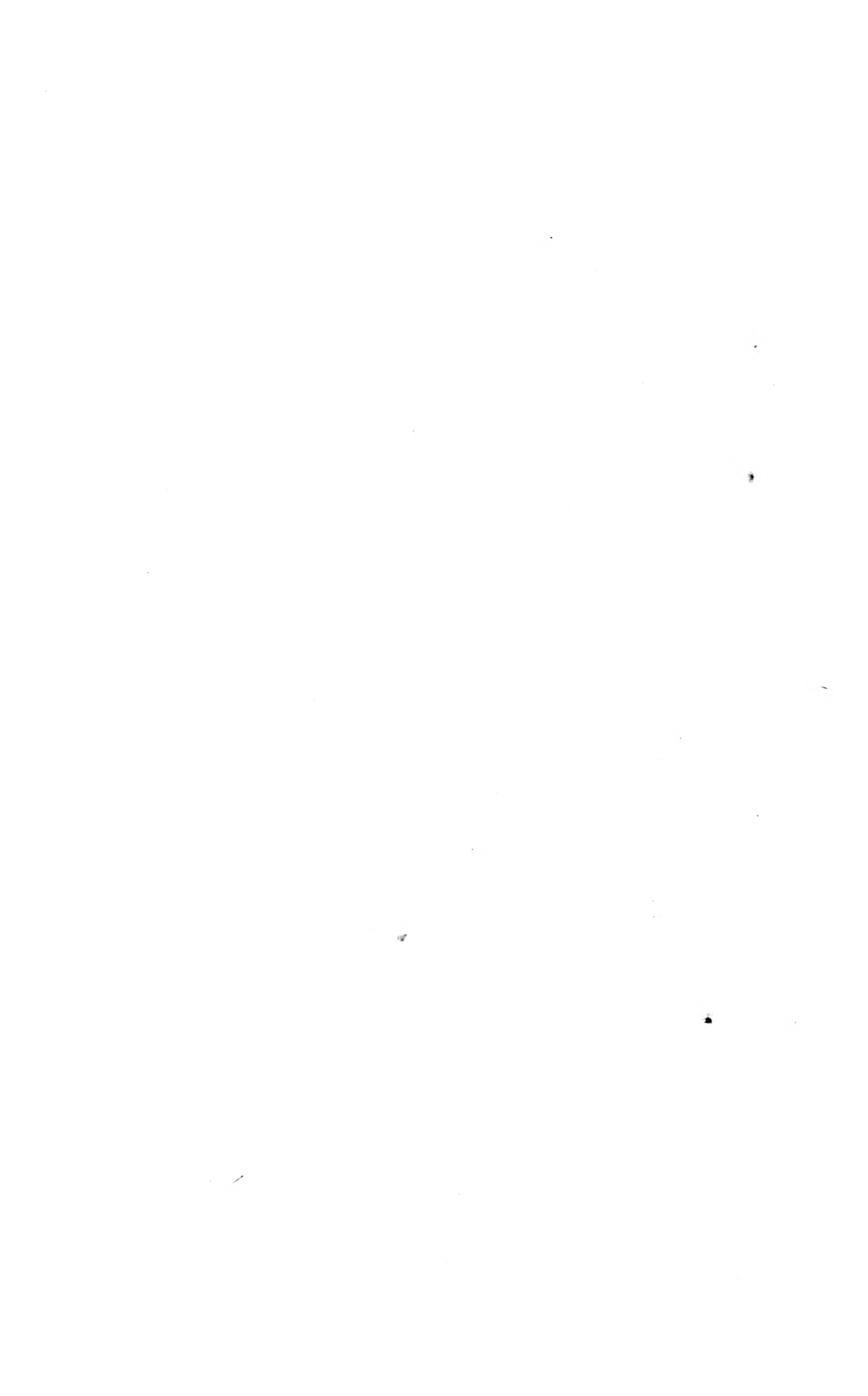
While this indicated the stern resolution of the Commander of the besieging army, what followed demonstrates how carefully he had considered every measure essential to success. The positions and the duties of each regiment were pointed out—the very *minute* of attack was indicated. The provision of ladders and axes was ordered, and their special use mentioned. The Sappers were directed to take bags of hay to assist the descent of the counterscarp of the ditch; and it was particularly directed that those who carried the axes, ladders, and bags should be without their arms, and that those who stormed should not fire.

A description of the manner in which the orders were carried out

[1] *Glacis*, the parapet of the covered way, extending in a long slope to meet the natural surface of the ground. It connects the ditch of a fortress, and protects the masonry of the escarp.

CIUDAD RODRIGO, AFTER THE SIEGE. JAN., 1812.

p. 140.



will serve to show especially what those instructions were. In fact the details of the attack might have been described in the very words of the order—the past tense being substituted for the present.

The issue of the order was followed, as usual, by an invitation to the men to volunteer for the duties of the "forlorn hope"—an *encouraging* term for the parties who are to lead the attack upon the breaches. The 52nd Regiment, which formed part of the Light Divisions, destined to attack the lesser breach, volunteered to a man—a display of zeal which would have been rewarded by its acceptance did it not involve injustice to the other regiments, each of which contained scores of men who were equally eager to be foremost. When the Captains of companies intimated, as usual, to the men that volunteers were required, there was no hesitation. The 43rd, the 95th, the 88th, all burned with desire to be the first to confront the enemy on the ramparts.

The whole of the storming part of the Light Division, placed under the immediate command of Major George Napier, having fallen in at the hour indicated by Lord Wellington (before seven in the evening), Major-General Craufurd addressed them in his usually clear and distinct tones:—

"Soldiers!—The eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady—be cool—be firm in the assault. The town must be yours this night. Once masters of the wall, let your first duty be to clear the ramparts, and, in doing this, keep together."

Major-General McKinnon commanded the third division, on whom devolved the attack upon the great breach. The scene that passed in that division, preparatory to the storm, is described with interesting minuteness by a surviving participator in the drama of the night of the 19th of January, 1812:—

"It was now five o'clock in the afternoon, and darkness was approaching fast, yet no order had arrived intimating that we were to take a part in the contest about to be decided: we were in this state of suspense, when our attention was attracted by the sound of music: we all stood up, and pressed forward to a ridge, a little in our front, and which separated us from the cause of our movement, but it would be impossible for me to convey an adequate idea of our feelings when we beheld the 43rd Regiment, *preceded by their band!* going to storm the left breach. They were in the highest spirits, but without the slightest appearance of levity in their demeanour; on the contrary, there was a cast of determined severity thrown over their countenances, that expressed in legible characters that they knew the sort of service they were about to perform, and had *made up their minds to*

the issue. In passing us, each officer and soldier stepped out of the ranks for an instant, as he recognised a friend, to press his hand; many for the *last* time: yet, notwithstanding this animating scene, there was no shouting or huzzaing, no boisterous bravadoing, no unbecoming language. In short, every one seemed to be impressed with the seriousness of the affair entrusted to his charge, and any interchange of words was to this effect: 'Well, lads, mind what you're about to-night;' or, 'We'll meet in the town by and by;' and other little familiar phrases, all expressive of confidence. The regiment at length passed us, and we stood gazing after it as long as the rear platoon continued in sight; the music grew fainter every moment, until at last it died away altogether. They had no drums, and there was a melting sweetness in the sounds that touched the heart.

"The first syllable uttered after this scene was, 'And are we to be left behind?' The interrogatory was scarcely put when the word, '*Stand to your arms!*' answered it. The order was promptly obeyed, and a breathless silence prevailed, when our commanding officer, in a few words, announced to us that Lord Wellington had directed our division to carry the grand breach. The soldiers listened to the communication with silent earnestness, and immediately began to disencumber themselves of their knapsacks, which were placed in order by companies, and a guard set over them. Each man then began to arrange himself for the combat in such a manner as his fancy or the moment would admit of: some by lowering their cartridge-boxes, others by turning theirs to the front, in order that they might the more conveniently make use of them; others unclasping their stocks or opening their shirt-collars, and others oiling their bayonets; then, again, some screwing in flints, to make 'assurance doubly sure;' and more taking leave of their wives and children! This last was an affecting sight, but not so much as might be expected, because the women, from long habit, were accustomed to scenes of danger, and the order for their husbands to march against the enemy was in their eyes tantamount to a victory; and as the soldier seldom returned without plunder of some sort, the painful suspense which his absence caused was made up by the gaiety of which his return was certain to be productive; or, if unfortunately he happened to fall, his place was sure to be supplied by some one of the company to which he belonged, so that the women of our army had little cause of alarm on this head. The worst that could happen to them was the chance of being in a state of widowhood *for a week!*

"It was by this time half-past six o'clock; the evening was piercingly

cold, and the frost was crisp on the grass; there was a keenness in the air that braced our nerves at least as high as *concert pitch.* We stood quietly to our arms, and told our companies off by files, sections, and sub-divisions; the sergeants called over the rolls; not a man was absent.

"It appears it was the wish of General Mackinnon to confer a mark of distinction upon the 88th regiment, and as it was one of the last acts of his life, I shall mention it. He sent for Major Thomson, who commanded the battalion, and told him it was his wish to have the 'forlorn hope' of the grand breach led on by a subaltern of the 88th Regiment, adding, at the same time, that, in the event of his surviving, he should be recommended for a company. The Major acknowledged this mark of the General's favour, and left him folding up some letters that he had been writing to his friends in England. This was about twenty minutes before the attack of the breaches. Major Thomson, having called his officers together, briefly told them the wishes of their General; he was about to proceed, when Lieutenant William Mackie (then senior Lieutenant) immediately stepped forward, and dropping his sword, said, 'Major Thomson, I am ready for that service.' For once in his life, poor old Thomson was affected. Mackie was his own townsman; they had fought together for many years, and when he took hold of his hand and pronounced the words, 'God bless you, my boy,' his eye filled, his lip quivered, and there was a faltering in his voice which was evidently perceptible to himself, for he instantly resumed his former composure, drew himself up, and gave the word, 'Gentlemen, fall in,' and at this moment Generals Picton and Mackinnon, accompanied by their respective staff, made their appearance amongst us.

"Long harangues are not necessary to British soldiers, and on this occasion but few words were made use of. General Picton said something animating to the different regiments as he passed them, and those of my readers who recollect his deliberate and strong utterance, will say with me that his mode of speaking was indeed very impressive. The address to each was nearly the same, but that delivered by him to the 88th was so characteristic of the General, and so applicable to the men he spoke to, that I shall give it, word for word; it was this—

"'Rangers of Connaught! It is not my intention to expend any *powder* this evening. We'll do this business with the *could iron!*'

"I before said the soldiers were silent—so they were, but the man who *could* be silent after such an address, made in such a way, and in such a place, had better have stayed at home. It may be asked what

did they do? Why, what *would* they do, or would any one do, but give the loudest hurrah he was able?"

The signal for the assault was the discharge of a rocket. It rose with rapidity from one of the batteries. "Now, lads, for the breach!" cried CRAUFURD; and off started the Light Division in double quick time. A tremendous fire from the ramparts of canister, grape, round shot, shell, musketry, and fire-balls, saluted the advancing column—still "forward!" was the word—CRAUFURD fell at the very first discharge. Pausing not, for safety only lay in suddenness and expedition, the divisions pressed onward, springing into the ditch, clambering up the escarp, and boldly facing terrific showers of bullets. No impediment was respected for a moment—men and officers dashed forward, confronting danger with intrepid indifference, and driving the garrison before them. The great breach is won—the curtain is assaulted—an explosion takes place, and MACKINNON is killed. The lesser breach is in the hands of the Light Division—NAPIER is cheering on the men—a shot shatters his arm—he falls, but, a hero in his agony, he calls out, "Never mind me—push on my lads—the town is ours!" Abandoning the breach, the French spring the mines, fall back, and keep up a tremendous fire from the houses. While this was going on, Brigadier Pack entered, with a feint attack, another part of the town, and had converted it into a real assault; and the French finding themselves threatened in the rear, gave way—were pursued into the city—flew from street to street—and seeing further resistance hopeless, surrendered. The regiments of the different divisions, hitherto scattered by the storm, now entered the principal square of the town, and planted the British colours amid loud cheers.

Their task performed, and in the incredibly short space of thirty-five minutes, the men of the different regiments now rushed about the town in the greatest disorder, firing indiscriminately upon all they met—plundering houses for the wine and spirits in the cellars—drinking to excess, and, in the madness of intoxication, committing the wildest atrocities. Recklessly or carelessly, they set houses on fire by bringing lights into contact with spirits; they plundered right and left, wantonly discharged their firelocks from the windows, wounding friend and foe alike, and sparing, in their frenzy, neither age nor sex. Flushed with drink, and desperate for mischief, these fellows, so cool in action—so steady before the storm—passed half the night in reeling through the streets. Some fell by the knife of the assassin, several were drowned in butts of spirits, and many were turned upon and shot by the very Frenchmen to whom they had yielded quarter. It was in vain the bugles sounded and the drums

beat the assembly; futile were the efforts of the officers to recall the men to their duty. It was not until worn out with excitement, or rendered incapable of motion from deep potations, the stormers fell prostrate on the earth, or crept into the dwellings of the Spaniards to sleep away their toil and intoxication. The scene exhibited on the following morning was most dreary; the fires were going out, and about the streets were lying the corpses of many men who had met their death hours after the town had been taken.

A very small proportion of the troops who had taken Rodrigo were permitted to remain in the city. The Rifles (95th) were marched back to their former quarters, and as they crossed the bridge, they presented in their motley gear the evidences of the whimsical character of the plunder during the orgies of the previous night. "Some had jack-boots on, others frock-coats and epaulets, and some carried monkeys on their shoulders." As they filed out they met the Fifth Division on their way to repair the breach; and the division formed on the left of the road, presented arms, and cheered them as they went along.[1]

The loss of the allies in the taking Ciudad Rodrigo was considerable. Three officers and seventy-seven men had been killed during the siege; six officers and 140 men were killed, and 508 men wounded in the storm of the town.

Major-General Craufurd died of his wounds on the fifth day after the capture. He was borne to his grave upon the ramparts by four sergeant-majors of the Light (his own) Division, Lord Wellington attending the funeral of the gallant veteran.[2]

1 "I was afterwards told that the Duke of Wellington, who saw us on our march, inquired of his staff, 'Who the devil are those fellows?'"—*Adventures of a Soldier.*

2 A minute account is given of Craufurd's last hours in a letter from General Sir Charles Stewart to Craufurd's brother, Sir Charles. Its publication is here permitted:—

"To General Sir C. Craufurd.

"My dear Friend, Galegos, *Jan. 26th*, 1812.

"I have to entreat you to summon to your aid all that resignation to the will of Heaven and manly fortitude which I know you possess, to bear with composure the sad tidings this letter is doomed to convey. I think you must have discovered that, from the first moment, I did not encourage sanguine hopes of your beloved brother, whose loss we have alas! now to deplore. But, my dear friend, as we all must pass through this transitory existence sooner or later, to be translated to a better, surely there is no mode of terminating life equal to that which Providence ordained should be his. Like Nelson, Abercrombie, Moore, and inferior to none (had his sphere been equally extensive), your much-loved brother fell; the shouts of victory were the last he heard from the gallant troops he led, and his last moments were full of anxiety as to the events of the army, and consideration for his Light Division. If his friends permit themselves to give way to unbounded grief under this heavy calamity, they are considering themselves rather than the departed hero. The army and his

Crauford was one of the best and bravest soldiers in the British army. He had embraced the profession of arms when in only his fifteenth year, and before he was twenty had obtained his company.

country have the most reason to deplore his loss; for, as his military talents were of the first calibre, so was his spirit of the most intrepid gallantry.

"There is but one universal sentiment throughout all ranks of the profession on this subject, and if you, and those who loved him dearly (among whom, God knows! I pity most his angel wife and children), could but have witnessed the manner in which the last duties were paid to his memory by the whole army, your tears would have been arrested by the contemplation of what his merits must have been to have secured such a general sensation, and they would have ceased to flow by the feelings of envy such an end irresistibly excited.

"As I fervently trust that, by the time you receive this letter, you may be so far prepared for this afflicting stroke as to derive consolation even from sad details, and as I really am unequal to address Mrs. Craufurd at present, I think it best to enter at large into everything with you, leaving it to your affectionate and prudent judgment to unfold events by degrees in the manner you deem best. You will perceive, by Staff-Surgeon Gunning's report (Lord Wellington's own surgeon), upon an examination of the wound (which I enclose), that, from the nature of it, it was impossible Robert should have recovered. The direction the ball had taken, the extreme difficulty of breathing, and the blood he brought up, gave great grounds of alarm; but still it was conceived the ball might have dropped lower than the lungs, and as there have been instances of recovery from wounds in the same place, we were suffered to entertain a *hope*, but alas! that was all. Staff-Surgeons Robb and Gunning, who were his constant attendants, and from whose anxiety, zeal, and professional ability everything was to be expected, were unremitting in their exertions; his Aide-de-Camp, young Wood, and Lieutenant Shawe of the 43rd, showed all that affectionate attention which even his own family could have done to him; the former, I must say, evinced a feeling as honourable to his heart as it must have heen gratifying to its object; to these I must add Captain William Campbell, whose long friendship for Robert induced him never to leave him, and he manifested in an extraordinary manner his attachment on this occasion.

"If my own duties had permitted me, you may believe I never should have absented myself from his bedside; as it was, feeling like a brother towards him, my heart led me to act as such to the utmost of my poor abilities. The three officers I have above named, and his surgeon, alternately watched and attended him, from the evening of the 19th until ten o'clock on the morning of the 24th, when he breathed his last; on the 22nd, he was considered easier and better, the medicines administered had all the effects desired. He conversed some time with me, principally about the assault, and he was most anxious as to news of the enemy. He was so cheerful that his mind did not revert, as it had done before, to his wife and children, and I was anxious to keep every subject from him that might awaken keen sensations. I knew well, from many conversations I have had with him, the unbounded influence and affection Mrs. Craufurd's idea was attended with, and his ardent anxiety as to the education and bringing-up of his children.

"These thoughts I was anxious, while a ray of hope existed, not to awaken, it being of the utmost consequence he should be kept free from agitation; and I trust this will be a sufficient reason to Mrs. Craufurd and yourself for my being unable to give you those last sentiments of his heart which he no doubt would have expressed, bad we felt authorised to acquaint him he was near his end. I do not mean to say he was ignorant of his situation, for when he first sent to me, he said he felt his wound was mortal, and that he was fully prepared for the will of Heaven. But I think subsequently he cherished hopes. He obtained some sleep on the night of the 22nd, and on the 23rd he was, to all appearance, better; at two o'clock in the morning, William Campbell wrote me a most cheering account of him; he had been talking of his recovery, and every pleasing prospect, and he fell into a comfortable sleep, as those about him imagined. But alas! from that sleep he never awoke again. His pulse gradually

In the absence of any means of effectually studying his profession in England, he repaired to Prussia and other theatres of war on the European Continent. He subsequently served two campaigns in India under Lord Cornwallis, occasionally commanding the 75th Regiment. Returning home, he was employed on a mission to the Austrian armies, and participated in the war with revolutionary France. His next field was Ireland, where he served as Deputy Quartermaster-General. In 1799, he was again with the Austrian army in Switzerland, and at a later period was under the Duke of York in Holland. The year 1807 saw Craufurd a Brigadier-General in Buenos Ayres, under General Whitelocke; and in 1808 he proceeded to the Peninsula. He first distinguished himself in actions with the French under Massena, upon the river Coa. This was in 1810. The Light Division, with three regiments of Cavalry, a troop of Horse Artillery, and two regiments of Caçadores (Portuguese Light Infantry), were attacked by 24,000 French; but Craufurd did not retire from his post until a most gallant defence had been made, and the enemy had three times been repulsed in his attempt to cross a bridge of the Coa in pursuit. We next find Craufurd at Busaco, driving back the infantry cohorts of Ney and Simon. What ensued has been recited in preceding pages.

The character of General Craufurd has been variously drawn.

ceased to beat, his breath grew shorter, and his spirit fled before those near him were conscious he was no more. So easy was his passport to Heaven!

"If, in detailing so mournful a recital, I can derive the smallest consolation, it arises from knowing his last words united his affection for his wife, and his friendship for me, in one train of thought, in which he closed his eyes. Having thus acquainted you, as well as my present feelings enable me, with the last scene, I shall now assure you that no exertion was wanting to prepare everything for the mournful ceremony that was to follow, with the utmost possible regard and respect to his memory. Lord Wellington decided he should be interred by his own Division, near the breach which he had so gallantly carried. The Light Division assembled before his house in the suburbs of the San Francisco Convent, at twelve o'clock on the 25th; the 5th Division lined the road from his quarters to the breach; the officers of the brigade of Guards Cavalry, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Divisions, together with General Castanos and all his staff, Marshal Beresford and all the Portuguese, Lord Wellington and the whole of head-quarters, moved in the mournful procession.

"He was borne to his place of rest on the shoulders of the brave lads he led on, the Field Officers of the Light Division officiating as pall-bearers, and the whole ceremony was conducted in the most gratifying manner, if I may be permitted such an epithet on such a heart-breaking occasion. I assigned to myself the mournful task of being chief mourner, and I was attended by Captain Campbell, Lieutenants Wood and Shawe, and the Staff of the Light Division. Care has been taken that his gallant remains can never be disturbed, and he lies where posterity will commemorate his deeds! . . . .

"Believe me, as ever,

"Your most affectionate and ever obliged

"CHARLES STEWART."

Napier speaks of him as of a fiery temper, harsh, rigid in command, prone to disobedience, yet exacting entire submission from inferiors; ambitious, and avid of glory; possessed of military talents, enterprising and intrepid, yet not remarkable for skill in handling troops under fire. Nevertheless Wellington mourned him as an "officer of tried talents and experience, who was an ornament to his profession, and calculated to render the most important services to his country," and amongst the men whom he commanded, Craufurd was beloved for his justice and care of them. He had been absent on leave to England (much against the will of the Commander of the Forces, who remonstrated with him on his application), and on his return he was welcomed with enthusiasm. The Portuguese Caçadores, who found fighting a hard matter if they did not receive their rations regularly, shouted out when they saw him, "Long live General Craufurd, who takes care of our bellies!" Though a strict disciplinarian, Craufurd was averse to punishment,[1] and always experienced great pain when compelled to superintend a flogging parade.

[1] Take the following incident from Costello's Adventures, page 102:—

"The second day after the storming of Rodrigo our brave General Craufurd died of his wound, and the chief part of the officers of the Rifles went to pay the last tribute to his remains. He was borne to the grave by four Sergeant-Majors of his own Division, and was buried in the breach where he fell. The following incident, of which I was an eye-witness, will serve to show Craufurd's character.

"I happened to be on guard one day, when General Craufurd came riding in from the front with his orderly dragoon, as was his usual custom, when two of our men, one of them a corporal, came running out of a house with some bread which they had stolen from the Spaniards; they were pursued by a Spanish woman, crying lustily, '*Ladrone! Ladrone!*'—'Thief! Thief!' They were immediately pursued by the General and his orderly; the bread was given back to the woman, and the men were placed in the guard-house. The next day they were tried by a Brigade Court-martial, and brought out to a wood near the town for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the Brigade-Major had finished reading the proceedings of the court-martial, General Craufurd commenced lecturing both men and officers on the nature of their cruelty to the harmless inhabitants, as he called the Spaniards. He laid particular stress on our regiment, who, he said, committed more crimes than the whole of the British army. 'Besides, you think,' said he, 'because you are riflemen, and more exposed to the enemy's fire than other regiments, that you are to rob the inhabitants with impunity; but while I command you, you shall not;' then, turning round to the corporal, who stood in the centre of the square, he said, with a stern voice, 'Strip, sir!'

"The corporal, whose name was Miles, never said a word until tied up to a tree, when turning his head round as far as his situation would allow, and seeing the General pacing up and down the square, he said, 'General Craufurd, I hope you will forgive me.' The General replied, 'No, sir, your crime is too great.' The poor corporal, whose sentence was, to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, and to receive a punishment of one hundred and fifty lashes, and the other man two hundred, then addressed the General to the following effect:

"'Do you recollect, sir, when you and I were taken prisoners, when under the command of General Whitelocke, in Buenos Ayres? We were marched, prisoners, with a number of others, to a sort of pound, surrounded with a wall. There was a well in the centre, out of

In figure Craufurd was short and thick; his countenance was intelligent; and his eyes, full of fire, denoted the energetic qualities of his mind. Though the field was his element, he was fond of the theory of his profession, and so sensible of the importance of rule and order, that he drew up a code of instructions for the British light troops, which, even to this day, is their text-book and guide.

Major-General Mackinnon, who, by a strange fatality, fell within a few minutes of Craufurd, at the head of the division he commanded, was scarcely less valued by the army and Lord Wellington. He possessed a remarkably fine person and brilliant talents. Highly educated (chiefly in France), he also entered the army when but fifteen years of age, and saw service on the Helder, in Egypt, and at Copenhagen. But the Peninsula was his chief theatre of distinction, and his humanity, next to his courage, the quality which secured to him the largest amount of admiration and affection. It has been stated, that upon retiring from Talavera after the battle, Lord Wellington was under the necessity of leaving some hundreds of wounded men behind him, whom General Cuesta would not afford him the means of transporting. Major-General Mackinnon had charge of the sick and wounded on this occasion. They were 5,000 in number. Only seven carts were available, with some mules and asses. They had to march one hundred miles to Elvas, over a mountainous and inhospitable district, exposed to a scorching sun by day and heavy dews by night. With all the good management Mackinnon could employ, it was impossible to convey the whole of the unfortunate men away. From 1,500 to 2,000 were therefore consigned to the tender mercies of the French marshals, and there is no doubt

which I drew water with my mess-tin, by means of canteen straps I collected from the men, who were prisoners like myself. You sat on my knapsack; I parted my last biscuit with you. You then told me you would never forget my kindness to you. It is now in your power, sir. You know how short we have been of rations for some time.'

"These words were spoken by the corporal in a mild and respectful accent, which not only affected the General, but the whole square. The bugler, who stood waiting to commence the punishment, close to the corporal, received the usual nod from the Bugle-Major to begin.

"The first lash the corporal received, the General started, and turning hurriedly round, said, 'What's that, what's that—who taught that bugler to flog? 'Send him to drill—send him to drill! He cannot flog—he cannot flog! Stop! stop! Take him down! take him down! I remember it well—I remember it well!' while he paced up and down the square, muttering to himself words that I could not catch; at the same time blowing his nose, and wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide the emotion that was so evident to the whole square. While untying the corporal, a dead silence prevailed for some time, until our gallant General recovered a little his noble feeling, when he uttered, with a broken accent, 'Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?' Then, beckoning to his orderly to bring his horse, he mounted and rode off. It is needless to say that the other man also was pardoned, and in a few days the corporal was restored to his rank."

that Mackinnon's acquaintance with the French character and language enabled him, by his correspondence with their officers, to propitiate their care and humanity.

The nation voted a monument to Mackinnon, and the government of the day bestowed an honourable pension on his widow and three sons.

The wound which Major George Napier received rendered amputation necessary; but happily it did not deprive his country of his services. He lived to distinguish himself at a later period, reaching high rank, and exercising administrative talents at the Cape of Good Hope. A member of a family of good soldiers,[1] he courted danger upon every occasion, and rarely escaped the consequences of his daring. He was wounded in the hip at Busaco; had his right arm broken in following Massena's retreat; was struck on the shoulder by the splinter of a shell at the *siege* of Ciudad Rodrigo; and was again badly wounded in the storm of the town. Lord Wellington, who, amidst his manifold official cares and labour, always found time for private correspondence, wrote most acceptable letters of condolence to Lady Sarah Napier, the honoured mother of the triad of heroes. A Spartan general writing to a Spartan matron could not have better interpreted the exalted woman's feelings, or more gracefully borne tribute to the devotion of her sons:—

"Your Ladyship has so often received accounts of the same description with that which I am now writing to you, and your feelings upon the subject are so just and proper, that it is needless for me to trouble you further. Your sons are brave fellows, and a terror to the enemy; and I hope that God will preserve them to you and their country."

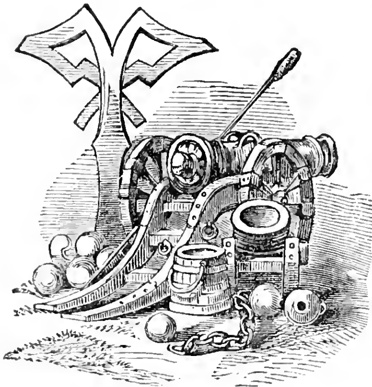
Thus he writes after the affair of the 14th of March, 1811. And again on the morrow of the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo:—

1 William, Charles, and George. William was at first in the artillery, then the cavalry, then the infantry. In the Peninsula he was one of the 43rd Light Infantry (part of the Light Division); fought at Busaco, Almeida, and Casal Nova, in the two last of which actions he was wounded. Some time after the Peace, he devoted himself to the noble task of writing the history of the war in which he had been honourably engaged. In this great work, to use the words of a liberal and able commentator, "the monotonous labours of deep historic investigation are relieved by the brilliance of poetic imagery, and the passing scene is made to burst upon the view, glowing with the warmest colours of the painter," The "History of the Peninsular War" is a series of charming descriptions, at once technically professional and familiarly descriptive; and it has the further great merit of being just and generous towards the French armies and their leaders. Charles Napier was at Coruña with Sir John Moore, was wounded, and a prisoner to Soult, who treated him with distinguished consideration. In after years he became Commander-in-Chief in India, and rendered vast service to the army, by purging it of manifold abuses.

"Having *such* sons, I am sure that you expect to hear of their misfortunes, which I have more than once had to communicate to you; and, notwithstanding your affection for them, you have so just a notion of the value of the distinction they are daily acquiring for themselves by their gallantry and good conduct, that their misfortunes do not make so great an impression upon you."

CHAPTER X.

Honours and rewards—Capture of Badajoz—Sir R. Hill at Almarez—Capture of Almarez.



HE moment Ciudad Rodrigo had ceased to be formidable to Lord Wellington, he set to work to render it formidable to the enemy. One hundred and fifty-three pieces of ordnance found in the place constituted a good supply of *matériel*, offensive to a besieging force, and it was only necessary to repair the breaches and strengthen the outworks. This latter procedure, under skilful engineers, did not occupy more than seven weeks, although all the work was done by the British soldiers; the Spaniards affording no aid. By the end of February, Ciudad Rodrigo was in a state to resist a disciplined and scientific enemy for a considerable time.[1]

The news of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo created great delight in Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain, and insured to the conqueror an accession of honorary distinctions, and an increase of sterling recompense. A vote of parliamentary thanks, the *formula* which expresses national acknowledgment, was the first recognition of the splendid

1 The engineers who have devised systems of fortification, seldom have dreamt of establishing an impregnable defence. There is not a fortified town which has not been, or may not be, carried in a given number of days, with a certain amount of artillery. The thing has been reduced to a mathematical certainty. The only unconquerable system is that recently invented by Mr. James Ferguson, which has not yet been adopted anywhere!

service rendered by the capture : the Prince Regent followed this up by creating Viscount Wellington an Earl ; and Parliament, that the title might be more than an empty dignity, bestowed upon the Earl a further sum of two thousand pounds per annum. Spain, in the fulness of her gratitude, had anticipated these honours and rewards by creating Lord Wellington a grandee of Spain, with the title of the Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo. But there was not unanimity in the matter of the pecuniary reward. The Common Council of London, influenced by the angry speeches of the Opposition, who continued to denounce the war (to Napoleon's great joy), not merely petitioned against the annuity, but even prayed the King for an inquiry into Lord Wellington's conduct!

One of the many causes of Lord Wellington's success in war, was the secrecy with which he made his preparations. So early as 1804 he enjoined a perfect silence among officers upon the subject of the business of the army. He observed, in a communication to Colonel Wallace, that though out of every hundred cases, ninety-nine might be posted up at the market-cross without injury to the public interests, yet that of the public business ought to be kept secret; it always suffered when exposed to public view. "For this reason," said he, "secrecy is always best, and those who have been long trusted with the conduct of public affairs, are in the habit of never making public business of any description, that it is not necessary that the public should know." Acting upon this principle Lord Wellington never communicated his purposes even to his most confidential officers and aides until the moment of action had arrived. That everything might be in readiness, however, when his plans were to be carried into effect, the Earl caused each department of the army to be kept in as perfect a state of efficiency as the supineness of the ministry and the Spaniards would permit. His park of artillery, his ammunition, and commissariat supplies, were always at hand, and ready to move at an hour's notice.

Lord Wellington's object after the reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo was to attack Badajoz, the capital of the province of Estremadura. Its situation has been described (page 99, ante). As a fortress it is of great strength. Long lines of walls descend to the river Guadiana, on which the town stands, while most formidable bastions, glacis, and counterscarp defend the land side. It is strengthened by a *tête de pont*,[1] and the fortified height San Cristoval.[2]

[1] *Tete de pont*; a work or works thrown up at the head of a bridge to cover a retreat, or oppose the passage of a river by the enemy.

[2] Ford's "Hand-book of Spain."

On the 29th of January, 1812, Lord Wellington intimated to the Earl of Liverpool his intentions to attack Badajoz by the second week in March. His reasons for seizing upon so early a moment, were, firstly, that the torrents in Estremadura being then full, the whole army might assemble on the Guadiana without risk to the positions near Ciudad Rodrigo; secondly, the green forage, which comes in earlier in the south than the central provinces, would be readily procurable, giving the allies an advantage over the enemy in point of subsistence; and, thirdly, that the operations of the French would necessarily be confined by the swelling of the rivers. In the interval

> "Between the acting of the dreadful thing,
> And the first motion,"

Lord Wellington gave his attention to various matters concerning discipline and the state of the Peninsula. The irregular habits of the soldiers continued, as before, a subject of extreme anxiety. They *would* wander about in search of liquor; they were not to be prevented plundering; they constantly pulled down the beams and other timbers of houses to convert them into fire-wood, and perpetrated all manner of robberies and outrages to attain any temporary object. The General continually invoked the assistance of officers and non-commissioned officers to check their improprieties, and not unfrequently punished crime with severity. But appeals were often made to his clemency, and he readily yielded when the offenders belonged to a corps which had greatly distinguished itself in the Peninsula. The "Connaught Rangers," as the 88th were called, were great offenders, but the Commander of the Forces remitted the corporal punishment to which two of them had been sentenced in consideration of the good conduct of the regiment before the enemy. There was not a better fighting, or, literally, *marching*, regiment in the whole army than the 88th: being composed of the dregs of Irish society, the great majority of the men had been totally unacquainted before their enlistment with the luxury of shoes and rations. They therefore bore, better than most other regiments, the annoyance of bare feet and short commons, and marched and fought under their privations as readily as if victory had not promised an adequate supply of covering for the feet, and consolation for the stomach.

On the 15th and 16th of March, Lord Wellington broke up his cantonments and invested Badajoz with the 3rd, 4th, and Light Divisions of infantry, and a brigade of Lieutenant-General Hamilton's division. The troops were placed under the command of

Marshal Sir W. Beresford, and Lieutenant-General Picton. On the 17th of March, ground was broken and a parallel established within two hundred yards of an outwork called La Picurina, which embraced the whole of the south-east angle of the fort. The weather was most inclement, the rain falling heavily, and the enemy making sorties and keeping up a lively fire upon the working parties, but without much damage. To animate the men Lord Wellington was constantly in the trenches, where they laboured up to their waists in water, cheerfully and manfully. Worn down as he was with fatigue of body and anxiety of mind, with a noble perseverance the Commander of the Forces nevertheless gave himself up wholly to the operations, for he felt it to be of momentous consequence, not to his own country only, but to Europe generally.

By the 25th of March the British besieging force opened its fire from twenty-eight pieces of ordnance, in six batteries, in the first parallel. On the night of the 25th, Major-General Kempt was directed to attack La Picurina by storm, a duty which was effected "in the most judicious and gallant manner." The attack was made by five hundred men of the 3rd Division, in three detachments, severally commanded by Major Shaw, of the 74th, Captain the Hon. H. Powys, of the 83rd, and Major Rudd, of the 77th. La Picurina was found strongly defended by three rows of palisades, and musket-proof places of arms loop-holed throughout. The garrison, commanded by Colonel Thiéry, was on the alert, and made a good defence, but nothing could stop the ardour of the attacking party. Captain Powys was the first to mount the parapet of the work, in which daring feat he was mortally wounded. The two Majors were likewise wounded. With the exception of Colonel Thiéry, three other officers and eighty-six men, who were made prisoners, the garrison was put to the sword, or drowned in the inundations of the river Rivellas. Seven pieces of artillery fell to the victors. The garrison of Badajoz made a sortie, either with the view of recovering La Picurina, or of protecting the retreat of the garrison, but they were driven in by the reserve stationed to protect the attack.

The capture of the outwork materially aided Lord Wellington's further operations. Still, the rain fell heavily—the civil authorities of the province of Alemtejo neglected to supply the army with the means of transporting stores, and the Spanish people withheld all co-operation in the trenches and other works.[1] The powder for the

[1] "Is it possible," writes Lord Wellington to Don Carlos de España, "that your Excellency can be in earnest? Is it possible that Castille cannot furnish fifteen or twenty stonecutters, masons, and carpenters? How have all the great works been performed that we see in this

siege and much of the shot and engineers' stores had not arrived at Elvas by the 27th of March.

With wonderful patience and laborious industry all difficulties were at length overcome. By the 5th of April three breaches had been effected in the walls—one on the bastion [1] of Trinidad—a second on the bastion of Santa Maria—and a third on the curtain.[2] The time had consequently arrived for making the attempt to carry the place by storm. Yet was success doubtful. The garrison was 5,000 strong —brave and determined; the governor, Phillippon, a resolute man, who would hold out to the last extremity. Every artificial means had also been resorted to for the purpose of checking the assailants. A double hedge of *chevaux-de-frise* of the most formidable character opposed an obstacle at the summit of each breach.

The preparations for the attack corresponded with the magnitude of the attempt and the prospect of resistance. Never had Lord Wellington so many able soldiers about him—men so capable of carrying out the behests of their chief. Marshal Sir W. Beresford, Lieutenants-General Graham, Leith, and Picton; Majors-General Colville, Bowes, Kempt, and Walker, and Lieutenant-Colonel Barnard, were all at his side, and had exerted themselves most zealously in all the operations of the siege. The troops were full of courage and enthusiasm, and burned to be within the walls they had so long surrounded. To the last, Lord Wellington was almost disposed to have taken another day to make his arrangements; but there was no time to lose, Marmont was advancing from Castille, and Soult was hastening up from Seville: it was necessary that the prize should be grasped before they could meet.

The story of the storm is best told in the familiar language of the participators in the deadly work.

An officer of the 88th thus writes:—"So soon as each division had formed on its ground in open column of companies, the arms were piled, and the officers and soldiers either walked about in groups of five or six together, or sat down under an olive tree, to observe, at their ease, the arrangements of the different brigades which were to take a part in the contest. Then, again, might be seen some writing to their friends, a hasty scrawl, no doubt, and, in my opinion, an ill-timed one. It is a bad time—at the moment of entering a breach—to write to a man's father or mother—much less his wife—to tell

country? * * * Everything, as well of a military as a labouring nature, must be performed by British soldiers."

1 *Bastion*, an angular projection in any fortress, well flanked.

2 *Curtain*, a straight wall connecting the bastions.

them so; and, besides, it has an unseasonable appearance in the eyes of the soldiers, who are decidedly the most competent judges of what their officers should be, or, at least, what *they* would *wish* them to be —which is tantamount at such a crisis.

"There is a solemnity of feeling which accompanies the expectation of every great event in our lives, and the man who can altogether be dead to such feeling is little, if anything, better than a brute. The present moment was one that was well calculated to fill every bosom throughout the army; for mixed with expectation, suspense, and hope, it was rendered still more touching to the heart by the music of some of the regiments, which played at the head of each battalion, as the soldiers sauntered about to beguile the last hour many of them were destined to live. The band of my corps, the 88th, all Irish, played several tunes which exclusively belong to their country, and it is impossible to describe the effect it had upon us all; such an air as "Savourneen Deelish" is sufficient, at any time, to inspire a feeling of melancholy, but on an occasion like the present it acted powerfully on the feelings of the men; they thought of their distant homes—of their friends, and of bygone days. It was Easter Sunday, and the contrast which their present position presented to what it would have been were they in their native land, afforded ample food for the occupation of their minds; but they were not allowed time for much longer reflection. The approach of Generals Picton and Kempt, accompanied by their staff, was the signal for the formation of the column of attack; and almost immediately the men were ordered to stand to their arms. Little, if any directions were given —indeed they were unnecessary, because the men, from long service, were so conversant with the duty they had to perform, that it would have been but a waste of words and time to say what was required of them. All was now in readiness. It was 9·25: the soldiers, unencumbered with their knapsacks, their stocks off—their shirt collars unbuttoned—their trowsers tucked up to their knees—their tattered jackets, so worn out as to render the regiment they belonged to barely recognisable—their huge whiskers and bronzed faces, which several hard-fought campaigns had changed from their native hue—but, above all, their self-confidence, devoid of boast or bravado, gave them the appearance of what they, in reality were—an invincible host."

One of the Light Division contributes the following sketch:—

"Soon after ten o'clock on the night of the 6th of April, a little whispering announced that the 'forlorn hope' were stealing forward, followed by the storming parties, composed of three hundred men

(one hundred from each regiment of the brigade); in two minutes the Light Division followed; one musket shot, *no more*, was fired near the breaches by a French soldier, who was on the look-out; we gained ground leisurely but silently; there were no obstacles. The 52nd, 43rd, and 95th closed gradually up to column of quarter distance, left in front; all was hushed, and the town lay buried in gloom; the ladders were placed on the edge of the ditch, when suddenly an explosion took place at the foot of the breaches, and a burst of light disclosed the whole scene—the earth seemed to rock under us—what a sight! The ramparts crowded with the enemy—the French soldiers standing on the parapets—the fourth division advancing rapidly in column of companies on a half circle to our right, while the short-lived glare from the barrels of powder and combustibles flying into the air, gave to friends and foes a look as if both bodies of troops were laughing at each other.

"A tremendous firing now opened on us, and for an instant we were stationary; but the troops were *no ways daunted.* The ladders were found exactly opposite the centre breach, and the whole division rushed to the assault with amazing resolution. There was no check. The soldiers flew down the ladders, and the cheering from both sides was loud and full of confidence.

"Furious blows were actually exchanged amongst the troops in their eagerness to get forward; while the grape-shot and musketry tore open their ranks. The first officer who fell was Captain Fergusson, who had led on a storming party here and at Rodrigo; he was lying to the right of the ladders, with a wound on the head and holding a bloody handkerchief in his grasp; when a brother officer snatched it out of his hand, and tied it round his head. The French were then handing over fire-balls, which produced a sort of revolving light. The ditch was very wide. When eighty or ninety men had arrived at the foot of the centre breach, one cried out, 'Who will lead?' This was the work of a moment. Death and the most frightful sounds and cries encompassed them. It was a volcano! Up they went; some killed, and others impaled on the bayonets of their own comrades, or hurled headlong amongst the outrageous crowd. The *chevaux-de-frise* looked like innumerable bayonets. The wood work was ponderous, bristling with short, stout sword-blades fastened in it and chained together. Fire-balls were in plenty, and the French troops stood upon the walls, taunting, and inviting our men to come up and try it again. What a crisis! what a *military misery!* Some of the finest troops in the world prostrate; humbled to the dust.

"Colonel McLeod was killed while trying to force the left corner

of the large breach. He received his mortal wound within three yards of the enemy, just at the bottom of some nine-feet planks, studded with nails, and hanging down the breach from under the *chevaux-de-frise.* A few moments before he fell, he had been wounded in the back by a bayonet of one of his own soldiers, who slipped.

"At half-past eleven the firing slackened, and the French detached men from the breaches to repulse the other attacks, and to endeavour to retake the castle. I heard the enemy calling out on the ramparts in German, 'All is well in Badajoz!' It sounded very like English.

"But this repulse may be called a victory. The British soldiers did as much as *men could do.*"

A third journal gives a detail of the proceedings under General Kempt:—

"On the evening of the 6th of April, 1812, as soon as it was sufficiently dark to prevent observation from the garrison, the two British brigades of the third division, composed as follows:—The right, of the 45th, 74th, and 38th, under Major-General J. Kempt; the left, of the 2nd battalion, 5th, 77th, 83rd, and 94th, under Colonel Campbell of the 94th, their light companies, and three companies of the 5th battalion, 60th,—the whole under Lieutenant-Colonel Williams of the 60th, forming the advance,—moved from the ground on which they were encamped, in columns right in front. The division took a circuitous direction, towards the river, and, according to a preconcerted plan, halted on the ground which had been pointed out to them, there to await the arrival of the several divisions and corps at the points allotted to each previous to the general attack. During this halt, the brigades were earnestly addressed by their respective commanders, on the duty they had to perform.

"On the signal for the general attack, the brigades advanced in the order already mentioned. The enemy appeared fully aware of the attack, having commenced and continuing to throw fire-balls, which completely exposed the advance of the troops, particularly on their arrival at the wet ditch which covered the approach to the castle-wall. This was passed by wading, or going along the top of the dam which terminated the ditch, and which was so narrow as only to admit of our passing in single files, while the enemy continued to keep up a destructive fire at this point. As soon as this obstacle was surmounted, the light companies and the right brigade, under General Kempt, moved to the left, towards the principal gate of the town; the left, led by Colonel Campbell, advanced direct to that part of the castle-wall which had been bombarded the preceding year. At this point some ladders were reared against the wall by the grenadiers

of the 5th, at one of which was Colonel Campbell and Lieutenant-Colonel Ridge, who commanded the 5th regiment, and, at another, the officers of the grenadiers of the 5th. Colonel Ridge called to Ensign Canch of the latter to lead at his ladder; and immediately both, at their respective ladders, pushed up, followed by their men; and having succeeded in gaining the top of the wall, they joined, and found that they mustered strong enough to beat off whatever was immediately opposed to them. The gallant Ridge called out, 'Come on, my lads!—let us be the first to seize the Governor;' and dashed on, making his way, with those along with him, over the works which had been raised during the siege, exposed to a heavy fire, by which numbers fell, who were soon replaced by those who followed.

"As the 5th advanced, the enemy retired, leaving in the works a few men, who were killed or taken prisoners. Retiring from the ramparts, the French formed in an open space, near the Castle-gate. For a short time the firing ceased, and the regiment headed by their commander, continued to feel their way in the dark, following the ramparts until they came to a passage leading to the centre of the Castle, and, on advancing a short way, a column was observed, which caused a momentary hesitation in our advance. Colonel Ridge, who, at the time, was reconnoitring another opening, called out, 'Why do you hesitate? Forward!' We again, and with the greatest caution, and without firing, continued to advance, and, on proceeding a little farther, the enemy were observed. We then commenced firing, which was returned by a volley. At this moment our beloved and heroic commander fell, having receiving a wound in the breast, which immediately proved fatal. The writer of this was so near as to be in contact with him at the instant of his fall. We left a guard by his honoured remains.

The regiment continued to advance, keeping up a fire, and being now supported by the other corps who were following them up, the enemy retiring, and shutting the gates. The inner gate was forced without much difficulty, but the outer one was found strongly secured. The French, however, had left the wicket open, and kept up a heavy fire on those who attempted to pass it. Colonel Campbell now ordered the men to retire within the inner gate of the Castle, and directed the 5th to form in column, facing the gates, and that the other regiments should imitate that formation as they collected. The command of the whole had devolved upon Colonel Campbell, General J. Kempt having, as well as General Picton, been wounded in the assault."

In fewer words, the attack upon the breachers had failed, from the

BADAJOZ AFTER THE SIEGE, 1812

FROM A SKETCH TAKEN THREE DAYS AFTER THE SIEGE, BY LIEUT.-COL. LUARD

stubborn resistance of the French, but the escalade of the Castle had succeeded. For two hours did the Light and the Fourth Divisions endeavour to establish themselves within the place; and it was not until they had been nearly decimated by the fire of the garrison, and the formidable obstacles presented upon the walls, that the remnants were recalled to the ground on which they had assembled for the attack. Meanwhile the divisions commanded by Lieutenant-General Picton, supported by Lieutenant-General Leith's troops, had succeeded in capturing the Castle, after which all resistance ceased.[1]

Never was conquest so dearly purchased. The loss of the British in this seige amounted to about 6000 men, among whom were many officers; for the officers of the highest rank led the men to the deadly breaches, setting a noble example of gallantry. Among the officers slain Lord Wellington had to lament Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod, of the 43rd, Major O'Hare, of the 95th, Lieutenant-Colonel Gray, of the 30th, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ridge, of the 5th. Almost every officer of rank was wounded: Lieutenant-Colonel Picton, Major-Generals Kempt, Walker, and Bowes, and Brigadier-General Harvey, Lieutenant-Colonel Gibbs, of the 52nd, Lieutenant-Colonel Harcourt, of the 40th, Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, of the 23rd Fusiliers, Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, bore away honourable scars from the "terrible business." The French garrison, according to the statement of the governor, Phillippon, after his surrender, amounted to 5000 men, 1200 of whom were killed or wounded during the siege, independently of the number slain in the assault.

Following the usages of war, Badajoz was given over to sack and pillage, and lust and rapine. Let us draw a veil over the dreadful scenes which ensued; they proved but too clearly that the best disciplined soldiers are incapable of restraining the evil passions of their nature when weeks and months of toil, and hours of sanguinary contention, have whetted their furious appetites.[2] The reader who

1 That the capture of the Castle might be consummated in due form, a curious, though characteristic emblem, was substituted for the French flag. Lieutenant Macpherson, of the 45th, having got possession of the latter, immediately doffed his own jacket, and hoisted it on the flag-staff. The gallant Lieutenant presented the French flag to Sir Thomas Picton.

2 Byron's description of the capture of Ismail is forcibly called to mind:—

> "The city's taken—only part by part—
> And Death is drunk with gore; there's not a street
> Where fights not to the last some desperate heart,
> For those for whom it soon will cease to beat.
> Here War forgot his own destructive Art
> In more destroying Nature; and the heat
> Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden slime,
> Engendered monstrous shapes of every crime."

delights to dwell upon the details of the sack of Badajoz may turn to the glowing pages of Napier, and the author of "The Victories of the British armies," sharing at once their pourtrayal and their indignation. Be it our task to hold to the excellent subject of this history, who, albeit of a stern and unyielding nature, was deeply affected by the loss of so many good soldiers, and shocked at the licentiousness of the survivors. To check the course of rapine he, on the second day, ordered the rolls to be called every hour, at which every person was directed to attend; one brigade was ordered to be put under arms at daybreak and continued so for an indefinite term; the Provost-Marshal and his aides were sent into the town to exercise their awful vocation of summary chastisement, and all communication with Badajoz was prohibited to the troops beyond the walls. But some days had elapsed before order was completely restored, and by that time vast, irreparable personal injury had been inflicted.

Parliament, deeply estimating the importance of the conquest of Badajoz, again tendered its thanks to Lord Wellington, his generals and troops.

The repair of the works of Badajoz next engaged the attention of the Commander of the Forces, who planting his head-quarters again at Fuentes Guinaldo, opened a communication with the Spanish authorities upon the subject of their supplying garrisons for the captured fortresses when his back should be turned. Looking upon the British troops as the best in the Peninsula, and the Portuguese as second only to them, his lordship was averse to putting them in garrisons when they were calculated to be serviceable in the field. As for the Spaniards, they were kept without food and without pay, two conditions indispensable to discipline, and he had already had painful experience of their incapability of manœuvring in front of an enemy. As occupants of a fortress, well disciplined, paid and fed, he thought they might be useful, and to this point he urgently directed the attention of the Junta.

Having secured the frontier fortresses Lord Wellington next prepared to move forward into Castille and to endeavour to bring Marmont to a general action. His motives for this movement, and his confidence in its issue, the result of a rare prescience, are set forth in a letter to the Earl of Liverpool, of the 26th of May, 1812 (Despatches).

He did not believe that there was a man in his army who had any doubt of the result of an action, and that sentiment alone was a guarantee of success. "But," said he, "we possess solid

physical advantages over the enemy besides those resulting from recent successes. Our infantry are not in bad order; our cavalry are numerous in relation to the enemy, and our horses in better condition than I have ever known them since I have commanded the army, and the horses of the artillery in the same good condition, and complete in numbers, whereas the enemy are terribly deficient in that equipment." Lord Wellington believed, however, that after the harvest, and the close of Napoleon's operations in the north of Europe, the French would be reinforced, and he therefore felt himself in a better condition to reap success than he would be at a later season; and, indeed, added his lordship, in a spirit of prediction, "success obtained *now* (28th May, 1812) would prodnce results not to be expected from any success over any single French army in the Peninsula upon any other occasion." But still he qualified the assertion in a similar prophetic tone, by declaring that money would be wanted in the interior of Spain. He "shuddered" at the probability of the army being distressed by the absence of this invaluable commodity.

During the period that was employed by Lord Wellington in the siege of Badajoz, Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill, who had been honoured with the distinction of the Bath for his previous services, was detached to watch the movements of Marshal Soult, and impede his junction with Marshal Marmont. He accordingly advanced to Medellin, where, in 1810, Victor and Cuesta had contended for victory, who alighted on the standard of the French Marshal. From this place several marches and counter-marches took place, in order that the force under Hill might be exactly at the point of interruption should Soult attempt the relief of Badajoz. Soult had actually reached Zafra, Los Santos, &c., when the first intelligence reached him of the fall of the fortress. It is said that he became frantic with rage at the news, destroying everything within his reach, and invoking all imaginable penalties on the heads of "the *Leopards*," as he and Napoleon were wont to designate the English, in reference to the devices on their ancient coat of arms. He at once gave orders to his troops to move to the right about, and retrace their steps into Andalusia. This retrograde movement was the signal for cavalry operations; Sir Stapleton Cotton, at the head of the allied cavalry, fell upon Soult's rear, and, coming up with a strong body of his dragoons at Villa Errica, a sharp conflict eusued, which terminated in the defeat of the French with a loss of 300 killed, wounded, and prisoners. After this affair, Sir Rowland Hill went into cantonment in Almendralejo, where he remained from the 11th of April to the 12th

of May. At day-light on the latter day, he moved out with one regiment of British dragoons (the 13th) and about eight regiments of infantry, for the purpose of breaking a link or two of the enemy's chain of communication between the French army under Marmont, and that of the South, commanded by Soult. The point to which Hill directed his attention was Almaraz, a little village on the Tagus, over which the French had thrown a pontoon bridge, defended by a *tête de pont*,[1] strongly entrenched. On a height above the bridge was a large and well-constructed fort, called "Napoleon," mounting nine guns, and having a garrison of 500 men; and on the opposite side of the river another fort of a more complete and formidable character.

Sir Rowland Hill approached Almaraz cautiously, encountering many obstacles, and being nearly destitute of artillery. He had approached sufficiently near on the morning of the 19th of May to make an attempt, and the troops being full of courage, and anxious to contribute to the attainment of any object he had at heart, Hill directed the attack upon the works. The regiments with him at this moment were the 18th Royal Irish, the 50th Queen's own, the 71st and 92nd Highlanders, two companies of the 60th rifles, and the 6th Portuguese infantry.

Formed ready for the assault, behind a little height, one hundred and fifty yards from the fort, the 50th, on a given signal, moved from their hiding-place, and covered by the 71st light infantry, advanced with great firmness to the attack, the enemy all the while pouring in their grape, round shot, and musketry. On descending into the ditch of the fort, some of the ladders were discovered to be too short. This unfortunate obstacle was soon removed by the presence of mind of General Howard, who led the assault, and whose cool and intrepid conduct on the occasion was the subject of general admiration. This little check, however, instead of blunting the courage of the assailants, tended rather to increase their ardour in the pursuit of victory. The first who ascended the ladders met with a warm reception, and not a few were thrown from the head of the ladders into the ditch, desperately wounded. The French for a few minutes made an energetic resistance; but the artillery officers in command retreating from the rampart, the men were seized with a panic. The 50th and 71st pushed their advantage, and fairly established themselves in Fort Napoleon.

1 *Tete de pont*, literally, "head of a bridge." The term, in fortification, signifies works so placed as to command the approach to a bridge, thereby covering troops as they escape across a river, or serving as an outwork to protect a town on the opposite bank.

Pending these operations the second column was moved forward in a zig-zag manner round every little knoll which afforded them protection from the fire of Fort Ragusa, until they arrived at a point nearly opposite to the left flank of the face of Fort Napoleon, when, turning to the left, they advanced direct upon the *tête de pont* at a quick pace. Perceiving that the object of the British was to cut off their retreat, the enemy, on retiring from Fort Napoleon, rushed towards the bridge in order to escape. But those on the opposite side having cut away a part of the bridge to oppose Hill's advance, many of the fugitives found a watery grave—the rest surrendered at discretion. The impression thus made upon the enemy's troops communicated itself to those on the right bank of the river, and Fort Ragusa was instantly abandoned, the garrison flying in the greatest confusion towards Noval Moral.

Almaraz having thus fallen into Sir R. Hill's hands, the troops were allowed, as usual, to help themselves to whatever they could lay their hands upon,[1] and were then moved back half a mile to bivouac.

The loss of the victors on this occasion was slight, considering the circumstances under which the attack was made. It amounted to 177 officers and men killed and wounded—only one officer being killed. The enemy had 450 killed, wounded, and made prisoners. It was evident that the French considered the place of importance, for Sir R. Hill found in it large quantities of ordnance and stores. The works were immediately destroyed; the towers of masonry levelled, and the whole apparatus of the bridge, together with the workshops, magazines, and every piece of timber that could be found, broken into pieces.

Lord Wellington praises the capture of Almaraz in his characteristic manner. Duty and obedience being always the finest recommendations in his eyes, he lauds the qualities displayed in Lieutenant-General Sir R. Hill in persevering in the line, and *confining himself to the objects chalked out by his instructions*, notwithstanding the various obstacles opposed to his progress.

[1] "In a few minutes, wine, brandy, and rum flowed in abundance, while bacon, hams, and pieces of pickled pork and beef decorated hundreds of bayonets, many of which were still tarnished with the blood of the enemy. Some men obtained valuable prizes from the officers' mess-room, but the greater part of the men were amply satisfied with a havresack well stuffed with bread, or a canteen filled to an overflow with heart-moving liquids."—*Military Memoirs.*

CHAPTER XI.

Resolution to advance into Spain—March towards Salamanca—Reception at Salamanca—Capture of the Fortresses—Battle of Salamanca—Character of Marshal Marmont—Retreat of the French.

F Lord Wellington, urged by the impatience of his own army, and the irritating taunts of the Opposition in Parliament, had moved before he had heard of Hill's success, or before that success had been achieved it is highly probable that the brilliant triumphs which followed would not have adorned his history. Marshal Marmont was not a soldier to be despised, and up to this time he had every prospect of effecting a junction with Marshal Soult, which would have given to the French forces a vastly preponderating superiority.

The works of Badajoz had been repaired; the garrison placed on a reliable footing, and its approaches sufficiently guarded. The hour had arrived for attempting to penetrate Spain. Salamanca was the point on which Lord Wellington advanced.

Salamanca is a town in the kingdom of Leon, once famous for its colleges of learning. "The town is dull, cheerless, and cold; the air bites shrewdly; and as fuel is very scarce, the sun is the fire-place of the poor; hence 'the South' takes precedence in the three marvels of Salamanca—'*Medio dia, medio puente, y medio claustro de San Vicente.*' The city has an antique, old-fashioned look. The beautiful

creamy stone of which it is built comes from the quarries of Vella Franca, distant about a league. The town is built on three hills, in a horse-shoe shape. The dingy Tormes forms the base, and the walls which overlook it are very ancient, especially near the Puerto del Rio. This river (Tormes) rises in the Sierra de Gudos, near Formelles, and after a course of forty-five leagues, flows into the Douro, near Fermosella."[1] The ancient name of Salamanca was *Salmantica;* and it is spoken of by Plutarch in describing the siege of the place by Hannibal.

The march to Salamanca was extremely well conducted. The march of the Light Division was especially worthy of notice. The men were very fine, and well seasoned to endure fatigue, having served in many campaigns. The discipline was most exact; the men were not tormented by unnecessary parades—*the march was their parade.* That over, the soldiers (excepting those on duty) made themselves happy, and procured wholesome rest. Their equipment was regularly examined, nor were the men on any pretence permitted to overload themselves—one of the most serious afflictions to an army. A general may be endowed with transcendent abilities, and, by a forced march, place himself in a situation to overthrow his enemies: he may possess the number of divisions and the number of regiments, but, by internal bad management of regimental officers, half his army may be straggling in the rear. The men of the Light Division carried about eighty pounds weight, including musket, bayonet, accoutrements, knapsack, havresack, sixty rounds of ball cartridge, and, by turns, a bill hook of seven pounds weight, to cut away impediments. To this they would often have added articles plundered after a siege, but it was not permitted. The baggage followed the line of march in succession. The mules of each company were tied together, and conducted by two bâtmen in rotation. Each regiment found an officer, and each brigade a captain, to superintend the baggage. When the enemy were reported to be at hand, the baggage was ordered to the rear—the distance according to circumstances.

The army was four days in clearing a forest (lying on the march), which was clothed with verdure, and supplied delightful bivouacs. The Sierra de Gata lay on its right hand, covered with snow, while a cloudless sky formed its canopy, with the sunshine of hope beaming on every countenance.

On the 16th of June Lord Wellington reached Salamanca unopposed—the German hussars having merely had an affair with some French cavalry picquets, which they drove in, without, however,

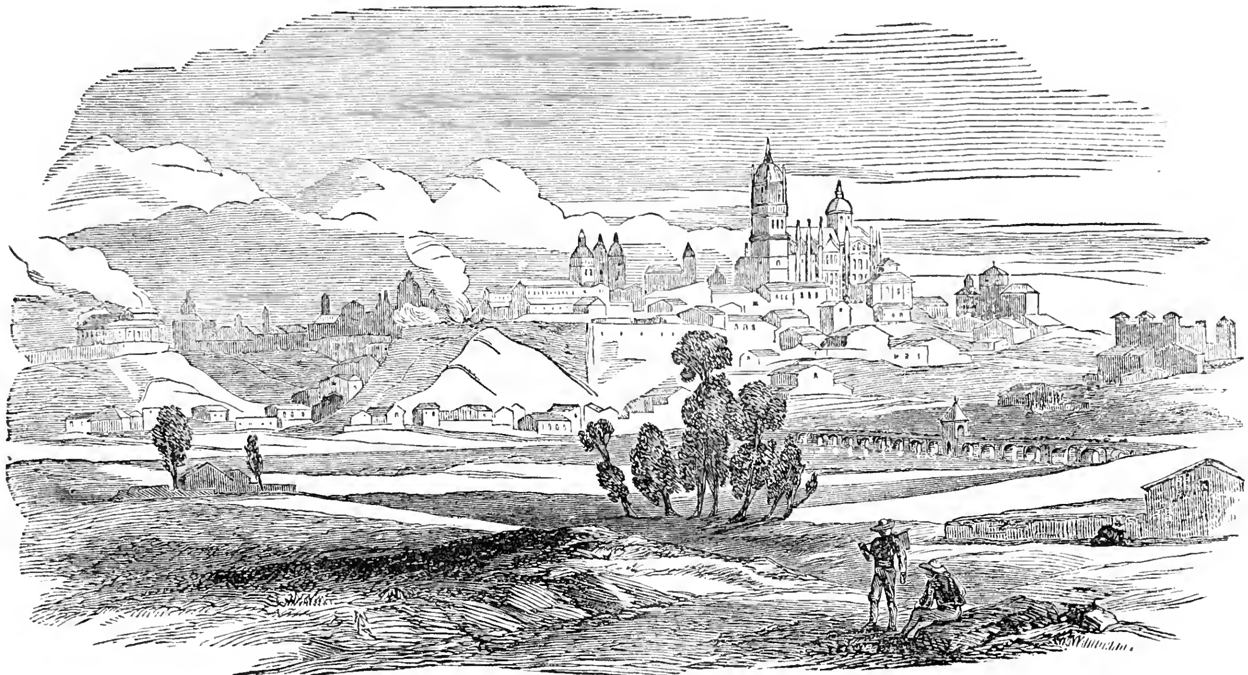
[1] Ford's admirable "Hand-Book."

following the unwise course of racing at their heels. The ardour of our cavalry in pursuit had, as already observed, been extremely injurious to them; and about this time intelligence reached Lord Wellington of an affair under Sir Rowland Hill, which much distressed him. It appears that a severe but gallant action was fought near Llerena, between the French cavalry, under General L'Allemand, and our heavy dragoons, commanded by General Slade. The advantage at first was to the English; but their impetuous valour carrying them beyond the limits of prudence, the French beat them back with great loss to themselves, besides the loss of all the prisoners they had previously taken. The news of this rash and unfortunate affair elicited the following remarks from Lord Wellington, in a letter to Sir Rowland Hill;

"I have never been more annoyed than by this affair. It is occasioned entirely by the trick our officers of cavalry have acquired, of galloping at everything, and then galloping back as fast as they gallop on the enemy. They never consider their situations—never think of manœuvring before an enemy—so little, that one would think they cannot manœuvre, excepting on Wimbledon Common; and when they use their arm as it ought to be used, viz., offensively, they never keep nor provide for a reserve. All cavalry should charge in two lines, of which one should be in reserve; if obliged to charge in one line, part of the line—at least one-third—should be ordered, beforehand, to pull up and form in second line as soon as the charge should be given, and the enemy has been broken and has retired. The Royals and the 3rd Dragoon Guards are the best regiments in the cavalry in this country; and it annoys me particularly that the misfortune has happened to them. I do not wonder at the French boasting of it: it is the greatest blow they have struck."

The joy and delight of the people of Salamanca upon the entrance of the British was beyond all expression. The women were particularly demonstrative in their enthusiasm. They offered their houses freely to officers and men, and tendered them all the worldly wealth they possessed. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated, and resounded with music, while the merry Spanish *muchachas* danced boleros, and struck their castanets in the streets. The glow of light reflected upon the bright arms of the soldiery piled in the streets, and the scarlet coats of the men, diversified by the yellow, red, and blue petticoats of the lively peasantry, imparted a singular fascination to the whole scene.

Nor—supine as were the Spanish Grandees who conducted the Provisional Government—could all these manifestations of a hearty



SALAMANCA. 1812.

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welcome be wondered at. Salamanca had grievously suffered under French domination and occupation. In the three years of their unjustifiable occupation of the town, they had plundered and destroyed thirteen convents and twenty colleges, and had trampled alike upon civil rights and domestic peace. Lord Wellington and his friends were therefore hailed by the people as deliverers, and their arrival aroused all the generous feelings of the Spaniards.

Previous to his evacuation of Salamanca, Marshal Marmont had thrown garrisons into the forts of the town, and the Castle of Alba de Tormes, to the extent of eight hundred men. These forts were respectively called San Vicente, San Caetano, and La Merced. Five days after his arrival, Lord Wellington cannonaded them, and followed up the cannonade by a storm, which, however, did not succeed, and Major-General Bowes, who led the assault, was killed. The forts were found to be much stronger, and offering a more effective reciprocal defence than was expected by the Commander of the Forces. A delay of three days now took place, until fresh supplies of ammunition could be received. On the 20th of June the siege recommenced, and Marshal Marmont advanced with 35,000 men to raise it. He was just in time to see the forts fall to Major-General Clinton, who stormed Caetano and Merced, San Vicente capitulating on honorable terms.

The fall of the forts induced Marshal Marmont to withdraw the garrison of Alba de Tormes, and fall back behind the Douro. Here he was joined by General Borret, from the Asturias, which raised his force to 45,000 men, and General Caffarelli approached with 12,000 men, while Joseph Buonaparte moved from Madrid with the army of the centre to fall on the flank of the British.

The position of Lord Wellington was critical in the extreme. He was very badly off for money, and his communications between Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo were in hourly danger of being cut off by the French. Intrigue was at work among the Cortes to favour the French, and Lord W. Bentinck, instead of landing with an army on the east coast of Spain, as he was expected to have done, had made a descent on Italy. But no important movements were made by the enemy until the 15th of July, when they passed the Douro and concentrated themselves between Toro and San Roman. Corresponding movements were made by Lord Wellington, so as to retreat if occasion rendered it necessary, or to come to a general action in a favourable position. On the 18th of July, the enemy attacked the troops at Castrejon. Sir Stapleton Cotton maintained the post without suffering any loss until joined by the cavalry. From this time

until the 22nd, continual attempts were made by Marmont upon different parts of the British line. The object of the Duke of Ragusa was to cut off the British in detail, and, at the same time, to deprive them of all means of communicating with the towns.

From this period until the 22nd, the hostile armies were employed in a series of manœuvres, Lord Wellington acting strictly on the defensive. The Tormes was crossed and recrossed; positions were occupied and abandoned; skirmishers met and exchanged compliments, and everything indicated a disposition on both sides to come to close quarters. At length intelligence reached Lord Wellington that Marmont was about to be joined by General Clausel, with the cavalry and artillery of the army of the north. There was no time to be lost; the British Commander determined to bring matters to an issue or move towards Ciudad Rodrigo without delay. The crisis had arrived. What followed must be given in Lord Wellington's own words:—

"After a variety of evolutions and movements, the enemy appears to have determined upon his plan about two in the afternoon; and under cover of a very heavy cannonade, which, however, did us but very little damage, he extended his left, and moved forward his troops, apparently with an intention to embrace, by the position of his troops, and by his fire, our post on that of the two Arapiles which we possessed, and from thence to attack and break our line; or, at all events, to render difficult any movement of ours to our right.

"The extension of his line to his left, however, and its advance upon our right, notwithstanding that his troops still occupied very strong ground, and his position was well defended by cannon, gave me an opportunity of attacking him, for which I had long been anxious.

"I reinforced our right with the 5th Division, under Lieutenant-General Leith, which I placed behind the village of Arapiles, on the right of the 4th Division, and with the 6th and 7th Divisions in reserve; and as soon as these troops had taken their station I ordered Major-General the Hon. E. Pakenham to move forward with the 3rd Division, and General D'Urban's cavalry, and two squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hervey, in four columns, to turn the enemy's left on the heights; while Brigadier-General Bradford's brigade, the 5th Division, under Lieutenant-General Leith, the 4th Division, under Lieutenant-General the Hon. L. Cole, and the cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Sir S. Cotton, should attack them in front, supported in reserve by the 6th Division, under Major-General Clinton, the 7th, under Major

General Hope, and Don Carlos de España's Spanish Division, and Brigadier-General Pack should support the left of the 4th Division, by attacking that of Dos Arapiles, which the enemy held. The 1st and Light Divisions occupied the ground on the left, and were in reserve. The attack upon the enemy's left was made in the manner above described, and completely succeeded. Major-General the Hon. E. Pakenham formed the 3rd Division across the enemy's flank, and overthrew everything opposed to him. The troops were supported in the most gallant style by the Portuguese cavalry, under Brigadier-General D'Urban, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hervey's squadrons of the 14th, who successfully defeated every attempt made by the enemy on the flank of the 3rd Division. Brigadier-General Bradford's brigade, the 5th and 4th Division, and the cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir. S. Cotton, attacked the enemy in front, and drove his troops before them from one height to another, bringing forward their right, so as to acquire strength upon the enemy's flank in proportion to the advance. Brigadier-General Pack made a very gallant attack upon the Arapiles, in which, however, he did not succeed, excepting in diverting the attention of the enemy's corps placed upon it from the troops under the command of Lieutenant-General Cole in his advance. The cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir. S. Cotton made a most gallant and successful charge against a body of the enemy's infantry, which they overthrew and cut to pieces. In this charge Major-General Le Marchant was killed at the head of his brigade, and I have to regret the loss of a most able officer. After the crest of the height was carried, one division of the enemy's infantry made a stand against the 4th Division, which, after a severe contest, was obliged to give way, in consequence of the enemy having thrown some troops on the left of the 4th Division, after the failure of Brigadier-General Pack's attack upon the Arapiles, and Lieutenant-General the Hon. L. Cole having been wounded. Marshal Sir W. Beresford, who happened to be on the spot, directed Brigadier-General Spry's brigade of the 5th Division, which was in the second line, to change its front, and to bring its fire on the flank of the enemy's division; and I am sorry to add that while engaged in this service he received a wound which I am apprehensive will deprive me of the benefit of his counsel and assistance for some time. Nearly about the same time Lieutenant-General Leith received a wound which unfortunately obliged him to quit the field. I ordered up the 6th Division, under Major-General Clinton, to relieve the 4th, and the battle was soon restored to its former success. The enemy's right, however, reinforced by the troops which had fled from his left, and

by those which had now retired from the Arapiles, still continued to resist; and I ordered the 1st and Light Divisions, and Colonel Stubb's Portuguese brigade of the 4th Division which was re-formed, and Major-General W. Anson's brigade, likewise of the 4th Division, to turn to the right, while the 6th Division, supported by the 3rd and 5th, attacked the front. It was dark before this point was carried by the 6th Division; and the enemy fled through the woods towards the Tormes. I pursued them with the 1st and Light Divisions, and Major-General W. Anson's brigade of the 4th Division, and some squadrons of cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir. S. Cotton, as long as we could find any of them together, directing our march upon Huerta and the fords of the Tormes, by which the enemy had passed on their advance; but the darkness of the night was highly advantageous to the enemy, many of whom escaped under its cover who must otherwise have been in our hands. I am sorry to report that, owing to the same cause, Lieutenant-General Sir S. Cotton was unfortunately wounded by one of our own sentries after we had halted.

"We renewed the pursuit at break of day in the morning with the same troops, and Major-General Bock's and Major-General Anson's brigades of cavalry, which joined during the night; and, having crossed the Tormes, we came up with the enemy's rear of cavalry and infantry near La Serna. They were immediately attacked by the two brigades of dragoons, and the cavalry fled, leaving the infantry to their fate. I have never witnessed a more gallant charge than was made on the enemy's infantry by the heavy brigade of the King's German Legion, under Major-General Bock, which was completely successful; and the whole body of infantry, consisting of three battalions of the enemy's 1st Division, were made prisoners. The pursuit was afterwards continued as far as Peñaranda last night, and our troops were still following the flying enemy. Their head-quarters were in this town, not less than ten leagues from the field of battle, for a few hours last night; and they are now considerably advanced on the road towards Valladolid, by Arevalo. They were joined yesterday on their retreat by the cavalry and artillery of the army of the north, which have arrived at too late a period, it is to be hoped, to be of much use to them. It is impossible to form a conjecture of the amount of the enemy's loss in this action; but from all reports, it is very considerable. We have taken from them eleven pieces of cannon, several ammunition waggons, two eagles, and six colours; and one general, three colonels, 130 officers of inferior rank, and between 6000 and 7000 soldiers are prisoners; and our detachments are sending in

more at every moment. The number of dead on the field is very large. I am informed that Marshal Marmont is badly wounded, and has lost one of his arms,[1] and that four general officers have been killed, and several wounded. Such an advantage could not have been acquired without material loss on our side; but it certainly has not been of a magnitude to distress the army, or to cripple its operations. I have great pleasure in reporting to your Lordship that throughout this trying day, of which I have related the events, I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the general officers and troops. The relation which I have written of its events will give a general idea of the share which each individual had in them; and I cannot say too much in praise of the conduct of every individual in his station."

In a subsequent despatch to Earl Bathurst, who had now become Foreign Secretary,[2] Lord Wellington expressed his belief that if he had had another hour or two of daylight, not a man would have passed the Tormes. He was, however, very well pleased with the result generally. "There was no mistake." Indeed, as he afterwards told the troops in his congratulatory orders, dated Tordillas, 23rd of July, the events of the day were calculated "to impress all with a conviction that military success depends upon troops obeying the orders which they receive, and preserving the order of their formation in action."

Major-General Le Marchant was the only officer of distinction who fell on the side of the British, in this "the *first general action* fought in the Peninsula, where Lord Wellington *attacked*." Wounds there were in plenty—even the leaders did not escape. Lord Wellington himself, who was seen that day at every point precisely where his presence was most required, was struck in the thigh by a musket-ball, which first passed through his cloak (folded in front of his saddle) and holster. Lieutenant-General Leith was also hit, and Sir Stapleton Cotton, at night, was shot through the arm by a Portuguese sentry. Napier, diversifying his professional detail with a familiar sketch, adds,—

"Captain Brotherton, of the 14th Dragoons, fighting on the 18th at the Guarena amongst the foremost, as he was always wont to do, had a sword thrust through his side, yet he was again on horseback on the 22nd, and being denied leave to remain in that condition with his own regiment, secretly joined Pack's Portuguese in an undress,

1 This proved to be a mistake. Marmont was simply wounded.

2 Mr. Percival, the Prime Minister, had been assassinated. Lord Liverpool became Premier.

and was again hurt in the unfortunate charge at the Hermanito.[1] Such were the officers. A man of the 43rd, one by no means distinguished above his comrades, was shot through the middle of the thigh, and lost his shoes in passing the marshy stream, but refusing to quit the fight, limped under fire in rear of his regiment, and with naked feet, and streaming with blood from his wound, marched for several miles over a country covered with sharp flints. Such were the soldiers; and the devotion of a woman was not wanting to the illustrations of this great day. The wife of Colonel Dalbiac, an English lady of a gentle disposition, and possessing a very delicate frame, had braved the dangers, and endured the privations, of two compaigns, with that patient fortitude which belongs only to her sex. In this battle, forgetful of everything but the strong affection which had so long supported her, she rode deep amidst the enemy's fire, trembling, yet irresistibly impelled forwards by feelings more imperious than horror, more piercing than the fear of death."

Had anybody written the foregoing but the illustrious author of the "Peninsular War," he would in justice have added the following from an account of the battle of Salamanca, which appeared some years ago in the "United Service Journal:"—

"The line of the 43rd was one of the finest specimens of discipline I ever saw—as steady as rocks—*with Colonel William Napier twenty yards in front of the corps, alone:* he was the point of direction. Our skirmishers ceased firing, and the line marched over them, dead and alive. I expected to see our chief unhorsed, and carried away in a blanket."

Honourable mention was made by Lord Wellington of all the officers who had shared conspicuously in the battle of Salamanca, and especially of Sir Stapleton Cotton, of whom he observed that no one could command the cavalry in Spain half as well as he had done. There were other officers who had shown a more chivalric spirit, but few who displayed in so remarkable a degree the quality of prudence in command. Sir Stapleton had besides seen much service in different parts of the globe; in Flanders against the Republican troops; in India during the war with Tippoo Sahib; and in Portugal.[2]

[1] Captain Brotherton had been at Oporto, Talavera, Almeida, Fuentes d'Oñoro, and in most of the affairs in which cavalry was called upon to act. He remained with his corps during the war. On his promotion to Major-General, he obtained the appointment of Inspector-General of the Cavalry in Great Britain, which he only vacated on promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

[2] In 1826, when Commander-in-Chief in India, as Lord Combermere (a title conferred on him in 1814), he captured the strong fortress of Bhurtpore.

The severe wound which the Duke of Ragusa received compelled him to retire from the command of the army in Portugal, and we do not again hear of him in the field against Wellington.

That Marmont was an officer of whom Napoleon thought well, is sufficiently clear from his nomination to so important a command at so imminent a juncture. Yet his biographers affirm that he was more indebted to his insolence, pride, and family connections, than to his talents, for his preferment. They add, in the words of Bonaparte, that he was "always unfortunate." A brief reference to the antecedents of Marmont will show that neither the character he obtained nor the pithy commentary of his master were altogether well founded. Descended from a noble family, he received a good education, and was intended for the artillery. He was serving in the army of Italy when Napoleon selected him for one of his aides-de-camp. His courage and confidence secured him the confidence of his General, who employed him on many trying occasions, in which he had the good fortune to succeed. He was still a *chef de bataillon*, when he was sent to Paris to present to the Directory twenty-two stands of colours taken from the Austrians under General Wurmser. At the epoch of the formation of the Italian Republic, he was appointed to carry to the Congress of Reggio the determination of Napoleon: and he was with the expedition that marched against Rome. On the conclusion of the treaty at Campo Formio, he returned to France, where he married the only daughter of the rich banker, Perigaux. He next followed Napoleon to Egypt. At the taking of Malta, he was charged with the command of one of the columns landed; he repulsed the Maltese, and took the standard of the Knights of the Order. He was then made a General of Brigade. Marmont rendered himself useful in the attack of Alexandria, and in the march of the French upon Cairo. The 21st of July, 1800, he seized upon the entrenchments which covered the position of the Mamelukes, and contributed to the overthrowing in the Nile a great number of those intrepid horsemen. At the time of the expedition to Syria, Marmont was charged with the command of Alexandria, where he superseded General Kleber. Returning to France with Bonaparte, he assisted in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire; he was entrusted with the command of the military school, nominated a councillor of state in the section of war, and General of Division; he was employed in the army of reserve, destined to reconquer Italy, which had been overpowered by the Austro-Russians in the single campaign of 1799; he obtained the chief command of the artillery of that army which formed itself in the environs of Dijon, and

assisted at Geneva at the commencement of May, 1800. Marmont evinced, on this occasion, a good deal of genius and resolution; he dismounted the cannon to convey them over Mount St. Bernard; he caused trees to be prepared to receive them, in the form of troughs, corresponding to the size of the calibre. The wheels, carriages, and waggons were either carried in litters or drawn on sledges, very ingeniously constructed; the ammunition was carried on the backs of mules. Marmont was to be found wherever he judged his presence most necessary; he neglected nothing to deserve the praises of Bonaparte, who was delighted, in such difficult circumstances, to see himself so well seconded by his aide-de-camp. Not to retard the movements of the army, which could not advance with success without its artillery, Marmont, instead of having recourse to his former manœuvres of St. Bernard, to get over Mount Albaredo, determined to defile his artillery under the fire of Fort de Bard; the road was strewed with dung, and the wheels covered with hay. They experienced losses, but the passage succeeded. When General Desaix overthrew the Austrians on the day of the battle of Marengo, Marmont contributed much to the success of that attack by the fire of the artillery, which he caused to advance nearly within musket-shot of the enemy's line. At the crossing of the Mincio, the 26th of December, 1800, effected by General Brune against the Austrian General, Bellegarde, the artillery commanded by Marmont rendered great services. When, in 1805, he was called to the grand army, his troops were in the organisation comprised under the name of the "second corps." They consisted of the divisions of infantry, commanded by Generals Boudet, Grouchy, and Dumonceau, and in the division of Light Horse commanded by General Lacost. After having passed the Rhine at Cassel, Marmont directed his march upon Wurtzburg, where he effected his junction with the Bavarians, and the corps of the army of Marshal Bernadotte, on the 2d of October, 1805. He received orders to proceed towards the Danube, to cross that river, and to take position between Aicha and Augsburg. General Mack having shut himself up in Ulm, Bonaparte ordered the second corps to proceed by forced marches to Illersheim, to favour the movements of General Soult upon Meiningen, and afterwards to come and co-operate in the blockade of Ulm, on the right bank of the Danube. The place having capitulated, Marmont served at first as a reserve to the grand army, and was afterwards detached towards Styria, to threaten the left of the Austro-Russian army, and harass the rear of the army of Italy, commanded by the Archduke Charles. This destination, where he had but to fight against a few partisans

in the environs of Leoben, prevented him from being at the battle of Austerlitz. After the peace of Presburgh, Marmont repaired with the French troops under his orders, into the Frioul, to guard the frontier of the kingdom of Italy. In 1809, Marmont commanded the army of Dalmatia. Prince John summoned him to surrender, by his letter of the 17th of April. Although this prince's letter was very polite, and conformable to the duties prescribed by honour and the laws of war, Marmont made no reply to it. After having fought the engagements of Montkitta and Grodschatz, he arrived with his army on the 28th of May at Fiume, where he effected his junction with the army of Italy, which had obtained some success over the Archduke John. Marmont had under his orders about 10,000 effective men. When Bonaparte resolved to attack the Austrian army at Wagram, he united all his forces. The Duke of Ragusa's corps crossed the Danube on the night between the 4th and 5th of July, and formed a part of the reserve. On the 6th it was placed in the centre, with the corps of General Oudinot, and on the 7th it pursued the Austrians in the direction of Zriam. After the armistice, Marmont quartered his troops in the circle Karunenburg, and when Bonaparte wished to appear to intimidate Austria, by making the whole of the grand army take position towards the latter end of July, Marmont's troops encamped upon the heights of Krems.

Succeeded in Dalmatia by General Count Bertrand, Marmont was appointed to supersede Massena in the command of the army of Portugal.

From this sketch, derived in a measure from the pen of General Sarrazin, it is evident that Wellington had in Marmont a foeman worthy of his steel. The detraction to which he was exposed is to be attributed to the enmity he created by an arrogance of manner and a display of wealth offensive to the plain soldiers of the Republic.

The pursuit of the defeated French army was continued until the French reached Valladolid, about fifty miles north-east of Salamanca. Lord Wellington then committed the further operations to General Clinton, with the 6th Division and the guerrillas, while he turned against the army of the centre, under King Joseph Bonaparte, who had moved from Madrid towards Salamanca, and retraced his steps when he received the news of Marmont's defeat. The progress of the allies towards Madrid was without a check, excepting at Magidhorda, where General D'Urban who commanded the cavalry advanced guard, encountered a strong body of the enemy's cavalry and sustained a momentary reverse. The timely arrival of reinforcements prevented the King from following up the advantage, and he continued his

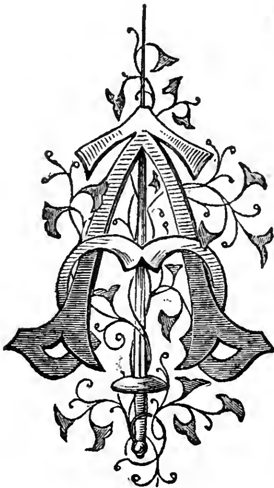
retreat to Valdermao, where he met the enormous escort which he had detached to Madrid, to bring away his court. The court had quitted Madrid on the 10th of August, with two or three thousand carriages of different kinds, and nearly twenty thousand persons of all ages and sexes. A horrible confusion now arose. The troops of the three different nations who formed Joseph's army plundered the convoy, and made prey of the miserable people who followed the court. Marshal Jourdan, the King's Major-General, with great exertions arrested the mischief, and succeeded in making the multitude file over the bridge of Aranjuez. "The procession was, however, lugubrious and shocking; for the military line of march was broken by crowds of weeping women and children and despairing men; countesses of the highest rank were to be seen in full dress desperately struggling with savage soldiers, for the possession of even the animals on which they were endeavouring to save their families. The cavalry of the allies could have driven the whole before them into the Tagus yet Wellington did not molest them, either from ignorance of their situation, or, what is more probable, compassionating their misery. He knew that the troops, by abandoning the convoy, could easily escape over the river, and he would not strike where the blow could only fall on helpless people, without affecting the military operations. Perhaps, also, he thought it wise to leave Joseph the burthen of his court." [1]

[1] Napier.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO MADRID. 1812.

CHAPTER XII.

Advance upon Madrid—Reception at Madrid—The French in the East, the South, and the North of Spain—Departure for Burgos—Proclamation to the Spaniards—Attack upon, and retreat from Burgos—Hill and Soult at Alba de Tormes—Circular on the subject of Discipline—Feeling excited by the Circular.



MORE striking contrast to the picture delineated by Napier, than that which was presented on the entry of Lord Wellington and the allies into Madrid, it is impossible for the mind to pourtray. When they reached the heights which command the Spanish capital, on the road from Salamanca, the soldiers ran forward to catch a glimpse of the countless steeples that were distinguishable through the haze; and their joy was at its height when they beheld a city, the possession of which had cost them so much toil and hard fighting. Ten thousand voices shouted, in glad chorus, "Madrid! Madrid!" Their step grew light—their spirits rose—and the enthusiasm thus kindled went almost beyond bounds, when thousands upon thousands of Spaniards came out from the town, to accompany the army to the city. For miles leading to Madrid, the roads were crowded almost to suffocation by people of all ranks; and it was with difficulty that the march was conducted in the order which had generally been observed. The nearer the troops approached Madrid, the greater became the difficulty of progress; for the people forced themselves into the midst of the ranks, and joined hand in hand

with the soldiers. Wine was offered, and (of course) accepted, though not to the extent the Spaniards wished; for the soldiers were too well disciplined, and felt too proud of the stations they held in the estimation of the people and themselves, to allow anything bordering on excess to follow the latitude that was granted them. There was nothing like intoxication in the ranks—not the slightest irregularity; and the appearance of the officers, almost all of whom were mounted, and the respect with which they were accosted by the soldiers when occasion required, struck the Spaniards, from its strong contrast with the oose discipline of the French and Spanish armies. It may be fairly said that no troops ever entered any capital with all the requisites necessary to insure them a cordial as well as a respectful reception, as the British army did on that occasion.

But, great as had been the obstacles to the march to the gates of Madrid, they were increased tenfold when the army entered a part

SPANISH LADIES.

of the town in the vicinity of the royal palace. Nothing could stop the populace, which at that moment, and at that point, embraced nearly all Madrid, from mixing themselves with the troops. Varie-

gated drapery hung from the windows; the church and convent bells rang out; banners were displayed; the bishops, the clergy, and municipal authorities came forth in procession, in all the glitter of the gayest dresses. The clangour of a thousand trumpets rent the skies, and as the loud blasts died away, to be renewed with fresh bursts of welcome, the dark-eyed *señoritas* of Castille struck their guitars, tambourines and castanets, and danced in front of the triumphal columns and their unmatched leader. The British officers were nearly forced from their horses, and some there were who actually lost their seats, if not their hearts. It was not alone the handsome young sub who received these marks of Spanish enthusiasm. The scarred and sun-burnt veterans equally came in for a share of the caresses of the admiring Castillians; and the Great Chief himself, for whose horse an impromptu carpetting was provided in their shawls and mantillas, when he dismounted, was vehemently embraced and handed over from one female to another, until he became fairly exhausted by their uncontrollable attentions.[1]

All this was very agreeable to the victorious army, and still more pleasant were the exertions made by the people of Madrid to contribute to the comforts of the officers and the enjoyments of the men. Some of the former reposed on beds of down, under canopies of satin fringed with gold, and made their toilettes in the boudoirs of marchionesses and doñas of the highest rank.

Lord Wellington himself was housed in the royal palace of Madrid, one of the finest buildings in the world, erected under the auspices of Philip V. And here fresh honours were showered upon his head by the Governments of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal. The Prince Regent of England advanced him in the peerage by the title of Marquis of Wellington; the Prince Regent of Portugal conferred upon him the title of Marquis of Torres Vedras; and the Spanish Government offered him the appointment of Generalissimo of the Spanish armies.[2] The latter was in one respect one of their wisest measures; for up to this moment his authority over the Spanish troops had been too often set at nought by the insolent jealousy of

[1] The author had this from the Duke of Wellington himself.

[2] The Spaniards were never deficient in the forms of gratitnde, nor in the display of enthusiasm. *Vivas* and patriotic songs were ever in their mouths, and courage was in their hearts, but the intense jealousy of Lord Welllington displayed by the military leaders in a great measure neutralised the popular zeal. Of what avail to shout

"Moeir poor la Patria,
Quan bello morir,"

if they were stationary at the very moment when vigorous action was desirable?

the national officers, who would not recognise his power. At the moment, however, Lord Wellington did not accept the trust, for the reasons which will be given hereafter.

Madrid is defended by a fort called the Retiro, formerly a convent, with an interior fort called La China, and an exterior entrenchment. On the retreat of the French, a garrison was left here of 2000 men. The commandant seeing the impossibility of holding it against the British, if attacked, surrendered on the day after the *entrée* of Lord Wellington, with all the stores, arms, and artillery which the place contained. The garrison were then sent prisoners of war to Portugal.

Leaving the Marquis of Wellington for a time at Madrid, to recruit after his long and harassing campaign, let us advert to the operations in other parts of Spain, which, though they did not very materially influence the movements of Wellington, must be considered in their general bearing upon the great Peninsula struggle; the more especially as some of them arose from the British leader's own successes.

The reader is aware that while the events described above were passing in the west and the centre of Spain, the *guerrilleros* and *partidas* in the north-west, assailed the French positions with great vigour. Guadalajara now yielded to the Empecinado—one Juan Martin Diez—who had acquired the *soubriquet* of Empecinado from having covered his face with *pecina* (pitch), and vowed vengeance on the French, who had murdered his family. Of this man's cruelties the most horrible stories are extant; but that they were rather retaliatory than wanton every candid reader of the history of the great war in the Peninsula will admit. There never, perhaps, was an invasion conducted with greater recklessness of barbarity[1] than that of the French. Begun in perfidy, it was conducted throughout in an uncivilized and unchristian spirit, and terminated, as it deserved, in indelible disgrace. Besides Guadalajara, Astorga and Torden surrendered. Puerto de Banos and Mirabete were also evacuated.

In the south of Spain, Marshal Soult was laying siege to Cadiz. Three years had been employed, with sundry interruptions, in constructing the works necessary to the conquest of the place, and they were upon the point of completion, when the astounding intelligence reached Soult that Marmont had been defeated at Salamanca, and that King Joseph had fled from Madrid to Valencia, to unite himself

[1] Massena carried Napoleon's doctrine that "war should support war," to a frightful ex tremity. He sanctioned the most revolting outrages. A vigorous writer, in a spirit of indignation, thus holds him up to obloquy in the *Biographie Universelle*:—"Signalez le à l'horreur de la posterité; ses rapines lui ont acquis une honteuse célébrité."

with Suchet. Soult immediately raised the siege of Cadiz—destroyed his entrenchments, with 500 pieces of cannon—and set forth to join the King. The defence of Cadiz will for ever remain an imperishable record of the skill of British engineers, the resoluteness of a British garrison, and the helpless vanity of the Spaniards. At first the authorities refused to admit our troops, although they came as defenders, but some little time afterwards they were only too glad to avail themselves of the aid of Generals Spencer and Cooke.

The French cause had sustained a heavy blow and great discouragement by the battle of Salamanca. But the snake was only scotched—not killed. The eastern provinces, Catalonia, Valencia, Murcia, still acknowledged the grinding presence of the usurper; and Clausel, though wounded, was rapidly rallying on Valladolid, and, joined by General Souham, had accumulated an effective force of 30,000 men. This was a state of affairs suggestive of anxious consideration to Lord Wellington. Moreover, his situation at Madrid was peculiarly isolated. He had removed himself far from the sea, and was consequently remoter from the means of obtaining reinforcements of men, provisions, and ammunition. He therefore resolved upon immediately proceeding to the north-west, to open a communication with Gallicia, taking Burgos in his way for the double purpose of driving Clausel still farther from the heart of Spain, and holding his own rear secure.

To give permanent effect and surety to this movement, the allied troops at Cadiz were ordered to embark for Lisbon, in order that they might communicate with, or join the chief by the line of the Tagus. Sir Rowland Hill, no longer required to watch Drouet, who had moved with Soult towards Valencia, was recalled to Aranjuez to protect Madrid and the vicinity; and Ballasteros, who had hung upon Soult's right flank in his retreat, was also summoned to occupy the mountains of Alcaraz, with the view of guarding the neighbouring fortress of Chinchilla, and of harassing the French if they should advance upon Madrid, after its temporary evacuation by Wellington.

These dispositions effected, Lord Wellington proceeded to move towards Burgos.

The circumstances which suggested this measure must have been desperate indeed, for his troops were not in a condition to undertake any great work. Discipline had become much relaxed throughout the army; the pay was many months in arrears; sickness prevailed, and gloom and discontent cast their mantles over all who were kept in the field. There were other motives beyond the position of Clausel, for the attempt to capture a strong castle with a part only of a worn-

out army, and these are to be found in the frightful state of destitution to which Madrid was reduced. There was not an absolute scarcity of the articles of life in the city—the scarcity lay in the absence of money,—Madrid and Lord Wellington were bankrupt. To stay in the capital was to increase the universal misery, wrought by French plunder and oppression; emancipation was only to be effected by a desperate movement northward.

Lord Wellington quitted Madrid[1] on the 1st of September, previous to which he issued the following proclamation to the Spanish people:—

PROCLAMATION.

"MADRID, 29*th August*, 1812.

"SPANIARDS!

"It is unnecessary to take up your time by recalling to your recollection the events of the last two months, or by drawing your attention to the situation in which your enemies now find themselves.

"Listen to the accounts of the numerous prisoners daily brought in, and deserters from their army; hear the details of the miseries endured by those who, trusting to the promises of the French, have followed the vagabond fortunes of the usurper, driven from the capital of your monarchy; hear those details from their servants and followers who have had the sense to quit the scene of desolation, and if the sufferings of your oppressors can soften the feelings of those inflicted upon yourselves, you will find ample cause for congratulation.

"But much remains still to be done to consolidate and secure the advantages acquired. It should be clearly understood that the pretended King is an usurper, whose authority it is the duty of every Spaniard to resist; that every Frenchman is an enemy, against whom it is the duty of every Spaniard to raise his arm.

1 The departure of the British troops was much regretted by the Spaniards, not a few of whom reproached our troops for again leaving them to French mercy. Many of the ladies came on the walks to take their last farewell; and just as the rear-guard were moving off, a beautiful girl, lightly clothed, refused to leave her lover, an English officer in the Portuguese Caçadores, who dismounted, and tied his silk handkerchief round her neck, and placed her sideways on his horse. Towards evening, the wind blew keenly, and "I saw her," says an officer, "enveloped in a soldier's great-coat." Many females left their homes, in a similar manner, with the French officers, and travelled about with the army on horseback, and astride, clad in uniforms of the Polish Lancers or Hussars, splendidly embroidered, with crimson trousers, made very wide, in the Cossack fashion. The ladies of Spain frequently ride astride, with pantaloons and Hessian boots, with a habit buttoning up before and behind, and when they are on horseback it is unfastened and hangs down on each side, to conceal their legs from view.

"Spaniards! you are reminded that your enemies cannot much longer resist; that they must leave your country if you will only omit to supply their demands for provisions and money, when those demands are not enforced by superior force. Let every individual consider it his duty to do everything in his power to give no assistance to the enemy of his country, and that perfidious enemy must soon entirely abandon in disgrace a country which he entered only for the sake of plunder, and in which he has been enabled to remain only because the inhabitants have submitted to his mandates, and have supplied his wants.

"Spaniards! resist this odious tyranny, and be independent and happy.

"WELLINGTON."

As Wellington advanced upon Burgos, the enemy retired. General Caffarelli, however, placed 1800 infantry, besides artillery, in the place (altogether 2500 men), and the governor, Dubreton, was of such courage and skill, that he surpassed even the hopes of his sanguine and warlike countrymen."

BURGOS means a "fortified eminence." The city was founded in 884, and became the capital of Old Castile. There is a castle protecting the town upon a rugged hill oblong in form. A triple line of defence surrounded it. The outer line consisted of the old escarp wall of the town, a castle modernised, with a shot-proof parapet; the second of a species of field entrenchment; the third, or upper line, of the same character as the second. All these were flanked and protected at the salient and re-entering angles with strong palisades. Three hundred yards from the castle was the hill of St. Miguel, on which stood a horn-work, consisting, as usual, of a curtain and two demi-batteries, with a redan (or angular work) in front. This work was, in its turn, defended by a battery within the third line mentioned above. The artillery mounted on the works consisted of nine heavy guns, eleven field-pieces, and six howitzers and mortars, and there were abundant supplies of stores and artillery within the castle.

To reduce this place Lord Wellington had with him 21,000 allied troops in a most inefficient condition, and a remarkably small train of artillery—not more than three 18-pounders, and five 24-pound iron howitzers. He had been led to believe that the place was weaker than he found it. But his experience of what might be accomplished by a vigorous assault after a breach had been effected, inspired the British General with a degree of confidence scarcely justified by the

state of his material; but it was plain, from the first, he was not very sanguine of success.

The operations commenced on the 19th of September, by the capture of the horn-work of San Miguel. The possession of this place was necessary as a point whence the subsequent siege could be more effectually conducted. The attack was led by the Hon. Edmund Cocks of the 79th, with a loss of six officers and sixty-six non-commissioned officers and rank and file killed, and three hundred and fifty officers, sergeants, and rank and file, wounded and missing. Upon the following day the siege works were begun under a fierce fire from the garrison, and they were continued from that time (the 20th of September) with little intermission until the 21st of October. A disheartening course of failures—some resulting from the despondency of the troops, who lost heart at the inefficiency of the fire of the weak artillery—some from the neglect of orders by officers entrusted with important duties, and others from the stout resistance of the gallant garrison, who were too much for Lord Wellington's inexperienced troops, had caused him, more than once, to contemplate the abandonment of the siege. He had, in the various attempts by sap, by breach, by escalade, and by storm, lost 509 officers and men killed, and 1505 wounded and missing. He had hoped against hope from first to last, and now began to despair of success. Sir Home Popham, however, was on the northern coast, and had contrived to forward two 24-pounders from Santander with a proportion of stores, and with these Wellington intended to endeavour to breach the wall of the castle. But ill news now came apace. The enemy were approaching from the north-east with 10,000 men to relieve Burgos, and actually arrived at Monastino. Another force was moving towards the Tagus, and the Castle of Chinchilla had surrendered, because General Ballasteros had not assumed the position in La Mancha which he had been ordered to take up by the Spanish Government at Lord Wellington's suggestion.[1]

[1] The explanatory and justificatory letter of this vain, self-sufficient soldier is so perfectly characteristic of the consequence of an empty Spaniard—so entirely antithetical to the doctrine of Wellington, that personal convenience should always give way to public duty—that it is worth reproducing in this place, apart from its value as a confirmation of the frequent complaints of the British General, that the Spanish leaders were never to be depended upon.

"EXCELLENT SIR,—From the time of the surrender of Barcelona, Figueras, Pampeluna, and San Sebastian, at which epoch I was at Madrid, I began to omit no means to bring about the revolution, maintaining a communication with various provinces of Spain, and acting with an energy surpassed by none. I flatter myself that no person contributed more than I did to the success of the 2nd of May, from which has resulted our present situation. The motive which animated me to act thus, was a knowledge that it was the general wish of the

These circumstances combined to suggest the necessity for an immediate abandonment of the siege of Burgos. It was a severe

nation to be informed for what purpose the surrender of those fortresses was intended, notwithstanding the political manner in which they were given up. From that epoch I have not quitted my arms, but have resisted, to the honour of my country, the attempts which have been made to injure her by a foreigner. Always inflexible in remaining only a Spaniard, my country has found me ready to support her under every circumstance, without regard to my fortune, which I have ever viewed, as your Highness must admit, with the greatest indifference. I was surprised at learning that the English General, Lord Wellington, was appointed chief of the Spanish armies, by a resolution of the general Cortes. They who, to preserve the reputation of their country, lie buried in their graves—thousands upon thousands of our companions in arms—are observing our proceedings; and *I should not consider myself as having been born in the kingdom of Arrogon, if I did not submit to your Excellency, for the information of Government, that I cannot condescend to a determination that tarnishes the honour of the Spanish name, degrading the chiefs who are at their head;* supposing that they do not perceive the certain superiority to which this measure must lead, particularly keeping in view the events of Barcelona, Figueras, &c., which I have already mentioned, and which took place with a nation with whom we were connected by the ties of friendship and good understanding, and of whose bad faith and fair promises no person can give a more satisfactory account than the Duke del Infantado, President of the Regency. I have received an account of this event, *and, in consequence, an order to move my army, an order which compromises the honour of all the individuals belonging to it, either in the capacity of citizens or military men.* I cannot hide this from them, without usurping the rights which belong to them, in the event of acknowledging Lord Wellington as General-in-Chief of the Spanish armies; and as the point in question is of the utmost importance to the general good of the country, I wait the resolution of your Highness for my ulterior determination.

"In the same order, your Excellency informs me, that Lord Wellington returns thanks to the generals of the nation for the benefits, political and military, which they performed, to obtain the present results of the allied army. Then, to whom is to be confided the command of the armed force of the nation? Is Spain to be considered as a little kingdom of Portugal? Is not the origin of our revolution, to our honour be it spoken, different from that of the Portuguese? *Have we not the honour to belong to the greatest nation in the world? Have not our arms resounded in the four quarters of the world?* CAN WE GIVE THE COMMAND OF OUR ARMY TO A FOREIGNER, WHATEVER MAY BE OUR POLITICAL SITUATION, WITHOUT DISGRACING THE NATION? No; Spain has still resources; her generals, chiefs, officers, and soldiers, still, fortunately, preserve the honour they inherited from their forefathers; and in the present war they have convinced the English and French that in battle they display equal valour and discipline to themselves, *and that their chiefs know how to conduct them to victory.* The fields of Baylen, Albuera, Saragossa, and Gerona, with many others, which I omit to state, because I would not be thought to boast of myself, are indelible testimonies of this truth; and the fourth army which I command, may tell the nation, that in these qualities they are not inferior to any soldiers in the world; and that, without degradation, they cannot descend to submit to obscure the glories they have acquired, and the extraordinary services they have performed, out of compliment to Lord Wellington, although they are always ready to act in combination with him. Lastly, I entreat your Excellency to *demand the opinion* of the national armies and citizens; and *if they agree to this nomination, I will resign my oppointments,* and retire to my house, to convince, in this manner, all the world, that only honour and the good of my country lead me to this exposition, and no ambitious views as to fortune, which malice may sometimes attribute to me, without respecting the notoriety of my patriotism, acquired by weight of constancy and signal services.

"Head-quarters, Grenada, Oct. 24. "F. BALLASTEROS.

"To his Excellency the Minister at War."

sacrifice for the General to make; for though he had never been very sanguine of becoming the captor of the town, he could not but be sensible that the attainment of that object would have proved of mutual advantage to the Peninsula cause, and insured the final success of the campaign.

It was on the night of the 21st of October, 1812, that the siege was raised. Covering the wheels of his gun carriages with straw, and enjoining the strictest silence throughout the columns, Wellington with his army defiled under the guns of the Castle, and moved towards the Douro.

Dubreton was completely taken by surprise, when, upon the following morning, he found the bird had flown. And Lord Wellington had so far benefited by the secrecy of his movement, that he had gained some thirty miles before the French troops had begun to follow him. Their cavalry now made up for the lost time by a rapid movement in the direction of the allies, coming up with their rear guard, and assaulting it with great determination. The remainder of 10,000 troops followed, and by the time the allies had reached Cittada del Camino the two armies were brought into collision. The rear guard of the British, commanded by Sir Stapleton Cotton, remarkably distinguished itself in covering the retrogression of the main body. Several desperate charges were made upon the French by the brigades under Major-General Anson and Major-General Bock, while the German infantry, under Colonel Halkett, placed in squares, bravely and steadfastly repulsed the attacks of the French dragoons. On the 24th the British moved on, and the French persevered in the pursuit. On the 25th the town of Villa Muriel was reached, and the French again came up, again attacked, and were a second time repulsed. The honour of this last achievement belonged to Major-General Oswald, under whom were Major-General Pringle and Brigadier-General Barnes. The Spanish troops, under Don Miguel de Alava, behaved right well on this occasion, driving the enemy across the river Carrion, with great loss. On the 29th of October the army crossed the Douro, and Lord Wellington destroyed all the bridges, to prevent the enemy from following him.

Previous to retiring from Burgos, Lord Wellington had directed Sir R. Hill to move from his position on the Tagus if he should find that he could not maintain himself in it with advantage. It was necessary that the Commander of the Forces should be near him, in order that the corps under his command should not be isolated by the movements which Hill might have found himself under the necessity of making.

Sir Rowland Hill did not delay to quit his position. Soult left Valencia on the 12th of October, and approached Aranjuez on the 22nd. His army consisted of 50.000 tried soldiers. The force under Sir Rowland did not number 40,000 bayonets. The retreat was conducted with great regularity, and without molestation from the enemy, until Sir Rowland crossed the Tormes, by a bridge close to the town of Alba (de Tormes). Here Marshal Soult came up in strength, and with an evident determination to attack the town. Lord Wellington now moved from his position, to form a junction with Hill, and thus placed his divisions for the third time upon ground that had already been distinguished by his victory.

Upon the approach of Soult the British commander gave orders for a brigade, consisting of the 50th, 71st, and 92nd Regiments, supported by General Hamilton's divisions of Portuguese, to re-cross the Tormes, and occupy the town. Hamilton immediately made every preparation for a vigorous defence. An ancient castle, which commanded the approach to the bridge, was repaired, and garrisoned with 150 men. The old Moorish wall which surrounded the town being in a state of complete dilapidation, was instantly repaired; the streets and various buildings in Alba de Tormes were barricaded; and that portion of the troops which was not required to line the walls was kept in reserve in the square.

On the 10th of November Soult made his appearance upon the heights above the town, his advanced guard driving in the British cavalry picquets, under General Long. In the afternoon the French opened their fire upon the town from twenty pieces of cannon, and pushed forward their light troops, 8000 in number, close to the walls. The cannonade lasted for three hours; and the French infantry were repeatedly formed to carry the place by assault. But, notwithstanding the dreadful shower of shot and shell that plunged about the streets in every direction, the boldness of the British soldiery, and the firmness and intrepidity of the officers, deterred the enemy from the attack. Soult drew off his columns, and replaced them on the heights.

Four or five days now elapsed without any fresh attempt being made by Soult upon the town. In the mean while he manœuvred along the banks of the Tormes; and upon the 14th crossed the river about six miles above Alba. The town was now evacuated, and a small garrison of 300 Spaniards being thrown into the Castle, Lord Wellington moved his divisions towards the Arapiles.[1]

[1] Some amusing and characteristic scenes connected with the reconnaissances and operations of Lord Wellington at Alba have been given by a medical officer of the army. The journal

It was fully expected by the army, and by Lord Wellington himself, that the French would give them battle on the plains of

whence they are derived likewise minutely describes what has been simply sketched above:—

"After a long day's march, it was late when we arrived on the left bank of the Tormes, and our bivouac was a cold one. The country around was bare of wood, the ground we occupied had lately been ploughed, and although the officers were now partially supplied with tents, our situation, already sufficiently uncomfortable, was thereby rendered much more unpleasant. During the night it rained and blew tremendously, and it was with much difficulty the tents were prevented from being blown down. The want of wood for fires was also seriously felt, and was a great aggravation of the other evils; our blankets were wet through upon us, and we passed a most uncomfortable night. On the morning of the 8th November, we therefore were not sorry when, an hour before daylight, we were once more formed, tents struck, and baggage packed, ready to move on, as we hoped, to a more eligible position. The severity of the weather had suffered little abatement, and we were kept standing on our ground, waiting for orders, in the most uncomfortable plight, the rain pelting us all the while most piteously. No orders, however, arriving, we were at length again permitted to pitch our tents, and, the weather clearing up about noon, proceeded to cook, and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. In the course of the afternoon, our brigade, the first of the 2nd Division, and some Portuguese regiments, were ordered into the town of Alba, to our great satisfaction, for the night, and, with some of my brother officers, I got shelter in a tolerably decent sort of house, which had been deserted by its inhabitants.

"Alba, or Alva, which gives the title of duke to one of the first grandees in Spain, is a town of considerable size, about three leagues to the south-east of Salamanca, rather romantically situated, in a little amphitheatre formed by some gently-rising ground on the right bank of the Tormes, which is there of considerable breadth, and is spanned by a long narrow bridge, having from twenty to twenty-five arches. On one side it is flanked by an old Moorish castle, recently reduced almost to a heap of ruins.

"*November* 10*th*.—The enemy have appeared in great force, and are preparing to invest the place; our brigade has been left alone to defend it, the others, on the left bank of the Tormes, having been moved on, with the exception of a few guns, which are, however, too distant to be of any service, whilst the castle and town hold out. The streets are now barricaded, the exterior walls lined with troops, and the loopholed houses well occupied. A garrison of 200 men, belonging to the 71st Regiment, has been put in the castle, along with whom, being the only disposable medical officer, I was detached. Accordingly, on looking about for a suitable place to establish myself, I fixed on a spacious vault or cellar, with a commodious access by a broad stair, from the court in the centre of the castle, along with the Commissariat bread-bags: it was quite dry, and, besides the light afforded by the door at the top of the flight of steps, it had a small grated window, which looked into the ditch, and on the dead wall which formed part of the rampart. This was almost the only apartment in the castle which had a roof to it, except one in the great tower, which had been fitted up as a kind of armoury, to which access was extremely difficult, indeed only to be obtained by means of a ladder, which, for want of another, ever and anon required to be drawn up, for the purpose of enabling the reliefs to get to a second floor, from whence a turret-stair led to the roof, which was flat, and surrounded by a parapet. From the summit of the tower the whole enceinte of the castle, the town, and the surrounding country was overlooked. In the turret-stair there was a small window, looking towards the country, which subsequently had to be blocked up with stones, for the enemy's tirailleurs, under cover, approached so near that, watching the opportunity of any one passing in ascending, they were sure to have a shot at them, from which some very narrow escapes were experienced.

"About noon, Lord Wellington, attended by a single Staff officer and Colonel Cadogan, 71st, came into the castle, on purpose to reconnoitre the enemy's army, which continued to arrive

Salamanca, and notwithstanding the disparity of force, the English commander was not indisposed to receive the attack, or, to use his

in masses from the eastward, and covered the whole face of the country in that direction. I had never seen his Lordship before, but, than now, I could not have had a better opportunity. He was dressed in a plain blue surtout, white cravat, cocked hat, waist-belt, and sabre. He seemed very active, and in great haste. Access to the tower had formerly been obtained from some of the buildings, now in ruins, communicating with the grand stair; but, as I have already said, it was now necessary to ascend to the first floor by means of a ladder, which had to be drawn up, and made use of again to reach the second story. Major M. M., 71st Regiment, who commanded the detachment in the castle, led the way, and as soon as Lord Wellington and the Staff officer had ascended, his Lordship ordered the ladder to be drawn up, calling out to Colonel Cadogan, that he could not spare time to wait for his getting up. The colonel, several other officers, and myself, of course, remained at the bottom of the tower, kicking our heels about, whilst his Lordship was making his reconnaissance from its top. The Honourable Colonel Cadogan was the commanding officer of the 71st Regiment, part of which constituted the garrison of the castle, and to *us* it seemed rather cavalier treatment on the part of his Lordship, more especially as the Colonel was most deservedly considered to be a favourite of his. Lord Wellington remained on the tower but a very few minutes, and, on descending, immediately passed out of the castle, mounted his horse, and rode off in great haste.

"The view at this time from the summit of the tower was of the grandest description; such a spectacle, indeed, may but very seldom be seen. The whole country round, beyond the immediate confines of the town and castle of Alba, as far as eye could reach, swarmed with troops, in all the various panoply of war. The enemy's force in sight—which Marshal Soult had with great exertion collected in the south and east of Spain, to drive Lord Wellington back to the Portuguese frontier, and out of the country—was calculated to amount to between 80,000 and 90,000 men, 15,000 of which were cavalry! These, for the moment, were all held in check by our position at Alba, which prevented their passing the bridge over the Tormes.

"Lord Wellington had not long left the castle, when we perceived an immense *cortège* of French mounted officers to approach, and take up their station on the summit of a rising ground about a mile and a half distant, for the purpose of reconnoitring our position. This was Marshal Soult himself, and his brilliant staff. It was said, he was recognised, by some one who was well acquainted with his appearance. They did not approach within musket shot, but certainly were not beyond cannon range, with which, however, as I have said, we were *unprovided*.

"It was not a little singular that two such great men should have been the cynosure of all eyes on the same day, and nearly at the same time; and what a contrast! Wellington almost without attendants, and Soult with his numerous and splendid staff!

"Shortly after Soult withdrew, it became evident that the business of the day was coming on. The tirailleurs, in great numbers, closed in upon our defences, but not without opposition on our part; for our Light Bobs, of which the 71st was wholly composed, kept up a spirited exchange of shots with them whenever they could do so with advantage, and no little gallantry and tact were displayed on either side.

"The grand attack was made in the afternoon, shortly after Marshal Soult's reconnaissance. The skirmishers, in great force, advanced nearly up to the walls, and obliged us to withdraw, our men from the ditches to more sheltered situations. About the same time, from sixteen to twenty pieces of artillery and howitzers were brought forward by the enemy, and posted on some rising ground a little in advance of the spot where Soult made his reconnaissance, and commenced battering the walls of the castle and town. Every shot told, except such as passed over altogether and fell in the river, and a number of the houses in the town were set on fire by their shells, or partially demolished by their shot. Our reply was *only by musketry;* and though the practice was sufficiently brisk, it was not very effective. Our chief dependence,

own words, "to try the issue of a general action," on ground of his own selection. A presentiment possessed the British that the Arapiles were not destined to witness their defeat, and, in one sense, this belief was justified. Whether Marshal Soult was oppressed by a superstitious dread of the ground on which his predecessor had been discomfited, or that he felt it hazardous at that moment to carry the war anew into Portugal (although he ardently wished to do so ultimately, and recommended the project to King Joseph, in a letter which was intercepted), he certainly abstained from following up the good fortune which had befallen him. The vicinity of Salamanca did not witness another fight. Soult's object was apparently to cut off Wellington's communication with Ciudad Rodrigo.

After holding out to his adversary for a day or two the temptation to efface the tarnish upon Marmont's arms, and finding out his real object by the fortifications he was throwing up at Mozarbes, Lord Wellington determined to move upon Ciudad Rodrigo. He accordingly put the army in march in three columns, and at the end of four days crossed the Agueda, and placed his troops in cantonments between that river and the Coa.

had they endeavoured to force their way within our weak defences, was on the bayonet; but they never attempted to make a lodgment. Their cannonade was continued till night, when it ceased, without their having gained any advantage. The attack lasted upwards of three or four hours, but did less execution than might have been expected, probably owing to the care taken to prevent our men from exposing themselves. Our loss, however, was by no means inconsiderable, being from twenty to thirty killed, and about one hundred wounded.

"The castle did not suffer much from the bombardment, though shell and shot fell about it most plentifully. We were apprehensive of another attack during the night, and, of course, were on the alert, but luckily were disappointed; however, soon after daylight on the 11th (November), the fire of the tirailleurs, from behind the garden-walls where they had ensconced themselves, was again resumed, and we soon discovered that a very considerable portion of the enemy's force had moved off during the night. No artillery was used against us to-day, though the place was so closely invested, that not a head could be shown over the parapet without being saluted by a shot. In the course of the day General Sir John Hamilton, who commanded the Portuguese, as rough a diamond as ever donned the soldier's garb, visited the garrison in the castle, and addressing Major M., who commanded, bluntly told him he was sorry to bring his death-warrant, for that Lord Wellington was going to withdraw the brigade from the town, but the castle was to be held to the last; and he, General Hamilton, was sure, from what he knew of its garrison, that they would never give it up but with their lives!

"Next morning, the 12th, our prospects were little improved; but, though still beleaguered, the bulk of the enemy's forces had disappeared from the face of the country they so lately covered: their object in doing so, we were well aware, was to effect the passage of the Tormes elsewhere. Thus passed the day, until the afternoon, when we were most unexpectedly and agreeably surprised by the arrival of 300 Spanish troops from Salamanca, to garrison the castle, and relieve us from so perilous a duty. We delivered over the charge of the castle to the Spaniards, who really were fine-looking fellows, and marching out with comparatively light hearts, rejoined our regiment in the town."

The enemy followed the retiring force, but did not press upon the rear excepting when the Light Division was passing the Huebra at San Muñoz on the 17th November; Ney then cannonaded the rear guard, and occasioned some loss. On the same day General Sir Edward Paget fell into the hands of the enemy. He had ridden alone to the rear to discover the cause of an interval in the march between the 5th and 7th Divisions of infantry, when a detachment of French cavalry came upon him in a wood, and captured him.[1]

Soult remained passive for a few days near the Huebra, and then broke up his force into detachments, and cantoned it in Old and New Castille.

The whole history of Lord Wellington's campaigns does not present an example of anything half so disastrous, pernicious, and

RETREAT FROM BURGOS.

mortifying as the march from Burgos to the cantonments on the Agueda. The discipline of the army had been terribly shaken by

[1] Sir Edward Paget was more fearless than sagacious; but Lord Wellington found him very serviceable at all times, for he was a stern disciplinarian, and would carry out the sentence

a variety of circumstances. The pay was long in arrears, the men were half starved, utterly ragged (but a shirt and a half in a whole company!) emaciated, covered with vermin. They had been exposed to all the vicissitudes and opposite rigours of climate—the burning heats of summer, the bitter cold of winter, and at all seasons heavy falls of rain, without shelter of any kind. True to their colours, in the most trying moments they were always ready, and indeed anxious, to face the enemy—but, out of his presence, they plundered remorselessly. They shot the pigs which were the sustenance of the inhabitants, dived into the wine-caves and vats,[1] plundered and drank to such a frightful extent that, on one occasion, it was computed there were no less than 12,000 men intoxicated at the same moment! Straggling from their regiments[2] to seek the means of gratifying their vile propensity, they were frequently cut up by the enemy's patrols and advanced cavalry, and not unfrequently fell victims to the angry resistance of the country people, whose property they seized upon. Not less than 7000 of the allies were killed in the retreat from Burgos!

Shocked at the state to which the army was reduced, Lord Wellington, upon taking up his quarters at Freneda for the winter, issued the following circular to officers commanding Divisions and Brigades:—

"The discipline of every army, after a long and active campaign, becomes in some degree relaxed, and requires the utmost attention on the part of the general and other officers to bring it back to the state in which it ought to be for service; but I am concerned to have

of a Court-Martial even under the fire of the enemy. He had lost his right arm at the passage of the Douro, and was for some time disabled, but he took the earliest opportunity of resuming his duties, and was sent out as second in command. After the Peace, he was made Commander-in-Chief in India, and, by prompt and severe measures, suppressed a dangerous mutiny of native troops, at the commencement of the Burmese war in 1824. He died the Governor of Chelsea Hospital, much regretted.

[1] The places used for the manufacture of wine in this part of Spain are subterranean, beneath some acres of ground. Over these are chimneys to admit air and light. To get into the vaults, the men of the regiments lowered down one of their comrades by ropes, or belts strung together, with three or four canteens slung over him. It was the business of the men so lowered to fill the canteens from the vats, and then, by a signal, cause themselves to be hauled up. Many of the French plunderers (from whom our soldiers appear to have acquired the science of vat-robbery) were murdered in the vaults by peasants set to guard them, and it is believed that several of the English shared the same fate.

[2] General Craufurd had a sure way of discovering who had straggled during the march of the Light Division. If he found a man had fallen out without a pass, he would take his ramrod from him, and ride off. He was thus seen sometimes riding into camp with a dozen ramrods, when the Adjutant of each regiment was ordered to find those who were without ramrods, and the offenders were ordered two dozen lashes each.

to observe that the army under my command has fallen off in this respect, in the late campaign, to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever served, or of which I have ever read. Yet this army has met with no disaster; it has suffered no privations which but trifling attention on the part of the officers could not have prevented, and for which there existed no reason whatever in the nature of the service; nor has it suffered any hardships, excepting those resulting from the necessity of being exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, at a moment when they were most severe.

"It must be obvious, however, to every officer, that from the moment the troops commenced their retreat from the neighbourhood of Burgos on the one hand, and from Madrid on the other, the officers lost all command over their men. Irregularities and outrages of all descriptions were committed with impunity, and losses have been sustained which ought never to have occurred. Yet the necessity for retreat existing, none was ever made on which the troops had such short marches; none on which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy.

"We must look, therefore, for the existing evils, and for the situation in which we now find the army, to some cause besides those resulting from the operations in which we have been engaged.

"I have no hesitation in attributing these evils to the habitual inattention of the officers of the regiments to their duty, as prescribed by the standing regulations of the service, and by the orders of this army.

"I am far from questioning the zeal, still less the gallantry and spirit of the officers of the army; and I am quite certain that if their minds can be convinced of the necessity of minute and constant attention to understand, recollect, and carry into execution the orders which have been issued for the performance of their duty, and that the strict performance of this duty is necessary to enable the army to serve the country as it ought to be served, they will, in future, give their attention to these points.

"Unfortunately, the inexperience of the officers of the army has induced many to consider that the period during which an army is on service is one of relaxation from all rule, instead of being, as it is, the period during which, of all others, every rule for the regulation and control of the conduct of the soldier, for the inspection and care of his arms, ammunition, accoutrements, necessaries, and field equipments, and his horse and horse-appointments; for the receipt and issue and care of his provisions; and the regulation of all that belongs to his food, and the forage for his horse, must be most strictly

attended to by the officers of his company or troop, if it is intended that an army, a British army in particular, shall be brought into the field of battle in a state of efficiency to meet the enemy on the day of trial.

"These are the points then to which I most earnestly intreat you to turn your attention, and the attention of the officers of the regiments under your command, Portuguese as well as English, during the period in which it may be in my power to leave the troops in their cantonments. The commanding officers of regiments must enforce the orders of the army regarding the constant inspection and superintendence of the officers over the conduct of the men of their companies in their cantonments; and they must endeavour to inspire the non-commissioned officers with a sense of their situation and authority; and the non-commissioned officers must be forced to do their duty by being constantly under the view and superintendence of the officers. By these means the frequent and discreditable recourse to the authority of the provost, and to punishments by the sentence of courts martial, will be prevented, and the soldiers will not dare to commit the offences and outrages of which there are too many complaints, when they well know that their officers, and their non-commissioned officers, have their eyes and attention turned towards them.

"The commanding officers of regiments must likewise enforce the orders of the army regarding the constant, real inspection of the soldiers' arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and necessaries, in order to prevent at all times the shameful waste of ammunition, and the sale of that article and of the soldiers' necessaries. With this view both should be inspected daily.

"In regard to the food of the soldiers, I have frequently observed and lamented, in the late campaign, the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked in comparison with those of our army. The cause of this disadvantage is the same with that of every other description, the want of attention of the officers to the orders of the army, and the conduct of their men, and the consequent want of authority over their conduct. Certain men of each company should be appointed to cut and bring in wood, others to fetch water, and others to get the meat, &c., to be cooked; and it would soon be found that if this practice were daily enforced, and a particular hour for seeing the dinners, and for the men dining, named, as it ought to be, equally as for parade, cooking would no longer require the inconvenient length of time which it has lately been found to take, and that the soldiers would not be exposed to the privation of their

food at the moment at which the army may be engaged in operations with the enemy.

"You will, of course, give your attention to the field-exercise and discipline of the troops. It is very desirable that the soldiers should not lose the habits of marching, and the division should march ten or twelve miles twice in each week, if the weather should permit, and the roads in the neighborhood of the cantonments of the division should be dry.

"But I repeat that the great object of the attention of the general and field officers must be to get the captains and the subaltern of the regiments to understand and perform the duties required from them, as the only mode by which the discipline and efficiency of the army can be restored and maintained during the next campaign."

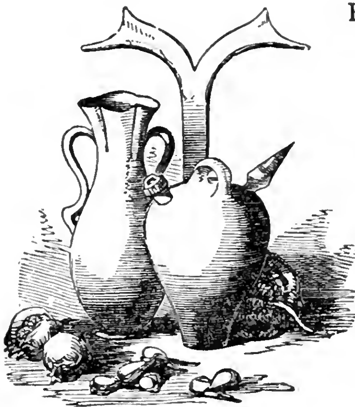
The immediate effect of this circular may be conceived. Every officer in the army considered it to involve unmerited reproaches. Looking only at what they had undergone, and what the army had achieved from the hour of its landing in Lisbon, they felt that the censure of the General was, if not altogether unmerited, at the least ungrateful. Many of them were mere boys, who had commenced their career on the field of battle. They had had very little previous opportunity of acquiring even a knowledge of simple regimental duties, much less of moral command. And of the older officers, where had they been schooled? In home garrisons, in the West Indies, in Holland, in India—wherever, in short, discipline had been habitually loose and authority weak. With no better preparation for severe campaigns they were immediately introduced, in the Peninsula, to heavy marches in hostile climates, to desperate and bloody encounters with a disciplined and experienced foe, to privations, to sickness, and to frequent disappointments and severe mortification. The spirit of hundreds sunk under the accumulation of suffering, and disqualified them for the strict discharge of their duties. Add to this, that, hunger and thirst forcing them to share in the plunder made by the men, they connived at the irregularities which gave them meat and drink, and thus lost that authority without which no discipline could be preserved. In October, 1811, Lord Wellington had found it necessary to remark that they "required to be kept in order as well as the soldiers,"—and that if not restrained within bounds, "they would only disgust the soldiers over whom they should be placed, the officers whom they should be destined to assist, and the country in whose service they should be employed." In a word, they were, as a body, mere inexperienced creatures of impulse. They could neither endure success nor failure; the former threw them into an

ungovernable intoxication of delight—the latter plunged them into a miserable state of despondency.

No doubt Lord Wellington had considered all these matters, and had weighed the policy of unmitigated reprehension against the danger of blending reproof with too much palliation. In his selection of the former, which, however, he tried to soften, by giving credit to the officers for zeal and patriotism, he looked more to its effect upon the future discipline of the army than to its influence on his own popularity. In this, as in all things, Wellington adhered strictly to one of his leading principles of action—the sacrifice of personal feeling and convenience to the public good. And the end vindicated the wisdom of his procedure. The discontent engendered by his rebuke gradually evaporated, and the officers diligently applied themselves to the restoration of good order and discipline.

CHAPTER XIII.

Feeling in England regarding Salamanca and Burgos—Meeting of Parliament—Speeches—Lord Wellington becomes Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish armies—Goes to Cadiz to meet the Cortes—Obtains the Colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards—Goes to Lisbon.



HE failure of the Marquis of Wellington before Burgos, and his retreat into Portugal, were viewed by the people of England as a melancholy retrogression, and France exulted at an apparent turn of her fortunes in the Peninsula. Nothing short of a miracle could have endued the British General with the uninterrupted good fortune he was expected to reap, under so many obstructions and disadvantages. The marvel is, that he held to the course he had chalked out for himself and the army under his command for so long a period. He was now (December, 1812,) exactly where he had been many months previously, and in a much more destitute condition in respect to the supply of the sinews of war and the personal efficiency of his army.

Yet had much been accomplished in those months. Victories had been won, fortresses had been taken, and the major part of these advantages consolidated. Not a Frenchman now stood upon the soil of Portugal. Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Valladolid, Madrid, Astorga, Seville, the lines before Cadiz, had all fallen into Lord Wellington's hands, and he had either destroyed or had the use of 3000 pieces of cannon, and the other contents of the arsenals of those places; 20,000 prisoners had been shipped for England, and the siege of Cadiz had been raised.

These were achievements only to be paralleled by the rapid conquests of Napoleon. If they fell short of the number and extent of the exploits of the Macedonian hero, they were accomplished in a fourth of the time. But "*la fin couronne le tout*," and in this case, "*la fin*" had been unfortunate. Had Parliament been sitting when the news of the battle of Salamanca and the occupation of Madrid reached England, the voice of opposition would have been hushed by the eloquent apostrophes of the minister and the joyful shouts of the gladdened multitude; but now the tide had turned, and it was difficult to appeal from the misfortunes of Burgos to the triumphs of the Arapiles.

A short summary of the proceedings in both houses at this juncture will show that the feeling which prevailed in England, at the close of 1812, however ultimately advantageous, was neither just nor generous towards Lord Wellington. The Marquis was now called upon to summon all his patience to his aid, and to find consolation for the obloquy cast upon his fortune in the applause of his own clear conscience; in the hopes of the future, and the approbation of his sovereign.

The news of the battle of Salamanca was received with the usual demonstrations of joy. Thanksgivings were offered up in the churches and other places of public worship; the windows and the walls of the denizens of every city in Great Britain blazed with illuminations; fireworks crackled in the streets, or lighted up the suburbs; meetings were called, that resolutions of approbation might be placed on record; and enormous quantities of beer were consumed in toasts to the General and his troops. All these and other vulgar marks of rejoicing however, passed away, and when the despatches announced the tardy progress of the operations against Burgos, and the ultimate failure of Lord Wellington, the mob, and the press in its interest, veered round, and little was heard but the language of reproach and indignation.

A new Parliament had been elected in 1812, and the Prince Regent took the earliest opportunity of calling it together on account of the peculiar situation of public affairs. In the speech from the throne, on the 30th of November, his Royal Highness referred in approving terms to the valour and intrepidity of the troops, and the skill and judgment of the Marquis of Wellington, who had, by transferring the seat of war to the interior of Spain, and by his victory at Salamanca, delivered the southern and western provinces from the power and arms of France; and he called upon Parliament to continue to afford every aid in support of a contest which had given to the continent of

Europe the example of persevering and successful resistance to the power of France, on which not only the independence of the nations of the Peninsula, but the best interests of Great Britain and the colonies essentially depended. Lord Longford, a relative of Lord Wellington's (and therefore restrained by delicacy from saying too much in his praise), moved the address, and while he admitted the severity of the taxation under which the nation groaned, urged the endurance of greater sacrifices—any sacrifice in short—to bring the Peninsula War to a happy issue. Napoleon deemed no sacrifice too great to promote the dearest objects of his ambition. It became Great Britain to practise still greater self-denial to frustrate those vicious objects. Lord Rolle seconded the address.

The Marquis of Wellesley entered upon a complete survey of the Peninsula War, and in adverting to that part of the speech which spoke of the necessity of continued effort, denounced the whole system hitherto pursued by the Ministers as totally inadequate to the great purposes to be attained. "It was certainly," he said, "the highest part of the character of wisdom to persevere with reasonable grounds of hope, in the face of danger, difficulty, and discomfiture, so it was the highest character of firmness to meet the tide of success without intoxication; to look it steadily in the face; to analyse the grounds on which it stood; and from that analysis, carefully and cautiously pursued, to deduce one general and consistent ground of public action." He called upon the government not to be led away by past success; not to be intoxicated with it, nor suffer its lustre so to dazzle their faculties that they could neither perceive where it originated, how it might be rendered permanent, nor to what ultimate objects it might be applied. He then took a comprehensive view of the history of the war; showed how success had arisen from the great talents of Wellington, and failure from the inadequacy of his supplies, for which Ministers were responsible. Alluding to the battle of Salamanca, "from what," asked the Marquis of Wellesley, "did that battle arise? Did it arise out of the efficiency, or out of the necessity of Wellington? It arose from the magnificence, the splendour, the greatness of his talents. He struck the enemy with his spear the moment he saw an opening. But were we to hope for that again? Was that a ground to build upon? His talents were indeed a firm and secure rock, on which any hopes, any expectations, however great, however exalted, might be founded; but it ill became statesmen to calculate upon chances, and occasions presenting themselves for success in operations upon the prosperous issue of which so much depended. Did the Ministry mean to say that their system

was raised solely upon the resplendent abilities of a consummate general, and upon the errors of the enemy? Did their plans amount only to that?" The Marquis continued for some time in the same strain, and concluded by declaring Ministers culpable in withholding needful supplies, and calling on them to carry on the war in the Peninsula upon a broad and extensive scale of operations.

Lords Liverpool and Bathurst offered a feeble defence to the system of Mr. Percival; the former arguing that he had to consider the other interests of the country in meting out the means for the conduct of the war; the latter that he was restrained by Lord Wellington himself from sending out reinforcements; forgetting to add that the restrictions only referred to a late period of the contest, when they could not have been sent without danger to their health.

In the Commons, Lord Clive moved the address, which was more than an echo of the speech, because it was more wordy and elaborate in its promises of support. No amendment was at first offered to the address, but the Right Hon. George Canning, who had held up the laurels of Talavera to the admiration of the country, spoke to the subject of the wars in Russia and in the Peninsula; lauding the defence of Russia as the noble offspring of the sturdy resistance of Spain and Portugal under British auspices, and following the general view with a denunciation of the Ministers. He considered the great success of Salamanca, succeeded by a disastrous retreat, to call for explanation. "I cannot hesitate to say (Canning *loquitur*) that if there be in the power of Ministers any means yet untried, any effort yet unattempted, any resources yet unexplored, any acceleration of force yet omitted, any exercise of energy yet delayed, not only such additional exertion ought to be immediately made, but that it ought to have been made long ago." Misplaced economy, shrinking from exertions that had a tendency to cripple Lord Wellington's operations, were crimes in Mr. Canning's eyes.

Lord Castlereagh defended Ministers in the same tone as his colleagues in the other House had employed. This brought Mr. Whitbread on his legs. He exclaimed against the want of proper co-operation on the part of the Spaniards, and joined in the opinion that the British Ministers had failed adequately to support Lord Wellington. He then moved a long amendment, in which it was proposed to institute an inquiry into the causes of the retreat from Burgos, for the purpose of ascertaining whether those disappointments had arisen from weakness of counsel at home, and want of support from the country, or were attributable to causes irremediable, and inherent in Spain herself. Sir Gilbert Heathcote and Mr. Ponsonby

supported, Mr. Bathurst, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Elliott opposed, the amendment, which was accordingly lost, and the address carried without a division.

The report on the Prince Regent's speech was brought up on the 1st of December. Some acrimonious discussion ensued, because, at this time, England had engaged herself in a war with America, and by the expression of her sympathy, and the employment of her navies, had taken a part in the Russian campaign against Napoleon.

But whatever may have been the feeling of the House of Commons, and the liberal party in the country, regarding the policy of prosecuting a war to liberate Spain, there was no difference of opinion respecting the merits of the Marquis of Wellington. To his stupendous ability and wisdom all parties bore willing tribute. On the 3rd of December, Earl Bathurst proposed a vote of thanks to the noble Marquis for the victory of Salamanca, and found no dissentient voice in the House of Lords. The Earl drew a faithful picture of the wisdom of Lord Wellington in prosecuting the campaign after the fall of Badajoz.

His intention to march into Andalusia, and oblige the French to evacuate the province, lest the people, becoming accustomed to the power and presence of the enemy, should forget their connection with their legitimate government, and the subsequent change in that intention, because of Marmont's advance upon the Agueda, and the importance of cutting off all communication between the Marshal and Marshal Soult in the south, were suitably dwelt upon and eulogised. "Indeed, my Lords," exclaimed Lord Bathurst, "such were the skill and management of the noble Marquis during this period of the campaign, that no words which I can use would be adequate to represent their value." Lord Bathurst added that the correspondence between the French marshals, intercepted by Lord Wellington, sufficiently showed the high estimation in which he was held. No movement of the enemy could disappoint his plans, or controvert his projects; while, on their part, no movement was concerted, but it was anticipated; no expectation was raised but it ended in disappointment; no fear was entertained but it became realised. In one of the intercepted letters it was said "he must read our correspondence or he must dive into our hearts, for no sooner do we form a design than he knows it, and forms measures to defeat it."

The Marquis of Lansdowne cordially supported the vote of thanks in one of those speeches in which justice was blended with a noble patriotism, and the suggestions of party merged into admiration of the champion of the cause of liberty in the Peninsula. Incidentally

the noble Marquis touched upon a point of importance which had been elsewhere overlooked. "No man," observed Lord Lansdowne, "who had attentively watched the conduct of the Marquis of Wellington, and the officers under his command, could fail to have observed that a military school existed in the Peninsula in which a race of officers were forming, on which the country might rely with confidence in the future military career which in all probability it had yet to run." "Notwithstanding the losses at Burgos and elsewhere, many officers must be formed by the Marquis of Wellington, who, having the advantage not only of his instructions, but of his example, before them, must be capable of rendering the highest service to their country." [1]

Lord Somers, the father of the gallant officer who fell at Burgos, proved the humanity of Lord Wellington, and the Duke of Clarence, and the Marquis of Wellesley, both spoke cordially in favour of the vote, which was agreed to, *nem. dis.*

In the House of Commons, on the same evening, Lord Castlereagh had the honour of moving the thanks of Parliament to the hero of Salamanca. The noble lord's eloquence on the occasion acquired additional earnestness from the fact of there being in that House some members who felt it consistent to refuse thanks for a battle which they did not, or could not, perceive had been attended by important results. After sketching a narrative of Lord Wellington's achievements, Lord Castlereagh insisted upon the effect of the battle of Salamanca, in giving the British commander an entire ascendancy over the Spanish mind; an ascendancy which had led to the unanimous election of the Marquis to the command of all the military means of Spain. The only able opponent of the vote was Sir Francis Burdett. He placed the Ministers on the horns of a dilemma. He justly contended that either the Government or Lord Wellington was to blame for the failure at Burgos. If the former had done their duty in supplying the British commander with adequate means to accomplish the capture of Burgos, Lord Wellington was obnoxious to blame for his failure: if Lord Wellington had done all that his great talents justified the world in expecting, what became of the defence made by

[1] The Marquis of Lansdowne spoke like a prophet. Lord Combermere, Lord Keane, Lord Gough, Sir A. Campbell, Lord Hardinge, Lord Strafford, Sir Harry Smith, Sir Colin Campbell, Sir Edward Paget, Sir Henry Fane, Sir Charles Colville, Sir Colin Halkett, Sir Willoughby Cotton, Sir Thomas Bradford, Sir George Walker, Sir Edward Barnes, Sir Robert Dick, Sir Frederic Adam, Lord Saltoun, Sir John Macdonald—and last, not least, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, all lived to attest the value of Peninsular service in qualifying them for responsible military offices elsewhere.

Ministers on the subject of supplies? The point was not argued by the House, but public opinion has long since settled where the blame or failure lay, in spite of the candid admissions of Wellington himself.

The vote of thanks, which included all the principal generals by name who had served at Salamanca, was carried unanimously, and the House further resolved to raise a monument to the memory of Major-General Le Marchant, who fell in the action.

On the 4th of December Lord Castlereagh came down to the House of Commons with a message from the Prince Regent. The message intimated His Royal Highness's desire to bestow such a mark of national munificence on General the Marquis of Wellington, as might enable him to sustain the high honours conferred upon him, and the House was called upon to adopt such measures as might be necessary for the accomplishment of that "most important object."

The House of Commons took the subject into consideration on the 7th of December, and a similar message having been communicated to the House of Lords, the Tories in the latter House, in the person of Lord Liverpool, and the Whigs, personated by Lord Holland, at once assented to the Prince Regent's proposal.

When the House of Commons had resolved itself into a committee, Lord Castlereagh of course took the initiative in proposing a pecuniary grant to Lord Wellington. The main point on which he rested his advocacy of the grant, was the inability of the Marquis to wear his honours with grace unless assisted by the country. It never could have been intended that the honours so fairly earned should be burdensome or painful to their recipient; and Lord Wellington was of so disinterested a character, that he was not able to sustain his rank out of his own resources alone. He had declined to receive the sum of 8000*l.* a-year attendant upon the command of the Portuguese army, on the ground that he could not take pay from his own sovereign and that of another country at the same time. The Government, nevertheless, suffered it to accumulate, and when it was tendered to him, Lord Wellington, with a generosity never before excelled, and with the noble self-denial of a soldier, begged that it might be disposed of for the Portuguese army. Lord Castlereagh was satisfied that the House would never recognise the French system of rewarding military leaders. The marshals were rewarded with possessions granted out of the countries which they had devastated—the territory of one sovereign was made the means of desolating the dominions of another. "Happily," exclaimed Lord

Castlereagh, "a different system prevailed, and he trusted ever would prevail, in this country. The troops of Great Britain went forth to fight for the interests and tranquillity of other nations as well as of their own; and their officers, although they might accept the honours conferred upon them by the legitimate sovereign of the country in whose cause they were contending, were not disposed to avail themselves of any pecuniary advantage unless it flowed from the country to which they belonged." As it was not considered desirable to exhaust the honours of the crown and the bounty of Parliament, for Lord Castlereagh yet anticipated further achievements by Lord Wellington, he limited his proposal to the grant of 100,000*l.*, to be vested in trustees for the purchase of lands to descend with the title of Wellington, and to be enjoyed by the future representatives of the noble Marquis.

Sir Francis Burdett opposed the grant upon various grounds. He had no idea of rewarding the retreat from Burgos. It was the first time he had ever heard that there was merit or glory in a disastrous retreat. He thought the campaign altogether very extraordinary, furnishing no ground for hope. The cause of Spain appeared to him infinitely more desperate than it was at the commencement. Moreover, if Ministers wished to reward military skill, they had enormous funds to draw from without applying to the public purse. While the amount of taxation was so great and so complicated, as to render its collection in a great degree impossible, he thought forbearance was essential. At all events he proposed as an amendment the postponement of the consideration of the grant.

Mr. Robinson supported the grant, and cited the case of the Duke of Marlborough, who, long before the battle of Blenheim, was granted a pension of 5000*l.* a-year. Sir Frederick Flood only regretted that the finances of the country did not admit of the grant being doubled; and Mr. Whitbread, who on former occasions had found fault with Lord Wellington, and always with the Ministers, cheerfully supported the motion for the grant.

Mr. Canning wound up the discusion with a brilliant harangue, seizing upon one or two points which had been overlooked by other speakers. He concurred in the proposal to grant 100,000*l.*, from a feeling that "we had within the last few years raised ourselves to the same equality on land,—more than which we had possessed at sea; and that to the individual to whom we owed these augmentations of glory and advantage no renumeration could be too splendid or too generous. No man who looked back at what our military policy was some time ago, and compared it with our present views and character

but must see that through the success and merits of Lord Wellington we had become a military people, and that by a series of achievements, each rising above the other in grandeur, he had, although yet in the youth of his glory, acquired for himself a renown equal to that of the first captain of his age. When the House looked back at that period at which our warlike preparations were confined to plans of fortifying the Thames, instead of driving the enemy beyond the Tormes and the Ebro, they could not fail, not merely to recognise in Lord Wellington the *decus et tutamen patriæ*, as one who had not merely formed a school, in which others might be taught to succeed and follow him in his career of glory, but to perceive in him at the same time the hero, who, whilst he wielded the thunder of his native land, was the tutelar genius of allied and dependent states, the protector of oppressed and prostrate powers. The picture which history would trace, for the instruction of posterity, would unite therefore with the figure of the successful commander, the attributes of a benevolent spirit, extending a guardian influence over recovering though fallen nations."

The amendment was rejected, and the resolutions carried with acclamation.

It has been stated in a previous page that, after the battle of Salamanca, the Spanish Provisional Government offered Lord Wellington the command of their armies. He did not accept the honour until he had received the special permission of the Prince Regent of England. When that arrived, he at once took upon himself the dignity and responsibilities of the office, bringing to the task of reforming the troops all the energy, candour, and clear-sightedness which distinguished his management of the British army. "Your Excellency," writes Wellington, addressing the Minister of War at Cadiz, "has a right to expect from me an accurate representation of facts as they shall appear to me; and *you may depend upon it that I will perform this duty.*" There was no beating about the bush in this avowal of an honesty of purpose—no fencing the necessities of the hour with deferential phrases and official technicalities. The urgency of the case was great, and did not admit of a waste of time in empty courtesies. The discipline of the Spanish armies was in the lowest state—neither officers nor troops had been paid for months, "nay, some for years;" they had no clothing, were wanting in necessaries, and destitute of provisions. As a natural consequence, habits of indiscipline and insubordination prevailed. Desertions were numerous, and sickness universal. Lord Wellington, who was always as averse to interfere with the functions of others as he was jealous of any infringement of his own, did not become acquainted

with these circumstances until it was his duty to inquire; and he was then so much shocked at the spectacle of suffering, and the absence of discipline, that he frankly avowed that, had he been aware of the real state of the army, he would have hesitated before he should have charged himself with "such an herculean labour as its command." But having accepted it, he did not allow the prospect of labour, and the doubtfulness of success, to suggest its relinquishment—he resolved to exercise it so long as he should possess the confidence of the authorities.

With the view of carrying out his schemes of reform in the army of Spain, the Marquis, after communicating by letter with the Minister of War, to little purpose, determined to proceed to Cadiz in person. He set off on the 24th of December, 1812. "God knows," he writes to Marshal Beresford, "the prospect of success from this journey of mine is not bright; but still it is best to try something."

If Lord Wellington had been fond of display, there was enough in the reception accorded to him by the authorities at Cadiz to satisfy his most inordinate desire. To one of his simplicity of character, it was nothing that crowds came out to meet and greet him—that the people shouted *Vivas*, and the householders illuminated their dwellings. He had learned to place the exact proper value on these popular demonstrations, and perhaps conceived that, in the adoption of a system the very reverse of that which was cherished by great Spanish commandders, who always appeared at the head of a cavalcade of staff officers, he should significantly intimate the difference between real business and frivolous display. His ever faithful follower, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, was Wellington's only aide-de-camp when he met a deputation from the Spanish Cortes on the 27th December.

Lord Wellington's speech to the Cortes three days subsequently was brief but impressive. He told them that the eyes of their countrymen were upon them, and that the whole world was interested in the success of their endeavours to save the nation from the general wreck, and to establish a system of government founded on just principles. In his communications with the Government upon the subject of the army, he was firm, but respectful. The point to which he strenuously addressed himself, as the key to reform and better organisation, was the complete obedience and dependence of the staff of the army, the Chief of which, he insisted, should be at his head-quarters, to act as the channel for the receipt of reports, and the issue of orders. The authorities paid every attention to his wishes, and at the end of a month he was enabled to write to Sir Thomas Graham, "I have placed military affairs (at Cadiz) on a better footing

than they were before, in the way of organisation; and I have provided some means to pay and subsist the armies; and we are beginning with discipline." That he did not carry out all his plans was ascribable to the influence of the corrupt and lying press of Cadiz, which fired the jealousy of the Spaniards by pointing to the (imaginary) danger of the union of powers in the hands of military officers at the suggestion of a foreigner. From the moment that fatal article appeared in one of the papers, the Cortes would do nothing.[1]

[1] An amusing picture is drawn by Lord Wellington, in a despatch to Earl Bathurst, dated "Frende, 27th January, 1813," of the state of the government of Cadiz at this time. His own Conservatism comes out strongly in the sketch.

"It is impossible to describe the state of confusion in which affairs are at Cadiz. The Cortes have formed a constitution very much on the principle that a painter paints a picture, *viz.*, to be looked at; and I have not met one of the members, or any person of any description, either at Cadiz or elsewhere, who considers the constitution as the embodying of a system according to which Spain is, or can be, governed. They, the Cortes, have in terms divested themselves of the executive power, and have appointed a Regency for this purpose. The Regency are, in fact, the slaves of the Cortes; yet Cortes and Regency have so managed their concerns, as that they have no communication or contact excepting of that kind which our sovereign has by speech or message to Parliament, or the Parliament by address to his Majesty; neither knows what the other is doing, or what will be done upon any point that can occur. Neither Regency nor Cortes have any authority beyond the walls of Cadiz, and I doubt whether the Regency have any beyond the walls of the room in which they meet. Each body, I know, suspects the other, notwithstanding, as I have above stated, the Regency are the creatures of the Cortes. The Regency suspect that the Cortes intend to assume the executive power; and the Cortes are so far suspicious of the Regency, that although the leading members admit the expediency, nay, necessity, of their removal from Cadiz, the principal reason alleged for remaining there is, that they know the people of Cadiz are attached to them; but if they were to go elsewhere, to Seville or Grenada for instance, they are apprehensive that the Regency would raise the mob against them!!

"I wish that some of our reformers would go to Cadiz, to see the benefit of a sovereign popular assembly, calling itself 'Majesty;' and of a written constitution; and of an executive government, called 'Highness,' acting under the control of 'his Majesty,' the Assembly! In truth, there is no authority in the state, excepting the libellous newspapers, and they certainly ride over both Cortes and Regency without mercy. I am astonished at the patience of my brother, and that he has been able to do anything with such people. I am quite certain that if I had not threatened them with my resignation, and had not kept aloof from all questions excepting those relating to my immediate business at Cadiz, I should have done nothing. It appears to me, however, that we must not allow these people to go to ruin as they are doing. Hitherto, having been confined within the walls of Cadiz, and the whole of Spain having been occupied by the enemy, their follies have been of little importance; but they will now become a serious misfortune, in proportion as the military misfortunes of France will increase the means of communication of the Cortes with the country. Several of the leading members with whom I conversed, are aware of the folly of the constitution, and are desirous of changing it, but do not know how to set about the change, and are terribly afraid of the Cadiz newspapers. In fact, if we allow matters to go on as they are, we shall lose the benefit of all that we have done, even if the result of the war should be to force the French to evacuate Spain; and I propose to try if I cannot prevail upon some of the leaders to propose an alteration of the constitution, so as to connect the legislative assembly with the executive government, as our Houses of Parliament are, by the ministers of the crown being members. This will be one step

From Cadiz Lord Wellington proceeded to Lisbon (January, 1813). where it was necessary to see the authorities, and to stimulate them to a greater degree of liberality and patriotism, if they had any desire for the regeneration of the country, and the permanent expulsion of the French from the Peninsula. The enthusiasm of the people, on his arrival, exceeded all previous manifestations. They had learnt to appreciate his great worth; albeit the Government had been slow to adopt his propositions for the improvement of the circumstances of the army. Fêtes were given by the Regency to their illustrious visitor, and at San Carlos the festivities were also great. Ultimately the Government applied itself to the amelioration of the military force.

While upon his tour to Cadiz and Lisbon, the Marquis of Wellington received the agreeable tidings that he had been appointed Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards.[1] This involved the vacation of the Colonelcy of the 33rd—the corps in which he had seen active service in the Low Countries and in India, and to which he had become attached. The superior advantages of a Colonelcy of the Household Cavalry made Lord Wellington feel much gratified by the change, but he could not leave the 33rd without saying that he should ever feel an anxiety for their interest and honour, and hear whatever might conduce to the latter with the most lively satisfaction.

Returned to Freneda in better spirits, and with better hopes than those which animated him on his departure for Cadiz, Lord Wellington awaited, for three months, the restoration of his army to health and efficiency. Recruits, stores, arms, and money continually reached him, and everything seemed to promise a brilliant campaign. The *bonhommie* of his character, held in reserve during the stern operations of war, was now allowed full play; and he exercised hospitality upon as large a scale as the circumstances of the hour and place would allow. "You had better," says he in a note to Graham, who had returned in good health from England, "direct your steps towards this village, which we have made as comfortable as we can, and where we shall be happy to see you. The hounds are in very good trim and the foxes very plentiful."[2]

towards putting the machine of government in motion; and it may be followed by other improvements essentially necessary for the establishment of any government, or for the preservation of any system of order in the country."

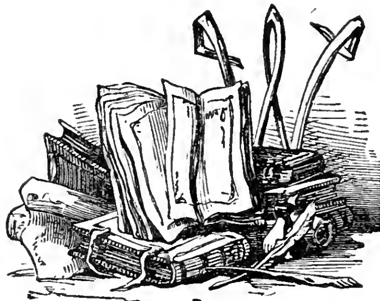
1 1st of January, 1813.

2 A sketch of the *personnel* of Lord Wellington at this time is given in a letter from an officer of the Light Division:—

"We know Lord Wellington at a great distance by his little flat cocked-hat (not a fraction

CHAPTER XIV.

A glance at Napoleon's Russian Campaign, and the State of Affairs in the East of Spain.



WHILE the rival armies lay inactive — at least in respect to hostile operations —Napoleon Bonaparte recalled Soult, whose services he required in reference to his new quarrel with Germany.

From this point the successes of Wellington in the Peninsula, and subsequently in France, bore so directly, in connection with events taking place elsewhere, upon the fall of Napoleon, that a glance at the proceedings,

of an inch higher than the crown,) being set on his head completely at right angles with his person, and sitting very upright in his hussar saddle, which is simply covered with a plain blue shabrack. His lordship rides, to all appearance, devoid of sash, as, since he has been made a Spanish Field-Marshal, he wears on his white waistcoat, under his blue surtout coat, the red and gold knotted sash of that rank, out of compliment to our allies. From the same motive, he always wears the order of the *Toison d'Or* round his neck, and on his black cockade two others, very small, of the Portuguese and Spanish national colours. His lordship, within the last year, has taken to wearing a white neckerchief instead of our black regulation, and in bad weather a French private Dragoon's cloak of the same colour.

"I give these details respecting our great Captain (who may yet lead us to the gates of Paris), as I always found every minutiæ of celebrated characters as much sought after by the inquisitive as the very deeds which have brought them into notice. Often he passes on in a brown study, or only returns the salutes of the officers at their posts; but at other times he notices those he knows with a hasty 'Oh! how d'ye do,' or quizzes good-humouredly some one of us with whom he is well acquainted. His staff come rattling after him, or stop and chat a few minutes with those they know, and the *cortége* is brought up by his lordship's orderly, an old Hussar of the First Germans, who has been with him during the whole of the Peninsular war, and who, when

which converted all Europe into a vast theatre of war, is necessary to a clear understanding of all that may follow.

he speaks of him, uses a German expression, literally meaning, good old fellow, emphatically implying in that language, attachment and regard."

If we may borrow a fact from a fiction, the account given of the hunting scenes in the Peninsula, in Mr. Lever's lively novel of "Charles O'Malley," may not inaptly furnish an episode in the Campaigns of Wellington:—

"Soon after this army broke up from Cafa, and went into cantonments along the Tagus, the head-quarters being at Portalegre, we were here joined by four regiments of infantry, lately arrived from England, and the 12th Light Dragoons. I shall not readily forget the first impression created among our reinforcements by the habit of our life at this period. Brimful of expectation, they had landed at Lisbon, their minds filled with all the glorious expectancy of a brilliant campaign, sieges, storming, and battle-fields floated before their excited imagination. Scarcely, however, had they reached the camp, when these illusions were dissipated. Breakfasts, dinners, private theatricals, pigeon matches formed our daily occupation. Lord Wellington's hounds threw off regularly twice a week, and here might be seen every imaginable species of equipment, from the artillery officer, mounted on his heavy troop horse, to the infantry subaltern, on a Spanish gennet. Never was anything more ludicrous than our turn-out. Every quadruped in the army was put into requisition, and even those who rolled not from their saddles from sheer necessity were most likely to do so, from laughing at their neighbours. The pace may not have equalled Melton, nor the fences have been as stubborn as in Leicestershire; but I'll be sworn, there was more laughter, more fun, and more merriment in one day with us, than in a whole season with the most organised pack in England. With a lively trust that the country was open, and the leaps easy, every man took the field; indeed, the only anxiety evinced at all was to appear at the meet in something like jockey fashion, and I must confess that this feeling was particularly conspicuous among the infantry. Happy the man whose kit boasted a pair of cords or buckskins; thrice happy he who sported a pair of tops. I myself was in that enviable position, and well remember with what pride of heart I cantered up to cover, in all the superior *éclat* of my costume, though if truth were to be spoken, I doubt if I should have passed muster among my friends of the 'Blazers.' A round cavalry jacket and a foraging cap, with a hanging tassel, were the strange accompaniments of my more befitting nether garments. Whatever our costumes, the scene was a most animated one. Here the shell jacket of a heavy dragoon was seen storming the fence of a vineyard. There the dark green of a rifleman was going the pace over the plain. The unsportsmanlike figure of a staff-officer might be observed emerging from a drain, while some neck-or-nothing Irishman, with light infantry wings, was flying at every fence before him, and overturning all in his way. The rules and regulations of the service prevailed not here; the starred and gartered General, the plumed and aiguilletted Colonel obtained but little defence and less mercy from his more humble subaltern. In fact, I am half disposed to think that many an old grudge of rigid discipline, or severe duty, met with its retribution here. More than once have I heard the muttered sentences around me which boded something like this. 'Go the pace, Harry! Never flinch it! There's Old Colquhoun—take him in the haunches—roll him over.' 'See here, boys. Watch how I'll scatter the staff. Beg your pardon, General. Hope I haven't hurt you. Turn about; fair play. I have taught *you* to take up a position now.' I need scarcely say there was one whose person was sacred from all such attacks; he was well mounted on a strong half-bred horse, rode always foremost, following the hounds with the same steady pertinacity with which he would have followed the enemy; his compressed lip rarely opening for a laugh, when even the most ludicrous misadventure was enacting before him; and when by chance he would give way, the short ha! ha! was over in a moment, and the cold stern features were as fixed and impressive as before. All the excitement—all the enthusiasm of a hunting-field—seemed powerless to turn his mind from the pre-occupation

In March, 1812, France had entered into new treaties of alliance between Austria and Prussia. Neither of them were of a cordial nature, for the triumphs of Napoleon's sword had dictated the terms of both; but the Emperor had cemented the connection with Austria by a marriage with the daughter of Francis I., after divorcing himself from his first wife, Josephine. The object of this new alliance, on Napoleon's part, was to strengthen his hands against Russia. For two years previously, Alexander, the Czar, had begun to experience the baneful operation of the "Continental system," which had obliged him to close the ports of Russia against Great Britain, and seeing a prospect of being sustained by the latter power and by Sweden, now governed by Bernadotte,[1] he determined upon an assertion of the independence of his empire. A correspondence was, therefore, begun with Napoleon as a necessary preliminary, for Alexander wished to carry his point without a resort to arms. Napoleon, however, was not disposed to yield an inch, and the concessions which he offered, in reference to Poland, whose re-establishment as a kingdom he agreed not to countenance, and the tender of indemnity of which he made for seizing the Russian province of Oldenburg, were only regarded by Alexander as indications of weakness.

which the mighty interests he presided over exacted. I remember once an incident, which, however trivial in itself, is worth recording, as illustrative of what I mean. We were going along at a topping pace; the hounds, a few fields in advance, were hidden from our view by a small beech copse. The party consisted of not more than six persons, one of whom was Lord Wellington himself. Our run had been a splendid one, and as we were pursuing the fox to earth every man of us pushed his horse to his full stride in the hot enthusiasm of such a moment.

"'This way, my lord; this way,' said Colonel Conyers, an old Melton man who led the way. 'The hounds are in the valley. Keep to the left.' As no reply was made, after a few moments' pause, Conyers repeated his admonition. 'You are wrong, my lord; the hounds are hunting yonder.'

"'I know it,' was the brief answer given, with a shortness that almost savoured of asperity. For a second or two not a word was spoken.

"'How far is Niya, Gordon?' inquired Lord Wellington.

"'About five leagues, my lord,' replied the astonished Aide-de-Camp.

"'That's the direction, is it not?'

"'Yes, my lord.'

"'Let's go over and inspect the wounded.'

"No more was said, and before a second was given for consideration, away went his lordship, followed by his Aide-de-Camp, his pace, the same stretching gallop, and apparently feeling as much excitement as he dashed onward towards the hospital, as though following in all the headlong enthusiasm of a fox-chase."

[1] Upon the death of Charles XIII. of Sweden, a revolution took place, and, to prevent the King of Denmark securing the succession to the throne, the people made choice of Bernadotte, a French general, who had become favourably known to them for his kindness to some Swedish prisoners taken in the Polish war of 1807. He was a clever man, of humble origin.

The negotiations were broken off, and military preparations of a magnitude that had never before been witnessed were made on both sides for some months. Alexander exhausted the resources of his gigantic empire, and Napoleon put forth his utmost strength, not merely to cope with, but to crush his antagonist. Some of Napoleon's ablest ministers and most attached counsellors advised him to desist from his warlike undertaking, but he felt confident as to his means, and never doubted his ultimate success. "The war," he said, "is a wise measure, demanded by the true interests of France and the general security. The great power I have attained forces *me to assume an universal dictatorship.* Ambition has no share in my views. I wish to obtain no new acquisition; and reserve to myself only the glory of doing good, and the blessings of posterity. There must be an European code; one court of appeal; one system of money, weights, and measures; equal justice and uniform laws throughout the continent. *Europe must form but one great nation, and Paris must be the capital of the world.*"

Hurrying to Dresden, in the summer of 1812, to meet an assemblage of kings and princes favourable, or not indifferent, to his cause, Napoleon developed his plans; but still anxious to avert a war, he dispatched Count Lauriston to the Emperor Alexander, to see if the differences between men, sworn brothers at Tilsit and Erfurth, could not be reconciled without bloodshed. It was of no avail. Alexander's mind was made up to cast off the yoke under which the commerce of his country groaned and her progress in the arts of civilisation was checked, and the integrity of his throne endangered. He refused even to grant Lauriston an audience. An appeal to the sword was then inevitable. At the head of 420,000 men Napoleon marched through Prussia, into Russia and Poland, and on the 28th of June, 1812, entered Wilna, the capital of that part of the empire. From this point his advance was vigorously opposed. The Russians gave him battle upon every possible occasion, and laid the country waste in front of his armies. Still he posted onwards until he reached Borodino, a village on the Moskwa, where he found his passage for the moment arrested by the fortifications thrown up by the Russians. A long and bloody contest here took place,[1] and Napoleon, ultimately victorious, proceeded to Moscow, which city he entered in triumph, fully calculating on passing the winter in a town so richly supplied

1 On the eve of the battle of Borodino, or of the Moskwa, the intelligence of the victory of Salamanca reached the Russian camp, and Prince Kutusoff made use of the circumstance to animate his troops. The English under Wellington were held up to them as an example.

with all that was necessary for the maintenace of his army. In this he was greviously mistaken. Either from design or accident, the whole town was soon in flames. The provisions and the shelter on which the French had calculated, were alike destroyed, and the condition of the invading army became perilous in the extreme. It was in vain that Napoleon, threatened with all the horrors of a Russian winter, attemped to open a negotiation with Alexander. The Czar treated all his overtures with supreme contempt. A retreat was inevitable, and accordingly commenced. It began on the 20th of October, 1812. In point of suffering to those engaged, it is without parallel in history. Thousands of men and horses perished of hunger, or fell by the hands of the infuriated pursuers. Such as survived became demoralised or intimidated, and whole battalions fled from the war-whoop of a band of Cossacks, while the entire line of the route was marked by white mounds, the snow-clad graves of those who had sank down and died on the dreadful march. Bonaparte, seeing his army totally ruined, hastily quitted it, and hurried back to Paris. New troubles now awaited him. The King of Prussia, subservient from constraint to the arbitrary will of Napoleon, had not merely given the army destined to invade Russia a passage through his dominions; he had assisted it with a force under General D'Yorck, and these troops being pressed by the Russians, under Wittgenstein, on the retreat of Napoleon, D'Yorck concluded an armed neutrality with the Russians. Alexander seized upon the circumstance as a happy omen of a renewal of the former good understanding subsisting between Russia and Prussia. He issued a proclamation, calling the attention of the European powers to the abortion of Napoleon's unjust enterprise and the ruin of his proud hopes and lofty schemes; stated his earnest desire to restore the balance of power, and urged the expediency of immediate exertions for the rescue of the harassed continent from the miseries of servitude. The proclamation took effect. The King of Prussia resolved to embrace the opportunity of effecting his own emancipation, and securing the independence of his people. He at once opened a communication with Alexander; they met at Breslau, and a treaty of close alliance for their mutual interest and the general advantage of Europe was concluded. Napoleon received the intimation without surprise, merely observing, when the hostile declaration was notified at St. Cloud, "It is better to have a declared enemy than a doubtful ally," and with characteristic resolution he addressed himself to new efforts to crush the alliance.

We must now return to Spain, to survey the operations which had

taken place in the eastern provinces, while Wellington lay inactive on the banks of the Douro.

Marshal Suchet had not so skilful an enemy to cope with in the eastern provinces as his contemporary Marshals had met with in the west. Lord William Bentinck preferred looking to British interests in Sicily to grappling with the French in Spain, and Sir John Murray was scarcely strong enough to make an impression on Suchet single-handed. At the beginning of 1813, the French were 70,000 strong in Valencia and Catalonia, while Murray's force at Alcante did not exceed 30,000 Anglo-Sicilians and Spaniards. True, the greater part of Suchet's army was necessarily distributed in garrisons, leaving him only 18,000 men for active operations beyond the Xucor, but he was gifted with rare military talents, and had not, to that hour, any strong reasons for respecting the military capacity of his adversary. He was fated, for an instant, to alter his opinion in March 1813. On the 6th of that month, Murray, having previously reconnoitered the position of Alroy, and driven in the advance guard with loss, deemed it of importance to get possession of the place. On the 7th he attacked and carried it, but the enemy contrived to effect his escape. The effect of the capture was to induce Suchet to quit Valencia and take the command, in person, of the troops on the right bank of the Xucor. Murray, therefore, assembled the allied army at Castella, on the 20th of March, and several small outpost affairs took place, in which General Whittingham[1] and the Spanish troops signalised themselves. Sir John Murray particularly spoke in his despatches of the cordial co-operation he had experienced from General Elio.

Sir John Murray, although serving at a distance from the Marquis of Wellington, was acting under his orders, and responsible to him for his movements. Accordingly, we find that on the 14th of April, 1813, Lord Wellington drew up an elaborate memorandum of the operations to be carried on on the eastern coast of the Peninsula, as soon as the allied British and Portuguese army should take the field in Castile, which was not intended until the first days of the month of May. This memorandum is more peculiarly illustrative of the prescience of Lord Wellington than any which bears his signature. Every contingency is anticipated and provided for—every difficulty is fairly and boldly contemplated, and its removal devised. No doubt Murray would have scrupulously followed the injunctions contained in the document; but it happened that, on the very day previous to

[1] Afterwards Sir Stamford Whittingham, and commander of a Division of the Madras army.

that on which the memorandum is dated, Marshal Suchet attacked Murray at Castella, and sustained a complete defeat. Sir John thus describes the battle:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, CASTELLA, *April* 14*th*, 1813.

"MY LORD,

"I have the satisfaction to inform your Lorship that the allied army under my command defeated the enemy on the 13th inst., commanded by Marshal Suchet in person. It appears that the French General had, for the purpose of attacking this army, for some time been employed in collecting his whole disposable force. His arrangements were completed on the 10th, and on the morning of the 11th he attacked and dislodged with some loss a Spanish corps, posted by General Elio, at Yecla, which threatened his right, whilst it supported our left flank. In the evening he advanced in considerable force to Villena, and, I am sorry to say, that he captured, on the morning of the 12th, a Spanish garrison, which had been thrown into the Castle by the Spanish General, for its defence. On the 12th, about noon, Marshal Suchet began his attack on the advance of this army, posted at Biar, under the command of Colonel Adam. Colonel Adam's orders were to fall back upon Castella, but to dispute the passage with the enemy, which he did with the utmost gallantry and skill for five hours, though attacked by a force infinitely superior to that which he commanded. The enemy's advance occupied the pass that evening, and Colonel Adam took up the ground in our position which had been allotted to him. On the 13th, at noon, the enemy's columns of attack were formed, composed of three divisions of infantry, a corps of cavalry of about 1600 men, and a formidable train of artillery. The position of the allied army was extensive. The left was posted on a strong range of hills, occupied by Major-General Whittingham's division of Spanish troops, and the advance of the allied army, under Colonel Adam. This range of hills terminates at Castella, which, and the ground to the right, was occupied by Major-General Mackenzie's division, and the 58th regiment, from that of Lieutenant-General Clinton. The remainder of the position was covered by a strong ravine, behind which Lieutenant-General Clinton was stationed, supported by three battalions of General Roche's division, as a column of reserve. A few batteries had been constructed in this part of the line, and in front of the castle of Castella. The enemy necessarily advanced on the left of the position. The first movement he made was to pass a strong body of cavalry along the line, threatening our right, which was refused. Of this

movement no notice was taken; the ground to which he was pointing is unfavourable to cavalry, and as this movement was forseen, the necessary precautions had been taken, When this body of cavalry had passed nearly the half of our line of infantry, Marshal Suchet advanced his columns to the foot of the hills; and certainly his troops, with a degree of gallantry that entitles them to the highest praise, stormed the whole line, which is not less than two miles and a half in extent. But, gallantly as the attack was made, the defence of the heights was no less brilliant: at every point the enemy was repulsed —at many with the bayonet. He suffered a very severe loss. Our gallant troops pursued him for some distance, and drove him, after a severe struggle, with precipitation on his battalions of reserve upon the plain. The cavalry, which had slowly advanced along our right, gradually fell back to the infantry. At present his superiority in that arm enabled him to venture this movement, which, otherwise, he should have severely repented. Having united his shattered battalions with those he kept in reserve, Marshal Suchet took up a position in the valley; but which it would not have been creditable to allow him to retain. I therefore decided on quitting mine; still, however, retaining the heights, and formed the allied army in his front, covering my right flank with the cavalry, whilst the rest rested on the hills. The army advanced in two lines to attack him, a considerable distance; but, unfortunately, Marshal Suchet did not choose to risk a second action, with the defile in his rear. The line of the allies was scarcely formed, when he began his retreat, and we could effect nothing more than driving the French into the pass with defeat, which they had exultingly passed in the morning. The action terminated at dusk, with a distant but heavy cannonade. I am sorry to say that I have no trophies to boast of. The enemy took no guns to the heights, and he retired too expeditiously to enable me to reach him. Those which he used in the latter part of the day were posted in the gorge of the defile, and it would have cost us the lives of many brave men to take them. In the dusk the allied army returned to its position at Castella, after the enemy had retired to Biar. From thence he continued his retreat at midnight to Villena, which he quitted again this morning in great haste, directing his march upon Fuente de la Higuera and Onteniente. But although I have taken no cannon from the enemy, in point of numbers his army is very considerably crippled; and the defeat of a French army which boasted it had never known a check, cannot fail, I should hope, in producing a most favourable effect in this part of the Peninsula. As I before mentioned to your Lordship, Marshal Suchet commanded in person.

The Generals Harispe, Hubert, and Roberts, commanded their respective divisions. I hear from all quarters that General Harispe is killed; and I believe, from every account that I can collect, that the loss of the enemy amounts fully to 3000 men; and he admits 2500. Upwards of 800 have already been buried in front of only one part of our line; and we know that he has carried off with him an immense number of wounded. We had no opportunity of making prisoners, except such as were wounded, the numbers of which have not reached me. I am sure your Lordship will hear with much satisfaction that this action has not cost us the lives of many of our comrades. Deeply must be felt the loss, however trifling, of such brave and gallant soldiers; but we know it is inevitable; and I can with truth affirm that there was not an officer or soldier engaged who did not court the glorious termination of an honourable life in the discharge of his duty to his King and his country. The gallant and judicious conduct of those that were engaged deprived much more than one-half the army of sharing in the perils and glory of the day; but the steady countenance with which the divisions of Generals Clinton and Mackenzie remained for some hours under a cannonade, and the eagerness and alacrity with which the lines of attack were formed sufficiently proved to me what I had to depend on from them, had Marshal Suchet awaited the attack."

After this action, the armies resumed their former position, as Murray—one of whose divisions had been recalled to Sicily by Lord William Bentinck—did not feel himself sufficiently strong to resume offensive operations. There is no doubt that he ought to have pushed his success immediately after the battle.

What was doing in the north of Spain (Major-General Cooke continued in the south at Cadiz) while Murray was operating in the east, and Lord Wellington lay tranquil on the Douro? The north of Spain was in a state of insurrection against the French yoke; the insurgents, stirred up and supported by a squadron of British men-of-war upon the Gallician coasts. The Gallicians are a fine body of men, and formed by habit to share in the semi-savage kind of warfare practised by the *guerrilleros*. These people, with the *partidas* of the Asturias and Leon, gave the French no repose. They surprised a French detachment returning, after a plundering expedition to Burgos, and killed or made prisoners 1000 men. They captured the garrisons at Bilboa, Salinus de Arona, and Pancabo. Mina, to whom allusion has previously been made, harassed the enemy in Arragon and Navarre. Futile were the efforts of Claüzel to capture him. He was continually upon the flanks of the enemy, attacking small

detachments and convoys.[1] The name of Mina will ever stand distinguished in the history of the *guerrillas* of Spain; two individuals of

[1] "I was witness to a transaction which must furnish you with a correct idea of the general system of Guerrillas, and to what extent dependence can be placed on that description of force, which has been so lavishly commended. Four hundred well-mounted Guerrillas fell in with sixteen French dragoons, who immediately charged them; away went the Guerrillas, and in their route drove five British light dragoons off the road; but the latter, the 12th Dragoons, in their turn charged the enemy, who immediately fled. Don Julian, the Guerrilla chief, in support of this affair, stated, that '*his forces are not intended for the charge, but merely to harass the French, and cut off their supplies.*'"—*Private letter from an officer in Camp near Burgos, October*, 1812.

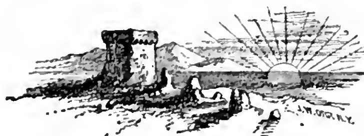
Another officer, writing from Valladolid, gives a better account of the uses of the Guerrillas.

"VALLADOLID.—We reached this city early to-day; assuredly we shall learn one lesson from the French, who, willing to impede the advances of our troops, most effectually prevented a way over the bridges by completely, and in a masterly manner, destroying the centre arch; but they are adepts in the art of destruction. We forded the Douro, but it was low; perhaps, in a month's time, the bridges will be wanted, but we can build well and rapidly. Our road to-day was through a forest of pine-trees, whose beautiful green tops (for they resemble the figure of a mop reversed) formed a pleasing contrast to the yellow, burnt surface of the country. This city is, in comparison to all I have seen in Spain or Portugal, except Lisbon, much the finest and best paved; in the latter respect it surpasses Lisbon. The streets are wide, and have been neatly flagged on each side, an improvement suggested by the French, To-day, the houses are a display of tapestry, &c., in honour of Ferdinand the Seventh, whose portrait is hung amidst a profusion of crimson velvet, in the great square. A few days since, King Joe received the same compliment. These people are fond of grand display, fireworks, and illuminations; whether for the Virgin Mary, or a saint, a king, or a victory, out flows the tapestry over the balconies, and all go to church. I will give you an idea of military distress: a few days past we could not get food for ourselves; here we cannot get food for our cattle, an important embarrassment, for both an Englishman and his horse require the substantial to enable them to fight the climate, the fatigue, and the enemy. As an instance of Spanish *politesse* and hospitality—arriving here somewhat fatigued and *dusty*, with an irresistible inclination for breakfast, we only washed, put on clean linen, and a *slight* covering, and sat down to breakfast *sans cérémonie;* my lady, the Donna of the house, two young Donnas, and the Don, soon after entered, made us understand we were welcome, chatted and retired. You must know, we are billeted according to rank. I have been lucky hitherto to lodge with Dons, and in mansions that would afford materials to build a tolerable village, with a parson's barn; the oak table I am now writing upon, would easily cut into *three* tolerably heavy ones, and my landlord's chariot would supply wood to fit up a turnpike-house, gate, and posts; conceive doors and window-shutters three inches thick, of solid wood—it serves to keep out heat. The French that garrisoned this city and the village we came through, by the ingenuity they have displayed in the defences against the attack of the Guerrillas, have left a convincing proof how formidable they considered those partisan warriors —houses at the extremity of the village surrounded by a deep ditch, a parapet, embrasures of field-pieces, and loop-holes for musketry, a deep ditch, with a parapet, cut across all the roads leading into the villages—in short, these Guerrilla gentlemen must have created great alarm, and consequently have risen in our estimation. Regular action is out of their way, but for *la petite guerre* they are admirable. To be sure, their appearance is horribly grotesque; anything of a jacket, anything of a cap, anything of a sword, or pistol, or carbine, and anything of a horse. As mercy is not in the calendar of their virtues, you may readily imagine what a terror they are to the French. I have no hesitation in describing the loss of the enemy, in rencontres with the Guerrillas, to have been 20,000 men, and I am borne out by the opinion of many intelligent Spaniards; 600,000 of the French have come

this name became the scourge and terror of the invading French army and its supporters from an early period in 1809. The younger Mina was a student of Navarre: at the early age of twenty this heroic Spaniard was wounded, and carried prisoner into France; his uncle, D. Francisco Espozy Mina, having gained reputation for courage and other necessary qualifications for a *guerrilla* chief, succeeded to the command, in which his nephew had made himself so famous and formidable. This warrior was not thirty years of age when he became leader of the *guerrillas*, and commander of the province of Navarre; his habits and temperament were admirably calculated for the bold and romantic exploits which he undertook; with a frame of uncommon physical power, he possessed a mind equal to danger and privation, and insensible to the weaknesses of human nature, when they interfered with his duty as the soldier, the servant, and the defender of his country. When Mina laid down to rest, it was always with pistols in his girdle, and if under the shelter of a roof, which was seldom the case, he always secured the door against surprise. Two hours' sleep was sufficient to recruit the strength of this hardy patriot. His powder was manufactured among the mountains, and his hospital was at a mountain village; and whenever the French made an attempt on it, mountaineers always, on the first intimation of their approach, were sure to remove the sick and wounded to places of greater security. The mode adopted by Mina for raising money to pay his soldiers, and reward his emissaries, was arbitrary, but the times and circumstances perhaps rendered it not only excusable, but justifiable. He exacted certain sums from the rich traders, for passports and protection, and he permitted dealers of every rank to traffic with the French, by which means his men were supplied with many things of which they otherwise must have stood in need. The Alcaldes of the villages Mina kept true to his cause, by never allowing them an opportunity of betraying it. If they were ordered by the French to make a requisition, and did not immediately acquaint Mina with the circumstance, he went in the night, seized them in their beds, and punished them on the spot with the death of a traitor. When his linen was dirty, he made a practice of repairing to the nearest house and taking clean from its owner. The dress of this chieftain and his followers was as free from ostentation as their patriotism. There was nothing remarkable about them, but their sandals, which were worn to afford them a greater facility in climbing mountains or precipices, when

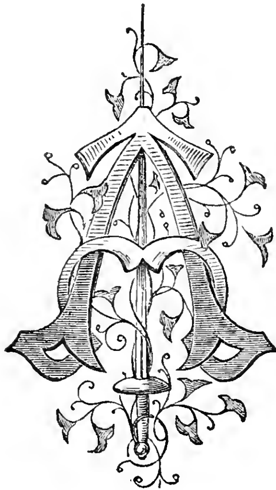
into this country, 100,000 have been ordered back, and what remains is certainly not 150,000, all included; so say the French, and so say the Spaniards. We have 20,000 prisoners; in short, we may estimate their loss at 300,000 men since the war."

pursued. To the morals of his followers Mina was strictly attentive; he would not allow of gaming nor plunder; when the battle was over, every man was permitted to take what he could obtain, but until his duties were done, it would have drawn upon him the vengeance of his chief, had he thought of appropriating to himself any part of the spoil. The arms of his *guerrillas* were all in excellent order for battle, though their external appearance did not warrant this idea; they were rusty and clumsy, and their bayonets all stained with the blood of the invaders. Whenever a spy of the French was detected, he was brought into the presence of the chief, whose guards were expert in executing a summary and disgraceful punishment on the delinquent: his right ear was cut off with a sword, and then the words "*Viva Mina!*" branded on his forehead. The army of Mina never exceeded 5000 men, because he knew that a greater number would not be so manageable. In this war, in which the best feelings of a brave people were enlisted, old men, boys, and women, did not shrink from bearing a part; husbandmen quitted their flocks, the lame and halt put on a warrior's garb, and all rushed forward to defend their country, or perish in her cause. In one province, *El Pastor*, the shepherd, was the leader, in another, *El Medico*, or the doctor, *El Manco*, or the cripple, in a third; another band was headed by *El Cantarero*, or the Potter; and a chief, known by the whimsical epithet of *Francisquite*, or Little Francis, led his countrymen to the field in another. In the country surrounding Madrid, a man, whose age obtained for him the title of *El Albvilo*, or the Grandfather, made himself formidable to the enemy; and in Rioja, the celebrated Cuevillos was accompanied by his son and *daughter-in-law*, the Gildippe of Spain. In one action this Amazon was said to have killed three of the enemy with her own hand. By the impolicy of Napoleon, the priesthood were driven from their convents, and many of them served in the *guerrillas*, whilst the old and the eloquent preached a crusade against the invaders.



CHAPTER XV.

Old soldiers—Second in command—Preparations for the ensuing Campaign—Remonstrances addressed to the Spanish and Portuguese Governments—Advance into Spain—Battle of Vittoria.



FTER his visit to Cadiz, the Marquis of Wellington, on his return to Freneda, gave all his time—all the energies of his mind—to the preparations for such an advance into Spain as would render another regression quite unnecessary. The position of the French was not formidable—they occupied the towns of Foro, Zamora, Tordesillas, and Valladolid, on the right bank of the Douro, and continued recruiting for a fresh contest. Napoleon did indeed withdraw some of the best troops from service in Germany, but King Joseph still remained in sufficient strength to offer, under good generalship, a formidable obstruction to the meditated advance of the English. But this "good generalship" was wanting. He had abandoned Madrid, and fixed his head-quarters at Valladolid; and unfortunately for him, he and his generals did not agree, so that instead of being "concentrated at the right point, and under one head, the troops were scattered under officers who agreed in nothing but opposition to his military command."

It was a great object with Lord Wellington to have as many old soldiers in his army as possible. There was a very natural desire among some of the regiments to be relieved after five years of such

hard service, followed by the severe comments upon their discipline, to which reference has already been made; but the feeling among the officers was generally in favour of a continuance on the Peninsula until the great object of expelling the French had been accomplished.

To neither the desire to go nor the honourable wish to remain did Lord Wellington vouchsafe much heed. He continually urged upon the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief, the importance of leaving the old soldiers with him. From Cadiz he had written, "Experience has shown us in the Peninsula that a soldier who has got through one campaign is of more service than two or even three newly arrived from England. * * * * I should prefer to keep as many of the old regiments as I can with the army." And this sentiment he iterated in nearly the very same words in his communications with Earl Bathurst after his return to Freneda.[1]

Another subject which occupied no small share of Lord Wellington's attention at this period was, the quality of the general officers sent out to assist him, and the folly of troubling him with a "second in command." Upon the latter point, he evinced some degree of irritation, but his arguments, as usual, were far from devoid of reason. He conceived that Marshal Beresford, as the next in rank to himself, and as enjoying the confidence of the Portuguese, was preferable to any lieutenant-general who might be sent out as the *successor to himself* in the command of the allied armies, and for any other purpose he deemed an officer of high rank quite unnecessary.

"In my opinion [despatch to Earl Bathurst, January 20, 1813], the office of second in command of an army in these days, in which the use of councils of war has been discontinued, and the chief in command is held severely responsible for everthing that passes, is not only useless, but injurious to the service. A person without defined duties, excepting to give flying opinions, from which he may depart at pleasure, must be a nuisance in moments of decision; and whether I have a second in command or not, I am determined always to act according to the dictates of my own judgment, being quite certain that I shall be responsible for the act, be the person who he may, according to whose opinion it has been adopted. One person in that situation may give me a little more trouble than another; but

[1] In order to encourage the old soldiers to remain, all those who had entered the service in 1806, and whose term of service had expired, were offered large bounties to re-enter. Men not above thirty-five years of age were allowed to enlist for life, and received sixteen guineas. Those above thirty-five for seven years only, and received eleven guineas of bounty. The temptation was sufficiently strong, especially to those who looked only to present enjoyment, to induce many to renew their engagements.

substantially I must be indifferent as to whether it is the Marshal, or any of the Lieutenants-General who have been named on the occasion. I must be out of the way when any one of them should be called upon to act in command; and excepting that feeling, which every man must have for what is to occur after he is gone, which is not of a personal nature, I can have no preference to one officer over another as my successor."

The winter of 1812 was very inclement, and, in spite of all the efforts which humanity and policy could dictate, both officers and men suffered from the severity of the season. It will serve to convey some notion of the character of Peninsula service, during a suspension of arms, and at such a period, if a few extracts from letters, written at the time, are here given:—

"MONASTERIO, 17*th October*, 1812.

"We left our delightful tinkering, and came forward to this vile village. I think the description of the scenes at the advanced post will not be unentertaining. You may suppose a village on the high-road, about nine miles from head-quarters, the army occupying strong positions near to that place, the enemy about fifteen miles in our front. Imagine, also, all the villages in the vicinity of the great road, left and right, to be occupied by the Spanish cavalry, Guerrillas, and infantry; and suppose a village about six miles in front of our advanced position, on the great road. During the day, we occupy this village in front with a subaltern's picket of cavalry, about eighteen men; having on the road, also, between the two villages, an infantry picket of seventy men. At night, our subaltern's picket retires from the village in advance, leaving a corporal and six men about two miles on the road; he retires to the infantry picket, which has a small picket of one sergeant and eight men in its front, about 150 yards: this we consider as the night position. In the village, at our advance, are posted three squadrons of cavalry, two field-pieces, and a regiment of light infantry; and in a village contiguous more light infantry.

"I will give you the occurrences of twenty-four hours, and then you will judge of the nature of our post-duty. At eleven P.M., by intelligence from the front, report is made, the enemy is advancing in full speed. 'Turn out Turn out! Send the baggage to the rear! Form the battalion!' Out we turn—away goes the baggage, with all our meat, drink, and clothing, except what is on our backs; it rains in torrents. Having continued two hours in expectation of a move, ordered to quarters, not to unarm, but to be ready at a moment's

warning to turn out; the rest of the night, and till four in the morning, sitting over a few cold ashes, cold and wet; turn out at four as customary—wait till daylight—no appearance of an enemy —ordered to quarters all wet, dirty, cold, and our baggage nine miles off; in six hours the baggage returns; just turned in. An alarm again—the Guerrillas come galloping in—the enemy are coming on—away goes the baggage again—out we turn—form in a field—wait until an attack would be most desirable—another false alarm—return to our quarters quite wet, dirty, cold, and comfortless. From a variety of causes these alarms arise, and an extreme caution is highly necessary. We are continually exposed. As for the habitations and mode of living, they beggar all description. As the straw palliasse found in the houses is a receptacle for all kinds of vermin, we prefer a blanket on the floor; but whether it is the heat that draws them, search of prey, or a roaming disposition in the vermin, but so it is, we have a regular hunt after every hour's rest, and I assure you the slaughter is immense. In regard to what we eat and drink, I suppose an ordinary in St. Giles's would be a luxury; and often when nature is so exhausted that wet, cold, and hunger is borne away by weariness and fatigue, and we sink on the dirty hearth of a miserable fire absorbed in sleep, the horrid and incessant squalling of children deprive us of that comfort, and we must appear savage to favour exhausted nature. Conceive, then, fine elegant young men, who have paraded Bond-street, the very quintessence of fashion, whose stainless leathers and varnished tops, muslin folds and smooth chins, have stamped them the votaries of fashion, *you see here* with huge dirty mustachios or whiskers, ragged jackets, greasy shirts, filthy pantaloons, half a hat or foraging cap, and misery depicted in strong colors in each feature. I think the idea of what an officer or soldier should be in this country is well described on the wall of a room at Castle le Bromeo, by a French officer. He says, 'to live in this country one should have the heart of a lion, the strength of a horse, the appetite of a mouse, and the feelings of a savage;' to which I, amongst the general opinion, heartily subscribe. But the grand consideration, that we are sustaining a conflict here to preserve our dear country from the local horrors of war, is paramount to everything; it gives us fortitude and resolution, braces our nerves, and renders us irresistible; which I humbly hope God, in his infinite mercy and goodness, will continue unto us until we have defeated our enemies."

"MONTGAUL, *4th December*, 1812.

"The dismal and harassed march has ceased, and the divisions settling themselves in their winter quarters: our friends in England, it is likely, have little idea how much we have to do when once our particular quarter is allotted to us. A good lodging, comfortably furnished, generally receives us when going into winter quarters at home; here how great the difference: a brigade is huddled into a Portuguese village, of which it is not possible to convey any idea to our friends at home; but I will explain what I have to do ere I can reach a sensation bordering on what is called comfort. In order to have light, without sharing the inclemency of the weather, I have a frame made to a window; this frame is divided by string into squares, to which is attached oiled paper—a clumsy imitation of what we sometimes observe in carpenters' shops—this is my window. The floor of my apartment is fortunately without holes; but that must be scraped and washed, an operation it never before has experienced. I have next to stop up the holes in the walls of my room, and, if I can procure a little white-wash, give a similarity of appearance to what never had changed from the first formation, except by the effect of damp, and the filthy customs of the natives. Plaster or white-wash is very seldom found here. The roof must remain, as it serves not only to keep out the rain, but also to let out the smoke. The labour of man cannot wash the blackamoor white. Conceive, now, my apartment, in some degree cleared from its native filth and dungeon-like appearance; a bundle of clean straw, nicely disposed of in one corner, with two blankets, composes my bed; a rough, heavy table, and a ricketty stool finishes the catalogue of my furniture; a dirty tin lamp, with oil, lights me to bed. In regard to any other comfort, as the Portuguese have scarcely an idea beyond the brute creation, you may conceive their astonishment when they beheld me raising a little fabric in a corner of the yard; it was totally beyond their comprehension. Now, my friends, here I am settled for winter-quarters, master of just sufficient philosophy to save a rope the trouble of ending a life of less importance at this moment to me than ever. The weather is fine and warm; should it change, and oblige me to keep within doors, without books, without any resource, but what my fancy raises—and you will allow a man's imagination must be prolific, who can, under such circumstances, form anything like a lively sentiment—what a prospect!"

Another writer furnishes the following description of Portugal:—

"I must confess, I felt astonished at the almost sudden change in the face of the country, on entering Portugal. From Ciudad Rodrigo, in the direction to Guarda, you at once advance amidst mountains of rocks, on the surface of which you continually see immense piles of loose stones, and many of those of an enormous size, to every appearance the effect of eruptions; but which present such a savage aspect to the view, that, when astonishment has ceased, a sensation of horror ensues; conceive that as far as the eye can reach from mountain to mountain, over an expanse of valleys, you still encounter this rough and barbarous appearance. A few acres, badly cultivated, a few stunted oaks, or the more flourishing chesnut, now and then present a little relief to the disgusted traveller. On descending from Guarda, a city situated on the summit of a mass of rocks, and which, from its extreme height, is all winter weeping as it were, under a dense cloud; you travel for some miles winding down into the valley, which certainly presented to our view the nearest approaches to civilisation we had encountered for some time; the opposite side of the mountain was enlivened by two or three apparently neat villages, which was increased by some of the habitations being whitewashed; a few buildings were also interspersed on the bank of the river, which the imagination fondly clinging to what it had been accustomed to, readily converted into country-houses, gardens, orchards, &c., but from whatever cause, certainly the eye was delighted. I am led to think, from the quantities of olive trees we observed, that that branch of business was carried on in this place, as we saw a few well-built stone houses, which, though now desolated, gave evident proof of previous opulence, and conveyed some degree of grandeur. On leaving the valley, although here and there the searching eye would penetrate for miles around, the general appearance was nature in its roughest state; towns, villages, roads, rivers, and cultivation, all in the most barbarous, savage state; bordering on the idea, that of being seen once, and that once too much; there seems to us some description of fruit, and vegetables; apples and currants, cabbages and onions, potatoes and turnips; goats' milk and tolerable bread, so that we can make our broth; but fuel seems scarce, the natives using charcoal. As yet the weather is fine, but should the wintry storms confine us to our uncomfortable quarters, and the luxury of the sun be denied us, I am not clear whether a Hottentot is not more comfortable; no doubt infinitely more so according to his ideas."

To receive the reinforcements arriving from England, and despatch

them to the army, Major-General Peacocke was stationed at Lisbon. The reinforcements of cavalry especially were of a very high order. The 10th, the 15th, and the 18th Hussars, now came out to strengthen the light troops, and the whole of the Household Brigade, the two Regiments of Life Guards, and the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), were added to the Heavy Cavalry. The excellent discipline of the latter compensated for their want of experience in the field: the better part of the Hussars had honourably distinguished themselves under Lord Paget (now Marquis of Anglesey), at Coruña. Munitions of war were poured into the hands of Lord Wellington, with suitable profusion, and he at length (April, 1813) began to feel that he might place every reliance upon the English part of his army. But he was terribly plagued with the Spanish and Portuguese. There was no lack of energy in the business of recruiting. Men were obtained in great numbers, and officers were full of zeal. It was in the financial department, and the matter of supply, that all the vexation was produced. Both the Junta and the Cortes were loth to supply the needful, believing that the British commander would feed the allies as well as his own troops. Against this Lord Wellington decidedly set his face, and his correspondence establishes that he was influenced by no other feeling than a sense of justice to the foreign troops, and to the people of Great Britain. Addressing the Conde de la Bisbal, he expresses his apprehension that instead of having too few troops in a state of discipline to take the field there will be more men clothed, armed, and disciplined, than the means of the country could support, unless the Government should carry out the measures they had arranged with him, and give the armies the *real nine-tenths of the revenue fairly collected and honestly administered.* "It will answer no purpose to bring to the theatre of war on the Douro, or the Ebro, crowds of starving soldiers. We shall only lose them by desertion, and with them our own characters; and increase our difficulties, without reaping any advantage for the trouble taken in forming them."[1] To Don Jose de Carrajal, Lord Wellington writes, "Officers and soldiers without discipline are worse than useless, and discipline and subordination cannot be established in any army that is neither paid nor fed; and the Spanish officers cannot be paid or fed unless the Government shall carry into execution the measures which were arranged with me under the decree of the Cortes."

Nor was it only upon the subject of the means of paying and feeding the allied, and especially the Spanish, troops, that Lord Wellington experienced anxieties and annoyances. The Spanish

[1] Letter to the Conde de la Bisbal, dated Freneda, 28th March, 1813.

Ministers and Generals were continually encroaching upon his authority, and taking upon themselves responsibilities which were solely the prerogative of the English generalissimo. Hear what he says to Sir Henry Wellesley, the British Minister at Madrid:—

"I wish and propose to open the campaign on the 1st of May, * * * If there was money I should entertain no doubts of the results of the next campaign in respect to the Peninsula. But the Spanish Government have so contrived their matters, that the arrangements concerted and agreed upon with me, have not yet produced a shilling, and as far as I can judge, are not likely to produce much. However, I cannot yet write decisively and officially upon this subject, as I have not the official reports; but I have certainly the most obstinate and worst tempered people to deal with that I have yet met in my life. * * * * Depend upon it that the result of the next campaign depends on our financial resources. * * * * If we cannot relieve the subsidies without falling on the resources of the British army, and can get nothing from the country, we shall end the next compaign as we did the last. * * * * The Minister of War is going on just as usual; and I must either resign, or throw him and the Government on their responsibility, and desire some member of the Cortes to call for the letters. He sends orders to the troops, and so do I, and the consequence is that neither are obeyed."

And again, in a letter to Don Andres Argel de la Vega, he vehemently protests against the conduct of the Government, in their interference with his prerogative and duties. They had removed officers from their stations and placed them in others, without any recommendation from Lord Wellington; without, in fact, acquainting him that they had made such arrangements. They had appointed other officers to stations of importance unknown to him, and had moved corps of cavalry and infantry about, without any reasons of a public nature.

All the chafing and irritability produced by this indecent and truly impolitic disregard of Wellington's instructions and positions, did not, however, deter him from continuing to offer friendly counsel to the governments of the two nations. Late in January, and again early in April, he addressed long letters to a member of the Spanish Cortes and to the Prince Regent of Portugal, full of the soundest practical advice, and exhibiting those rare administrative talents which afterwards gave him as lofty a position as a British statesman and diplomatist as he had earned for himself as a soldier. These letters, monuments at once of Wellington's judgment and dis-

interestedness, will be found elsewhere.[1] If read and pondered in connection with all his military operations, involving at this period a prodigious amount of correspondence, some notion will be arrived at of the marvellous personal labour employed to execute the suggestions of a singularly clear and active mind.

Early in May, 1813, Lord Wellington commenced his march towards Spain. It is instructive, in a military view, to notice the arrangements that had been made for the soldiery preparatory to the movement. The entire force consisted of 200,000 men, of whom 70,000 formed the Anglo-Portuguese army, with ninety pieces of artillery. The English troops, previous to the advance, were directed to deliver their great coats into store, and blankets were supplied in their stead—an excellent arrangement, as the blanket formed a sufficient covering under the canopy of tents now served out, in the proportion of three to each company.

No army ever had less baggage: besides two calashes, one belonging to Lord Wellington, and another to the officer commanding the corps of Guides, a waggon containing the printing press for the publication of general orders and circulars, and the common ammunition waggon and forges, there was not another carriage in the army. Three tents were allowed to each company of infantry. The French system, grown up during the revolutionary wars, of striking direct at great objects, and the adaptation of the dogma, that the end sanctifies the means to political objects, made the health or welfare of the soldiers of little importance, and camp equipage became incompatible with the velocity of their movements. But Lord Wellington thought the lives of Englishmen more valuable than the French marshals considered those of Frenchmen, and by a little arrangement, managed to give to the troops those *shields from the dew* (which is the real use of tents) which no chief who values the health of his men, or any country that respects its armed citizens, should ever allow soldiers to be without.

By taking for the tents the mules previously employed in carrying the camp kettles, the difficulty of carriage was overcome; while the culinary utensils were reduced in size and altered in composition, (from a utensil for ten men to one serviceable for six, and from iron to tin,) becoming in consequence capable of being carried in turns by the men. This was an invention by one of the English officers attached to Marshal Beresford, and was in use among our faithful allies a year previous to the employment of them by the British. This arrangement united the advantages of cover, and overcoming the

1 Appendix, Nos. I. and II.

uncertainty of the arrival of the soldiers' *batterie de cuisine ambulante.* Though these "bell tents" were only intended for twelve men, and thus only able to hold about half a complete company, what with sick and men on duty, and other contingencies, they generally covered four-fifths of those who had a right to be in a state of repose. Each man was provided with a reasonable supply of necessaries. The daily allowance of rations to soldiers and officers consisted of one pound of beef, one of biscuit, and a small allowance of rum and wine. But the weight was still more than soldiers ought to have carried on such a service. In these days efforts have been made to lighten the burthen of the soldier, and when a change has been effected in the weight and construction of the knapsack, there will not be more on a soldier's back than he can carry with ease and comfort on a long day's march. In the olden time—for the march of improvement has made forty years an age—more men were killed by the burthens they bore, than by the bullets and bayonets of the enemy.[1]

The plan of Lord Wellington was to form his army into one grand line, extending from one end of the confines of Spain and Portugal to the other, and to march with it "all abreast" upon the "scattered French, and drive them refluent to the Pyrenees." The line was divided into three columns. The right column was composed of the second division of the Grand Army under Hill, and was to advance along the line of the Tagus to Toledo, where it was to form a junction with the army of Alicant, under Sir John Murray. Of the second or centre column, Lord Wellington took the command in person. The object of this column was to advance by way of Salamanca, forcing the enemy from his positions on the Douro. The third, or left column, was entrusted to Graham. It was to march at first directly northward within the Portuguese frontier, through the province of Tras Los Montes to Braganza, whence it was to enter Spain, turning the French troops on the Douro, and hastening their retreat if they should not have retired previously. Sir Thomas Graham was then to take the line of Benevente to Burgos. The

1 An idea may be formed, from the subjoined enumeration of the articles carried by a riflemen, of the weight the infantry had to bear on the march:—

"Knapsack and straps, two shirts, two pairs of stockings, three pairs of shoes, one pair of soles and heels, three brushes, a box of blacking, razor, soap-box and strap, and an extra pair of trowsers, a mess-tin, a centre-tin and lid, horse-sack and canteen, blanket, a powder flask filled, a ball-bag containing 30 loose balls, a small wooden mallet used to hammer the ball into the muzzle of the rifles, belt and pouch (the latter containing 50 rounds of ammunition), sword-belt and rifle, besides other odds and ends. Each squad had to carry four bill-hooks, weighing six pounds each, the labour of which was divided among the men. Often the men were required to fill their canteens with water on setting forth on the march."

Duke del Parques' army and the Spanish reserves, at the same time, moved forward from Andalusia into La Mancha, thereby inducing the belief that a combined attack on Madrid was intended. "A grand design, and grandly executed." At the head of this strong well-combined, and well-equipped army, Wellington crossed the frontier stream, and rising in his stirrups and waving his hand as he looked back, cried out, *Adieu Portugal!* [1]

Moving rapidly, by the 26th of May Lord Wellington's army had reached Salamanca. The enemy, under General Villatte, still held the town with a division of infantry, three squadrons of cavalry, and some cannon; but they evacuated on the approach of the British. The latter were again cordially welcomed by the inhabitants.[2]

[1] Napier.

[2] "On entering the great square, we observed the principal inhabitants, full-dressed, flocking towards the cathedral, a very handsome stone structure, where we alighted, and, following the crowd through the grand entrance, found a great multitude waiting the arrival of the Duke, who soon entered escorted by a numerous retinue of Spanish generals and other staff officers, in a variety of uniforms magnificently embroidered. I was much struck with the simplicity of Lord Wellington's attire. He wore a very light-grey pelisse coat, single-breasted, without a sash, and white neck-handkerchief, with his sword buckled round his waist, underneath the coat, the hilt merely protruding, with a cocked-hat under his arm. He stood with his face towards the altar during the prayer offered up for the success of our arms. The deep-toned organ played some fine pieces during the ceremony. At the conclusion, the ladies, by way of benediction, dipped their delicate fingers into a marble basin at the door and sprinkled it with holy water."—*Journal of an Officer.*

In the simplicity of his costume, Lord Wellington imitated his great rival Napoleon. There was probably design in this. His lordship felt it necessary that he should be easily distinguished at a distance, and he therefore occasionally wore in the field the white cloak of a French trooper. But apart from the desire to be seen when much wanted, he was always indifferent to appearances, and even availed himself of his simple costume to avoid notice. The following anecdote may be relied upon:—

"The costume of the staff of head-quarters generally conformed to that of our Chief, laying aside in the morning the red coat for a blue surtout, with the sash, sword, and belt over it, and the telescope slung across the shoulder, with plain blue or grey overalls. I recollect in 1809, at Thomar, Lord Wellington escaping by his plain mode of dress the honour and ceremonies intended him by the Portuguese General, Mirando, who commanded at that place. To understand the circumstance, it will be right to observe that this officer was exceedingly fond of parade and state, and before Marshal Beresford reformed the staff, not only of Saint Antonio, but of the Generals, he had forty-three aides-de-camp. On hearing that Lord Wellington, on his road from Coimbra to Abrantes was to lodge at Thomar, he put on his very best, and sallied out at the head of his staff to meet the victorious General, whom he, no doubt, judging of others from himself, depicted as surrounded with innumerable officers, and probably a body guard. He rode on and on, only meeting single officers, to all appearance beneath his notice, till his continued ride at last made him doubt if he should be back early enough to preside at the dinner he had prepared for the British Chief and the officers at head-quarters. At last his Excellency thought it was well to enquire, and was told that he must have met Sir Arthur Wellesley. And sure enough he had, but he never suspected the Commander-in-Chief could or would ride without ostentation, in a plain blue great-coat, unattended by his staff, and with but a single orderly. Sir Arthur, guessing from the clatter on the road what was intended, anxious to avoid it, got on one side the road,

The stay at Salamanca was brief. On the morning of the 27th of May, the Marquis of Wellington reviewed his troops in order of march. The morning was beautiful; not a cloud to be seen. The appearance of the troops was magnificent. As Sir Rowland Hill's division passed, each corps received from the Commander-in-Chief some flattering compliment, and when the last company saluted, he turned round and said smilingly, "Sir Rowland, I will take the gloss off your corps this campaign." How far the Marquis kept his promise the sequel will show.

From this point to the Pyrenees the progress of the allied armies was, with one memorable exception to be presently noticed, an uninterrupted parade march, as far as it could be possible in such a country as Spain. To understand aright the character of the land, the reader will not find his time unprofitably spent in perusing Lavallée's description of the military topography of the Peninsula It will at once impart a just idea of the nature of the difficulties which had at different periods impeded the troops, and vindicate their courage and endurance.

The centre of the Peninsula is occupied by a vast plateau, rising to a height of from 1312 to 1640 feet, which is ascended from the east and west coasts by groups and chains of mountains forming long platforms; and where the northern and southern faces form two enormous walls of unequal elevation; one, the Pyrenees, terminating abruptly at the ocean, and the other, the Alpujarras, or Sierra Nevada, rising perpendicularly above the Mediterranean. Notwithstanding the disadvantages resulting from this singular configuration, that is to say, the barrenness of the soil in the centre of the Peninsula, the general deficiency of water, and the difference of temperature experienced in localities lying under the same parallels of latitude, this region is not the less esteemed as one which nature has the most favoured in its skies and its soil, which belong much rather to Africa than to Europe; in the great extent of its coasts; in its advanced position between two seas, the communication between which it commands; in the almost complete isolation of its entire mass; in its system of mountains and rivers, which serve both as barriers and as lines of passage; lastly, in the variety of its climate, and the abundance of its products. The line of water-parting runs generally in a direction from south-west to north-east, describing a tortuous

letting them all pass without notice, and, highly amused at the circumstance, reached quietly his quarters, without troublesome formalities. We have since this time gone still farther in neglect of dress, and General Picton, during the Battle of Vittoria, only wore, while directing his Division, instead of a cocked, *a round and very old hat."—Notes of a Subaltern.*

course, somewhat like an S. Commencing at Cape Tarifa, it follows the line of the Alpujarras from west to east, then turns due north, traverses the central plateau, forming the arc of a circle whose concavity is towards the ocean; reaches the Pyrenees about the middle of the chain, where the Ebro has its source, and follows them from west to east, as far as the point of junction of the Corbieres. This line is far from being distinct and continuous. With the exception of the stongly marked ridges of the Alpujarras and the Pyrenees, its direction is over confused groups, whose connection is uncertain, and over plateaux, where the waters seem undecided as to the course they should take.

From this line descend four slopes, those on the south and east towards the Mediterranean, those on the north and west towards the ocean. The eastern and western slopes are connected with the central plateau, from which they gradually descend, while the others form narrow and steep bands at its extremities.

On these four inclined plains the general character of the soil is as follows:—Beginning at the coast, we find low plains of extreme fertility, a mild climate, with an active and intelligent population. These plains rise gradually into valleys, where rice, maize, and olives are cultivated, and the sides of which are covered with vineyards and cornfields. From these plains we ascend to the plateaux of the Central Region, where we find the *parameros*, vast and barren plains, without water and bare of trees, and almost without inhabitants, and resembling the deserts of Africa. Finally, this table-land is itself crowned by *sierras*, or jagged mountains, covered with snow, so that the whole forms a series of concentric circles, beginning at the coast and diminishing successively in fertility and population towards the centre, where all is sterility and solitude.

Here, then, we have a chaos of mountains, where we meet at every step huge fallen masses of rock and earth, yawning fissures, deep and narrow defiles, where 300 men would suffice to check an army; naked plains, whose uniformity is unbroken by any living object, save by the heather and the broom; precipices now bare, that no longer collect the clouds, but from whose rocky ledges the water runs down in impetuous torrents; ravines, impracticable in winter from their waters, in summer from their rugged steepness; rivulets, enclosed between narrow belts of verdure, marking the lines of plantations and villages; rivers, scant of water, their banks denuded, their channels interrupted by numerous rocky ledges and falls, rendering navigation almost impossible; their fords dangerous, and bridges unfrequent; few roads, and these passing either through defiles or

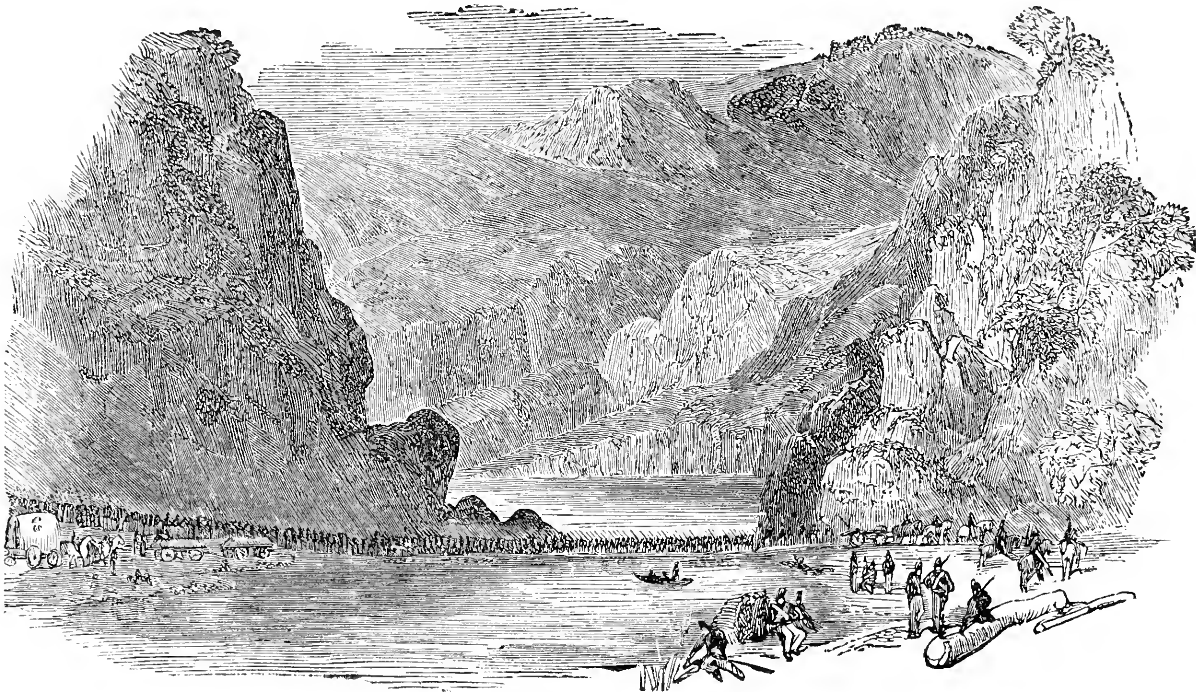
over marshes; isolated towns, either perched upon eminences or en closed within walls; villages remote from each other, and half savage; a people, proud, sober, brave, and ferocious; such are the elements which render this a country eminently adapted for defensive warfare, and almost impossible to be conquered. "A large body," says Marshal Suchet, "which is wanting in corpulence, but which, nevertheless, has both nerves and muscles."

By the 31st of May, Lord Wellington had reached Carvajales, where he found the troops under Sir Thomas Graham on the Esla, as he had intended they should be. Their left was at Tabira, and in communication with the Gallician army. His lordship immediately directed the passage of the river. A bridge was thrown over for the infantry in two hours and a half, the cavalry forded, but the river was so deep that some men perished in the enterprise.

Nothing could exceed the order and regularity of the march. To the officers it was a species of pleasure tour, in contrast with what they had previously undergone. The time and manner of the daily operations very much resembled the progress of armies in India. At three in the morning the signal was given to rise, and that set everything in motion. When the hum and buzz of the camp commenced, tents were struck, baggage packed, &c., and by four o'clock the men fell in. The pace was easy—three miles an hour. By half-past eight or nine, if there had been no occasion to force a march, the next camping ground was reached. The army moved in columns of divisions on parallel roads, generally two divisions in a column. Field hospitals—*hospiteaux d' ambulance*, an excellent idea borrowed from Marmont—now formed part of the equipment, and the consequence was an amazing difference between the number of sick, who encumbered the rear or died on the road in the previous year's advance towards Madrid. On the latter occasion at least two men in ten fell to the rear; upon the present, not more than eight men in five hundred dropped upon the march. No better proof could be afforded of the excellent management of the General-in-Chief, when it is considered that there were not less than 80,000 men moving forward at the same time within view of each other in the same direction, with cavalry, artillery, tents and baggage.

By the 12th of June the army was within twelve leagues of Burgos the light troops in front driving back the retreating enemy's rear-guard, who every now and then turned to make a stand, or were overtaken by the Hussars. After crossing the Esla, the latter took some hundred prisoners near a village on the 31st of May.

The recollection of the former failure at Burgos, led to a sup-



PONTOON BRIDGE.

p. 236.

position that the place would again hold out. Orders were therefore issued for a general inspection of the troops. The result was most satisfactory. In Lord Dalhousie's division, comprising 6000 men, not more than 120 men were found *hors de combat* from sickness, after marching 250 miles. Dalhousie was a good soldier, though his experience in the field had not, to this moment, been considerable. He combined with the most easy urbanity of manners, a feeling and a gallant heart. In the hour of relaxation he was the quiet, easy, well-bred gentleman, extremely temperate in manners as in habits, and the kind, liberal, humane, friendly soldier.

In the field he was cool, collected, penetrating, and prompt. Called upon by his country for his personal services, his lordship at once left his family, his friends, the comforts and enjoyments of his situation, his fortune, his domains, and amusements, of which the pursuit of agriculture made a chief part, and came to the field of warfare cheerfully encountering the reverse of what he had left in his native soil.[1]

Lord Wellington expected a check upon the Carrion, for Joseph Bonaparte had 55,000 men, exclusive of a Spanish division, escorting the convoys and baggage. But Joseph had not deemed the position advantageous, and retired behind the Upper Pisuerga. Summoning Generals Clauzel, Foy, Suchet, and Sarrat, with their forces, he purposed delivering battle on the heights of Burgos, and therefore despatched Jourdan to examine the castle. The report of the Marshal was unfavourable—the place could not be held. The repairs of the old works had been delayed—there were no magazines of provisions. In vain did he despatch letters to Clauzel and Foy—their divisions could not be brought up. Joseph at once retired behind the Ebro, falling back upon Vittoria, encumbered with the artillery depôts of all the towns successively evacuated, Madrid, Valladolid, and Burgos.

General Reille had remained behind the Hormaza barring the way to Burgos. Coming up, as we have said, on the 12th, the gallant Light Division, preceded by the hussars and dragoons, turned his right, while the rest of the troops attacked the whole range of heights to Estepar. The French retired behind the rivers Urzel and Alanzon, after mining the Castle of Burgos. "Now everything was done confusedly." The mines exploded outwardly at the moment a

1 After the war in the Peninsula, he received the appointment of Commander-in-Chief in India. His son, raised to a marquisate, now worthily occupies the responsible post of Governor-General. To his energy and decision England owes the conquest of the Punjaub, and the annexation of the country to the British dominions in the East.

column of infantry was defiling beneath in its retreat, numerous streets were laid in ruins, "thousands of shells and other combustibles were driven upwards with a horrible crash, the hills rocked above the devoted column, and showers of iron, timber, and stony fragments falling on it in an instant destroyed more than 300 men." [1]

Marching by his left towards the sources of the Ebro, masked by the country and a swarm of Spanish irregulars under Julian Sanchez, Lord Wellington now got between the Ebro and the great mountains of Regrosa, thus cutting off the French communications with the sea coast, and all the ports except Santona and Bilboa, which, however, the enemy immediately evacuated. Santona was invested by the Spaniards, the English ships entered Sant Andero, where a depot and hospital stations were immediately established.

After a few affairs with Reille's troops, who continued to dispute the mountain passages, Lord Wellington, early in the morning of the 19th of June, crossed the Bayas, and encamped upon its northern bank.

Up to this time King Joseph Bonaparte had heard nothing of the corps under Suchet, Clauzel, aud Foy, which he had anxiously summoned. Oppressed with a mass of baggage and stores that would have fitly composed the tail of Xerxes, he was encamped in the rough valley of the Zadora, eight miles broad by ten long, at the extreme end of which stood Vittoria. Several roads into France and the Pyrenees lay behind him; but none of them were of a character to ensure a rapid and easy retrograde movement in case such were to become necessary. He accordingly meditated a move to Durango, in order to form a junction with Foy's troops; but this appearing impracticable, he next resolved upon a retreat to Pampeluna, and to bring up Suchet's army from Zaragoza. This oscillation of purpose was fatal to him. It caused delay, and in the meanwhile Wellington came up with the whole of his army. What followed is best told in the words of the British General addressing Earl Bathurst on the 22nd of June:—

"We attacked the enemy yesterday, and I am happy to inform your lordship that the allied army under my command gained a complete victory, having driven them from all their positions, taken from them 151 pieces of cannon, 415 waggons of ammunition, all their baggage, provisions, cattle, treasure, &c., and a considerable number of prisoners.

"The operations of the day commenced by Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill obtaining possession of the heights of La Puebla,

[1] Napier.

on which the enemy's left rested, which heights they had not occupied in great strength.

"He detached on this service one brigade of the Spanish division under General Murillo; the other brigade being employed in keeping the communication between his main body, on the high road from Miranda to Vittoria, and the troops detached to the heights. The enemy, however, soon discovered the importance of the heights, and reinforced their troops there to such an extent, as that Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill was obliged to detach, first, the 71st Regiment, and the Light Infantry Battalion of Major-General Walker's brigade, under the command of the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Cadogan, and successively other troops to the same point; and the allies not only gained, but maintained possession of, these important heights throughout their operations, notwithstanding all the efforts of the enemy to retake them.

"The contest here, however, was very severe, and the loss sustained considerable. General Murillo was wounded, but remained in the field; and I am concerned to have to report that the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Cadogan has died of a wound which he received. In him his Majesty has lost an officer of great zeal and tried gallantry, who had already acquired the respect and regard of the whole profession, and of whom it might be expected, that if he had lived he would have rendered the most important services to his country.[1]

"Under cover of the possession of these heights, Sir Rowland Hill successively passed the Zadora at La Puebla, and the defile formed by the heights and the river Zadora, and attacked and gained possession of the village of Sabijana de Alava, in front of the enemy's line, which the enemy made repeated attempts to regain.

"The difficult nature of the country prevented the communication between our different columns moving to the attack from their stations on the river Bayas at as early an hour as I had expected, and it was late before I knew that the column composed of the 3rd and 7th Divisions, under the command of the Earl of Dalhousie, had arrived at the station appointed for them.

The 4th and Light Divisions, however, passed the Zadora immediately after Sir Rowland Hill had possession of Sabijana de Alava;

[1] Lord Wellington felt much the death of Cadogan. In communicating the circumstance to Sir H. Wellesley, he said: "His private character and his worth as an individual were not greater than his merits as an officer, and I shall ever regret him. It is a curious instance of his attachment to his profession, and of the interest he felt in what was going on, that after he was wounded, and was probably aware that he was dying, he desired to be carried and left in a situation from which he might be able to see all that passed."

the former at the bridge of Nanclaus, and the latter at the bridge of Tres Puentes, and almost as soon as these had crossed, the column under the Earl of Dalhousie arrived at Mendenza, and the 3rd Division, under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, crossed at the bridge higher up, followed by the 7th Division, under the Earl of Dalhousie.

"These four Divisions, forming the centre of the army, were destined to attack the heights on which the right of the enemy's centre was placed, while Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill should move forward from Sabijana de Alava to attack the left. The enemy, however, having weakened his line, to strengthen his detachment in the hills, abandoned his position in the valley as soon as he saw our disposition to attack it, and commenced his retreat in good order towards Vittoria.

"Our troops continued to advance in admirable order, notwithstanding the difficulty of the ground.

"In the meantime, Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham, who commanded the left of the army, consisting of the 1st and 5th Divisions, and Generals Pack's and Bradford's brigades of infantry, and Generals Bock's and Anson's brigades of infantry, and who had been moved on the 20th to Margina, moved forward from thence on Vittoria, by the high road from that town to Bilboa. He had, besides, with him the Spanish Division under Colonel Longa, and General Giron, who had been detached to the left under a different view of the state of affairs, and had afterwards been recalled, and had arrived on the 20th at Orduna, marched that morning from thence, so as to be in the field in readiness to support Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham, if his support had been required.

"The enemy had a division of infantry and some cavalry advanced on the great road from Vittoria to Bilboa, resting their right on some strong heights covering the village of Gamarra Maior. Both Gamarra and Abechuco were strongly occupied as *têtes-de-pont* to the bridges over the Zadora at these places. Brigadier-General Pack, with his Portuguese brigade, and Colonel Longa, with the Spanish division, were directed to turn and gain the heights, supported by Major-General Anson's brigade of Light Dragoons, and the 5th Division of Infantry, under the command of Major-General Oswald, who was desired to take the command of all these troops.

"Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham reports, that, in the execution of this service, the Portuguese and Spanish troops behaved admirably. The 4th and 8th Caçadores particularly distinguished

themselves. Colonel Longa, being on the left, took possession of Gamarra Menor.

"As soon as the heights were in our possession, the village of Gamarra Maior were most gallantly stormed and carried by Brigadier-General Robinson's brigade of the 5th Division, which advanced in columns of battalions, under a very heavy fire of artillery and musquetry, without firing a shot, assisted by two guns of Major Lawson's brigade of artillery. The enemy suffered severely, and lost three pieces of cannon.

"The Lieutenant-General then proceeded to attack the village of Abechuco, with the 1st Division, by forming a strong battery against it, consisting of Captain Dubourdieu's brigade, and Captain Ramsay's troop of horse artillery, and under cover of this fire, Colonel Halkett's brigade advanced to the attack of the village, which was carried, the light battalion having charged and taken three guns and a howitzer on the bridge. This attack was supported by General Bradford's brigade of Portuguese infantry.

"During the operation at Abechuco, the enemy made the greatest efforts to re-possess themselves of the village of Gamarra Maior, which were gallantly repulsed by the troops of the 5th Division, under the command of Major-General Oswald. The enemy had, however, on the heights on the left of the Zadora, two divisions of infantry in reserve; and it was impossible to cross by the bridges till the troops which had moved upon the enemy's centre and left had driven them through Vittoria.

"The whole then co-operated in the pursuit, which was continued by all till after it was dark.

"The movement of the troops under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham, and their possession of Gamarra and Abechuco, intercepted the enemy's retreat by the high road to France. They were then obliged to turn to the road towards Pampeluna; but they were unable to hold any position for a sufficient length of time to allow their baggage and artillery to be drawn off. The whole, therefore, of the latter which had not already been taken by the troops, in their attack of the successive positions taken up by the enemy in their retreat from their first position on Arinez and on the Zadora, and all their ammunition and baggage and everything they had, were taken close to Vittoria. I have reason to believe that the enemy carried off with them one gun and one howitzer only.

"The army under Joseph Bonaparte consisted of the whole of the armies of the south and of the centre, and of four divisions, and all the cavalry of the army of Portugal, and some troops of the army of

the north. General Foy's division of the army of Portugal was in the neighbourhood of Bilboa, and General Clauzel, who commands the army of the north, was near Logrono with one division of the army of Portugal, commanded by General Taupin and General Vandermaessen's division of the army of the north."

Such was the glorious Battle of Vittoria—a victory which consummated the grand project of expelling the French from the countries they had for five years desolated with their rapine and cruelty.

In the dispatch partly given above Wellington describes the fight, and follows it up with a prodigality of encomium his officers and troops had fairly earned. He confesses his great obligations to Hill and Graham, and recognises frankly the excellent advice and assistance he had received from Marshal Sir William Beresford. He extols William Stewart, Murillo (the Spanish General), and the Conde d'Amarante (the Portuguese leader)—all of whom served in Hill's divisions. To Lord Dalhousie, Sir Thomas Picton, Sir Lowry Cole, and General Charles Alten, the Hanoverian, he awards the highest praise, and Major-General C. Colville, Vandeleur, and Murray (the Quartermaster-General), likewise received a meed of eulogium. But Wellington does not speak of himself. It was reserved for others, in after years, to relate how that he was seen "*in the midst of the battle*," fearlessly exposing himself wherever his presence seemed desirable.

It will readily be conceived, from what has been said respecting the amount and nature of the baggage of King Joseph and his court, that a scene of indescribable confusion and immense plunder occurred upon the roads to Pampeluna and Bayonne, blocked up as they were by the waggons and carriages of the royal, the wealthy, and terrified fugitives. Numbers of the vehicles, bearing royal and noble coats of arms and other emblazonments, were filled with imploring ladies, *filles de chambre*, and elderly gentlemen. Several of the waggons bore specie to a great amount, wines of the most exquisite character, and vast quantities of preserved delicacies, calculated to pamper a royal appetite. Mingled with all these, in a chaotic mass, were carts laden with ammunition and wounded men, droves of oxen, sheep, goats, milch cows, mules, horses, asses. "In fact," writes one of the spectators of the confused scene, "such a jumble never was witnessed before; it seemed as if all the domestic animals in the world had been brought to this spot, with all the utensils of husbandry, and all the finery of palaces, mixed up in one heterogeneous mass."

Every human effort was made by the British officers commanding regiments and companies to prevent the men from laying hands upon

the property which was spread about in every direction in the most inviting form. But exertion was baffled. The temptation was too great for resistance. To the honour of the troops at large it must be recorded that they passed on in the pursuit of the enemy without quitting their ranks for a moment; but there were many who, disregarding the threats and injunctions of authority, rushed to the heaped

PLUNDERING BAGGAGE, VITTORIA.

up spoil, and, loading themselves with dollars and doubloons,[1] drank "Success to the British arms and confusion to the enemy!" in goblets of burgundy and hock![2]

Night put an end to the pursuit and the pillage. The growling artillery ceased—the enemy scrambled away unmolested—and the exhausted troops bivouacked a league or two around Vittoria. The half-famished soldiers, disencumbering themselves of their knapsacks,

1 Lord Wellington computed the plunder in money at nearly a million sterling.

2 The writer has heard an old Peninsular officer say, that whatever might be predicated of the generalship of Joseph Bonaparte, there was no disputing the excellence of his cellar! Better claret, &c., were drunk after the battle than had been tasted for years.

went forth to forage, and from amidst the wreck of military stores, which were scattered in every direction for miles around, they procured sheep, pigs, goats, and sacks of flour. Large fires were then kindled, and blazed up, illuminating the country, over which were strewed innumerable dead and wounded men and officers. At length the living sank to repose, and after midnight of the memorable 21st of June, 1813, all was hushed on Vittoria's plain, save when the sentinel's "All's well!" or the groan of some suffering warrior broke the stillness of the hour.

Amongst the carriages stopped and plundered on the Bayonne road were six which belonged to King Joseph. They bore the arms of Spain, with the imperial eagle on an escutcheon pretence. Much

MARSHAL JOURDAN.—VITTORIA.

valuable property was found in these equipages, and not the least interesting of the trophies was the *bâton* of Marshal Jourdan, *le Major-Génèral du Roi.* The honour of this capture belonged to a man of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, then commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Hugh Gough. The lieutenant-colonel, of course. handed

the bâton to the Marquis of Wellington, and the trophy was despatched by his lordship to the Prince Regent by the hands of Captain Fremantle, the aide-de-camp of the Marquis. Captain Fremantle laid the prize at the feet of the Prince Regent, together with the colours of the fourth battalion of the 100th regiment.

The Prince Regent of Great Britain and Ireland had, by the peculiar grace of his manner, acquired the appellation of "the first gentleman in Europe." He vindicated the title by immediately sending the bâton of an English Field Marshal to Lord Wellington, with the following letter in autograph:—

"CARLTON HOUSE, *July 3d*, 1813.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"Your glorious conduct is beyond all human praise, and far above my reward. I know no language the world affords worthy to express it. I feel I have nothing left to say but devoutly to offer up my prayers of gratitude to Providence, that it has, in its omnipotent bounty, blessed my country and myself with such a General. You have sent me, among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French Marshal; and I send you, in return, that of England. The British army will hail it with enthusiasm, while the whole universe will acknowledge those valorous efforts which have so conspicuously called for it.

"That uninterrupted health and still increasing laurels may continue to crown you through a glorious and long career of life, are the never ceasing and most ardent wishes of, my dear Lord, your very sincere and faithful friend,

"G. P. R.

"THE MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON."

CHAPTER XVI.

Reception of the news of the Battle of Vittoria in England — Failure of Sir John Murray at Tarragona — Advance into the Pyrenees — Reappearance of Marshal Soult — His Proclamations.

N looking at the masterly arrangements which the Marquis of Wellington had made for the expulsion of the French from Spain, it is impossible to suppose that he would not have triumphed in the face of any resistance the best troops of the Empire could have offered. But there is no denying that the French were infamously commanded at Vittoria. Putting aside the imbecility of Joseph Bonaparte himself, he was most unfortunate in his Major-General. A more skilful soldier than Jourdan would never have committed the mistake of posting a few light troops only on the heights of Puebla, when they should have been crowned by a numerous and effective force. He would never have allowed his right wing, which preserved the principal and direct line of communication with France, to have been driven back, nor suffered both wings to be turned, and thrown back upon the centre, and ultimately forced upon an outlet scarcely broad enough to secure the retreat of a single division upon an emergency. Assuredly, Ney, or Soult, or Massena, would have held the ground for a much longer period, and effected an orderly and honourable retreat.

The usual demonstrations of joy occupied the people of England upon the arrival of the news of the battle of Vittoria, and Parliament

again found itself called upon to tender its acknowledgments to the successful Field-Marshal. The newspapers of the day were diffuse of panegyric, and poets invoked the Muses to sing of Wellington's triumphs. But the Muses were not propitious. Since the days of Homer, war has been rarely so well sung as it has been narrated. The rugged subject loses its force wedded to the jingle of rhyme, and even heroics, in the best hands, degenerate into bathos and bombast. Walter Scott made some very respectable attempts to narrate border frays, and in the spirit-stirring verses of "Marmion" carries the imagination into the midst of Flodden Field; but with this exception, no one but our Campbell—immortal by his "Hohenlinden" and "Battle of the Baltic"—has done honour to the shock of hostile armies. Nevertheless, the difficulty of the subject did not deter strong-minded poetasters from marrying the Peninsular struggle to *bouts rimés.* Every battle supplied an excuse for the indiscretions of some Fitzgerald or Pratt, and even John Wilson Croker, incomparable in criticism, graceful in biography, graphic in prose narrative, and eloquent in speech, could not find anything better than a post-prandial Ode wherein to signalize the exploits of the

> "Victor of Assaye's eastern plain,
> Victor of all the fields of Spain,
> Victor of France's despot reign."

If the genius of Wellington could have been infused into the men who were exercising command beyond the immediate range of his observation, the pleasure diffused by the victory of the 21st of June in the North of Spain would have been unalloyed. Unfortunately, in Sir John Murray, who was in the south-east, the same elements of military greatness were not found to abide. After long contentions with Suchet, his incapability of following up the advantages already detailed became painfully manifest in the melancholy issue of his attempt upon Tarragona.[1] In obedience to the orders of Lord Wellington, he had sailed with the force under his command, and capturing Fort St. Phillippe, which commanded the road from Tortosa to Tarragona, invested Tarragona on the 9th of June; but in less than a week from that time he raised the siege, and embarked on board his Majesty's ship *Malta.*

It is due to the memory of General Murray that he should tell his story in his own way:—

[1] Anciently Tarraco, and, in 1813, a fortified town on the Catalonian coast.

"HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP MALTA, *June 14th*, 1813.

"My Lord,—Admiral Halliwell has just decided on sending a ship to Alicant, and I have merely time to state to your lordship, and I do so with great regret, that I have been under the necessity of raising the siege of Tarragona, and embarking the army under my command. In my private letter of the 7th instant, I mentioned to your lordship the reports of the assemblage of the French forces at Barcelona, and that Marshal Suchet was likewise in march from Valencia, and stated it as my opinion, that should these reports be confirmed, the object your lordship had in view could not be accomplished.

"Unfortunately these rumours proved true; and reluctantly I resolved on raising the siege and embarking the army, as the only means of avoiding a general action, which must have been fought under every disadvantage. I cannot at this moment refer to dates, but it is sufficient for the present to state, that the French force at Barcelona was never rated to me at less than 8000, and that previous to their march it would amount to 10,000, with fourteen pieces of artillery. I have, however, no account that it ever exceeded eight, and that is the number on which my calculation was formed. This force, upon the evening of the 9th, or morning of the 10th, marched out from Barcelona, and entered Villa Franca at four o'clock in the evening of the 11th, from whence, it was reported to me, to march at twelve o'clock at night for Vendrella, distant only eighteen or twenty miles from Tarragona by the great road, and a few miles further by another road, by which cannon can easily pass. On the 9th or 10th, the arrival of Marshal Suchet at Valencia was made known to me; his exact force was never perfectly ascertained, but from the intelligence received from Valencia, he marched from thence with 9000 men, and certainly in the rear of that place, had the power of drawing great reinforcements to his army.

"To these corps must be added a body of 1000 men, which had previously arrived at Tortosa, and another corps, independent of the garrison of 2500 men, who had arrived at Lerida. These corps, which I am sure I do not exaggerate, amount to 20,500 men, with which, in four or five days, Marshal Suchet could attack the allied army if he thought proper, or avoid an action if he wished still more to reinforce his army. Your lordship, on the other hand, will observe that I could scarcely bring into the field 12,000 men, and that the army of Catalonia was stated to me at 8500, making 20,500, of which two British and two Spanish divisions were at the Col de Balaguer, and

could not be withdrawn, and I could not leave less than 2500 to cover the artillery and stores, and to contain the garrison of Tarragona. The two corps, at the least, would amount to upwards of 4500 men, leaving me 16,000 men to meet the best French troops in Spain, amounting to upwards of 20,000.

"I am sure there is nobody more willing to give full credit to the gallantry of the Spanish troops than I am, but your lordship well knows that they are unable to move, and I could not therefore depend upon the execution of any order which necessarily obliged them to make a movement; and of troops of this description I had about 13,000 men; unless, therefore, I could place them in position, (as the French had the option of fighting when and where they pleased) it was impossible I could place any reliance upon them.

"My British and German troops amount only to 4500. Perhaps your lordship may be of opinion that, under these circumstances, I ought to have risked an action, had no other unfavorable objections existed; but when your lordship is informed that I had no possibility of retreat, if unsuccessful, that there would have been no hopes of embarkation if followed, and that the army must have been unavoidably lost if beat, I venture to hope that your lordship will think, however much it is to be regretted, that I have adopted the only means of maintaining entire, or, indeed, of saving an army on which so much depends. I feel the greater confidence in this hope, on reverting to the thirteenth paragraph of your lordship's general instructions for the conduct of the campaign.

"I am fully aware that there are many circumstances which may require further information, and upon all parts I shall be happy to give every explanation in my power. Your lordship perhaps may be of opinion that the place should have been taken; but as it was far too strong to storm, I believe it not only to have been impossible, but that we should not have taken it in eight or ten days; my only regret is, that I continued the siege so long, induced by the hopes of the reinforcements I expected. I continued it to the last moment, and fortunately the weather proving favourable, the troops were embarked without molestation. On this favourable circumstance I could not depend for another day, and therefore, having taken my part, I immediately put it in execution, and I regret to say, that I was, in consequence, obliged to leave the guns in the most advanced batteries. Had I remained another day, they might have been brought off, but this risk I would not run, when the existence of the army was at stake, not only from unfavourable weather, but from the appearance of an enemy, in whose presence I could not have

embarked perhaps at all, certainly not without suffering a great loss, and without the possibility of deriving any advantage.

"I have only further at this time to add, should blame be attached to the failure of the expedition, no share of it can fall on Admiral Halliwell, who conducted the naval branch of it. From that distinguished officer I have met with every assistance and co-operation in his power; and I think it only justice to him to state, that it was his opinion that the cannon in the batteries might have been saved by remaining till the night, and that they then could have been brought off. This, however, was a risk I did not wish to run for so trifling an object, and preferred losing them to the chance of the embarkation being opposed, and of an eventual much more serious loss.

"(Signed)

"J. MURRAY, Lieutenant-General.

"TO THE MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON, K. G., &c. &c."

In the opinion of Lord Wellington, and of military judges in general, the most reprehensible part of this business was the abandonment of the artillery and stores, trophies of which the enemy would not have failed to make good use. Sir John Murray followed up the folly by one or two other pieces of indiscretion, and was tried by court martial for his professional errors on his return to England. From some defects in evidence and technical informalities, he was acquitted on two charges, and simply admonished on the third.

The sequel to the victory of Vittoria is now to be related.

Sir Thomas Graham, at the head of his division was ordered towards the French frontier by the high road leading from Vittoria to Irun. He chased the enemy to the very foot of the mountains, and had crossed the Bidassoa when Foy, who had united the garrisons of Bilboa, Torlosa, and Montdragon to his own division of the army of Portugal, stood fast for a moment and fought with a bravery and courage which went far to restore the damage done to the reputation of the arms of France by the inglorious flight from Vittoria. But Graham was irresistible; he drove the French before him with the utmost impetuosity, and descending to the shores of the Bay of Biscay, invested the strong fortress of San Sebastian.

Meanwhile the Marquis of Wellington pushed forward with the 3rd, 4th, and Light Divisions to Pampeluna, which place, occupied by a strong French garrison, was immediately put into a state of blockade.

Had no other general than the incompetent Jourdan remained at

the head of the French armies, the onward progress of Wellington into the territory of France—for to that soil he now directed his attention—would have been comparatively simple. But Napoleon was now enabled to spare Marshal Soult,[1] and that superior soldier was despatched immediately to the Pyrenees to arrest the torrent of counter-invasion meditated by the triumphant Englishman.

Soult's first measure was to collect the fugitive, and re-unite the scattered forces, and then to raise their drooping spirits by a proclamation, in which the odium of recent defeats was cast upon the shoulders of their leader. He told them that a "skilful general" might, by selecting good positions, have braved and discomfited the "motley levy" of English, Spaniards, and Portuguese; but that timorous and pusillanimous councils had prevailed, and a veteran army, small indeed in number, but great in all that constitutes the military character, which had fought, bled, and triumphed in every province in Spain, beheld with indignation its laurels tarnished and itself compelled to abandon all its acquisitions—the trophies of many a well-fought and bloody day.

"Let us not, however," continued the Marshal, "defraud the enemy of the praise which is due to him. The dispositions and arrangements of their general have been prompt, skilful, and consecutive. The valour and steadiness of his troops have been praiseworthy. Yet do not forget that it is to the benefit of your example they owe their present military character; and that, wherever the relative duties of a French general and his troops have been ably fulfilled, their enemies have commonly had no other resource than flight."

Then came the flourishing periods which were intended to go home to the hearts of the crest-fallen legions.

"Soldiers! I partake of your chagrin, your grief, your indignation. I know that the blame of the present situation of the army is imputable to others; be the merit of repairing it yours. I have borne testimony to the Emperor of your bravery and zeal. His instructions are to drive the enemy from those lofty heights which enable him

[1] Soult was at Dresden with Napoleon at this time, and did not at all relish proceeding to Spain. To Madame Soult the destination was equally distasteful. She wished him to refuse the trust, and when she found he was not to be prevailed upon to decline acceding to Napoleon's orders, she herself resolved to try what effect her representations might have on the Emperor. She sought and obtained an interview, in which she pleaded her husband's shattered frame, his need of repose, and complained of the injustice of sending him back to a country where blows only were to be found. "Madam," replied Napoleon, "recollect I am not your husband; but if I were, you dare not treat me thus." He then ordered her to desist, and not to thwart her husband from his duty. There was no remedy, and the Marshal was constrained to obey.

proudly to survey our fertile valleys, and chase them across the Ebro. It is on the Spanish soil that your tents must next be pitched, and from thence your resources drawn. No difficulties can be insurmountable to your valour and devotion. Let us then exert ourselves with mutual ardour; and be assured that nothing can give greater felicity to the paternal heart of the Emperor than the knowledge of the triumphs of his army, of its increasing glory, of its having rendered itself worthy of him, and of our dear country.

"Extensive but combined movements for the relief of the fortresses are upon the eve of taking place. They will be completed in a few days. Let the account of our success be dated from Vittoria, and the birth of his imperial majesty be celebrated in that city: so shall we render memorable an epoch deservedly dear to all Frenchmen.

"SOULT, DUC DE DALMATIE,

"*Lieutenant de l'Empereur.*"

Soult pretty well understood the character of his countrymen. He was assured that all this bombast would awaken a fresh enthusiasm in the troops, and fill them with expectations of future success. They respected him, because the Emperor reposed in him perfect confidence. Yet, if the antecedents of his Peninsular service had been critically examined, nothing could have been found in him to justify either his contemptuous references to Jourdan, or the hopes he endeavoured to inspire. What had Soult achieved in Spain, in Portugal, after Wellington had landed at Lisbon? He was driven out of Oporto after his surprise and defeat on the banks of the Duoro; he was repulsed by Beresford at Albuera; he had failed to take Cadiz! small warranty here for license of stricture, or confidence in future success. These things, however, the French were in no mood to remember; and it is doubtful, if they remembered them, whether they had read the disasters of the Marshal aright. Napoleon had the art, by his announcements in the *Moniteur*, to convert every reverse into a victory, and to find some reason, antagonistic to the true one for each movement taken in opposition to those dictated by his wishes or his policy. He reserved his true sentiments for the private ear of the blunderers. A distribution of the cross of the Legion of Honour not unfrequently followed upon some repulse, as a salve to the wounded *amour-propre* of the soldiers, and a blind to the French multitude. If it did not recover the past, it strengthened the hopes of the future. The cross of the Legion of Honour, or any

other little decoration, was a great incentive to the valour of the troops.

Bonaparte, aware of this weak point in their character, fed it in every way, and the desire to wear a paltry piece of enamel gained him many battles. But this sort of created courage is not capable of standing a severe test, and the French have always been in their military character more Gauls than Franks. What Cæsar said of the

SOULT.—PYRENEES.

former eighteen centuries ago, is still applicable to the races now occupying their fine country. If stoutly opposed at first, this spurious kind of courage not only diminishes but evaporates, and has failed, does fail, and will ever fail, before that of the British. As soldiers, taking the expression in its widest sense, the French are equal, if not superior, to us in many points; but on one, that of individual courage, our soldiers rise far superior to them. It is remarkable how often

they evinced a knowledge of this, and in nothing more than their subterfuges of all kinds to keep it from resting on their minds. All France, aware of this inferiority, by every species of casuistry, attempted to conceal it; and, in order not to shock their national vanity, blamed every unsuccessful officer opposed to Wellington, even should his dispositions have been good, and calculated, but for the daring courage of the British soldier, to have succeeded.

If little was to be apprehended from the efflorescent prognostications and encouraging appeals addressed by Soult to his troops, and less from a careful retrospect of his previous campaigns in Portugal and Spain, his dispositions gave ground to believe that the struggle in the Pyrennees would be fierce. His army, including the Spanish levies which had always adhered to the French cause, giving something of the character of a civil war to the six years' contest, consisted of 77,500 men in the field, of whom 7000 were cavalry, always a strong and efficient branch of the French establishments. In addition to these there were 20,000 men in the garrisons of Pampeluna, Bayonne, San Sebastian, and Santona. But the administration of the army had been disorganised; and it became necessary to establish a general system of supplies, to stimulate the civil authorities, excite the national spirit, and restore discipline, before even this force could be expected to operate with effect. Soult's exertions were gigantic, and in a short time he had established, if not a secure, certainly a formidable base of operations. Bayonne was surrounded by an entrenched camp, and Napier thus describes the disposition of the troops on the field:—

"His army was divided into three corps of battle and a reserve. Clausel with the left was at St. Jean Pied de Port, and in communication by the French frontier with a division under General Paris at Jaca, belonging to Suchet, yet under Soult's orders. Drouet Count d'Erlon, with the centre, occupied the heights near Espelette and Aintoa. Reille with the right wing, was on the mountains overlooking Vera from the side of France. The reserve under Villatte, guarded the right bank of the Bidassoa from the north to Irun. The heavy cavalry under Treillard, and the light horsemen under Pierre Soult, the Marshal's brother, were on the banks of the Nive and the Adour."

As Lord Wellington could not possibly advance until San Sebastian and Pampeluna were wrested from the enemy, his position in the mountains was purely defensive. Soult, therefore, took the initiative in aggressive movements. But, as already shown, he was not in a state of preparation for some days after Wellington's positions had

been taken up. These latter were remarkably contiguous to the French—sometimes within half cannon-shot—and the sentries were often within 150 yards of each other. This gave occasion for more of those reciprocal passages of courtesy between the officers and men which have already been noticed as characteristic of the civilised character of modern warfare. It is pleasant to place them on record. —*Ex. gr.*

"The Hussar brigade connected the infantry with Morillo's corps of Spaniards, which was on the right, and which again communicated with the Spaniards at St. Jean Pied de Port, an advanced post on the Bayonne road. At first, when the troops assembled, there was great abundance of forage, hay of good quality, and straw; but the district was limited in extent, and forage soon became so scarce as to make it necessary to seek supplies on the flanks of the French posts, and even behind their videttes. This system of foraging gave rise to some very agreeable little affairs. Sometimes it was effected by placing videttes on the high ground in the rear, who were to apprise the foragers of approaching danger, while the foragers were by stealth to take the hay out of houses in the vicinity of the enemy's posts. At other times, the enemy's outposts were driven in by a small party, and before the French had time to rally and resume their ground, the foragers had loaded their horses and mules and got off; sometimes the enemy advanced so rapidly, as to place their foragers in danger; a few shots were generally fired by the French, and a few mules were lost. On one or two occasions, a captain of the 7th Hussars was wounded, and soon afterwards strict orders were issued that this mode of foraging should be discontinued. We were sorry for it, and the only remaining means to support the horses was by chopping up the gorse, the young shoots of which make a very palatable and wholesome food for horses during moderate work; but as the Hussars were a good deal on duty; and as it happened frequently that no corn was issued for several consecutive days, the horses lost both flesh and strength, and many became mangy. Meanwhile, the adverse posts in the neighbourhood of Hasparren carried on their duty in the most peaceable manner, avoiding every species of hostility. A picket of the Hussars was upon the high road, and two detached pickets on the bank were under the charge of the captain who commanded the main body on the high road. For a long time no change of position was made by either party; each occupied a hill, and in the valley below the videttes were placed within about 300 yards of each other. The French, however, seemed desirous to occupy the neutral ground, and occasionally pushed forward their videttes.

This having been observed, the captain of the picket received orders not to allow this to be done. On the following morning he observed that the French vidette had been advanced about fifty yards, and he thought it most advisable to demand an interview with the French captain of Chasseurs. A peasant was despatched, and returned with a message that the commandant would wait upon the British officer immediately, and in a few minutes the parties met on the neutral ground. The Englishman stated the order he had received, and explained that to avoid so *lâche* a proceeding as to fire upon a vidette, he had solicited a meeting with the brave chasseur. The Frenchman expressed himself in the most flattering terms, and begged that the hussar would point out a situation which would be agreeable to him. A thorn-bush about 100 yards behind the spot the French vidette was posted upon was mentioned as equally advantageous for the securing of the French picket, while it would be such as the hussar was permitted by his orders to allow. The chasseur gave orders accordingly. The vidette was placed at the very spot which was recommended, and the Frenchman having expressed his satisfaction at the interview, produced a bottle of cognac. Two or three officers on each side joined the party, a happy termination of the war was drunk, and the captain (Le Brun) said politely, "he trusted it would not be the fate of the war to bring into collision the parties who had met in so amicable a manner."[1]

"Life in the Pyrenees" was sufficiently pleasant in the valleys The scenery was agreeable to the eye—lofty mountains covered with foliage, and plains of a verdant hue—but the posts on the summit of the elevations were rendered inconvenient by the continued mists and heavy falls of rain. Holding communication with the sea, supplies

[1] Here is another illustration of rough courtesy, from a private communication:—"Colonel Doyle, who commands the 19th Portuguese, a very good officer, a good friend, and a most pleasant companion, is encamped with his regiment rather in advance. The Colonel, who loves the comforts and conveniences of life as much as his neighbour, seeing a village with some tolerable houses in his front, and only occupied by a small picket of the French, sent his compliments to the French officer, and told him he would, with his permission, take possession of the village, as a good house was certainly preferable to a tent. The French officer immediately retired, and the Colonel took up his quarters in the village with some Caçadores; but as it did not accord with the French General's idea of having so near a neighbour, by way of a broad hint he sent two regiments to take the village. The French officer, on approaching with his troops, waved his hand as a signal of courtesy, but Doyle's officer not understanding the thing, stood his ground; a firing commenced, but the Colonel found it necessary to decamp, without leaving his compliments. In another instance, a French officer on picket came forward, and made a handsome apology for his sentinel having fired upon ours, adding, 'his men were not to act hostilely.' The roughness of warfare, by this conduct, is rendered a reciprocity of civility, and the ferocity which hard service implants in us is humanised."

were abundant, and the health of the troops suffered no detriment but what arose from intemperance and the nocturnal exposure incidental to plundering—a nefarious sort of occupation in which the soldiers' wives proved active coadjutors.

By the 24th July, 1813, Marshal Soult's dispositions for an advance were completed. Collecting the right and left wings of his army, he commenced by attacking, with 30,000 to 40,000 men, the post at Roncesvalles, held by Major-General Byng,[1] with scarce 5000 men.

The 4th division, under Sir Lowry Cole, advanced to Byng's support, but after a few hours' severe fighting they were obliged to retire. Simultaneously with these operations, Sir Rowland Hill was placed on his defence by two divisions of the enemy's centre, who attacked his position in the Puerto de Maya, at the head of the valley of Bazten. General Barnes, with a brigade of the 7th division, rushed to Hill's assistance, when the overwhelming number of the French troops compelled the former to give way. Hill, also, deemed it prudent to fall back. Lord Wellington, who was at a distance from the scene, came up on the night of the 26th, and altered the disposition of the divisions, still providing for the siege of San Sebastian, and the blockade of Pampeluna. The new ground was taken up on the 27th July—the fourth anniversary of the battle of Talavera, an omen of victory which was not without its effect upon the minds of the men, who remembered the triumph over Victor. Scarcely were they posted under the eye of Wellington himself, when the enemy renewed the attack with characteristic impetuosity.

Sustained only by the British 40th Regiment, the Portuguese and Spanish allies drove the foe from a hill on the right of the 4th division, at the point of the bayonet. At the same time the enemy took possession of the village of Sauroren, and kept up a fire on the British line until it was dark. The next day the French troops at Sauroren affronted the 6th division with great gallantry. With equal resolution the division drove them back, while the 4th division, posted on the surrounding heights, poured a fire upon their flanks and rear. The French were "in a difficulty" in the valley of the Lanz, and to extricate themselves from this was the object of continual attacks upon the heights. . The battle at length became general, and upon various points, and at different times, lasted from the 28th until the night of the 30th.

The French never fought better. The allies surpassed themselves. Lord Wellington declared, in a letter to Lord William Bentinck, he had "never seen such fighting." It was "fair *bludgeon* work." The

[1] Afterwards Lord Strafford.

brunt fell upon the 4th division, every regiment in which charged with the bayonet—the 7th, 20th, 23rd, and 40th, from different times. The officers set them an admirable example. The Portuguese and Spanish troops behaved most creditably. Lord Wellington was moved by the gallantry of which he was an eye-witness to an enthusiasm of expression very rare with one who looked upon the brightest achievements as a mere conformity to "duty." The battles of the Pyrenees are severally called by him, who has described them with the minuteness demanded by professional readers, the "combats" at Roncesvalles, Linzoin, Maya, Zabaldica, Buenza, Sauroren, Doña Maria, Echallar, and Ivantelly—the names of passes, villages, and heights. The last three combats took place on and after the 31st July, and were fought between the British pursuing troops and the French columns in retreat—for retreat had now become unavoidable. Soult found the passages into Spain barred against him with fire and sword. Every effort that good soldiers could make to carry out the wishes of a brave and anxious commander, and to prevent the British from planting foot upon the fertile valleys of France, was made with cheerfulness,—not a man in the army but was prodigal of his blood in this great spasmodic effort to retrieve the disasters of the past. All was unavailing. In one unbroken mass the allied divisions now offered an impenetrable wall to the assailants, and even became the offensive party in their turn, sending the French back into the plains and defiles. At length, wedged in a hollow, at the foot of an almost circular chain of precipitous rocks, Soult was placed at the mercy of four British divisions, placed behind the crests of the hills. He was unaware of the proximity of the unconquerable English, and halted preparatory to another backward movement. In a few hours his surrender or complete destruction must have been inevitable. The infamous thirst of plunder which beset the English soldiery was his salvation. Approaching his pickets, they gave token of the contiguity of the foe. Soult instantly broke up from his dangerous prison. "The way was narrow, the multitude great, the baggage and the wounded men borne on their comrade's shoulders filed in long procession, and Clauzel's troops, forming the rear-guard, were still near San Estevan the next morning. Scarcely had they marched a league, when Cole's skirmishers and the Spaniards, thronging along the heights on their flank, opened a fire to which little reply could be made. The soldiers and baggage then got mixed in disorder, numbers fled up the hills, and the energy of Soult, whose personal exertions were conspicuous, could scarcely prevent a general dispersion. However, prisoners and baggage were taken at every step; the

boldest were dismayed; and worse would have awaited them if Wellington had been in other points well seconded by his subordinate generals." [1]

It is hardly necessary to say that the subordinate generals who failed to give zealous co-operation were not Englishmen. The Spanish general, Longa, incurred the odium of neglect.

Hitherto, the loss and brunt of battle had been borne by the divisions of Hill and Dalhousie, the brigades of Cole, Stewart, Byng, Barnes, and Pakenham. Where was the intrepid Light Division, under Charles, Baron Alten, the gallant Hanoverian? Wandering amidst the wild regions of the Pyrenees, in the mazy depths and amidst the darkness of night, they sought a channel of communication with the troops they were destined to support. Waving faggot-torches as guides and beacons, and calling aloud, they only confused each other; for the torches sparkled like fire-flies on every height and in every ravine, bewildering those they were intended to assist.

The tale has been partly told by others; let one of the participators in the toils and anxieties of the division complete the familiar narrative by carrying them into the presence of the enemy:—

"At daybreak a scene of complete confusion presented itself, the greater part of the division being scattered over the face of a steep and woody mountain, and positively not half a league from whence they had started on the previous evening. As soon as the various corps had grouped together, they followed the only road in sight, and soon met a mounted officer, who directed them towards Leyza. Near that place one half of the division were already bivouacked, having reached the valley before the pitchy darkness had set in. It was now the third day since we had retired from Vera, and General Baron Charles Alten became so uneasy, that he ordered some of the best mounted regimental officers to go in various directions, to ascertain if possible, some tidings of the army, with which he had no communication for three days, and were now isolated among the wilds of the Pyrenees, on the left of the Bidassoa, half way between San Sebastian and Pampeluna. At six o'clock the same evening we broke up, and marched two leagues in the direction of Areysa, and then bivouacked in a wood, with an order not to light fires, to prevent any of the enemy's scouts or spies ascertaining our route. Two hours after nightfall the troops were again put in motion, and I was left in the forest, with directions to continue there all night, to bring off in the morning any baggage or stragglers that might happen to go astray.

[1] Napier's "English Battles in the Peninsula."

At daylight on the 30th, having collected together a few women, who dared not again encounter another toilsome march along the verge of the precipices, it was a droll sight to see this noisy group defiling from the forest, many dressed in soldiers' jackets, battered bonnets, and faded ribbons, with dishevelled locks hanging over their weather-beaten features, as they drove along their lazy *borricas* with a thick stick; and when the terrific blows laid on ceased to produce the desired effect, they squalled with sheer vexation, lest they might be overtaken, and fall into the hands of the enemy's light horse.

"Having travelled for two hours, as a sort of guide to these poor women, I perceived an officer at some distance in front, and, on overtaking him, he expressed the greatest joy at seeing me, and declared that he had been wandering for some hours in the most agitated state of mind, not knowing whither to bend his footsteps. The division had drawn up again during the night, and, having laid down on the flank of the column, he had fallen into a profound slumber, out of which he had awaked at broad day-light, with the rays of the sun shining full on his face, and, when somewhat recovering from his bewildered recollections, he wildly gazed round for the column which had vanished, and, springing on his feet, halloed with all his might; but no answer was returned,—a solemn silence reigned around, save the fluttering of the birds amongst the luxuriant foliage of the trees, the morning dew no longer bespangled the sod, nor did the print of a single footstep remain to guide his course. At length, in a fit of desperation, he hastily tore a passage through the thicket, and luckily reached the roads, and, at random, sauntered along in no very pleasant mood, until I overtook him.

"Soon after this we heard to our left sounds like those of distant thunder. As the sky was perfectly serene, we concluded that the noise must be caused by a heavy fire of musketry. On reaching Areysa we found most of the doors closed. However, we succeeded in purchasing a loaf, and then seated ourselves on the margin of a clear mountain stream, where we devoured it, and then solaced ourselves with a hearty draught of the refreshing beverage. This stream looked so inviting, that we threw off our clothes, and plunged into it. Notwithstanding the cooling effects of the bathe, the feet of my companion were so much swollen, owing to previous fatigue, that with all his tugging he could not pull on his boots again. Fortunately, mine were old and easy, so we readily effected an exchange; and then followed a road across a high mountain, from whose summit we saw the division bivouacked to the right of the broad and well-paved road (near Lecumberri) which leads from Pampeluna to Tolosa; from this

position we could march to either of those places, being half-way between them. Here the division awaited the return of its scouts the whole of the following day.

"The French army being completely worn out, and having suffered terribly in killed and wounded, continued to retreat during the 31st, followed by five divisions of the British, in three columns, by roads of Roncesvalles, Maya, and Donna Maria. On the evening of the same day, although obliquely to the rear of the pursuing columns, we received orders, if possible, to overtake the enemy, and attack them wherever they might be found. Accordingly, in the middle of the night, we got under arms, and began our march towards the middle of the following day (the 1st of August); having marched already twenty-four miles, we descended into a deep valley, between Ituren and Elgoriaga, where the division drew up in column to reconnoitre the right flank of the enemy, who were still hovering in the neighbourhood of San Estevan. After an hour's halt, we continued our movement on the left of the Bidassoa, and for three hours ascended, or rather clambered, the rugged asperities of a prodigious mountain, the by-path of which was composed of overlapping slabs of rock, or slipping-stones. At four o'clock in the afternoon a flying dust was descried, glistening with the bright and vivid flashes of small arms, to the right of the Bidassoa, and in the valley of the Lerin. A cry was instantly set up—'The enemy!' The worn soldiers raised their bent heads, covered with sweat and dust. We had nearly reached the summit of this tremendous mountain, but nature was quite exhausted. Many of the soldiers lagged behind, having accomplished more than thirty miles over the rocky roads, intersected with loose stones. Many fell heavily on the naked rocks, frothing at the mouth, black in the face, and struggling in their last agonies; whilst others, unable to drag one leg after the other, leaned on the muzzles of their firelocks, looking pictures of despair, muttering in disconsolate accents that they had never fallen out before."

Ascertaining the real strength of Marshal Soult—no easy matter in its dispersed condition—and getting information as to his exact course of movement, Lord Wellington sent the Light Division to cut in upon the enemy and interrupt his march. With stupendous exertion they got to the summit of a precipice near the bridge of Yanzi, where they caught view of Reille's division hurrying forward along a narrow defile. A fire of musketry commenced. The French, pent up by the Light Division, who were in front and all around and above them, fell by scores, and the most frightful confusion was created. The wounded were cast down in the rush and

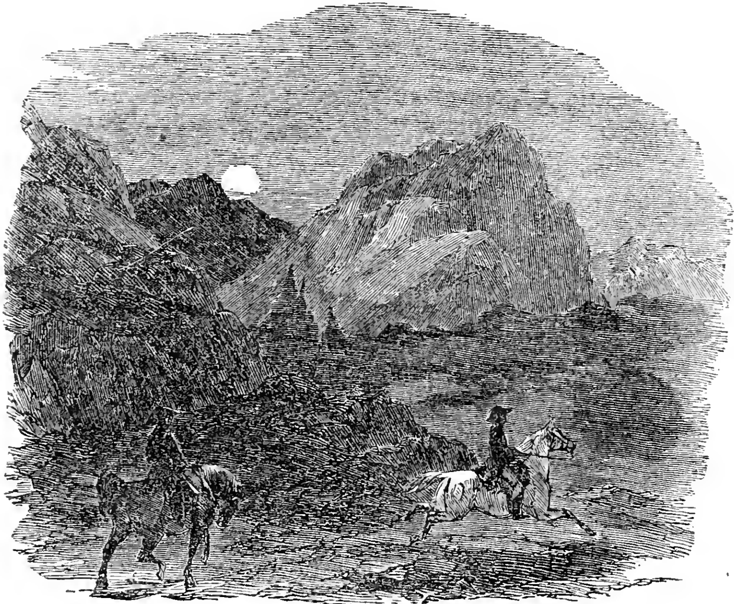
trampled upon—the cavalry drew their swords and endeavored to charge up the pass—men and horses were alike rolled back into the Bidassoa.

It is unnecessary to follow the details. Suffice to say, that after nine days of continual movement, during which ten serious actions had been fought, the operations ceased. Lord Wellington's effective force had in this interval been diminished by 7,300 officers and soldiers, who were either killed, wounded, taken by the enemy, or dispersed. The French loss has been computed by themselves at 13,000!

None of the battles previously fought by Wellington—none, it may be said, at any time—have caused him half the anxiety and personal risk which attended the operations in the Pyrenees. It was truly a pursuit of victory under difficulties. Hitherto he had, with few exceptions, been able to keep his enemy in view, and to survey the ground on which his own army and that of the adversary stood—giving his orders as the movements, successes, or reverses of either side might suggest. But in the Pyrenees he groped in the dark. Sometimes he was with one division, sometimes with another—occasionally he caught a glimpse of the French battalions, and once was within a very short distance of their leader, Soult, and that was all. Rocks and ravines were ever in the way. What the telescope accomplished upon the broad and open plain, or from the summit of an overlooking height, was only to be achieved in the Pyrenean labyrinth by hard riding.[1] He galloped from place to place with the speed of a hunter, and in his locomotion incurred continual hazards of surprise and capture, for it was impossible at any moment to ascertain with precision how near to him parties of the enemy might be. After a brief reconnaissance at Sauroren, attended by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, he only escaped the French dragoons by a two minutes' start. At Echallar he was examining his maps, when a French detachment came upon him unawares. A sergeant of the 43rd was just in time to warn him of the danger, and he got away. But the most striking example of his ubiquity—if the term may not be unfairly used—was a nocturnal visit to Pampeluna. The commander of the investing force required his advice and assistance. Wellington was asleep when the messenger, or officer, came to him, and the aide-de-camp in attendance declined to awake him. The matter was urgent—the officer importunate. At length Lord Wellington was aroused. He heard the message, and with the simple words, "Go back to your regiment, sir," turned again to sleep. The repose was but momentary. As the officer in melancholy mood

1 See Appendix III., for a description of the Pyrenees.

wended his way along the mountain paths, his hack jaded, he himself half slumbering on his saddle, a horseman passed him at full gallop. He could not distinguish him in the darkness of the night; but the wildest flight of fancy never would have suggested that the horseman



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was Wellington. The next morning, however, the Marquis was met returning from Pampeluna, having given all the necessary instructions for the vigorous prosecution of the blockade!

One of the most gratifying features of the battles in the Pyrenees was the greatly improved discipline of the Portuguese battalions. Never wanting in courage, their only defect was a deficiency in steadiness. Much was to be said for them. Until the battle of Busaco, in 1810, they had never been under fire, and from that time, with the simple exception of the cantonment of the allied army during the winter of 1812-13, everything had been unfavourable to their economy and organisation. They were either fighting, marching, or working in trenches. The tranquillity and leisure afforded Marshal Beresford, during the prolonged inaction on the

Agueda, had enabled him to repair the damage to discipline occasioned by continual employment in the field, and we now find Lord Wellington, always ready to award praise, stating in his despatch descriptive of the Pyrenean fights—

"The good conduct of the Portuguese officers and troops in all the operations of the present campaign, and the spirit which they show on every occasion, are not less honourable to that nation than they are to the military character of the officer (Marshal Beresford) who, by his judicious measures, has re-established discipline and revived a military spirit in the army."

And in a previous letter to Lord Liverpool, dated 25th of July, he gives a reason for the improvement that had taken place in the Portuguese army, apart from Beresford's instrumentality:—

"Notwithstanding that the Portuguese are now the *fighting cocks* of the army, I believe we owe their merits more to the care we have taken of their pockets and their bellies than to the instructions we have given them. In the end of the last campaign they behaved, in many instances, exceedingly ill, because they were in extreme misery, the Portuguese Government having neglected to pay them. I have forced the Portuguese Government to make arrangements to pay them regularly this year, and everybody knows how well they behave."

The establishment of a communication with the sea enabled Lord Wellington, after he had got into the Pyrenees, to cause the pay of the troops to be issued with greater regularity than heretofore. On the 3rd of August the men and officers were six months in arrear, and now, in paying what was due to the 24th of February, the Commander of the Forces adopted a plan, for the prevention of wasteful extravagance in drink and other pernicious indulgences, which was at a much later period rendered universal in the British service. He caused the pay to be issued daily. The effect was excellent.

Two great objects now remained to be accomplished before the allied army could venture upon another forward movement. These were the capture of San Sebastian and Pampeluna. Lord Wellington took up his quarters at Lesaca, to be at hand whenever and wherever he might be required.

San Sebastian is a fortified town, built on an isthmus on the Spanish coast, in a Bight of the Bay of Biscay. Above the town rises a conical hill, some four hundred feet from the level of the sea, crowned by a *mota* or castle. The place is isolated by the tidal river Urumea. When the tide is in, San Sebastian seems to rise out of the sea.

To reduce this fortress, Lord Wellington had deputed Sir Thomas

Graham, early in July, with a sufficient force, and gave him the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir W. Fletcher, and Sir Charles Smith, two of the ablest engineers in the service. Fletcher was the officer who had planned and superintended the construction of the lines of Torres Vedras. Smith had had his talents developed at Tarifa, the defence of which place was arranged by him exclusively Graham began badly. He followed the erroneous dictates of his own judgment instead of yielding to the suggestions of the able engineers, in respect to the position of the breaching batteries. Time was therefore lost and nothing was done. Lord Wellington, to remedy the defects in Graham's system of operations, went to San Sebastian on the 11th of July, and in concert with the commandants of artillery and engineers decided upon a more effectual plan. Batteries were thrown up, on some sand-hills commanding the town, and the siege was now pushed with vigor. Outworks consisting of a fortified convent and redoubt, were previously carried on the 17th of July, and on the 20th, the breaching batteries opened upon the sea wall of the town. The place was very ably defended by General Rey with a garrison of 3000 veteran troops. By the 24th, three breaches had been reported practicable; and on the 25th, they were attacked by 2000 men, led by Lieutenant H. D. Jones, of the engineers, the advanced storming party being commanded by Major Frazer, of the Royal Scots. The attack was conducted with great spirit; but the overwhelming fire of the garrison was an insurmountable barrier to success. Grape, grenades, and shells, were poured with murderous precision upon the columns, who were driven back with a loss of 400 men, including Major Frazer.

This failure induced Lord Wellington to go over from Lesaca to give fresh directions for the seige. He then found that there was an insufficiency of ammunition for the immediate renewal of operations, the Government organs at home having fallen back into their old habits of neglect. He, consequently, directed the siege to be converted into a blockade, until additional *matériel* should arrive. Lord Wellington returned to Lesaca, and then fought those battles in the Pyrenees to which allusion has been made.

All this time, how were affairs progressing in the eastern part of Spain? There could be no prospect of the complete triumph of the Peninsular cause, if the snake were not killed outright. The successes in the Pyrenees would have proved but the process of "scotching" the monster if the huge coils lashing the western coast of the Mediterranean were still free. A momentary glance will show us how Lord William Bentinck had conducted affairs.

Lord William Bentinck was an officer of considerable military and diplomatic talents. He had, when a young man, served with the Austrian army under Suwarrow, Melas, and Count Bellegarde, witnessing and sharing in some of the operations against the French He afterwards was placed in command of a body of cavalry, to serve with Abercrombie in Egypt, but did not reach his destination until the glorious campaign of 1801 had arrived at a termination. In 1803 Lord William was appointed Governor of Madras, holding that lucrative and responsible office until 1807. In 1808, he was selected to proceed on a mission to the Supreme Junta of Spain, for the purpose of urging a resistance to Bonaparte, and it is on record that he conducted the negotiations with much spirit and energy, but not with very satisfactory results, the unaccountable indifference of the Spaniards to the danger which surrounded them, presenting an insurmountable obstacle to the prompt adoption of useful measures. Joining Sir John Moore, Lord William commanded a brigade at the battle of Coruña, and led the troops with Moore against the enemy posted in the village of Elvira. Subsequently, he was appointed Minister at the Court of Sicily, and Commander-in-Chief of the forces in that island. His good management placed Sicily in a condition to resist an invasion by the French, and he might at a much earlier period have detached troops to operate against the forces under Suchet; but Lord William Bentinck was headstrong. He had conceived an idea in 1812 that the French might be attacked with advantage in Italy and Sardinia, and while he was indulging this crotchet to the extent of sending a large portion of his force to those quarters, Lord Wellington was calculating upon his co-operation on the eastern coast. In 1813, Lord William Bentinck's views had undergone a change, more particularly as the failure of Sir John Murray at Tarragona had rendered an immediate and vigorous movement in Catalonia necessary. He now took the command out of Murray's hands, re-organised the army at Alicant, and awaited the assembling of a sufficient force to enable him to confront Marshal Suchet. The astute Marshal having blown up the defences of Tarragona, advanced against the English, and came up with them at the pass of Ordal. A collision took place, and the English were forced to retire through the incompetency, it has been alleged, of the officer immediately in command—Colonel Adam.[1] It seems,

[1] Afterwards Sir Frederick. At Waterloo he commanded a brigade of Guards; and after the Peace held the office of Lord High Commissioner in the Ionian Islands. He was, at a later period, Governor of Madras, when Lord W. Bentinck was Governor-General of India.

however, that both that officer and Lord William Bentinck were misinformed as to the actual strength of the French army under Suchet, and found themselves unexpectedly attacked by a superior force. Falling back upon Tarragona, Marshal Suchet was left in undisturbed possession of Catalonia, and Lord William Bentinck, returning to Sicily, left the command of the army to Sir William Clinton.[1]

While Lord Wellington remained in the Pyrenees, a new cause of anxiety had arisen in his mind. It was a characteristic of his military policy never to advance without a conviction of the ulterior advantage of the proceeding. It was not enough for him that a pitched battle was to place his army upon the ground occupied by the enemy; his views extended beyond the immediate present. The consolidation of each victory seemed to him an indispensable condition of a forward movement. He was now upon the threshold of the French empire. What was to be the upshot of his occupation of the country?

To understand the arguments which "gave him pause," we must first advert to the operations which had been taking place in the north of Europe, after Prussia had followed the example of Russia in throwing off the yoke which Napoleon had imposed by his Commercial Decrees.

The first measure of the Russian and Prussian monarchs after their compact at Breslau was to seek the alliance of the King of Saxony. The favours which that monarch had received at the hands of Napoleon induced him to remain firm to his ally, and he therefore quitted Dresden, the capital of his kingdom contiguous to the scene of action, and the Russian troops advanced upon the town. Austria, watching her opportunity of throwing off the connexion with Napoleon, now offered herself as a mediator between the northern allies of France, and Sweden acceded by a treaty, concluded at Ocrebro, to the Grand Alliance. Denmark remained faithful to Napoleon. The enthusiasm of the people of Prussia continuing unabated, the Landsturm or *levée en masse* was called out by royal decree, and a plan of hostile operations against the French armies was immediately chalked out. The French lay along the Elbe, from

[1] The qualities which had neutralised the value of Lord W. Bentinck as a Peninsular general had full play when he became Governor-General of India. He acted invariably according to the dictates of his judgment, and was inaccessible to advice and reason. Some of his measures are to be remembered for their value. He abolished the rite of *Suttee* (the cremation of Hindoo widows), improved internal communication, and was friendly to the press and the cause of enlightenment, but his military rule was of doubtful advantage. He also abolished flogging in the native army, and discontinued full batta allowance to the officers.

Dresden to Hamburg. The army was headed by Davoust, Victor, Grenier, Regnier, and Vandamme. The Russians struck the first blow. Rapidly moving on Hamburg, they encouraged the people of Lüneburg to rise and expel the French. These latter recaptured the town, and their general, Morand, was about to execute some two dozen of the leaders of the revolt, when the Cossacks rushed in and rescued them. A general insurrection now commenced throughout the country lying between the Elbe and the Weser—all the Hanse Towns took up arms and drove out the French, and the authority of England was once more restored in the Hanoverian states. Innumerable British ships entered the Elbe with stores, arms, and ammunition for the patriots, and everything promised well for a successful campaign against the French.

The occupation of Dresden and Hamburg broke the line of the Elbe at both ends. Eugène Beauharnais, who led the French, fell back upon the strong fortress of Magdeburg, and thence awaited Napoleon, who, rallying after the expulsion of his troops from Russia, joined his new levies at Erfurt, and formed a junction with Eugène. The army of the French Emperor, including the garrisons on the Oder and Vistula, blockaded by the allies, was 400,000 strong. At the head of this force Napoleon moved against the northern armies. An encounter on the heights of Poserna, in which Marshal Bessières was killed, was followed by two great battles at Lutzen and Bautzen, in which the French gained something in position, at the expense of many thousands killed and wounded, and without wresting either guns or provisions from the enemy. At Bautzen, Duroc, the oldest and best friend of Napoleon, was killed by a cannon-shot. Napoleon was afflicted at the loss of his general, and annoyed that no important results had followed upon the two great battles. Yet he believed his star to be still in the ascendant, and had he not cherished apprehensions from the armed indications of Austria, and the progress of the organisation of a partisan warfare in his rear, he would hardly have consented to an armistice at Pleswitz, which was arranged between the antagonistic forces to endure six weeks.

Of the combined movement among the northern powers to throw off the detestable tyranny of Napoleon, Great Britain now wisely took excellent advantage. Opening friendly relations with Prussia, she despatched vast quantities of arms and stores to the Elbe, and Sir Charles Stewart, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry, was sent ambassador to Berlin Subsidies to the amount of 4,000,000*l.* sterling were granted to Sweden, Russia, and Prussia, and every imaginable encouragement was given to those states to push the war with the French.

Austria at this time (June, 1813,) also began to seek some benefit from the perilous position of Napoleon. She intimated, through her astute minister, Metternich, the impossibility of remaining neutral, and pressed such heavy claims on the Emperor Napoleon, that, alarmed at the confidence of her tone, he caught at the idea of a congress at Prague, under the mediation of Austria, and signed a convention for the assembling of the congress on the 30th of June. Soon afterwards the news of the battle of Vittoria arrived at Dresden, and as this announced the destruction of the French power in Spain, Austria grew more exacting in her demands. Napoleon, foreseeing the issue of the convention, resorted to a variety of pretexts to gain time, in order to fortify the places still held by his troops, and to increase his force by a heavy conscription. The armistice was extended to the 11th of August. Immediately upon its termination, Austria formally declared war against France, because the latter power refused to agree to the terms of her *ultimatum*, which comprehended a great many sacrifices of the territory and authority acquired by Napoleon in the earlier campaigns of the century.

The news of the assembly of the Congress of Prague reached Lord Wellington at Lesaca. His quick and comprehensive understanding immediately took in all the bearings of the effect of a peace with France, and determined him to pause in the execution of his plans for entering that country. He saw that if he established an army on the Adour, he would be unable to go further, and that, if peace were made by the powers of the North, he would have to withdraw into Spain. Perhaps of the very many letters written by Lord Wellington upon subjects relating to the general interests of Europe, and the shape which his own movements should take in connection with those interests, there is not one which more clearly demonstrates the grasp of his mind, and the thorough independence of his character, than the communication to Lord Bathurst, dated Lesaca, 8th of August, 1813.[1] In this he points out his actual situation, the difficulty of moving his army until the deteriorations it had suffered by the recent contests should be repaired, the position he would be in were a retreat to Spain rendered necessary, supposing him to enter France without capturing the fortresses of the frontier, and the importance of a declaration by the French Bourbons of their object in assisting to dethrone Bonaparte.

How well Lord Wellington understood the true situation of the several powers to the treaty negotiating at Prague, notwithstanding that his mind and his time had for four years been occupied with his

[1] See Appendix, No. IV.

own immediate operations, is clear from what he writes to Earl Bathurst a week after the letter cited above. Instead of being at a great distance, receiving his intelligence through the uncertain media of newspapers and private letters, it would almost seem, from the intelligent view he took of the pending questions, that he was actually on the spot, and a mediator in the negotiations. "There are some leading principles," he writes, "in the political state of Europe, in which the interests of all parties would coincide; such as the independence of Spain, Germany, Italy, Holland, and France; the restoration of Hanover to the King's family; the re-establishment of the Prussian frontier, and of the Prussian influence over Saxony and Hesse; a frontier for the Austrian monarchy, and influence in Germany to balance that of Prussia; the re-establishment of the independence of the Hanse Towns, &c.; an understanding between England and Russia; and the powers less immediately interested might bring the others to take a general view of the common interests, without which, all may depend upon it that they cannot make peace with security, or war with honour and advantage."

Upon any other system than the foregoing, he declared "he would not march a corporal's guard."

How well and truly it has been said of Wellington, that his sagacity estimated every combination at its true import! In those days politics wore a cosmopolitan character. There was but one great question before the world—European freedom, or European servitude; the "French empire" on one side, and a coalition of adversaries or victims on the other. But few men were gifted with the faculty with which Wellington was endowed, of casting his eye over the plains of Germany, over the wilds of Russia, on the shores of the Baltic, and the islands of the Mediterranean, and on the retina of his mind, concentrating an estimate of the relative interests of all the powers involved in the complicated quarrel. While the Ministry besought him to turn from his professional cares and honour them with his counsel, his victories seemed to check despondency, or animate resistance, in countries far removed from the scene of his operations. The battle of Salamanca was celebrated by the retiring Russians at Smolensko with rejoicings which fell ominously on the ears of their prisoners, and the triumph of Vittoria—the news of which, as observed above, reached Dresden about the time of the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen,—determined the wavering policy of Austria against the tottering fortunes of Napoleon.

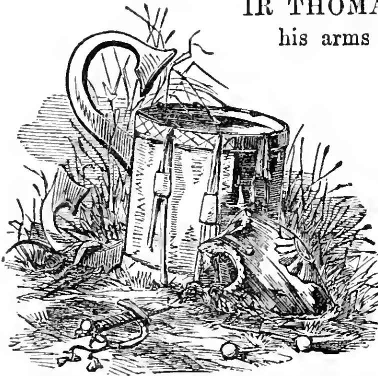
The two German battles, if they gave satisfaction to Lord Wellington from the manner in which they were fought, did not

please him in their result. He feared that they would induce Napoleon to make concessions to Austria, Russia, and Prussia, which might lead to a peace with those powers to the exclusion of England and the powers of the Peninsula.

But while Wellington was occupied with these apprehensions, the armistice at Prague had terminated, and Austria had ranged herself with Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Great Britain in the crusade against the tyranny of the French Emperor.

CHAPTER XVII.

San Sebastian taken—Pampeluna capitulates.



IR THOMAS GRAHAM had rested upon his arms after the first repulse at San Sebastian. The attack had answered the purpose —though at a heavy sacrifice—of testing the strength of the walls, and the vigour of the garrison. Out of the nettle, danger, Graham plucked the flower, "safety." But the middle of August had been passed and nothing more was done. Inert, beyond all reason and precedent, the government of Lord Liverpool was scarcely less culpable than that of his helpless predecessor, Mr. Perceval, in "starving" the army, at least, in respect to those military supplies, and that external aid, without which it was impossible to expect that the great enterprise on which Lord Wellington was engaged should possibly succeed. There was no adequate naval force on the Biscayan coast. According to all the usages of war, attacks upon maritime places are made by the army and navy conjointly. Lord Keith had written home for a line-of-battle ship, and the sluggish Admiralty had neither sent him a reply, nor left anything to his discretion. The blockade consequently could not be strictly kept, and the enemy were enabled to keep up a communication with the garrison from Bayonne and St. Jean de Luz. To read the complaints of Lord Wellington at this time, one would suppose that the government of the day were dealing with an unsuccessful general engaged in a

desperate cause, which had neither their sympathy nor sanction, instead of with a consummate soldier who had carried every point in which the interests of the country were concerned. He was especially hurt that, by the mismanaged supply of naval assistance, his soldiers should be compelled to the performance of a rough and laborious kind of work generally performed by sailors. "The soldiers," he wrote, "are obliged to work in the transports to unload the vessels, because no seamen can be furnished; and we have been obliged to use the harbour boats of Passages, navigated by women, in landing the ordnance and stores, because there is no naval force to supply us with the assistance which we should have required in boats." He felt also that, in the absence of the navy, he was deprived of the opportunity of saving the lives of soldiers in the assaults upon the trenches, since "no means existed of dividing the enemy's attention by making a simultaneous attack upon the sea-face."

The tone in which Lord Wellington expressed his sentiments to the Admiralty upon their neglect, was of a character with that boldness and independence which had marked all his previous remonstrances with men in office, who were insensible to the great good he was accomplishing, or were jealous of his renown. He writes to Lord Melville—

"I complain of an actual want of necessary naval assistance and co-operation with the army, of which I believe no one will entertain a doubt who reads the facts stated in my reports to Government. I know nothing about the cause of the evil; it may be owing to a general deficiency of naval force for all the objects to which it is necessary to attend in an extended system of war. *It may be owing to a proper preference of other services over this*, or it may be owing to the misapplication of the force entrusted to their command by the admirals and captains. I state the fact, which nobody will deny; and leave it to Government to apply a remedy or not, as they may think proper."

Sir George Collier arrived upon the coast with a small squadron (inferior to that of the enemy) and although no assistance was afforded in the way Lord Wellington deemed most desirable, namely, an attack from the sea, the seige of San Sebastian was earnestly prosecuted. Lord Wellington continually went to and fro to observe the progress of the siege, and by the 20th of August a fire was opened upon the fort and directed against the tower which flanked the bastion on the eastern face,—against a demi-bastion on the south-east angle, and termination of the curtain on the south face. In five days a breach had been effected at the tenaille[1] of the bastion, and

[1] *Tenaille.* A parapet in the main ditch of a fortress in the form of an open pair of pincers—whence the name.

Lord Wellington, judging that everything was in readiness for the assault, left the details to Lieutenant-General Graham.

The manner in which the "forlorn hope" is selected for an assault has been described in a foregoing page. On this occasion volunteers were wanted from the 1st and 4th and Light Divisions. To the honour of the latter, they volunteered to a man. Four hundred were selected from the 1st Division, 150 from the Light, and 200 from the 4th Division. Lieutenant Maguire, of the 4th Foot, had the command of the forlorn hope. He had entreated to be so honoured on two former occasions, but was disappointed. His wish was now fulfilled; only that he might honourably fall, in the prime of youth and health, at the head of the self-devoted band.[1]

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 31st of August, Sir Thomas Graham, having crossed the Urumea to some batteries of the right attack, whence he could behold the operations, the columns of attack, under Major-General Robinson, moved from the trenches. The reserve was composed of the residue of the 5th Division and some Portuguese troops, severally commanded by Major-Generals Spry and Hay, the whole under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir James Leith. Previous to their emerging from their shelter, a sergeant of consummate intrepidity had sprang forward and endeavoured to cut the *saucisson*, or trains upon the covered-way of the fortress which was to fire the *fougasses*, or mines, upon the glacis. In this gallant feat he was killed, for the French immediately fired the mine. But his noble object was attained; the advancing column was saved, with the exception of some forty men who were crushed by the fall of the wall.[2] The columns steadily advanced, and approached the breach under a terrific fire of shells and grape shot from the determined

[1] Lieutenant Maguire had always distinguished himself. At Fuentes d'Onoro, he took a pair of colours from the French ensign who bore them. At Vittoria, when his company was twice repulsed, he took the colours from the hands of the ensign of the regiment, and resolutely advanced to place them upon the parapet of the bridge; but before he could fix them, they were shot to pieces!

[2] A similar piece of daring courage was exhibited at an earlier period in the Peninsular war, with a more fortunate result. It was in 1810. Lord Wellington had ordered that whenever the French appeared likely to advance across the frontier to invade Portugal, the Spanish fort of Concepcion, opposite Almeida, should be blown up. The bastions were all mined and loaded, and two engineers appointed to light the fusees at the proper moment. On the morning of the enemy's advance, after the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, these officers were not together; and one of them, finding the time for explosion arrived, and as the enemy were fast coming on, galloped to the fort, tied up his horse, and ran up the ramparts, calling out his companion's name, and exclaiming, "no time was to be lost." No one answered to his name in the solitary fort, and on approaching the entrance of one of the mines, he found the fusees burning. They must have been sometime lighted, to allow the escape of those who fired them, and the match was now close to the magazine, threatening

garrison. This was check enough in itself, but when they reached the breach, to their intense mortification they discovered that the aperture made in the walls by the fire from the batteries was not wide enough to admit more than a single file of men at a time. "There never was anything," wrote Sir Thomas Graham in his despatch, "so fallacious as the external appearance of the breach." The enemy saw the dilemma of the troops, and plied their fire with renewed audacity. There was only one point by which access could be obtained to the fortress; it was the ridge of the curtain. To gain this ridge, hundreds of brave soldiers made the noblest efforts, but no success attended the gallant attempt.

In this most desperate state of affairs, Sir Thomas Graham asked Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, who commanded the artillery, if he could suggest any measure to give an impulse to the attack. This able officer immediately proposed that the whole of the guns in the breaching batteries of the right attack should, as far as possible, be brought to bear on the high curtain above the breach in the face of the demi-bastion; and, in a few minutes, the fire of forty-seven pieces of artillery was directed with such powerful effect upon the enemy's interior defences, that they were compelled to abandon the principal traverse, which protected the main breach, and seek more distant cover.

The troops at the main breach paused in their vain endeavours to win an entrance during the continuance of this tremendous cannonade, watching with astonishment and admiration the effect produced in this unprecedented manner by the fire of the artillery, of which such was the wonderful precision that, though the shot passed but a few feet over their heads, sweeping the enemy from their retrenchments, not a casualty occurred amongst themselves.

Shortly after this mode of clearing a way for the assailants had been adopted, the whole of the numerous fire barrels, live shells, hand grenades, &c., which the garrison had collected along the ramparts for the close defence of their traverses and interior works, ignited, causing a succession of explosions along the whole extent of the high curtain, killing and wounding many of its defenders, and throwing the remainder into the greatest confusion. The assailants took instant advantage of this favourable moment to renew their efforts, and a vigorous rush made them masters of the first traverse. The garrison

instant destruction to all around. Fortunately, he did not lose his presence of mind; he descended from the ramparts, gained his horse, and was forty or fifty yards from the fort ere it was launched into the air. The other officer had arrived before him, and had acted according to his orders.

on this rather hastily abandoned the ravelin and eastern branch of the hornwork; fresh troops mounted the breach in rapid succession; the Portuguese, at the same moment, forced an entrance to the right, and the town was carried, during a most awful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, rendered yet more terrific by the shouts of the infuriated captors; 700 prisoners were made, the rest of the garrison took refuge in the castle, whence they kept up a constant fire on all who showed themselves in the streets, so that little or no success resulted from the exertions of the assailants to subdue the flames, spread throughout the town by the explosion of the grenades and shells along the ramparts, as above-mentioned.[1]

Let Napier relate the terrible sequel to the assault:—

"Five hours this dreadful battle had lasted at the walls, and now the stream of war went pouring into the town; yet the undaunted governor still disputed the victory at his barricades, although several hundreds of men had been cut off in the hornwork, and his garrison was so reduced, that even to retreat behind the line of defence separating the town from Monte Orgullo was difficult; however, the troops, flying from the hornwork on the harbour flank, broke through a body of the British near the fortified convent of Santa Teresa, and the post was still retained by the French within the town. It was thought Monte Orgullo might have been then carried if a commander of rank, to direct the troops, had been at hand; but, as in the first assault, whether from wounds or accident, no general entered the place until long after the breach had been won, the battalion officers were embarrassed for want of orders, and a thunder-storm coming down the mountains with unbounded fury just as the place was carried, added to the confusion of the fight; the opportunity was thus lost.

"This storm seemed to be a signal from hell for the perpetration of villany which would have shamed the most ferocious barbarians of antiquity. At Ciudad Rodrigo intoxication and plunder had been the principal objects; at Badajoz lust and murder were joined to rapine and drunkenness; at San Sebastian the direst, the most revolting cruelty was added to the catalogue of crimes; one atrocity, of which a girl of seventeen was the victim, staggers the mind by its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity. Some order was at first maintained, but the resolution to throw off discipline was quickly made manifest. A British staff-officer was pursued with a volley of small arms, and escaped with difficulty from men who mistook him for a provost-marshal; a Portuguese adjutant, striving to prevent some

[1] Jackson and Scott's Life of the Duke of Wellington.

ruffianism, was put to death in the market-place, not with sudden violence, but deliberately. Many officers exerted themselves to preserve order, many men were well-conducted, yet the rapine and violence, commenced by villains, soon spread; the camp followers crowded into the place, and the disorder continued until fire, following the steps of the plunderer, put an end to his ferocity by destroying the whole town."

Sir Thomas Graham was profuse, and justly so, of his commendations. All his officers and troops had admirably comported themselves. The former had never been more exposed. No less than three general officers—Sir J. Leith, General Robinson, and General Oswald—were wounded in the trenches, and obliged to quit the field. Amongst the brave men who came in for special remark were Colonel Dickson, of the Artillery; Captain Williamson of the 4th Royals, who was severely wounded, "following the forlorn hope in the best style;" Captain Jones, of the same corps; Lieutenant Le Blanc, who led the Light Company of the 4th, immediately after the forlorn hope; Linsay and Power, of the 47th; Captains Pilkington, Scott, and Halford, of the 39th, Lieutenant-Colonel Barnes of the Royal Scots;[1] Brigadier-Major Taylor and Captain Stewart of the Royal Scots; Lieutenant Gethen of the Engineers, who took the enemy's colours from the cavalier, and all the officers of the personal and general staff.

Of the losses sustained by General Graham in this siege, the heaviest by far was Sir R. Fletcher, the Engineer. The engineer department of the army had been most creditably conducted by him and his colleagues, Lieutenant-Colonel Burgoyne and Major Charles Felix Smith (afterwards Major-General, and K.C.B.), and Burgoyne was wounded.

It was not until nine days after the capture of the town of San Sebastian that the *mota* (Monte Orgullo) surrendered, and then only when attacked by fifty-nine heavy battering pieces. In this latter branch of the operations many wounded and English prisoners were killed. The latter had been attired in their uniforms, and placed around a magazine, serving as a hospital, to deter the besiegers from directing their fire on that quarter. Unhappily the special merciful exception was not made; it is doubtful, indeed, if it would have been possible to do so.

[1] Afterwards Sir James S. Barnes, K.C.B., an amiable and gallant man. His services had been various, beginning at Toulon, and including Holland, Egypt, and the West Indies. He joined the Peninsular army in 1810, and remained with it to the last. In 1830, when he had become Major-General, he was appointed to the command of a Division of the Bombay army.

For the plunder of San Sebastian, and the destruction of the town by fire, Sir Thomas Graham and Lord Wellington were bitterly assailed by the Spanish political officers, and the press under their domination. So vehement was the attack, that Lord Wellington, generally very indifferent to calumny, found it necessary to pen an energetic remonstrance, and an earnest exculpation of Sir Thomas Graham. Had he himself been the only party concerned, he would probably have allowed the strictures to pass unheeded. Armed with the *mens conscia recti*, he invariably practised the patience he recommended to others. Napoleon's apophthegm was unconsciously adopted in all his contemplations of the scandal which jealousy, dislike, ignorance, and hostility heaped on his honoured head: *Les calomnies s'enfuyent la vérité reste.* It is indispensable to Wellington's memory that his defence to the imputations of the *Xefe Politico*, the Conde de Villa Fuentes, should be given in every work which professes to faithfully record his deeds:—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR H. WELLESLEY, K.B.

"LESACA, *9th Oct.*, 1813.

"I shall begin with that charge which the enclosed newspaper contains, and which is not made in direct terms in the letter from the *Xefe Politico*, though it is directly charged against Lieutenant-General Sir T. Graham, that he intended to burn the town, viz., that the town of San Sebastian was thus ill treated, because its former trade had been exclusively with the French nation, and to the disadvantage of Great Britain.

"This charge cannot be intended to apply to the common soldiers, who cannot be supposed to know, or to reflect much upon what passed before they attacked the place. This infamous charge applies exclusively to the principal officers, who, from motives not of commercial policy, but of commercial revenge, are supposed so far to have forgotten their duty as to have ordered or suffered the sack of this unfortunate town, and thus to have risked the loss of all they had acquired by their labours and their gallantry; and you will more readily conceive, than I can venture to describe, the feelings of indignation with which I proceed to justify the general and other officers of this army from a charge officially made, by a person in a high office, that they designed to plunder and burn the town of San Sebastian.

"I need not assure you that this charge is most positively untrue. Everything was done that was in my power to suggest to save the

town. Several persons urged me, in the strongest manner, to allow it to be bombarded, as the most certain mode of forcing the enemy to give it up. This I positively would not allow, for the same reasons as I did not allow Ciudad Rodrigo or Badajoz to be bombarded; and yet, if I had harboured so infamous a wish as to destroy this town from motives of commercial revenge, or any other, I could not have adopted a more certain method than to allow it to be bombarded.

" Neither is it true that the town was set on fire by the English and Portuguese troops. To set fire to the town was part of the enemy's defence. It was set on fire by the enemy on the 22nd July, before the final attempt was made to take it by storm; and it is a fact that the fire was so violent on the 24th July, that the storm, which was to have taken place on that day, was necessarily deferred till the 25th, and, as it is well known, failed.

" I was at the siege of San Sebastian on the 30th August, and I aver that the town was then on fire. It must have been set on fire by the enemy, as I repeat that our batteries, by positive order, threw no shells into the town; and I saw the town on fire on the morning of the 31st August, before the storm took place.

" It is well known that the enemy had prepared for a serious resistance, not only on the ramparts, but in the streets of the town; that traverses were established in the streets, formed of combustibles, with the intention of setting fire to, and exploding them, during the contest with the assailants. It is equally known that there was a most severe contest in the streets of the town between the assailants and the garrison; that many of these traverses were exploded, by which many lives on both sides were lost; and it is a fact that these explosions set fire to many of the houses.

" The *Xefe Politico*, the author of these complaints, must have been as well aware of these facts as I am; and he ought not to have concealed them. In truth, the fire in the town was the greatest evil that could befal the assailants, who did everything in their power to get the better of it; and it is a fact that, owing to the difficulty and danger of communicating, through the fire, with the advanced posts in the town, it had very nearly become necessary, at one time, to withdraw those posts entirely.

" In regard to the plunder of the town by the soldiers, I am the last man who will deny it, because I know that it is true. It has fallen to my lot to take many towns by storm; and I am concerned to add that I never saw or heard of one so taken, by any troops, that it was not plundered. It is one of the evil consequences attending the necessity of storming a town, which every officer laments, not

only on account of the evil thereby inflicted on the unfortunate inhabitants, but on account of the injury it does to discipline, and the risk which is incurred of the loss of all the advantages of victory at the very moment they are gained.

"It is hard that I and my general officers are to be so treated, as we have been by the *Xefe Politico*, and unrestrained libellers, because an unavoidable evil has occurred in the accomplishment of a great service, and in the acquirement of a great advantage. The fault does not lie with us; it is with those who lost the fort, and obliged us by great risk and loss to regain it for the Spanish nation by storm.

"Notwithstanding that I am convinced it is impossible to prevent a town in such a situation from being plundered, I can prove that upon this occasion particular pains were taken to prevent it. I gave most positive orders upon the subject, and desired that the officers might be warned of the peculiar situation of the place, the garrison having the castle to retire to, and of the danger that they would attempt to re-take the town, if they found the assailants were engaged in plunder.

"If it had not been for the fire, which certainly augmented the confusion, and afforded greater facilities for irregularity; and if by far the greatest proportion of the officers and non-commissioned officers, particularly of the principal officers who stormed the breach, had not been killed or wounded in the performance of their duty, in the service of Spain, to the number of 170 out of 250, I believe that the plunder would have been in a great measure, though not entirely, prevented.

"Indeed, one of the subjects of complaint, that sentries were placed on every house, shows the desire, at least of the officers, to preserve order. These sentries must have been placed by order, and unless it is supposed, as charged, that the officers intended that the town should be plundered and burned, and placed in sentries to secure that object; it must be admitted that their intention in placing these sentries was good.

"It likewise most unfortunately happened that it was impossible to relieve the troops which stormed the town till the 2nd instant, instead of immediately after the town was in our possession. Those who make these complaints forget that on the 31st August, the day this town was stormed, the whole of the left of the army was attacked by the enemy.

"I do not believe that I should have been congratulated and thanked for having successfully done my duty on that occasion, if I had either risked the blockade of Pampeluna, or the loss of the battle

fought on the 31st August, by keeping at San Sebastian troops to relieve those which had stormed, in order that the inhabitants of San Sebastian might suffer rather less by their irregularities.

"In fact, it was not possible to allot troops to relieve them till the 2nd, at which time I assert that all irregularity had ceased, as I was at San Sebastian on that day.

"In regard to the injuries done to the inhabitants, by the soldiers with their fire-arms and bayonets, in return for their applause and congratulations, it appears to me extraordinary that it did not occur to the complainants that these injuries, if they were really done, were done by accident, during the contest in the streets with the enemy, and not by design.

"In regard to the charge of kindness to the enemy, I am afraid it is but too well founded; and that till it is positively ordered by authority, in return for the *ordonnance* of the French government, that all enemy's troops in a place taken by storm shall be put to death, it will be difficult to prevail upon British officers and soldiers to treat an enemy, when their prisoners, otherwise than well.

"I wish that the *Xefe Politico* had not made the charge against so respectable a character as Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham, that he omitted to apply for his assistance to extinguish the fire in the town till it was entirely destroyed, leaving the inference to be drawn, that he therefore wished that the town should be destroyed; as it would have saved me the pain of observing, that the total neglect of the Spanish authorities to furnish any assistance whatever that was required from them, to carry on the operations against San Sebastian, did not encourage Sir Thomas to apply for the assistance of the *Xefe Politico* in any shape. In fact, everything was done that could be done to extinguish the fire by our own soldiers; and I believe that the truth is, that the assistance was asked by me, not only to endeavour to extinguish the fire, but to bury the dead bodies lying about the town and ramparts; and it was not made sooner, because the want of it was not felt at an earlier period.

"I certainly lament, as much as any man can, the evils sustained by this unfortunate town, and those who have reason to complain of their fate, and deserve the relief of Government; but a person in the situation of a *Xefe Politico* should take care in forwarding these complaints, not to attack the characters of honourable and brave men, who are as incapable of entertaining a design to injure the peaceable inhabitants of any town, as they are of allowing their conduct to be influenced by the infamous motives attributed to them in the enclosed libel.

"I hear frequently of the union of the two nations, but I am quite certain that nothing is so little likely to promote that union as the encouragement given to such unfounded charges, and the allowing such infamous libels to pass unpunished.

"I have only to add to what I have already stated in this letter, in answer to the Minister of War's inquiries regarding the punishment of the offenders on this occasion, that several soldiers were punished. How many it is not in my power at present to state."

During the progress of the siege of San Sebastian, Marshal Soult made great efforts to relieve the place. He formed columns of attack in the Lower Bidassoa, near Irun, and the lofty ridge of San Marcial, and fiercely attacked the Spaniards and Portuguese, and the British brigades under Lord Aylmer and General Howard, at San Marcial and Vera. The French fought well, as they always did, but victory remained with the allies. The loss of the enemy was 3600 men. After this, the prosecution of offensive operations would have been folly. Soult, getting no assistance either from Napoleon or Marshal Suchet, who could not, or would not, join him, from the east of Spain, resolved henceforth to act upon the defensive.

The successful siege of San Sebastian had placed a large body of troops at Lord Wellington's disposal for further operations. News having reached him that Austria had declared against France, and all chance of a pacific composition being at an end, he took measures for the invasion of France. But this was done at the instance of the British Ministry. Had he simply followed the dictates of his own judgment, he would have preferred remaining in the Pyrenees—cold and cheerless as they were—until Pampeluna had surrendered, for he was apprehensive that (to say nothing of his rear being liable to molestation, while that place held out), the Spanish troops would have avenged on the French peasantry the wrongs their countrymen had experienced, and he knew the policy of having the peasantry with him on his entering upon the French soil.

The movement into France was delayed until the 7th of October (1813), owing to the swollen state of the river Bidassoa. On that memorable day, the pontoons having been carried down into the plains on the previous night, Lord Wellington advanced with 44,000 men. Of this number 24,000 were employed in six columns, under Lieutenant-General Graham, to ford the river, while 20,000 were detached under Major-General Charles Baron Alten to capture the enemy's entrenchments and posts in the Puerta de Vera, and on a mountain called Le Rhune.

Marshal Soult was completely unprepared for this movement.

Taken by surprise, he was compelled, after a short series of combats, to allow the sagacious foe to sweep across the river and occupy the positions he had been fortifying for a month. The last atom of Spanish ground should have been the scene of the most obstinately-contested action in the Peninsula, and had Soult been aware of the intention of Lord Wellington, he would undoubtedly have shown a gallant front. But who could penetrate the suggestions of Wellington's genius? He baffled conjecture by the originality of his conceptions, and destroyed the best combination of an able adversary, by the suddenness of his movements, in a direction the very opposite of that which it was imagined he would take. Military writers have blamed Soult's general negligence in one of the most important measures in defensive warfare. There were no outposts on the left bank of the Bidassoa. "Outposts," writes Lieutenant Jervis,[1] "should be placed so as to discover everything going on around them, without being seen themselves; they are therefore usuually posted upon heights, and are protected from observation by every available obstacle, such as hedges, walls, houses, clumps of trees, &c. If possible, they should not be placed in a village, or the soldiers would then be likely to stray from their posts; neither should they ever be placed opposite obstacles that are near enough to them to protect a surprise; if there be a village, a wood, or a field with high standing crops, and sentries cannot be placed beyond, it would be more prudent to station the outpost at some distance; for however strict a watch may be kept, the post will always be much exposed, and the videttes placed near the obstacles may be suddenly attacked. *This was one of the principal causes which led to the defeat of the French army near the Bidassoa on the 7th of October*, 1813."

Still cautious—still doubting if it were wise to advance while matters wore a questionable aspect in Germany, Lord Wellington halted his army, and pitched his camp along the right bank of the Bidassoa. He now took leave of Sir Thomas Graham, who retired to England to repose for a brief space upon his laurels. Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope—the friend of the lamented Sir John Moore, and an officer of great ability—succeeded Graham in the monotonous and irresponsible office of "second in command."

We have for some time past lost sight of Sir Rowland Hill and his admirable division. Planted at the head of the Val Carlos, in the Roncesvalles and Alderides, he watched General Foy, who, with a force

[1] "Manual of Field Operations."

of 15,000 men, occupied an entrenched camp in front of St. Jean Pied de Port, evidently awaiting an opportunity to relieve Pampeluna. Yet the vigilant performance of this duty did not offer a bar to an indulgence in retired pastimes, nor to the interchange of civilities with the French. It is a pleasant relief from the chronicle of the sanguinary operations of war, to turn occasionally to the details of courtesy preserved in countless journals and memoirs. Treating of life in the Pyrenees with Hill's Divisions, "An Infantry Officer" preserves these souvenirs:—

"We were often at a loss, during this inactive period, how to pass a few of the dull hours which hung heavily on our hands, for none could with safety leave the camp for more than an hour at a time, and there our amusements were extremely limited. The *fire-eaters* took delight in watching the progress of our field-works, reconnoitering the enemy's advanced posts, and the roads leading to them. The politicians confined themselves to their tents, and explored the pages of the weekly packet of the London and Edinburgh newspapers, which we received at that time pretty regularly. Those to whom the rattle of the dice had greater charms than the sound of musketry, generally assembled around a tent, or under a large tree, and when the company was numerous, those who could not be accommodated with active employment, laid bets upon the issue of each game. Whist, however, was the favourite game amongst the officers, many of whom, or their heirs, have still depending considerable sums of money on the issue of rubbers begun in 1813. On the 25th of July, a whist party had finished a game, and were nine all of the second, when the bugle called upon them to take part in a game of a very different description. Conceiving that they might steal as much time as would permit their bringing the second game to a close, they actually played it out, and then rushed from the tent, the whole exclaiming, 'We will finish the rubber when we return; the game is single to single.' The rubber is still in dependence, for the same party never afterwards met. Two of them were wounded the same day; another was taken by the enemy on the 30th, and the fourth, who escaped the balls of the enemy in Spain, is the only one of the four now alive.

"A newspaper was the most acceptable present which any friend could send to us, during the Peninsula contest. The French officers acknowledged to us frequently, that they were miserably ill-informed of the issues of their most important movements and engagements. Papers they received, but their contents were generally so much at variance with the truth, that it was quite a common saying,

'he lies like a Monituer,' or 'he lies like a bulletin. Even the generals of brigade were often kept in ignorance as to the result of their most important operations. For example, General Foy was so imperfectly informed in regard to the issue of the battle of Vittoria, that he sent a flag of truce by an aide-de-camp for the loan of a London newspaper containing the details of that celebrated engagement. The general's request was complied with. In a few days the paper was returned, along with a few others of Parisian manufacture. This was done by Foy, to show us that it was his wish to lesson the horrors of war as much as was consistent with that military etiquette so necessary to be observed by every officer entrusted with the command of the advanced posts of an army in the presence of an enemy."

The same writer supplies an entertaining picture of the amusements and *désagrémens* of existence in the Pyrenees :—

"From the surrender of San Sebastian to the capitulation of Pampeluna, we felt much more at our ease than we did previous to the first event. For the fall of the former not only lessened Soult's inducement to attack us, but added a considerable number of troops to our effective force in the field. Our amusements were also increased by this event. From that period we occasionally descended to the village of Roncesvalles, and treated ourselves to a comfortable dinner and a tolerable bottle of country wine. For some time we had excellent races once a week, and a bull-fight every Thursday. The mounted officers, who were lovers of the chase, had a rich treat afforded them two or three times every week by Sir Rowland Hill, whose pack of hounds was much at the service of the officers of his corps. About the middle of October, however, our situation became rather uncomfortable. The ground was so saturated with moisture, that, wherever we encamped, in a day or two the whole of our encampment was a perfect puddle. Previous to this we had slept on the ground; but we latterly made little bedsteads of the branches of trees, and by raising them about nine inches from the earth, and covering them with a little straw, grass, or fern, we reposed as comfortably as we ever did on the best down bed in England. The weather at last became so very bad, that all the troops on the right of the positions were recalled from the heights, save the outlying pickets, and a body of 500 men constituting the inlying picket, to support the others in case of attack. On the 27th of October, I made one of the party of 500. When we moved from Roncesvalles the morning was fine, the frost was severe, but there was not a breath of wind. In the afternoon the sky overcast—soon after snow

began to fall, and before sunset the wind began to whistle. Everything now portended a storm, and to meet it we made every preparation in our power. Throughout the whole of the night the snow fell, and the wind howled, and at daybreak on the 28th, the snow was drifted to a considerable depth. At ten o'clock A. M. on the 28th, we were relieved by new bodies of troops, and instantly bade adieu, and for ever, to the right of the allied position at Roncesvalles. In our progress back to our encampment, the snow dealt with us mercifully; but we had scarcely reached our tents when it resumed the tricks of the preceding night, and continued to fall without the slightest intermission till one or two o'clock next morning, by which time it was a foot and a half deep in the valley where not drifted, but on the hills it was, in some places, twelve feet in depth. Part of the outlying pickets were covered, and had to be dug out of the snow in a pitiable state: some of them lost the use of their limbs. In consequence of the quantity of snow which fell on my tent during the night of the 28th, the pole of it snapped in two places about four o'clock A. M. on the 29th, and without any warning down came canvas, pole, and snow on the top of me. My bed being nine inches from the ground, the snow and canvas pinned me so completely to it, that, on awaking, I fancied myself bound hand and foot, for neither the one nor the other could I move. Respiring for some time with considerable difficulty, I began seriously to think that some persons were attempting to smother me. But recollecting at length the position of my bed, I made an effort to throw myself from it, which with difficulty I accomplished. Placing my head under the bed, I breathed more freely; and, after a great struggle, I pulled a penknife from my pocket, cut a hole in the canvas, made my escape, and after wandering fully half-an-hour, I at length got under the protection of a friend, the pillar of whose dwelling was made of sterner stuff than my own."

Lord Wellington remained in his camp on the Bidassoa until the beginning of November. Intimation having reached him of the fall of Pampeluna, and of the successes of the northern allies against Napoleon, he now made up his mind to a forward movement into France.

Perhaps not one of Wellington's measures cost him more anxiety than this resolution to invade the French territory. He was aware of the strong feeling of hostility which pervaded the hearts of the soldiers of the allied army, and he dreaded the moral effect of any disorder, induced by their vindictiveness and love of plunder, more than he feared the power of his enemy. He therefore, on the 1st of

DESCENT FROM THE PYRENEES, NEAR THE BIDASSOA. 1813. p. 287.

November, issued a Proclamation and an Order, both of which deserve to be engraven in letters of gold on tablets of marble:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, 1st *Nov.*, 1813.

"Upon entering your country, I announce to you that I have given the most positive orders (a translation of which is joined to this) to prevent those evils which are the ordinary consequences of the invasion of a hostile army (an invasion which, you know, is the result of that which your government made into Spain), and of the triumphs of the allied army under my command.

"You may be certain that I will carry these orders into execution, and I request of you to cause to be arrested and conveyed to my head-quarters, all those who, contrary to these dispositions, do you any injury. But it is required you should remain in your houses, and take no part whatever in the operations of the war, of which your country is going to become the theatre.

(Signed) "WELLINGTON."

ORDERS.

"Although the country which is in front of the army be an hostile one, the General-in-Chief anxiously desires that the inhabitants should be well treated, and properly respected, as has hitherto been the case.

"The officers and soldiers must remember, that their nations are at war with France, only because he who is at the head of the Government of the French nation will not permit them to be at peace, and wishes to oblige them to submit to his yoke. They must not forget that the greatest evils which the enemy has suffered, in his shameful invasion of Spain and Portugal, have proceeded from the disorders and cruelties which the soldiers, authorised and even encouraged by their chiefs, committed upon the unfortunate and peaceable inhabitants of the country.

"It would be inhuman, and unworthy of the nations to which the General-in-Chief alludes, to revenge that conduct upon the peaceable inhabitants of France; and this vengeance would, in every case, cause the army evils similar, or even greater, than the enemy has suffered in the Peninsula, and would be very opposite to the public interests.

"The same regulations must therefore be observed in the cities and villages of France, as have hitherto been practiced in the requisitions and receipts for provisions, which may be drawn from the country; and the Commissaries belonging to each army of the different nations will receive, from their respective Generals-in-Chief, orders relative to the mode of payment for the provisions, and the time within which the payment must be made."

The spirit of our Henry V. spoke out in this order, and gave confidence to the French peasantry. It is honourable to England, and especially to the most chivalrous of her warlike sons, that, in the full confidence of a future success, grounded on the triumphs of the past, they are mindful of the claims of innocence upon our sense of justice. Froissart has preserved the language of Henry's Order, and Lord Wellington imitated what Shakspeare paraphrased.

"We give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages—nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language. For, when Lenity and Cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner."—Henry V.

Nothing now remained but the capture of Pampeluna to complete the expulsion of the French from the Spanish territory.

Pampeluna, or Pamplona, as it is sometimes written, is the capital and frontier key of Navarre, and is in fact the first city of the plains. It is situated on the left of the Arga, which here forms a horse-shoe bend, and is one of the chief tributaries which, in the quaint phraseology of the Spaniards, "make a man" of the Ebro:—

"Arga Ega y Aragoa
Hacere al Ebro, Baron."

The position of Pumpeluna is well adapted for a fortress, as it overawes the plains, while its own sloping eminence is not commanded itself. The Pyrenees and spurs rise in the distance. The sons of Pompey were induced by local considerations to rebuild this place in the year 68 B.C., whence it was called Pompeiopolis, which name tho Moors corrupted into *Bambilonah*, whence the present name.[1] The city remained faithful to the cause of its founders, and was therefore slighted by Augustus. In the middle ages it was called Irunia, "the good town."

Bonaparte, whose policy was *ruse doublée de force en même temps*,

1 Ford's "Hand-Book of Spain."

seized upon Pampeluna when he took possession of the Spanish frontier in 1808, and, under the guise of an alliance with Charles IV., he sent General d'Armagnac to the place. The French were quartered in the citadel, at the voluntary expense of the Spaniards, who supposed they were harbouring friends, and one day, under pretence of playing at snowball, the former secured the drawbridge and captured the town, which they held thereafter.

In the month of August, 1813, Lord Wellington caused the town to be blockaded. This duty was entrusted to the allied divisions, under Sir Thomas Picton and Sir Lowry Cole, both under the orders of the Spanish general, Don Carlos de España. After carrying the pass of Maya, Soult hurried down the mountains, in the hope of reaching Pampeluna, but Picton had forestalled him. De España enforced the blockade with great strictness during the three following months. The French, commanded by General Cassan, the governor, made some gallant sorties, and on each occasion were repulsed with serious loss. On the 10th of September they came out in considerable force, with a view, it was conjectured, of reconnoitering the force by which the blockade was maintained. They were driven in, but Carlos de España was wounded. At length the supplies of the garrison began to fail them. The horses of the officers, artillery, and carriage were killed, and their flesh, meted out in small quantities, became the only food of the beleaguered. Even this wretched apology for diet was soon exhausted, and with a stern resolution, worthy of a better cause, they began to feed upon rats, weeds, and whatever could be converted into sustenance. But nature revolted at such expedients: disease now broke out amongst the unfortunate men, and hundreds lay stretched on their pallets in the hospital. Cassan was driven to the alternative of either dying of starvation or capitulating. He adopted the latter. A flag of truce was sent to Don Carlos, with a proposal from the French commander to surrender the place on condition that they should be allowed to march to France with six pieces of cannon, with an engagement not to serve against the allies for a year and a day. Carlos de España rejected the proposal, and told them that his orders were, not to give them a capitulation on any terms excepting that they should be prisoners of war. To this General Cassan declared that they would never consent, and he then threatened to blow up the defences. Hereupon Lord Wellington, who was at hand, authorised De España, in case of Cassan acting in a manner so opposed to the laws of war, to shoot him and all the officers, and decimate the garrison. This led Cassan to alter his tone. He at once surrendered, and Lord Wellington who, in spite of all the

annoyances he had experienced from the Spaniards, delighted in giving way to generous emotions, congratulated Don Carlos that it had fallen to his lot to be the instrument of restoring to the Spanish monarchy so important a fortress as Pampeluna.

The terms in which the surrender was announced serve to illustrate the style of Spanish despatches, which present a powerful contrast to the simplicity of the British Field-Marshal.

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO."

· MOST EXCELLENT SIR,

"Glory be to God, and honour to the triumphs of your Excellency in this ever memorable campaign. I have the honour and the great satisfaction of congratulating your Excellency on the surrender of the important fortress of Pampeluna, the capitulation of which, having been signed by the superior officers entrusted with my powers, and by those delegated by the general commanding the place, I have, by virtue of the authority which you conferred upon me, just ratified. The garrison remain prisoners of war, as your Excellency determined from the beginning they should, and will march out to-morrow, at two in the afternoon, in order to be conducted to the port of Passages. Our troops occupy one of the gates of the citadel, and those of France the place. May God guard the precious life of your Excellency.

"Dated from the Camp in front of Pampeluna, 31st October, 1813.

"CARLOS ESPAÑA."

CAPITULATION.

"The General of Brigade Cassan, Baron of the Empire, Member of the Legion of Honour, Governor of the place and citadel of Pampeluna, on the part of his Imperial and Royal Majesty Napoleon, and the Mariscal del Campo, Don Carlos de España, Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish and allied troops, forming the blockade of the said citadel and place, has named to discuss and decide on the articles of capitulation, according to the terms of which the place and citadel shall be delivered over to the said troops, viz., Major-General Cassan names the Adjutant-Commander L. de Maucune, Baron of the Empire, Member of the Legion of Honour, Chief of the Staff; and Don Carlos de España

names Baron Don Francis D. Vives, Commandant-General of the third district of the line of blockade; Colonel Goldfinch, of his Britannic Majesty's service, and Colonel de Ventura Mina, Chief of the Staff of the second division of the fourth corps of the Spanish army. These officers having met between the advanced posts of the place, and those of the blockading troops, on the spot of the hospital of Saint Pierre, and having exchanged their respective powers, have this day, 30th October, 1813, agreed upon the following articles, subject to the ratifications of their respective generals :—

"Art. 1. The garrison shall march out of the place with the honours of war, for the purpose of returning to France, and shall be escorted, as far as the outposts of the French army, by a detachment of the allied army. *Answer.* The French garrison shall march out of the place with all the honours of war, shall lay down their arms, and colours, and eagles, at the distance of 300 yards from the barrier, shall surrender themselves as prisoners of war to the Spanish and allied armies, and shall march to the Port of Passages, there to embark and be conveyed to England. The officer commanding the escort of the garrison, on the march, shall take all the necessary means for insuring the fulfilment of the articles of capitulation towards all persons concerned.

"Art. 2. The subalterns and soldiers shall keep their knapsacks, and the officers their swords and baggage. *Answer.* Granted: on condition that the place and citadel shall be given up without any injury having been done to them; and that the shot, and all the ammunition remaining, shall be found not to have suffered any damage; and that there shall be left three days' provisions. If there should remain any mines in the works of the citadel, the powder with which they are charged shall be removed before the giving up of the place. Granted also, in consideration that there remains no doubt that the French garrison has behaved honourably towards the inhabitants of the town, during the blockade.

"Art. 3. The officers of health, and others, holding employments in the French army, shall be treated as the garrison, and enjoy the same advantages. *Answer.* Granted: and they may be proposed by the Marquis of Wellington, Commander-in-Chief of the allied armies, to the General-in-Chief of the French army, in exchange for Spaniards, and particularly those of Navarre, who are detained as prisoners in France.

"Art. 4. The military who have suffered amputation, and all others not in a state to serve, shall return to France, as soon as they can support the fatigue of the journey. *Answer.* They shall remain

prisoners of war till they are exchanged, and shall be treated as the rest of the garrison.

"Art. 5. The sick remaining in hospital shall be treated with all the care due to their situation; there shall remain with them a sufficient number of officers of health and attendants, and as soon as they are perfectly recovered, they and the persons remaining to take care of them, shall follow the destination of the garrison. *Answer.* Granted.

"Art. 6. The allied army shall provide the number of carriages, horses, or mules, necessary for transporting the baggage, and disabled men. *Answer.* Granted: with respect to everything which can be provided by the country.

"Art. 7. Lodgings and provisions shall be furnished to the troops of the garrison, at the halting-places, according to the arrangements, and at the expense of the allied armies. *Answer.* Granted.

"Art. 8. The military of the garrison being in a very feeble state, in consequence of the privations they have endured, the halting-places on their march shall be as near to each other as possible. *Answer.* Granted.

"Art. 9. All French (non-combatants) who are at this moment in the town of Pampeluna, shall not be considered as prisoners of war, but shall have permission to return to France. *Answer.* They may be proposed in exchange against Spaniards of the civil administration, who are detained in France, and especially for inhabitants of Navarre.

"Art. 10. Passports to return to France shall be given to all old men exceeding 60 years of age, to the wives and children of the military, and others employed in the French army. *Answer.* This Article shall be referred, and particularly recommended, by the general commanding the blockade, to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo.

"Art. 11. The Spaniards and French who have taken up their residence in Spain, prior to, and subsequent to, 1808, and who, since that time, have served in any civil capacity, shall not in anywise be molested, neither themselves nor their families, in their persons or property, on account of their opinions, or the part they may have taken. The families of such amongst them as, in the course of the month of June last, have followed the French army, shall receive protection for themselves and their property. *Answer.* These persons shall remain under the protection of the laws of the Spanish Government.

"Art. 12. Officers actually prisoners of war, on parole at Pampeluna, not being released by the present capitulation, shall not be

allowed to serve against France or her allies, until regularly exchanged. *Answer.* All Officers, of whatsoever rank, who shall be found upon parole, or confined in the fortress of Pampeluna, shall be delivered up unconditionally to the General commanding the blockading forces, it being matter of right that all military persons have their liberty when found in a fortress taken possession of by an army of the nation to which they belong.

"Art. 13. Commissaries shall be named on both sides for the delivery and receipt of everything concerning the artillery, the engineers' department, and the general administration. *Answer.* Granted: all plans belonging to the fortress, as well as all other public papers, shall be faithfully delivered over to the commissary of the Spanish, by the commissary of the fortress.

"Art. 14. The General, governor of the fortress, shall have the option of sending an officer from Pampeluna by the shortest road, to his Excellency the General-in-Chief of the French armies, in order to transmit to him the present capitulation, and to explain to him the reasons of it. Such officer shall be furnished with an escort, sufficient for his personal safety, as far as the advanced posts of the French army, and shall not be considered as a prisoner of war. *Answer.* Granted, such officer not being above the rank of a captain; he must be considered as a prisoner of war on parole until his exchange, which may immediately take place, for an officer of equal rank of the Spanish army. All despatches with which he is charged must be open.

"Art. 15. As soon as the ratifications shall be exchanged, commissaries, named according to the 13th Article of the present capitulation, shall be admitted into the fortresses to fulfil their mission. On the same day, and immediately after the exchange of the ratifications, detachments of the blockading troops shall occupy La Porte de Secours of the citadel, and La Porte de France of the town; and to avoid disorder and confusion, the blockading troops are not to enter the place and citadel until the French troops shall have retired. *Answer.* Granted.

"Art. 16. The garrison shall evacuate the place on the 1st of November, at two o'clock, P.M., by the Porte Neuve. *Answer.* Granted.

"Art. 17. It is to be distinctly understood, that the garrison of Pampeluna shall enjoy all advantages which might be guaranteed by any armistice, or such other arrangements as may have been concluded between his Majesty the Emperor and King and the coalesced powers, previous to the ratification of the present capitulation. *Answer.* Refused.

"Art. 18. If any discussion shall arise in the fulfilment of the articles of the present capitulation, the interpretation shall always be favourable to the garrison. *Answer.* Granted."

CONDITIONS IMPOSED UPON THE GARRISON BY COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE ALLIES.

"No Spaniard, without regard to sex or class, can be allowed to follow the French garrison to its destination; and all such, whether civil or military, will remain under the protection of the laws. *Answer.* On the part of the garrison, no facility to expatriate will be given to the persons here designated.

"All prisoners of war, without any exception, and all deserters, belonging to the Spanish and allied armies, shall be given up to the troops of the said armies without exchange, upon the ratification of the capitulation. *Answer.* Prisoners of war contained in this article, shall be delivered over to the allied armies, as well as deserters, if any should be found.

"The forced loan of twenty thousand duros, levied upon the inhabitants during the blockade (the funds of which have been appropriated for the payment of the troops of the garrison), not being recoverable, on account of the occupation of the country by the allied armies, shall be recognised as a credit of Spain upon the French Government, and shall be taken into account when, at a peace, the interest of the two nations shall be settled. *Answer.* It will be the more easy to settle this demand when the two nations shall treat upon their respective interests, as much is due to the French Government on account of the arrears of the contributions of Navarre; and as the town itself, as well as many of the inhabitants of Pampeluna, owned conjointly at the period of the 1st of January of the present year, the sum of three hundred and thirty thousand six hundred and fourteen realles de vellon.

"These presents done in duplicate before Pampeluna, the day, month, and year, as below, and signed Francisca Dionisio Vives; Baron L. de Maucune; W. Goldfinch, Captain of the Royal Engineers; and Lieutenant-Colonel Ventura de Mina. The present capitulation ratified in all its ports, at Pampeluna, the 31st of October, 1813.

"The General, governor of the town and citadel of Pampeluna,

"BARON DE CASSAN."

"The present capitulation, approved and ratified by the undersigned Mariscal de Campo, of the National Armies of Spain, Knight of the Royal Military Order of St. Louis, and of St. John of Jerusalem, Commandant of the blockade of Pampeluna, in virtue of the authority of the Marshal-General of the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, General-in-Chief of the National and Allied Armies of Spain.

(A true copy.) "Camp before Pampeluna, Oct. 31st, 1813.

(Signed) "CARLOS DE ESPAÑA.
"L. WIMPFEN."

"I, Don Joseph Joachin Foncellas, President of the Municipality of Pampeluna, certify that Brigadier Don Francisco Dionisio Vives, Colonel Goldfinch, and Colonel Don Ventura Mina, officers appointed by Field Marshal Don Carlos D'España, Commander-in-Chief of the right of the line of blockade, having appeared before me, and required that I would state what had been the conduct of the French garrison during the blockade, I explained to them, that with respect to the people, it had been conformable to good discipline, and that the arrangements made by the governor during the scarcity, which prevailed in consequence of the blockade, did not occasion the death of any inhabitant. In order that this may avail those whom it may concern, I give it in the Convent of St. Peter, this 30th day of October, 1813.

(Signed) "MARQUIS OF FONCELLAS.
(True copy.) "A. WIMPFEN."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Battle of the Nivelle—Proclamation of Louis XVIII.—Lord Wellington's view of the French feeling in respect to a successor to Napoleon—The War in Germany—The Battle of Leipsic—Advance of the Northern Allies to Frankfort—Declaration of the Allies.

OUSED to a pitch of vengeance incomprehensible to an Englishman, the Spaniards hovered upon the flanks of the unfortunate garrison of Pampeluna; and, as they passed through the Spanish lines, on their way to Passages, several of them were massacred by the Navarrese. All efforts to check these sanguinary tendencies were futile. So unquenchable was the thirst for blood and plunder, that Lord Wellington at length found it necessary to choose between sending back a large portion of the allies to their own country, and of thus reducing his force, or of allowing his army to blacken its reputation, and inflict grievous wrong by pillage and other enormities. He preferred the former course.

The surrender of Pampeluna having placed the right of his army, under Sir R. Hill, at Lord Wellington's disposal, a further stride into the French territory became practicable. Since the passage of the Bidassoa, Marshal Soult, remembering the effect of the Lines of Torres Vedras, had tried to imitate them, by raising works across the frontier, from the coast to the mountains beyond the right of the British line. These works may be described as an entrenched camp, occupied by three divisions, stretched inland along the summit of a series of detached heights, towards the foot of the Petite La Rhune, covering the great road to Bayonne, in advance of the river Nivelle. To the

left of this camp was another, on the two banks of the river, occupied by a division, and protected by field-works like the preceding. The heights behind Sarra were occupied by three divisions, under General Clauzel, covering the road from Vera to Bayonne by Echalar. This camp was also defended by redoubts, entrenchments, and abattis;[1] and was covered on the right by the Petite La Rhune, on which a brigade was stationed.

This position, strong in detail, wanted the great advantage of connection. Taken collectively, it was feeble, because the intervals were frequent, and the whole was commanded by the position of the allies.

The heavy falls of rain and snow which distinguish a winter in the Pyrenees seriously obstructed Lord Wellington's plans for some days. It was not until the 10th of November that he was in a condition to make an attack upon the enemy's position. On that day he assumed the offensive, and "completely succeeded in carrying all the positions on the enemy's left and centre, separating the former from the latter, and thus turning the enemy's strong position, occupied by their right on the Lower Nivelle, which they were obliged to evacuate during the night." Lord Wellington took 51 pieces of cannon and 1400 prisoners from the enemy. Soult had also 4265 men and officers killed in the battle. The loss of the allies amounted to 2694 men and officers, killed and wounded; and among the officers wounded were two generals,—James Kempt and John Byng. The casualties show that the contest must have been severe; and no wonder, either. The French were bent upon protecting their loved land from invasion. The allies were eager for victory on the soil of the people who had for so long a period been seriously aggressive to the south of the Pyrenees; and to say the truth, the English were heartily tired of their quarters in the latter.

Lord Wellington received material assistance in the battle of the Nivelle from the generals at the head of divisions. Marshal Beresford, Sir John Hope, Sir Rowland Hill, Sir W. Stewart,[2] Sir H. Clinton,

1 Young trees, stripped of their leaves, and placed with their trunks in the ground nearly horizontally. The ends of the branches being pointed, offered an obstruction like a chevaux de frise, and the trees being young, and full of sap, could not easily be burnt or cut.

2 Sir William Stewart was an enthusiast in his profession. On service, his military duties engrossed his whole attention. Late and early he was to be seen visiting the outposts—reconnoitring the approaches towards his posts and encampment, from the advanced posts and encampment of the enemy—or in making observations, which, in case of an attack from or upon the enemy, might be of service to him in making the necessary disposition of his troops. And in regard to the comfort, &c., of the men, he trod as nearly as possible in the footsteps of his gallant superior, Sir R. Hill. "Sir William being wounded in the leg on the

General Alten, and Sir J. Hamilton, had all bought their experience in the Peninsula. They knew the enemy; they knew their own men; and they also knew what was expected of them by Wellington and England; and they took care not to disappoint expectation. Urging forward their hardy soldiers, to whom victory had become familiar, they dashed up the heights, extending over several miles of ground, and, in the face of the enemy's artillery, carried redoubt after redoubt, until night covering the earth with her mantle, enabled the enemy to retire discomfited in front of Bidart.

Early the next morning, the corps under Marshal Beresford and Sir John Hope were pushed forward in pursuit of the enemy. The

FRENCH SOLDIERS.

weather was unpropitious; the rain came down in torrents; the rivers swelled and overflowed their banks; the roads became impassable;

25th of July, was reluctantly forced to leave his Division on the 27th. But, on hearing of the battle of the 30th, he caused his leg to be properly bandaged, and, with a pillow fastened so as to keep the leg from coming in contact with the stirrup, or the sides of the horse, mounted, and rejoined us a little before we came up with the French, on the 31st. The loud and enthusiastic cheers of the soldiers welcomed him back." But their joy was soon turned into mourning; for in less than three hours a musket-ball passed through the General's arm, a little above the elbow, and compelled him once more to go to the rear. On rejoining the Division a few weeks afterwards, a party of the private soldiers of the 92nd Highlanders placed themselves near to the road by which Sir William had to pass to their corps, and on his arrival one of them stepped forward, and said, "Oh, General, you maun drink wi' us!" to which unexpected request the latter replied, "With all my heart, my man,"—a strong proof of the *bonhommie* of the General and the affection of the Highland soldiers.

and the enemy, as he retired, destroyed all the bridges. To overtake the enemy was impossible. Baffled in their energetic endeavours, Hope and Beresford halted, while Marshal Soult, reaching an entrenched camp on the Nive, and in front of Bayonne, which had long previously been prepared, took up a sheltered position, and for some time bid defiance to the English commander.

From this period—the 11th of November, 1813, until the 7th of December—the sound of cannon was rarely heard. Lord Wellington fixed his head quarters at St. Jean de Luz, and, having purged his army of a large proportion of his Spanish plunderers, set himself to work to probe the feelings of the French people in respect to a successor to Napoleon supposing that the French Emperor should either be forcibly driven from the throne, or make a virtue of necessity, and abdicate.

The question which Lord Wellington was invited by Lord Bathurst, the Foreign Secretary, to consider and investigate was, the expediency of superseding the authority of Napoleon by that of the Bourbon dynasty, in the person of Louis XVIII., who, since the period of the French Revolution, had been a resident in England under the protection awarded to all *emigrés*.

From the moment of the secession of Prussia from the French alliance, after Napoleon's retreat from Russia, it became evident that the feeling of the French people towards Napoleon had undergone a material change. The additional levy that was granted to carry on the war in Germany was founded upon considerations purely national, in which respect for the Emperor had no share whatever. Louis XVIII. perceived that the tide had turned, and immediately availed himself of the circumstance to issue a proclamation to the people of France. This was early in 1813. The proclamation ran thus:—

"The moment has at length arrived when Divine Providence appears ready to break in pieces the instrument of its wrath. The usurper of the throne of St. Louis, the devastator of Europe, experiences reverses in his turn. Shall they have no other effect but that of aggravating the calamities of France; and will she not dare to overturn an odious power, no longer protected by the illusions of victory? What prejudices, or what fears, can now prevent her from throwing herself into the arms of her king; and from recognising, in the establishment of his legitimate authority, the only pledge of union, peace, and happiness, which his promises have so often guaranteed to his oppressed subjects?

"Being neither able nor inclined to obtain, but by their efforts, that throne which his rights and their affection can alone confirm, what wishes should he advance but those which he has invariably entertained? What doubt can be started with regard to his paternal intention?

"The King has said in his preceding declarations, and he reiterates the assurance, that the administrative and judicial bodies shall be maintained in the plenitude of their powers; that he will preserve their places to those who at present hold them, and who shall take the oath of fidelity to him; that the tribunals, depositories of the laws, shall prohibit all prosecutions having relation to those unhappy times, of which his return will have for ever sealed the oblivion; that, in fine, the code polluted by the name of Napoleon, but which, for the most part, contains only the ancient ordinances and customs of the realm, shall remain in force, with the exception of enactments contrary to the doctrines of religion, which, as well as the liberty of the people, has long been subjected to the caprice of the tyrant.

"The senate, in which are seated some men so justly distinguished for their talents, and whom so many services may render illustrious in the eyes of France and of posterity—that corps whose utility and importance can never be duly appreciated till after the restoration—can it fail to perceive the glorious destiny which summons it to become the first instrument of that great benefaction—which will prove the most solid, as well as the most honourable guarantee of its existence and its prerogatives?

"On the subject of property, the King, who has already announced his intention to employ the most proper means for conciliating the interests of all, perceives, in the numerous settlements which have taken place between the old and the new landholders, the means of rendering those cases almost superfluous. He engages, however, to interdict all proceedings by the tribunals, contrary to such settlements, to encourage voluntary arrangements, and on the part of himself and family, to set the example of all those sacrifices which may contribute to the repose of France, and the sincere union of all Frenchmen.

"The King has guaranteed to the army the maintenance of the ranks, employment, pay, and appointments which it at present enjoys. He promises also to the generals, officers, and soldiers, who shall signalise themselves in support of his cause, rewards more substantial, distinctions more honourable, than any they can receive from an usurper,—always ready to disown or even to dread their services. The King binds himself anew to abolish that pernicious conscription,

which destroys the happiness of families and the hope of the country.

"Such always have been, such still are, the intentions of the King. His re-establishment on the throne of his ancestors will be for France only the happy transition from the calamities of a war which tyranny perpetuates, to the blessings of a solid peace, for which foreign powers can never find any security but in the word of the legitimate sovereign.

"L."

"HARTWELL, *Feb. 1st*, 1813."

According to Lord Wellington, the sentiments of the people of France were uniform upon one point—they desired "to get rid of Napoleon," from a conviction that, as long as he governed, they would have no peace. But it was not so clear that they desired to see him replaced by a member of the House of Bourbon. Twenty years had elapsed since the princes of that House had quitted France, and they were equally, if not more, unknown to France than the princes of any other royal House in Europe. Still, Lord Wellington was of opinion that the allies ought to agree to propose a sovereign to France instead of Napoleon, and it did not seem material whether it was from the House of Bourbon or of any other royal family. Lord Wellington continued, in a letter to Earl Bathurst,—

"I have taken measures to open correspondence with the interior, by which I hope to know what passes, and the sentiments of the people, and I will take care to keep your Lordship acquainted with all that I may learn. In the mean time, I am convinced more than ever that Napoleon's power stands upon corruption, that he has no adherents in France but the principal officers of his army, and the *employées civils* of the Government, and possibly some of the new proprietors; but even these last, I consider doubtful.

"Notwithstanding this state of things, I recommend to your Lordship to make peace with him, if you can acquire all the objects which you have a right to expect. All the powers of Europe require peace, possibly more than France; and it would not do to found a new system of war upon the speculations of any individual in what he sees and learns in one corner of France. If Bonaparte becomes moderate, he is probably as good a sovereign as we can desire in France; if he does not, we shall have another war in a few years; but if my speculations are well founded, we shall have all France against him; time will have been given for the supposed disaffection

to his government to produce its effect; his diminished resources will have decreased his means of corruption, and it may be hoped that he will be engaged single-handed against insurgent France and all Europe.

"There is another view of this subject, however, and that is, the continuance of the existing war, and the line to be adopted in that case. At the present moment it is quite impossible for me to move at all. Although the army was never in such health, heart, and condition as at present, and it is probable the most complete machine for its numbers now existing in Europe, the rain has so completely destroyed the roads, that I cannot move; and, at all events, it is desirable, before I go farther forward, that I should know what the allies propose to do in the winter, which, I conclude, I shall have from your Lordship as soon as the King's Government shall be made acquainted with their intentions, by the Kings diplomatic servants abroad. As I shall move forward, whether in the winter or the spring, I can inquire and ascertain more fully the sentiments of the people, and the Government can either empower me to decide to raise the Bourbon standard, or can decide the question hereafter themselves, after they shall have all the information before them which I can send them of the sentiments and wishes of the people.

"I can only tell you that, if I were a Prince of the House of Bourbon, nothing should prevent me from now coming forward, not in a good house in London, but in the field in France; and if Great Britain should stand by him, I am certain he would succeed. The success would be much more certain in a month or more hence, when Napoleon commences to carry into execution the oppressive measures which he must adopt in order to try to retrieve his fortunes."

That the position of Napoleon at this juncture may be clearly understood, we must recur to the operations in Germany, of which nothing has been said since the close of the negotiations at Prague.

When the league was formed to effect the speedy deliverance of Europe, General Moreau,[1] a soldier of the Revolution, who had been residing in America, was recalled at the instance of the Emperor

[1] Moreau, an admirable military tactician, commanded a volunteer legion at the breaking out of the Revolution. Attracting the notice of Pichegru, he was soon promoted to the rank of General of Division, and in 1792 distinguished himself at the head of 25,000 men, by the reduction of several strong places in Flanders. He next commanded the armies of the Rhine and Moselle, and in 1796 defeated the Austrian General Wurmser. Supposed to be implicated in Pichegru's plot for the restoration of the Bourbon princes, he retired from the army. When, however, Napoleon returned from Egypt, he accepted the tender of Moreau's services

Alexander, to aid the emancipation of France; Jomini, a Swiss, better known afterwards by his military writings, likewise passed over to the allies. The Emperor of Russia was by his position, courage, and energy, the fittest man to command the allies, but the circumstance of his having called these two distinguished soldiers to his councils, excited the jealousy of Austria; and the Emperor, rather than that any disagreement should arise, assented to the chief command being placed in the hands of Prince Schwartzenberg.

The first movement of the allies was directed upon Dresden. They approached the town with an immense force, and after a very heavy conflict with the French, under Napoleon in person, were driven back with severe loss. General Moreau was among the killed![1] He was conversing with the Emperor Alexander when a cannon shot shattered both his legs. Amputation was tried: it was of no avail. Mortification ensued, and Moreau died five days afterwards.[2] Contemporary

to effect the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and procured him the command of the armies of the Danube and the Rhine. At their head, he defeated the Austrians at Hohenlinden, in 1800—

> "When shook the hills, with thunder riven,
> When rushed the steed to battle driven,
> And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,
> Far flashed the rëd artillery!"

Napoleon admired, but was jealous of Moreau, and a charge was established against him in 1804, that he had intrigued with the Royalists. He was tried, and sentenced to imprisonment. The sentence was commuted into banishment, and he went to America.

1 An anecdote here occurs to us appositely distinctive of the characters of the two great warriors of modern times. At the battle of Dresden, Napoleon perceived a group of distinguished officers ride up to a conspicuous point, where they paused, and appeared to be making a reconnoissance. Pointing to the place, he called out to the officer directing a battery of artillery close at hand, "*Jetez-moi une douzaine de boulets, là, à la fois! Il y a peut-être quelques petits généraux!*" "Throw a dozen of 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."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

2 Moreau's body was embalmed, and subsequently buried in the Catholic Church of St. Petersburg, by order of the Emperor Alexander, who announced the death of the General to his widow, and presented her with 500,000 roubles (20,000*l.*), in addition to a pension of 3000 roubles. The letter of Alexander communicating the tidings of Moreau's death, was eloquent and generous. He was evidently a great admirer of Moreau's talents:—

"He died as he lived, in the full vigour of a strong and steady mind. There is but one remedy for the great miseries of life—that of seeing them participated. In Russia, Madam, you will find these sentiments everywhere; and if it suit you to fix your residence there, I will do all in my power to embellish the existence of a personage of whom I make it my sacred duty to be the consoler and the support. I entreat you, Madam, to rely upon it irrevocably, never to let me be in ignorance of any circumstance in which I can be of any use to you, and to

with these transactions, General Vandamme was defeated by the Russians and Prussians at Culm; Marshal Macdonald, in Silesia, was overthrown at Katzbach by the Prussians, under Marshal Blücher, and Oudinot was repulsed by Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden and General Bulow, in an attempt upon Berlin, the Prussian capital. The French lost nearly 30,000 men in these three unsuccessful encounters, besides many guns, trophies, and warlike stores. The triumph at Dresden was entirely neutralised by such disasters. And they were followed by misfortunes to Napoleon's arms of still greater moment. In a severe battle fought at Dennewitz, Marshal Ney, who had superseded Oudinot, was beaten with very heavy loss by Bernadotte, and a serious partisan warfare having sprung up in Leipsic and in Westphalia, and Russian reserves being on their way from Poland under General Benningsen, Bonaparte began to lose something of that decision which had hitherto been his leading characteristic, and one of the keys to his fortune. In ignorance of the movements and strength of the enemy—uncertain where to deliver or to receive battle—he oscillated in purpose, and marched and countermarched his troops continually, until, thinned by fatigue, sickness, and the sword, their spirits began to sink, and their generals to avow their inability to undertake the offensive with any prospect of success.

The good fortune which had attended the northern allies, and the indecision which was evident at the French head quarters, gave the former an opportunity of settling a course of action which seemed calculated to bring matters to an issue. The invasion of Saxony was resolved upon. The forces assembled in Bohemia, after the junction of the Russian reserves, amounted to 150,000 men. With these the invasion was to be effected, while Marshal Blücher and Bernadotte occupied the northern part of Germany with an equal amount of Prussians and Swedes.

Napoleon, aroused from his mental paralysis, now resolved upon attacking Berlin, while Murat was detached to check the allies in Bohemia, and upon the 7th of October, the French Emperor commenced his march in the prosecution of his plan. But he was again fated to disappointment. Bavaria, menaced by Austria, found herself compelled to join the Grand Alliance, and the lesser German States were gradually withdrawing their confidence and friendship. Napoleon

write directly to me always. To anticipate your wishes will be a pleasure to me. The friendship I vowed to your husband exists beyond the grave; and I have no other means of showing it, at least in part, towards him, than by doing everything in my power to ensure the welfare of his family."

instantly retraced his steps to the Rhine, and reached the city of Leipsic, where Murat and Augereau and Marmont joined him with 80,000 men. This accession raised his force to 140,000 infantry, 35,000 cavalry, and 720 guns. They were spread for many miles over the country around Leipsic, and occupied advantageous positions. Yet were the allies in far greater strength. Not less than 230,000 men and 1300 pieces of artillery constituted the army of the confederacy, and even this force was augmented when Bernadotte, who was always tardily moving in the rear of Blucher, came up.

On the 15th of October, a signal of two rockets announced to the allied armies, respectively under the command of Prince Schwartzenburg and Marshal Blucher, that everything was in readiness for an attack, and on the 16th the battle began. To say that the French fought with determined bravery, only giving ground before superior numbers, and often, by their intrepid charges, placing large bodies of the allies in peril, is only to repeat what has often been recorded of Napoleon's splendid legions. From nine A. M. until night-fall they confronted the northern batteries with heroic courage and devotion. At length, overpowered by the enemy's artillery, they fell back behind the Partha with the loss of 20 guns, and 4000 killed and wounded, besides losing 2000 prisoners. Stunned with the disaster, Napoleon sent proposals for an armistice, engaging to evacuate Germany, and retire behind the Rhine. The proposal was not entertained for one moment. Napoleon then contracted the line of defence, and arrayed his troops in front of Leipsic, with the defect of having only a single issue in his rear.

On the morning of the 18th of October, the allies attacked Napoleon in his new position. Never, perhaps, had so many troops been brought into the field in one and the same engagement. The French, reduced to 160,000 men, were assailed by nearly 280,000, and 1400 pieces of artillery. Against such odds the most distinguished valour was unavailing. Poniatowski was driven back by the allied left under the Prince of Hesse-Homberg; three times was the centre of the French dislodged back from its position, and three times did it regain its ground. The Prussian Zeithen with his Hussars, and some thousands of the Cossacks of the Don, under their Hetman Platoff, furiously attacked the French left, and Schwartzenburg from the heights around Leipsic poured an iron hail from 800 guns of large calibre upon the massed bodies of French infantry. Elsewhere, Ney and Marmont were vainly endeavouring to stem the torrent of war urged by Blucher and Bernadotte. The world has never seen so dreadful a battle as that of Leipsic. Before nightfall Napoleon's army had

been driven close to the town with terrible loss. The city was filled with the wounded, and thousands struggled along the road leading to Lindenau. It was an awful moment for Napoleon. Holding a council of war by a bivouac fire on the field, he decided to retreat, and the next morning issued from the town, after taking a farewell of the King of Saxony. Lauriston, Macdonald, and Poniatowski remained to resist the allies, who now, intoxicated with joy, poured into the town, overcoming all barriers, and driving out every Frenchman upon the river Elster. Unfortunately, the stone bridge leading to Lindenau had been prematurely blown up. Poniatowski perished in the stream. Lauriston and Regnier, with 28,000 men, were made prisoners. The loss of the French at the battle of Leipsic was 60,000 men and officers, killed, wounded and prisoners.

Blucher pursued the retiring French army to the Rhine. Napoleon halted at Ernfurth, and reorganised his army, now reduced to 90,000 soldiers. The enemy pressed upon him. In two days the French were on their hasty march to the Maine. The Cossacks, who had tasted the blood of France in Russia harassed them vigorously, and before the retiring force had got through the Thuringian forest, it was reduced to 50,000. As it advanced towards Mayence a new trouble arose. The Bavarians, united with the Austrians, occupied the oak forest near Hanau, and blocked up the line of retreat. The danger of the French positions animated them to renewed exertions. Fighting their way through the forest, they overthrew the allied force, 45,000 strong, and made their way to Hanau, killing and taking prisoners some 10,000 Austro-Bavarians. The French were well commanded. Victor, Mortier, Macdonald, Marmont, and Sebastiani, headed their columns. Marshal Wrede, who led the allies, was their inferior in military skill. But there was no advantage to be taken of the battle of Hanau; it only simplified the retreat, which was then continued without interruption. At Mayence, Napoleon quitted his army, and proceeded to Paris on the 9th of November. Immediately upon his arrival, he summoned his council, and urged the importance of vigorous measures and vast sacrifices to avoid further calamity. The vaults of the Tuilleries were filled with gold. Extracting thirty millions of francs from this invaluable mine, and imposing new taxes, he procured the vote of a conscription of 300,000 more, declaring to the country that peace could not be established until the allies were driven back, and Munich laid in ashes.

From Leipsic the allied sovereigns proceeded triumphantly to Frankfort, and after communicating to Napoleon the basis on whicl

they were prepared to listen to negotiations for peace, they thus addressed the French nation :—

"The French Government has ordered a new levy of 300,000 conscripts. The motives of the *senatûs consultum* to that effect contain an appeal to the allied powers. They, therefore, find themselves called upon to promulgate, in the face of the world, the views which guide them in the present war, the principles which form the basis of their conduct, their wishes, and their determinations.

"The allied powers do not make war upon France, but against that preponderance, haughtily announced, — against that preponderance, which, to the misfortune of Europe, and of France, the Emperor Napoleon has too long exercised beyond the limits of his empire.

"Victory has conducted the allied armies to the banks of the Rhine. The first use which their imperial and royal Majesties have made of victory, has been to offer peace to his Majesty the Emperor of the French. An attitude strengthened by the accession of all the sovereigns and princes of Germany, has had no influence on the conditions of that peace. These conditions are founded on the independence of the French empire, as well as on the independence of the other states of Europe. The views of the powers are just in their object, generous and liberal in their application, giving security to all, honourable to each.

"The allied sovereigns desire that France may be great, powerful, and happy; because the French power, in a state of greatness and strength, is one of the foundations of the social edifice of Europe. They wish that France may be happy,—that French commerce may revive,—that the arts, those blessings of peace, may again flourish; because a great people can only be tranquil in proportion as it is happy. The powers confirm to the French empire an extent of territory which France under her kings never knew; because a valiant nation does not fall from its rank, by having in its turn experienced reverses in an obstinate and sanguinary contest, in which it has fought with its accustomed bravery.

"But the allied powers also wish to be free, tranquil, and happy themselves. They desire a state of peace which, by a wise partition of strength, by a just equilibrium, may henceforward preserve their people from the numberless calamities which have overwhelmed Europe for the last twenty years.

"The allied powers will not lay down their arms until they have attained this great and beneficial result, this noble object of their efforts. They will not lay down their arms until the political state of Europe be re-established anew,—until immovable principles have re-

sumed their rights over vain pretensions,—until the sanctity of treaties shall have at last secured a real peace to Europe."

Napoleon hesitated to reply to the allies—he wished to gain time. The allies placed a limit to the period when a reply was expected, and the time passing before the French Emperor came to any decision, the Rhine was passed. From this moment, Napoleon no longer found willing, servile, and terrified agents in the Chamber of Deputies. They raised their voices against the conscriptions, denounced the occupation of Germany and Holland, and excited Napoleon's wrath to so great a pitch, that he dissolved the Chamber on the 1st of January 1814.

CHAPTER XIX

The feeling in England—Canning's Speech—Passage of the Nive—Combats of Barroulihet, Arcangues, and St. Pierre—Battle of Orthes—Declaration for the Bourbons—Remonstrance with the Duc D'Angoulême.

HE feelings of the people of England had undergone a very great change since the meeting of Parliament in the winter of 1812. Materially influenced by the successes of Lord Wellington, they had, as has been shown, viewed with dismay and sorrow the retreat from Burgos. They had begun to believe the cause of Spain quite hopeless, and to regard with indifference the operations of the allies. The determination shown by Ministers and the Parliament to uphold Lord Wellington changed the current of sentiment. As reinforcement after reinforcement quitted England to join the army on the Douro, the people began to cherish an expectation of a triumphant termination of the war, and their desire to forward the great objects in view augmented with the successful progress of the arms of Russia and Prussia in another part of the continent. Many millions of public treasure had been expended since war was declared against France in 1794, and taxation had reached an oppressive height. The vast wealth and energies of the country were, however, neither exhausted nor paralysed. When occasion appeared to demand it, money was always forthcoming. Private subscriptions were poured forth freely and largely in aid of public expenditure, and whether the outlay was to give immediate

aid to Englishmen or to foreigners, the assistance was equally prompt and munificent, so long as the supplies were to be devoted to the prostration of Napoleon's power. Thus, when the Spanish deputies came over in 1808 to seek assistance in repelling French invasion, the arsenals, fleets, and squadrons of the country were at once placed at the disposal of the Peninsula. All that Spain could demand, or England afford, was granted without hesitation. The Ministry found that to be alert and profuse, was to be universally popular. From the King on the throne to the pauper in the streets the enthusiasm was universal. The Austrian deputies had not been in London many days before 300,000*l.* had been subscribed, and thousands of muskets, pikes, and a large supply of ammunition put on board vessels for despatch to the Bay of Biscay. What followed is sufficiently described in the foregoing pages. Again, when Russia had commenced her patriotic struggle with France, 50,000 stands of arms were presented to her as tokens of British sympathy; and as soon as the alliance had been formed between Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, a subsidy of two millions sterling was granted to the latter country, and a like sum to the two former conjointly, while the issue of Prussian paper to the value of 5,000,000*l.* was guaranteed by Great Britain, and, thus secured, immediately passed at par with specie throughout Northern Europe—a memorable instance of the effect of national credit, and of the inexhaustible resources of this country.

England had her first instalment of recompense for this generous co-operation in the results of the battle of Vittoria, and the operations in the Pyrenees; and the battle of Leipsic came opportunely to confirm her impression of the wisdom of her prodigality. The meeting of Parliament in 1813 afforded a fine opportunity for the eloquent expression of public satisfaction and public approbation. The brilliant oratory of Grenville, Wellesley, Grant, and Canning, happily embodied the national sentiment. All party conflicts were for the moment swallowed up and lost. Those persons who had, on previous occasions, during the course of the protracted struggle, called upon Parliament to pause—to retard its too rapid and too rash advance—manfully and honestly stepped forward to join their congratulations to the joyful intonations of the people; while the staunch friends of opposition to Napoleon, and the advocates of a common cause with all Europe, were still more grateful. Canning, glowing with generous delight, rose above himself. He, the most constant and manful of the champions of resistance, felt the true importance of the position that had been attained by the courageous, and steady and skilful efforts of Wellington and the allied armies, and gave utterance to

his sentiments in burning and soul-breathing words, which found a prompt echo throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom.

"Peace," said Canning, "is safe now, because it is not dictated; peace is safe now, for it is the fruit of exertion—the child of victory; peace is safe now, because it will not be purchased at the expense of the interest and of the honour of the empire; it is not the ransom to buy off danger, but the fruit of the mighty means which we have employed to drive danger from our shores. I must, with heartfelt delight, congratulate my country, that, groaning as she has done at former periods under the heavy pressure of adverse men, still, peace was despaired of; for who could think of submission. Her strength —her endurance—had been tried and proved by every mode of assault that the most refined system of hostility could invent; not only by open military attacks, but by low attempts to destroy her commercial prosperity. The experiment has been made; the experiment has failed; and we are now triumphantly, but not arrogantly, to consider what measures of security should be adopted, or on what terms a peace should be concluded.

"But has this country gained nothing by the glorious contest, even supposing peace should be far distant? Is it nothing to Great Britain, even purchased at so large a price, that her military character has been exalted? Is it no satisfaction—no compensation to her—to reflect that the splendid scenes displayed on the Continent are owing to her efforts?—that the victories of Germany are to be attributed to our victories in the Peninsula? That spark, often feeble, and sometimes so nearly extinguished as to excite despair in all hearts that were not above it,—that spark which was lighted in Portugal—which was fed and nourished there—has at length burst into a flame that has dazzled and illuminated Europe. At the commencement of this war, our empire rested upon one majestic column —our naval power. In the prosecution of the war, a hero has raised another stupendous pillar of strength to support our monarchy—our military pre-eminence. It is now, that we may boast not only of superiority at sea, but on shore; the same energy and heroism exist in both the arms of Great Britain; they are rivals in strength, but inseparable in glory. Out of the calamities of war has arisen a principle of safety, that, superior to all attacks, shall survive through ages, and to which our posterity shall look forward. Compare the situation of England with her condition at the renewal of the war! Were we not then threatened by the aggressions of an enemy even upon our own shores—were we not then trembling for the safety and sanctity even of our homes? Now, contemplate Wellington encamped

on the Bidassoa! I know that a sickly sensibility leads some to doubt whether the advance of Lord Wellington was not rash and precipitate. I cannot enter into that refinement which induces those who affect to know much to hesitate upon this subject. I cannot look with regret upon a British army encamped upon the fertile plains of France. I cannot believe that any new grounds for apprehension are raised by an additional excitement being afforded to the irritability of the French people. I foresee no disadvantage from entering the territories of an enemy, not as the conquered but as the conquerors! I cannot regret that the Portuguese are now looking upon the walls of Bayonne, that circle in those invaders which would have devastated their capital,—that the Portuguese now behold, planted on the towers of Bayonne, the standard which their enemy would have made to float upon the walls of Lisbon. I cannot think it a matter of regret that the Spaniards are now recovering from the grasp of an enemy on his own shores, that diadem which was stripped from the brow of the Bourbons, to be pocketed by an usurper! I cannot think it a matter of regret that England, formerly threatened with an invasion, is now the invader,—that France, instead of England, is the scene of conflict! I cannot think all this matter of regret; and of those who believe that the nation or myself are blinded by our successes, I entreat that they will leave me to my delusion, and keep their philosophy to themselves.

"That enemy, who enslaved the press, and made it contribute so importantly to his own purposes of ambition, endeavoured to impress upon other nations a belief that Great Britain fought only to secure her own interests, and that her views were completely selfish. That illusion is now destroyed, and the designs of this country are vindicated. We call on all the powers with whom we have been and are at war, to do us justice in this respect; above all we claim it of America! I ask her to review her own and the policy of this country! Let her turn from scenes of bloodshed and horror, and compare with them the effect of British interference! She will see that wherever this country has exerted herself, it has been to raise the fallen and support the falling; to raise, not to degrade the national character; to rouse the sentiments of patriotism which tyranny had silenced; to enlighten, to reanimate, to liberate. Great Britain has resuscitated Spain, and recreated Portugal; Germany is now a nation as well as a name; and all these glorious effects have been produced by the efforts and by the example of our country. If to be the deliverers of Europe; if to have raised our own national character, not upon the ruins of other kingdoms; if to meet dangers without shrinking, and to possess courage

rising with difficulties, be admirable, surely we may not unreasonably hope for the applause of the world. If we have founded our strength upon a rock, and possess the implicit confidence of those allies whom we have succoured when they seemed beyond relief, then I say that our exertions during the last year, and all our efforts during the war, are cheaply purchased; if we have burdened ourselves, we have relieved others; and we have the reward, the soul-felt, the proud satisfaction, of knowing that a selfish charge is that which, with the faintest shadow of justice, cannot be brought against us."

The thanks of Parliament were voted by acclamation to the Marquis of Wellington, his generals, officers, and troops, and the people rejoiced as much as if the despatches had actually conveyed the news of Napoleon's fall.

While the army occupied its various and hurried positions on the Nivelle—the head-quarters being at St. Jean de Luz (the "City of Light," or, as Ford calls it, "the City of *Mud*"), Lord Wellington occasionally varied the strict duties of his command with private correspondence. To none does he seem to have more freely imparted his sentiments on the war than to General Dumourier, with whom he corresponded in excellent French, the result of his residence at Angiers. He commented on the affairs of Germany and Catalonia, and spoke of the probable result of the operations in those quarters with an almost prophetic spirit. A spirit of sly humour pervaded his letters to the old republican. Catalonia had given Lord Wellington many "*mauvais momens*," and he often thought of going there. "Perhaps," he wrote, "if I only considered Spain, I ought to have gone there, because Bonaparte holds, and will continue to hold, in Catalonia, certain facilities of re-entering Spain. I say *perhaps*, because in this devil of a country, where I have carried on war for five years, I have always found, like your Henri IV., 'that with little armies we accomplish nothing, and with great ones we die of hunger;' and I feel that, with the means at my disposal, and the time I could give to the task, I should not be able to place things in Catalonia upon the footing on which they should be to enable us to keep in the field the force that we have there, and that we ought to introduce into the country. Besides, purely military views must give way to political considerations. I have watched the progress of affairs in Germany, and notwithstanding the grave reverses that have been experienced, I thought I perceived the germs of that considerable success which has since been attained."

With these views Lord Wellington tells Dumourier he had intended

to carry the war into France, and he felt that he had it in his power to do so with vigour.

"I think," concluded he, "that we are approaching the termination of the most atrocious and disgusting tyranny that ever afflicted mankind."

To consummate the extinction of the tyranny, and at the same time to give himself more elbow-room, Lord Wellington, on the 8th of December, moved the troops out of their cantonments. The weather had improved. The materials for forming pontoon bridges had been collected, and the swelling of the rivers had subsided.

Bayonne,[1] the possession of which place was Wellington's primary object, was occupied by the French. Since the battle of Vittoria, the town had been entrenched, with great labour; and Marshal Soult's position was now both strong and well chosen. It was in front of Bayonne, its right resting upon the Adour; a morass covered the space between the town and St. Jean de Luz. Lord Wellington felt it impossible to attack the enemy thus placed, without the certainty of great loss, and even then he was far from confident of success, for the entrenched camp was further protected by the guns of Bayonne. It therefore occurred to him to pass the river Nive, so as to bring the right of his own position upon the Adour, by which operation, the enemy, already distressed for provisions, would, he supposed, have lost the means of communicating with the interior, afforded by that river, and would thus become still more distressed. Another advantage which this measure promised was, that it would enable the British commander to open a communication with the interior of France for intelligence, &c., and thus to draw some supplies from the country.

The passage of the Nive was entrusted to Sir Rowland Hill, supported by Marshal Beresford and Sir H. Clinton. To Sir John Hope and General Alten was committed the task of driving back all the French advanced posts in front of their camp between the Nive and the sea. The French troops were posted opposite Ustaritz, and from Halzou in front of Laressore to the fords above Cambo, and on some heights in advance of Mousserolls, and were severally commanded by Generals D'Armagnac, Foy, Paris, and D'Erlon, the cavalry under

[1] The Basque *Bay-o-na*, "the good port," standing on the Nive and Adour. Here the *bayonet* was first used. Some Basques stuck their knives in the muzzles of their muskets. The Flemings and French improved upon this system. They placed the bayonet on a cylindrical socket, which left the muzzle of the musket clear. It was at a battle in Flanders, in William the Third's time, that the English troops first became acquainted with the new method. They were rather astonished to see the enemy *fire*, and then charge home.

Marshal Soult's brother, Pierre. The pontoon bridges having been laid down over night, the passage of the Nive was effected without much opposition at an early hour of the 9th December. At mid-day Marshal Soult himself appeared and offered battle, but no general fight took place, because the deep roads retarded the rear of General Hill's columns. A good deal of irregular skirmishing and isolated fighting marked the remainder of the day, which terminated with the loss of 800 of the allies.

For five successive days the vicinity of the Nive and the Adour was the scene of conflicts of a very sharp character. At Arcangues, the Light Division commanded by General Kempt, maintained an irregular fight with Clauzel's troops,—Colonel Colborne of the 52nd distinguishing himself as he had always done. At Barrouilhet, three distinct combats came off. Seldom had the French fought with so much obstinacy. The 9th regiment was placed in imminent danger through the rash directions of a Staff officer.[1] The 84th got into a perilous position, and a number of the Portuguese were cut off. The French had actually at one time got possession of the Barrouilhet, but they were driven out through the bravery and perseverance of Sir John Hope. "Conspicuous from his gigantic stature and heroic courage, he was seen wherever danger pressed, encouraging the troops; at one time he was in the midst of the enemy, his clothes were pierced with bullets, and he was severely wounded in the ankle, yet he would not quit the field, and thus, by his calm intrepidity restored the

1 Lord Wellington does not appear to have been fortunate in the selection of the subordinate officers of his Staff. He had good Aides-de-Camp, and an excellent Adjutant-General and Quartermaster General, in Generals Packenham and George Murray, but, to judge from the following letter, the minor offices were not satisfactorily filled:

"I have to animadvert on the negligent conduct of the Staff officers. It is a fact, that some Divisions, after being on their feet from four o'clock in the morning, and having marched, over swamps and through rivers, until seven o'clock in the evening, under a heavy shower of rain, were kept waiting for the officers of the Staff whose business it was to show Divisions where to bivouac for the night. I have heard many old and experienced officers condemn, in strong terms, the negligent conduct of the Staff officers, particularly those educated at High Wycombe. The remark is just, that those gentlemen are generally too high-minded for their situation; they all aim at being chiefs of departments, instead of being, as they are, subordinate; always occupying themselves in observations on positions. And the observation is correct, that if active, intelligent officers were selected from the line to fill the departments of Quartermaster General and Adjutant-General, the business would be well and correctly done. These High Wycombe pedants may be well versed in the theory, but many of them are incompetent to the practical part, either in respect to ability or activity: you may depend upon it, that is the general sentiment on that subject; in short, I believe it is a fact well established, this a youthful Staff is the ruin of an army. Taking, therefore, the various retreats we have made, the distressing manner in which they have been conducted, our tardy method of pursuit, our mode of assaulting fortified places, it will amount to this—that we have evinced a greater ability in hard fighting than any other points of war."

battle."[1] Lord Wellington could not help noticing the indifference to personal danger on Hope's part, and in a kindly spirit wrote to the Adjutant-General:—

"I have long entertained the highest opinion of Sir John Hope, in common, I believe, with the whole world, but every day's experience convinces me of his worth. We shall lose him, however, if he continues to expose himself in fire as he did in the last three days: indeed his escape was then most wonderful. His hat and coat were shot through in many places, besides the wound in his leg. He places himself among the sharpshooters, without, as they do, sheltering himself from the enemy's fire. This will not answer; and I hope that his friends will give him a hint on the subject."

Perhaps the finest of the five days' encounters was that which has been called the battle of St. Pierre. Generals Stewart, Barry, and Ashworth, immortalised themselves by their valour. General Abbé, a "man noted for vigour," at the head of heavy columns of infantry, supported by guns, furiously assailed Hill's Divisions, and in spite of the determined attitude of the 50th and the 92nd Regiments, and the gallantry of the 3rd and 71st, and the Portuguese Caçadores, would have defeated the British, had not the Highlanders, suddenly returning to the attack, with colours flying, and band playing, raised some doubts in the minds of the French commander as to the amount of the reserves he now believed to be coming to the attack. Waving his sword, he commanded a retreat at the very moment when victory was within his grasp!

While the left of the British army was engaged before Bayonne, the centre and right under the personal command of Lord Wellington, effected the passage of the Gave d'Oleron, on the 24th of February, 1814, while Soult leaving Bayonne, drew back his whole force to the heights of Orthes, behind the Gave de Pau, and here awaited the approach of Wellington. At day-break, on the 27th of the month, the British Field Marshal was in his presence, with 37,000 men, including 4000 cavalry and 48 guns. Lord Wellington decided upon an immediate attack. The left wing under Marshal Beresford, attacked the enemy's right at St. Boes, while the 3rd and 6th Divisions under Sir Rowland Hill, with Lord Edward Somerset's light cavalry, were directed against Soult's left and centre. The British movements were ably executed. Hill crossed the river in front of the French left and turned their flank, the enemy holding their ground with great obstinacy; while the allied attack was as remarkable for its impetuosity. A final and protracted struggle ensued;

1 Napier.

but the French unable to sustain the combined assault of the allies, commenced retreating by divisions, and contesting every inch of ground as they abandoned it. Hill's parallel march was speedily discovered, and as that movement threatened their rear, the order of the retreat was accelerated, and gradually assumed the character of a flight. The British pressed rapidly forward—the French as quickly fell back—both strove to gain Sault de Navailles—and though charged by the English cavalry, the enemy crossed the Luy de Bearne before Hill could succeed in coming up.[1]

The defeat of the French was decisive, and their loss in killed and wounded immense. Six guns and a number of prisoners fell into the hands of the British. The fugitive foe threw away their arms, and many deserted altogether. Few defeats were marked by more injurious results to the vanquished than those attendant upon that of Orthes.

In this battle Lord Wellington received a wound from a spent ball in the left thigh. It had penetrated the holster, and did him sufficient injury to confine him for a few days afterwards, though he did not at the moment dismount from his horse.

At the time that these operations were going on at Orthes, Sir John Hope invested Bayonne more closely than he had hitherto done, and attacking the village of St. Etienne (capturing a gun and some prisoners from the enemy), he established his post within 900 yards of the outworks of the place.

The result of all the successful movements was that, by the 1st of March, the army having passed the Adour, was in possession of all the great communications across the river. Even the direct road to Bordeaux was open, and by this Marshal Beresford and Lord Dalhousie, with their respective divisions, advanced.

Symptoms of a decided change in the feelings of the French people in regard to the Napoleon dynasty, now began to manifest themselves. The white cockade, the Bourbon emblem, was openly worn, in supersession of the tri-color, and nothing seemed to be wanting but some specific declaration by the allies of their espousal of the Bourbon cause to induce the populace to pronounce emphatically for the Restoration. Lord Wellington saw this, and urged the point upon the British Ministry. "Any declaration from us would," said he to Lord Liverpool, "I am convinced, raise such a flame in the country as would soon spread from one end of it to the other, and would infallibly overturn Napoleon." And then came one of those pointed paragraphs which disclosed the decided character of the man. He

1 "Victories of the British Armies," by Maxwell.

despised the idea of temporising with an unscrupulous enemy. *Divide et impera* was his ruling maxim in the contest with Napoleon :—

"I cannot discover the policy of not hitting one's enemy as hard as one can, and in the most vulnerable place. I am certain that he would not so act by us if he had the opportunity. He would certainly overturn the British authority in Ireland if it was in his power."

The Duc d'Angoulême had, previous to this time, joined Lord Wellington's head quarters *incog.*, with the view of taking advantage of the advance of the allies to proclaim Louis XVIII., under cover of their arms. He now proceeded with the divisions of Beresford and Dalhousie, and as soon as he reached Bordeaux Louis XVIII. was proclaimed by the Mayor, in terms which left it to be inferred that the restoration of that monarch was the direct object of the allies.

Considering that a treaty of peace was negotiating at Chatillon with Napoleon Bonaparte, this proclamation annoyed Lord Wellington exceedingly. It was an evil he contemplated, and had taken great care to prevent. The thing was badly timed, and it involved an offensive usurpation of his prerogative as commander-in-chief, and a misapprehension, if not a wilful disregard, of his sentiments. No doubt he wished for peace; it was with the view of attaining that great desideratum he had entered France, and he was above all anxious to see the hateful tyranny of Napoleon exchanged for a more moderate rule. Yet he did not feel himself at liberty to give the countenance of his name and the services of his soldiers, at that particular juncture, to compel a submission to the authority of the Bourbons. His instructions to Marshal Beresford and Lord Dalhousie are very explicit on this head, and those generals, faithful to their charge, had obeyed his orders to the letter. They kept the troops compactly together in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, so that they should be free to act as circumstances might render necessary, without being involved in the contests of opposite parties for civic supremacy. It was by no means certain, while Napoleon was yet strong enough to negotiate on equal terms with the allies, that a counter-revolution might not take place in Bordeaux if peace should be proclaimed, and his position as Emperor remain undisturbed.

In spite, however, of all Lord Wellington's care, the Duc d'Angoulême persevered in encouraging a belief among the French people that the allies had assembled in France "*pour remplacer le fléau des nations par un monarque père du peuple;*"[1] that they had

[1] "To replace the scourge of nations by a monarch who was the father of his people."

conducted the Bourbons into France, and that it was only through Louis XVIII. that the French could hope to appease the resentment of a neighbouring nation from letting loose upon it the most perfidious of despotisms. Lord Wellington indignant at these statements, addressed a powerful remonstrance to the Duc d'Angoulême, which, if it has not the merit of conciseness, left, in the iteration of his sentiments, no ground of misconception :—

"I am much concerned to find that the statement which I had repeatedly the honour of making to your Royal Highness of the principles on which I was determined to act in regard to the cause of your Royal Highness' family in France, had made so little impression on your Royal Highness' mind, as that your Royal Highness did not perceive, till you had read my letter of the 16th, that the proclamation of the Mayor of Bordeaux was not consistent with what I had declared to your Royal Highness. This circumstance renders caution on my part more than ever necessary. I am not acting as an individual; I am at the head of the army, and the confidential agent of three independent nations; and supposing that, as an individual, I could submit to have my views and intentions in such a case misrepresented, as the General of the allied army, I cannot.

"I enclose to your Royal Highness the copy of a paper given, I believe, by your Royal Highness to Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie, which shows the consequences of these misrepresentations. I occupied Bordeaux with a detachment of the army in the course of my operations, and certain persons in the city of Bordeaux, contrary to my advice and opinion, thought proper to proclaim King Louis XVIII. These persons have made no exertion whatever; they have not subscribed a shilling for the support of the cause, and they have not raised a single soldier; and then, because I do not extend the posts of the army under my command beyond what I think proper and convenient, and their properties and families are exposed, not on account of their exertions in the cause (for they have made none), but on account of their premature declaration contrary to my advice, such persons are to be blamed, and, in a manner, called to account.

"My experience of revolutionary wars taught me what I had to expect, and induced me to warn your Royal Highness not to be in a hurry. I beg your Royal Highness to tell the writer of this paper, and all such persons, that no power on earth shall induce me to depart from what I conceive to be my duty towards the Sovereigns whom I am serving; and that I will not risk even a company of

infantry to save properties and families placed in a state of danger contrary to my advice and opinion.

"In reply to your Royal Highness' letter of the 24th inst., and upon the whole of the subject, I have to state, that I hope your Royal Highness will shape your conduct, and your Royal Highness' counsellers will advise you to draw your proclamations and declarations, in such manner, as that I may not be under the necessity of declaring by proclamation, what my opinions and principles have invariably been, and what I have repeatedly declared to your Royal Highness.

"1st. I consider your Royal Highness free to act exactly as your Royal Highness may think proper, without consulting my opinion in any manner. All that I ask is, that neither my name, nor the name, nor the authority of the allied governments, may be adduced, more particularly when I am not consulted; or, if consulted, when I have given my opinion against the measure adopted.

"2ndly. I told your Royal Highness that, if any great town or extensive district should declare itself in favour of your Royal Highness' family, I would interfere in no manner with the government of that town or district; and that if there was a general declaration throughout the country in favour of your house, I should deliver into your hands the government of the whole country which should have been over-run by our armies. The fact is, that the declaration, even at Bordeaux, is not unanimous; that the spirit has not spread elsewhere, not even in La Vendée, nor in any part that I know of occupied by the army. The events in my contemplation, therefore, have not occurred; and I should be guilty of a gross breach of my duty to the allied sovereigns, and of cruelty to the inhabitants of the country, if I were to deliver them over to your Royal Highness prematurely, or contrary to their inclinations.

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"3rdly. I entertain no doubt whatever, that when once there is any declaration in favour of the cause of your Royal Highness' family, it is important that it should be general; and I sincerely wish it was so. But I can interfere in no manner to produce this general declaration; nay, more, I must, as an honest man, acquaint all those who shall talk to me upon the subject with the state of affairs between the allies and the existing government of France, as I have done to this moment.

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"It is not in my power, under existing circumstances, to make your Royal Highness the advance of money you desire; and, indeed,

after what has passed, I doubt whether I do not exceed the line of my duty in affording your cause any countenance or support whatever.

"In answer to the note enclosed by your Royal Highness, drawn by your Royal Highness' council in the name of your Royal Highness, it appears to me to be written in the same erroneous view with the proclamation of the Mayor of Bordeaux.

"The object of the note is to show that I am bound to support the operations of your Royal Highness' Government by the military power of the army, because your Royal Highness entered the country with the army, and I have been the passive spectator of the declaration of a part of the city of Bordeaux in favour of your Royal Highness' family. If I am to be bound by such means to employ the army in this manner, it is still more incumbent upon me, than it was before, to be cautious as to the degree of encouragement (and, to speak plainly, permission), I shall give to the measures taken by your Royal Highness' adherents, to induce the people in any district occupied by the army, to declare in your Royal Highness' favour.

"I must say, also, that it is a curious demand to make upon me, who, in any light, can only be considered as an ally, to permit troops to support the operations of your Royal Highness' civil government; when I ought to have a right to expect military assistance from your Royal Highness against the common enemy.

"In answer to this note, I must tell your Royal Highness that, until I shall see a general and free declaration of the people in favour of your Royal Highness' family, such as I know they are disposed, and pant for an opportunity, to make, I will not give the assistance of the troops under my command to support any system of taxation, or of civil government, which your Royal Highness may attempt to establish; and I hope your Royal Highness may not attempt to establish such a system beyond Bordeaux."

The divisions of Dalhousie and Beresford had moved towards Bordeaux on the 8th of March. Simultaneously with their advance Lord Wellington penetrated further into France, still observing the greatest caution and enjoining the kindest treatment of the people. Upon the minds of the Spanish leaders he strongly impressed the policy of conciliation. However France might have been reduced, there was no doubt that the allies were not sufficiently strong to make any progress, if the inhabitants should have taken part in the war against them. What had occurred in the previous six years in the Peninsula was an example to all military men on that point, and provided a motive for endeavouring to conciliate the country, which

was the seat of war, by "preserving the most strict discipline among the troops, by mitigating as much as possible the evils which were inseparable from war, and by that demeanour in the officers, in particular towards the inhabitants, which would show them that they, at least, did not encourage the evils which might be suffered from the soldiers."

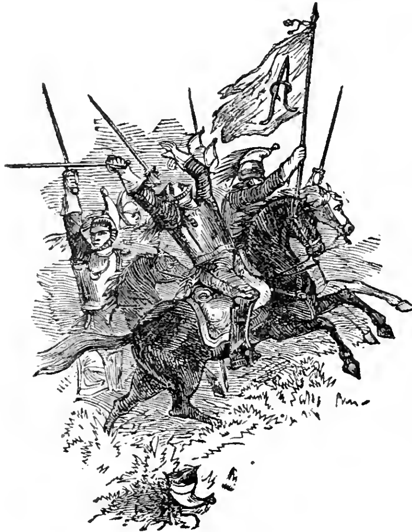
The march into France offered much gratification to the troops. Their footsteps, like their spirits, acquired an elasticity from the novel circumstances of their situation. They were on the "sacred soil" so much valued by their enemies—they had brought the British standard triumphantly from the Tagus and the Douro to the vicinity of the Garonne—they were in a land of comparative plenty—the spring was advancing, and every day seemed to promise a consummation of the object with which they had toiled and fought and bled, and suffered privations, since 1808. Every step forward brought them change of scene, though the change was not invariably for the better[1]—but there was a charm even in the variety.

[1] "Nothing more exemplifies the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, than the different roofs that cover our heads within a week. One day we have all the advantages of a palace, and the next the dirt and misery of the worst *chaumière;* sometimes even in the same day. A fortnight ago, just after the battle of Orthes, opposite Aire, our regiment being in the advance, we established ourselves in a magnificent château, certainly the best furnished house I have seen since I left England, decorated with a profusion of fine or-molu clocks. Just as we had congratulated ourselves on our good luck and prospect of comfort, and I had chosen for myself a red damask bed, an awful bustle was heard, indicative of no good, as was speedily proved to our discomfiture. Whether it was a judgment upon us for looking so high as a château, on the principle of those who exalt themselves being abased, I leave to divines to decide; but we quickly learned that, in consequence of the 4th Division treading on our heels, and Sir Lowry Cole having as sharp an eye for an eligible château as ourselves, he had ordered his Aide-de-Camp to OUST all its inmates, under the rank of a Major-General.

"It is astonishing how very soon, as if by intuition, one discovers what tends to personal comfort and gratification, without consulting the reason. I found, very soon after I had arrived in the Peninsula, that I had a remarkable preference and predilection for a domicile in a *padre's* house. This is not so powerful since we have crossed the frontier; as, perhaps (I only hazard the suspicion), the Revolution may not have left the houses of these gentlemen of the same cloth equally desirable in France. But, to the south of the Pyrenees, the houses of the *clerigos* are almost invariably the best; and not only recommended by good fare and accommodation, but are desirable from their having, generally, should the divine celebs or celibite (for our institutions render coining a word necessary) not have passed the prime of life, a pretty girl, yclept a *sobrina* (niece), as an inmate, who does the honours admirably."—*Journal of an Officer in Hill's Division.*

CHAPTER XX.

Dissolution of the Congress at Chatillon—Napoleon resists the Allies at Craone, Laon, and Soissons—Revolution in Holland—Failure of Graham at Bergen-op-Zoom—The affair at Aire—The Battle of Toulouse, and investment of Bayonne.



T the same time with the battle of Orthes, events were taking place on the banks of the Rhine which brought the affairs of Napoleon nearer to a crisis. It has been said that a Congress had been opened at Chatillon, with a view of coming to a pacific termination of the war with the Emperor, and had the decision of the questions at issue rested only with Austria and Prussia, Napoleon might have continued master of the destinies of France for some time longer. Happily, however, for the interests of mankind, two master-minds represented England and Russia,—Lord Castlereagh, the British minister for foreign affairs, came in person to assist at the negotiations, which until then were carried on, as far as England was concerned, by Lords Aberdeen and Cathcart and Sir Charles Stewart; and the Emperor Alexander was the representative of his own empire. The principal obstruction to the continuance of hostile operations against France was Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden. To force him to an assent to the invasion of France, Lord Castlereagh threatened

to withhold the monthly subsidies which England had granted. This altered Bernadotte's tone, and he became a party forthwith to a compact among the allied powers, signed at Chaumont on the 1st of March, in which they bound themselves to maintain an army of 600,000 men (150,000 each, Great Britain at the same time contributing an annual subsidy of 5,000,000*l.*) until Napoleon should agree to the reduction of France within her ancient limits—the formation of a federative union in Germany—the independence of Holland, Switzerland, and the lesser States of Italy—and the restoration of Spain and Portugal under their ancient sovereigns. With regard to the restoration of the Bourbons, the Congress determined to leave the French people unconstrained. The treaty of Chaumont led to the dissolution of the Congress at Chatillon, for all hopes of peace were extinguished by Napoleon's determination to hold out for the frontier of the Rhine.

Hostilities were now resumed. Marshal Blücher pushed his forces to Meaux in the direction of Paris, and General Sacken attacking Meaux, the trembling inhabitants of the French capital distinctly heard the Prussian cannon thundering in their neighbourhood. Blücher, however, could not maintain his ground, for Napoleon was moving on his rear. He therefore drew off his army to Soissons to form a junction with Generals Winzingerode and Woronzow. Marshal Oudinot, at the head of the French, came up with the troops of the latter generals at Bas-sur-Aube, and a battle ensued on the 27th of February, in which the French were compelled to give way before superior numbers. Three days later, Oudinot being joined by Marshal Macdonald, again offered battle to the allies, and with a heavy loss was driven out of Troyes after a most gallant resistance. On the 4th of March, Marshal Blücher formed a junction with Winzingerode (who also had Bulow with him) after breaking down all the bridges on the Marne, and escaping Napoleon through the capitulation of Soissons, which event made the passage clear between the allied troops.

Napoleon endeavoured to retake Soissons by storm. In this he failed. He next attacked the Prussians on the plateau of Craone, and after a bloody encounter, only to be paralleled by Albuera and Culm, the Russian and Prussian forces fell back towards Laon. This victory, if it merits the name, cost the French 8000 men. A brief respite, and then Napoleon advanced upon Laon and attacked the allied forces posted there and in the vicinity, on the 10th of March. He depended for a successful issue to the encounter on the arrival of Marshal Marmont, but Marmont was surprised in his

bivouac by the Prussian corps of Zeithen and Prince William of Prussia, and routed with the loss of 40 guns and 2500 prisoners. Napoleon then drew off towards Soissons, after losing 6000 men and 46 guns; and had hardly reached the place when the news arrived that Rheims had been captured by General St. Priest. With lightning speed he darted off to Rheims—assaulted and retook the town with heavy loss to the allies—and then, on the 15th of March, held his last review. The pitiable aspect of the troops—the broken appearance of the regiments—and the disordered state of the equipment, conveyed to his mind in language not to be misinterpreted that his sun was rapidly setting.[1]

Mention has been made of the disinclination of Lord Wellington, to see the troops withdrawn from the south of France to operate in Holland; but the grounds of the wish of the British minister to assemble an army in the Low Countries are yet to be stated.

Down to the 15th of November, 1813, the United Dutch Provinces had remained under the dominion of Napoleon Bonaparte. On that day a counter-revolution broke out in part of the provinces; the people of Amsterdam rose in a body—proclaimed the House of Orange with the old cry of *Orange boven*, and universally hoisted the Orange colours. This example was immediately followed by the other towns of the provinces of Holland and Utrecht, as Haulbern, Leyden, the Hague, Rotterdam, &c. The French authorities were dismissed and a temporary government established and proclaimed in the name of the Prince of Orange, until the Prince, whose son was then acting as aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, should arrive. The English were immediately invited to assist in placing the Prince upon the throne, and the invitation being accepted, in the month of January, Sir Thomas Graham, who had recently arrived in England from the capture of San Sebastian, was despatched with 6000 men, to give countenance to the new revolution. But the expedition was of little avail. In proportion as the cause of Napoleon waned

1 The tribute paid by Lockhart (Scott's Life) to Napoleon's amazing activity of mind and body, was not unmerited. "Throughout this crisis of his history, it is impossible to survey the rapid energy of Napoleon—his alert transitions from enemy to enemy; his fearless assaults on vastly superior numbers; his unwearied resolution, and exhaustless invention—without the highest admiration which can attend on a master of warfare. . . . To complete our notions of his energies—he had, through this, the most extraordinary of his campaigns, continued to conduct, from his perpetually changing head-quarters, the civil business of his empire. He occupied himself largely with such matters, during his stay at Rheims; but it was there that the last despatches from the Home Department at Paris were destined to reach him; and before he could return answers, there came courier upon courier with tidings which would have unnerved any other mind, and which filled even his with perplexity."

the French armies augmented the stubbornness of their resistance. General Bizarret defeated Sir Thomas Graham with considerable slaughter and the loss of many prisoners at Bergen-op-Zoom; and Carnot, the famous republican engineer, resisted all the efforts of the British to take Antwerp. Marshal Davoust, the Prince d'Eckmuhl, conducted also a resolute defence of Hamburgh, which will long be remembered for the extremities to which the city was reduced. Hamburgh, in fact, became a heap of ruins; horses, dogs, the hides of slaughtered animals, rats and offal of the most disgusting kind, were used as food both by soldiers and citizens. Davoust fared as fared his men, and resisted with heroic constancy and devotion the many tempting offers and fierce threats that were alternately held out by the enemy to induce him to surrender his trust.

After the battle of Orthes, Marshal Soult retreated towards Tarbes, in order to secure a junction, if necessary, with Suchet in Catalonia. He was followed by Beresford and Hill, the former advancing by Mont de Marsan and the latter by Aire, where a short *affair*,[1] disastrous to the French, took place. The French at Aire were well posted, but Hill saw the importance of instantly bringing them to action, and sent De Costa's Portuguese to open the ball. These were driven back in confusion, and the heavy French column was on the point of taking advantage of their *déroute*, when Sir Rowland Hill detached General Byng's brigade to their relief. This movement settled the fortune of the day—Byng gallantly charged the enemy, and drove them from the field. Soult then abandoned the town and the frontiers, and hastily crossed the Adour.

It was only two days after the affair at Aire that the Prince Regent of Great Britain, ever generously watchful of the glorious career of Wellington, granted him his permission to wear the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Imperial Order of Maria Theresa, bestowed by Austria; the Imperial Russian Military Order of St. George; the Royal Prussian Military Order of the Black Eagle, and the Royal Swedish Military Order of the Sword. It was a most unquestionable proof of the estimation in which the Northern allies held the services of the British Field-Marshal that each should have evinced *empressement* to do him honour. They felt that all the valour and perseverance displayed in the North would have been as nothing, in

[1] Three terms are used by Generals to denote the quality of a contest. A battle, a combat, and an affair, represent the three degrees of importance. An affair means altogether a minor matter, in which, though a large force may be engaged, the duration of the contest is brief, and the loss trifling.

the general attempt to crush Napoleon, had not Spain been cleared and the south of France occupied by the British.

The next measure of Lord Wellington was to invest Bayonne. The necessary *matériel* for this enterprise was speedily obtained from England through the port of Passages, and in the meanwhile Bordeaux was left to the care of Lord Dalhousie, and Marshal Beresford was recalled to the grand army with his corps.

Soult occupied positions on the right bank of the Adour, with advanced pickets on the town of Tarbes. On the 20th of March, Hill drove in these pickets, while General Clinton with the 6th Division, and General Ponsonby and Lord Edward Somerset crossed the river between Vic Bigorse and Rabasters, with the view of turning the right of the French, and so gaining Soult's rear. Soult saw his danger, and, under the cover of the night, fell back upon Toulouse, destroying the bridges as he passed them.

The city of Toulouse is surrounded on three sides by the canal of Languedoc and the river Garonne. The suburb to the left of the river (called St. Cyprien) was fortified with strong field-works in front of an ancient wall, and formed a good *tête de pont.* Each bridge of the canal was likewise supplied with a *tête de pont*, defended in some places by musketry, and in all by the artillery on the ancient wall. Beyond the canal to the eastward, and between that and the river Ers, is a height which extends as far as Montaudran, and over which pass all the approaches to the canal and town to the eastward, which it defends. This height (called Calvinet) was additionally fortified with five redoubts connected by lines of entrenchments, and to render the approach to Toulouse still more difficult, Soult destroyed all the bridges over the Ers within reach of the allied army.

In the beginning of April, Lord Wellington commenced operations against Toulouse by forcing the passage of the Garonne, and by the 10th of April he was prepared to attack the enemy in his very formidable positions.

The attack was commenced by Marshal Beresford, who, marching over some very difficult ground, carried the village of Montblanc. General Don Freyre then moved forward with the Spanish corps under his command, under a very heavy fire of both musketry and cannon, and soon gained the heights of Pugade, where his men lodged themselves under some banks close to the enemy's entrenchments. They then attempted the heights of Calvinet, but were driven back with great loss. They rallied, but as they approached a hollow road which lay in their path, the French poured upon them such a tremendous fire that they fled in the utmost panic. Lord Wellington covered

their flight with Ponsonby's cavalry and a heavy fire of reserve artillery, which, joined to a threatened movement of the light division, soon compelled their pursuers to retire. Meanwhile General Picton had been ordered to make a false attack on the bridge of Jumeau, but rashly leading his men across ground on which they were exposed to a most awful fire, to reach works which could only be taken by escalade, he suffered a loss of 400 men, and a decisive repulse. Soult had now only to improve the advantage thrown in his way, to have secured a brilliant victory. In the interim, however, Beresford having left his artillery at Montblanc, had been making with the 4th and 6th Divisions a flank movement of two miles over marshy ground, never out of cannon range, and often within musket-shot; and having now completed his dangerous and difficult march, he formed at the foot of the French position, a height crowned by 14,000 infantry. Scarcely were his preliminaries arranged when he was furiously attacked, but a shower of rockets threw the French troops into disorder: a gallant charge, and the hill was mounted, and two redoubts carried at the bayonet's point. The combat was now suspended; and, during the truce, Soult reinforced his right with his reserves, and Beresford received his artillery. About two o'clock, a Highland and a Portuguese brigade, which, on the failure of Freyre's opening attack, had maintained their ground under cover of a hill, suddenly assaulted and won the redoubts of Colombette and Calvinet, with the other defences there. The French retorted by a murderous fire and a tremendous onslaught, but though they regained Colombette, they could not drive the Highlanders from the hill. The 6th Division now advanced, and forced the enemy back, so that the whole hill was once more in the hands of the allies. Beresford had also gained the greatest part of Mont Rave, and the battle was won—for Soult the next night abandoned the town, now open to fire from the heights, and made a forced march of twenty-two miles to Ville Franche. The losses on both sides were very great. On the English 595 were killed, 4046 (including Generals Pack, Mendizabel, and Espelette) wounded, and eighteen missing. Soult's loss might be a thousand less; but he left in the hands of the allies three generals (Harispe, St. Hilaire, and Baurot), 1600 prisoners, eight cannon (one of which was taken in the fight), and an immense magazine of stores of every description. He had, in all, five generals disabled.[1] Amongst the British officers killed in the desperate battle of Toulouse—the last fought during the Peninsular War—Lord Wellington especially lamented Lieutenant-

1 "United Service Magazine."

Colonel Coghlan of the 61st, and Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes of the 45th—officers of great merit.

On the 12th of April, Lord Wellington entered Toulouse in triumph, the authorities declaring for the Bourbons, and the mob shouting *Vive notre Libérateur!* On the evening of that day, Colonels Cooke and St. Simon arrived at the allied head-quarters with intelligence that, on the 3rd of April, hostilities between France and the other Powers had ceased, and the war was virtually at an end, for Napoleon Bonaparte had abdicated the throne of France.[1]

Marshal Soult was formally apprised of the abdication of Napoleon on the night of the 13th. Indeed, it has been said that he was aware of the abdication before the battle of Toulouse, and merely risked the engagement in the hope of closing the war with the *prestige* of victory. From this imputation, however, he was fully exonerated by Lord Wellington, who proved to Soult's calumniators the physical impossibility of his acquiring the information at that distance from Paris, and in so short a time. But even when the news of the abdication did come, Soult refused to give in his adhesion to the Bourbons, and merely offered a suspension of hostilities. To this Lord Wellington would by no means assent, and immediately commenced the pursuit of the beaten divisions of the Marshal; but Soult soon saw the utter folly and inutility of continuing the contest, and in five days afterwards halted his troops, and acknowledging the provisional government, agreed upon a suspension of hostilities, to which Suchet, who had joined him, became a party. The convention ran as follows:—

"Field Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, and the Marshals the Duke of Dalmatia and the Duke of Albufera, being desirous of considering a suspension of hostilities between the armies under their respective orders, and of agreeing upon a line of demarcation, have named the undermentioned officers for that purpose; viz., on the part of the Marquis of Wellington, Major-General Sir George Murray,

[1] Intermediately, after the re-capture of Rheims, Napoleon's affairs had not prospered anywhere. Augereau languidly upheld his cause in Switzerland, and then retreated upon Lyons—with, it is supposed, the treacherous intention of opening the gates of that city to the Allies. The Grand Army of the latter, forming a junction with Blucher and Bernadotte, pushed forward, beating Napoleon at Acis-sur-Aube; Marmont and Mortier, who had been left to confront the enemy on the approaches to Paris, were compelled to retire, fighting fiercely; and on the 29th of March, the Prussians and Russians bivouacked on the banks of the Seine, within sight of Paris. The Empress Maria Louisa and her son now fled, and Paris was placed in a state of defence, in spite of a thousand declarations in favour of the Bourbons, by the middle and trading classes. Marmont and Mortier, with only 25,000 men, vigorously defended the French capital, but were compelled to succumb to superior numbers. A capitulation ensued. Napoleon hastened from the field towards Paris, to resist the Allies, but before he could arrive the capital was in their possession. He then abdicated the throne.

and Major-General Don Luis Wimpffen, and on the part of the Duke of Dalmatia and of the Duke of Albufera, the General of Division Count Gazan.

"These officers having exchanged their full powers, have agreed upon the following articles :—

"Art. 1st.—From the date of the present convention there shall be a suspension of hostilities, between the allied armies under the orders of Field Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, and the armies of France, under the orders of Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia, and of Marshal the Duke of Albufera.

"Art. 2nd.—Hostilities shall not be recommenced on either part without a previous notice being given of five days.

"Art. 3rd.—The limits of the department Haute Garonne, with the departments of Arriege, Aude, and Tarn, shall be the line of demarcation between the armies, as far as the town of Buzet on the river Tarn. The line will then follow the course of the Saur to its junction with the Garonne, making a circuit, however, on the left bank of the Saur, opposite Montauban, to the distance of three quarters of a league from the bridge of Montauban. From the mouth of the river Saur the line of demarcation will follow the right bank of the Garonne, as far as the limits of the department of the Lot and Garonne, with the department of La Gironde. It will then pass by La Reole, Sanveterre, and Rauzan, to the Dordogne, and will follow the right hand of that river, and of the Gironde, to the sea. In the event, however, of a different line of demarcation having been already determined by Lieutenant-General Dalhousie and General Decden, the line fixed upon by those officers shall be adhered to.

"Art. 4th.—Hostilities shall cease also on both sides in regard to the places of Bayonne, St. Jean de Pied de Port, Navarreins, Blaye, and the castle of Lourdes. The governors of these places shall be allowed to provide for the daily subsistence of the garrisons in the adjacent country; the garrison of Bayonne, with a circle of eight leagues from Bayonne, and the garrisons of the other places named within a circuit of three leagues round each place. Officers shall be sent to the garrisons of the above places to communicate to them the terms of the present convention.

"Art. 5th.—The town and ports of Santona shall be evacuated by the French troops, and made over to the Spanish forces. The French garrison will remove with it all the property that properly belongs to it, together with such arms, artillery, and other military effects as have not been the property originally of the Spanish government. The Marquis of Wellington will determine whether the French garrison

of Santona shall return to France by land or by sea, and, in either case, the passage of the garrison shall be secured, and it will be directed upon one of the places or ports most contiguous to the army of the Duke of Dalmatia.

" The ships of war or other vessels now in the harbour of Santona, belonging to France, shall be allowed to proceed to Rochefort with passports for that purpose. The Duke of Dalmatia will send an officer to communicate to the French General commanding in Santona the terms of the present convention, and cause them to be complied with.

" Art. 6th.—The fort of Venasque shall be made over as soon as possible to the Spanish troops, and the French garrison shall proceed by the most direct route to the head-quarters of the French army; the garrison will remove with it the arms and ammunition which are originally French.

" Art. 7th.—The line of demarcation between the allied armies and the army of Marshal Suchet, shall be the line of the portion of Spain and France, from the Mediterranean to the limits of the department of the Haute Garonne.

" Art. 8th.—The garrisons of all the places which are occupied by the troops of the army of the Duke of Albufera, shall be allowed to return without delay into France. These garrisons shall remove with them all that properly belongs to them, as also the arms and artillery which are originally French.

" The garrison of Murviedro and of Peniscola shall join the garrison of Tortosa, and these troops will then proceed together by the great road, and enter France by Perpignan. The day of the arrival of these garrisons at Geuna, the fortresses of Fignuon and of Busas shall be made over to the Spanish troops, and the French garrisons of these places shall proceed to Perpignan.

" As soon as information is received of the French garrisons of Murviedro, Peniscola, and Tortosa having passed the French frontier, the place and ports of Barcelona shall be made over to the Spanish troops, and the French garrisons shall march immediately for Perpignan. The Spanish authorities will provide for the necessary means of transport being supplied to the French garrisons on their march to the frontier. The sick or wounded of any of the French garrisons, who are not in a state to move with the troops, shall remain, and be cured in the hospitals where they are, and will be sent into France as soon as they have recovered.

" Art. 9th.—From the date of the ratifications of the present convention, there shall not be removed from Peniscola, Murviedro.

Tortosa, Barcelona, or any of the other places, any artillery, arms ammunition, or any other military effects belonging to the Spanish government, and the provisions remaining at the evacuation of these places shall be made over to the Spanish authorities.

"Art. 10th.—The roads shall be free for the passage of the couriers through the cantonments of both armies, provided they are furnished with regular passports.

"Art. 11th.—During the continuance of the present convention deserters from either army shall be arrested, and shall be delivered up if demanded.

"Art. 12th.—The navigation of the Garonne shall be free from Toulouse to the sea, and all boats in the service of either army employed on the river, shall be allowed to pass unmolested.

"Art. 13th.—The cantonments of the troops shall be arranged, so as to leave a space of two leagues at least between the quarters of the different armies.

"Art. 14th.—The movements of troops for the establishment of their cantonments shall commence immediately after the ratification of the present convention.

"The ratification is to take place within twenty-four hours for the army of the Duke of Dalmatia, and within forty-eight hours for the army of the Duke of Albufera.

"Done in triplicate at Toulouse, on the eighteenth of April, 1814."

(*Signed*) G. MURRAY, M.-G., &c., Q.-M.-G.	(*Signed*) LUIS WIMPFFEN, Xefe de E.-M.-G. de Campana de los exercitos Espanoles.	(*Signed*) DE GAZAN, Le Lt.-Général.
(*Approuve*) LE M. DUC D'-ALBUFERA	(*Confirmed*) WELLINGTON.	(*Approuve*) M. DUC DE DALMATIE.

In publishing the foregoing convention to the army, the British Field-Marshal took the opportunity of congratulating the troops upon the prospect of an honourable termination to their labours. He thanked the generals, the officers, and soldiers for their uniform gallantry and discipline in the field, and for their conciliatory conduct towards the inhabitants, adding his hope that they would continue the same good conduct while it might be necessary to detain them in France, that they might leave the country with a lasting reputation, not less creditable to their gallantry and spirit in the field than to their regularity and good conduct in quarters and in camp.

The same ignorance of what was passing in Paris, and caused the battle of Toulouse, prevailed at Bayonne, and led on the 14th of April to a needless waste of blood, which filled Lord Wellington

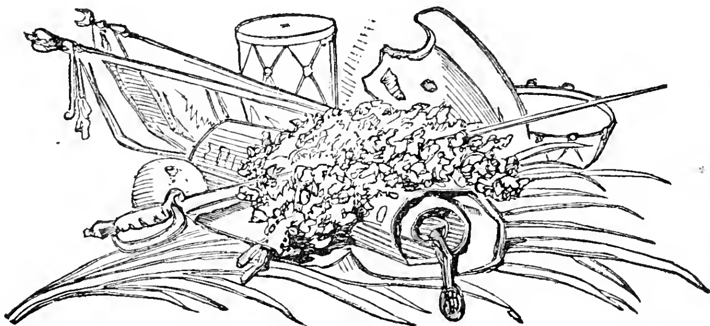
with poignant regret. While Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope was blockading the town, the garrison made a dashing sortie, and, breaking through the allied line of investment, carried the village of St. Etienne. The advanced pickets were promptly supported, and the besiegers immediately recovered all their positions; but not until 900 of the French had been placed *hors de combat*, and 600 of the allies killed and wounded. The latter also lost 236 prisoners, among whom was the brave Sir John Hope, the commander. Whilst bringing up reinforcements to the deforced pickets, his horse was killed under him, and he himself was wounded. Before he could extricate himself, he was seized by a party of the enemy and carried away a prisoner.

It will surprise the English reader, not already versed in the history of the Peninsular War, to learn that the battle of Toulouse was claimed as a victory by the French, and that in long after years the vanity of the nation was gratified by the grant of a sum of money by the legislature in aid of a monument to be raised in honour of the battle! The grounds on which the claims rested were, the repulse of Picton and the failure of Sir Rowland Hill to carry the suburb. These, however, were only partial reverses, which, more or less, distinguish every action. It is the upshot which determines where the victory lies, and as Lord Wellington occupied Toulouse within six-and-thirty hours after the battle, the French Marshal was to all intents and purposes defeated.

The subject of the claims of the French to a "victory" at Toulouse was ably discussed and disposed of in the *Quarterly Review* of 1838. The astute reviewer showed that, although accidents certainly did happen to the British army, such as the carrying away a bridge on the Garonne after Beresford had passed it, Marshal Soult did not take advantage of them; and that if he had attempted to do so, the Duke of Wellington was in a position to have thwarted him. "It was like a game of chess—Soult, perhaps, might have taken Wellington's knight, but Wellington, at the next move, would have taken his queen, and checkmated him altogether." The reviewer further established on the evidence of French writers, General de Vaudancourt, a critic in the *Revue du Midi*, Marshal Suchet, Colonel La Pena, and General de St. Denys, that the battle was, "beyond contradiction, lost by Soult;" that, after the loss of Fort Sypière, the "prospect of victory was abandoned by the French;" that Soult himself admitted in letters that the communication with Montauban, from which Lord Wellington "cut him off," was of the greatest importance to him; that he was resolved to defend Toulouse "at all risks," because the *preservation* of the city was *of the greatest*

importance to him; and yet that the enemy had *succeeded in establishing themselves* on the frontier he had occupied; and that at last he found himself under *the necessity* of retiring from Toulouse before the enemy, and did retire at a very rapid rate, full of apprehension of being forced to fight for a passage to Ville Franche! Finally, Marshal Suchet speaks of the army under Soult as having been *écrasée* (destroyed) in a chapter of his Memoirs, written to defend Soult.

But, after all, the proof of the victory lay in the result. If Lord Wellington did not, by the valour and determination of his troops, drive Soult out of Toulouse, why did the Marshal quit the town?



CHAPTER XXI.

Lord Wellington created a Duke—Honours to his Generals, Lords Combermere and Hill—The Duke visits Paris and Madrid—Fresh Parliamentary grants—The Allied Sovereigns and their Generals visit England—The Duke of Wellington also returns to England.

THE conclusion of the war in a manner so honourable to the British and allied arms, and with such apparent definite results as the removal of Napoleon Bonaparte to a little island in the Mediterranean, diffused universal happiness. Every one concerned had done his part nobly, and it was fully believed that the restoration of the Bourbons, wrought by foreign arms, was perfectly acceptable to the French people.

To complete the honours which the Prince Regent had delighted to bestow upon the man who had led armies victoriously from the Tagus and the Douro to the Garonne, in the presence of ten thousand difficulties, his Royal Highness now advanced the Marquis of Wellington to the peerage by the title of Marquis of Douro and DUKE OF WELLINGTON. And to impart all possible grace to this magnificence of reward, the Prince at the same time conferred peerages on Sir John Hope, Sir Thomas Graham, Sir Stapleton Cotton, Sir Rowland Hill, and Sir W. Carr Beresford, who thus severally became Lords Niddry, Lynedoch, Combermere, Hill, and Beresford. The Prince had previously shown some kindness to the Dowager Lady Mornington, the mother of the Duke of Wellington, upon the occasion of the battle of Vittoria.

The Duke of Wellington was sensibly touched by the generosity of the Prince—the rather that he always abstained from asking for any favours for himself. Excepting on one occasion, when we find him protesting against the low salary of a Commander-in-Chief, who, with 10*l.* per diem (reduced by income-tax and other charges to eight guineas), was expected to keep up a good table, and dispense money in charities, &c., he never complained of an inadequacy of compensation. On the contrary, he allowed things to take their course, and save when he bespoke distinctions for Sir R. Hill and Sir Stapleton Cotton, he did not even venture to point out who should be recompensed by the Sovereign for the services rendered under his command. This did not spring from any want of generosity towards his lieutenants, but from a deference to the supreme power of the Monarch or his immediate *locum tenens.* It was when asked by some one of high rank to solicit an honorary distinction for him, that he wrote:—

"I have never interfered directly to procure for any officer, serving under my command, those marks of his Majesty's favour by which many have been honoured; nor do I believe that any have ever applied for them, or have hinted through any other quarter their desire to obtain them. They have been conferred, as far as I have any knowledge, spontaneously, in the only mode in my opinion in which favours can be acceptable, or honours and distinction can be received with satisfaction. The only share which I have had in these transactions has been by bringing the merits and services of the several officers of the army distinctly under the view of the Sovereign and the public, in my reports to the Secretary of State; and I am happy to state, that no General in this army has more frequently than yourself deserved and obtained this favourable report of your services and conduct.

"It is impossible for me even to guess what are the shades of distinction by which those are guided who advise the Prince Regent in the bestowing those honourable marks of distinction, and you will not expect that I should enter upon such a discussion. What I would recommend to you is, to express neither disappointment nor wishes upon the subject, even to an intimate friend, much less to the Government. Continue, as you have done hitherto, to deserve the honourable distinction to which you aspire, and you may be certain that, if the Government is wise, you will obtain it. If you should not obtain it, you may depend upon it that there is no person of whose good opinion you would be solicitous, who will think the worse of you on that account.

"The comparison between myself, who have been the most favoured of his Majesty's subjects, and you, will not be deemed quite correct; and I advert to my own situation only to tell you, that I recommend to you conduct which I have always followed. Notwithstanding the numerous favours that I have received from the Crown, I have never solicited one; and I have never hinted, nor would any one of my friends or relations venture to hint for me, a desire to receive even one; and much as I have been favoured, the consciousness that it has been given spontaneously by the King and Regent, gives me more satisfaction than anything else.

"I recommend to you the same conduct and patience; and, above all, resignation, if, after all, you should not succeed in acquiring what you wish; and I beg you to recall your letters, which you may be certain will be of no use to you."

Those who have followed the fortunes of Wellington, as detailed in

LORD COMBERMERE.

the foregoing pages, will have met with the names of the five generals, who now received peerages, often enough to be assured that they had

well earned the titles bestowed on them. Lord Combermere was particularly deserving of favour. He had led the young and inexperienced cavalry of Great Britain and the allies against the admirably-trained Dragoons and Cuirassiers of France, and was almost always successful in his charges. His previous service in Flanders and in India had given him considerable experience under the eye of Wellington and Lake; and at a very early period in the Peninsula, Wellington deemed him so deserving of advancement that he applied to have him promoted to Lieutenant-General in Portugal, and, after Salamanca, begged for a red ribbon on his behalf.

Of Lord Hill's character, mention has already been made. No General was ever more beloved. He always led his divisions to victory; always had care for his men and officers in quarters; always conducted his marches with skill, ensuring safety. And the troops recognised his interest in them by exemplary conduct, devotion to his will, and an anxiety to do him honour on all possible occasions. A story is extant that when the 28th Regiment was quartered at Galisteo, four leagues from Coria, in May, 1813, they determined to celebrate the second anniversary of the battle of Albuera by giving a dinner to their beloved chief. This, in a camp on such service, was not a very easy matter; but what cannot Englishmen do when prompted by a noble enthusiasm? They had neither chairs nor tables—two very important accessories to dinners in general,—and they therefore hit upon the expedient of making Nature supply their places. The softest and most even piece of turf that could be found was selected, and on this Lieutenant Irwin, of the Engineers, marked out the length and breadth of a table required for one hundred guests, for the staff of the Second Division were invited to the banquet as well as the General. The turf was pared off, and a trench dug round outlines large enough for the company. The table was formed in the centre, and the sods and mould duly levelled and excavated to give ample room for the legs; and then the green turf was once more gently laid on, and supplied the place of the table-cloth. Each officer invited was desired to bring his own knife, fork, and plate, and not to be particular about having them changed. The cookery was of the substantial order—the heavy artillery of the field *cuisine.* There were ponderous joints roasted, and ponderous joints boiled. There was soup in abundance, in which the shreds of meat gave assurance that it was, at least, unsparingly concocted. There were pies baked in camp-kettles turned upside-down, of dimensions and quality Friar Tuck would not have disdained. "Then came the cordial welcome of the chief guest—the man who never had an enemy but

on public grounds, whose bland smiles set the company at ease, while his genuine dignity prevented in his presence every word and every act that did not perfectly become it." [1]

Lord Hill had a very narrow escape of being killed at the close of the war. While engaged in a reconnoissance at St. Palais, in company with Lord Wellington, a shot from a French battery killed the horse on which Lord Hill was mounted. Both horse and rider fell, the latter quite stunned, but sustaining no serious injury. The escape was wonderful; for the ball struck the horse's shoulder, passed through his body, and between the knees of Lord (then Sir Rowland) Hill.

The new relations with France rendered the despatch of a British Ambassador to the French Court indispensable, and Lord Castlereagh, who justly estimated the worth and talents of the Duke of Wellington, offered him the appointment. Preparatory to accepting it, the Duke wished to pay a visit to Paris. There were of course some consid erations of delicacy influencing the mind of the illustrious warrior. Would the presence of the conqueror of the French legions be acceptable to the French people, whose minds had for years been prejudiced against him by the lying newspapers of Paris—by the published sneers of Napoleon—and the efforts of the caricaturists? Would he not be an eye-sore to those who identified him only as the author of their own humiliation? These were grave matters of reflection, and to the generous mind of Wellington they addressed themselves forcibly. On the other hand, would not the presence, in a friendly capacity, of the recent enemy of France—as *represented by Napoleon's tyranny*, and *by that alone*—offer a guarantee of the perfect amity which had now been established between the thrones of France and England, and offer a proof of the confidence of the Ambassador in the chivalry of the nation whose armies he had so long and so successfully opposed? Wellington could only appear in Paris either in the offensive character of a conqueror, or in the agreeable position of the representative of a Monarch whose soldiers had contributed to restore peace to the land which Napoleon's aggressions and thirst of conquest had drained of its resources. He would not go in the former capacity—he did not think that he would be obnoxious in the latter. Thus reasoning, and influenced by his duty to the Prince Regent, he decided to accept the embassy, and accordingly set out to pay his respects to the King, Louis XVIII. He was very graciously received, and became an object of much curiosity among the Parisians. The allied sovereigns were also marked in

1 "Life of Lord Hill."

their attentions to him. His stay, however, was very brief, for his services were required for a short period at Madrid.

Restored to his throne unshackled by the conditions Napoleon sought to impose, the King, Ferdinand VII., looked for counsel, in the difficult position in which he found himself after so long an absence, from the mighty soldier who had paved the way for his restoration; and the Duke of Wellington, believing it to be his duty, while yet holding office under the Spanish government, to afford all the aid that might be required of him, did not delay to join the King. Much anarchy and confusion prevailed in the Spanish councils. Split into parties, the Cortes distracted themselves with a multitude of amateur "constitutions," and none of these crotchets seemed to promise a continuance of peace, or to promote the happiness of the nation. This division was not to be wondered at. The nation had been engaged in one of the most terrible and disastrous contests by which any country was ever afflicted; its territory had been occupied by the enemy, society torn to pieces by internal dissensions, its ancient constitution destroyed, without being replaced, its marine, its commerce, and revenue utterly annihilated; its colonies cast into a state of rebellion, and its credit with other countries shaken to the brink. To devise a plan for restoring the country to its pristine tranquillity, and to reduce the political agitators and antagonists to moderation, was the task which Ferdinand committed to the Duke of Wellington. His Grace's scheme, developed in a state paper of remarkable clearness, was submitted to the King during his stay at Madrid. It was fraught with wise suggestions and marked by the candour and straight-forwardness which were alike conspicuous in his diplomatic and military passages. Ferdinand seized the first opportunity after the Duke's arrival of confirming all the honours conferred upon him by the Regency and the Cortes; but this act of grace did not deter Wellington from the frank expression of his sentiments. He advised the King to look at the geographical position and topographical peculiarities of Spain, and to be content to confine the nation within its natural limits. He showed that Spain had benefited but little by the possession of anything beyond the boundaries which Nature had prescribed. The branches of the Royal House, established in Italy and elsewhere, had only adhered to Spain when the adhesion was likely to be beneficial to themselves. It was, therefore, the true policy of the government to attend only to the internal interests of the country, especially as the then state of Europe rendered a long peace probable. Giving the King credit, then, for a desire to ameliorate the internal situation of his kingdom,

to restore its marine, its commerce, and its revenue, and the settlement of its colonies, the Duke proceeded to examine which of the two powers, France or Great Britain, would be the most desirable ally in assisting the King to restore his monarchy to its ancient splendour. He at once decided that France, from her crippled condition and the injuries she had inflicted on the Spanish people, would be both useless and unpopular. To preserve a commerce with Great Britain was obviously a measure of policy; for not only would it be the most profitable, because Great Britain consumed in a greater degree than other countries those articles in which the riches of Spain principally consisted, but because the manufactures of Great Britain, from their cheapness, would bear, on importation, larger duties than those of any other country. The Duke of Wellington always plumed himself a little on his capacity to fill the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in this advice he vindicated his claim to be regarded as a financier. He further urged the policy of a strict alliance with Great Britain, as the only means of settling the Spanish colonies and adjusting satisfactorily the disputes with the United States, who had unjustifiably seized some part of the Spanish colonies, and aided and abetted the others in rebellion. Glancing at the financial condition of Spain, the Duke pointed out that everything was in disorder, and the revenue unproductive, the army in arrears, and the means of maintaining a body of troops inadequate. From Great Britain alone was pecuniary aid to be expected, but the Duke honestly told the King that this would not be granted unless he adhered to the promises he had made to his subjects on his restoration, and would release the numerous innocent prisouers who had been arrested for alleged political offences, and subject the presumably guilty to judicial trials. The Duke wound up his able memorandum in these words:—

"Great Britain is materially interested in the prosperity and greatness of Spain, and a good understanding and close alliance with Spain is highly important to her, and she will make sacrifices to obtain it; and there is no act of kindness which may not be expected from such an ally. But it cannot be expected from Great Britain that she will take any steps for the firm establishment of a government which she still sees in a fair way of connecting itself with her rival, and of eventually becoming her enemy. Like other nations she must, by prudence and foresight, provide for her own interests by other modes, if circumstances should prevent his Majesty from connecting himself with Great Britain, as it appears by the reasoning in this memorandum is desirable to him."

A few days later the Duke offered the Spanish Minister of War his advice as to the best method of organising the Spanish infantry, and then resigning his office of Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish army, he returned to France.

Peace had been signed at Paris on the 30th of May. Considering the relative positions of France and the other parties to the treaty, who occupied Paris as conquerors, the treaty was exceedingly moderate —nay, generous—in its provisions. It restored to France, with slight exceptions, the possessions which she held in 1792, and placed the boundaries of the kingdom nearly where they were. Such points as could not be readily adjusted at the moment were referred to a Congress of Sovereigns, to be thereafter held at Vienna, and the allied troops immediately began to evacuate France.

The Duke of Wellington took leave of the army at Bordeaux, on the 14th of June, publishing the following General Order on his departure:—

"The Commander of the Forces being on the point of returning to England, again takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events, which have restored peace to their country, and to the world.

"The share which the British army have had in producing these events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it as they are to the Commander of the Forces; and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

"The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

"Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them for some years so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour, and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those, to whose conduct, discipline and gallantry, their country is so much indebted."

The Duke, personally bidding farewell to the principal officers, immediately embarked in H.M.'s sloop of war the *Rosario*, and, sailing for England, reached Dover on the 23rd of June. The salute fired by the sloop announced the valuable freight she bore. Immediately the yards of all the vessels in Dover harbour were manned, and the launch of the *Nymphen* frigate was sent to convey on shore the "hero of a hundred fights." The guns along the heights and the adjoining batteries thundered their welcome to the incomparable soldier; and the news of his arrival spreading like wildfire

thousands of persons assembled at the pier-heads and along the shore to greet him with their cheers. A carriage stood at the pier to convey him to the Ship Inn; but Wellington's foot was scarcely on the shore, when he was lifted on to the shoulders of an enthusiastic crowd and borne to his destination amidst the iterated cheers of the populace.

A fortnight previous to the arrival of the Duke, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the sons, brother, and nephew of the latter, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, the sister of the Emperor; Marshal Blücher; the Hetman of the Cossacks, Platoff; the Prince of Orange, and a great many more princes and members of illustrious foreign Houses, had arrived in England on a visit to the Prince Regent; and numerous appropriate *fêtes* at Carlton Palace, the Guildhall, the parks, &c., had been given in their honour. Public enthusiasm was raised to a high pitch of effervescence. The Royal visitors were the objects of great curiosity. The Duchess of Oldenburgh gave a fashion to bonnets; Platoff and his attendant Cossacks were followed by crowds, and the trousers of the fierce horsemen of the Don and the Volga were universally adopted by the *petits maîtres* of the day. But, perhaps, the visitor who attracted the largest share of notice was the veteran soldier, Blücher. For many months his deeds of heroism and undaunted perseverance in the war with Napoleon, had been in the mouths of thousands, and England now panted to mark her admiration by the cheers which accompanied his progress whenever he moved abroad. Marshal Prince Blücher, Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army, was no common man. Born in 1742, at his father's country-seat in Pomerania, he served from his fifteenth year, beginning his military career in the "Seven Years' War," under the patronage and command of the celebrated Zeiten, the friend and favourite of Frederic the Great. Ardent from infancy, Blücher preferred the cavalry and entered into the regiment of Red Hussars, which had acquired peculiar distinction for its bravery on different occasions, but particularly for defeating the French in the memorable battle of Rosbach. In this regiment he continued nearly twenty years, when he took offence at the promotion over him of a junior officer. Superior influence caused his remonstrances to be disregarded; irritated at the injustice, he challenged the favoured youngster—a duel took place; and Blücher, in disgust, demanded and received his discharge. After this he lived some years in retirement, occupying himself in the cultivation of his paternal estates, which were tolerably extensive. In this seclusion he became particularly partial to literature and the arts. Blücher did not remain

unknown to the different administrations of the Prussian government while absent from his profession; but the stern and unforgiving disposition of the sovereign caused him to repel all attempts of the friends of Blücher to procure his restoration to the service. He, however, regularly appeared as a spectator at the grand annual reviews, and at one of these, after the death of Frederic II., he was noticed by Frederic William III., who restored him to his rank. From this period he began to ascend most rapidly to eminence. He very soon obtained a squadron in his old regiment of hussars. The

MARSHAL PRINCE BLUCHER.

Colonel not long after died, and Blücher obtained his rank. He now came into perpetual service, his regiment being under the orders of the Duke of Brunswick; whose name and deeds are familiar to this hour on the banks of the Rhine, where he distinguished himself in the revolutionary campaigns. The various attacks which he made were all similar and characteristic. It was his plan to rush upon the enemy with irresistible impetuosity, to retire on

meeting with serious opposition; to place himself at a distance and minutely observe the enemy's movements, to take advantage of every indication of weakness and disorder by a new attack, and then to dart upon his opponents with the rapidity of lightning, cut his way into the ranks, make a few hundred prisoners, and retire again. This was the usual manœuvre of Blucher, who, by such a mode of warfare, acquired considerable reputation, particularly at Hientveller. When the French invaded Prussia, in the year 1806, Blucher was foremost in opposing their progress through Westphalia, whence he made a masterly retreat in the face of 60,000 French, his own force being only 20,000. At the battle of Auerstadt, in 1806, Blucher very highly distinguished himself; and although he differed from the Duke of Brunswick respecting the time and mode of attack, he showed the most consummate generalship and determined bravery during the whole of that memorable action. At the battle of Preutzlau, where he likewise very much signalised himself, he had the command of the cavalry, under Prince Hohenlohe Ingelfingen. He also signalised himself by a gallant charge of the French at Frankenhausen; but as their numbers were irresistible, Blucher was obliged to retreat, which he did in admirable order, and threw himself into Lubec, where he was besieged by the French, who summoned him to surrender, but with his characteristic bravery he replied in these remarkable words—"*Ich werde mich nicht ergeben bis ich meinen letzten Blutstropfen verlohren habe!*" *i. e.* "I will not surrender till I have lost the last drop of my blood!" The French, however, with an overwhelming force, stormed the city and took it, after a most gallant resistance. Blucher was made prisoner, but shortly after exchanged for Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno. He then returned to Konigsburgh, and was soon afterwards sent by sea, at the head of a division to Swedish Pomerania, in order to assist in the defence of Stralsund, and generally to support the operations of the Swedes; but the peace of Tilsit rendered his farther operations unnecessary, and he once more retired to Prussian Pomerania, the site of his birth.

After the unfortunate engagement near Halle, in October, 1806, in which Bernadotte commanded, and which ended in the capitulation of the Prussian army, under Prince Hohenlohe, General Blucher, by a *ruse de guerre*, succeeded in saving the 5000 men under his command. He was separated from the main body of the army by General Klein, to whom he sent a message, stating that an armistice was concluded for six months. This the general believed, and Blucher's division was

consequently saved. After the peace of Tilsit he remained in apparent inactivity, till the unexpected and important defection of General Von Yorck gave the signal for a general insurrection in the Prussian States against the French. Immediately after this event, we find the veteran availing himself of every opportunity for vengeance. By the end of the year 1812, he had raised a corps of volunteers, composed of youths of the first families in Prussia, who rushed to range themselves under his banner, and at the revival of the campaign, we find him holding the important rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army, which when united with certain divisions of Austrians and Russians, was termed, from the site of its operations, the army of Silesia. Blucher had two sons, both men of distinguished bravery and abilities. The eldest signalised himself materially in the campaign in Germany, in 1813, by destroying,—in the rear of the French army, just at the time when the armistice in September was concluded,—a large park of artillery and ammunition. Bonaparte ordered a detachment against him, by whom he was captured after a brave resistance. He was soon, however, exchanged for an officer of equal rank, but unfortunately he fell sick and died in a few days. He was colonel of a regiment of Prussian hussars. His brother was then a major in the light cavalry, under the immediate orders of his father. The sequel to Blucher's career down to this point has been described in the brief notices of the operations of the northern allies in 1812-13.

At the moment when Wellington set foot in England, the allied sovereigns were at Portsmouth with the Prince Regent, attending a grand naval review. The Duke immediately proceeded to Portsmouth to pay his respects to his Royal Highness, who, on returning to his hotel after the review, met and embraced the British chief. The instant it was known at Portsmouth that the Duke of Wellington had arrived, the royal visitors ceased to be objects of attraction. The hero of Salamanca and Vittoria, the Pyrenees and Toulouse, became the cynosure of all eyes. Every man, woman, and child sought to behold him, and to swell the sound of general welcome with their voices. At dinner that evening, the Duke enjoyed the highest post of honour; and Regent, Emperor, and King felt themselves flattered that they sat at table with one whose purity of character was on a level with his military greatness. The town was brilliantly illuminated, and for some hours after midnight the people walked the streets, congratulating each other that they had lived not merely to see peace established, but to look upon its illustrious author.

Proceeding to London, the Duke of Wellington was hailed with

enthusiastic and grateful acclamations by the myriads who poured out to line his path wherever he went. Coriolanus, after fluttering the Volscians at Corioli, did not receive a more cordial welcome.

> "All tongues *spake* of him, and the bleared sights
> Were spectacled to see him . . .
> . . . Stalls, bulks, windows,
> Were smothered up, leads filled, and ridges horsed
> With variable complexion; all agreeing
> In earnestness to see him . . .
> The matrons flung their gloves,
> Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs
> Upon him as he passed; the nobles bended
> As to Jove's statue; and the commoners made
> A shower of thunder with their caps and shouts."

But gratifying as may have been those symptoms of popular admiration and thankfulness, it was from Parliament that the Duke was to receive the substantial reward of his great service.

The 28th of June was fixed upon for his formal reception. The Lord Chancellor having taken his seat, the Duke of Wellington, attired as a Field Marshal, with the addition of his robes, was introduced, supported by the Dukes of Richmond and Beaufort, also in military uniform, and in their ducal robes. Having arrived in the body of the House, the Duke made the usual obeisance to the Lord Chancellor, and showed his patent and right of summons, as Baron and Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and lastly Duke, which were each read by the clerks. The oaths were then administered, and the Test Rolls having been signed by him, the Duke, accompanied by his noble supporters, took his seat on the Dukes' bench, and saluted the House in the usual manner, by rising, taking off his hat, and bowing respectfully.[1]

The Lord Chancellor then rose, and pursuant to their lordships' order, addressed his Grace:—

"My Lord Duke of Wellington,

"I have received the commands of this House, which, I am persuaded, has witnessed with infinite satisfaction your Grace's personal introduction into this august assembly, to return your Grace the thanks and acknowledgments of this House, for your great and eminent services to your King and country.

"In the execution of these commands, I cannot forbear to call the especial attention of all who hear me to a fact in your Grace's life,

1 "Annals of Parliament."

singular, I believe, in the history of the country, and infinitely honourable to your Grace, that you have manifested, upon your first entrance into this House, your right, under various grants, to all the dignities in the peerage of this realm which the Crown can confer. These dignities have been conferred at various periods, but in the short compass of little more than four years, for great public services, occurring in rapid succession, claiming the favour of the Crown, influenced by its sense of justice to your Grace and the country; and on no one occasion in which the Crown has thus rewarded your merits have the Houses of Parliament been inattentive to your demands upon the gratitude of the country. Upon all such occasions they have offered to your Grace their acknowledgments and thanks, the highest honours they could bestow.

"I decline all attempts to state your Grace's eminent merits in your military character; to represent those brilliant actions, those illustrious achievements, which have attached immortality to the name of Wellington, and which have given to this country a degree of glory unexampled in the annals of this kingdom. In thus acting, I believe I best consult the feelings which evince your Grace's title to the character of a truly great and illustrious man.

"My duty to this House cannot but make me most anxious not to fall short of the expectation which the House may have formed as to the execution of what may have been committed to me on this great occasion; but the most anxious consideration which I have given to the nature of that duty has convinced me that I cannot more effectually do justice to the judgment of the House, than by referring your Grace to the terms and language in which the House has so repeatedly expressed its own sense of the distinguished and consummate wisdom and judgment, the skill and ability, the prompt energy, the indefatigable exertion, the perseverance, the fortitude, and the valour, by which the victories of Vimiero, Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria were achieved; by which the deliverance of Portugal was effectuated; by which the ever memorable establishment of the allied armies on the frontiers of France was accomplished; armies pushing forward, in the glory of victory at Orthes, to the occupation of Bordeaux.

"These achievements, in their immediate consequences infinitely beneficial to the common cause, have, in their final results, secured the peace, prosperity, and glory of this country; whilst your Grace's example has animated to great exertions the other nations of Europe, exertions rescuing them from tyranny, and restoring them to independence, by which there has been ultimately established among all

the nations of Europe that balance of power which, giving sufficient strength to every nation, provides that no nation shall be too strong.

"I presume not to trespass upon the House by representing the personal satisfaction which I have derived from being the honoured instrument of conveying to your Grace the acknowledgments and thanks of this House upon every occasion upon which they have been offered to your Grace, or by endeavouring to represent the infinite gratification which I enjoy in thus offering, on the behalf of the House, on this day, to your Grace in person, those acknowledgments and those thanks. Your Grace is now called to aid hereafter, by your wisdom and judgment, the great council of that nation, to the peace, prosperity, and glory of which your Grace has already so essentially contributed; and I tender your Grace, now taking your seat in this House, in obedience to its commands, the thanks of the House in the words of its resolution:—

"'That the thanks of this House be given to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, on his return from his command abroad, for his eminent and unremitting service to his Majesty and to the public.'"

The Duke answered the address to the following effect:—

"My Lords,—I have to perform a duty to which I feel myself very inadequate, to return your lordships my thanks for the fresh mark of your approbation of my conduct, and of your favour.

"I assure your lordships that I am entirely overcome by the honours which have been conferred upon me, and by the favour with which I have been received in this country by the Prince Regent, by your lordships, and by the public.

"In truth, my lords, when I reflect upon the advantages which I enjoyed in the confidence reposed in me, and the support afforded by the Government, and by H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief, in the cordial assistance which I invariably received upon all occasions from my gallant friends, the general officers of the army, who are an honour to the country—the gallantry and discipline of the troops, and in the manner in which I was encouraged and excited to exertion by the protection and gracious favour of the Prince, I cannot but consider that, however great the difficulties with which I had to contend, the means to contend with them were equal to overcome them; and I am apprehensive that I shall not be found so deserving of your favour as I wish.

"If, however, my merit is not great, my gratitude is unbounded; and I can only assure your lordships that you will always find me

ready to serve his Majesty to the utmost of my ability in any capacity in which my services can be at all useful to this great country."

His Grace then retired to unrobe, re-entered the House, for a few minutes sitting on the extremity of one of the benches, and then took his departure for the evening.

Three days after this ceremonial, the House of Commons offered the Duke a similar tribute. In the middle of May the House, in consequence of a message from the Prince Regent intimating that he had conferred the rank and title of a Duke and a Marquis on Wellington, and recommending the grant to him of an annuity that would enable him to support the high dignity of the title, granted the sum of 400,000*l.*, *nemine dissentiente.* On the 27th of June the House of Commons resolved further to honour the Duke, by "paying him the highest tribute of respect and applause that it was possible to bestow on a subject—that of its thanks," accompanied by a deputation to congratulate him on his return to England. The Duke fixed upon the 1st of July to receive the compliment.

At about a quarter before five, says the precise *Annual Register*, the Speaker being dressed in his official robes, and the House being crowded with members, some of them in military and naval uniforms, and many in the Court dresses in which they had been attending the Speaker with an address to the Prince Regent on the peace, the House was acquainted that the Duke of Wellington was in waiting. His admission being resolved, and a chair being set for him on the left hand of the bar, towards the middle of the House, his Grace entered, making his obeisances, while all the members rose from their seats. The Speaker then informing him that a chair was placed for his repose, he sat down in it for some time covered, the Sergeant standing on his right hand with the mace grounded, and the members resumed their seats.

He then rose, and spoke, uncovered, to the following effect:—

"Mr. Speaker,—I was anxious to be permitted to attend this House, in order to return my thanks in person for the honour they have done me in deputing a committee of their members to congratulate me on my return to this country; and this, after the House had animated my exertions by their applause upon every occasion which appeared to merit their approbation, and after they had filled up the measure of their favours by conferring upon me, at the recommendation of the Prince Regent, the noblest gift that any subject had ever received.

"I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous in me to take this opportunity of expressing my admiration of the great efforts made by this House, and the country, at a moment of unexampled pressure and difficulty, in order to support the great scale of operations by which the contest was brought to so favourable a termination. By the wise policy of Parliament, the Government was enabled to give the necessary support to the operations which were carried on under my direction; and I was encouraged, by the confidence reposed in me by His Majesty's Ministers, and by the Commander-in-Chief, by the gracious favour of H.R.H. the Prince Regent, and by the reliance which I had on the support of my gallant friends, the general officers of the army, and on the bravery of the officers and troops, to carry out the operations in such a manner as to acquire for me those marks of the approbation of this House, for which I have now the honour to make my public acknowledgments.

"Sir, it is impossible for me to express the gratitude which I feel; I can only assure the House that I shall always be ready to serve His Majesty in any capacity in which my services can be deemed useful, with the same zeal for my country, which has already acquired for me the approbation of this House."

This speech was received with loud cheers, at the end of which the Speaker, who had sat covered during its delivery, rose, and thus addressed his Grace:—

"My Lord,—Since last I had the honour of addressing you from this place, a series of eventful years have elapsed, but none without some mark and note of your rising glory.

"The military triumphs which your valour has achieved upon the banks of the Douro and the Tagus, of the Ebro and the Garonne, have called forth the spontaneous shouts of admiring nations. Those triumphs it is needless on this day to recount. Their names have been written by your conquering sword in the annals of Europe, and we shall hand them down with exultation to our children's children.

"It is not, however, the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applause; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory; that moral courage and enduring fortitude, which, in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood, nevertheless, unshaken; and that ascendancy of character, which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival na-

tions, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires.

"For the repeated thanks and grants bestowed upon you by this House, in gratitude for your many and eminent services, you have thought fit this day to offer us your acknowledgments; but this nation well knows that it is still largely your debtor. It owes to you the proud satisfaction that, amidst the constellation of great and illustrious warriors who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader of our own, to whom all, by common acclamation, conceded the pre-eminence; and when the will of Heaven, and the common destinies of our nature, shall have swept away the present generation, you will have left your great name and example as an imperishable monument, exciting others to like deeds of glory, and serving at once to adorn, defend, and perpetuate the existence of this country among the ruling nations of the earth.

"It now remains only that we congratulate your Grace upon the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed, and we doubt not that the same splendid talents, so conspicuous in war, will maintain, with equal authority, firmness, and temper, our national honour and interests in peace."

His Grace then withdrew, making the same obeisances as when he entered; and all the members rising again, he was reconducted by the Serjeant to the door of the House. After he was gone, Lord Castlereagh moved, that what the Duke had said on returning thanks to the House, together with the Speaker's answer, be printed in the votes, which was agreed to, *nem. con.*

If the great captain had not shared in the feelings of indifference with which Coriolanus treated the homage of grateful Rome upon his return from Corioli, it must have been difficult for him to suppress some emotions of contempt when the Common Council of the City of London besought him to accept a banquet at the Guildhall. Only five years previously, the same Common Council, in the plenitude of its wisdom, had denounced the campaign in Spain and Portugal as useless, and freely censuring the victory at Talavera, petitioned the Prince Regent not to confirm the grant which the House of Commons, in the fulness of its gratitude, had made.[1] But the Duke of Wellington was in no mood to quarrel with the testimonials of applause the citizens were now eager to offer. Forgetting

[1] Home-bred Hannibals and civic Scipios now denounced his waiting, now deprecated his rashness. Even London's train-bands, redolent of Finchley, shot their goose-quill arrows at the warrior's reputation.—*Charles Phillips.*

and forgiving the folly suggested by ignorance, his Grace accepted the splendid hospitality of the City of London on the 9th July ; and from the profuseness of compliment emanating from the chief magistrate on that memorable occasion, it might have been imagined that there had never been but one opinion east of Temple Bar of the great public merits of the Duke ! Can it be a matter of surprise that, with such startling evidence before him of the unsubstantial character of popular applause, the Duke of Wellington should have acquired a lofty indifference to public opinion, and cultivated a resolution to seek no other guide than the dictates of his own conscience, and the will of his Sovereign? He had seen and felt the fluctuating character of the breath of the multitude, and garnered in his heart a manly scorn both of the praises and censures of the impulsive mob. While the civic council fawned upon the fortunate hero present, whom they had freely censured when absent and apparently unfortunate, the language put into the mouth of the proud Roman must have occurred to him :—

> "Trust ye?
> With every minute you do change a mind,
> And call him noble that was now your hate;
> Him vile that was your garland.
> He that trusts you
> Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
> Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
> Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
> Or loadstone in the sun. Your virtue is
> To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
> And curse that Justice did it. He that depends
> Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
> And hews down oaks with rushes."

Upon the occasion of the *fête* at Guildhall, a superb sword was presented to the Duke by the citizens of London, and the Chamberlain, in offering the gift, addressed the Duke in a speech of which the following extract has been preserved :—

"I am conscious, my lord, how inadequately I express the sense of my fellow-citizens of your Grace's merits—but they will recollect that, where I have failed, no one has succeeded—the most eloquent of the British senate, and the first authorities in the two Houses of Parliament, have confessed themselves unequal to the task. But ample justice will be done to your Grace by the world at large, who will frequently and attentively peruse, with admiration and delight, those inimitable despatches, which, like the Commentaries of Cæsar, will hand down with honour the name of their illustrious author to the latest posterity.

"Your Grace has been a chosen instrument in the hands of Providence during war. May you long enjoy in peace the love of your country, and the admiration of mankind! and, in the discharge of that honourable office to which his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, has recently appointed you, may you cement and perpetuate union and good-will between Great Britain and France, so essential to the peace and happiness of Europe!

"The citizens of London can never forget the many signal victories obtained by your Grace, in those regions which have been dignified by the triumphs of an Alexander, an Aurungzebe, and a Clive. By the exertions of your Grace, the British empire in India has been placed in a state of security, which promises felicity to millions in that country, and an extension of commerce to Great Britain. To enumerate the brilliant actions of your Grace in Europe, would require more time than the present occasion will permit, and would trespass too much upon your Grace's delicacy; but it is a truth which I cannot refrain from declaring, that during the war in Spain and Portugal, which terminated in the complete emancipation of those kingdoms, a more illustrious instance is not recorded in history, of the caution of Fabius, most happily combined with the celerity of Cæsar; and when your Grace had planted the British standard in the heart of the enemy's country, you gave a great example to the world of the practicability of that lesson which the great Roman poet taught his countrymen—

"'Parcere subjectos, et debellare superbos.'"

The noble Duke expressed his high sense of the honour conferred upon him by the city; and attributed the success of all his enterprises to the ability with which he was supported by his brother officers, and to the valour and discipline of his Majesty's forces and those of the allies. On receiving the sword, he with particular energy declared his readiness to employ it in the service of his Sovereign and his country, should it unfortunately happen that the general wish of the nations of Europe for a permanent peace should be disappointed, and that he should be again called upon to assist in the public cause.

On the 11th of July, the Duke of Wellington was sumptuously entertained by the Prince Regent, at a fête at Carlton Palace, at which Queen Charlotte was present; and soon afterwards he proceeded to Paris, to assume the duties of the embassy, to which he had been nominated officially on the 4th of the month.

CHAPTER XXII.

Discussions on Slavery—The Duke moves Louis XVIII. to procure its abolition—The Congress at Vienna—Lord Castlereagh.

Y the middle of the year 1814, the steady efforts of Wilberforce and Clarkson, continued through a long series of years, to procure the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies, and to annihilate the horrible slave traffic on the coast of Africa, had begun to operate upon the minds of the people of England, and the inertness of a quarter of a century was now succeeded by a passionate enthusiasm in favour of the abolition of the trade in human flesh. To such a pitch indeed was the public mind wrought upon the subject, that much discontent was engendered by the slave article in the treaty of peace signed at Paris. That clause gave the French five years' time to put an end to the traffic, and as other clauses restored to France many of the colonies in the West Indies and elsewhere, which depended in a measure for their prosperity on slave labour, it was expected that much suffering and misery would ensue from the measures which would be taken to supply these colonies. In the House of Lords and Commons, Lord Grenville and Mr. Wilberforce spoke warmly on the subject; and moved addresses to the Prince Regent, praying that he would use his influence with the French Government to procure a diminution of the period. They, and others of the Liberal party, were of opinion that the clause in the

Treaty of Peace should have stipulated for the immediate renunciation of the trade by France, instead of permitting its continuance for five years. But Lord Liverpool in one House, and Lord Castlereagh in the other, impressed upon the Anti-Slavery members that it was a great mistake, founded upon a misconception of the right of one nation to dictate a course of policy to another and an independent nation, to suppose that such a clause could have been insisted upon. Perseverance in a stipulation to which France was in no mood to assent would in all probability have interrupted, or totally stopped, the negotiations at Paris, and the war might have been continued. Was the country disposed to accept the alternative? A question not to be asked.

The result of the Parliamentary debates and the clamours of the Press was, that, although the British Government would not pledge itself to do more than refer the matter to the Congress about to be holden at Vienna, it was an instruction to the Duke of Wellington to press the subject upon the attention of the French Monarch; and, if possible, to procure a limitation of the period within which France had engaged to terminate the trade.

The Duke of Wellington communicated with Talleyrand, the Prince de Benevento, Prime Minister of France holding the direction of Foreign Affairs, and through his means sought an interview with the King, which was readily granted. At this interview Louis XVIII. went into the question with much intelligence and rationality. He expressed his willingness and his determination to fulfil the terms of the treaty; but in reference to the arguments in favour of the immediate abolition of the trade, His Majesty referred to the wishes and sentiments of his own people. "The opinions in France are by no means what they were in England upon this subject. Many years had elapsed and much discussion had taken place, and great pains had been taken by many individuals, and by societies, before the opinions in England had been brought to that state of unanimity upon this subject, in which they then were, and it could not be expected that opinion in France should immediately agree upon it." The Duke, however, elicited from the French government a promise that the navy should be employed to check the traffic on the coast of Africa, and that was all. The Government had not that support (in respect to the slave commerce at least) without which no government can or ought to proceed—the support of public opinion. There was no general knowledge in France of the horrors which for years had been so forcibly exhibited to the British community, and therefore no strong sympathy on the subject. On the contrary, all the

sympathy, all the prejudice, went the other way; for slavery was supposed to be necessary to the ends of commerce and the prosperity of the colonies. And there were not wanting writers in the West India interest who fed the popular antipathy to change; and they were listened to with the greater relish because they represented that England opposed slavery from motives of commercial jealousy alone, and a desire to monopolise all the profit of intercourse with the colonies. Amidst these difficulties, enhanced by the violence of the British press and its strictures upon the French people and the French authorities, the Duke of Wellington drew up a note regarding the trade, which was reserved for discussion by the Congress. Throughout, one point, interesting to the biographer of Wellington, was established. The Duke held the traffic in slaves in great horror, and used every effort which the best feelings of humanity could dictate to procure its overthrow.

The Congress assembled at Vienna on the 1st of November. According to the treaty of Paris, it was to have met two months after the signing of that document, but when business came to be discussed among the ministers of the several Powers, it was found that so much previous labor was requisite to bring the questions for determination to a due state of maturity, that an adjournment to the 1st of November, became unavoidable.

Lord Castlereagh, the brother of General Sir Charles Stewart,[1] proceeded to Vienna as the representative of British interests. The choice of this statesman was judicious. He was a man who thoroughly understood wherein the true welfare of this country lay in her relations with foreign countries. Possessed of a degree of personal and political courage bordering on heroism, he suffered no considerations to induce him to swerve from the diplomatic path chalked out by the cabinet of which he was a member. Of an elegant person and graceful manners, he won his way with the reserved and cautious; and by his manly bravery overawed the hostility of the stubborn. At Chantillon his brave deportment and impregnable resolution decided the allied sovereigns to push the war when all but the Emperor Alexander were disposed to come to terms with Napoleon. Even one of his greatest political opponents (Lord Brougham) has done justice to his intrepidity while criticising the faults of his oratory—which, to say the truth, was certainly very remarkable for "a nice derangement of epitaphs." "Lord Castlereagh," writes Lord Brougham, "had some qualities well fitted to conciliate favour, and even to provoke admiration, in the absence of everything like

[1] Afterwards Marquis of Londonderry.

eloquence. He was a bold and fearless man; the very courage with which he exposed himself unabashed to the most critical audience in the world, while incapable of uttering two sentences of anything but the meanest matter, in the most wretched language; the gallantry with which he faced the greatest difficulties of a question; the unflinching perseverance with which he went through a whole subject, leaving untouched not one of its points, whether he could grapple with it or no, and not one of the adverse arguments, however forcibly and felicitously they had been urged; neither daunted by recollecting the impression just made by his antagonist's brilliant display, nor damped by consciousness of the very rags in which he now presented himself—all this made him, upon the whole, rather a favourite with the audience whose patience he was taxing mercilessly, and whose gravity he ever and anon put to a very severe trial. Nor can any one have forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when, after being overwhelmed with the powerful fire of the Whig opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountain, or harassed by the splendid displays of Mr. Canning, their chosen leader stood forth, and presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure riband traversing a snow-white chest, and declared 'his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries had been bold and rash enough to advance.' Such he was in debate; in council he had far more resources. He possessed a considerable fund of plain sense, not to be misled by any refinement of speculation, or clouded by any fanciful notions. He went straight to his point; he was brave politically as well as personally. Of this his conduct on the Irish Union had given abundant proof; and nothing could be more just than the rebuke which, as connected with the topic of personal courage, we may recollect his administering to a great man who had passed the limits of parliamentary courtesy. 'Every one must be sensible,' he said, 'that if any personal quarrel were desired, any insulting language used publicly where it could not be met as it deserved, was the way to prevent and not to produce such a rencounter.' No one after that treated him with disrespect. The complaints made of his Irish administration were perfectly well-grounded as regarded the corruption of the Parliament by which he accomplished the Union; but they were entirely unfounded as regarded the cruelties practised during and after the rebellion. Far from partaking in the atrocities, he uniformly and strenuously set his face against them. He was of a cold temperament and

determined character, but not of a cruel disposition; and to him, more than perhaps to any one else, was owing the termination of the system stained with blood."

The subjects discussed by the Congress of Vienna were of a complicated and vexing character. The independence or otherwise of Saxony, Poland, and Italy particularly agitated the assembled kings and ministers. On the question of Poland, Lord Castlereagh was opposed to the plans of the Russian cabinet, and he did not restrain the expression of his dissatisfaction respecting the Polish *suzeraineté*, which the Emperor Alexander was desirous of reserving to himself. "There was a degree of steadiness, I may say of nobleness," writes M. Capefigue,[1] "in his private conferences with Alexander, in the midst of the splendid *salons* of Vienna, that was quite admirable. No aristocracy in Europe is more magnificient than that of England. Lady Castlereagh's parties at Vienna exceeded in splendour those even of the Emperor of Austria; while her ladyship, who was a woman of extraordinary abilities, afforded considerable assistance to the diplomatic proceedings of her husband."

The tendencies of the Congress were decidedly Russian, and there was every reason to fear that if a stand were not made against the Emperor's ambitious views, the effect of the new treaty of alliance would be to give to the Czar a preponderating power almost as fatal to the cause of liberty and the prosperity of British commerce as that which had recently been destroyed. When, therefore, Lord Castlereagh was recalled to England to take his place in Parliament at the beginning of 1815, it became necessary to select a person as his successor at Vienna, the influence of whose name and the firmness of whose character would be a guarantee for a perseverance in the policy which Lord Castlereagh had chalked out. The choice naturally fell upon the Duke of Wellington. He was not likely on any one point to yield, if concession compromised the interests of Great Britain.

The Duke promptly accepted the appointment. His position in France—in spite of the means at his disposal for lending splendour to the embassy—was not free from alloy. The King was unremitting in his kindness and condescension, and all the Bourbons delighted to render homage to the man who had so effectually fought their battles. But the feeling in France, generally, was that of repugnance to the English. Soult, as Minister of War, showed as much chivalrous courtesy to the British Ambassador as if he had not been chased from Oporto, baffled in the Pyrenees, and driven out of Toulouse;

[1] "Diplomatists of Europe." Edited by Major-General Monteith.

and the other Marshals who held power were by no means deficient in civilities. Still the people at large were dissatisfied. And it was not only on account of the presence of Englishmen who had taken the lead in conquering their veteran soldiers and experienced generals. Poverty was all but universal. The revolution had ruined the country, and the political institutions of France offered a bar to the accumulation of riches and power by any private families. Consequently every one sought public employment—not for the honour of the thing, but for the sake of obtaining the wherewithal of existence. Corresponding with his old friend Dumourier, the Duke took an accurate view of the state of France at this juncture. Bonaparte had left an army of a million of men in France. The King was unable to maintain a quarter of the number. All who were not employed were consequently discontented. Bonaparte governed, directly, one-half of Europe, and indirectly the other half. For reasons well understood, he employed an infinite number of persons in public offices; and all who had thus been entertained, whether in civil or military duties, had been discharged. To this numerous class were to be added a great many emigrants and others who had returned to France, all dying of hunger, and all seeking public employment, that they might live. Thus, more than three-quarters of French society not in government pay, or pursuing handicraft work, or labouring in the fields, were in a state of indigence, and therefore discontented.

All these circumstances combined to make the Duke desirous of a change of scene and occupation; and Vienna, besides supplying scope for his diplomatic talents, held out the promise of cheerful social intercourse amongst the first personages of Europe, in a city always remarkable for its elegant gaiety.

To Vienna the Duke of Wellington repaired.

It is time to advert to Napoleon Bonaparte, and the circumstances attending his departure for the island of Elba. That island Napoleon reached on the 3rd of May, the very day on which Louis XVIII. made his public entry into Paris. The Emperor—for he was suffered to retain the title—landed, as sovereign of the island, on the 4th of May, under a salute of 100 guns from the batteries of Porto Ferrajo.

Elba, which is situated between the Etrurian or Tuscan coast, from which it is separated by a channel twelve English miles in breadth, was added to the territory of France in August, 1802, by right of conquest. The island is covered with lofty mountains, which offer a rich and spontaneous vegetation of multifarious odoriferous plants

and shrubs. There are, however, a few extensive places, of which Lacona is the chief; and these are as remarkable for their fertility, under good agricultural management, as the mountains. In mineralogy, the island is likewise peculiarly rich. Nature appears to have heaped together all her treasures in this branch of produce. The island possesses mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, magnet, lead, sulphur, vitriol, and quarries of marble, granite, slate, and others. But it is from its iron mines that Elba draws the chief part of its wealth, and the residue is derived from the tunny fishery. The country is well watered by springs and brooks, which take their source in the mountains. The population at this time numbered about 12,000 souls, and their affairs were managed by an electoral assembly of sixty members.

Napoleon was received with every demonstration of joy. After the formalities of reception were at an end, he proceeded to take a survey of his diminutive empire, and, immediately discovering its deficiencies, applied his active mind and the resources at his disposal to their remedy. He caused new roads to be laid out; fortified the island of Rianosa, which had been left uninhabited on account of the frequent piratical descents from the coast of Barbary; built a house for his sister Pauline; constructed stables for 150 horses; a new lazaretto; stations for the tunny fishery; and buildings to facilitate the operations of the salt works at Porto Longone. He changed the name of the capital (Porto Ferrajo) to Cosmopoli, and hoisted a new national flag, which had a red band dexter charged with three bees in a white field. Towards the end of May, Cambronne arrived from France with some hundreds of volunteers from the Old Guard, and soon afterwards the Emperor's mother and sister Pauline joined him. A British officer, Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, was likewise dispatched to the island, with the appellation of a British commissioner; but, in reality, to keep up a sort of espionnage over the movements of Napoleon.

Elba became a place of great resort during the period of the Emperor's residence there. Numerous travellers, merchants, artizans, and others, continually visited the place—some attracted by curiosity—some by sympathy—many by the hope of advantage. Sir Walter Scott likens the island at this time to a great barrack filled with military, gens d'armes, refugees of all descriptions, expectants, dependants, domestics, and adventurers.[1] Nobles and ladies were also there, with statesmen, artists, warriors, and wealthy citizens. Never, says Bussey, was Elba so busy or so prosperous as during the

[1] "Life of Napoleon."

abode among its sea-beaten rocks of "the Emperor;" never did its ships traverse seas infested with Moorish pirates with so much impunity as while they were protected by the golden bees of Napoleon.

The revenues of Elba were, as may well be supposed, inadequate to meet the expenses which the Emperor had incurred in improving the island committed to his government. He depended, therefore, in a great measure, upon the pension assigned to him by the allies upon his abdication of the throne. This pension amounted to six millions of francs, chargeable on the great book of France, and should have been paid in advance. Unhappily, however, for the French government, this salutary proceeding was neglected. By the middle of summer, Napoleon found himself deficient of the means of carrying on all the improvements he had projected. The money he had brought from France was exhausted, and he had no other resources than the pension. He applied for it, and immediately adopted a system of retrenchment. The allowances of his retinue and the wages of the native miners were reduced. Part of the provisions laid up for his Guard were disposed of, together with a small park of artillery. Napoleon called upon the inhabitants for arrears of contributions, but they claimed exemption from pressure on this head on the ground of a want of a market for their wines. The troops of the Emperor were then quartered upon them, as a substitute for the enforcement of the contributions, and as an economical way of supporting an army; and the Emperor, mortified at a condition so entirely new to one who had for years kept the key of the treasury of France, shut himself up in his palace, and gave utterance to his discontent.

The want of good faith conspicuous in the French Government, short-sighted as it was, attracted the attention of Lord Castlereagh, and that acute minister, apprehending a world of danger from the neglect of Napoleon's remonstrances, appealed to the ministry of Louis XVIII. The reply which he received was, that Bonaparte had manifested a spirit of infraction of the treaty on his part by recruiting for his guards in Corsica and other places, and that Louis XVIII. had dispatched a person to Elba to afford him some pecuniary aid, but not to pay the entire stipend until a satisfactory explanation had been given of some specious points of his conduct. Whether these statements were true or false, Napoleon continued without his pension, and the idea of returning to France suggested itself to him, as the only means of terminating the misery of his situation — a misery increased by certain nervous apprehensions that some designs upon his life and liberty were meditated by the British Government.

A man had been appointed Governor of Corsica who had once threatened his existence, and the British Ministry had purchased St. Helena for the East India Company, with the apparent purpose of transferring Napoleon to the rock-bound prison.

To return to France without some prospect of being received with open arms by the inhabitants, would have been madness. The memory of his tyranny was too fresh to warrant the belief that his sudden re-appearance would be acceptable. It therefore became necessary to employ the agency of intrigue to feel the pulse of the multitude, and especially to ascertain the sentiments of the army in respect to the proposed resumption of power.

Happily for the project of Napoleon, the Bourbons had misruled France most wofully since their accession to power. The "good intentions" of the King were not sustained by a corresponding amount of wisdom. In lieu of conciliating the people who had been accustomed for twenty years to the institutions of the Republic and the Empire, by preserving what was good and introducing only those changes which affected few personal interests, the ministry of Louis,—composed chiefly of returned *emigrés* who claimed favour as the price of their loyalty,—completely disturbed every department of the government. The soldiers of Marengo, Austerlitz, Dresden, and Smolensko were either superseded by generals of the *ancienne noblesse* who had never seen a shot fired, or turned adrift with miserable stipends; the possessors of estates which had formerly belonged to royalists, were ejected and their property handed over to those in whose hands they were before the Revolution. Then the influence of the priesthood revived and was encouraged; the freedom of the press, guaranteed by the charter, was abrogated for a censorship as strict as any that had been in force during the government of Napoleon; the consolidated taxes, the promised abolition of which had been one of the strongest allurements of Bourbonism, were re-established in all their oppressive rigour; pensions to various classes were withheld on the ground of the necessity for a rigid economy; the Legion of Honour, so prized by the French, was degraded by distributions amongst the most despicable adherents of the Bourbons; stage-players were again declared excommunicated, and Christian burial refused to their remains;[1] and, by way of fixing upon

[1] Mademoiselle Raucour, a celebrated actress of the Théâtre Français, and a woman of respectable character, died at the age of sixty. Her corpse, attended by a train of carriages, and a large concourse of people of all ranks and descriptions, was brought for interment to the Church of St. Brigue. By the rigorous ordinances of the Romish worship, actors and actresses are in a state of excommunication. This, if strictly enforced, deprived them of the

the Revolution the deepest stigma of disgrace, the bones of Louis XVI. and his queen were pompously removed to St. Denis.

The effect of all these and other measures was to disgust and offend and alienate vast numbers of the French people. They began to sigh for the days when Napoleon, at once tolerant and despotic, gratified their passions while he trampled their true interests under foot. They felt that they had exchanged one stork for another, the gourmands differing only in the quality of their food. Soon it became bruited about that Napoleon was dissatisfied, wronged, and wished to be back among the people whose "grandeur" at any rate he had always promoted. The active agents in his interest while they disseminated the statement encouraged the expression of a reciprocal feeling, and, with an ingenuity truly French, they typified the Emperor and his advent in the spring by pictures of the violet,

benefits of Christian burial. Many years had passed since this barbarous exclusion had been practised, and, certainly, the attendants on the remains of this performer were little prepared for the disappointment which awaited them, when they found the gates of the church locked against them, and admission peremptorily refused. The dismay of the spectators was succeeded by universal indignation. An immense crowd began to assemble, and cries of fury and vengeance were heard in all the adjoining quarters of Paris. The Rue Saint Honoré, and every avenue within a quarter of a mile of the scene, were blocked up by the populace.

The church doors were broken open, but no priest appeared, and the most frightful disturbance was apprehended, nor was it supposed that the effects of the popular agitation would end with the cause which had produced it.

In the mean time, a message was sent to the King, supplicating his Majesty's interposition, for the sake of humanity, and for the public peace of the capital. An answer was immediately returned from the palace, that the affair belonged to the jurisdiction of the Church, and that the King could not intermeddle with the spiritual authorities.

The tumult increased, and the danger of some movement approaching to insurrection became every moment more visible, when a second deputation proceeded to the Tuilleries. At the same time a declaration was communicated to the Court, on the part of all the actors, actresses, and attendants on every theatre in Paris, that if the remains of Mademoiselle Raucour were not instantly admitted to the privileges of Christian sepulture, they would, in a body, read their recantation, and adopt the Lutheran or Calvanistic faith. The second message succeeded better than the first, and brought back an order from the King to the clergymen to receive the corpse, and read the funeral service. This was accepted by the multitude as a pledge of peace; long, loud, and reiterated shouts broke from more than twenty thousand people—"Vive le Roi! à bas les Calottes! à bas les Calotins! au diable les Calotins!" The ceremony was then performed, but with "maimed rites." The troops, instead of quelling the tumult, manifested a disposition to support the people. They were ordered not to permit more than a certain number of the followers of the funeral into the church, but they gave free admission to all. The church was crowded. The torches which had been prepared for an ensuing festival were lighted up, and the performers of the Opera and the principal theatres sung a solemn anthem on the occasion.

The disappointed did not fail to represent this as the commencement of the reign of superstition and bigotry. It was asserted that fanaticism had attained a powerful influence in the councils of the sovereign, and would rapidly bring back all the burdens of the priesthood, without the blessings of religion. These calumnies were too easily credited, and made an indelible and fatal impression.

which were dispersed over the kingdom accompanied by the significant notice, "*il reviendra avec le printemps.*" The intriguers established a species of fraternity, and the violet worn at the button-hole was the symbol of the commingled parties who now sank all other distinctive appellations in that of *Patriots.*

Time waned. The Bourbons, who, as Talleyrand, the epigrammatist, averred, "had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing" during their absence, took no heed of the indications which wiser men would have accepted as suggestive of precaution, and in the mean while Napoleon Bonaparte matured his plans for a return to France.

On the 26th of February, 1815, assembling his guards on the terrace in front of the castle of Cosmopoli, Napoleon announced to them his intended departure for France on that day. The announcement, not altogether unexpected, was received with enthusiasm. *Vive l' Empereur!* was shouted by a thousand voices, and the preparations for embarkation were made with such rapidity that by four o'clock on the afternoon of the same day, 400 of the Old Guard were embarked in the *Inconstant* brig; 200 light infantry, 100 Polish light horsemen, and a battalion of *flanquerus* were distributed among five smaller vessels. As night fell, Napoleon embarked, accompanied by Generals Bertrand and Drouet, and all sail was crowded for France.

Three days later Bonaparte landed at Cannes, near Fréjus, in the south of France. Proclamations, prepared on board the *Inconstant*, were immediately printed and distributed, and at the head of his handful of troops Napoleon moved towards Grenoble with marvellous speed. In two days he had marched twenty leagues, the people everywhere received him with acclamation.[1] The proclamations denounced Augereau and Marmont as the cause of the success of the allies, who, according to Napoleon, had been placed in a desperate situation by the victories he had personally achieved. He declared that he had exiled himself to serve the interests of the people, and now returned with the same view. He reconciled the French to disloyalty to the Bourbons by telling them that there was no nation, however small, which had not the right to withdraw from the dishonour of obeying a prince imposed by an enemy in the moment of victory; and he appealed to their prejudices against a dynasty which held power through foreign favour, by telling them

[1] "Once fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
Taking towns at his liking, and crowns at his leisure,
From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
Making *balls for* the ladies, and *bows to* his foes."—Byron.

that "when Charles VII. re-entered Paris and overthrew the ephemeral throne of Henry V., he won his sceptre by the valour of his followers, and held it not *by permission of a Prince Regent of England!*"

To the soldiers he addressed Proclamations of a still more exciting kind:—

"Soldiers!" exclaimed he, "we have not been vanquished. Two men, sprung from our ranks, betrayed our laurels, their country, their Prince, their benefactor. Those whom we have seen for twenty-five years traversing all Europe to raise enemies against us, who have passed their lives in fighting against us in the ranks of foreign armies, and in venting execrations on our beautiful France; shall they who have been unable to sustain our troops, pretend to command or enchain our eagles? Shall we suffer them to inherit the fruits of our glorious toils; to rob us of our honours, our fortunes, and to calumniate our glory? If their reign were to continue, all would be lost, even the memory of our immortal achievements; with what fury do they misrepresent our actions! They seek to tarnish what the world admires; and if they still remain defenders of our glory, they are to be found among the very enemies whom we have defeated on the field of battle.

"Soldiers! In my exile, I have heard your voice. I have returned in spite of all obstacles and dangers. Your general, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and raised on your shields, is restored to you, come and join him. Cast down those colours which the nation has proscribed, and which, during twenty-five years, served as a rallying point to all the enemies of France. Mount again the tri-colour! You wore it in the days of our greatness! It is our duty to forget that we have been the masters of nations; but we ought to suffer no foreign interference in our affairs. Who can pretend to be our masters? who has power to become so? Resume those eagles which you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Friedland, at Zudila, at Echmukl, at Essling, at Wagram, at Smolensk, at the Moskwa, at Lutzen, at Wurchen, and at Montmirail! Think you that the handful of French, at present so arrogant, will have courage to meet our troops? Let them return whence they came; and then, if they will, they may reign as they pretend to have reigned for nineteen years.

"Your fortunes, your honours, your glory—the fortunes, honours, and glory of your children, have no greater foes than the Princes imposed on you by foreigners. They are the enemies of our glory; since the recital of the heroic deeds by which the French name has

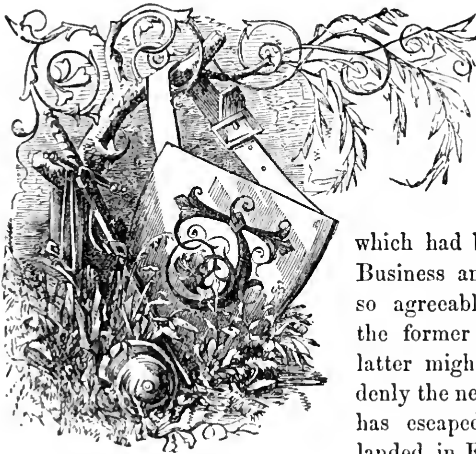
been rendered illustrious—performed in order to escape from tyrannic misrule—is their condemnation. The veterans of the armies of the Sambre and Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the West, and of the Grand Army, are humiliated. Their honourable scars are disgraced. Their successes would be crimes, the brave would be rebels, if, as the enemies of the people pretend, the legitimate sovereigns were always in the midst of the foreign armies. Honours, recompences, and favours are reserved for those who have served against the country and against us.

"Soldiers! come and range yourselves under the banners of your chief. His existence is identified with yours; his rights are yours and those of the people; his interest, his honour, his glory are your interest, honour, and glory. Victory shall march at the charging step; the eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple till it alights on the towers of Notre Dame. Then you will be able to show your scars with honour; then you may boast of what you have done. You will be the liberators of the country. In your old age, surrounded and honoured by your fellow-citizens, they will listen with respect while you recount your high deeds; while you exclaim with pride, 'And I also was one of that grand army which twice entered within the walls of Vienna, within those of Rome, of Berlin, of Madrid, of Lisbon, of Moscow; and which delivered Paris from the stain imprinted upon it by treason and the presence of the enemy.' Honour to those brave soldiers—the glory of their country! and eternal infamy to the French criminals, in whatever rank they were born, who, for twenty-five years, fought beside foreigners, tearing open the bosom of their country!"

These proclamations at once rekindled the enthusiasm of the army and the people, and one universal cry of "welcome!" assured Napoleon that he was still master of France.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The news of Napoleon's arrival in France received by the Congress at Vienna—Project for meeting the new invasion—The Duke's plan of fortifying the Netherlands.



HE Congress still sat at Vienna. The most voluptuous capital in Europe had attractions for Sovereigns and Ministers alike, and they lazily discussed the questions which had brought them together. Business and pleasure had formed so agreeable a partnership, that the former was delayed that the latter might be prolonged. Suddenly the news arrives—"Napoleon has escaped from Elba, and has landed in France!" A bombshell exploding in the council-chamber could not have produced a greater consternation. The Emperor Alexander grinds his teeth—the lips of Frederic William of Prussia blanch and quiver—Talleyrand mutters an epigram—the pulse of Metternich of Austria throbs violently. The Duke of Wellington rises, and calmly turning to Talleyrand, exclaims—"Remember, Monsieur de Talleyrand, I am the soldier of the King."

What was now to be done? Here was an occurrence which threatened again to complicate the affairs of Europe, and throw back the Congress upon its starting point. No questions now of readjust-

ments and partitions—of freedom here and dependence there. The "new Sesostris" had reappeared—he

> "Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
> Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones."

All thoughts were now, and instantaneously, to converge towards one point; and that point, the certain means of crushing at once, and for ever, the daring fugitive from Elba. The delegates of distant governments did not feel at liberty immediately to decide upon the course to be taken;—references were therefore made to the principals; but by the 25th of March, 1815, a course had been settled, and a treaty was concluded by which Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain renewed their engagement to defend the restored order of affairs in Europe, and specifically to maintain the conditions of the treaty of Paris in May, 1814, and those of the Congress, against any attacks, and especially against the projects of Napoleon Bonaparte. To this end they bound themselves each to have constantly in the field 150,000 men complete; and not to lay down their arms but in concurrence with each other, nor until the object of the war should be accomplished, and Bonaparte deprived of the power of exciting disturbances, and of renewing his attempts to obtain the chief power in France.

The manner in which the allies contemplated carrying out this design was to form a perfect line of troops from the channel to the Mediterranean; and, at a time to be afterwards determined upon, to pour the whole of this vast army into the plains of France. Not a moment was lost in giving substantial effect to the magnificent scheme. The Emperor of Russia, with characteristic promptitude, called the resources of his mighty empire—which, with amazing elasticity, had recovered the shock of 1812—into play, and his quota of troops was in less than a fortnight prepared to take its part in the operations to the south of the Prussian line. To England was assigned the task of occupying the country nearest to the Channel, and for every man less than the stipulated number it was her part of the compact to supply, she engaged to pay a given sum. At this time there was a considerable body of troops, British, Hanoverian, Dutch, and Belgic, in the occupation of the Low Countries; for, at the Congress of Vienna, the seventeen provinces had been united under one government, and the numerous strong places of the country were garrisoned, to form a protection to Holland and Belgium against the arms and the influence of France. In the month of September, 1814,

when on his way to Paris to assume the duties of the embassy, the Duke of Wellington had taken a survey of the Netherlands, with a view to the establishment of a system of defence against possible French aggression. He found that there was no situation in the country which afforded any advantages to be taken up as a fortress, or which covered or protected any extent of country; and no situation to which the enemy could not have easy access both by land and by water for the artillery and stores necessary to attack it. He likewise perceived (what could escape his eagle glance?) that if any place were fortified, the enemy could pass it without risk; as, in case of being defeated and obliged to retire, he could not fail to find innumerable roads which would lead him to some one or other of the strong places on the French frontier. He therefore recommended that the country should be fortified upon the old principle, all the old situations being adhered to, and the old sites, with modern improvements on the flanks, in every instance be followed. The advice was adopted. The right line of the Scheldt to the sea was thus made so strong as, with the aid of inundation, to be quite secure when well garrisoned, leaving the armies disposable for operations to the left. The Duke did not go very deeply into the subject of the positions which it might be advisable for disposable armies allotted to the defence of the Netherlands to take up; but on a cursory view of the topography of the country, he came to the remarkable conclusion—the soundness of which was singularly justified by after events—that the entrance to the forest of Soignies by the high road which leads to Brussels from Benit, Charleroi, and Namur, would, if worked upon, afford an advantageous position.

The Congress of Vienna broke up; but not until it had published a declaration to the world of the sentiments and intentions—as regarded Napoleon—of the allied powers of Austria, Russia, Prussia, Sweden, France, Spain, Portugal, and England. This declaration proclaimed that Napoleon had destroyed the only legal title on which his existence depended; that he had, by appearing in France with projects of confusion and disorder, deprived himself of the protection of the law, and had manifested to the universe that there could be neither peace nor truce with him. He was therefore declared beyond the pale of civil and social relations, and liable to public *vengeance.*[1]

[1] The words used in the French copy of the Declaration were *vindicte publique*, which the Duke of Wellington contended meant *public justice*, and *not* vengeance. The phrase was much canvassed in Europe, demonstrating the value of the opinion of the late Duke of Sussex, that all treaties should be drawn up in Latin.

The allies further declared that they were resolved to maintain entire the treaty of Paris of May, 1814, and would employ all their means and unite all their efforts to prevent the disturbance of the general peace. Although entirely persuaded that all France, rallying round its legitimate Sovereign, would immediately annihilate what they called the "attempt of a criminal and impotent delirium," the Sovereigns declared that if, contrary to all calculations, any real danger should arise, they would be ready to give to the French King and nation, or any other government that should be attacked, all the assistance requisite to the restoration of public tranquillity.

The British Parliament was sitting at the moment of Napoleon's return to France. But no measure could be brought before it in reference to him until communications had been held with the allied powers, and the effect of Napoleon's attempt to regain the crown had been ascertained. Early in April, all doubts being at an end, the ministry announced that by a convention with the allied powers, his Britannic Majesty had engaged to furnish a subsidy of five millions sterling, to be divided in equal portions amongst those powers which could not be expected to supply 150,000 men for the new service that might be required of them. Austria, Russia, and Prussia had between them 750,000 men under arms; but England and Holland could only supply 50,000 each, and the states of Germany 150,000. Some little opposition to this was offered by Burdett, Whitbread, the Marquis of Wellesley, and others, on the ground that we had no business to interfere in the affairs of France, and that Napoleon had not been sufficiently watched at Elba; but, as usual, the "ayes" carried their point triumphantly.

On the 4th of April Bonaparte had resumed the government of France. Aware of the insecurity of his position, he began by attempting the game of conciliation; and therefore, through Caulaincourt, addressed letters to the Prince Regent of England, the Emperor of Austria, &c.; the letters were either returned or left unanswered. In a letter from Lord Clancarty, the British representative at Vienna, it was stated, in reference to the overtures made through Caulaincourt, that, in this war, the allied powers did not desire to interfere with any legitimate right of the French people: they had no design to oppose the claim of that nation to chose their own form of government, or an intention to trench in any respect upon their independence as a great and free people; but they considered they had a right, and that of the highest nature, to contend against the re-establishment of an individual at the head of the French government "whose past conduct had invariably demonstrated that in such

a situation he would not suffer other nations to be at peace,—whose restless ambition,—whose thirst for foreign conquest—and whose disregard for the rights and independence of other states must expose the whole of Europe to renewed scenes of plunder and devastation."

On the 12th of March, the Duke of Wellington had written from Vienna to Lord Castlereagh :—

"I now recommend to you to put all your force in the Netherlands at the disposal of the King of France; *I will go and join it if you like it, or do anything else that government choose.*"

Could it be doubted which way the wishes of the government would tend at this imminent crisis? Was it possible that any other soldier living could be expected to cope with the terrible warrior who had embarked in the most desperate enterprise of a life of enterprises? What name could have given confidence to Europe at this juncture, or warned Napoleon of the dangers of the precipice on whose brink he stood but that which had become identified, throughout the civilised world, with victory—and all that led to victory—with truth, with honour, with justice, mercy, magnanimity, patience, foresight, constancy, and valour? Ransack the page of history for bright names—invoke the spirits of Cæsar and Hannibal, of Scipio and Alexander,—weigh them—conjure with them—none could "start a spirit" as soon as WELLINGTON.

The offer of the Duke was accepted joyfully, and on the 11th of April he was appointed to command the armies of the Netherlands.

Our history has reached a point at which repose is necessary. We have humbly followed the incomparable chief through the swamps of Holland—the plains of India—the mountains and valleys of Portugal and Spain—and the fair fields of France. We have tracked his steps, sympathised with his vexations, disappointments, and sorrows, gloried in his hard-worn triumphs, and rejoiced in his honours. Let us breathe awhile, ere, accompanying him to Belgium, we behold Napoleon prostrate at his feet.

APPENDIX, No. I.

ON THE SPANISH ARMY (See page 231.)

TO SENOR DON ANDRES ANGEL DE LA VEGA, INFANZON.

"FRENADA, 3rd *April*, 1813.

"BEFORE I accepted the command of the Spanish armies and went to Cadiz, I wrote a letter to the late Regency, on the 4th of December, in which I apprised them of my opinion of the state of the armies, of the difficulty which I should find in exercising the command, and of the powers with which it was necessary that the Government should intrust me; and after I went to Cadiz I wrote them a second letter on the subject, on the 25th of December, in which I explained, and again urged them to agree to what I had proposed in my first letter of the 4th of December; and, after repeated discussions, they did fully agree to these proposals of mine, in a letter from the Minister at War, of the 1st of January. My object in proposing these measures was to place the armies of Spain on the same footing of subordination and discipline with the other armies of Europe, and to preclude all chance of the continuance of those intrigues, by applications to the Government which had brought the army to the state in which I found it.

"I could have no object, or wish of ambition, personal to myself. There are not ten officers in the army whom I know even by sight. I can have no feeling for any but the public interest, connected as it is with the discipline of the army.

"Another proof that I can have no object of that description, is to be found in my letter to the Government, of the 27th of December, in which I proposed that the Captains-General of the different armies,

and not myself, should be the Captains-General of the provinces allotted for their support; and that in their hands should be vested all the power which the military were to have in the country.

"I am sorry to have to inform you, that whatever my views may have been, they have been entirely frustrated by the departnre of the Government from every article of their engagements with me, as sanctioned by their letter of the 1st of January.

"First, they have removed officers from their stations, and have placed them in others, without any recommendation from me, or any other superior officer; and without even acquainting me, or the superiors of those officers, that they have made such arrangements.

"Secondly, they have appointed officers to stations without my recommendation, or that of any other superior officer; and have given them assurances that they should remain in those stations, contrary to their engagements with me; and to the Royal *Ordenanzas*, by which the powers and responsibility of the Captains-General of the provinces are regulated.

"Thirdly, they have without my recommendation, or sending through me their orders, and even without acquainting me with their intentions, moved corps of cavalry and infantry from the army to which they belonged to other stations, and this without any reason, that I am acquainted with, of a public nature. By this last measure the greatest inconvenience and confusion has been produced.

"I had proposed, and the Government had consented to, a reform of the cavalry; and they had ordered that it should be carried into execution. I sent orders in consequence, and I might have hoped that the armies would have had a tolerably well-organized cavalry by the commencement of the campaign. Instead of that, I find that the Government have likewise sent orders to the same corps, different from those which I had sent; and I am informed, but not by the Minister at War, that the cavalry which I had destined to form part of the army of Galicia, at the opening of the campaign in May, had been ordered, some of it on the 6th of February, and others on the 6th of March, without my knowledge, to the Isla de Leon, there to join a cavalry depôt which had been formed at that station, likewise without my knowledge. Another corps of cavalry, ordered by me to Alicante, to receive its clothing and horse appointments at Alicante, has been ordered by the Minister at War in the province of Seville.

"I have frequently remonstrated upon these breaches of agreement with me, and on the evils likely to result from them; but I have hitherto been unable to obtain from the Government any satisfactory

reply, whether they intended to conform to their agreement with me or not.

"To this statement add, that owing to the delays of the Government in issuing the orders to the financial department in the provinces, to carry into execution the measures decreed by the Cortes, and arranged with me to provide for the support of the armies, that branch of the service is in the same confusion as it was in the end of last year. All the armies are in the greatest distress, for want of pay and provisions; nothing can be realised, even from those provinces which have been longest freed from the enemy; and the expectations of the country, and of the allies, that we should have a good Spanish army in this campaign, will certainly be disappointed.

"I am fully alive to the importance which has been attached throughout Spain, as well as in England and in other parts of Europe, to the circumstance of my having been intrusted with the command of the Spanish armies; and the officers of the Spanish staff who are here with me, will, I am convinced, do justice to the interest, the devotion, and diligence with which I have laboured to place the military affairs of the country in the state in which they ought to be. But I have a character to lose; and in proportion as expectation has been raised by my appointment, will be the extent of the disappointment and regret at finding that things are no better than they were before.

"I confess that I do not feel inclined to become the object of these disagreeable sensations, either in Spain, in England, or throughout Europe; and unless some measures can be adopted to prevail upon the Government to force the Minister at War to perform the engagements of the Government with me, I must, however unwillingly, resign a situation and trust which I should not have accepted if these engagements had not been entered into, and I had not believed that they would have been adhered to.

"I have written you this long story, because I believe you were principally instrumental in producing the unanimous votes of the Cortes, that the command of the army should be conferred upon me; and I wish you to communicate this letter to Señor Argüelles and the Conde de Toreno; and to Señor Ciscar, who, I believe, was the person who first moved the subject in the Cortes. I wish them to call for all my letters to the Minister at War and his answers, from the 1st of December last to the present day; and they will learn from them the exact state of the case; and will be able to judge whether any, and what measures ought to be adopted. But I must tell you that, whatever may be their opinion regarding the measures to be

adopted by the Cortes on this subject, I must reserve to myself the power of acting according to my own judgment; and if the agreement made with me, or something substantially the same, is not adhered to by the Regency, I must resign my situation.

"I have now to tell you, that I propose to take the field at the head of the Allied British and Portuguese army, as soon as the rain shall have fallen, and the appearance of the green forage will enable me to support the cavalry of the army; but I am sorry to tell you, that, owing to the measures which are the subject of this letter, I do not believe that a single Spanish soldier will be able to take the field till after the harvest."

APPENDIX, NO II.

ON THE PORTUGUESE ARMY (See page 231).

TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE REGENT OF PORTUGAL.

"Frenada, 12*th April*, 1813.

"I request permission to call the attention of your Royal Highness to the state of your troops, and of all your establishments, in consequence of the great arrear of pay which is due to them.

"According to the last statements which I have received, pay is due to the army of operations from the end of last September; to the troops of the line in garrison, from the month of June; and to the militia, from February. The transports of the army have never, I believe received any regular payment; and none whatever since June, 1812. The honour of your Royal Highness's arms may perhaps suffer greatly by these evils; and I have repeatedly called, but in vain, the attention of the Governors of the kingdom to this subject.

"I am now on the point of opening a new campaign with your Royal Highness's army, to which pay is due for a greater space of time than when the last campaign was concluded; although the subsidy from Great Britain has been hitherto regularly paid, granted especially for the payment and maintenance of a certain body of troops; and even although it has been proved within the last three months, that the revenue of the state has produced a sum nearer a

third than a fourth larger than in any other three months during the whole time I have been *au fait* of this matter.

"The serious consequences which may probably result from the backwardness of these payments, affecting as much the honour of your Royal Highness's arms, as the cause of the allies; and the uniform refusal of the Governors of the kingdom to attend to any one of the measures which I have recommended, either for temporary or permanent relief, have at last obliged me to go into your Royal Highness's presence, for the purpose of stating the result of the measures which I have recommended to the Governors of the kingdom for the reform of the Custom-house, which measures have not yet been carried into full effect, in consequence of the opposition they encounter from the Chief of the Treasury; although the Governors ought to have been convinced there was room for the suggestion of improvements in the several branches of the public administration of the kingdom of Portugal. But I cannot prevail against the influence of the chief of the Treasury; this is what induces me to lay this *exposé* before your Royal Highness.

"In order to improve the resources and means of the kingdom, I have recommended the adoption of some method by which the taxes might be actually and really collected, and the merchants and capitalists really pay the tenth of their annual profits as an extraordinary contribution for the war; the effects of this system being first tried in the great cities of Lisbon and Oporto.

"I can declare that no one knows better than I do the sacrifices which have been made, and the sufferings which have been experienced by your Royal Highness's faithful subjects during the war; for there is no one who has seen more of the country, or who, for the last four years, has lived so much among the people.

"It is a fact, Sir, that the great cities, and even some of the smallest places of the kingdom, have gained by the war; the mercantile class generally has enriched itself by the great disbursements which the army makes in money; and there are individuals at Lisbon and Oporto who have amassed immense sums. The credit of your Royal Highness's Government is not in a state to be able to derive resources from these capitals, owing to remote as also to present circumstances; and it can obtain advantage only through the means of taxes. The fact is not denied, that the tributes regularly established at Lisbon and Oporto, as also the contribution of ten per cent. upon the profits of the mercantile class, are not really paid to the state; nor is it denied that the measures which I have proposed would, if efficaciously carried into execution in the above-mentioned

cities, furnish the Government with great pecuniary resources. It remains for the Government, therefore, to explain to your Royal Highness the reasons why it has not put them in practice, or some other expedient which might render the revenue of the State equal to its expenses.

"All I have stated to your Royal Highness respecting the arrear of payment to the troops is equally undeniable. The only motive to which I can attribute the Government not having adopted the measures aforesaid, is the fear that they might not be popular; but the knowledge I have of the good sense and loyalty of your Royal Highness's subjects, the reliance I place therein, and my zeal for the cause in which your Royal Highness is engaged with your allies, induce me to offer myself, not only as responsible for the happy issue of the measures which I have recommended, but to take upon myself all the odium which they might create. I have, nevertheless, not been able to overcome the influence of the Treasury.

"Another measure which I recommended, was the entire abolition of the *Junta de Viveres*, to put an end to a monthly expense of nearly fifty *contos* of *reis*, caused by the Junta, under the plea of paying their old debts. Never was any Sovereign in the world so ill served as your Royal Highness has been by the *Junta de Viveres;* and I do not think I have rendered a greater service to your Royal Highness than that which I did in soliciting that it might be abolished.

"However, after its abolition, under the specious pretext of paying its debts, it has received monthly from the Treasury, a little more or less, fifty *contos* of *reis.* It cannot be doubted that the *Junta de Viveres* is very much in debt; and it is of great importance to your Royal Highness's Government that some method of arranging and paying these debts should be adopted. But I request that your Royal Highness will order the Governors of the kingdom to let your Royal Highness see in detail the manner in which the above-mentioned fifty *contos* of *reis*, granted monthly, have been applied.

"Have all the accounts of the *Junta de Viveres* been called in and liquidated? Who has performed this operation? To what sum does their debt amount? Has it been classified? Finally, have measures been adopted to know with certainty how much is really due to those to whom something has already been paid upon account of their debt? Is my part of the fifty *contos* of *reis*, which are issued for many months by the Treasury, applied to the payment of the salaries of the members of the *Junta de Viveres*, abolished, I believe, by your Royal Highness's orders?

"I request that your Royal Highhess will command that an

answer be given to each of the questions aforesaid, which will enable your Royal Highness to see the state of these transactions.

"But admitting that it be convenient to pay at this time the debts of the *Junta de Viveres*, it would be almost superfluous to propose the question, whether it be more important to pay those debts, or to pay the army which has to defend your Royal Highness's kingdom and Government; and, to protect the honour and property of your Royal Highness's subjects, and everything most dear to them in life; without which, nothing could escape destruction. This army will neither be able nor willing to fight, if it be not paid.

"Another measure which I have lately recommended, as a remedy capable of putting the Government in a condition to pay the army of operations for some time, in the same manner and to the same period to which their comrades in the British army are paid, is, that there be taken out of the hands of all the collectors of the revenue of the State the balances which they may owe to the royal Treasury.

"My attention was called to this subject by a communication made to me by a military officer in the province of Trasos Montes, relating to a large sum of money in the hands of the collector of the revenue at Braganza, at the time when the enemy made movements towards the Esla; and having inquired into this mattter, I found that, according to the manner in which the Treasury manages its transactions, every one of the collectors of the revenue of the State has always in his possession the amount of the revenue he has received in the space of a month.

"I recommended that the collectors should be obliged to deliver in, every fifteen days, whatever they had received; but I have not been able to accomplish it.

"Your Royal Highness has frequently deigned to make known to the Governors of the kingdom your royal desire that they should attend to my advice, and they have as frequently assured your Royal Highness that they give it every attention.

"I can assure your Royal Highness, that when I devote myself to the labour of taking into consideration the affairs of the State, and giving my opinion upon them to the Governors of the kingdom, I have no object in doing so, excepting the interest I feel in the good of the nation, and the honour and prosperity of your Royal Highness; and I am not in any degree induced to do so from objects of personal interest, for none can I have relatively to Portugal; nor can I have any with regard to individuals, for not having any relations, and being almost unacquainted with those who direct, or would wish to direct, the affairs of your Royal Highness.

"Although the measures which I have hitherto recommended, and which have at last been adopted—such as the payment of the interest upon the national debt in paper currency, the reform of the custom houses, the establishment of a military chest, and others which it is unnecessary to mention—have answered the ends of their adoption; and perhaps I might say, that other measures which I could propose, would have similar results; yet I am ready to allow that I may perhaps deceive myself. Nevertheless, I request with great earnestness that your Royal Highness will deign to be persuaded that the motives which induce me to recommend these measures, and to appeal against the chief of the Treasury, are founded upon my wishes to promote and forward the benevolent intentions of your Royal Highness, as well as the best results to the cause in which your Royal Highness is engaged.

"I venture to express again, in the most decided manner, my very ardent wish that your Royal Highness will be pleased to return to your kingdom, to take charge of its government; which not only myself, but all your Royal Highness's faithful subjects, desire with the greatest anxiety.

"May God preserve your Royal Highness many years!"

APPENDIX, No. III.

THE CONTINENTAL PYRENEES, (See page 262).

They extend in a line of 224 miles from Cape Creux as far as Cape Figuier. Their greatest breadth, which is towards the middle of this line, is about 75 miles. They do not form one single straight line, but are composed of two nearly parallel lines about 20 miles apart from each other, and united at the middle of their mass by some mountains which bend round at nearly right angles with the general direction. Their vertical arrangement resembles somewhat that of an amphitheatre whose several terraces, or steps, rise from 1968 to 11,156 feet. They sink down by successive declivities towards the ocean and the Mediterranean, but the depression is not equally

sensible at the two extremities: in the eastern portion the chain which had regularly decreased in elevation suddenly rises again for 25 miles, and then sinks abruptly into the Mediterranean.

The principal mass of the Pyrenees is arid, rocky, precipitous and covered with snow and ice; but its spurs, being much less elevated, form smiling and fertile valleys. These spurs are detached nearly at right angles; those on the south, although longer than those on the north, have, notwithstanding, the steeper slope. Some of them are very considerable, and reach to the Ebro, which they impede in its course. The most remarkable and the longest of them runs between the Sègre and the Llobregat, like a long wall, parallel with the coast, and proceeds to join, upon the Ebro, the last hillocks of the Sierra Penagolosa. The highest part of the Pyrenees occurs near the middle of the chain, its average elevation being about 9184 feet. The lowest portion of this chain are its two extremities, which decrease in altitude to 2624 feet, and even to 1968 feet. The limit of perpetual snow is here at 8858 feet. The culminating points do not belong to the main ridge, but are found upon the southern spurs; they are the peak of Malladetta, 11,168 feet in height. The Pyrenees are interesting not only from their elevation and their mass, but still more so by reason of their natural riches, their picturesque beauty, their historical associations, their active and intelligent population, and finally, from their position between two powerful states, to both of which they form a protecting rampart. The passes formed by the depressions of this chain are very numerous, but very difficult; and the greater number of them are impracticable for carriages. We may note in the Western Pyrenees, that is to say, from the Gorge of Goritty to the sources of the Adour and the Cinco:—

1. The road from Pampeluna to Bayonne, passing first by the Gorge of Belatte, in the great chain, and afterwards by the Gorge of Maya, in the ridge into Bidassoa and Nivelle; it is a bad one, but important on account of the valley of Bastan, which it traverses by the way of Ellisondo. The two passes belong to Spain, and the road does not reach the French frontier until it touches the Nivelle.

2. The road from Pampeluna by Zubiri, the Gorge of the Alludes and the valley of Baigorry, to Saint Jean Pied-de-Port; it is exceedingly bad, passing through frightful gorges.

3. The route from Pampeluna passes Roncesvalles, the Gorge of Ibagnetta (at a height of 5771 feet), and Orisson, to Saint Jean Pied-de-Port. This is a better road than the preceding, but runs

from Roncesvalles as far as Orisson along the crest of the mountains: it was followed in the campaign of 1813.

4. From Jaca by the pass of Canfranc to Oléron. In the Central Pyrenees, that is to say, from the sources of the Adour and of the Cinca, to those of the Ariége and the Sègre, we meet nothing but mere footpaths impracticable for armies, and which are scarcely travelled even by smugglers. The principal of these are:—1, that from Venasque to Saint Gaudens; and 2, that from Rialp to Saint Gaudens. In the Eastern Pyrenees, that is from the sources of the Ariége and of the Sègre to the Mediterranean, there are:—

1. The road from Urgel to Perpignan by Puycerda, the Gorge of la Perche, and Montlouis; it has many defiles.

2. The road from Campredon to Perpignan, by Pratz-de-Mollo and the Boulon.

3. The road from Figuières to Perpignan, by the Junquera, the Gorge of Pertus, the Fort of Bellegarde, and the Boulon: this is the great eastern high road.

The two first-mentioned roads turn the third in skirting along the Tesh and the Tet, the first lines of defence of France. Communication in a direction parallel with the crest of the chain is impossible, by reason of the breadth of the spurs. The nearest road on the southern face is that which runs from Pampeluna by Balbostro and Lerida to Barcelona.

The invasion of Spain cannot therefore be effected on a continuous line; and as the want of roads prevents the country from being entered by the middle of the chain, an invading army can only advance by the great western and eastern roads. That on the west appears to be the easier of the two, because there are fewer fortified places upon it; but the aggressor has upon his flank the maritime Pyrenees, from whence he may be shut up in the defiles of the Ebro. On the east there is a quadruple line of fortresses, covered by winding streams, and by a large river; and by this road only the regions bordering on the Mediterranean are reached; it does not lead to the centre of the Peninsula. It would be an act of the greatest imprudence to endeavour to penetrate by both these roads at once, for they do not converge, and are separated by large expanses of territory, and by natural obstacles of every description. An invader, therefore, must advance by the one, and be satisfied with observing the other. It is impossible to penetrate by the middle of the chain in the present state of the passes. Napoleon dared not attempt it, but he entertained the project of levelling the Pyrenees by excavating a great road through the middle of them. If this were affected, then,

indeed, an invading army might enter directly, by the centre, upon Saragossa; and two detached corps would suffice to observe the fortresses of the east and the west. (*Lavallée.*)

APPENDIX, No. IV.

(See page 269.)

TO EARL BATHURST.

LESACA, 8*th August*, 1813.

"IT is a very common error, among those unacquainted with military affairs, to believe that there are no limits to military success. After having driven the French from the frontiers of Portugal and Madrid to the frontiers of France, it is generally expected that we shall immediately invade France; and some even expect that we shall be at Paris in a month. None appear to have taken a correct view of our situation on the frontier, of which the enemy still possess all the strongholds within Spain itself; of which strongholds, or at least some of them, we must get possession before the season closes, or we shall have no communication whatever with the interior of Spain. Then in France, on the same great communications, there are other strongholds, of which we must likewise get possession.

"An army which has made such marches, and has fought such battles, as that under my command has, is necessarily much deteriorated. Independently of the actual loss of numbers by death, wounds, and sickness, many men and officers are out of the ranks for various causes. The equipment of the army, their ammunition, the soldiers' shoes, &c., require renewal; the magazines for the new operations require to be collected and formed, and many arrangements to be made, without which the army could not exist a day, but which are not generally understood by those who have not had the direction of such concerns in their hands. Then observe, that this new operation is only the invasion of France, in which country everybody is as soldier, where the whole population is armed and organised, under persons, not, as in other countries, inexperienced in arms, but men, who, in the course of the last twenty-five years, in which France

has been engaged in war with all Europe, must, the majority of them, at least, have served somewhere.

"I entertain no doubt that I could to-morrow enter France, and establish the army on the Adour, but I could go no further certainly. If peace should be made by the Powers of the North, I must necessarily withdraw into Spain; and the retreat, however short, would be difficult, on account of the hostility and the warlike disposition of the inhabitants, particularly of this part of the country, and the military direction they would receive from the gentry, their leaders. To this add, that the difficulty of all that must be done to set the army to rights, after its late severe battles and victories, will be much increased by its removal into France at an early period; and that it must stop short in the autumn, if it now moves at too early a period.

"So far for the immediate invasion of France, which, from what I have seen of the state of the negociations in the north of Europe, I have determined to consider only in reference to the convenience of my own operations.

"The next point for consideration is the proposal of the Duc de Berri to join this army, taking the command of 20,000 men, who, he says, are ready, organised, and even armed, in order to act with us. My opinion is, that the interests of the House of Bourbon and of all Europe are the same, viz., in some manner or other, to get the better and rid of Bonaparte.

"Although, therefore, the allies in the north of Europe, and even Great Britain and Spain, might not be prepared to go the length of declaring that they would not lay down their arms till Bonaparte should be dethroned, they would be justified in taking this assistance from the House of Bourbon, and their French party who are dissatisfied with the government of Bonaparte. It might be a question with the House of Bourbon, whether they would involve their partisans in France upon anything short of such a declaration, but none with the allies whether they would receive such assistance. Indeed, there would scarcely be a question for the Princes of the House of Bourbon, if they are acquainted with the real nature and extent of Bonaparte's power. He rests internally upon the most extensive and expensive system of corruption that was ever established in any country, and externally upon his military power, which is supported almost exclusively by foreign contributions. If he can be confined to the limits of France by any means, his system must fall. He cannot bear the expense of his internal government and of his army; and the reduction of either would be fatal to him. Any

measures, therefore, which should go only to confine him to France, would forward, and ultimately attain, the objects of the House of Bourbon and of their partisans.

"If the House of Bourbon and the allies, however, do not concur in this reasoning, we must then, before the Duc de Berri is allowed to join the army, get from the allies, in the north of Europe, a declaration how far they will persevere in the contest with a view to dethrone Bonaparte; and the British Government must make up their minds on the question, and come to an understanding upon it with those of the Peninsula."

END OF VOL. I.

THE LIFE OF

THE

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE DUKE.

THE LIFE OF

FIELD MARSHAL

THE

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WALMER.)

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq.,

Author of "The British Officer," "The Handbook of British India," "The Military Encyclopædia," "Travels in Persia, Turkey, Russia, Germany, &c.," and other works.

IN TWO VOLUMES, WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY JAS. B. SMITH & CO.,
NO. 146 CHESTNUT STREET.
1855.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

It was intended that the present volume should have followed its predecessor at the interval of one month. The deep interest, however, taken by the British public in all that in any manner relates to the illustrious subject of this biography, led to such an extensive publication of facts and correspondence, more or less bearing upon the career and character of the Duke of Wellington, that it was deemed advisable to await the completion of the array, in order that everything that could throw light upon his history might be accumulated and collected to contribute to the perfection—if such a word may be unpresumingly used—of these Memoirs.

In the author's anxiety to avoid the sin of book-making, he has now reduced the ample *matériel* at his command within the smallest compass consistent with justice to the reader and to the theme. But a mere narrative, in the most enlarged form, is insufficient to convey a fair idea of the true greatness of the Duke of Wellington, even with the assistance of copious notes. A reserved man—one of few words in conversation—and scarcely accessible to any but his most intimate friends,—the cast and comprehensiveness of the Duke's mind could only be measured by an attentive study of his speeches, despatches, and other writings.

Dr. Johnson said that a man might be known by his letters. This is but partially true. Most men furnish additional and necessary clues to their characters, whereas the Duke of Wellington, justifying the dictum of the great lexicographer, left his letters to speak for him entirely. Hence it has become essential to transfer some of the documents emanating from his Grace's pen to this volume; and that the narrative might not be needlessly broken, these are to be found in the Appendix,

and will account for the unusual space devoted to that part of the work.

Amongst the papers to which the reader's attention is specially invited, is the Duke's memorable letter to Sir John Burgoyne on the National Defences;—a document now so scarce that not one of the numerous booksellers who had been applied to was able to lay his hand upon a copy. Taken in connection with the Duke's speech on the Militia Bill, it may be regarded as a legacy to all those persons to whom the preservation of our liberty and independence is confided. Happily the Duke's prediction, that he would live to see the day when hostile armies should contend within the United Kingdom, has not been verified; but that day may not be remote, and its consequences disastrous, if the wise counsel of the illustrious chief is disregarded.

Next in importance to the letter to Sir John Burgoyne are the extracts from the Review of Captain Siborne's Waterloo book and Mr. Alison's History. It is known to us that this Review was partly written by the Duke himself; and the facts which it relates, illustrative of the campaign in the Netherlands, are therefore to be entirely relied upon.

Upon the other papers and articles contained in the Appendix no remark is necessary: they speak for themselves; and we shall be very much mistaken if they are considered superfluous by a single reader who desires to possess a complete record of the great and good man and devoted patriot, of whom England has unhappily—but yet in the fulness of time—been bereft.

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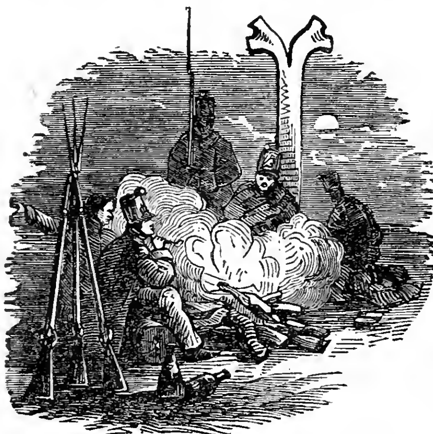
LIFE OF

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

Napoleon's progress to Paris—Defection of the French troops—The Emperor's preparations for War—The Duke's plan of operations for the Invasion of France—Correspondence of the Duke when at Brussels—View of Napoleon's aggression.



T has been stated that Napoleon resumed the Government of France on the 4th of April, 1815. It is necessary to take a retrospect of the steps by which he ascended to that "dangerous eminence."

Immediately after landing in the Gulf of St. Juan, Napoleon at the head of his fragment of an army, advanced towards Paris. His journey lay through La Mure, Vizille, Grenoble, Lyons, Maçon, Montereau. The cries of *Vive l' Empereur* were at first faint and scattered—the peasantry did not know whether to curse or bless the chance that had again brought them *vis-à-vis* the man who had conquered and reigned through the conscription. At Vizille, the 5th Regiment of the Line were drawn up to oppose his progress. He fearlessly presented

himself before them. The apparition of the little *chapeau*, the drab frock, the green coat of the *chasseurs de la garde*, and the jack boots, was too much for them. They forgot their vows to the Bourbons, and after a moment declared for the Emperor.

"It was," exclaims Lamartine, "the junction of France, past and present, embracing each other at the call of glory—*the involuntary sedition of hearts.*" One defection was an example for others—the hearts of the army were with Napoleon; hostility at a distance became loyalty in his presence. The 4th Regiment of the Line deliberately prepared themselves for a traitorous demonstration by carrying the coloured cockades in their bosoms and in the drums, displaying them under the auspices of Colonel Labédoyère, as soon as the Emperor was in sight. The people of Grenoble, in defiance of the garrison, burst open the gates and lowered the draw-bridge to admit Bonaparte.

Napoleon's marshals were not much disposed to second his enterprise. He flattered himself that it was because they had become rich through his favour, and did not wish to be killed; but the truth was, that he had acquired no hold upon their affections. On the contrary, he had treated every one of them in his turn with insolence and injustice, and they did not forget it. He had stored their minds with recollections of affronts and offences. There was not one who had not been either censured or superseded, and those who had not been spontaneously recalled had tendered their resignations. He gave them fine names—fed them—occasionally caressed them—trained them to hunt down the game, as if they were so many dogs—rewarded them with a share of the spoil, but made little scruple of whipping or kicking them when anything went wrong. They were not displeased at his fall—could they be otherwise than annoyed at his sudden return? Massena, who commanded in the South, announced his arrival to the King, and declared that all the necessary military measures had been taken to arrest him. Soult, who had become Minister of War, and was supposed to be sincere towards the Bourbons, issued a proclamation to the army, in which he spoke of Napoleon as a usurper. "What does he want?" ran the document—"Civil war. What does he seek for? Traitors. Where will he find them? * * * * Bonaparte despises us enough to believe that we can abandon *a legitimate and well-beloved* Sovereign to share the fate of a man who is nothing more than an adventurer! He believes it, the madman! His last act of lunacy shows him in his true colours." And thus he, the crafty old soldier, who was known to the army of the Empire by the *soubriquet* of "Monsieur

Renard," and who had so often invoked fealty to the Eagle, called upon the soldiers to rally round the banner of the Lilies. Ney was even more enthusiastic in his new-born loyalty, and rushing to the presence of the King on the eve of his joining an army assembled under the Count d'Artois, the King's brother, to crush Napoleon's invasion—swore to Louis XVIII. that he would bring his enemy to Paris conquered and in chains in an iron cage!

But all this enthusiasm did not assure the Bourbons that they could rely upon the honour and fidelity of the marshals. Their suspicions—groundless as the result in some instances proved—led them to move the King to at least dismiss Marshal Soult from his post.

At Lyons, Napoleon, it was supposed, would be annihilated; for a large force had been hastily assembled there under the Count d'Artois, the Duc d'Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe), and Marshal Macdonald—the latter of whom was adored by the soldiers, because he had been true to the Emperor in the last hours of his adversity. Never was calculation on loyalty more unfounded. At the sight of Napoleon's advanced guard, the whole force declared for the Emperor, and the three generals fled back to Paris in consternation. At Lons-le-Saunier, Marshal Ney, who, with all his bravery and skill, was a man of small moral purpose, decided, after a racking contest, between his sense of duty and the allurements of military glory, to abandon the cause of the Bourbons. He harangued his troops, vilified the Bourbons, declared their cause lost, and dignifying Napoleon's invasion with the appellation of the "re-ascent to the throne of the legitimate dynasty," announced that he was about to lead the soldiers to the "immortal phalanx," which the Emperor was conducting to Paris. "Vive l'Empereur!"

The soldiers took up the cry—the defection became universal. The people, no longer assured of the protection of the army, joined in the sedition, and the roads to Paris being thus opened, Napoleon moved on to Fontainbleau, and, after a faint opposition, reached Paris. The Bourbons had fled. Louis XVIII. to Ghent, in Flanders.

What immediately passed at Vienna has been recorded.

The Bourbons now made an attempt to raise a civil war on their own account. The Duc d'Angoulême and the Duchess, "the only man in the family," as Napoleon was accustomed to call her, endeavoured to rally the people in the south—at Provence, Marseilles, and Bordeaux—and all unavailingly. The Bonapartean fever had seized the people, and the Bourbonism of a few months evaporated rapidly.

Napoleon, of course, made a multitude of fine promises to the nation. He began to prepare for it a new Constitution. He abolished slavery—and appealing to the *souvenirs* of the soldiers of the Empire, he created a spontaneous enthusiasm for the military service. The army had been reduced by the policy and servile economy of the Bourbons to 90,000 men; Napoleon raised it by his artful appeals to 130,000 in a very few days; and numerous corps were formed by the young men of France, who enrolled themselves as volunteers under the denomination of "patriotic associations." On the 1st of June, a grand and imposing military spectacle was held on the Champ de Mars, when the deputies of departments and of the Army and Navy attended, and the Emperor, in the presence of many thousands of spectators, made a speech, the burthen of which was that he held power for the people—that France was the sole object of his thoughts and actions—and that the honour, glory, and happiness of France were the only guides of his conduct. All this, however, was unavailing with the Legislature. They appointed for their President a man who had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to Napoleon at the close of his reign in March, 1814. Napoleon craftily confirmed the nomination, and trusted to the march of events to give him back the popularity which it was clear he had lost.

In the meantime the recruiting for the French army went on, to prepare for the struggle which Napoleon saw was inevitable. To meet the immense force the allies had resolved on collecting, he managed to raise an army of 559,000 men, such as it was. Clothing, and arms, and equipments of all sorts were necessary, but when the regiments destitute of these came to be enumerated, there were not absolutely more than 217,000 soldiers of the regular army fully equipped for service.

The scheme of operations devised by the allies for extinguishing the new power which had thus suddenly arisen was not unknown to Napoleon, and he applied the resources of his mind to its counteraction. Several plans suggested themselves to him. He at first meditated awaiting their advance upon Paris, where he might, by the time they could possibly have reached the capital, be prepared to receive and defeat them. But the people dreaded the approach of the allies, and the vast force they were accumulating seemed to render all prospect of a successful opposition to their advance perfectly futile. Under these circumstances Napoleon conceived another plan of operations, and this, after many deliberations, he adopted. Belgium, he concluded, wished to be re-united to France.

The presence of the English was an obstacle to the accomplishment of this wish. The foe driven out, Belgium would again become a French province, and the English parliamentary opposition, alarmed at the expense of the war, would compel the Government to make peace. He therefore resolved to anticipate attack, and endeavour to defeat the allies in detail, as they reached the frontier.

To carry out this plan Napoleon distributed his army along the frontier, and made peace with all the Generals of the empire, for the sake of their services. He forgot their treachery in their revived loyalty, and gave to Soult the post of Major-General of the army; to Massena, the governorship of Metz; to Ney, he assigned the command of the first corps in the army, posted in the neighbourhood of Lille. Lobau, Clausel, Grouchy, Kellerman, Excelmans, Gerard, Suchet, and Vandamme, were placed at the head of different corps, and Davoust was continued at Paris as Minister of War.

The moment that it was decided the Duke of Wellington should take an active part in resisting the new aggression of Napoleon, his Grace began to direct his mind to the measures essential to the success of the operations of the allies. He saw that, with such a force as they could bring into the field, the contest would be a short one, and decidedly successful. Nothing, he was satisfied, could be done with a small or inefficient force: "The war would linger on and would end to our disadvantage." Motives of economy, therefore, supplied an inducement to the British Government to bring the largest possible force into action at the earliest and the same period of time, and this force could only be assembled with the help of subsidies which, as already shown, were granted.

The Duke of Wellington was quite satisfied that no chance of a continuance of the peace of Europe existed so long as Napoleon held power. His destruction was necessary as a prelude to tranquillity. Addressing Lord Castlereagh from Vienna, on the 26th of March, the Duke said:—

"It is the desire for war, particularly in the army, which has brought Bonaparte back, and has formed for him every party and given him every success; and all my observations, when at Paris, convinced me that it was the King alone who kept Europe at peace, and that the danger which most immediately threatened his Majesty was to be attributed to his desire to maintain the peace, contrary to the wishes not only of the army, but of the majority of his subjects, of some of his Ministers, and even of some of his family.

"Your lordship," continued the Duke, "will then judge what chance there is of maintaining the peace if Bonaparte should be

entirely successful, considering his disposition for war, adverting to the opinions he has delivered and entertains upon the peace, and to the necessity under which he labours to cultivate his popularity with the army, and to endeavour, at least, to flatter the vanity of the nation by military success. Depend upon it, my lord," concluded the Duke, "that if he succeeds in establishing himself, we have no chance of peace, except by resigning all our conquests to the Rhine at least; and our chance then depends upon his moderation."

A MEMORANDUM of the course of procedure most desirable for the allied troops was drawn up by the Duke on the 12th of April, 1815. In this he stated that the object of the allies should be, by their rapidity, to be before-hand with the plans and measures of Bonaparte; and to throw such a force into France as would be capable of either defeating the army in the field, or keeping it in check, and of retreating upon supporting armies in case of misfortune. He recommended the employment of allied British, Dutch, and Hanoverian troops, under his own command; Prussian troops, under Count Gneisneau; allied Austrian, Bavarian, Wurtemburg, and Baden troops (to be assembled on the Upper Rhine) under Prince Schwartzenburg. He was of opinion that the British, Hanoverian, Dutch, and Prussian troops should enter France between the Sambre and the Meuse; that he, the Duke, should endeavour to get possession of Maubeuge or Avesnes, while General Gneisneau directed his march upon Rocroy and Chimay. Corresponding operations were to be undertaken by Prince Schwartzenburg, and their combined movements promised to give the allies possession of a number of important fortresses, and to place 200,000 men in the centre of France, with a reserve of 300,000, whose operations might be directed upon Paris between the Meuse and the Oise.

Four days after drawing up this memorandum, the Duke of Wellington wrote to the Prince Regent of Portugal, inviting him to assist the great objects of the European Confederacy with a body of troops; and adverting to the impossibility of their operating on the Spanish frontier with a Spanish corps in the then state of the financial resources of the Government of Spain, the Duke urged the Prince Regent to employ the troops of Portugal with the allied army assembling in Flanders.

At the beginning of April, 1815, the Duke of Wellington established his head-quarters at Bruxelles (Brussels), and from that time until the beginning of June he was perpetually engaged in assembling the army for offensive operations in France, and in discussing the plan of operations with a number of persons of rank interested in

the destruction of Napoleon's power. He was in free communication with Marshal Blücher, Prince Schwartzenburg, Prince Metternich, Lord Clancarty, Le Comte de Blacas, the Duc d'Orleans, the Duc de Feltre, the Emperor of Russia, and others—and to each he invariably expressed the same opinion—namely, that the misfortunes of the King of France had arisen from the defection of the French army, and that even if the faults and follies of his civil administration had not been committed, the same results would have been produced. Believing a combined aggressive movement upon France, and the defeat of the French army indispensable to the restoration of the King, the Duke of Wellington anxiously awaited an intimation from Prince Schwartzenburg of his readiness to commence operations. Marshal Blücher was prepared, and "very impatient to begin;" but the Duke would undertake no movement without the co-operation of Prince Schwartzenburg.[1]

Amongst the correspondents of the Duke at this juncture was one man of rank—a Frenchman—who was desirous of joining in the crusade against Napoleon, but who seemed to have some scruples of conscience on the subject of warring with France. To set his mind at ease on that point, the Duke entered into an elaborate exposition of the real state of the case as regarded France and Napoleon, whose interests he held to be antagonistic.

"The principle," he wrote (Brussels, 4th of June, 1815,) "on which you proceed is generally true and sound; a brave man cannot serve in the ranks of the enemy of his country; but I do not perceive that such a case now exists. France has no enemies that I am aware of, and, as far as I know, does not deserve to have any. We see the enemies of one man and his adherents, who has availed himself of his influence over the French army to overthrow the King's throne, in order to subjugate France, and to revive all the days of misery we fancied we had escaped. We are at war with him because we feel he cannot be at peace. It is unfortunate for France that she is to become the theatre of a war which this man renders necessary, and of which he is the cause and the object; but it must not be supposed that the war is directed against her. On the contrary, the King of France—he whom you desire to see restored to the throne, and to serve—is the ally of all Europe in this conflict, in which also I believe him to be the true representative of the sentiments and wishes of his nation."

[1] "Le Maréchal Blücher est préparé, et très impatient de commencer; mais je lui ai fait dire aujourd'hui qu'il me paraissait, que nous ne pouvions rien faire jusqu'à ce que nous fussions certain du jour que vous commenceriez, et en général de vos idées sur vos opérations."—*Letter to the Prince, 2nd June*, 1815.

This passage comprehends so just a view of the relations between France and the allies, as distinct from those of the corrupt and traitorous French army and its opponents, that it deserves to be remembered and treasured in all discussions of the question as between England and France. It is clear that the sword was not now drawn against France, but *for* France, and *against* Napoleon.

The allies, it has been shown, intended to act upon the offensive. It will presently be seen that Napoleon Bonaparte was beforehand with them, and, in the attempt to carry out his design of destroying them in detail, forced a decisive contest upon the plains of Belgium.

CHAPTER II.

The British Army in the Netherlands—Napoleon joins his army at Avesnes—Attacks the Prussians—Battle of Ligny—Battle of Quatre Bras.

THE army assembled under the Duke of Wellington in the Netherlands numbered 78,500 men. Two-thirds of the force consisted of British, Hanoverians, and Belgians; the remainder were from the Brunswick and Nassau States. It was precisely such a force as the Duke of Wellington would not have taken the field with if he could have helped it. The British troops were, for the most part, raw levies. After the Peninsular War, a large proportion of the troops was sent to Canada and New Orleans; disbandment also took place upon a grand scale; and the "astonishing infantry," with which the Duke felt that he could have accomplished almost anything, was dispersed over the kingdom; small gratuities and trifling pensions marking the gratitude of the country for all the scars they had earned, and the blood they had freely shed. Still, in the raw troops now assembled under the Field Marshal, there was the same British spirit—the same sense of duty—and a perfect reliance upon the great chief by whom so many victories had been won. And the army was well officered. Renouncing the enjoyments of home, and the tranquillity of garrison existence, every man who had distinguished himself in the fields of Portugal, Spain, and France, sought employment at this juncture; and the

Duke soon found himself surrounded by the men he loved best, and on whom he could place the most perfect dependence. Lord Hill was with him, and commanded the right wing of the army near Ath. The Prince of Orange was at the head of the left wing at Braine le Comte and Nivelles. Lord Combermere was not present; but a soldier distinguished by his intrepidity, and the admirable manner in which he had covered Sir John Moore's retreat to Coruña, headed

THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE, AFTERWARDS MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

the cavalry, and gave assurance that wherever he was, there victory would be;—this was the Earl of Uxbridge.[1] Besides these men, and

[1] "The Earl of Uxbridge was born the 17th of May, 1768, and received the first rudiments of his education at Westminster, whence he was removed to Christ Church, Oxford. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war, in 1793, the Earl, then Lord Paget, disdaining inglorious repose, and anxious to embrace a military life, raised the 80th Regiment of Foot

severally commanding divisions and brigades, were Picton, Clinton, Alten, Colville,—all become Lieutenant-Generals, and covered with

or Staffordshire Volunteers, a fine body of young men, principally on the estates of his noble father. On 600 men being raised, Lord Paget was presented with a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the army; and on 400 more being added, his lordship was offered a Colonelcy, which he refused, on the grounds of his not having then been on foreign service. Three months after the letter of service, Lord Paget, with his regiment, embarked for Guernsey, and from thence, in 1794, joined his Royal Highness the Duke of York in Flanders; and in that retreat, his lordship being junior field officer, was entrusted with the command of Lord Cathcart's brigade, the latter gallant officer having a separate corps, to which his attention was necessarily directed. Lord Paget, who had been removed from the 80th to the command of the 7th Regiment of Light Dragoons, accompanied His Royal Highness the Duke of York in the expedition to Holland; and in the general attack made on the 2nd of October, 1799, his lordship was attached to the division under the command of the Russian general, De Hermann, and posted on the sand-hills, where he had an opportunity of contributing materially to the brilliant victory that day obtained by British troops, under circumstances of the most discouraging nature. Late in the evening of that day, the enemy's cavalry having been defeated in an attempt which they made upon the British horse artillery, were charged by the cavalry under Lord Paget, and driven with considerable loss nearly to Egmont-op-Zee. In the retreat of that army Lord Paget, with his cavalry, protected the rear; and some skirmishing having taken place, whereby several pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the enemy, his lordship, with one squadron, made a gallant attack upon the force of General Simon, amounting to above six times that of his lordship's, totally repulsed them, and obtained back the British, and with them several pieces of the enemy's cannon. After the return of the army from Holland, Lord Paget devoted himself with the greatest assiduity to the discharge of his regimental duties, and, by his unremitting attention, the 7th Light Dragoons became one of the first regiments of cavalry in the British service. Lieutenant-General Lord Paget, with two brigades of cavalry, consisting of the 7th, 10th, 15th, and 18th Regiment of Hussars, followed the division sent under the command of Sir David Baird to co-operate with Sir John Moore in Spain. Lord Paget disembarked his forces at Coruña, amidst the innumerable difficulties opposed to his lordship from the want of forage, the apathy of the people of Spain, and the tardy supplies they afforded, very different from what either the men or horses had been accustomed to, and proceeded in the route Sir David Baird's division was directed to take. On the 10th of December, Lord Paget arrived at Zamora, and after a toilsome march, was enabled to bring into the field a well-equipped body of cavalry; and on the 24th of November, his lordship's division effected a junction with the army of Sir John Moore. At this period, the critical state of affairs had determined the British commander to fall back upon Portugal. Circumstances afterwards caused this movement to be suspended, and a junction was resolved upon with the division under Sir David Baird, which was happily effected on the 20th of December. Lieutenant-General Lord Paget was stationed with his division of cavalry twelve miles from Sahagun; and at the latter place a body of the enemy's horse, amounting to 700, had been posted, which his lordship proposed by a rapid movement to cut off from the main body of the French army; and accordingly, at two o'clock on the morning of the 21st, Major-General Slade was despatched by a different route from that his lordship proposed pursuing, with the 10th Light Dragoons, whilst Lord Paget, with the 15th Regiment of Dragoons, moved with great celerity in a contrary direction, reached Sahagun, and surprised a picket of the enemy; unfortunately some men escaped and gave the alarm, which afforded the French an opportunity of forming in an advantageous position on the outskirts of the town. The strength of the post was particularly favourable, from a hollow which opposed any regular charge of the British cavalry; and it was therefore necessary to manœuvre so as to gain the advantages of ground for his intended operations. Here the abilities of Lord Paget were exercised with effect; and having succeeded in improving his position, a charge was made upon the enemy, drawn up in line. The rapidity with which the British cavalry rushed on to the attack could not be

decorations earned in the Peninsula. There were also Major-Generals Kempt, Ponsonby, Byng, Pack, Bradford, Lambert, Maitland, Halkett, and Adam. The staff was admirably composed. In the Adjutant-General's department were Sir Edward Barnes, Sir George Berkeley, Colonel Waters—he who had managed the passage of the Douro—and many more. Sir W. De Lancey was the Quartermaster-General, and Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens, Sir. R. D. Jackson, and Sir A. Dickson, were among those under him. Sir George Wood commanded the artillery; and in the Duke's personal staff were Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the young Lord March, and the gallant Marquis of Worcester.[1]

The cavalry comprised several regiments of heavy dragoons, including the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), and fourteen regiments of Light Dragoons. Five of the light corps were composed of the German Legion. The infantry consisted of thirty-five battalions and two complete regiments; one of these was the 33rd Foot, the corps in which the Duke first saw service, and with which he had been connected for twenty years.

withstood by the French, their line was immediately broken, and their whole force dispersed, with considerable slaughter; two Lieutenant-Colonels, and upwards of 190 men, made prisoners, were the fruits of this bold, yet well-planned operation. In the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, Lord Paget, with his cavalry, brought up the rear, and the ardour of his lordship frequently exposed him to imminent danger. Skirmishes daily took place, and the masterly disposition of his lordship, and the alacrity he at all times evinced, enabled the British troops to reach Coruña with a trifling loss. At Majorga, a well-directed attack was executed on a considerable force of the enemy by the 10th Hussars, under Colonel Leigh, in which the British were successful, and 100 of the French made prisoners. At Benevento Lord Paget's division was attacked by the chasseurs of Bonaparte's Imperial Guard; the pickets which were along the Esla river having been driven in, his lordship reinforced them with the inlying pickets; these, with a part of the German Hussars, gallantly kept in check six squadrons of the Imperial Guards. Lord Paget having arrived on the spot, found them engaged in a very sharp skirmish; he immediately sent for the 10th Hussars, and gave orders for an attack with the pickets the instant he had formed the 10th in a second line. This attack was conducted with so much gallantry that the Imperial Guards were overthrown, with the loss of a General and several other officers, and 100 men made prisoners, and many killed, wounded, and drowned. By a continual series of bold operations, Lord Paget acquired for the British cavalry the high character they held during the rest of that campaign; and the very able manner in which the retreat of Sir John Moore was protected, throughout, by the Hussar Division, obtained the approbation of the lamented commander, and will ever continue a theme for admiration and example to the rest of the army. Lord Paget succeeded, on the death of his father, to the title of Earl of Uxbridge."—*The Military Encyclopædia.*

[1] "His military secretary and Quartermaster-General were tried men. His Aides-de-Camp and *Galopins* were young men of the best families in England, who thought it an honour to devote to their country and its greatest commander all the energies of their will and intellect. Mounting the finest horses of England's famous breed, they made it a point of honour, whenever the Duke added the word 'quick' to a message, to cover three German miles in the hour, or, for a shorter distance, one (German) mile in eighteen minutes."—*Aus meinem Leben,* or "Passages of my Life," by General Müffling.

Late in April, the Duke of Wellington received reports of Napoleon's intended movement upon the northern frontier. He accordingly issued orders for such a concentration of the troops as would enable them to effect a junction with ease and rapidity in case the Netherlands should be attacked. He soon afterwards obtained accurate information of the strength and disposition of the French army, and instead of attempting to carry out the original plan of an irruption into France with the allies, he calmly awaited Napoleon's attack.

At daybreak, on the 12th of June, 1815, Napoleon quitted the Palace of the Tuileries, and proceeded to Avesnes, on the Belgian frontier, where he threw himself with confidence into the midst of the army, "his real people—his true capital."

To concentrate the grand army on the banks of the Sambre, push it forward resolutely to Charleroi, attack the Prussians at the point of junction where their right wing extended to the left wing of Wellington's army, drive them back upon Luxembourg, penetrate Belgium, manœuvre on the rich plains of an almost level country, leave an imposing force in front of Blücher, to prevent him from taking the Emperor in flank, throw himself to the left, and march upon Brussels and upon Wellington, crush the English, return afterwards as conqueror upon the two armies of the Lower and Central Rhine, fight and conquer again the coalition of those two first armies,—such was the plan of Napoleon, and the only one suited to the circumstances of the hour, to the natural genius of the Emperor and his soldiers, and finally to the genius of impetuosity and despair.[1]

The moment Napoleon found himself amidst his troops, he addressed to them one of those written harangues with which on all former occasions he was accustomed to stimulate their pride, excite in them a thirst for glory, and fill them with hatred of the enemy they were about to encounter. Believing in auguries, the troops who had won so many battles in Germany, were easily moved to enthusiasm if they were appealed to on the anniversary of any great fight. Napoleon addressed them on the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland. He charged the "princes whom he had suffered to remain upon their thrones" with a coalition aimed at the independence and the most sacred rights of France, and with the most unjust of aggressions! He reminded the soldiers that they had beaten the Prussians at Jena and Montmirail when the odds were much against the French. He endeavoured to make them believe that the Saxons, the Belgians, and the Hanoverians bewailed the necessity of

[1] Lamartine's "History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France."

"lending their arms to the cause of princes who are the enemies of justice and the rights of nations."

"Soldiers!" he concluded, "we have forced marches to make—battles to wage—perils to encounter; but, with constancy, the victory will be ours. The rights, the honour, and the happiness of our country will be recovered. For every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment has now arrived either to conquer or perish."

Ths army now at Napoleon's disposal for service in the north amounted to 130,000 men. The Prussian army, consisting of 110,000 men, stretched from Liege, where the left of the army, under General Bülow, was posted, forming a junction with the British. The high road from Charleroi to Brussels ran between the two armies. The advanced posts of the Prussian right wing were at Charleroi, and a brigade of Nassau troops, forming the left of the Duke of Wellington's army, was stationed at Frasne, on the same road. Quatre Bras and Fleurus then became the centre and rallying points of the entire mass of Anglo-German troops, assembled to oppose an enemy advancing against Brussels by the road from Charleroi. It was calculated that the British army could reach the appointed post in twenty-two hours from the firing of the first gun, and the Prussians in twenty-four hours. So difficult, however, is it to ensure the fulfilment of the best laid plans, that 30,000 men were absent from the Prussian army at the moment when they were most wanted. Marshal Blücher had but 80,000 men in position when the French army were close upon him.

Blücher's impatience to commence the contest arose from his anxiety to fight by the side of the English. Convinced of the invincibility of an Anglo-Prussian army, he was desirous of overthrowing the French before the Russians—for whom he cherished a great antipathy, because in former campaigns they had thwarted his plans—could effect a junction with the English and himself. He had not long to wait for the opportunity. On the 15th, Napoleon, intending to throw himself between the allied armies, to separate them and beat them in detail, moved from Beaumont at daybreak, and pushing through the deep and miry roads leading to the bridges over the Sambre, effected the passage of the river, and took Charleroi, in spite of the gallant resistance of a comparatively small corps under General Ziethen.

The Duke of Wellington received early intelligence on the morning of the 15th of the attack on the Prussian outposts. As yet, however, it was not certain what direction Napoleon intended subsequently to take, and it was consequently impossible for him to give orders for

the movement of troops that should leave Brussels uncovered, until that should be known. His Grace limited himself to the preliminary orders to the army to be prepared to move at a moment's notice. Not many hours afterwards expresses reached him with intelligence that Napoleon had divided his army into two parts, and while one portion advanced towards Fleurus, the other, under Marshal Ney—*le plus brave des braves*, as he had been flatteringly called on more than one occasion after his return to Paris from Russia,—was marching against the English on the road to Quatre Bras,[1] by Frasne. Ney knew the country: he had served there in his youth. With 40,000 men he was, by the Emperor's orders, to entrench himself and hold the position against the English.

As the news reached Brussels of the approach of the French, the most intense anxiety began to prevail. The English had made great way with the Belgians during the time they had occupied the country. Mingling with the inhabitants in society, the innate worth of the British character had come to be understood and valued, and it was not the least among the recommendations of our countrymen, that they spent a great deal of money among the Brussels shopkeepers. Yet were there many who cherished a great regard for the French. The few months that had elapsed since the cry of *Orange Boven* was roused had not served to completely dissever the ties established for twenty years, and if the town could have been polled at the critical moment of which we write, it is probable that as many persons would have been found to hoist the tricolor *de bonne volonté*, as to wear the orange cockade of the restored *régime*.

From the moment that the Duke of Wellington fixed his head quarters at Brussels, the town had become the resort of the aristocracy of England and Northern Germany. Among the former were the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. Invitations to a ball for the evening of the 15th had been issued by the Duchess, in which a great number of the officers of the British army, quartered in and about Brussels, had been included. The probability of the immediate movement of the troops, and the evidently perturbed state of the inhabitants, suggested a postponement of the entertainment. The Duke of Wellington entreated that no change should be made in the arrangement. He had nicely calculated the time that it would take for his troops to reach Quatre Bras, and he deemed it better to carry

[1] Quatre Bras is the name given to the junction of four roads, about twenty-four miles from Brussels, and twelve from Waterloo. One road, to the south-east, leads to Charleroi—one, to the east, to Namur—a third takes a westerly course to Nivelles and Halle—and the fourth goes north-westerly to Brussels.

them into the field somewhat fatigued by their march than to create a panic by a sudden summons to arms. His coolness and self-possession contributed to give one more evening's enjoyment to many a fond and fluttering heart, but the hurry of departure which followed upon the *fête* exposed the Duke for many years afterwards to the imputation of having been *surprised* by the French—an imputation which even Englishmen are disinclined to renounce lest the force which some of the grandest lines ever penned by Lord Byron, derived from their supposed truth, should be destroyed.[1] The Muse of History, dispelling the injurious fiction in which the sister muse delights, has at length vindicated the reputation of the Duke. It is now admitted that from first to last he was fully prepared, and leisurely gave his orders.[2]

The Duke of Wellington entered the Duchess's ball-room shortly after eleven o'clock, and remained for a few moments. At one o'clock in the morning of the 16th the ball broke up, but for some hours previously the drums had been beating in the streets, and before midnight of the 15th the bugles and bagpipes had sounded the "Camerons' gathering," and the "War-note of Lochiel."

Now came the excitement and the agony which had hitherto been restrained. It was not the agony of fear but of sorrow, lest the partings then taking place should be eternal. Assured by the calm bearing of the Field Marshal and his officers, and the blithesomeness of the men, the people of Brussels, freshly remembering the exploits of the Peninsular army, did not so much apprehend that the French would approach Brussels as that the effort to drive them back across the frontier would cost hundreds of the brave fellows they then looked upon their lives or limbs. Tears were freely shed, lamentations and choking sighs mournfully accompanied the warlike sounds which announced the march of regiment after regiment from the Place Royale. The Highlanders (the 42nd and 92nd) were much regretted, for the "douce" manners of the Scotch had endeared them to the inhabitants. But, in truth, each regiment carried away its share of hearts.

The 5th Division, commanded by Sir Thomas Picton, consisted of the 28th, 32nd, 79th, 95th, 92nd, 44th, 42nd, and a battalion of the Royals. The four first regiments formed a brigade under Sir James

1 "There was a sound of revelry by night," &c.

2 "I did not hear of these events till in the evening, and I immediately ordered the troops to *prepare* to march; and *afterwards* to march to their left *as soon as I had intelligence* from *other* quarters to *prove* that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack."—*Despatch of the 19th of June.*

Kempt; the four last constituted the left brigade, under Sir Denis Pack. They were followed by the Duke of Brunswick's corps, the Hanoverian infantry, and the contingent of Nassau, in all 15,000 men. This strong body of infantry, totally unsupported by cavalry or artillery, marched at once to Quatre Bras. The Duke followed some hours afterwards, awaiting in the interval fresh advices from Blücher.

While Marshal Ney rapidly—as rapidly as the muddy roads would permit—advanced towards Quatre Bras, Napoleon pushed on to Fleurus. Emerging from the woods around the place about noon of the 16th, he found the Prussians posted along some undulating and elevated ground, called the heights of Bry, their left resting on the village of Sombreff, their right on Wagnele, the centre at Bry. The rivulet of Ligny ran along the front of their position for about three miles, and upon its banks were three or four small hamlets. There were 70,000 infantry and 9000 cavalry, with 252 pieces of artillery—a force about equal in strength to that of the French. By two o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th, the Duke of Wellington joined Marshal Blücher on the heights, for the purpose of ascertaining if the operations meditated by the French upon the Prussian line were their main attack, and having satisfied himself upon this point he proceeded to join his own army. Napoleon began the attack upon the Prussians, at three in the afternoon, with a discharge of artillery from the rising ground behind his infantry and cavalry, which moved forward in the usual way. The Prussian artillery replied to the fire. The valleys and hamlets immediately became the scene of a fierce and bloody contest, which continued until nine o'clock at night with varying success. Encouraged by the intrepid Blücher—who narrowly escaped death from his horse falling mortally wounded upon him in a cavalry *mêlée*—the Prussians behaved nobly throughout the day; but when the injuries the old Msrshal received in his crushing fall compelled him to quit the field, "the energy and unity of command were gone," and a retreat was resolved upon. The corps accordingly fell back upon Wavre, and early the next day retired upon Gembloux, without being assailed or pursued by the French. Twelve thousand men fell upon either side, and the French remained masters of a field which offered them no other trophies than thirty dismantled guns. But Ligny was a victory in the widest sense of the term, and Napoleon did not delay to present it to the people of Paris as the precursor of other achievements which were to restore the *prestige* of his name.

Coevally with the operations of Napoleon between Fleurus and

Ligny, Ney was "changing hardiment" with the Belgian brigade under the Prince of Weimar. On the evening of the 15th, not more than 1500 Belgians occupied the approaches to Quatre Bras at Frasne, but in the night a considerable body had moved through the forest of Nivelles, and, when day broke on the 16th, the French marshal found himself engaged with 8000 men—under the Prince of Orange and General Perponcher. The Prince of Weimar at first lost ground before the impetuous attacks of the French columns: reinforced, he regained his position, and thus commanded the communications leading from Nivelles and Brussels with Marshal Blucher. The battle raged till noon, when, pressed by the superior numbers and

MARSHAL NEY.

resistless energy of the enemy, the Prince of Orange also fell back to Quatre Bras, defending the woods around with determined

obstinacy. A pause ensues—the French obtain reinforcements, and resume the attack at half-past two in the afternoon, with the full confidence of clearing the way to Brussels. The Belgians are imperilled—they begin to give way—victory is almost within the grasp of the daring Ney, who has everything to gain by success, when Picton's division, toil-worn, but animated by the sight of the battle-field, suddenly comes to the rescue. With the rapidity of lightning, the wood of Bossu, the roads to Ligny and St. Amand, are occupied by the British and foreign infantry, and Wellington coming up with his staff, takes post on a bank on the right of the latter road near Quatre Bras. An attempt is made to push back the French. For the moment they retire, but, strengthened by bodies of cavalry and numerous pieces of artillery, they renew the combat. Forming squares, the British infantry bravely repel the repeated assaults of cuirassiers and dragoons. The Brunswick cavalry now come up, headed by their gallant Duke in the costume of his Black Hussars,[1] and for an instant check the fiery assaults of the French cavalry. At this time (three o'clock), the Duke of Wellington appeared in that part of the field of battle which was close to the village of Quatre Bras. Halting with his aides-de-camp in front of the 92nd Highlanders, exposed to a heavy fire of round shot and grape, he took out his watch, and appeared to calculate the minutes when the British cavalry might be expected. His eye—clear—cold—intelligent—looked from one part of the field to another. He was evidently anxious, but not alarmed. He knew the British infantry. The shot ploughing up the earth around him and even wounding men at his side, the Duke sought shelter. Again the cuirassiers thundered on and surrounded the squares—and again and again they were forced to retire. The infantry became impatient, and would have charged the cavalry, as the 5th and 77th had done at El Bodon, but Wellington would not hear of it. He bid them stand, and, from their living redoubts, hurl stout horsemen from their saddles. They obeyed, and earned a tribute of praise from him who never used the language of admiration but when the valour displayed was of the most brilliant character. Kempt's brigade suffered severely—the Royals, the 42nd, and 44th were sent to their support. For three hours the troops in the centre were warmly engaged. The enemy kept up a heavy fire, and twice attempted to carry the British position. On their second

[1] It was a corps which peculiarly bore the aspect of messengers of death. The dress was altogether of black, and the death's head and cross-bones decorated the cap. This dress had been assumed after the battle of Jena, where the Duke's father was killed. The Hussars vowed never to leave off their mourning until his death had been avenged.

attempt, the Brunswick cavalry reserved their charge amidst a terrible fire of grape, and their intrepid chief, rushing into the thickest of the fight, met the fate of his gallant sire. The infantry now received permission to charge, and, deploying into line, frequently dashed at the French columns, committing the greatest havoc in their onslaught, and then re-forming square. The 79th signalised themselves on this occasion by the most heroic bravery. The 92nd and 42nd, the 32nd, 33rd, and 44th performed prodigies—the "Slashers" (28th) resisted every cavalry charge—the Royal Scots also charged under the personal direction of Sir Thomas Picton. Colonel Douglas of the 79th was four times wounded. Colonel Macra, and many other officers of the immortal 42nd, fell. At seven in the evening, the French poured like a torrent upon the British, covered by a blinding fire of artillery. "Ninety-second! you must charge those fellows!" energetically exclaimed the Duke. The order was obeyed. Colonel Cameron and three other officers were struck down mortally wounded. The Highlanders, infuriated, pressed the enemy, and his vast columns fled before the daring band.

Evening was closing in. The battle raged in the centre and on the right. Never was an action so severely disputed with such unequal means. Infantry against the three arms of the first service in the world! But the steady endurance of the noble Fifth Division was to reap its reward. The Guards, long and anxiously expected, appeared upon the field, led by General Peregrine Maitland. Imitating the conduct of the line, they flew into the wood, of which the French had obtained possession, and clearing it of the *tirailleurs*, emerged upon the plain, encountering and overthrowing the French cavalry, who now came upon them. For three hours did the enemy endeavour to regain possession of the post. Every repeated effort was repulsed with renewed vigour, a corps of Black Bruuswickers supporting the Guards with the utmost spirit.

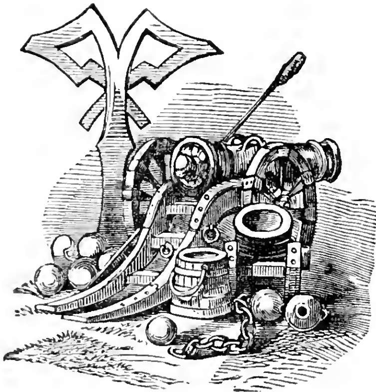
Night fell. The French were in confusion and despair. Ney, becoming desperate, sent for a corps he had left in reserve; Napoleon had withdrawn it to aid himself in contending with the Prussians. The Marshal, intensely mortified, called up another reserve, to cover his broken and dispirited battalions, and then retired, discomfited, to Frasne. Quatre Bras was won by the British, the Hanoverians, and Brunswickers, after ten hours' incessant fighting.

The carnage at Quatre Bras was terrible. The English lost 2251 men and officers killed, wounded, and missing. Adding the loss among the Belgians and Hanoverians, the casualties of the day did not amount to fewer than 5000. The Highlanders were nearly

decimated. At ten o'clock at night the piper of the 92nd took post in a garden in front of the village, and "setting his drone in order, endeavoured to collect the scattered members of the regiment. "Long and loud blew Cameron; but although the hills and valleys echoed the hoarse murmurs of his favourite instrument, his ultimate efforts could not produce above one-half of those whom his music had cheered on their march to the field of battle."

CHAPTER III.

The Retreat from Quatre Bras—The Battle of Waterloo.



HE morning of the 16th of June," writes the eloquent writer of "The Fall of Napoleon,"[1] "had seen 310,000 men, all in the pride of hope and strength, advancing from different points towards the plains of Fleurus. Peace still rested on the fruitful fields and noble woods that skirt the fertile banks of the Sambre and the Dyle. Leaves, grass, and corn, refreshed and sparkling with the million dew-drops of early summer, presented from the heights of Bry a sight of beauty and repose, to which the scenes of the following morning offered a melancholy, but too piquant contrast. The sun of the 17th of June rose on trampled harvests, scorched forests, and on the smoky ruins of cottages and hamlets; it rose on heaps of broken arms, dismounted guns, overturned carriages,—on lines of cheerless *bivouacs*,—on dead and dying steeds,—on trains of wounded,—and on the naked, mangled, and unburied corses of ten thousand valiant men, who had fallen in the fierce and fruitless strife at Ligny and Quatre Bras.

The Duke of Wellington passed the night upon the field. Some of the 92nd made a fire for him; for the fatigues and anxiety of the

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, author also of "The Life of Wallenstein," "Thoughts on Tactics," &c. An able and ingenious writer; addicted, however, to a theory that the bayonet is an inefficient weapon when opposed to the broadsword.

previous day had worn and wearied the warrior; and he had yet great work before him. Every hour brought him reinforcements. The cavalry and artillery quickly came up, and, at a very early hour of the 17th, he was preparing to assume the offensive against Marshal Ney at Frasne.

But soon the evil tidings came that Blücher had fallen back upon Wavre. The Duke had almost foreseen that the Marshal's position would be untenable against such a force as Napoleon could bring against him; and he had therefore promised to assist him with his own army, "if he were not attacked at Quatre Bras."

The result of the battle of Ligny rendered it necessary that the projected attack upon Ney, at Frasne, should be abandoned; and the order was given for a retreat upon the field of Waterloo. There were three roads, or *chaussées*, leading to different parts of the position the Duke had made up his mind to take up. Prince Frederick of Orange proceeded to Halle, with 18,000 men; Lord Hill moved to Braine la Leude; and the Prince of Orange to Mount St. Jean. This distribution was necessary, as Napoleon, who had moved to Rosonne, towards Genappes, could have disposed of those roads to Brussels.

The retreat of the Duke of Wellington from Quatre Bras to Waterloo has always been considered, by competent military judges, a perfect model of operations of that nature, executed, as it was, in the face of a powerful enemy. He had three objects to attain; to mask the retirement of the main body; to secure the passage of the defile in his rear; and to ensure the orderly and regular assembly of the several corps on the ground respectively allotted to them. The manner in which this was accomplished "evinced a degree of skill which has never been surpassed." [1]

The retreat of the infantry divisions was covered by the British cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge, the several brigades being commanded by Generals Hussey, Vivian, Vandeleur, and Lord Edward Somerset. The regiments employed on this occasion were the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (Blue); the 1st or King's Dragoon Guards, the 1st or Royal Dragoons, the Scots' Greys, or 2nd North British Dragoons; the 6th Enniskillen Dragoons, the 1st, 7th, 10th, 15th, and 18th Hussars, and three or four regiments of German cavalry. These were supported by a battery of horse-artillery.

No sooner had Marshal Ney discovered that the British were in full retreat, protected only by their cavalry, than he launched a mass of heavy dragoons and artillery upon the covering force. By the

1 Captain Siborne's "History of the War in France and Belgium."

advice of Lord Uxbridge, who deemed it impossible to offer any serious resistance to the superior force of the French, Lord Wellington had assented to the retreat of the cavalry. But the pressure of the Cuirassiers rendered it indispensable that Lord Uxbridge should show them a bold front. A great deal of skirmishing, and several charges and counter-charges distinguished the pursuit. On reaching the village of Genappes—harassed by the vigorous and repeated attacks of the French—Lord Uxbridge resolved on making a stand; for the narrowness of the road, flanked on one side by houses, would necessarily diminish the front of the enemy. He therefore posted the 7th Hussars at the upper end of the village; and when the French Lancers entered, and got jammed together in the limited space open to their advance, the Hussars gallantly charged them. The Lancers halted, formed a *chevaux de frise* with their lances, and repelled the assault. The Hussars retreating, the French, elated at their success, furiously galloped after them, only to be overthrown in their turn by the Life Guards. The counter-charge of the latter has been described as "truly spendid: its rapid rush down into the enemy's mass was as terrific in appearance as it was destructive in its effect; for although the French met the attack with firmness, they were utterly unable to hold their ground a single moment." The road was instantaneously covered with men and horses scattered in all directions. "This brilliant and eminently successful charge," adds Siborne, "made a deep impression upon the enemy, who now conducted his pursuit with extreme caution." No serious affair succeeded this; the fine manœuvering of the brigade under Sir William Ponsonby, and the activity of the skirmishers, supported by the active fire of the artillery and rocket brigade, kept the enemy at a distance until the fall of night, when the British army had taken up its position in front of the village of Waterloo.

The 16th and 17th of June had been excessively hot. The march upon the first of these days from Brussels—a distance of twenty miles—followed by one of the severest actions on record, had sorely tried the strength and patience of the soldiers, and the retreat upon the following day had augmented the tax upon their powers. Towards the evening of the 17th, however, a violent thunderstorm mitigated the sultriness, but, flooding the earth, converted the roads into mire. Gratefully, then, the troops hailed the hour which found them *en bivouac* in the corn-fields around Mont St. Jean and near Waterloo; albeit they were not destined to enjoy uninterrupted and refreshing repose; for the rain fell in torrents during the night, and frequent thunder-claps startled them from their slumber.

The Duke of Wellington had written to Marshal Blüeher, upon the commencement of the retreat, to intimate that he intended to receive battle from the French at Mont St. Jean, if he could depend upon receiving the assistance of two Prussian corps; and Blücher, with characteristic warmth and earnestness, replied that he would come not simply with two corps, but with his whole army. Thus assured, the Duke felt confident of his ability to defend the approaches to Brussels against the entire French force, and probably cherished a conviction that he would ultimately drive Napoleon back upon the frontier of France.

There was little to cheer and animate the British army as day broke on the morning of the memorable 18th of June. The rain had fallen heavily during the night, and the field offering but scanty cover, it was with difficulty the men could keep their bivouac fires a-light. "Like sacrifices," they

> "Sat patiently and only ruminated
> The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
> Investing lank, lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
> Presented them unto the gazing morn
> So many horrid ghosts."

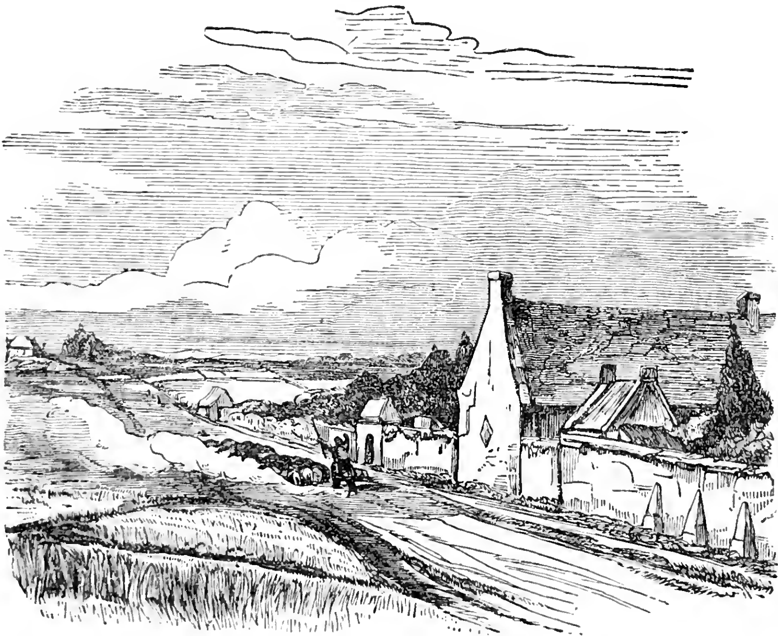
A singular parallel was presented between the scene of 1815 and that which was enacted on the plains of Agincourt four hundred years previously. The English were on a foreign soil—held in contempt by the leader of the enemy—the weather very bad—and the British chief enjoyed the same degree of confidence as the troops of the Fifth Harry reposed in their dauntless king.

Gloom did not long pervade the British ranks. The trumpet, the drum, and the bugle sounded an early *reveillée*, and soon the whole camp was in motion, soldiers cleaning their arms, troopers their swords and horses, aides-de-camp galloping from division to division, and the great Duke himself arranging his plans, and indicating the positions to be assumed by the different brigades.

The field which was to be the scene of that mortal (or immortal) strife extended about two miles from left to right. The centre of the position was three quarters of a mile south of the village of Waterloo, and three hundred yards in front of the farm-house of Mont St. Jean, both of which are intersected by the high road from Charleroi to Brussels. The British army occupied the crest of a range of undulations, the eminences being separated by gentle slopes sufficiently deep to conceal a large portion of the force and the whole of the reserve, from the view of the enemy, who took

post upon heights of similar altitude, between 1000 and 1500 yards from the British front.

To the right of the Duke's position, in a valley of no great depth, was an old country-house and orchard, called Goumont, or Hougoumont (sometimes written Hougemont), and upon the high road, to the north-east of Hougoumont, stood a farm-house and gardens, called La Haye Sainte. These two places were immediately occupied by troops, who lost no time in rendering them available as posts of defence, by raising barricades, making loop-holes in the walls, taking post behind the hedges, &c.; for although they were



MONT ST. JEAN.

neither of them sufficiently formidable to offer a very stubborn resistance to artillery, they were decidedly valuable as cover for infantry, and, indeed, constituted the key to the British position. Hougoumont was occupied by a battalion of Brunswick troops, and the light companies of the Guards, under Colonel Macdonnell of Glengarry La Haye Sainte was held by the light battalion of the King's German Legion. Behind the position, to the right and left of the road to

Brussels, *was* the forest of Soignés,[1] which was also traversed by minor roads from Braine la Leude, Ter la Haye, and other hamlets. Being quite free from underwood, and everywhere passable for men and horses, this forest not only offered a good second position along the verge of the wood, if the wing should have been obliged to fall back from the first position, but presented, in case of reverse, the best possible security for a retreat. To the left of the British line, at a distance of twelve miles, concealed by woods and rising ground, lies Wavre, and from this place the Prussians marched, early on the morning of the 18th, to unite themselves with Wellington.

It is related that as soon as the dawn of day enabled Napoleon to distinguish the English army, he gave utterance to feelings of exultation, that they were within his grasp. Believing that they occupied their position, either because the roads and their exhausted state prevented their continuing the retreat to Brussels, or were unaware of the proximity of the French; he savagely exclaimed, "*Ah, je les tiens, ces Anglais!*" It is quite certain that he believed it to be in his power to crush them at any moment, for upon no other ground can the manner in which he wasted his time between day-light and noon be explained. He knew that the Prussians were hurrying to join the British, and that if this junction were effected, the task before him would become more difficult. Perhaps—and this conjecture has been hazarded by his apologists—he waited until the earth, saturated with the rains of the previous night, should have resumed some portion of its consistency, and enable his artillery and cavalry to act with greater effect. Be this as it may, he devoted some time to marshalling his troops in

"Battle's magnificently stern array,"

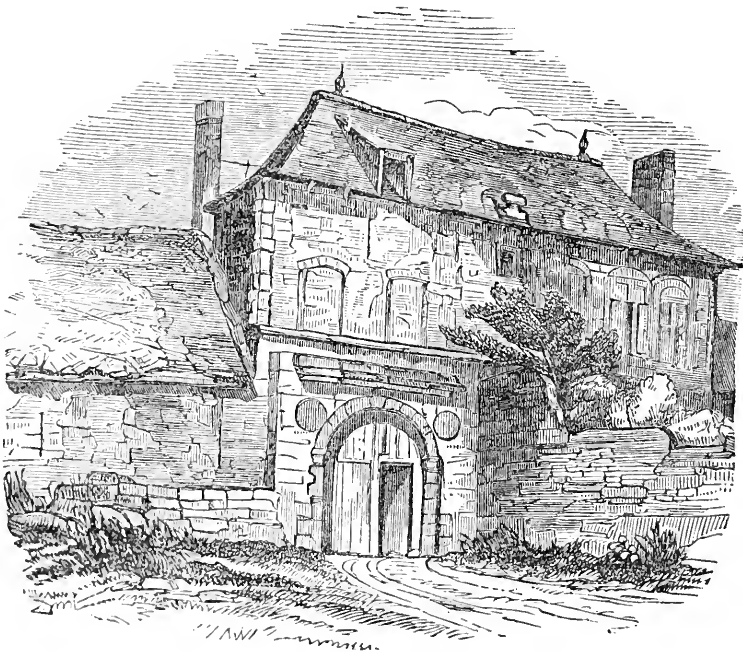
and then rode along the line, attended by a brilliant staff, in order to whet the appetite of his men for the contest. The French soldier needed the stimulus of display, and did not fight the worse for the *fanfaronnade* of pompous harangues, inspiring music, and the sight of "*le petit caporal.*"

At about twelve o'clock, the signal for the fight was given. The Emperor directed his attack upon the British position at Hougoumont, and as his six battalions of infantry, under the command of Prince Jerome, advanced towards the château, the Guards and Brunswickers met them with a volley of musketry, which was seconded

[1] Scarcel~ a vestige of this forest now remains. It is supposed to have been the Forest of Ardennes, alluded to in Shakspeare.

and sustained by the fire of a British battery on its right. In a few minutes the battle became general, for the discharge of musketry and artillery augmented like thickening peals of thunder, and soon extended to the furthest extremity of the lines.

Within the limits of this biography it were impossible to attempt to render justice to the details of a conflict which, without needless expansion, has formed the material of ample volumes. Siborne and Alison, and Mitchell, Gleig, and Scott, and a hundred writers beside, have rendered the "current of the deadly fight" familiar to Englishmen as household words. Innumerable valorous deeds, and tactical

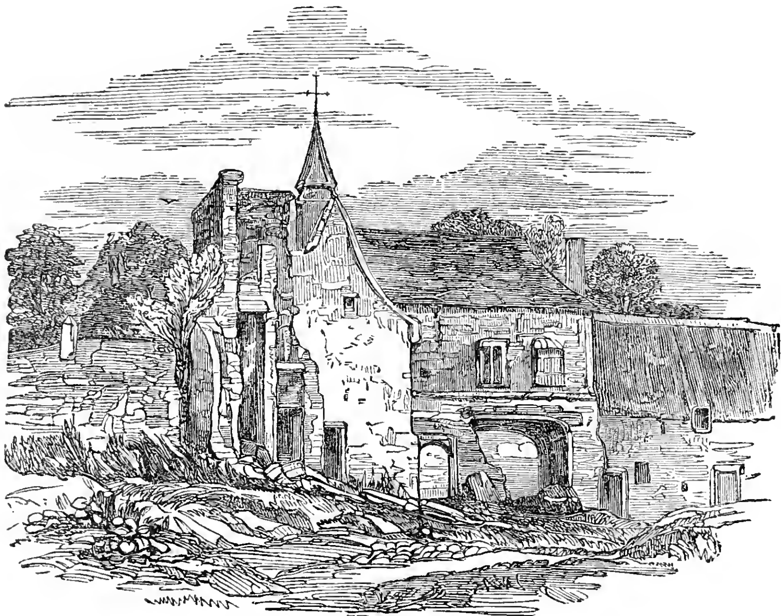


CHATEAU OF HOUGOUMONT.

operations of a high and ingenious class, distinguished the British. The battle was at first purely defensive on the part of the Duke of Wellington. The French attacked vigorously and in great force. At Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte the conflict was terrible Several times did the enemy obtain possession of the orchard and gardens of Hougoumont, but they never penetrated the enclosure. The

Coldstream Guards immortalised themselves by the unconquerable resolution with which they held the court-yard under their brave leaders, Colonel Macdonnel, Sir John Byng, and Lord Saltoun, even when the farm-house was in flames from the fire of the enemy's howitzers. From time to time the Duke dispatched aides-de-camp to urge the defence of the position, and upon each occasion received words of encouragement from the intrepid leaders. "Your Grace need not fear for Hougoumont," exclaimed Lord March, after courageously delivering his message under a hot fire, "for Saltoun is there!"

The attack upon Hougoumont was followed by the assault of the French line upon the British céntre and left. Eighteen thousand



CHAPEL OF HOUGOUMONT.

soldiers advanced in majestic order, under the personal direction of Napoleon, who had galloped towards a public-house, called *La Belle Alliance*, whence to order, and to view the effect of the attack. Shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and "*en avant—en avant!*" the cohorts of the Emperor energetically pushed forward. The Belgian

troops—young and inexperienced—gave way in confusion, after a brief defence of La Haye Sainte. The Rifles also gave ground, boldly turning at every opportunity to deliver their effective fire upon the front of the daring foe. From La Haye Sainte, the columns of the enemy ascended the exterior slope of the allied position, covered by the fire of the French artillery, posted on the ridges above them. But here they were destined to experience a check, for Picton, with the remnant of the brigades which had fought so valiantly at Quatre Bras, seized the favourable opportunity of a halt and deployment by the French to pour into them a destructive volley, and then to charge with the spirit and gallantry common only to British troops. The struggle which ensued was frightful, and though the British infantry triumphed in the collision, their glory and delight were dimmed by the death of the brave Picton, who was struck by a musket-ball in the right temple.[1]

About the same time that the infantry brigade repelled the masses of French foot, the Union Brigade of cavalry, consisting of the Enniskillen Dragoons, the Royal Dragoons, and Scots Greys, made terrible havoc among the French Cuirassiers. The Earl of Uxbridge renewed in this contest the proofs of judgment and intrepidity which had made his command of the rear-guard, on the way from Quatre Bras, so efficient. The Highland regiments, thinned by the previous fight, again displayed the national valour, and the shouts of "Scotland for ever!" which rang across the field, announced that, in conjunction with the Scots Greys, they were driving the French cavalry like chaff before the wind. In this desperate encounter, a serjeant of the Greys captured the eagle of the French "Invincibles," as the 45eme Régiment was called. The Union Brigade charged recklessly into the French lines, until fresh bodies of the enemy's cavalry—chiefly

1 The death of Sir Thomas Picton was a subject of deep regret to the British army, and to the nation at large. He was the bravest of the brave. Ever foremost in the fray, the division which he commanded in the Peninsula was called emphatically the "Fighting division." So devoted was he to his profession—so regardless of all personal considerations, in his eager anxiety to do his duty in the field—that although severely wounded in the hip at Quatre Bras, he concealed the circumstance from all about him, lest he should have been ordered from the field. It has often been said that the Duke of Wellington was *jealous* of Picton. This was an absurd imputation. Their relative positions put jealousy, or even rivalry and emulation, out of the question. It is possible that the Duké did not like Picton, and found it difficult to ensure ready obedience from the stern old soldier. Napier has shown that in his intercourse with General Craufurd, Picton was most unaccommodating. He was enterprising and intrepid, but harsh and rigid in command, and not remarkable for skill in handling troops under fire. "In fact," adds the historian of the war in the Peninsula, "to compare him (or Craufurd) with Wellington, was to display ignorance of the men, and of the art they professed."—They could never comprehend the profound military and political combinations of the subject of this biography.

Lancers—held in reserve, came fiercely upon them, and forced them to retreat. In this retrogressive movement the brave Sir William Ponsonby, who commanded the brigade, fell beneath the deadly thrusts of the Lancers. The whole of this cavalry charge, which, frustrating the attack of the enemy, took 3000 prisoners, two eagles, and put *hors de combat* 30 to 40 pieces of cannon, has been justly regarded as one of the grandest scenes which distinguished the mighty drama of the day.

Simultaneously with these deeds of high emprise, the French Cuirassiers had advanced to attack the British centre. Showers of round and grape-shot saluted them as they slowly trotted across the plain, but they moved bravely on to the slope of the position, where the Life Guards and Blues, under Lord Edward Somerset, thundered down the eminence, and, after a sharp combat, forced them to quit the field.

This kind of attack was frequently repeated. The enemy seemed to grow like Hydra's heads, for, ever as they were repulsed, they returned in augmented numbers to sweep the English from the field. Four hours were passed in this way. Hundreds, nay thousands, of brave men fell under the galling fire of a terrible and well-pointed artillery, the concentrated discharges of musketry, and the diligent sharp-shooting of the riflemen and *tirailleurs*. But the British were rooted to their position. They yielded no foot of ground. By 4 P.M., after a brief interval of slaughter, an immense force of French cavalry of all branches was prepared to renew the attack; and it was evident from their formation and direction that the annihilation of the British infantry was their object. The infantry were in line, with artillery at the intervals. An awful cannonade opposed the daring and impetuous advance of the proud chivalry of France—but still they moved down into the plain at a steady pace. As they pushed at a gallop up the slopes, the infantry formed squares,[1] and the artillerymen, abandoning their guns for the moment, took refuge within these impregnable living redoubts. No persuasion could force the horses of the Cuirassiers against the hedge of bayonets bristling from the squares. They thundered on for a brief space—opened out and edged away from every volley which the third ranks in the squares fired upon them. "In this manner they flew from one

[1] The square consists of four lines of men on either of four sides, the two exterior files kneeling with the butt of the musket pressed against the knee, and the bayonet advanced. The men in the third and fourth lines fire over the formidable *chevaux-de-frise* thus produced. All European nations have adopted the square. It enables infantry to defend itself in every direction.

square to another, receiving the fire of different squares as they passed. They flew more frequently at a trot, however, than at a gallop, from one side of the square to another, receiving the fire from every face of the square. Some halted, shouted, and flourished their sabres; individuals and small parties here and there rode close up to the ranks. It is said that, on some points, they actually cut at the bayonets with their swords, and fired their pistols at the officers. But nowhere was there one gallant effort made to break a square by the strength and influence of the steeds on which these ignorant and incapable horsemen were mounted."[1]

As the cavalry, baffled in their attacks, retired, the infantry opened out and saluted their departure with volleys which rattled against the metal shells in which the Cuirassiers were encased, often prostrating man and horse or emptying many a saddle. But still the cavalry came on again and again—to be driven back in the same way, harassed as they retired by the British Hussars.

And so the day wore on—and, as it waned, the anxiety of the commanders of the respective armies increased. Repeatedly did Napoleon turn to Marshal Soult and ask why the English did not give way, "evidently beaten as they were," and as often as he put the question so often did Soult, taught by bitter experience, assure him that they *never* gave way, but preferred being cut to pieces. More than once on the other side did the generals commanding brigades send to the Duke of Wellington to announce that the ranks were rapidly thinning—the men exhausted—the prospect of ultimate defeat increasing. "Will the men stand?" asked the immovable chief. "Until they die, your Grace," was the instant reply. "Then I will die with them," was the rejoinder. "Lead us to the charge!" cried the impatient soldiery wearied with the defensive inaction of twelve long hours. "Not yet—not yet—my men," was the invariable answer. Anxiously, feverishly, impatiently, Napoleon looked over the volumes of smoke which lazily rested upon the right of his army: he had ordered Marshal Grouchy to join him with a strong corps, and he momentarily expected him—such an accession would fix the fortune of the day—at least so thought the sanguine Emperor. With no less anxiety—but with better concealed emotion—the Duke cast his telescope in the same direction, for he knew that Blücher was hastening from Wavre. The roads must have been a perfect quagmire, or the energetic marshal, whose motto was "Forward!" could not have consumed an entire day in marching twelve miles. "Would to God that night or Blücher were come!" was the expression which

[1] Mitchell's "Fall of Napoleon"

SQUARE AT WATERLOO—CHARGE OF THE FRENCH CUIRASSIERS.

escaped the lips of the over-wrought but invincible British chief. He knew that night would close the battle, or Blücher's presence convert it into a victory.

At length, while infantry and cavalry debated the issue—while Generals Adam and Halkett and Maitland, with diminished forces, maintained the reputation of the British Guards and Line against the onslaught of well-appointed veterans of all arms; while artillery roared over the plains and heights, and reverberated in the ancient forest, intelligence reaches both sides that the Prussians approach under General Bulow. Napoleon detaches 7000 men under Count Lobau to hold them in check—and his quick perception of an immediate necessity dictates a tremendous attack upon the whole of the British line, that his troops may be free, afterwards, to assail the Prussians. This attack is entrusted to the Imperial Guard, the companions of all his old campaigns, the reapers of victory where the British were *not*. The Emperor forms them into two columns, 10,000 strong, and sending hundreds of *tirailleurs* in advance to cover their approach, he personally encourages them to strike the first blow. Hastily the Duke arranges the remnants of the British army—the gallant fragment which had survived the murderous combats of the prolonged day. On, on, come the French—their artillery still tearing up the ridges where the shattered British hold their ground. Napoleon has advanced to the farm of La Belle Alliance to be, as he expects, the gratified spectator of the destruction of his foes. Meanwhile, the Allied artillery unceasingly sends an iron hailstorm into the ranks of the French, while the British Guards lie down behind a ridge to avoid the shot and shell from the opposite heights. The Imperial cohorts gallantly move onwards—they are within fifty yards of the Duke's position—the danger is imminent. A hundred heavy shot for an instant tell upon their first rank—they reel—they waver—"Up, Guards, and at them!" is shouted by the Duke, by generals, by aides-de-camp along the line. The Guards arise—the apparition staggers the enemy—"Charge!"—and the household troops, who had shown their mettle at Hongomont, pour upon the imperial troops with determined force. The first column of the French is defeated—the second advances to the rescue. Sir John Colborne at once throws the gallant 52nd upon their flank—the Rifles take up the attack—the Guards still press forward. The Duke sees the critical moment has arrived—the Prussians are at Planchenoit. "Let the whole line advance!" exclaims the excited chief. The welcome order is obeyed with alacrity. The gallant Anglesey proceeds to head the Life Guards—a cannon-shot takes off his leg—Vivian and

Vandeleur and Somerset lead their brigades, now reduced to skeleton squadrons, and amidst a waving of hats, shouts, and the encouraging roll of drums, the unconquerable British army rushes down the slopes. In vain the daring Ney, who had headed the Imperial Guard, urges it to rally and resist—in vain Napoleon launches his broken cavalry, till then held in reserve, upon the allies. Dutch, Belgian, Hanoverian, and Nassau troops cheerfully join in the charge, though some of the former had shown the white feather at earlier periods of the day, and, terrified by their impetuosity, the French fall into dire confusion. All is lost. Napoleon is quick to see that the disaster is irretrievable. Panic has seized the flower of his troops, and exhortations to renew the attack are futile. They abandon their arms—they fling away their knapsacks. The Prussians thunder upon the Emperor's right—already he is overwhelmed. *Sauve qui peut!* is shouted by a hundred voices, and the sun which at length shoots out some parting rays lights 30,000 fugitive Frenchmen upon an inglorious retreat. At the heels of his animated soldiers, Wellington, who, throughout the day has ever been amongst them when danger was imminent and his presence important, follows with the fragment of his staff. Fitzroy Somerset has been wounded—his right arm is gone—Alexander Gordon has received a mortal hurt—the Prince of Orange is *hors de combat.* Soon the position of the French is cleared—Wellington reaches La Belle Alliance, the chosen locality of Napoleon's anticipated triumph, and there he meets the admirable Blücher. The old Marshal embraces him fervidly. But there is no time to lose. A few words from the Duke to the effect that his troops are worn out and incapable of continuing the pursuit, suffice for Blücher. He casts his Prussian cavalry upon the backs of the recreant French, and for miles they follow the broken legions of the once proud Emperor, cutting them to pieces in their helplessness, and avenging in their merciless slaughter the wrongs inflicted upon Berlin, and Frederick William's excellent Queen.

Slowly, and with mingled emotions of sorrow and gratification, the Duke of Wellington retraces his steps across the field to take up his quarters at the little village of Waterloo. The groans of the wounded, the sight of the thousands of dead over whom his horse ever and anon stumbles, smite his heart. He—the sternest of the stern, where the claims of "duty" invoke the suppression of all natural impulses,—gives way to grief at the moment when men of Napoleon's mould, in whom exultation smothers all the better feelings of Nature, would have been intoxicated with delight. Dismounting

THE EVENING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO — [illegible] STAFF — ADVANCE OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD

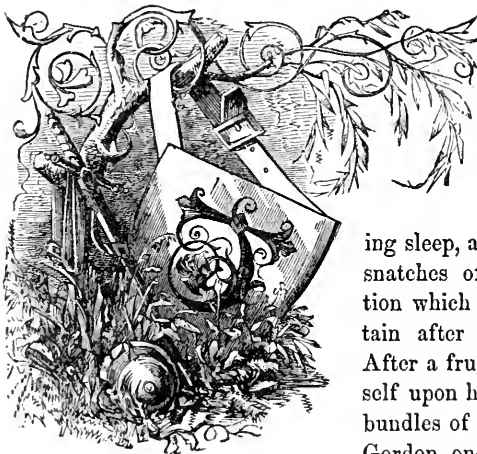
from "Copenhagen,"[1] who had borne him for seventeen hours—and narrowly escaping a fractured skull from the heels of his charger, who kicked out his sense of the relief he now experienced—the Duke of Wellington—*le vainqueur des vainqeurs*—enters the little inn to seek refreshment and repose.

1 "Copenhagen derived his name from the city in which he was foaled, his dam having been taken out there in the expedition of 1807, by Field-Marshal Grosvenor. The horse was not only thorough-bred, but he was also very fashionably bred, being on his father's side a grandson of the celebrated Eclipse, and on his mother's of a well-known horse of his day—John Bull. In the hands of General Grosvenor Copenhagen did not remain long, for he was sold by him to the Marquis of Londonderry, then Adjutant-General to the Peninsular army, who sent him with other horses to Lisbon, in 1813. While there he was selected and bought with another horse, by Colonel Charles Wood, at the price of four hundred guineas, for his Grace the Duke of Wellington, with whom he soon became, as he continued, an especial favourite. On the memorable day of Waterloo, though the great captain had been on his back for eighteen hours, yet Copenhagen gave little signs of his being beaten, for on the Duke's patting him on the quarters as he dismounted after the battle, the game little horse struck out as playfully as if he had only had an hour's ride in the Park. For endurance of fatigue, indeed, he was more than usually remarkable; and for the duty he had to fulfil as proportionately valuable. However hard the day, Copenhagen never refused his corn, though he eat it after a very unusual manner with horses, lying down. Copenhagen, whose colour was a full rich chesnut, was a small horse, standing scarcely more than 15 hands high; he possessed, however, great muscular power. His general appearance denoted his Arabian blood, which his enduring qualities served further to identify. Though not much suited, from his size, for crossing the country, the Duke did occasionally ride him to hounds."—*Sporting Magazine.*

Bell's Life in London gives a different account of the pedigree of the horse. That journal —the highest authority in such matters—says: "The horse was bred in the year 1808 by the late Field-Marshal Grosvenor; his sire was the famous little racer Meteor, son of Eclipse. Meteor hardly exceeded 14½ hands; he was, however, very strong and handsome, with a remarkably good constitution and legs, which enabled him to stand the wear and tear of training for seven years. Meteor was just a little short of the first class or form of race-horses, running well at all weights and distances. His illustrious progeny, Copenhagen, appears to have inherited the stoutness of his sire in no slight degree, although very unsuccessful as a race-horse upon the turf. His dam was a mare whose name was given in the 'Stud-book' as Lady Catherine, by John Bull, a very large, strong horse, the winner of the Derby Stakes in 1792; who, as well as Meteor, was in the stud of Lord Grosvenor, the grandfather of the present Marquis of Westminster. By those who are versed in the mysteries of the 'Equine Peerage,' Lady Catherine was always considered to be entitled to the 'bend sinister.' In fact, she was *not quite* thoroughbred. The newspapers have informed us that the Duke's charger was named in consequence of his having been foaled in Copenhagen, which we must beg leave to doubt; for, even supposing Field-Marshal Grosvenor to have visited the Danish capital in 1808, either in a military or a civil capacity, which does not anywhere appear to be the case, it is hardly possible that he would have taken a brood-mare as a part of his travelling establishment. At that time it was a very common circumstance to name race-horses after some illustrious event happening during the war. Thus we have the names of Albuera, Waterloo, Smolensko, St. Vincent, and many others. For a similar reason Copenhagen most probably received that title. At the time Copenhagen was foaled, Meteor was twenty-five years old. Copenhagen was taller than his sire, being very nearly if not quite, 15 hands, but neither so strong nor so handsome."

CHAPTER IV.

The night after Waterloo—The gains and losses—State of Brussels during the 16th, 17th and 18th of June—Advance of the Allies into France—Louis XVIII. joins the British camp—The scenes in Paris—Napoleon's political throes—The abdication of the Emperor—Proposals for Peace—Capitulation of Paris—The Allied Armies enter Paris.



HERE was brief rest for Wellington on the night after the battle of Waterloo. Nature claimed some relief. and had gifted him with the singular power of commanding sleep, and deriving from hasty snatches of slumber that vigoration which ordinary men only obtain after long hours of repose. After a frugal meal, he threw himself upon his cloak, laid over some bundles of hay, for Sir Alexander Gordon, one of his attached aides-de-camp, severely wounded, had been placed upon the Duke's bed. His sleep was sound—the sleep of the good man and the brave, whose unconquerable resolution to fulfil his duty, had found its highest reward in the liberation of mankind from the renewal of a dreadful tyranny.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 19th of June, the Duke was aroused to hear that the spirit of Gordon had fled. The gay and gallant now lay a corpse in the adjoining apartment.[1] Reports had

1 The Duke was much attached to Sir Alexander. In the afternoon of the 19th he wrote to the Earl of Aberdeen, Gordon's brother, and spoke of the "extreme grief" his death had

in the meanwhile reached the little inn from the general officers at the head of divisions and brigades, and the Duke in the stillness of the night had opportunity to count his profits and his losses. Heavily as the latter weighed upon his spirit—"they have quite broken me down," he said to the Duke of Beaufort, the brother of Lord Fitzroy Somerset—the gain was beyond all price. He felt it—proudly as a soldier, humbly as a Christian—and if at the commencement of the struggle he spoke in the animated tones of the Fifth Harry, like him, he now exclaimed in the fulness of his gratitude,—

> "O God, Thy arm was here;
> And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
> Ascribe we all."

The reports which came to the Duke of the casualties of the day—determinable by the musters of the regiments—announced a much heavier loss than he had contemplated, although he had seen the field covered with the dead and the dying, and was a witness to the continual removal of hundreds of wounded men to the rear. In the morning of the 18th June he had gone into the field with an army of 67,661 men, and 156 guns.[1] Of that number 14,724 were ascertained to be killed, wounded, and missing. But official duty demanded the suppression of emotions, and by the dim light of a candle, the conqueror of Napoleon penned the memorable despatch which was to announce to anxious England the final triumph of her arms on the continent of Europe. In this despatch, which simply records the operations described in the foregoing chapter, the Duke of Wellington revels in the expression of approbation of all who had aided him to bring the struggle to a successful issue. Twenty-two British general officers, and nine foreign general officers, received the tribute of his honest praise. Many of them had been wounded. Besides those already mentioned, there were among the seriously hurt, Lieut.-Gen. Cooke, Lieut.-Gen. Baron Alten, Major-Gen. Barnes, General Baron Vincent, and General Pozzo di Borgo. Of inferior officers, nearly

caused him. "He had served me most zealously and usefully for many years, and on many trying occasions; but he had never rendered himself more useful, and had never distinguished himself more, than in our late actions. * * * I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look around me and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object."

[1] See Appendix I., for a detail of the strength, and the table of killed, wounded, and missing.

500 were wounded, and 116 killed. But the loss of the enemy was very much greater; it has been roughly estimated at 40,000, besides about 7000 prisoners, including Count Lobau and General Cambronne. It was, in truth, a terrible fight. The Duke's private correspondence sufficiently described his sentiments. To Lord Beresford he wrote, "Never did I see such a pounding-match. Both were what the boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style in columns, and was driven off in the old style." And to Dumourier he observed, "Jamais je n'ai vu une telle bataille que celle d'avant hier, ni n'ai remporté une telle victoire —et j'espere que c'est fini de Bonaparte." To Prince Schwarzenberg he wrote, "Our battle of the 18th was *a battle of giants*, and our success complete. Pray God that I may be so far favoured as never to have another, for I am much afflicted at the loss of old friends and comrades."

Early on the 19th, Wellington proceeded to Brussels for a few hours, and then returned to Nivelles, to issue his orders for the march of the allied army into France.

The scenes which had been enacting in Brussels while the battle was raging at Quatre Bras, on the 16th, and at Waterloo on the 18th, have furnished themes for five hundred pens. The general character of the story is the same, simply varying in the details. Perhaps the following is among the most comprehensive and graphic extant:—

"The agony of the British, resident in Brussels, during the whole of this eventful day, sets all language at defiance. No one thought of rest or food, but every one who could get a telescope flew to the ramparts, to strain his eyes, in vain attempts to discover what was passing.

"At length some soldiers in French uniforms were seen in the distance, and, as the news flew from mouth to mouth, it was soon magnified into a rumour that the French were coming. Horror seized the English and their adherents; and the hitherto concealed partisans of the French began openly to avow themselves; tri-coloured ribbons grew suddenly into great request, and cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' resounded through the air. These exclamations, however, were changed to '*Vive le Lord Vellington!*' when it was discovered that the approaching French came as captives, not conquerors.

"The wounded suffered dreadfully from the want of a sufficient number of experienced surgeons able to amputate their shattered limbs;[1] and there was also a deficiency of surgical instruments and

[1] "The Duke of Wellington had returned to Brussels to dine with those of his Staff who were

of lint. The Flemings, however, roused by the urgency of the case, shook off their natural apathy, and exerted themselves to the utmost to supply everything that was necessary. They tore up their linen to make lint and bandages; they assisted the surgeons in the difficult operations, and they gave up even the beds they slept upon to accommodate the strangers. The women, in particular, showed the warmest enthusiasm to succour the wounded. They nursed them with the tenderest care, and watched them night and day. In short, their kindness, attention, and solicitude reflect immortal honour on the sex. The very children were seen leading the wounded Highlanders into the houses of their parents, exclaiming, 'Voici nôtre braves Ecossais!' Even the national vice of covetousness was forgotten in the excitement of the moment; rich and poor fared alike; and in most cases every offer of remuneration was declined.

"The whole of Friday night (16th June) was passed in the greatest anxiety; the wounded arrived every hour, and the accounts they brought of the carnage which was taking place was absolutely terrific. Saturday morning (17th June) was still worse; an immense number of supernumeraries and runaways from the army came rushing in at the Porte de Namur, and these fugitives increased the public panic to the utmost. '*Sauve qui peut!*' now became the universal feeling; all ties of friendship or kindred were forgotten, and an earnest desire to quit Brussels seemed to absorb every faculty. To effect this object the greatest sacrifices were made. Every beast of burthen, and every species of vehicle, were put into requisition to convey persons and property to Antwerp. Even the dog and fish-

able to join him on the 19th (it was now the 20th) of June. Some one who saw him said that he appeared to feel much grief for the dead, mingled with his joy for the victory, and that he acknowledged the Providential interference by which he himself had been preserved in the hour of battle. We heard, also, that while at dinner, a French General, who had been taken prisoner, insisted upon seeing the Duke of Wellington, that he might communicate something of importance. He was, therefore, escorted by a guard into the presence of his Grace, when, being questioned by Colonel Fremantle, I believe, as to the object of his mission, the boasting Frenchman said he could speak to none but the Commander-in-Chief! The Duke being pointed out, monsieur thus began:—

"'Sir,—I appear before you as a General of France, who claims, on behalf of himself and his fellow-prisoners, the attendance of the British surgeons, besides all the medical attendance which it is your duty to bestow upon us.'

"'Sir,' replied the Duke of Wellington, almost without looking the insolent General in the face, I have but too many of my own brave fellows who are without surgical or medical attendance; you may therefore retire.'

"His Generalship did so, not a little abashed by this just rebuke, and those for whom he petitioned soon learnt that British clemency toward the vanquished was better produced by the natural feelings of the conquerors than through the intervention of those leaders who had so long been the abettors of ferocity in other countries."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

carts did not escape; enormous sums were given for the humblest modes of conveyance; and when all failed, numbers set off on foot.

"The road soon became choked up: cars, waggons, and carriages of every description were joined together in an immovable mass; and property to an immense amount was abandoned by its owners, who were too much terrified even to think of the loss they were sustaining. A scene of frightful riot and devastation ensued. Trunks, boxes, and portmanteaus were broken open and pillaged without mercy; and every one who pleased helped himself to what he liked with impunity. The disorder was increased by a rumour that the Duke of Wellington was retreating towards Brussels in a sort of running fight, closely pursued by the enemy. The terror of the fugitives now almost amounted to frenzy, and they flew like maniacs escaping from a mad-house. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more distressing scene. A great deal of rain had fallen during the night, and the unhappy fugitives were obliged literally to wade through mud.

"During the panic of Friday and Saturday, the sacrifice of property made by the British residents was enormous. A chest of drawers sold for five francs, a bed for ten, and a horse for fifty. In one instance, which fell immediately under my own observation, some household furniture was sold for one thousand francs (about 40*l.*) for which the owner had given seven thousand francs (280*l.*) only three weeks before. This was by no means a solitary instance; indeed, in most cases the loss was much greater, and in many, houses full of furniture were entirely deserted, and abandoned to pillage.

"Sunday morning (18th) was ushered in by one of the most dreadful tempests I ever remember. The crashing of thunder was followed by the roar of cannon, which was now distinctly heard from the ramparts; and it is not possible to describe the fearful effect of this apparent mockery of heaven. I never before felt so forcibly the feebleness of man. The rain was tremendous; the sky looked like that in Poussin's picture of the Deluge; and a heavy black cloud spread like the wings of a monstrous vulture over Brussels.

"The wounded continued to arrive the whole of Saturday night and Sunday morning, in a condition which defies description. They appeared to have been dragged for miles through oceans of mud; their clothes were torn, their caps and feathers cut to pieces, and their shoes and boots trodden off. The accounts they brought were vague and disheartening,—in fact, we could only ascertain that the Duke of Wellington had, late on Saturday, taken up his position at Waterloo, and that there he meant to wait the attack of the French.

"That this attack had commenced we needed not to be informed. as the roar of the cannon became every instant more distinct, till we even fancied that it shook the town. The wounded represented the field of battle as a perfect quagmire, and their appearance testified the truth of their assertions.

"About two o'clock a fresh alarm was excited by the horses which had been put in requisition to draw the baggage waggons being suddenly galloped through the town. We fancied this a proof of defeat; but the fact was simply this: the peasants, from whom the horses had been taken, finding the drivers of the waggons absent from their posts, seized the opportunity to cut the traces, and gallop off with their cattle.

"Sunday night was employed in enthusiastic rejoicing. The tri-coloured cockades had all disappeared, and the British colours were hoisted from every window. The great bell of St. Gudule tolled, to announce the event to the surrounding neighbourhood; and some of the English, who had only hidden themselves, ventured to re-appear.

"The only alloy to the universal rapture which prevailed was the number of the wounded; the houses were insufficient to contain half; and the churches and public buildings were littered down with straw for their reception.

"The body of the Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Quatre Bras, was brought in on Saturday, and taken to the quarters he had occupied near the Chateau de Läcken. I was powerfully affected when I saw the corpse of one whom I had so lately marked as blooming with youth and health; but my eyes soon became accustomed to horrors."

On his return to Nivelles, the Duke put the allied armies in motion for the French territory. In a General Order, issued preparatory to the movement, he impressed upon their recollection that "their respective sovereigns were the allies of his Majesty the King of France, and that France ought, therefore, to be treated as a friendly country." He reiterated his former injunctions, that nothing should be taken, either by officers or soldiers, for which payment was not made, and he expressly forbade the extortion of contributions. In acknowledging the bravery of the troops in the action, the Duke was somewhat chary of his words; but, as the sequel will show, he was not indifferent to the suitable recognition of their services by the sovereign and the country. The paragraph of the General Order ran thus:—

"The Field-Marshal takes this opportunity of returning to the

army his thanks for their conduct in the glorious action, fought on the 18th instant, and he will not fail to report his sense of their conduct, in the terms which it deserves, to their several sovereigns."

To the French people the Duke addressed a proclamation, somewhat similar in language to that which he issued on the descent of the allied army from the Pyrenean heights to the southern plains of France.

"I announce to the French people that I enter their country at the head of an army already victorious—not as an enemy (excepting of the usurper—the declared enemy of the human race, with whom there is neither peace nor truce) but in order to aid them in throwing off the iron yoke by which they are oppressed. I have consequently issued the following orders to my army, and I beg that I may be made acquainted with every instance in which they are infringed," &c.[1]

Leaving the subject of this memoir for a brief space, let us follow Marshal Blücher in his hot pursuit of the flying French.

"Nothing could exceed the devastation spread by the French and their Prussian pursuers through the country. It seemed as though the arm of a destroying angel had swept over the land, and withered as it went. The trees were stripped of their branches, the hedges broken down, and the crops trampled into the ground ; in short, wherever the fugitives passed, like the blasting simoom of the desert, 'they left their track behind.'

"*Sauve qui peut* was the order of the day with the French. The fields and roads were strewed with their cannon, baggage, and stores ; they even threw away their arms, that they might fly the faster. They rushed into Charleroi about three o'clock on the morning of the 19th, with such violence that a number of the country people, who were coming to market, were trampled to death, and the provisions they brought either carried off or destroyed. The fugitives did not stay to inquire what mischief they had done, but hurried on, the Prussians following close behind, and putting so many to the sword, that the road to Philipville was soon choked up with the wounded and the dead.

"Bonaparte was saluted with yells and execrations in every place, and the people who had so lately hailed him with rapture, now shouted, 'There goes the butcher of France!' as he passed along. *Sic transit gloria!* Never was a flight more ignominious : he only paused at Laon to order that the National Guard should be mustered to *stop all runaways*, except himself, and then hurried on to Paris."

1 See Proclamation dated "Malplaquet, 22nd June, 1815," in Gurwood's selection of Despatches (No. 957).

But although the army which fought at Waterloo had dissolved itself, and the retreat was not even covered by the semblance of a rear-guard, the places occupied by the French on the Belgian frontier still held out, and Marshal Grouchy, who, after contending with General Thielmann and the Prussians at Wavre, had fallen back on Laon, when the news of Napoleon's overthrow reached him, was yet in the field with 32,000 men and 100 guns. It was indispensable that the fortresses should be captured, and Grouchy crushed.

The Duke of Wellington crossed the French frontier on the 21st of June, and immediately blockaded Valenciennes, Lequesnoy, and Cambray. The Prussians, meanwhile, blockaded Maubeuge, Landrecy, Avesnes, and Rocroy. A few days afterwards Cambray was stormed by a corps under Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Colville,[1] Peronne was taken on the 26th of June, and Marshal Blücher, coming up with the rear-guard of Grouchy at Villars Cotteret, on the 28th, defeated it with the loss of 1000 men and six guns.

At Cateau, Louis XVIII., having quitted Ghent, joined the allied army, and was received by the people with the utmost demonstrations of joy. Upon the surrender of Cambray he proceeded thither with his Court and troops, and the Duke of Wellington gave up the fort to his Majesty. Upon the capture of Peronne, the Duke left some of the troops of the Netherlands, who had behaved very well in storming the horn-work which covered the suburb of the town, in garrison at Peronne, and then moved onward with Marshal Blücher. The necessity which the Duke was under of halting at Le Cateau, to allow pontoons and stores to come up for the capture of the fortress, placed Marshal Blücher one march in advance of him, but it did not lead to any separation of the armies. General Müffling, of the Prussian army, suggested to the Duke that he would do well to keep better pace with his ally. "Do not press me in this," replied his Grace, "for I tell you it won't do. If you knew the English army, its composition and habits, better, you would agree with me. I cannot separate from my tents and subsistence. My people must be kept in camp and well taken care of, if order and discipline are to be maintained. It is better to arrive a couple of days later at Paris than that discipline should grow slack."

[1] This excellent soldier, who had served with much distinction throughout the Peninsular War, and previously in other parts of the world, received, five years after the Peace, the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army. That Army had become much disorganised in the Mahratta campaign. Drill and discipline were at a low ebb, and Sir Charles Colville effectually restored them. He afterwards became Governor of Mauritius.

The diorama of our history shifts to Paris.

Paris, the chosen locality of excitement, had been, since the departure of Napoleon on the 12th, the theatre of an anxiety not less intense than that which pervaded Brussels on the three days described above. Intrigue had been at work to provide for either the triumph or the overthrow of Napoleon; but upon the 18th, public feeling reached a crisis of alarm. "People interrogated each other on meeting in the streets, and news from the north was anxiously hoped for." At length it came, and was of a nature to gladden the Parisians. Napoleon—telling his own story in the "Moniteur"—had announced the "great" victory at Ligny. The people of Paris congratulated each other—"they experienced the noble pride of a military nation which learns that its name has been exalted in history, and in the face of other nations by one more victory." On the 19th and 20th, vague and incomplete reports alloyed the prevalent delight. The Prussians had been defeated—good—'twas an old story—Jena and Montmirail revived—but what of the English, had *they* been beaten? There was to be a fight on the 18th, and by the 21st of June Paris would illuminate—or go into mourning. The suspense was horrible. Paris, with all her vanity, could not feel sure that Napoleon would humble Wellington. The *souvenirs* of Toulouse and Orthes, of Nive and Nivelle, were yet too green.

As day broke on the 21st, "a sough and a surmise" went through the proud capital of France. "*Tout est perdu!*" was muttered along the banks of the Seine, in the parks of Versailles and St. Cloud—on the Boulevards—and, worse than all, as the day grew older, the disastrous news circulated on the Bourse. Shrouded by the darkness of the night, Napoleon had slunk into the palace of the Elysée, and there concealed his defeat and his despair; but the intelligence of his arrival spread rapidly, and people crowded around the gates to observe the entrance and exit of ministers and to deduce the truth from the expression of their faces. Soon the direful fact of the complete rout of the French army forced itself upon the whole of the populace, and murmurs "not loud but deep" circulated over the town. Napoleon found comfort and consolation only in the presence of Caulaincourt. He was exhausted in body—dreadfully agitated in mind. The long nights, the anxieties of two battles, the fatigue of riding, of standing in the midst of his army for many consecutive hours, all told against him. He sought a bath and repose. Awaking, he summoned his ministers, and, after recounting the disaster of Waterloo, exclaimed "The enemy is in France, and to save the

country, I must have ample power—a temporary dictatorship!" But no one responded to the hint. The proposition in the Chamber of Representatives was anticipated by Lafayette, the old soldier of the Republic, who moved the permanence of the Chamber, and the treason of any one who should attempt to dissolve it. The motion was voted *nemine dissentiente.* Napoleon summoned his brother Lucien to his aid,—Lucien, whose eloquence and firmness, had carved the way for Napoleon to despotic power during the Revolution of the last century. Vain expedient! The Frenchmen of 1792 were not the Frenchmen of 1815. Lucien's oratory, directed as it was, to the preservation of Napoleon's power at the expense of France, received no sympathetic response—on the contrary, the Chamber demanded the sacrifice of Napoleon to the welfare of the country. Napoleon stubbornly resisted a measure, alike, as he maintained in interviews with friends and ministers, destructive of the interests of the nation and himself. But wrought upon by the growing hostility of the people, and the news of the advance of the allies, he abdicated in favour of his son. This, however, did not content the Assembly, for it involved a regency. Nevertheless, proposals were at once despatched to the advanced posts of the allies, under Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, near Valenciennes, and to those of the 1st Prussian *corps d'armée* for a suspension of hostilities on the grounds of the abdication; the delegates stating, at the same time, that a provisional government had been formed and had sent Ministers to the Allied Powers to treat for peace.

The proposition for an armistice was peremptorily rejected. Both the Duke and Blücher regarded it as a trick, and not calculated to satisfy the just pretensions of the allies. The Duke referred to the treaty of the 25th of March, which bound the allies to force Napoleon to desist from his projects, and to place him in a situation, in which he could no longer have it in his power to disturb the peace of the world.

"I could not consider his abdication of usurped power in favour of his son, and his handing over the government provisionally to five persons, named by himself, to be that description of security which the allies had in view, and which should induce them to lay down their arms."—*Letter to Earl Bathurst, Joucourt, June* 25, 1815.

As for Blücher, he had but one leading object in view, in marching upon Paris,—the capture of Napoleon. The delivery of the Emperor was the invariable condition stipulated by him in every conference with the French commissioners sent to treat for peace or armistice. He directed General Müffling to state to the Duke that "as

the Congress of Vienna had declared Napoleon under outlawry (*Vogelfrei*), it was his (Blücher's) intention to shoot him whenever he got him." Müffling was at the same time desired to learn the Duke's views on the subject, for the Prussian Field-Marshal wished, if possible, to act in concert with the Duke. Müffling, in his account of the interview, illustrates the fine chivalry of the British chief. "The Duke stared at me with all his eyes, and in the first place disputed this interpretation of the Vienna declaration. However that might be as concerned his own position, and that of the Field-Marshal, with respect to Napoleon, it seemed to him that, after the battle they had won, they were much too conspicuous persons to be able to justify such a transaction in the eyes of entire Europe. 'I therefore wish,' continued the Duke, 'that my friend and colleague may adopt my views; such an act would hand down our names to history with a stain, and posterity would say of us, that we had not deserved to be the conquerors of Napoleon; the rather because the act would have been superfluous and without an object or advantage.'" Blücher ultimately yielded to the Duke's wishes, but under a very mistaken and unjust (though thoroughly Prussian) impression.[1]

1 The following official letters from General Von Gneisenau to General Müffling exhibit Blücher's sentiments on the subject:—

"COMPEIGNE, *June 27th.*

"The French General, De Tremolin, is at Noyons, with the intention of proceeding to the Duke's head-quarters, and treating for the delivery of Bonaparte. Bonaparte has been declared under ban by the Allied Powers. The Duke may possibly—*for Parliamentary considerations*—hesitate to fulfil the declaration of the Powers. Your Excellency will, therefore, direct the negociations to the effect that Bonaparte may be *delivered over to us, in order to his execution.*

"This is what eternal justice demands, what the declaration of March 13th defines, and thus will the blood of our soldiers killed or mutilated on the 16th and 18th of June be avenged. VON GNEISENAU."

The third letter is as follows:—

"SENLIS, *June 29th.*

"I am directed by the Field-Marshal to request your Excellency to communicate to the Duke of Wellington that the Field-Marshal had intended to execute Bonaparte on the spot where the Duc d'Enghien was shot; that, out of deference, however, to the Duke's wishes, he will abstain from that measure, but that the Duke must take on himself the responsibility for its non-enforcement. GNEISENAU.

"P.S. If the Duke declare himself against the execution, he thinks and acts in the matter as a Briton. England is under weightier obligations to no mortal man than to this very malefactor; for by the occurrences of which he has been the author, her wealth, prosperity and power have attained their present elevation. They are masters of the seas, and have no longer to fear a rival in their sovereignty of it, or in the commerce of the world. It is otherwise with Prussia. We have been impoverished by Bonaparte. Our nobility will never be able to right itself again. And ought we not to consider ourselves instruments of that Providence which has given us such a victory, for the ends of eternal justice? Does not the death of the Duc d'Enghien call for such a vengeance? Shall we not draw upon us the

The French commissioners returned to Paris mortified and humbled, and the allies prosecuted their triumphal march upon the capital. On the 29th June the British passed the Oise, and established themselves in the wood of Bondy, close to Paris, while Blücher advanced to the Seine. The French provisional government had collected at Paris all the troops remaining after the battle of Waterloo, between 40,000 and 50,000 men, besides the National Guards, and a new levy, called *les Tirailleurs de la Garde*, and the *Fédérés*, under the command of Soult, Massena, and Davoust; Carnot assisting to place Paris in a state of defence. On the 30th of June, five fresh commissioners waited on the Duke of Wellington at Etrées, and the subject of an armistice was again pressed upon him. His Grace, however, continued inflexible. No suspension of hostilities could be listened to while Napoleon remained at Paris, or so near to it as Malmaison, influencing the soldiery by his proclamations, and virtually exercising a species of indirect control. The commissioners again retired.

On the 2nd July, Blücher was strongly opposed by the enemy on the heights of St. Cloud and Meudon; but the troops under General Zeithen surmounted every obstacle, and obtained possession of the latter heights and the village of Issy. On the morning of the 3rd, the French attacked them again, but were repulsed with considerable loss, and finding that Paris was then open on its vulnerable side; and that a communication had been established between Blücher and Wellington; and that a British corps was also advancing upon the Seine towards the Pont de Neuilly, the enemy sent a flag of truce, and proposed a capitulation of Paris. The firing ceased; officers on both sides met at St. Cloud; and Napoleon having hastily quitted Paris for Rochefort, the following Convention was signed in the very chamber in which Napoleon had planned most of his military operations:

"MILITARY CONVENTION.

"This day, the 3rd of July, 1815, the commissioners named by the Commanders-in-Chief of the respective armies: that is to say, the Baron Bignon, holding the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs; the Count Guilleminot, chief of the General Staff of the French army; the Count de Bondy, Préfect of the Department of the Seine; being furnished with the full powers of his Excellency the Marshal Prince

reproaches of the people of Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, if we leave unperformed the duty which devolves upon us? Be it so. If others will exercise theatrical magnanimity, I shall not set myself against it. We act, in this, from esteem for the Duke."

of Eckmühl, Commander-in-Chief of the French army, on one side; and Major-General Baron Müffling, furnished with the full powers of his Highness the Field-Marshal Prince Blücher, Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army; and Colonel Hervey, furnished with the full powers of his Excellency the Duke of Wellington, Commander-in-Chief of the English army,—on the other side; have agreed to the following Articles:—

"Article 1st.—There shall be a suspension of arms between the allied armies commanded by his Highness the Prince Blücher and his Grace the Duke of Wellington, and the French army under the walls of Paris.

"Art. 2nd.—The French army shall put itself in march to-morrow to take up a position behind the Loire. Paris shall be completely evacuated in three days; and the movement behind the Loire shall be effected within eight days.

"Art. 3rd.—The French army shall take with it all its *matériel*: field-artillery, military chests, horses, and property of regiments without exception. All persons belonging to the depôts shall also be removed, as well as those belonging to the different branches of administration which belong to the army.

"Art. 4th.—The sick and wounded, and the medical officers whom it may be necessary to leave with them are placed under the special protection of the Commanders-in-Chief of the English and Prussian armies.

"Art. 5th.—The military, and those holding employments, to whom the foregoing article relates, shall be at liberty, immediately after their recovery, to re-join the corps to which they belong.

"Art. 6th.—The wives and children of all individuals belonging to the French army shall be at liberty to remain in Paris. The wives shall be allowed to quit Paris for the purpose of rejoining the army, and to carry with them their property and that of their husbands.

Art. 7th.—The officers of the line employed with the *Fédérés*, or with the *tirailleurs* of the National Guard, may either join the army, or return to their homes, or the places of their birth.

"Art. 8th.—To-morrow, the 4th of July, at mid-day, St. Denis, St. Ouen, Clichy, and Neuilly shall be given up. The day after to-morrow, the 5th, at the same hour, Montmartre shall be given up. The third day, the 6th, all the barriers shall be given up.

"Art. 9th.—The duty of the city of Paris shall continue to be done by the National Guard, and by the corps of the municipal *Gens-d'armerie.*

"Art. 10th.—The Commanders-in-Chief of the English and Prussian

armies engage to respect, and to make those under their command respect, the actual authorities, so long as they shall exist.

"Art. 11th.—Public property, with the exception of that which relates to war—whether it belongs to the government, or depends upon the municipal authorities—shall be respected, and the Allied Powers will not interfere in any manner with its administration and management.

"Art. 12th.—Private persons and property shall be equally respected. The inhabitants, and, in general, all individuals who shall be in the capital, shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties, without being disturbed, or called to account, either as to the situations which they hold, or may have held, or as to their conduct or political opinions.

"Art. 13th.—The foreign troops shall not interpose any obstacles to the provisioning of the capital, and will protect, on the contrary, the arrival and the free circulation of the articles which are destined for it.

"Art. 14th.—The present Convention shall be observed, and shall serve to regulate the mutual relations until the conclusion of peace. In case of rupture, it must be denounced in the usual forms, at least ten days beforehand.

"Art. 15th.—If any difficulties arise in the execution of any one of the Articles of the present Convention, the interpretation of it shall be made in favour of the French army, and of the city of Paris.

"Art. 16th.—The present Convention is declared common to all the allied armies, provided it be ratified by the powers on which these armies are dependent.

"Art. 17th.—The ratifications shall be exchanged to-morrow, the 4th of July, at six o'clock in the morning, at the bridge of Neuilly.

"Art. 18th.—Commissioners shall be named by the respective parties, in order to watch over the execution of the present Convention.

"Done and signed at St. Cloud, in triplicate, by the Commissioners above named, the day and year before mentioned.

"The Baron Bignon.
"The Count Guilleminot.
"The Count de Bondy.
"The Baron de Muffling.
"F. B. Hervey, Colonel.

"Approved and ratified, the present suspension of arms, at Paris, the 3rd of July, 1815.

"The Marshal Prince of Eckmuhl.

"Afterwards approved by Prince Blücher and the Duke of Wellington; and the ratification exchanged on the 4th of July."

The terms of the Convention were literally fulfilled. On the 4th, the French army, commanded by Marshal Davoust, quitted Paris, and proceeded on its march to the Loire; and the Anglo-allied troops occupied St. Denis, St. Ouen, Clichy, and Neuilly. On the 5th, the latter took possession of Montmartre. On the 6th, they occupied the barriers of Paris, upon the right of the Seine; and the Prussians those upon the left bank. On the 7th, the two allied armies entered Paris; the Chamber of Peers, having received from the Provisional Government a notification of the course of events, terminated its sittings. The Chamber of Deputies protested, 24th July, but in vain. Their president (Languinais) quitted his chair, and on the following day the doors were closed, and the approaches guarded by foreign troops.

Immediately, as if by magic, the whole population of the city became enthusiastically loyal; all caricatures of the Bourbons disappeared, and the streets echoed with songs in praise of Louis XVIII. The first troops marched through the Barrière de l'Etoile, and across the Place Louis Quinze; but others soon after advanced by different gates, from whence they proceeded to all parts of the city. Everywhere they were received with rapture, the Parisians crowding round the English in particular, as they passed, and exclaiming repeatedly, '*Quels braves hommes! Quels beaux chevaux! Quels jolis garçons! Qu'ils sont gentils!*' &c., while the *Messieurs Calicots*, of the Palais Royal, and the Rue Vivienne, descanted learnedly on the bright steel and well-tanned leather of the British saddlery, and the glossy coats of their horses. The Prussians were not received so favourably; however, upon the whole, the pageant, for as such alone it seemed to be regarded, passed off with the greatest *éclat*. The whole city was in a bustle, the people were dressed as for a holiday, their vanity moving them to cut a respectable figure before their enemies; and though the multitude was immense, the confusion was not so great as might have been expected. "The quays and Boulevards were enlivened by ballad-singers, tumblers, charlatans, fire-eaters, conjurors, &c., &c., all trying their best to please the wealthy strangers, whilst the soldiers, both English and Prussians, were highly amused, and

laughed heartily at their tricks, their hilarity being increased by the cheap *chopines de vin* and *verres de liqueur* with which they were abundantly supplied. English, Prussians, and French were soon mingled together, all apparently enjoying themselves; and no one who looked on their merry faces, and heard their bursts of laughter, could possibly have fancied they were the inhabitants of a conquered city and their conquerors.

"The major part of the French had, indeed, quite forgotton their troubles; they enjoyed a *grand spectacle*, and that was quite enough to make amends for anything. There were a few persons certainly amongst the crowd who, looking unutterable things, betrayed that all was not right within; and these fellows, who were probably old soldiers of Napoleon, though disguised *en habit bourgeois*, seemed ready to foment any disturbance which might chance to arise. Old Blücher, however, had taken the precaution of planting cannon, like open-mouthed bull-dogs, upon all the bridges, and the malcontents were kept in good order by the certainty of having the principal buildings in the city knocked about their ears if they dared to misbehave themselves.

"As soon as the officers and soldiers of the allies were settled in their quarters, they were surrounded by crowds of *marchands* and Jews, who came to purchase (*à bon compte*) any supernumerary articles which the warriors have picked up in their campaigns; rings, watches, snuff-boxes, and camp-equipages were bought for about a fiftieth part of their intrinsic worth, and many of the *marchands* had reason to bless the arrival of their conquerors. *Commissionaires* and *valets-de-place* were also in great requisition, and the most ridiculous mistakes were made every instant in bad English or worse French. The soldiers who had received billets, got to the wrong streets or houses, and blows were frequently given to obtain admission to domiciles which they had no right to enter. The baggage, in particular, very seldom went in the same direction with its owner, as the rueful appearance of many of the officers sufficiently evinced.

"The first bustle of taking up quarters being over, the strangers began to enjoy themselves, and all the *restaurants*, *traiteurs*, *cafés*, *cabarets*, and wine-houses, soon overflowed with customers. The consumption of provisions was enormous, and it was soon very difficult to get either a glass of brandy or a crust of bread at any price. In the evening there was a brilliant illumination. The Palais Royal looked like a fairy palace; the elegant little shops sparkling like gems, were crowded with purchasers, who were served by the prettiest *filles de boutique* that could be found in Paris. The soldiers were too gallant

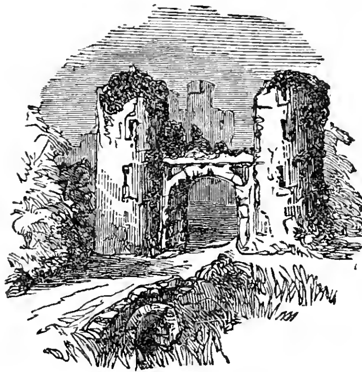
to *marchander*, and the bright eyes of the fair *Parisiennes* grew still brighter from the reflection of the English gold. The *Salles de Mars* and *de Flore*, in the Champs Elysées, were crowded with dancers; and whilst the soldiers were thus amusing themselves, the officers were thronging Frescati and the gaming-houses in the Palais Royal. All the chairs on the Boulevards and in the public-gardens were occupied by military; whilst the innumerable lights around flashed on the laced uniforms and bright accoutrements of the allies, as they appeared and disappeared among the trees. The Prussians were mostly in the estaminets smoking most devoutly; the theatres were thronged to suffocation, and the air resounded with every possible description of music; drums and trumpets, however, preponderating prodigiously. No one thought of rest; the city was in movement the whole night; and before three o'clock the country people, who had heard the news, came crowding in, loaded with provisions; all were greedily bought up, and there were many broken heads and scratched faces in the eagerness of buying and selling. About five, the heavy baggage began to arrive, and as it was placed on the quays and Boulevards, the soldiers, in their various uniforms, crowded round it; each claiming a share, with such energy of gesticulation from the difficulty of making themselves understood, as would have formed rich materials for the pencil of a Hogarth.

"Considering the good humour and good understanding which *appeared* to subsist between the French and their conquerors, it is melancholy to relate that on the morning of the 8th the Morgue was found nearly filled with the dead bodies of Prussians, who seemed to have been thrown into the river during the night, probably whilst in a state of intoxication.

"This disgraceful treachery, however, was scarcely noticed in the bustle of the preparations made for the reception of the French King. His Majesty arrived with a splendid *cortège* soon after noon, and was received with shouts and acclamations of delight; flowers were strewed in his path, and the power of music strained almost to exhaustion, in order to bid him welcome. About half-past two he alighted at the Tuileries. At that moment a scene of excessive confusion took place; a number of English and Prussian officers, who had attended the King, gave their horses to *commissionaires* to hold, and these fellows rode off, and were seen no more. There was no redress, as no effective government was yet established; and the National Guard, to whom alone the peace of the city was confided, generally sided with their countrymen. The King of Prussia made his entry at seven in the evening, the Emperor of Russia at half-past

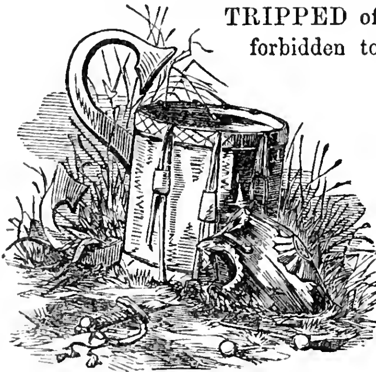
eight, and the Emperor of Austria about nine. Loud plaudits cheered the Autocrat of all the Russias; but the monarchs of Prussia and Austria were received very coldly, and considering everything, perhaps no mighty kingdom ever changed its masters with more indifference."[1]

[1] "United Service Journal."



CHAPTER V.

Napoleon flies to Rochefort—Is taken to England, and deported to St. Helena—Feeling in England on the news of the Battle of Waterloo—Thanks of Parliament, and Additional Vote of 200,000*l.*—Other marks of Public Gratitude—Blücher's design on the Pont de Jena frustrated—Wellington created Prince of Waterloo, &c.



STRIPPED of every vestige of authority, and forbidden to hope for its restoration in any form, Napoleon fled, as has been stated, to Rochefort, with the intention of proceeding to America. Application was made on his behalf to the Duke of Wellington for passports. The Duke very properly refused them. He had no authority to grant safe-conduct to a man who, wherever he was, would be certain to stir up strife, and probably re-kindle a European war. The flight of Napoleon was a contingency not foreseen by the British government, and arrangements had not therefore been made to provide for it. But as soon as the Duke communicated to the Ministry that the ex-Emperor was a fugitive to the shores of France, Lord Bathurst ordered thirty ships of war to environ those coasts, and arrest his departure. Selfish to the last, Napoleon had latterly passed his time in getting together the most valuable effects from the different palaces near Paris; and as these were all borne away by him on the occasion of his quitting Malmaison on the 29th of June, he was well prepared to establish himself comfortably wherever fortune might carry him. "Fame and memory would have been sufficient for a great man who

had so long swayed the destiny of empires; but Napoleon felt that he could not dwell upon his, and therefore required toys and trinkets!"[1] The projects, however, which he had formed for a free and independent existence were baffled by his active enemies. The Provisional Government had given orders to the captains of the frigates destined to convey Napoleon to the United States not to execute their commission if it endangered the safety of the vessels—and in the same breath they prohibited his being re-landed in France. The British commanders, on the other hand, were directed by their own government to obtain possession of his person, and carry him to England. Several projects of escape were suggested to Napoleon, but he had the sagacity to perceive that it was impossible to elude the vigilance of the English cruisers. Dreading lest the resumption of power by Louis XVIII. should be followed by an order for his arrest, he at length came to the resolution of putting himself voluntarily on board an English frigate, trusting to the chapter of accidents for a generous reception in England. He accordingly embarked in the *Bellerophon*, claiming, to use his own words, the "protection of the Prince Regent and the British laws." He was received, not as a guest—not under any pledge of protection—but simply because he wished to go to England; and Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, had the orders, in common with others, to which reference has been made above. Reaching England on the 24th of July, 1815, Napoleon despatched a letter to the Prince Regent, in which he complacently called himself *a victim to the factions that divided France*, and to the hostility of the greatest powers of Europe; and, "like Themistocles," he cast himself, metaphorically, on the hearth of the British people. The appeal was treated as it deserved. The multitude who crowded around the *Bellerophon* at Plymouth stared at him as at a caged monster; and the British government taught, by dear experience, the folly of trusting him in any way, sent Napoleon a captive to the island of St. Helena, there to expiate, during six years of painful exile, the enormous political crimes which had stained his career, and which, rending asunder the bonds of society and desolating Europe, had plunged half the civilised world into mourning.

The events following upon the second restoration of Louis XVIII., and the occupation of Paris by the allied troops, now claim attention as far as they bear any relation to the subject of this biography. But before describing them, let us take a glance at what had been passing in England since the middle of June, 1815.

[1] Mitchell's "Fall of Napoleon."

Six years of a succession of victories had cast a halo around the name of Wellington. The people, like the soldiery, had learnt to believe him invincible. No undue estimate had been formed of Napoleon's genius for war—nor were the resources suddenly placed at his disposal at all underrated. But the nation could not bring itself to look upon the contest, which it saw approaching in the Netherlands, with anything like apprehension. If the truth were told, the sentiment was rather the other way. Wellington had beaten all of Napoleon's marshals who had been opposed to him, and Great Britain had taught herself to think that her hero was more than a match for the master of the marshals. She now desired to witness the confirmation of this belief, and every post was looked for with lively anxiety as it brought the unavoidable conflict nearer to its issue. A great tournament was "coming off"—Europe the lists—universal peace or tyranny, the stake—Wellington and Napoleon the combatants. There was, of course, much anxiety in families, whose male members had hastened to the field, and the financial reformer, with a fixed idea, groaned over the prospect of fresh taxation. Those English people, also, who had made the Continent their residence after the peace of 1814, mourned the derangement of their plans, and the cessation of a style of life to which they had begun to accustom themselves. But with the exception of these classes there was an enthusiasm afloat throughout the land, and the young blood of England, Scotland, and Ireland circulated with increased velocity as the hope of ultimate triumph ripened into moral conviction.

The Stock Exchange had been in a state of considerable excitement from the hour of Napoleon's landing at Fréjus in the previous March. The funds—the unerring barometer of the fluctuations of prosperity and adversity, in all well-regulated commercial countries—now rose or fell with every report according to its sinister or cheering character. After the Restoration in 1814, a great deal of money had been vested in the French funds by English people, and on the chances of peace or war depended the integrity of their property. Much anxiety, therefore, prevailed. As the news arrived of Napoleon's advance into the Netherlands, the mercury of the commercial barometer fell, and a perfect stagnation of business succeeded to the most active speculation. But the news of the fight at Quatre Bras revived the hopes of the jobbers, and when the horns of the itinerant venders of "Extraordinary Gazettes" proclaimed a great victory at Waterloo, with all the exaggeration cupidity could supply, the funds rose very considerably.[1]

[1] The 3 per cent. Consols fell from $65\frac{1}{8}$ to $58\frac{5}{8}$ when Napoleon returned, in March, but every kind of Stock rose at the end of June.

Well has the eloquent Alison written:

"No one who was then of an age to understand what was going on can ever forget the entrancing joy which thrilled through the British heart at the news of Waterloo."

The wailings which covered the land when the long lists of killed and wounded were displayed, were drowned in the tumultuous joy which animated eighteen millions of human beings between the Land's End and John o' Groat's. Parliament was happily sitting at the time. Within three days of the receipt of the intelligence of the victory, the Prince Regent, the steadfast friend and generous suppòrter of the Duke of Wellington, justly interpreting the feelings of the country at this juncture, sent down a message to the House of Lords, recommending it to concur in such measures as might be necessary to afford a further proof of the sense entertained by Parliament of the Duke of Wellington's transcendent services and of the gratitude and munificence of the British nation.

Parliament, never backward at such a call, unanimously concurred in a vote for adding the sum of 200,000*l.* to the former grants, by which its sense of his extraordinary merits had been demonstrated.

When this message was read in the House of Lords, the Earl of Liverpool said he had one or two facts to relate. He was one of the trustees of the grant already voted to the Duke of Wellington. It was stipulated that out of the sum given, 100,000*l.* were to be applied towards procuring a mansion fit to commemorate the nation's gratitude for the distinguished services of his Grace; but it was soon found to be absolutely impossible with such a sum to erect a house in any degree adequate to the intended object. Every man, as soon as he heard the account of the recent victory—a victory which he had no hesitation in saying was unequalled in the history of this country—anxiously inquired whether no other proof of the nation's gratitude could be bestowed besides the thanks of Parliament? Could the House, under such circumstances, hesitate to furnish to the Duke the means of supporting his exalted rank?

In the House of Commons, Mr. Whitbread said he cordially agreed in the grant. He conceived that the Duke of Wellington had done more than had been achieved by any other human being than himself. If we had read of such achievements in history, as having been performed ten centuries ago, we should almost discredit the story. He had understood that, during the battle, the Duke of Wellington had repeatedly thrown himself into the centre of a square that was attacked, thus placing the most entire confidence in the valour of the soldiers that composed it. They also felt the same confidence in

him, and the inestimable value of that commander whose life was entrusted to their defence. Although honour was the best reward for such distinguished services, yet, as the Duke of Wellington had already reached the climax of human honour, the House had no way to show its gratitude but by a grant of money. The conduct of the British army in all its parts had never been surpassed by any other troops. As to the opinions, however, which he entertained about the justice of the war, they rested upon principles which could not be altered by the accidental circumstances of victory or defeat.

The thanks of both Houses were afterwards voted to the Duke of Wellington, and to many officers of distinction in his army, and to Marshal Prince Blücher, and the allied troops under the Duke's command.

On this occasion, Earl Bathurst, on moving the thanks in the House of Lords, said, "he was aware that their lordships must be eager to discharge the debt of gratitude to the Duke, who had now so gloriously relieved them from the anxiety which all must have felt for some time past. The campaign was begun by Bonaparte himself. He had not, for this time at least, to accuse the seasons, nor the defection of those from whom he expected support. He could not say that he was obliged to commence the battle by those to whose measures he was compelled to yield, contrary to his own better judgment. It was completely his own act and choice. Under these circumstances he had failed. His attacks were repulsed; the order was reversed—he was attacked in his turn. His boasted genius shrunk under the ascendancy of a mightier genius, and the result was, the complete overthrow of the French army. An achievement of such magnitude could not be performed without great loss. It had been wisely ordained by Providence that we should taste neither of joy nor of grief unmixed; and the pain at which this victory was gained must teach us to check our exultation."

In the House of Commons Lord Castlereagh prefaced his motion for a vote of thanks by observing "that it would be confessed that whatever the former fame of the Duke of Wellington might have been, yet, in all the various occurrences of his life—in all those great achievements which he had performed, and which had called for the thanks of the House, he had never before attained to a height of glory like the present. And, in all the great events which he had been engaged in, and those scenes that he had witnessed, it had never before fallen to the lot of the illustrious commander to render so great a service to his country, so extensive a benefit to the world. There was in the present victory an acknowledged pre-eminence over

all those that had preceded it; but when we looked at its influence and combination, in which are bound up all the interests of the civilised world, it was almost impossible to conceive an idea adequate

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH.

to its magnitude and importance. The position of the allied army previously to the late one was a very peculiar one; and without meaning to impute blame, or to suppose any neglect of security, he must say that the circumstance of the armies not being actually engaged in hostilities necessarily led to a distribution of force, for the more convenient obtainment of sustenance for so large an army. The whole line of troops destined to act upon France not being equally advanced, it was clearly not the interest of the Allies to become the assailants; the army, therefore, which was to act upon the offensive making its point of union the point it chose for an attack, must have a great advantage over an army situated as the allied army was; and yet it was impossible to alter that position; for if Marshal Blucher and the Duke of Wellington had concentrated their forces, they must have left open a long line of country at the

mercy of the enemy, who might have made use of such a lapse for the most important ends; and, therefore, not imputing any neglect of preparation to the commanders, it must be evident that the attacking army would have the advantage. With such a force on the frontiers of France, it was with Bonaparte a great object to attack it in some powerful point, before the combined powers were all perfectly ready for operations; and accordingly he had acted with all the decision of character and energy of mind that he was known to possess; and as soon as he could leave Paris he joined his army, and, directing it to the north, commenced his operations. In considering the nature and extent of the forces engaged, he must observe, that of the ten *corps d'armée* which France possessed, the five which were complete were united under Bonaparte, together with his guard and other cavalry. These troops had certainly maintained their ancient character; and, one feature of the victory was, that it had been gained over the best troops of France, and that, too, at a moment when they displayed all their ardour, and when their conduct even surpassed all that they had before performed."

A motion being afterwards made by Lord Castlereagh for an address to the Prince Regent, that he would be pleased to give directions for a national monument in honour of the victory at Waterloo, and in commemoration of those who gloriously fell in achieving it, the same was unanimously agreed to.

The Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, always prompt to the expression of merited commendation, wrote to the Duke of Wellington on the 21st of June, in reply to the despatch of the 19th, describing the battle of Waterloo:—

"HORSE-GUARDS, 21*st June*, 1815.

"MY LORD DUKE,

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your Grace's despatch of the 19th instant, conveying a report of the military operations up to that date.

"Marked and distinguished as these operations have been by the glorious and important victory gained over the French army on the 18th instant, I have infinite pleasure in communicating to your Grace the high feeling of satisfaction and approbation with which the Prince Regent has viewed the conduct of the troops upon this memorable occasion. No language can do justice to the sense his Royal Highness entertains of that distinguished merit, which has even surpassed all former instances of their characteristic firmness and discipline; allow me to desire that your Grace will also accept

yourself, and convey, in my name, to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and troops, under your command, the thanks of his Royal Highness for the great and important services which they have rendered their grateful country.

"From my partiality and well-known opinion of the Prussian nation and their troops, your Grace will readily believe that I also concur in that expression of admiration and thanks which have emanated from the Prince Regent for the important services rendered to the common cause by Prince Blücher and the brave army under his command. The triumph of success cannot lessen the regret which must be felt by all for the loss of the many valuable lives which has unavoidably attended the accomplishment of this great achievement; and I particularly deplore the fall of Lieutenant-General Sir T. Picton and Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby.

"FREDERICK, *Commander-in-Chief.*"

And Lord Bathurst, Secretary of War and the Colonies, wrote three days afterwards:—

"WAR DEPARTMENT, LONDON, 24*th June*, 1815.

"MY LORD,

"Your Grace will be pleased to convey to General H. R. H. the Prince of Orange the satisfaction the Prince Regent has experienced in observing that in the actions of the 16th and 18th, his Royal Highness has given an early promise of those military talents for which his ancestors have been so renowned; and that by freely shedding his blood in the defence of the Netherlands, he has cemented an union of the people with the House of Orange, which, it is to be hoped, will thereby become indissoluble. The Prince Regent is pretty sensible of the meritorious services performed by the Earl of Uxbridge, who had the command of the cavalry on the 18th, and commands me to desire you will communicate to his lordship his Royal Highness's most gracious acceptance of them.

"The judicious conduct and determined courage displayed by General Lord Hill and by the other general officers in command of his Majesty's forces upon this glorious occasion, have obtained the high approbation of the Prince Regent. Your Grace will be pleased to communicate to the general officers his gracious approval of their exertions; and your Grace will also be pleased to make known to the army at large the high approbation with which the Prince Regent has viewed the excellent conduct and invincible valour manifested by

all ranks and descriptions of the troops serving under your Grace's command.

"His Royal Highness commands me on no account to omit expressing his deep regret on receiving so long a list of officers and men who have fallen or been severely wounded in the actions of the 16th and 18th instant; and the Prince Regent particularly laments the loss of such highly distinguished officers, as Lieutenant-General Sir T. Picton and Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby.

"It cannot be expected that such desperate conflicts should be encountered, and so transcendent a victory be attained, without considerable loss. The chance of war must at times expose armies under the ablest commanders to great casualties, without any adequate advantage to be derived in return. But whoever contemplates the immediate effects and the probable results of the battles fought upon the 16th and 18th instant, cannot but think that, although on the lists of killed and wounded several of his Majesty's most approved officers are unfortunately inscribed, many endeared to your Grace, and whose names have become familiar to the country by their distinguished services in the Peninsula; the loss, however severe, and however to be lamented, bears but a small proportion to the magnitude of the victory which has been achieved, and which has exalted the military glory of the country—has protected from invasion and spoil the territory of his Majesty's ally, the King of the Netherlands—and has opened the fairest prospect of placing on a lasting foundation the peace and liberties of Europe.

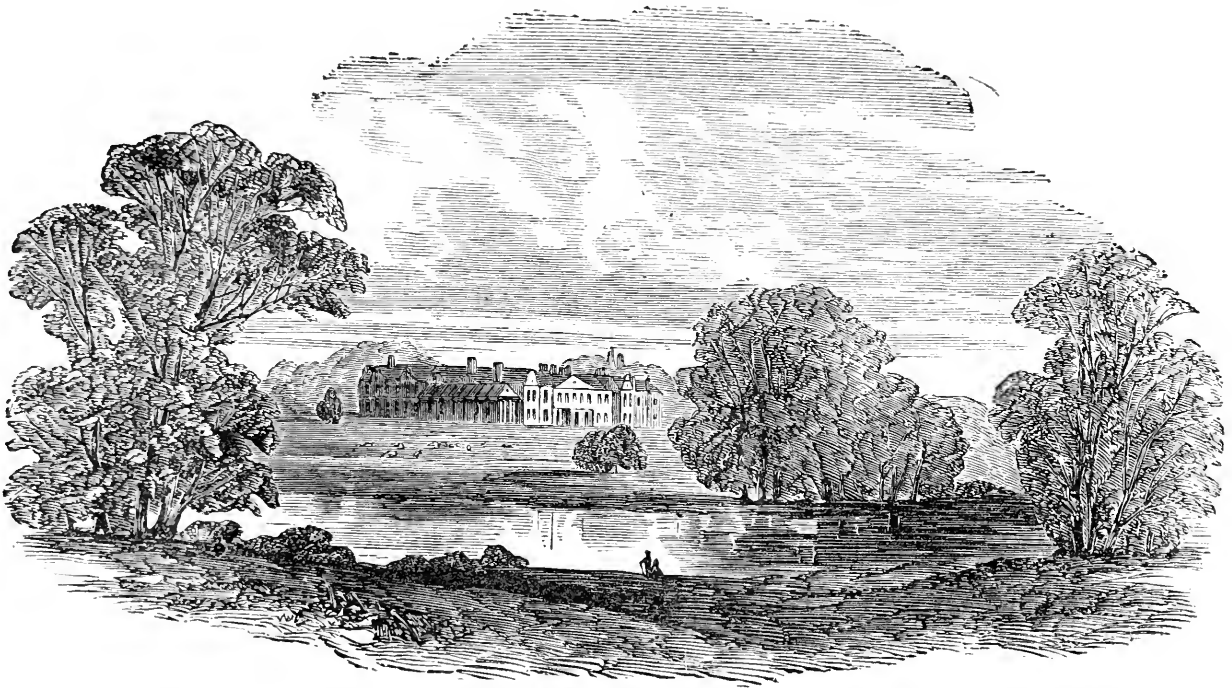
"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"BATHURST."

Besides the foregoing tribute to the Duke's worth and ability, the Duke of York wrote to him a letter, dated 23rd of June, desiring him to recommend certain officers for the third class of the Order of the Bath.[1] The Duke acknowledged the compliment, and named the deserving. His Grace at the same time suggested some modifications of the Order, and asked for some consideration for the captains of the army.

"I confess that I do not concur in the limitation of the Order to Field Officers. Many captains in the army conduct themselves in a very meritorious manner, and deserve it, and I never could see the reason for excluding them from the Order or the medal."

1 Down to January, 1815, all officers honoured with the military Order of the Bath were called Knights Companions, or Knights of the Bath. In that month and year a statute was passed, dividing the Order into three classes, C.B., K.C.B., and G.C.B.



STRATHFIELDSAYE.

p. 63.

The Duke was, in a general way, very averse to the indiscriminate issue of medals, but upon the present occasion he departed both from his principle and his reserve, and wrote to the Duke of York:

"I would likewise beg leave to suggest to your Royal Highness the expediency of giving to the non-commissioned officers and soldiers engaged in the battle of Waterloo a medal. I am convinced it would have the best effect on the army; and, if that battle should settle our concerns, they will well deserve it."

How that suggestion was acknowledged, every Englishman knows. To this hour—December, 1852—five hundred officers, and several thousand men proudly bear the Waterloo medal upon their breast.

But the gratitude of the nation did not stop short with the issue of the medal. Five hundred thousand pounds were raised by voluntary subscription, for the benefit of those who had been wounded in the fight, and for the widows and orphans of the fallen. An enthusiastic desire to perpetuate the name of "Wellington" and the crowning scene of his triumphant career, pervaded every class of his countrymen. In Ireland, a noble testimonial was erected in the Phœnix Park, and in the British capital a magnificent bridge spanning the Thames was baptized Waterloo, in the presence of the Prince Regent and Duke of York. With the money voted by Parliament the mansion and estates of Strathfieldsaye were purchased, to be held by Wellington and his heirs, on condition of his presenting a tri-coloured flag to the sovereign at Windsor Castle on the 18th of June in every year. A more desirable property could not be procured at the time, or it is certain that a preference would have been given to an estate of a more productive character, and in a more picturesque locality.[1] The Duke was heard to say in after-

[1] Strathfieldsaye is situated about six and a half miles north-west of the Winchfield station, and about the same distance north-east of the station at Basingstoke; it is about three and a half miles east of Silchester. The parish of Strathfieldsaye is partly in the County of Berkshire. The park is not of very great extent, the average breadth being about a mile, and the length about a mile and a half; but it is rendered pleasant, especially on the eastern side, by a diversity of hill and dale, and some fine trees; and it is also enlivened by the waters of the river Lodden, which, widening through the grounds, are expanded into various sheets of water, near which the mansion is situated. The term "Strath," or "Strat," as it is usually pronounced, seems to have been an old term signifying a "stretch" of level ground with elevations running along the sides. In this sense it is frequently used in Scotland, and some instances of its employment with this meaning may be found in Wales. The addition of "Saye" seems to have been derived from a family of that name, who originally possessed the domain, and from which it passed in marriage to that of the Dabridgecourts, who held it from the time of Richard II. to the year 1636. About that time it was purchased by Sir W. Pitt, an ancestor of the Earl of Chatham, to whom it descended, and who, as well as his equally celebrated son, often resided there. The avenue of beech trees at Strathfieldsaye is very

times, that it required the greatest frugality to prevent an annual loss upon the estate.

During the period of the peace of Amiens, Canova, the renowned statuary, sculptured a colossal figure of Napoleon. This, at the peace in 1814, was presented by the King of France to the Prince Regent of England. The Prince now caused it to be transferred to Apsley House, the Duke's dwelling, in Piccadilly, in the very case in which it was originally conveyed from Rome to Paris; that case never having been opened between the time of its first arrival in the French capital and the capture of that city by the allies.[1] In addition to this compliment, the countrywomen of the Duke subscribed a sum for the erection of a bronze figure of Achilles, which was placed in Hyde Park, contiguous to Apsley House.

Nor were the honours and rewards showered upon the Duke of Wellington emanations of English gratitude and admiration alone. The King of the Netherlands conferred upon him the title of Prince of Waterloo; and the King of France created him a Marshal of France, a Knight of the Holy Ghost, and Duke de Brunoy.[2]

Reverting to the proceedings of the allies upon their occupation of Paris, we come upon a period of our history when the judgment, the

beautiful. There is an anecdote current, that Mr. C. J. Loudon, the botanist, wrote to the Duke to ask leave to make drawings of them. The Duke mistook the signature for "C. J. London," the name of the diocesan, and therefore wrote to the Bishop that he might do anything with the trees but cut them down. Mr. Loudon, owing to this mistake, never received a reply to his letter, and was, perhaps, one of the very few men whose letters were unanswered by the Duke.

[1] Canova had several sittings from Napoleon for the head of this remarkable statue, and was so well pleased with its resemblance to the original, that he expressed the strongest interest in this production of his chisel, and explained to an English gentleman who visited him, that the reason why the statue had remained at the Hotel de Ville, in Paris, till the entrance of the Allied Armies into that city, without the case ever having been opened, was, merely, that the habitual superstition to which Bonaparte was so subject had induced him to forbid the opening of the case, solely because, when he understood that the small antique figure of Victory which stands upon the orb in the right hand of the statue had its back turned towards him, and had wings upon its shoulders, he was fearful that it would be construed into an omen that Victory had fled, or would fly, from him, and therefore would not allow anybody in Paris to see the statue; and thus it is remarkable that this statue, which Napoleon rejected as ominous of defeat, fell into the possession of his Conqueror—a lasting memorial of Victory. The orb is supposed to represent the globe. It is remarkably disproportioned to the size of the figure. An observation to that effect being made to Canova, we believe, he courteously replied, "Ah, you see, Napoleon's world did not include Great Britain!"

[2] Brunoy is a delightful village, situate in the beautiful valley of Yeres, on the Lyons road, about twenty-five kilometres from Paris. It was formerly a Royal residence, with a magnificent château, and a display of water-works which must have rivalled St. Cloud or Versailles. Charles X. used to visit Brunoy as a *rendezvous de chase;* but the château was partly destroyed at the time of the great Revolution, and the remaining portions have since been converted into villas or country residences.

patience, and the magnanimity of the Duke of Wellington were to be put to a very severe test.

No two men could be more unlike in every respect than the Duke and his colleague, Marshal Blücher. The Prussian marshal had the highest possible respect for the Duke. He offered him the homage which the superior mind insensibly exacts of the inferior. The one soldier, however, was the mere representative of brute force; the other was decorated with all the attributes of moral greatness. Blücher would have tarnished every success by the indulgence of a vindictive spirit; Wellington sheathed the sword when the battle was won.

> "Being angered—his revenge being nigh—
> He bade the wrong stay, and the displeasure fly."

Thwarted in his project for seizing the person of Napoleon, the Prussian marshal determined, on entering Paris, that she should feel that she was a conquered city, and no longer permitted to boast of the trophies of the subjugation and humiliation of Prussia. There is a bridge on the Seine erected by Napoleon, and bearing the title of the Pont de Jéna, in commemoration of the battle which laid Prussia at his feet. Blücher conceived that he was at liberty to destroy the bridge, in right of retribution, and at the instance and with the consent (it is said) of the Emperor Alexander, he had caused excavations to be made in some of the piers, filled them all with gunpowder, and stripped the bridge of its pavement. At the same time, Blücher imposed upon the city a military contribution of one hundred millions of francs, and threatened that, unless the sum were paid within twenty-four hours, he would send a considerable number of the bankers and merchants to prison; in earnest of the sincerity of which menace, he actually arrested two of the principal bankers, by placing guards in their houses!

The intelligence of these violent measures on Marshal Blücher's part reaching the ears of the Duke of Wellington, he addressed the following letter to the Marshal—a letter than which nothing that he ever penned more fully illustrated the loftiness of his character, his sense of delicacy, and his regard for the interests of justice and humanity.

"TO MARSHAL PRINCE BLUCHER.

"PARIS, *9th June*, 1815.

"The subjects on which Lord Castlereagh and I conversed with your Highness and General Compte Gneisenau this morning, viz.,

the destruction of the bridge of Jena, and the levy of the contribution of one hundred millions of francs upon the city of Paris, appear to me to be so important to the allies in general, that I cannot allow myself to omit to draw your Highness's attention to them again in this shape.

"The destruction of the bridge of Jena is highly disagreeable to the King and to the people, and may occasion disturbance in the city. It is not merely a military measure, but is one likely to attach to the character of our operations, and is of political importance. It is adopted solely because the bridge is considered a monument of the battle of Jena, notwithstanding that the Government are willing to change the name of the bridge.

"Considering the bridge as a monument, I beg leave to observe that its immediate destruction is inconsistent with the promise made to the Commissioners on the part of the French army, during the negotiation of the Convention, viz., that the monuments, museums, &c., should be reserved for the decision of the Allied Sovereigns.

"All that I ask is, that the execution of the orders given for the destruction of the bridge may be suspended till the Sovereigns shall arrive here, when, if it should be agreed by common accord that the bridge ought to be destroyed, I shall have no objection.

"In regard to the contribution laid on the city of Paris, I am convinced that your Highness will acquit me of any desire to dispute the claim of the Prussian army to any advantage which can be derived from its bravery and exertions, and services to the cause; but it appears to me that the allies will contend that one party to a general alliance ought not to derive all the benefit resulting from the operations of the armies. Even supposing the allies should be inclined to concede this point to the Prussian army, they will contend for the right of considering the question whether France ought or ought not to be called upon to make this pecuniary sacrifice, and for that of making the concession to the Prussian army, if it should be expedient to make it.

"The levy and application of this contribution ought, then, to be a matter for the consideration and decision of all the allies; and in this point of view it is that I entreat your Highness to defer the measures for the levy of it till the Sovereigns shall have arrived.

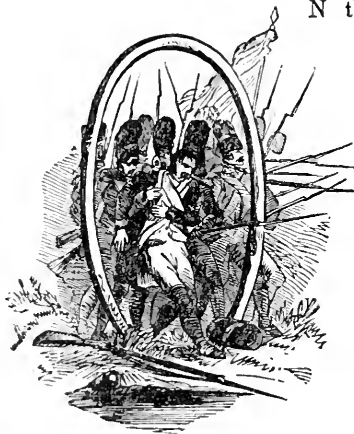
"Since I have had the happiness of acting in concert with your Highness and the brave army under your command, all matters have been carried on by common accord, and with a degree of harmony unparalleled in similar circumstances, much to the public advantage. What I now ask is, not the dereliction of your measures, but the

delay of them for the day, or at most two days, which will elapse before the Sovereigns will arrive, which cannot be deemed unreasonable, and will, I hope, be granted, on account of the motive for making the request."

Yet did not the Duke escape calumny. He was assailed virulently in every possible manner. To anonymous letters he gave no heed; but some one even personally addressed him, charging him with participating in the outrageous conduct of the Prussians and their labours at the bridge. He calmly replied to the writer, that had he (the writer) known any of the circumstances connected with the attempted destruction, he would have found that the Duke did not deserve the reproach levelled at him. He attributed them to the ease with which false impressions are made upon an excitable people. "If," he added, "the injustice which you have done me in your letter should have the effect of inducing you hereafter to be cautious and reflective before you accuse a public man on any future occasion that may present itself, I forgive you the present wrong."

CHAPTER VI.

The Second Restoration—Condemnation of Political Offenders—Justification of the Duke in reference to Marshal Ney—The spoliation of the Louvre—The Duke's honourable proceedings—The Army of Occupation.



N the 7th of July, Louis XVIII. entered Paris, under the protection of the Allied Armies. He was less welcome now than in March, 1814, for Bourbonism and its priestcraft, its partialities and prejudices, had been tried and found wanting. Before, he had everything to forgive: in 1815, he had something to avenge.

A decree, dated 9th of July, announced the formation of the new French Ministry. The Prince de Talleyrand was appointed President of the Council and Secretary of State for the department of Foreign Affairs.

Talleyrand was the French Vicar of Bray. He had been a member of almost every Government France had known from the hour he entered into political life. A man of consummate abilities, of great wit and unsparing sarcasm—familiar with, and attached to, the ceremonials of Courts—he had rendered himself rather necessary than agreeable to the dominant authorities. Of aristocratic origin he was sent to college preparatory to taking holy orders; for as there had always been a prelate of the noble house of Talleyrand, he was intended for the ecclesiastical dignity. At the age of thirty-five he had become Bishop of Autun, without having acquired a high

reputation for piety and church learning. Establishing a friendship with Mirabeau, he adopted the free opinions of that popular orator, and when the Constituent Assembly met, Talleyrand was an important agent in the reforms it planned and enforced. He was despatched to England to endeavour to bring about a community of feeling between France and ourselves on the subject of legislative change. The decapitation of Lous XVI. brought things to a crisis and shocked all Europe. Talleyrand was then compelled, under the Alien Act, to fly to America. He there turned his attention to commercial affairs, lived by them, prospered by them; but when the republic was established he was recalled, through the influence of Madame de

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

Staël, and became a member of the Government as Minister for Foreign Affairs. He soon quarrelled with the Directory. Sièyes and he never could agree. Napoleon, quick to discover talent and pliable instruments, found both in Talleyrand, and confirmed him as Foreign Minister when he assumed the Consulate. Talleyrand served *the Emperor* as Grand Chamberlain, but a misunderstanding arose

owing partly to the war with Spain, and partly to Talleyrand's spirit of intrigue with England and the Bourbons, and Napoleon dismissed him with a handsome *douceur*. With the Restoration, Talleyrand, who had always carried on a clandestine correspondence with Louis XVIII., returned to power. He was immediately sent as Ambassador to the Congress of Vienna, and influenced the Congress to oppose Napoleon. Could Louis XVIII. do less than make him the chief of his first ministry, after the battle of Waterloo had con solidated (for a time) the throne of the Bourbons? The Duke of Wellington liked Talleyrand, his society, his wit, his cleverness, and no doubt he dropped a word in season, which ensured his present elevation.

One of the first acts of Talleyrand, in conjunction with the Duc de Richelieu, the Prime Minister, was to dismiss from the Chamber of Peers all those who had accepted seats in the Chamber recently established by Napoleon. In this act of dismissal were comprehended Marshals the Dukes of Elchingen, Albufera (Suchet), Cornegliano, and Treviso (Mortier). This was followed by a decree, dated 24th of July, directing that the generals and officers who *betrayed the king* before the 23rd of March, or who attacked France and the Government with force and arms, and those who, by violence, gained possession of power, should be arrested and brought before competent courts-martial in their respective divisions. Amongst the officers included in this decree were Marshals Ney and Grouchy, Colonel Labédoyère, Generals Drouet d'Erlon, Clausel, Laborde, Cambronne, and Lavalette. By the same decree numbers were banished Paris, and ordered into the interior of France, there to await until the Chambers should decide which of them ought to depart the kingdom, or be delivered up to prosecution. Soult, Excelmans, Carnot, Vandamme, and Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely were included in the eight-and-thirty thus exiled.

Of those who were ordered to be arrested and brought to trial, Colonel Labédoyère and Marshal Ney were found guilty and shot to death. The circumstance created a great sensation in Paris and in England, for the character of Ney for courage and soldiership—a character which he maintained to the latest hour of his life—had created a great deal of sympathy in his favour. The Bourbons were denounced in France and in England for a want of humanity, and much obloquy was cast upon the Duke of Wellington for abstaining from an interference in Ney's behalf. "The share of the Duke of Wellington in that lamentable butchery, if it reflect no discredit on him, certainly cannot be told to his honour." So spake

an influential part of the *liberal* press of England; and the Muse of Byron, in her "savage imbecility," bespattered him with tirades unworthy of a poet capable of sublime and lofty efforts. Passion and prejudice evidently had more to do with these contemptible censures than reason and common-sense. Calmly and patiently reviewing the circumstances at this distance of time, and looking at the *consequences* of Marshal Ney's atrocious treachery, apart from the simple act of his betraying the cause of the King, it seems impossible to imagine that the Duke of Wellington could, as a soldier in love with honour, as a statesman abhorring the author of the frightful bloodshed arising out of Napoleon's being permitted to march on Paris, move hand or foot to save the perfidious Marshal. Every English soldier who had been executed for desertion or betrayal of his trust, under a warrant signed by the Duke, would unquestionably have been murdered had Ney been spared. The Marshal's defence of himself was the weakest that could be conceived. He said he had "lost his head" when he approached Napoleon—he was "disconcerted"—he was in "no relation with things as they were"—he was, "doubtless, wrong in reading his proclamation to the troops at Lons le Saulier, but he was impelled by circumstances," all of which amounted to a confession that he had no fixed principles in the first instance, no justification whatever to offer in the second. It was established on the clearest evidence, that if battle had been given to Napoleon when Ney, with his corps, encountered the returned Emperor's small force, the troops might have remained faithful to the King; but the proclamation defeated everything!" The circumstances connected with that proclamation have been already given to the reader. Can any candid Englishman, recalling those circumstances, hold Ney guiltless of all the blood of our countrymen spilt at Quatre Bras and Waterloo? Would any British officer who might thus betray his Queen, and consign his country to all the horrors of war, be deemed worthy of the slightest clemency? Many efforts were made to save Ney; by personal application to the Duke of Wellington of Madame Ney; by appeals to the allies in Paris, and to the Prince Regent in England; but they were properly unavailing. Ney himself made no appeal to the generosity of the soldier who had defeated him at Quatre Bras, and driven him back at Waterloo; his letter claimed mercy on the faith of a clause in the Military Convention of Paris. It was more of a lawyer-like than a soldier-like appeal. That clause expressly exempted all persons found in Paris at the time of the capitulation from any measure of severity at the hands of the allied troops, but it certainly did not

tie up the hands of any existing or future French government from acting in that respect as it might seem fit; and so wrote the Duke of Wellington to Marshal Ney.[1]

A great many negotiations took place, and treaties were entered into at Paris at this time, for the due settlement of the affairs of Europe, and in most of these the Duke of Wellington took an active part, exhibiting as much ability as a statesman as he had hitherto manifested as a general. Whilst acting as the British representative on these occasions, a circumstance occurred, which forcibly exemplified his forbearance, firmness, and disinterestedness.

At a very early conference of the ministers of the allies at Paris, the minister of the King of the Netherlands put the direct question to the Duke of Wellington, whether he had received any instructions from, or knew the intentions of, his Court as to the integrity or demolition of the Louvre and other Parisian galleries? to which the Duke distinctly replied, that he had not received any instructions from his Court upon the subject; and as his Court did not interfere with the galleries on the former occasion, (meaning upon the first restoration of the Bourbons,) he had no reason to suppose they would interfere on the present occasion. This seemed to be received as satisfactory at the moment, and nothing further was said upon it at that time. But at a subsequent conference, a considerable time afterwards, the minister of the King of the Netherlands renewed the

[1] If there could have been any doubt as to the interpretation put by the Duke of Wellington upon the clause, the following letter from Earl Bathurst must have removed it, and at the same time imposed upon the Duke the obligation, as a good and loyal subject, of continuing to act with perfect neutrality in the matter:—

"FROM EARL BATHURST TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"DOWNING STREET, *7th July*, 1815.

"MY LORD,

"Although your Grace has stated distinctly that the convention entered into by you and Marshal Prince Blücher on the one hand, and certain French authorities on the other, upon the 3rd instant, while it decided all the military questions, had touched nothing political; and although it cannot be imagined that, in a convention negotiated with these authorities by Prince Blücher and your Grace, you would enter into any engagement whereby it should be presumed that his most Christian Majesty was absolutely precluded from the just exercise of his authority, in bringing to condign punishment such of his subjects as had, by their treasonable machinations and unprovoked rebellion, forfeited all claims to his Majesty's clemency and forbearance; yet, in order that no doubt shall be entertained as to the sense with which this article is to be considered by the Prince Regent, in conveying his entire approbation of the convention, I am commanded to state that his Royal Highness deems the twelfth article of it to be binding only on the conduct of the British and Prussian commanders and the commanders of such of the allies as may become parties to the present convention, by their ratification of it.

"I have, &c.

"BATHURST."

subject, and stated, to the surprise of all present, that a positive promise had been made by the King of France (Louis XVIII.), during the short period of Bonaparte's resumption of the throne, to his master, the King of the Netherlands, that if he (Louis) should ever recover the Crown, he would restore to the King of the Netherlands all the works of art belonging to Holland and Belgium, which Napoleon had removed from those countries into France, and were then in the Louvre; and that as all matters connected with the settlement of affairs appeared then to be nearly brought to a satisfactory conclusion, he considered it proper that he should, without further delay, insist upon the performance of the King's promise in this respect to his master. Upon this disclosure, Marshal Blücher, as the representative of Prussia, declared, that if the works of art belonging to the Kingdom of the Netherlands were to be restored to the King of those countries, he (Marshal Blücher) must insist upon a similar restoration being made to his master, the King of Prussia. These two claims having been so strongly put forward, the Duke of Wellington felt that it was his duty, in fairness to all interests concerned, to require, without any further loss of time, that in the event of the King of the Netherlands and the King of Prussia being allowed the works of art in the Louvre belonging to them respectively, an option should be secured for all other powers interested in the same question to reclaim such works as belonged to them, if they should think proper to do so. The requisition of the two first-mentioned claimants being adhered to, it soon became evident that the dissolution of the galleries was inevitable, and serious discussions on the subject immediately ensued between the Duke of Wellington and the Duke de Richelieu, at that time the Prime Minister of France. From the Duke of Richelieu he obtained no satisfactory decision, and subsequently had an audience of the King, which was as little decisive in its result; the effectual part of the King's promise was evaded, and the Duke was again referred by his Majesty to the Duke de Richelieu upon this momentous and still undecided question. By the Duke de Richelieu the Duke was at length referred to Denon (the principal officer of the Government as regarded the Fine Arts). A great deal of discussion ensued, and ultimately, when Denon found that there appeared to be no escape from this demand upon the French Government, he said to the Duke, "If you *are* to have the galleries you must *take* them." This settled the question, and a guard was immediately placed over the Louvre, and preparations made for removing all those works which were claimed in consequence of the original promise of Louis XVIII. to the King of the

Netherlands. This occurrence caused extraordinary excitement in Paris. The bitter hatred of the Prussians by the French appeared to be superceded by the virulence which manifested itself in a few hours against the English on this occasion, as the supposed authors of this formidable blow to the vanity and exultation by which the French had always been actuated with respect to these possessions; and the Duke of Wellington, who, as appears from the above statement of facts to have been perfectly innocent of any spontaneous assault upon the Louvre, became the subject of the most unmeasured and opprobrious invective. From this unmerited and painful position the Duke could in an instant have relieved himself, and have transferred the fury to which he was exposed to the real instigators of the movement, if he had chosen to state the fact, that Louis XVIII. had falsified his word, by first voluntarily promising in part to demolish the galleries, and then practically opposing the execution of that promise; but it needed not one-tenth part of the penetration and sagacity of the Duke of Wellington to enable him clearly to foresee what would have been the effect upon the interests of that monarch and his crown, and probably upon all Europe, if in the then excited state of Paris, such a disclosure had been made. Here, then, is another extraordinary instance, in which private feeling and personal interest were nobly sacrificed by this high-minded man, in the faithful and intrepid discharge of what he felt to be his paramount duty to the general interests of those for and with whom he was called upon to act.[1]

[1] The reader is referred to Appendix II., for the Duke's explanation of this affair to the British Ministry.

CHAPTER VII.

The Army of Occupation—The Duke's residence in Paris, from 1815 to 1818—The Army breaks up, and the Duke returns to England.

Y the 20th of November, 1815, after a great deal of protocolling, anxious and sometimes angry discussions, the Allied Powers made a treaty with the French King, settling the future limits of the Kingdom, defining the compensation France was to make for the expenses of the long war, and the spoliation inflicted on different states during the Revolution, and fixing the sums she was to pay for the maintenance of an allied army in the different French fortresses for the period of five years. The burthen thus imposed upon the nation did not fall short of seventy millions sterling—a terrible pressure upon the industry of the people and produce of the country for many years in prospect. The allied army in occupation of the fortresses was 150,000 strong, and the Ministers Plenipotentiary of the four great powers determined that that army should be placed under the command of the Duke of Wellington.

The state paper, in which the ministers intimated their wishes upon the subject, was so highly honourable to the Duke, that no biography of his Grace can be complete without it. The document is at the same time a remarkable specimen of diplomatic courtesy. The Duke de Richelieu—the grand-nephew of the famous cardinal—was the Prime Minister of France at the time. He had struggled with patriotic fervour to obtain for his country the complete restoration of

her power and position, and the departure of the whole of the foreign troops. Sound policy, however, dictated to the allies an adherence to the plan they had chalked out, and it was considered a great act of clemency that 550,000 of the troops, then in the French territories, should be withdrawn, and that some of the posts, such as Condé, Giret, and Charlemont, and the forts of Joux and Ecluse should not be included in the territorial cession. Another point yielded to the earnest entreaties of the Duke de Richelieu, was the diminution of the tribute by one hundred millions of francs.

The following is the paper, in which the arrangement of the command of the allied armies was notified to the Duke de Richelieu :

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE DUKE DE RICHELIEU.

"The Allied Sovereigns having confided to Marshal the Duke of Wellington the command in chief of those of their troops which, according to the 5th article of the treaty concluded this day with France, are to remain in this country during a certain number of years, the undersigned ministers, &c., &c., &c., think it their duty to give some explanation to his Excellency the Duke de Richelieu as to the nature and extent of the powers attached to this command.

"Although chiefly guided with respect to the measure by motives tending to the safety and welfare of their subjects, by being very far from having any intention of employing their troops in aid of the police, or of the internal administration of France, or in any manner that might compromise or interfere with the free exercise of the royal authority in this country; the Allied Sovereigns have, however, in consideration of the high interest which they take in supporting the power of legitimate sovereigns, promised to his most Christain Majesty to support him with their arms against every revolutionary convulsion, which might tend to overthrow by force the order of things at present established, and to menace also again the general tranquillity of Europe. They do not however dissemble, that in the variety of forms under which the revolutionary spirit might again manifest itself in France, doubts might arise as to the nature of the case which might call for the intervention of a foreign force; and feeling the difficulties of framing any instructions precisely applicable to each particular case, the Allied Sovereigns have thought it better to leave it to the tried prudence and discretion of the Duke of Wellington to decide when, and how far, it might be advisable to employ the troops under his orders, always supposing that he would not in any case so determine without having concerted his measures

with the King of France, or without giving information, as soon as possible, to the Allied Sovereigns of the motives which may have induced him to come to such a determination. And as, in order to guide the Duke of Wellington in the choice of his arrangements, it will be important that he should be correctly informed of the events which may occur in France, the ministers of the four Allied Courts, accredited to his most Christian Majesty, have received orders to maintain a regular correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, and to provide at the same time for an intermediate one between the French Government and the Commander-in-Chief of the allied troops, for the purpose of transmitting to the French Government the communications which the Duke of Wellington may have occasion to address to it; and of communicating to the Marshal the suggestions or requisitions which the Court of France may wish in future to make to him. The undersigned flatter themselves that the Duke de Richelieu will readily recognise in these arrangements the same character, and the same principles, which have been manifested in concerting and adapting the measures of the military occupation of a part of France. They carry with them, also, on quitting the country, the consoling persuasion that, notwithstanding the elements of disorder which France may still contain—the effect of revolutionary events—a wise and paternal government, proceeding in a proper manner to tranquillise and conciliate the minds of the people, and abstaining from every act contrary to such a system, may not only succeed in maintaining the public tranquillity, but, also, in the re-establishing universal union and confidence, relieving, likewise, as much as the proceedings of the government can prevent it, the Allied Powers from the painful necessity of having recourse to those measures which, in case of any new convulsion, would be imperiously prescribed to them by the duty of providing for the safety of their own subjects, and the general tranquillity of Europe, &c.

"The undersigned have the honour, &c.

"METTERNICH.
"CASTLEREAGH.
"HARDENBERG.
"CAPO D'ISTRIA."

The four names will be familiar to the reader. Metternich was the astute minister of Austria, and through life the most ardent upholder of the monarchical principle in its most despotic form. Of Lord Castlereagh we have already spoken. Baron Hardenberg represented the Prussian Crown. He was a highly-educated man, of

excellent business habits, and had filled important diplomatic offices for many years, and in the most troublous days of the Prussian monarchy. Count Capo d'Istria, a Greek, enjoyed the confidence of the Emperor of Russia, and in all the negotiations common at this period among the Allied Powers, sought to maintain a preponderance for Russian interests.

Ten days after the Definitive Treaty with France had been signed, the allied armies quitted the country. The Duke of Wellington, in his capacity of Field Marshal, bade them adieu in a complimentary order, observing that in the late campaign they had given proofs to the world that they possessed in a remarkable degree all the good qualities of soldiers. He bore testimony to their good conduct in their camps and cantonments, as well as when engaged with the enemy on the field.

The life led by the Duke of Wellington during the period of his command of the army of occupation, was peculiarly agreeable to his feelings, for it combined the claims of duty with the allurements of pleasure. The French, who at first were disposed to give vent to their mortification in caricatures of the British and puns at the expense of the Duke,[1] gradually become reconciled to one who never interfered with their affairs but to obtain for them some concession from the allies, and whose splendid hospitalities attracted hundreds of wealthy English families to spend their fortunes in Paris. Capefigue, a Frenchman, says,—"The generalissimo resided in Paris, where he saw a good deal of Louis XVIII., and his English principles were in perfect agreement with a system of moderation and freedom. He possessed an honest and upright heart, and a habit of judging with ease and simplicity of the state of events; and we must do him the justice to say that when, on various occasions, he was constituted arbiter of the claims of the allies, he almost invariably gave his opinion in favour of our unfortunate country." Numerous anecdotes are preserved of the "Duke in Paris," many of them of an apocryphal character, and some embellished or distorted according to the fancy or prejudices of the writer. It is certain that he felt himself quite secure among a people towards whom he entertained the most friendly feelings. He was accustomed to ride out every day on horseback attended by a single groom. You were sure to meet him either in the Boulevards, the Bois de Boulogne, or the Champs Elysées.[2] He had "a French guard at his residence, which

1 "Oh, Wellington—or *Vilainton*, for fame
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways."—Byron.

2 "I have met him when he stopped his horse to speak to my companion, addressing him

rendered any attack near his own house hazardous. The returned emigrants hated the English at heart much more than the Bonapartists, because they found the Duke would have nothing to do with the population of France, from the sovereign to the poorest subject, much less aid to place such miserable incompetent individuals at the head of affairs. 'We hate your government,' said the Bonapartists; 'you have beaten us—it is the fortune of war,—but we have no hatred to individual Englishmen, and we are happy to see you.' The old emigrant party hated us altogether, adding an implacable religious antipathy to ingratitude, of which antipathy the Bonapartists had none.

"'*Apropos* of the French guard,' says a recent writer; 'there was a cover for the officer laid every day at the Duke's table. The restoration of Louis XVIII. was accompanied, as far as possible, with the absurdities of the old time, from the Court being under that influence, and a monarch, even poor old gormandising Louis, was a *Dieu mortel* in their eyes, or all others were to esteem him so. The late King of Prussia visited Paris in 1917, *incog.*, as the Count de Ruppin. The Duke of Wellington invited the king-count to dinner. Louis XVIII. invited himself to meet him. Covers were laid for six only. A sort of *avant-courier* of old Louis proceeded to the Duke's to examine whether all was *en regle.* On being told that six covers were laid—if I recollect rightly, the Duke de Richelieu and Sir Charles Stuart, with the two kings and the Duke, made up five of the party—"Who," the officious official asked—"who is the sixth cover for? I must announce it to his most Christian Majesty." He was told it was for the officer of the guard, a French captain. He at once declared that the King could not dine that way, with a subject in such a station; it was contrary to all rule—all etiquette. The Duke of Wellington was appealed to, who replied he could not alter the rule of his house, and have his table changed; that he was a soldier himself. The official went back to the Tuileries, and made his report. They then attempted to prevent the King from going, but Louis cared

familiarly by his Christian name 'Bob.' Except an occasional 'God-dem!' from some lower-class Frenchman, spoken often in the same tone to any English passenger, I never heard of the Duke's meeting an insult in his daily rides about—at least none that caused any public remark or complaint. I have still his inflexible figure when on horseback before my eyes, almost savouring of the drill; his, on the whole, fresh, healthy complexion, and active make, notwithstanding his services in the burning climate of the south. He had the appearance of being taller than he really was; latterly he had seemed to shorten, and grow broad. His countenance was always striking, the upper part, above the mouth, being exceedingly fine."—"*Reminiscences*," *from the New Monthly Magazine.*

nothing about the matter, he said, and shocked some of his old courtiers in no slight degree—the relics of the race who thought France was ruined for ever when Necker came to court with strings in place of buckles in his shoes. On the present occasion, it may be added that no one was more surprised than the officer of the guard himself, to be seated at table so unexpectedly with two crowned heads.' "

The fair *Parisiennes* were much captivated by the elegant manners of the British officers; but the Duke himself—his achievements—his martial bearing—particularly enslaved their imaginations. It is related by a lady of the Court of Louis XVIII., that the Comtesse de Bl—— no sooner saw him than she became deeply enamoured of him.[1] Nor was she the only one whose heart was temporarily enchained, although, be it observed, the Duke wasted very little of his time in paying general court to the sex. He admired *spirituelle* women, and was often found in the company of those who enjoyed the highest reputation for their conversational powers; but he was not much of a wooer. Lady Hester Stanhope gave it as her opinion that he was "a plain, blunt soldier, who pleased women because he was gallant, and had some remains of beauty" (he was now nearly forty-six) "but he had none of the dignity of courts about him."

To the honourable and friendly conduct of the Parisians towards the Duke there were two disgraceful exceptions. Upon one occasion, a quantity of gunpowder was placed in his cellar for explosion, on the occurrence of a *fête*—and upon another, a miscreant named Cantillon discharged a pistol into his carriage. To Napoleon Bonaparte's eternal infamy, it is to be remembered that when he heard of the circumstance, he included in his will a bequest to this latter ruffian, who escaped the vengeance of the law.[2]

[1] The anecdote, as published some fifteen years since, runs as follows:—"His eagle-like countenance completely captivated her. The lady's Royalist sentiments might certainly have some share in this enthusiasm; but, be this as it may, the poor Countess was in love. When in company with the Duke, she sighed and assumed all sorts of languishing airs. She, no doubt, thought it a very fine thing to have a hero for her lover. At length a rendezvous was solicited and granted; but its result did not appear to convince the lady that the Duke was quite as amiable and gallant as he was reported to be. She was greatly enraged, and she spoke of the Duke in the most contemptuous terms. There are some things which a woman can never pardon; when the Countess heard that the Duke had received the bâton of a French Marshal, she said that he deserved a cudgel rather than a bâton. Only those who witnessed the state of things in France in 1814 and 1815, can form an idea of the extravagant political fanaticism which then prevailed, and which, in several instances, was converted into love. The above story I had from my friend the Viscountess de Vau—— who was exceedingly intimate with the Countess de Bl——. I communicated it to the King, who was much amused by it."—*Souvenirs of a Lady of the Court of Louis XVIII.*

[2] "On February 11, 1818, as the Duke, in his carriage, was entering the gate of his hotel

Judging from the general orders issued by the Duke of Wellington during the period of the occupancy of France by the troops under his command, the charge was by no means free from anxieties. He paid frequent and prolonged visits to Cambria, in 1816, and 1817, and on each occasion he is to be found reprehending irregularity and disorder—the terms by which he expressed drunkenness, violence, and robbery. It was also necessary to check the conduct of officers, some of whom, in hunting, would ride over the corn-fields, or, in garrison, invade the boxes of the theatres without requital, to the dismay of the box-keepers, and the disturbance of the entertainment. Disputes often took place between the French people and the British troops, and as the former never scrupled to resort to violence, the Duke gave peremptory and frequent orders that the latter should not go about without their fire-arms.

Early in the year 1817, the Prince Regent accorded twenty-five millions of livres to the army as prize booty, captured on the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, 1815. This proved a seasonable addition to the pecuniary resources of men and officers, and rendered a residence in France even still more attractive than it had hitherto proved. The share of the Duke of Wellington was 60,000*l*.

It has been stated above that the period stipulated for the occupation of France by the troops under the Duke was five years. It has also been mentioned that certain heavy sums were to be paid on

at Paris, a wretch named Cantillon fired a pistol at his Grace, but happily missed his aim. The Ministers of the Allied Sovereigns, as well as the King of France, warmly congratulated the Duke on his escape, and the Prince Regent sent him an autograph letter on the occasion. Lord Castlereagh, in consequence of this atrocious attempt, procured an extension of the Alien Act for two years. Cantillon, and his accomplice, named Marinot, were tried in the next year, but were acquitted. Napoleon (died May 5, 1821) left Cantillon a legacy of 10,000 francs for this atrocity, in the fifth item of the fourth codicil of his will, as follows:—

"'We bequeath 10,000 francs to the subaltern officer, Cantillon, who has undergone a trial upon the charge of having endeavoured to assassinate Lord Wellington, of which he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist, as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this outrage, attempted to justify himself by pleading the interest of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he really had assassinated that lord, would have excused himself, and have been justified by the same motives—the interest of France—to get rid of a general who had, moreover, violated the capitulation of Paris, and by that had rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs, Ney, Labédoyère, &c., and for the crime of having pillaged the museums, contrary to the text of the treaties.'

"'This clause in the last will of a dying man' (we quote the words of Sir Walter Scott) 'is not striking for its atrocity merely, but from the inaccuracy of the moral reasoning which it exhibits. Napoleon has drawn a parallel betwixt two cases, which must be therefore both right or both wrong. If both were wrong, why reward the ruffian with a legacy? but, if both were right, why complain of the British government for detaining him at St. Helena?'"—*Wellingtoniana.*

various accounts to the Allies—enough to bear down the richest nation upon the face of the earth. But a stipulation was made in favour of private individuals whose fortunes had suffered by the revolutions and wars, and these having been invited to send in their claims, they poured in on every side. The payment, according to the first arrangement, was to be effected by inscriptions on the great book of the public debt of France, and nine millions a year were set aside for that purpose. The time, however, for presenting claims was not to expire until the 28th of July, 1817, when the sum total amounted to a sum "of almost fabulous magnitude, which surpassed the value of the two budgets of France." What was to be done, asks the author of "The Diplomatists of Europe," under circumstances of so much difficulty? Russia was so situated as naturally to assume the character of a mediator, for she had but few claims; and the Emperor Alexander, convinced that unless the negotiation were carried on by an arbiter common to all parties, it would fall to the ground before the diversity of views and opinions, proposed to intrust it to the Duke of Wellington, making, at the same time, a sort of appeal to his generosity.

Those who trusted to the liberal character of the Duke of Wellington, rendered justice alike to him and to themselves. It was not in his nature to scorn a claim addressed to his generosity, even though, as in this case, his own pecuniary interests and public functions were likely to sustain much damage from an abridgment of the five years during which he had expected to hold command. He accepted the mediation. A congress of plenipotentiaries assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, to discuss the subject. Their deliberations were brief. France had kept her engagements religiously up to this point. Order had been re-established, and everything justified the hope of a progressive consolidation of the repose and prosperity of the nation. It was needless—it would have been cruel—to have checked her advance in happiness by rigidly insisting upon the observance of the Treaty. Influenced by his own convictions, the arguments of Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian plenipotentiary, and the urgent appeals of the Duc de Richelieu, the Duke of Wellington energetically adopted the cause of France, and procured the assent of the allies to the evacuation of France by the troops he commanded, and the surrender of a portion of the indemnity. France, to this hour, remembers the great service thus rendered by the man she had been taught to hate.

Early in November, 1818, the Duke quitted the army of occupation after giving expression to his feelings in the following General Order:—

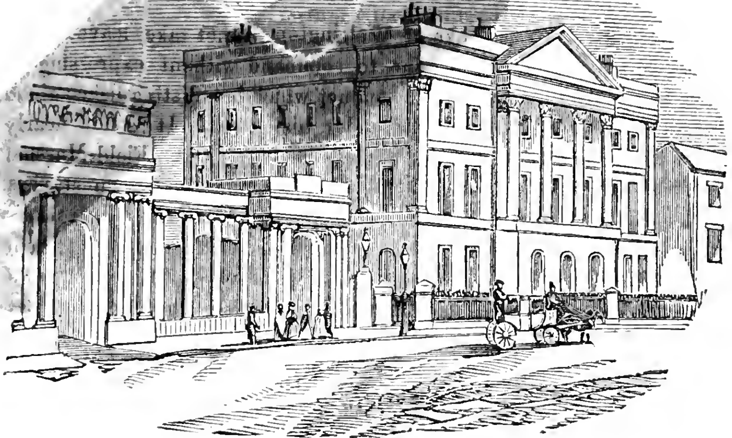
ORDER OF THE DAY.

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington cannot take leave of the troops whom he had the honour to command without expressing to them his gratitude for the good conduct which has distinguished them during the time they have been under his orders. It is now nearly three years since the Allied Sovereigns confided to the Field-Marshal the chief command of that part of these forces which circumstances rendered it necessary to keep in France. If the measures which their Majesties commanded have been executed in a manner to give them satisfaction, this result must be wholly attributed to the prudent and enlightened conduct manifested on all occasions by their Excellencies the Generals commanding in chief; to the good example which they have given to the other generals and officers who were subordinate to them; and, lastly, to the excellent discipline which has always prevailed in the contingents.

"It is with regret that the Field-Marshal has seen the moment arrive when the dissolution of this army was to put an end to his public connection and his private relations with the commanders and other officers of the corps of the army. The Field-Marshal deeply feels how agreeable these relations have been to him. He begs the Generals commanding in chief to receive, and make known to the troops under their orders, the assurance that he shall never cease to take the most lively interest in everything that may concern them; and that the remembrance of the three years during which he has had the honour to be at their head will be always dear to him.

(Signed) "G. MURRAY,
"Lieutenant-General, and Chief of the Staff of the Allied Army."

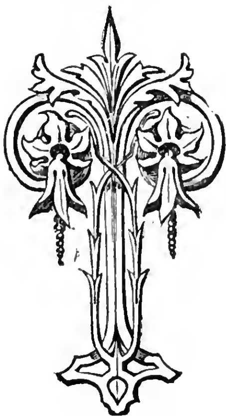
The Allied Armies began to evacuate France on the 21st of November, 1818. A week previously, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, to mark their great regard for the Duke of Wellington, created him a Field-Marshal of their respective armies.



APSLEY HOUSE.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Duke's return—Appointed Master-General of the Ordnance—Birth of Queen Victoria—Accession of George IV.—Queen Caroline—Unpopularity of the Duke—Trial of the Queen—The Congress at Verona—Death of Lord Londonderry—The Duke goes to Verona—Result of his mission.



HE return of the Duke of Wellington to England for a permanency was a source of very great satisfaction to many of the highest members of the nobility, who had for too long a time been denied the opportunity of testifying their regard for one of their own order who had, by a long series of triumphs, adorned the peerage and exalted the British character. To no one, however, was his arrival more agreeable than to the Prince Regent, who was beginning to feel the value of the presence of a councillor and companion who had, throughout his career, given the strongest imaginable proofs of his loyalty and truth.

The Duke of Wellington took up his residence at Apsley House in Piccadilly. He had purchased the mansion of his brother some

time previously, and under the professional superintendence of Mr. Wyatt, the celebrated architect, it had been enlarged and repaired—in fact it was almost entirely re-built. Here he began to give those annual dinners known as the "Waterloo Banquet." At first they took place in the dining-room, and the guests were forty-two in number; but they gradually increased to eighty or ninety—seldom falling short of eighty-six—and then the entertainments were given in the drawing-room, which acquired the title of the "Waterloo Gallery."

To the active mind of the Duke of Wellington, idleness would have been intolerable. The Government, moreover, were sensible that they would be guilty of an absurd piece of self-denial if they did not avail themselves of his services in a position of importance adequate to his great talents and merits. Fortunately, at the moment of his return (December, 1818) the office of Master-General of the Ordnance—an appointment second only in responsibility to that of Commander-in-Chief—was vacant, and this was immediately conferred upon the Duke of Wellington. The office has a salary attached to it of £3000 per annum, and the Master-General is allowed a Secretary at £1000 per annum. The duties comprehend the complete control and management of the Artillery branch of the service, and all that relates to it. It was therefore in every way suited to the dignity, the tastes, and the military rank of the Duke.

On the 24th of May, 1819, the gracious lady of these realms, Queen Victoria, came into the world at Kensington Palace. Amongst the dignitaries and officers of state present at the auspicious event was the Duke of Wellington. The circumstance could not fail to have its influence upon the mind of the Duke. It imparted an increased degree of interest to his connection with the Crown in after years, casting a halo of parental affection around the loyalty which, under any circumstances, he would have been proud to manifest towards his sovereign—and that sovereign a female.

In the same year the sinecure office of Governor of Plymouth was conferred upon the Duke. It seemed to be the special pleasure of the Prince to heap honours and rewards upon the man who had for so long a time sustained the glory of the British arms, and was now the chosen companion of the Regent's luxurious leisure. The Court Circular of the time continually makes mention of the visits of the Duke at Carlton Palace, and it is not too much to say that his presence imparted dignity even to a Court, which, under the auspices of Queen Charlotte, relaxed nothing of the severity of ceremonial and coldness of punctilio by which it was distinguished throughout the reign of George III. Early in the following year, the Duke

received the appointment of Colonel-in-chief of the Rifle Brigade—an appointment of more honour than profit, and invariably held by a military officer of the highest rank.[1]

George III. dying in 1820, the crown devolved upon the Prince Regent, who had for several years exercised the monarchical prerogative, and, in all but the title, was the sovereign of the country.

This event was followed by the appearance in England of the wife of George IV., who had for six or seven years been residing

LORD ELDON.

and travelling abroad. She came, contrary to the advice of her wisest and best friends, to claim the right of being crowned with her husband. It was a fatal piece of folly. Her life on the continent had been remarkable for its irregularity, its indiscretions and sensualities. If absolutely innocent, she had been so entirely regardless of public opinion, that guilt was generally inferred. But although narrowly watched by the emissaries of the King, she would probably have been left to pursue her mad career with impunity had she not,

[1] The emoluments are only 238*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* per annum.

by coming to England, raised a commotion and a scandal, and forced the issue of the question as to whether she should continue a Queen. To destroy her title by establishing her incontinency became now the almost unavoidable alternative of the King. A Bill of Pains and Penalties was brought in, and the Queen was tried by the House of Lords. The evidence was of a revolting description. Some of the witnesses grossly perjured themselves—others, of unquestionable integrity, adduced a sufficiency of damnatory facts, to shake the belief

LORD LIVERPOOL.

which a generous public wished to entertain of her purity. Great excitement was produced out of doors by the trial—society divided itself into parties—the press became either her champions or persecutors—family feuds arose out of the antagonistic opinions as to her innocence—and the King himself, who, in legal parlance, came not into court with clean hands, was especially the object of public vituperation. Lords Liverpool and Eldon (the latter Lord Chancellor of England), were the King's chief advisers in the matter, and conducted the proceedings with courage and perseverance; but the principal

supporter of the monarch was the Duke of Wellington. Standing by the King (his favourite expression) in the time of difficulty, he disregarded vulgar clamour, and beheld with supreme indifference the waning of a popularity on which he had never set much store. He could not contemplate without horror the attempt, as he conceived it, to pollute the throne, and he was keenly affected by the deplorable spectacle presented to other nations, by the contest in which the highest personages in the realm were involved. These feelings nerved his defence of George IV.

The issue of Queen Caroline's visit to England is written in the page of history. The Bill of Pains and Penalties was abandoned, because the Ministerial or Tory majority was insignificant. The Queen continued in England, however, and when George IV. was crowned, in 1821, she renewed her claims, and even attempted to force herself into Westminster Abbey during the ceremonial. The mob—as much from dislike to the King, who had always kept himself

THE WALL OF THE CHATEAU OF HOUGOUMONT.

aloof from the people, as from any settled convictions of the Queen's innocence, and the integrity of her pretensions—espoused her cause; but the clamour was borne down by the agents of authority, and the pageant of the coronation soon diverted attention from the alleged persecution, and afforded the many-headed monster a fertile subject of agreeable excitement.

At the coronation, which took place in the autumn of 1821, the

Duke of Wellington officiated as Lord High Constable of England. Soon afterwards George IV. visited Ireland, and subsequently proceeded to his Hanoverian dominions. Upon the latter occasion, the Duke of Wellington accompanied him. The King took the *route* by way of Ostend and Brussels. The vicinity of the field of Waterloo tempted his Majesty to proceed to the locality of the great battle, and he enjoyed, when there, the inestimable advantage of the society of the Duke, who, acting as *cicerone*, pointed out to the King the scenes of the various contests of the 18th June, 1815. George IV. was gifted with a strong comprehension, military tastes, and a perfect acquaintance with the science of war. With all the details of the great struggle fresh in his memory, he realised with facility the images conjured up by the exact description of the Duke. The contests at Hougoumont particularly interested the King. It is difficult to say who was the proudest man on that day—the King who heard upon the battle-field the story of the battle from the lips of the mightiest soldier in the memorable fight—or the Field-Marshal, who "showed how fields were won," with the proudest sovereign in Europe for his auditor.

The year 1822 saw the subject of this biography again employed on an important diplomatic mission. The affairs of Europe were terribly out of joint. Five years' experience of peace and absolutism, contrasting as it did very forcibly with the *laissez aller* of Juntas and a state of war, had fostered a restless and angry spirit among the people in many parts of the continent of Europe. Naples and Piedmont became the theatre of revolutions designed to destroy authority. The spirit of innovation spread in Spain to such an extent that the country was kept in a state of constant distraction—on the very verge of social dissolution: not so much by the struggle between the partisans of the new system and the old, or by the dissensions of the Liberals themselves, as by mutual jealousies, their ignorance of all practical modes of administration, and their atrocious want of all moral or political principle. Turkey too had presented a scene of continual disorder; there had been an insurrection in Albania, and two insurrections north of the Danube. And in Greece and its islands a revolt had, amid outrages and butcheries disgraceful to humanity, acquired so much strength as to render the struggle with the Ottoman Power of exceedingly dubious issue. In France, the Ministry had been wavering and unsteady, and the increase of the public prosperity had failed to diminish the discontent of the people.

Uneasy at the prospect of a disturbance of the monarchical principle, the Sovereigns who had assisted at the Congress of Vienna

now determined to meet at Verona, to concoct measures for the suppression of the liberalism—as they denominated the resistance to tyranny—disseminating itself over Europe. Lord Castlereagh, who had become Marquis of Londonderry, was to represent Great Britain at the second Congress, but the efforts he had long made to sustain a position of responsibility requiring higher intellectual powers than he possessed, had now begun to operate upon him. His mind was rapidly giving way. The Duke, at one of his interviews with Lord Londonderry, detected the approach of insanity, and his impressions received a dreadful confirmation in the self-destruction of the unfortunate nobleman. On the 12th of August, 1822, just as his physician, who was latterly in frequent attendance upon him, was entering his dressing-room, Lord Londonderry fell a corpse into his arms. He had inflicted a deep and mortal wound upon himself in the carotid artery, with a small penknife he had concealed in a letter-case.[1]

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

The Right Hon. George Canning succeeded Lord Londonderry in

[1] As Lord Castlereagh, he had become so very unpopular, from his resistance to progress, his adherence to the interests of absolute monarchy, and his domestic Toryism, that the multitude

the office of Foreign Minister. Immediately addressing his attention to the great European question at issue, he selected the Duke of Wellington to proceed to Verona, as the best substitute for Lord Castlereagh available. As it was agreeable to George IV. that he should accept the office, the Duke received his instructions from Mr. Canning and departed.

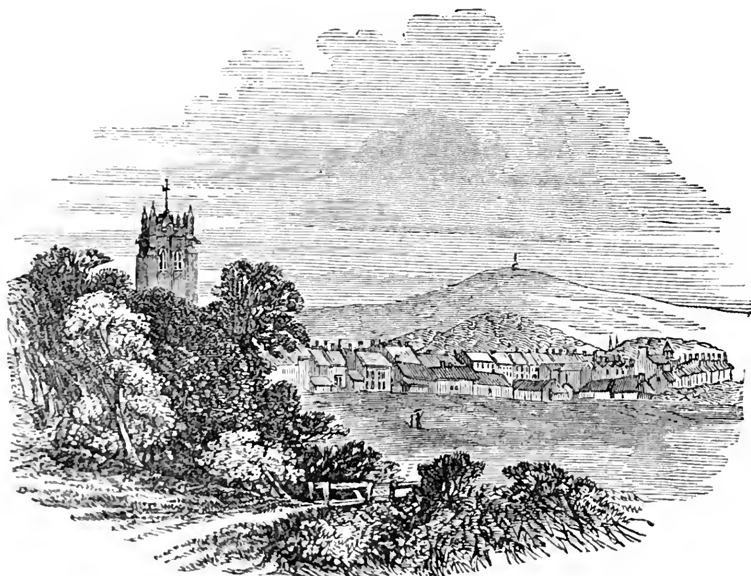
Among the subjects which the Sovereigns assembled at Verona regarded with anxious solicitude was the state of Spain. The Spanish people had peremptorily demanded the realisation of those constitutional prospects with which they had long been beguiled, and it seemed probable that Ferdinand VII. would be compelled to yield. Such a compulsion was viewed at Verona in the light of a political sacrilege, and it was determined by France, with more or less assent on the part of the Allied Crowns, to maintain the royal prerogative in Spain by force of arms. When the actual invasion of Spain by a French army, in support of absolutist principles, was announced to the world, it was loudly exclaimed, that either the instructions given to the Duke by Mr. Canning must have been disregarded, or that the Government had been grossly inattentive to its duty, in permitting such an outrage upon the independence and liberties of a people. The debates in Parliament were long and violent, and though those were not times of Ministerial minorities, the Opposition produced some impression by their protests. The Duke defended himself by proving what could never, of so strict a disciplinarian, have been seriously disbelieved—that he had faithfully conformed to his instructions, that those instructions included no authority to use menace, but that, as far as influence or remonstrance could go, he had strongly dissuaded such interference with the affairs of the Spanish nation, and had set the difficulties of Peninsular intervention in the fullest light from his own experience. At this distance of time we can see that the affair, like many of our own day, was magnified beyond its due proportions for party purposes. It is not unreasonable to suspect that the Duke, who had no personal sympathies with Canning, and few, as yet, with his politics, may have co-operated somewhat ungraciously with the liberal successor of Castlereagh; but, apart from his invariable fidelity to his duties, it is perfectly certain, from his known opinions, that he must have been opposed to the renewal of war in the Peninsula under circumstances like these. He may have had very little affection for Spanish patriots, and he may have thought that the

exulted at his death. In the "Life of Lord Eldon" it is stated, that when the corpse was taken out of the hearse at Westminster Abbey, the mob cheered for joy that he was no more!

neutrality professed by his Government would have been as truly violated, by contesting the decisions of Russia or France, as by dictating terms to Spain; but his opposition to the project was doubtless exerted as cordially as his position allowed.[1]

In this year (1822), on the 18th of June, the bronze statue of Achilles, subscribed for by the ladies of England, between 1819 and 1821, and alluded to in a foregoing page, was erected in Hyde Park, as a memorial of the warrior Duke.

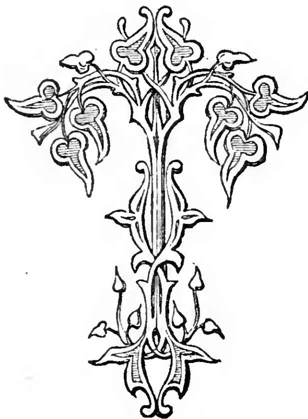
[1] Memoir of the Duke published in the *Times* of the 16th September, 1852.



THE TOWN OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER IX.

Three years of Idleness—Apsley House—The pictures—The Greek question—Embassy to St. Petersburgh—Death of the Duke of York—The Duke of Wellington appointed Commander-in-Chief—Death of the Earl of Liverpool—Mr. Canning forms a Ministry—Resignation of the Duke—His reasons for resigning his seat in the Cabinet, and the command of the Army.



HE feeling which had been engendered in England by the Duke's espousal of the cause of the King on the occasion of Queen Caroline's return, and the absence of any necessity for his appearing prominently in the House of Lords, or elsewhere, rendered the three years between 1823 and 1826 a blank in his Grace's public existence. Mention is rarely made of him in the papers and periodicals of the day, excepting in connection with the ordinary chroniclings of "The Court of Fashion." He passed much of his time in improving his country seat, and in decorating his magnificent town dwelling. The latter became the receptacle of a great number of beautiful works of art, many of which had formerly graced the palace of Joseph Bonaparte at Madrid, falling into the possession of the Duke after the battles of Salamanca and Vittoria. The front drawing-room of Apsley House was particularly distinguished by the high character of the paintings. The Italian and Spanish masters occupied conspicuous places, but the Duke generally preferred the Dutch school. The familiar pictures of Jan Stein and Cuyp found an ardent admirer in him, and our own

Wilkie came in for a share of his patronage. The celebrated picture of "*The Chelsea Pensioners reading an account of the Battle of Waterloo*," was purchased for, and still adorns the walls of Apsley House,[1] and near to it is a companion picture, "*The Greenwich Pen-*

[1] The *Illustrated London News* of the 20th November, 1852, gives the following interesting abstract of Wilkie's own account of the preparation of the picture:—

"When it was known (says Cunningham, in his 'Life,') that Wilkie was engaged on a picture for the Duke of Wellington of a military nature, great was the stir in the ranks of the army, and likewise in society; the current of a heady fight was in the fancy of some, while others believed he would choose the field after the battle was fought, and show the mangled relics of war—

"'With many a sweet babe fatherless,
And many a widow mourning;'

but no one guessed that out of the wooden legs, mutilated arms, and the pension lists of old Chelsea, he was about to evoke a picture which the heart of the nation would accept as a remembrance of Waterloo, a battle which had filled the eyes of Britain with mingled gladness and tears. Amongst those who were touched by the subject was Sir Willoughby Gordon, a soldier of the old Scottish stamp, whose name appears early in the list of the painter's admirers; of whom the following entries in the painter's journal speak:—

"'*Nov. 28th*, 1818. Sir Willoughby Gordon called, and expressed a strong wish to possess my sketch of 'The Chelsea Pensioners.' I mentioned the price of sixty guineas, to which he agreed.

"'*Dec. 23rd.* Left a note at Apsley House, to inform his Grace the Duke of Wellington that I had prepared a sketch of 'The Chelsea Pensioners,' and would be proud to submit it to his Grace's consideration either at Apsley House or at Kensington.'

"Subsequent entries show how the Duke and the artist were at cross purposes for some little time, ere they could come to a meeting upon—to the latter all-engrossing point—the order of the day for his great work:—

"'*Jan. 24th*, 1819. Went to dine with Haydn, and when absent was so unfortunate as to miss the Duke of Wellington, who did me the honour to call about three o'clock. His Grace looked at the sketch, but made scarcely any remark upon it; but both the Duke and the friend that was with him seemed to look with attention at 'The Wedding' and at 'Duncan Gray.' His Grace said, when going, that he would call again.

"'*25th.* Sent a note to the Duke, to express my regret, and to say that, after Tuesday, when my picture ('The Penny Wedding') was to be delivered at Carlton House, I should be at home constantly.

"'*Feb. 26th.* Called at Apsley House. The Duke sent me out word that he had to attend a committee, and begged that I would call some other day.

"'*27th.* Went to Apsley House again, and took my sketch with me. The Duke still could not see me, but requested that I would leave my sketch.'

"At length on the 7th of March, he calls again at Apsley House, has an interview with the Duke, 'who told me he wished to have in the picture more of the soldiers of the present day, instead of those I had put of half a century ago. He wished me to make a slight sketch of the alteration, and would call on me in a week or ten days and look at it.

"The alterations were put in progress, but the Duke does not appear to have called till the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle, when Wilkie unfortunately was again absent, dining with Haydn, and so missed the Duke.

"'On coming home in the evening,' the journal says:—'found that the Duke of Wellington had called about five o'clock, with two ladies, one of whom seemed to be the Duchess. My sister saw them, and showed them the pictures and sketches. His Grace mentioned what he liked and disliked in the last sketch I made, and left word that he should be at home if I

sioners perusing the Description of Trafalgar. In later years, the Duke purchased and adorned his walls with Sir W. Allan's gigantic

called any morning before twelve o'clock.' Accordingly, Wilkie called a week after, but the Duke 'sent out word he was engaged, but requested the sketches to be left, and he would call upon me in a few days.'

"The above notes show that the Duke had a will of his own, even in regard to a picture, and was precise in explaining his views. In the following passage we find that he was open to conviction, and could yield a point or two to others in matters of which they might be supposed to know more than himself.

"In his objections to the introduction of the man with the ophthalmia the Duke was firm; and he was right, both in point of feeling and of artistic taste:—

"'*July 12th.* Called at Apsley House. Mr. Long (afterwards Lord Farnborough) there, and, after waiting a considerable time, the Duke of Wellington came from a review in the Park. He showed Mr. Long the two sketches of 'The Chelsea Pensioners,' stating what he liked and disliked, and observing that out of the two a picture might be made that would do. He preferred the one with the young figures; but, as Mr. Long remonstrated against the old fellows being taken out, the Duke agreed that the man reading should be a pensioner, besides some others in the picture. He wished that the piper might be put in, also the old man with the wooden leg; but he objected to the man with the ophthalmia. I then asked the Duke if I might now begin the picture, and he said *immediately* if I pleased. I brought the sketches home with me.'

"Wilkie set to work accordingly, and painted on so unremittingly, as to injure his health. On the 30th of October, 1820, he writes to Sir George Beaumont:—'My picture of 'The Chelsea Pensioners' is in progress; but, previous to my leaving town, underwent a complete alteration, or rather transposition of *all* the figures. The effect has been to concentrate the interest to one point, and to improve the composition by making it more of a whole. The background is almost a correct view of the place itself, and is remarkably favourable for the picture.'

"Mr. Cunningham says:—

"'The 'Waterloo Gazette' was like a spell on Wilkie during the whole of the year 1821, and as far into the succeeding year as the month of April, when it went to the Exhibition: those who were curious in such things might have met him after measuring the ground, as it were, where the scene of his picture is laid, watching the shadows of the houses and trees, eyeing every picturesque pensioner who passed, and taking heed of jutting houses, projecting signs, and odd gates, in the odd rabblement of houses which, in days before the cholera and amended taste, formed the leading street, or rather road, of Chelsea. Nor had he seen without emotion, as I have heard him say, the married soldiers when they returned from the dreadful wars; sometimes two legs, as he observed, to three men, accompanied by women, most of whom had seen, and some had shared in, the perils and hardships in the Spanish campaigns, or had witnessed the more dreadful Waterloo, and soothed or ministered to the wounded as they were borne from the field—

"'When, from each anguish-laden wain,
The blood-drops laid the dust like rain.'

"'With these, Chelsea mingled veterans who had been at Bunker's-hill and Saratoga; others were blinded with the hot sands of India or Egypt, or carried the scars of the Duke of York's campaign in the outbreak of the great war of the French Revolution. He brooded over all these matters. Every time he visited Chelsea, and saw groups of soldiers paid and disbanded, and observed their convivialities, the more was he confirmed that the choice of the picture was excellent, and that even the desire of the Duke to mingle the soldiers of his own great battles with the hoary veterans of the American War had its advantages.'

"Mrs. Thompson, wife of Dr. A. T. Thompson, states, in a pleasing narrative, how Wilkie used to go continually to Jews'-row, Chelsea, to sketch an old projecting house, under the shade of which some of his groups were placed.

picture of the Battle of Waterloo, the only faithful representation of the battle that had ever appeared. It possessed the peculiar

"'I remember,' proceeds this accomplished lady, 'how he rejoiced over the picturesque attributes of Jews'-row, and loved to enumerate its peculiarities. I do not know whether you know it: it is a low Teniers-like row of extremely mean public-houses, lodging-houses, rag-shops, and huckster-shops, on the right hand as you approach Chelsea College. It is the Pall Mall of the pensioners; and its projecting gables, breaks, and other irregularities, were admirably suited, in the artist's opinion, for the localities of the picture which then was formed in his mind. There is, you know, a young child in the picture half springing out of its mother's arms. The attitude of the child, which is nature itself, was suggested by a momentary motion which he observed in one of my children; and he asked again and again to see the child, in order to confirm that impression, and fix the same effect.'

"At length the picture was finished, and ready for the Exhibition in 1822. On the 27th of February, Wilkie writes:—

"'Had the honour of a call from the Duke of Wellington to see the picture. He seemed highly pleased with it; took notice of the black's head and old Doggy, and of the black dog which followed the Blues in Spain; observed that it was more finished than any I had done; was interested with what I told him of the people, and where they had served; and seemed pleased with the young man at the table, and with the circumstance that old Doggy had been at the siege of Gibraltar.'

"The picture was hung at the Royal Academy in the centre, on the fire-place, with Jackson's portrait of the Duke of York on the one side, and Lawrence's portrait of the Duke of Wellington on the other; an arrangement with which the artist was much pleased. The Duke was pleased also. He was present at the opening dinner, and 'appeared much pleased with the picture, and with the satisfaction it seemed to give to other people.'

"The crushing and crowding to see this picture were greater than had ever been known in any similar case:—

"'The battle of Waterloo itself,' says Cunningham, 'made scarcely a greater stir in the land than did 'The reading of the Gazette,' when it appeared in the Academy Exhibition. The hurry and the crush of all ranks to see it, which Wilkie has described in his journal, was surpassed by the reality; a crowd, in the shape of a half-moon, stood before it from morning to night, the taller looking over the heads of the shorter; while happy was the admirer who could obtain a peep, and happier still they who, by patient waiting, were rewarded with a full sight, as some of the earlier comers retired, wearied but not satisfied. Soldiers hurried from drill to see it; the pensioners came on crutches, and brought with them their wives and children to have a look; and as many of the heads were portraits, these were eagerly pointed out, and the fortunate heroes named, sometimes with a shout. Such was the enthusiasm which the picture inspired.'

"The artist, trembling for the safety of his picture, wrote a letter to the President, requesting him to cause a railing to be erected round it; a request which Sir Thomas Lawrence, with his usual good and gentlemanly feeling, himself superintended before eight o'clock on the very day following.

"The Duke of Wellington, if not a lavish man, was a liberal man; he thought every man who did his duty should have his due. Accordingly, we find the following entries in the artist's journal:—

"'*July 20th.* Received a note from the Duke of Wellington, asking what he was indebted for the picture.

"'This picture contains sixty figures, and took me full sixteen months' constant work, besides months of study to collect and arrange. It was ordered by the Duke in the summer of 1816, the year after the battle of Waterloo. His Grace's object was to have British soldiers regaling at Chelsea; and, in justice to him, as well as to myself, it is but right to state that the introduction of the *Gazette* was a subsequent idea of my own, to unite the interest, and give importance to the business of the picture.

recommendation, in the Duke's eyes, of giving prominence to Napoleon and the French troops, merely showing the British Field-Marshal in the distance.[1] But this homage to Napoleon's military genius shone conspicuously in other rooms in the mansion. There were—there still are (for they are inalienable from the title of Wellington) numerous portraits of Napoleon and his generals, Soult, Massena, &c., but not a single picture of the Duke himself. His own friends and favourites in every variety of style, from the kit-cat to the life-size portrait, abounded; Lords Anglesey and Fitzroy Somerset, &c., and the present Duchess of Wellington (then Marchioness of Douro), to whom the Duke was always much attached; while of the noble owner of the mansion there was but one effigy—a bust by Nollekens—which occupied by no means a conspicuous situation in the dwelling.

Strathfieldsaye, as each autumn came round, presented a succession of visitors, many of whom partook of the sports of the field. "The Duke was a fox-hunter,"[2] spending as many hours in the saddle in this country, in the pursuit of healthful pleasure, as he was accustomed to spend in the Peninsula and the Netherlands, in the service of his country.

At Strathfieldsaye the Duke raised a monument to poor old *Copenhagen*, his favourite Waterloo horse.

In the year 1826 it became necessary to despatch a special Ambassador to St. Petersburgh. The struggle of the Greeks for liberty was approaching a climax. Aided by the money and the sympathy of Englishmen—among whom Lord Byron occupied a foremost position[3]—and still more by the clandestine contributions of Russia,

"'*22nd.* Sent the picture to Apsley House, with a bill of the price, which, after mature consideration, I put at 1260*l.*, *i. e.* twelve hundred guineas.

"'*23rd.* Was told by Sir Willoughby Gordon that his Grace was satisfied to give twelve hundred guineas for the picture, and gave Sir W. leave to tell me so.

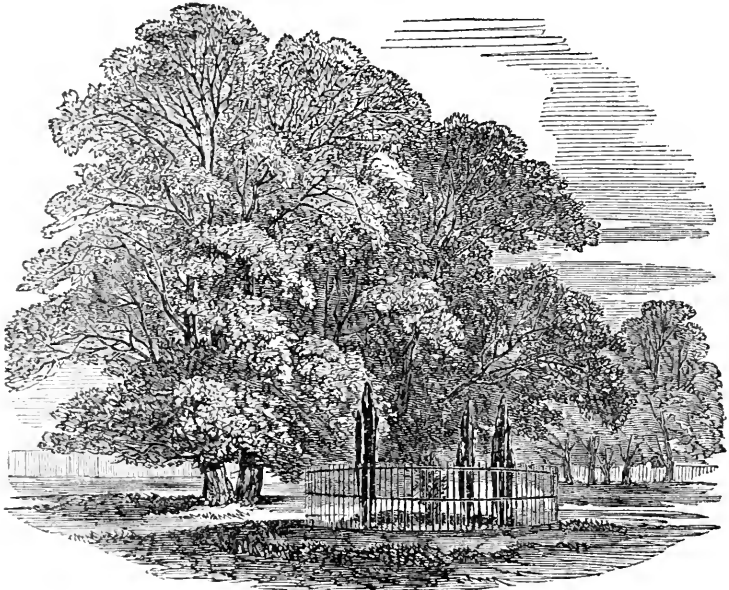
"'*25th.* At the Duke's request, waited upon him at Apsley House, when he counted out the money to me in bank-notes, on receiving which I told his Grace that I considered myself handsomely treated by him throughout.'"

1 It is from a recollection of the general character of this picture, which the writer of this biography had an opportunity of seeing in Apsley House some time since, that the pictorial sketch of the Battle of Waterloo, in a foregoing page, has been taken.

2 Mr. Apperly (Nimrod, as he called himself) in his articles on the Turf and the Chase, in the "Quarterly Review," could not find a more suitable peroration than this simple phrase. It embodied at once a justification and a recommendation of the sport, and exhibited its connection with the highest modern chivalry.

3 Byron's sympathies with the cause of Greece, "But living Greece no more," are familiar to the reader. He went thither to assist her with his influence and money in 1823, and after his arrival at Missolonghi, in January of the following year, he was appointed

whose connection with the Greek Church, independently of her political interests, had rendered her keenly alive to the results of the struggle, the Greeks had made considerable head against their Mussulman persecutors, and had established a species of Provisional Government of their own. Nothing was wanting but the open



COPENHAGEN'S GRAVE.

espousal of her interests by some great European Power to sever the connection of Greece with Turkey. Russia was prepared to make the declaration, and, of course, to reap her recompense, in the establishment of her power and authority in the Mediterranean. Canning saw the danger which menaced British interests. To prevent altogether the interference of Russia was impossible. The only way in which it could be kept within due bounds was by inducing the Court of St. Petersburgh to act in common with England, and other powers, as meditators in the quarrel between Turkey and Greece. To this end a special embassy became necessary, and the

Commander-in-Chief of an expedition against Lepanto, then held by the Turks. He was seized with illness in the following month, and died in April, 1824.

Duke of Wellington was solicited to fulfil the delicate and important mission. His firm unbending character—his rigid adherence to the path of diplomacy chalked out for him—were guarantees that the interests of Great Britain were safe in his hands. The friendship which the Emperor Nicholas—for the Czar Alexander had died—entertained for the Duke, likewise encouraged a belief that Russia would be more disposed to give way than if the negotiations were conducted by an English ambassador who was personally a stranger at the Court.

The Duke proceeded to St. Petersburgh. The coronation of the Emperor Nicholas supplied an excuse for the splendour of the embassy. His reception was all that could be desired—it certainly was deserved. Upon the anniversary of the entrance of the allied armies into Paris, the Emperor paid him a very high compliment. He addressed him an autograph letter, in which he told the Duke that in order to testify to him his particular esteem of his great qualities, and for the distinguished services he had rendered to the whole of Europe, he had given orders that the Smolensko Regiment of Infantry, formed by Peter the Great, and one of the most distinguished of his army, which was formerly under the Duke's command in France, should thenceforward be called "The Duke of Wellington's Regiment."

The mission of the Duke was perfectly successful. It was agreed between England and Russia, in concert with France, who readily became a party to the arrangement, that the Ottoman Porte should be called upon to offer certain terms to the Greeks, which the Greeks should be called on to accept; and that *ulterior measures*,—a significant phrase, comprehending a resort to arms,—should be adopted to obtain the assent of such of the parties as might prove refractory. The terms to be proposed were, that the Turkish Sultan should still retain a nominal sovereignty over the Greeks, receive from them a fixed annual tribute, and have *some determinate voice* in the nomination of the authorities by whom they were to be governed; but those authorities should be directly chosen by the Greeks themselves. All Mussulmans possessing property in Greece were to give it up, and receive indemnification by some arrangement to be afterwards concocted. The object of the plan was "to bring about a complete separation between the two nations, and to prevent the collisions which are the inevitable consequences of so long a struggle." The result of this proposal will be hereafter mentioned.

At the close of 1826, the Duke of Wellington was appointed

Constable of the Tower of London, vacating the Governorship of Plymouth.

Early in 1827, died, Frederick Duke of York, the second son of George III., and Commander-in-Chief of the British army. His death was a subject of national grief;—to the army the loss was irreparable. He had been for thirty-two years at its head, and his administration of it did not merely improve,—it created an army. From the earliest date of his appointment he applied himself to the correction of the abuses which at that time disgraced the internal organisation of the force, rendering its bravery ineffectual. His personal experience in the Netherlands, during the war of the French Revolution had bitterly proved the necessity of extensive reforms, and he only waited the opportunity which supreme command gave him, of carrying them out vigorously and rapidly. He at once identified himself with the welfare and the fame of the service. He possessed great readiness and clearness of comprehension in discovering means, and great steadiness and honesty of purpose in applying them. By unceasing diligence he gave to the common soldier comfort and respectability; the army ceased to be considered a sort of pest-house for the reception of moral lepers; discipline and regularity were exacted with unyielding strictness; the officers were raised by a gradual and well-ordered system of promotion, which gave merit a chance, instead of being pushed aside to make way for mere ignorant rank and wealth. The head as well as the heart of the soldier took a higher pitch the best man in the field was the most welcome at the Horse Guards; there was no longer even a suspicion that unjust partiality disposed of commissions, or that peculation was allowed to fatten upon the spoils of the men. The officer knew that one path was open to all; and the private felt that his recompense was secure. The spirit thus produced soon showed its effects in the field.

"The private character of the Duke of York, frank, honourable, and sincere—was formed to conciliate personal attachments; a personal enemy he had never made; and a friend once gained, he had never lost. Failings there were; he was improvident in pecuniary matters; his love of pleasure, though it observed the decencies, did not always respect the moralities of private life; and his errors, in that respect, had been paraded in the public view by the labours of unsparing malice, and shameless, unblushing profligacy. But in the failings of the Duke of York there was nothing that was un-English—nothing that was un-princely; and those whose own reflections while they enjoy tranquillity of conscious

virtue, tell them likewise through what difficulties that tranquillity must be pursued, even in the more uniform paths, and under the more sober lights of private life, will most easily forgive the aberrations into which the less fortunate are seduced, amid the devious

THE DUKE OF YORK IN THE CORONATION COSTUME.

paths and false and dazzling glare of courtly temptation. Never was man more easy of access, more fair and upright in his dealings, more affable, and even simple, in his manners. Every one who had intercourse with him was impressed with the openness, sincerity, and kindness which appeared in all his actions; and it was truly said of him that he never broke a promise, and never deserted a friend. Beloved by those who enjoyed the honour of his private intercourse, his administration of a high public office had excited one universal sentiment of respect and esteem."

The Parliament met soon after the death of the Duke of York. All parties in both Houses joined in panegyrising his good qualities

Mr. Peel said:—"The Duke had been forty-six years a soldier; and when he came into office he had declared, that no man should, for the future, labour under the disadvantages which he had had to contend with. To enumerate all the benefits which the Duke had conferred upon the army, it would be necessary to go through many details of various regulations connected with religious duties, with military schools, with points of discipline, and with the security of fair hopes of promotion to every man in the service. But it was sufficient to recollect that, while the Duke of York held the office of Commander-in-Chief, every man knew that justice would be done him; and it was by this, and not by the minute regulations of discipline, that the English army had obtained that plastic energy which distinguished the free soldier from another. During the long period—during the ten thousand days in which the Duke of York had been in office—he (Mr. Peel) did not think that one of those days had passed without his devoting some portion of it to the business of his official situation. No letter ever came to the office which, if it had a signature, was not read and attended to. Individuals might frequently have mistaken the proper quarter to which their applications should be addressed; but even in these cases a civil answer was always returned, accompanied by a direction to the applicant respecting the department to which he ought to apply. The impartiality of the royal Duke had always been the theme of applause in that House, whenever his disposal of promotion had been brought under its notice. On the augmentation of the army in 1825, the only lieutenants who were promoted were senior lieutenants; no interest was allowed to interfere in this; and the only exception to the rule which the Duke had here laid down, was one which reflected anything but dishonour. It was in the case of a lieutenant of the year 1814, who was promoted on account of his conduct at the battle of Waterloo, where the command of his regiment devolved upon him, all the other officers of the regiment having been disabled or slain. In 1825, twenty-two captains were promoted to the rank of majors, without purchase. The power of conferring promotion without purchase was certainly a means of conferring favour; but the average service of these twenty-two captains, who had thus obtained majorities without purchase, was twenty-six years. Sixteen majors were also raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonels; and the average service of these, fifteen years. During the whole of the time in which the Duke of York was in office, there had never been an instance of an officer being raised by purchase over the head of another, without the offer being previously made to that officer, or unless he had for some reason forfeited his

claims to promotion. Three-fourths of the commissions which had been given away in the year 1825, without purchase, were conferred upon the sons or relations of old officers. The Duke had possessed extraordinary advantages, from having been in the army for forty-six years, and having filled the office of Commander-in-Chief for thirty-six years. It was no slight encouragement to a soldier to know that an experienced eye observed him, while there was no greater advantage in a Commander-in-Chief than to know who had seen service."

Mr. Brougham considered it no small praise to the Duke of York, that, "having for so long a time held the office of Commander-in-Chief, he had never allowed his political principles, by which he (Mr. Brougham) meant party principles, to interfere in the discharge of the duties of his office. The best testimony of the sincerity and honesty with which the late Duke entertained those strong political sentiments which he was known to hold upon some subjects, was, that he entertained them free from all asperity towards the persons who differed from him."

Sir R. Wilson said: "It was worthy of observation, that the improvement which the Duke of York had effected in the discipline of the army was maintained without any exaggerated severity. When his Royal Highness came into office, corporal punishment, which had been carried to so great an extent as to become a matter of opprobrium in the eyes of foreigners, was considerably reduced by him; and it was to be hoped that the House would complete what the late Commander-in-Chief had begun. The kindness, the benevolence, and the impartiality of the Duke of York, were well known; and although parties upon whose cases he judged might sometimes think his decisions harsh, yet in no case had any one impeached the motives upon which he had determined."

Upon the death of the Duke of York, the King placed the command of the British army in the hands of the Duke of Wellington. In what other hands, indeed, could it so fitly have been deposited? He who had led the army to victory in every part of the world in which he had been called upon to serve; who had become identified with its honour and greatness; who, by his rank and his position, his familiarity with every branch of the service, and whose name throughout Europe and Asia filled the trumpet of fame, was indicated by the common voice as the only individual in whom the serious and honourable trust could appropriately be confided. The Duke, however, always alive to the favour of the monarch, appreciated the compliment, and George IV. to render it complete, gave the Duke the colonelcy of the Grenadier Guards.

We now approach a new epoch in the life of the Duke of Wellington. Hitherto we have known him only as the warrior and the occasional diplomatist—the invincible commander, the astute minister-plenipotentiary, the courteous ambassador, or the inflexible envoy. We are now to recognise the politician and the minister.

The Earl of Liverpool, who had held the office of Premier since the death of Mr. Spencer Perceval, was struck with paralysis in the month of February, 1827. The event was disastrous in its immediate effects, because it broke up a firm government, and gave rise to serious dissensions; but there is no doubt that its ultimate consequences were essentially favourable to the course of political and religious freedom. The Cabinet of the Earl of Liverpool was singularly constructed. It comprised men of great talent—good men of business, and experienced debaters—but the opinions they represented were of a varied and antagonistic character. The Earl himself was inveterately opposed to the claims of the Roman Catholics to political equality with Protestants and Dissenters—equally opposed to those claims were Lords Eldon, Bathurst, and Castlereagh; and Mr. Peel and the Duke of Wellington, were supposed to share their opinions. Mr. Canning, on the other hand, was the eloquent supporter of the Catholics. It had been agreed, however, between them, that "Catholic Emancipation," as it was called, should remain an *open* question, that is to say, every minister was at liberty to maintain his own individual opinion, without attempting to lend it the influence and patronage of his particular department. Such an anomalous state of things could not have lasted under any other man than Lord Liverpool. The weight of his character alone cemented the discordant materials. He was not distinguished by any brilliancy of genius, and was inferior to several of his colleagues as a public speaker. But he possessed a "sound, cautious, business mind," well stored with political knowledge. His habits of business were regular and confirmed, and his integrity was pure and unquestioned. He was most disinterested, and the public gave him credit for his honesty. The Earl was never once suspected of governing to suit mere party purposes—he never made a speech for the pleasure of victory—he never entered into an intrigue to acquire or to retain power.[1] He was as open and manly in his conduct as he was honest and prudent in his resolves. And as he was quite independent of office in a pecuniary sense, the world knew that, while he would do nothing unworthy of his position, he did not care to hold it if it were incompatible with his convenience, or rendered harassing by cabinet dissensions. Each

[1] "Annual Register," 1827

of his colleagues knew if he resigned there would be a difficulty in selecting a successor, and a common interest therefore held them together.

The King sent for Mr. Canning immediately that it became necessary to provide a successor to Lord Liverpool. On the subject of the Catholic claims, the King was inflexible. He would not hear of concession. Mr. Canning proposed then to retire; advising his Majesty to form a Cabinet of men opposed to the Catholics *à l'outrance.* This would have deprived the Ministry of its only hold upon the popular regard, and essentially weakened its foreign influence. The proposition was inadmissible. Canning's colleagues then suggested the placing an anti-Catholic peer at the head of the Government—continuing, in fact, the system adopted by the Earl of Liverpool. Where was a peer combining all Lord Liverpool's qualities and influence, to be found? And what right had the anti-Catholic Ministry to suppose that Canning himself, pro-Catholic as he was, could not conduct the affairs of the country without making emancipation a cabinet question? Three months were consumed in negotiations and correspondence. At length, on the 10th of April, the King insisted that Mr. Canning should be at the head of the Administration,[1] but that that Government, like its predecessor, must continue divided on the Catholic question.

Within eight and forty hours from this declaration, seven of the Ministers sent in their resignation. The Duke of Wellington not only resigned his seat in the Cabinet—he threw up the Command of the Army and the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance.

The suddenness of the resignations caused a great commotion in the Houses of Parliament and in the country, albiet some such issue was expected in many quarters. None, however, excited greater interest than that of the Duke of Wellington. "His retirement"—we quote what follows from the "Annual Register"—"not merely from the Cabinet, but from the command of the army, which was by no means in itself a cabinet office, and might be held with perfect propriety by a person who stood in no political intimacy with the Cabinet, seemed expressive of hostility to the new arrangements of a peculiar and very decided character. Accordingly, his Grace's

[1] "Canning's refusal to give way to his colleagues upon the subject of a Premiership, was natural. He looked upon the office as his 'inheritance.' He was the last survivor of the great race of statesmen who had been contemporaies with Pitt and Fox. As second Minister, also, in the administration of Lord Liverpool, he had a right, upon being thus consulted, to vindicate in his own person the principle of direct succession."—*Robert Bell's "Life of Canning."*

explanations on this occasion were, on both points, expected to be full manly, and satisfactory. It is due to him that they should be given here in all their length and breadth. 'He should be obliged,' he said, 'to trouble their lordships with some details; but he would make them as short as possible, as he had no other reason for entering upon them then a wish to vindicate his character against the attacks which had been made upon it in another place—to say nothing of the abuse which had been poured on him, day after day, by a press, which, if not in the pay, was under the direct influence of Government. There were two points on which he intended to trouble their lordships; the first was, his retirement from the councils of his Majesty; and the second, his resignation of the office of Commander-in-Chief. In regard to the first, he had received from Mr. Canning, on the 10th of April, a letter,[1] stating that the writer had been desired by the King to form a new Administration, on the principles of Lord Liverpool's, and expressing a hope that his Grace would continue to form part of it. This letter, their lordships would observe, did not contain one word of information who the persons were of whom it was intended that the new Cabinet should consist, or what members of the old Cabinet had resigned, or were expected to resign. He was not desired to come and receive explanation, as to the evident omissions of the letter; nor was he referred to any person who could give him information on these points. He had since learned, from authority which could not be questioned, that this was not the line of conduct pursued towards his other colleagues. They had been invited to go to the intended minister, and receive such explanations as they required; or the Minister had gone to them in person to give them these explanations; or had sent his personal friends to give them for him. To himself, however, no explanation was ever given, nor was he referred to any person who could give it. Although, as he

[1] "TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"FOREIGN OFFICE, *April* 10*th*, 6 P. M., 1827.

"MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

"The King has, at an audience from which I have just returned, been graciously pleased to signify to me his Majesty's commands to lay before his Majesty, with as little loss of time as possible, a plan for the reconstruction of the Administration. In executing these commands, it will be as much my own wish as it is my duty to his Majesty, to adhere to the principles upon which Lord Liverpool's government has so long acted together. I need not add how essentially the accomplishment must depend upon your Grace's continuing a member of the Cabinet.

"Ever, my dear Duke of Wellington, your Grace's sincere and faithful servant,

"GEORGE CANNING."

had been on the most friendly terms with that right honourable gentleman, he was somewhat surprised at this departure from the forms of intimacy which had distinguished their intercourse, still he felt no pique against him for his omissions, and therefore determined that nothing should prevent him from communicating with him in the most open and amicable manner. In that spirit he wrote to him the same evening,[1] expressing his anxiety to continue in his Majesty's councils, but stating his wish to be informed who was to be placed at the head of the Ministry. Next day he received Mr. Canning's reply.[2] It stated, that it was usually understood, that the individual who was entrusted by the King with the formation of a government was to be himself at the head of it, and that it was not intended to depart from that custom in the present instance; that his Grace's letter, however, had been submitted to the King, and his Majesty's orders received, to inform his Grace that he, Mr. Canning, was to be the Prime Minister. His Grace said, that this did not tend to convince him that there was any serious design that he should form a part of the new Cabinet; but he still thought it was his duty not to let his private feelings towards the right honourable gentleman influence

1 "TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

"London, *April 10th*, 1827.

"My dear Mr. Canning,

"I have received your letter of this evening, informing me that the King had desired you to lay before his Majesty a plan for the reconstruction of the Administration; and that, in executing these commands, it was your wish to adhere to the principles on which Lord Liverpool's Government had so long acted together. I anxiously desire to be able to serve his Majesty, as I have done hitherto in his Cabinet, with the same colleagues. But, before I can give an answer to your obliging proposition, I should wish to know who the person is you intend to propose to his Majesty as the head of the Government.

"Ever, my dear Mr. Canning, yours most sincerely,

"Wellington."

2 "TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"Foreign Office, *April 11th*, 1827.

"My dear Duke of Wellington,

"I believed it to be so generally understood, that the King usually entrusts the formation of an Administration to the individual whom it is his Majesty's gracious intention to place at the head of it, that it did not occur to me, when I communicated to your Grace yesterday the command which I had just received from his Majesty, to add, that, in the present instance, his Majesty does not intend to depart from the usual course of proceeding on such occasions. I am sorry to have delayed some hours this answer to your Grace's letter; but, from the nature of the subject, I did not like to forward it without having previously submitted it (together with your Grace's letter) to his Majesty.

"Ever, my dear Duke of Wellington, your Grace's sincere and faithful servant,

"George Canning."

his decision on this great and important public question. He therefore considered it entirely upon its own grounds, and turned his attention particularly to the point whether he could, consistently with his avowed principles, join in the new Administration. He sincerely wished that he could bring himself to a conviction, that the new Government was to adhere to the line of policy pursued by Lord Liverpool. He thought that it would be a great advantage, if it could be so constituted; but he was afraid that it would not. He conceived that the principles of Lord Liverpool's policy had been already abandoned, and that the measures of a government, constituted on the principles of Mr. Canning, would be viewed with suspicion by foreign governments, and would give no satisfaction to the people at home. Under these circumstances, his Grace requested Mr. Canning to communicate to his Majesty, that he wished to be excused from forming a part of the new Cabinet,'[1]

* * * * *

"Such were the communications which had taken place—so stood the facts. 'I have heard,' continued his Grace, 'that Mr. Canning states to his personal friends, that my letter to him of the 10th instant, in which I inquired who was to be the head of the Government, gave him great offence; and I therefore wish the point to be fully examined, in order that your lordships may see, whether anything was done by me which could justify him in taking offence. I must here inform your lordships, that early in the month of April,

[1] "TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

"LONDON, *April 11th*, 1827.

"MY DEAR MR. CANNING,

"I have received your letter of this day, and I did not understand the one of yesterday evening as you explained it to me. I understood from yourself that you had in contemplation another arrangement, and I do not believe that the practice to which you refer has been so invariable as to enable me to affix a meaning to your letter which its words, in my opinion, did not convey. I trust that you will have experienced no inconvenience from the delay of this answer, which I assure you has been occasioned by my desire to discover a mode by which I could continue united with my recent colleagues. I sincerely wish that I could bring my mind to the conclusion that, with the best intentions on your part, your Government could be conducted practically on the principles of that of Lord Liverpool; that it would be generally so considered; or that it would be adequate to meet our difficulties in a manner satisfactory to the King, or conducive to the interests of the country. As, however, I am convinced that these principles must be abandoned eventually; that all our measures would be viewed with suspicion by the usual supporters of the Government; that I could do no good in the Cabinet; and that at last I should be obliged to separate myself from it, at the moment at which such separation would be more inconvenient to the King's service than it can be at present; I must beg of you to request his Majesty to excuse me from belonging to his councils.

"Ever, my dear Mr. Canning, yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

I had a conversation with the right honourable gentleman, in which he stated to me, that in case his Majesty should desire him to reconstruct the Government, one of his plans was to recommend that Mr. Robinson, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, should be called up to your lordships' House, and should be made First Lord of the Treasury; and I confess that it was my intention, if I had heard anything more of that scheme, to have proposed such a modification of it as would have kept the members of the old Administration together. I mention this to your lordships, in order that you may see that the language of my first note was founded on his previous communication to me. Not only was the offence which Mr. Canning took at my note unfounded, but it was quite unjustifiable, even upon the grounds on which he himself had put it. When negotiations were going on for the formation of a ministry in 1812, the present Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland waited on a noble lord and a noble earl for the purpose of consulting with them to that effect; but, on both of these occasions, he was only commissioned by the Prince Regent —he did not know what place he himself was to occupy in the Administration, or who was to be at its head—nor did he desire any place in the Government. This is one instance of a command to form an Administration, not necessarily implying that he to whom such command is given is to be at the head of the Government. After that had failed, Lord Hastings (at that time Lord Moira) carried a communication to a noble lord, for the purpose of forming a ministry, but he stated, that he did not know how a single seat was to be disposed of, or who was to be at its head. This is another instance in which the principle alluded to was not observed. But there is still an authority, which, in this case, would not be disputed, proving that the question which I had asked ought not to have been construed into an offence. After the death of Mr. Perceval, Lord Liverpool waited on Mr. Canning, by command of the Prince Regent, and requested that he would consent to form part of the Administration. From a memorandum of what took place on that occasion, it appears that the very first question which Mr. Canning put to Lord Liverpool was, who was to be at the head of that Administration? Now, if that was the first question which the right honourable gentleman thought proper to put in 1812, I do not see why I should be censured in 1827. Moreover, in the right honourable gentleman's letter it was stated, that, in the formation of a ministry, it was not intended to depart from the line of policy adopted under the Administration of the Earl of Liverpool. Now, if that policy were to be continued, I could never suppose that the right honourable gentleman would be

at the head. I am sure that the right honourable gentleman is utterly incapable of misrepresenting my meaning, or of wilfully taking offence; but I had no intention of giving offence in asking the question. If Mr. Canning were Minister on the 10th why had he felt it necessary to lay my letter before his Majesty? This fact proves that he was not then minister. It is further proved, that he was not minister on the 11th, by what was done in another place. In fact, he was not minister until he kissed hands on the acceptance of office, which was not till the 12th, and on that day he had represented to his Majesty, that he could not go on in the formation of a ministry till his new writ was moved for, which was done on the same day. Now it is too much that I should be accused of being peevish, hasty, ill-tempered, and so on, for having asked such a question, and then for having sent in my resignation, after having received the answer which I did receive.'"

It was impossible for the Duke to remain in office under a Minister whom he would feel himself bound to oppose on at least one vital question of domestic policy. He would suppose, he said, that the King himself differed from his Ministers on some important principle of policy, and that he, forming part of the right honourable gentleman's Cabinet, but agreeing with his Majesty, were called upon to give his opinion, how could he give the right honourable gentleman that fair support which one member of the Cabinet had a right to expect from another? He could have no secret understanding upon the great and important question to which he was now alluding; but he must know the principle on which the Government was hereafter to be conducted; and that principle must not only be known to him, but also to the public at large. Would he not have been degrading himself, and deceiving the public, in sitting in a Cabinet with the right honourable gentleman at its head, whose principles he felt himself bound to oppose? It was no answer to tell him that the present Cabinet acted upon the same principles with that of which Lord Liverpool had been the head. The two Cabinets materially differed; and the chief difference between them was this, that the Cabinet of Lord Liverpool was founded on the principles of maintaining the laws as they now were,—whilst that of the right honourable gentleman was founded on the principle of subverting them. Those who formed part of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet knew well what it was to which they pledged themselves; for they knew that his lordship was conscientiously opposed to all changes in the existing form of government. But those who coalesced with the right honourable gentleman had no idea how far their coalition was to carry them;

for the right honourable gentleman was the most able, and active, and zealous partisan of those changes with which the country was at present threatened. The principles of the noble earl were principles by which any man might safely abide: the principles of the honourable gentleman fluctuated every day, and depended upon transitory reasons of temporary expedience. These were the conscientious reasons of his resignation. * * * * They knew little of the King who imagined he could be moved by intimidation; and still less did they know of himself, who thought his ambition ran in such a channel. "Can any man believe," asked his Grace, in a spirit of honest and justifiable pride, "Can any man believe, that after I had raised myself to the command of the army, I would have given it up for any but conscientious reasons? I say raised myself—not because I undervalue the support received from my noble and gallant friends around me—not because I have forgotten the services of the officers and soldiers who acted under me—not because I do not entertain a proper sense of the gracious favour and kindness of his Majesty towards me,—but because I know that, whatever his Majesty's kindness might have been towards me, he could not have exalted me through all the grades of military rank to the very highest, if I had not rendered to him and to my country some service of which he entertained a high sense? Will any man then believe, that, when I was in a situation which enabled me to recommend to the notice of his Majesty all my former friends and companions in arms, and to reward them according to their merits, for the exertions which they had formerly made under my command in the field, I would voluntarily resign a situation so consonant to my feelings and my habits, for the mere empty ambition of being placed at the head of the Government? I know that I am disqualified for any such office; and I therefore say, that feeling as I do, with respect to the situation which I recently filled at the head of the army,—liking it, as I did, from the opportunities which it gave me to improve the condition of my old comrades-in-arms,—knowing my own capacity for filling that office, and my incapacity for filling the post of first Minister, I should have been mad, and worse than mad, if I had even entertained the insane project which certain individuals, for their own base purposes, have imputed to me. It is equally base to say that there was any conspiracy between myself and my colleagues, to dictate to the King the construction of a new Administration. I call upon any individual to whom I ever mentioned my opinions as to the formation of a new Government, to state in direct terms what those opinions were. I call on the noble Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who himself resigned, and

who, from having re-accepted his office, would be a fair witness, to say whether there was any concert between him and any of his colleagues as to their common resignation. There is no conspiracy. It is a foul falsehood to say that there was such a conspiracy. I repeat it is a foul falsehood, and I care not who has said it."

In regard to his resignation of the command of the army, his Grace said he would candidly state to the House that, when he retired from his Majesty's councils, he was perfectly aware that he could not retain any office under the new Government. The office of Commander-in-Chief placed the holder of it in a constant confidential relation with his Majesty and the Government. With the Prime Minister the Commander-in-Chief was in communication every day. The Commander-in-Chief had not a control over the army, for the chief control was placed in the hands of the Prime Minister. On the other hand, the Minister could not withdraw any part of the army in Portugal, or elsewhere, without consulting the Commander-in-Chief; he could not make up his budget, nor introduce any reform into the army in England, Scotlaud, Ireland, or indeed in any part of the world, without seeking the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief. The difference which existed between himself and Mr. Canning, in political opinions, would not of itself have prevented him from retaining the office of Commander-in-Chief. He would have followed the example of his illustrious and royal predecessor, and would have held himself aloof from all considerations of party feeling. No political opinions would have prevented him, under ordinary circumstances, from continuing either at the Horse-Guards, or at the head of the army in the field; but from the tone and tenor of the communications which he had received from his Majesty,—from the nature of the invitation the right honourable gentleman had originally given him in his first letter, to join in the new Administration,—and from the contents of the last letter which he had received from Mr. Canning by his Majesty's commands, he saw that it would be impossible for him to consider the continuance of his relation with that honourable gentleman either serviceable to the country, or creditable to himself. He therefore sent in to his Majesty the resignation of the two offices which he held under the appointment of the Crown. In regard both to them and to his situation as a member of the Cabinet, his conduct had not been hastily adopted. He had adopted it only after the most mature deliberation which he could give to the subject; and the more he reflected on it, the more he felt satisfied that he had acted consistently and correctly. He had no other object in making this statement but that the truth should be laid before their lordships and

the public, and he felt fully confident that they would concur in thinking that he had been most unjustly and wantonly accused.

Such was the Duke of Wellington's defence.

Posterity, with all the advantages of accumulated evidence and the Duke's clever justification before it, will form its own conclusions. It is difficult to believe, after all, that the verdict will be entirely favourable to the Duke of Wellington. As far as human motives can be penetrated through a cloud of somewhat plausible correspondence and apologetic oratory, it is not impossible that the desertion of Mr. Canning will be found among the least defensible of the Duke of Wellington's acts. Canning was not of aristocratic origin: his father had been a barrister; the highest positions attained by his ancestors were those of mayors and county members; one had been a city knight in 1456; and his mother when widowed, married a country actor. These were crimes which the proud peers of England never could forgive. They were rather magnified than palliated by the brilliant talents of George Canning; for the pre-eminence which his ability assured him added the pangs of jealousy and mortification to the intensity of patrician dislike "*Parvenu*" was ever upon the lips of those who held by their pedigrees; and they rendered homage to an intellectual brilliancy they could neither comprehend nor rival, with marked and ungracious reluctance. The Duke of Wellington was not of this latter class, for he had a mind fully capable of estimating the high qualities of others; but, nevertheless, he stood very much upon his order—he was at the head of the aristocracy of rank, and never could thoroughly relish contact with men of plebeian descent. All his favourite generals and aides-de-camp were persons of family, and he delighted in advancing to posts of consequence those who cast the lustre of an ancient name upon their trust.

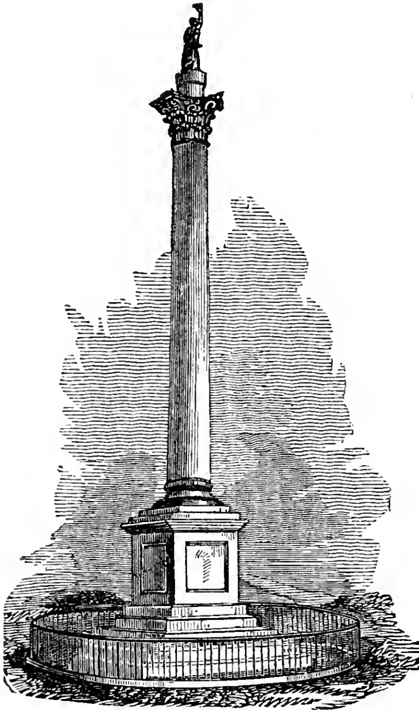
Besides this foundation for a disinclination to serve under Canning, the Duke was obnoxious to the imputation of desiring supreme power. It was natural that he should seek the Premiership. He had been so long accustomed to almost irresponsible command, that it may be presumed he wished for a revival of absolute authority. It is true that he modestly chid himself when his ambitious views were hinted, and that he even declared he should be "mad" to covet an office for which he was disqualified; yet in the face of all this he soon afterwards became Prime Minister, and carried out the very policy which he professed to constitute the obstacle to his co-operation with Canning! The inference is fair, that, in refusing to serve under Canning's premiership, the Duke hoped that great embarrassment would be experienced by Canning in the formation of a

Ministry; and that in abandoning the task in despair, the Duke himself—avowedly the first of the Anti-Catholic section of the Cabinet—would be sent for. The Duke was premature in that calculation, if he really made it. Canning formed his government, in which were comprehended some very superior men:[1] Lord Dudley,

[1] "Mr. Canning and Lord Dudley especially, the men of the greatest talents in the party, were truly formidable. Possessing in an equal degree all the resources of accurate and extensive information, all the powers of acute reasoning and lively fancy, and all the accomplishments of the most finished classical education, they differed rather in the degrees to which habit and accident had fitted them for actual business, and in the strength of their understandings as influenced by their inclinations, than in the genius or the acquirements which might inspire or had trained their oratory. Mr. Canning was the more powerful declaimer—Lord Dudley had the more original fancy and the sharper wit; although in every kind of wit and humour, Mr. Canning, too, greatly excelled most other men. Lord Dudley could follow an argument with more sustained acuteness, while Mr. Canning possessed a skill in statement which frequently disposed of the matter in dispute before his adversary was aware that his flank had been, as it were, turned, and thus spared himself the labour of an elaborate attack by argumentation. Both prepared for their greater exhibitions with extreme care, and wrote more than almost any other modern orators; but Mr. Canning had powers of *extempore* debating which Lord Dudley had either never acquired, or hardly ever ventured to exert. In habits of business, and the faculties which these whet, or train, or possibly bestow, Mr. Canning had, of course, all the advantage which could be derived from a long life in office acting upon abilities of so high an order. But that Lord Dudley only wanted such training to equal him in these respects, was apparent from the masterly performance of his official duties, which marked his short administration of the Foreign Department in 1827. Here, however, all parallel between these eminent individuals ends. In strength of mind, in that firmness of purpose which makes both a man and a statesman, there was, indeed, little comparison between them. Both were of a peculiarly sensitive and even irritable temperament; and this, while it affected their manner, and followed them into debate, quitted them not in the closet or in the Cabinet. But in Mr. Canning the weakness had limits which were not traced in the nervous temperament of Lord Dudley. He suffered all his life under what afterwards proved to be a diseased state of the system, and, after making the misery of part of his existence, and shading the happiness even of its brightest portions, it ended in drawing a dark and dismal curtain over his whole faculties towards the close of his life. The result of the same morbid temperament was a want of fixed inclination—a wavering that affected his judgment as well as his feelings—an incapacity to form, or, after forming, to abide by any fixed resolution. With these men was joined Mr. Huskisson, than whom few have ever attained as great influence in this country, with so few of the advantages which are apt to captivate senates or to win popular applause, and, at the same time, with so few of the extrinsic qualities which, in the noble and the wealthy, can always make up for such natural deficiencies. He was not fluent of speech naturally, nor had much practice rendered him a ready speaker; he had none of the graces of diction, whether he prepared himself (if he ever did so) or trusted to the moment. His manner was peculiarly ungainly. His statements were calculated rather to excite distrust, than to win confidence. Yet, with all this, he attained a station in the House of Commons, which made him as much listened to as the most consummate debaters; and upon the questions to which he, generally speaking, confined himself, the great matters of commerce and finance, he delivered himself with almost oracular certainty of effect. This success he owed to the thorough knowledge which he possessed of his subjects; the perfect clearness of his understanding; the keenness with which he could apply his information to the purpose of the debate; the acuteness with which he could unravel the argument, and expose an adversary's weakness, or expound his own doctrines. In respect of his political purity, he did not stand very high with any party. He had the same intense

Mr. Huskisson, &c.; and Lord Hill became the "General Commanding-in-Chief" of the army, without a seat in the Cabinet. The Master-Generalship of the Ordnance was given to the Marquis of Anglesey.

love of office which was and is the vice of his whole party, and to which they have made such sacrifices, reducing indeed into a principle what was only a most pernicious errror, the source of all unworthy compliances, the cloak for every evil proceeding, that no one can effectually serve the state in a private station. Yet whoever has known either of these three great men, and casts his eye on those followers whom they have left behind, may be justified in heaving a sigh as he exclaims, *Eheu! quam multo minus est eum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!*"—*Lord Brougham's "Statesmen."*



COLUMN AT TRIM.

CHAPTER X.

The Duke, by an amendment, destroys Mr. Canning's Corn Bill—Death of Mr. Canning—The Goderich Ministry—The Duke resumes the command of the Army—Break-up of the Goderich Administration—The Duke becomes Prime Minister.

EW Parliamentary Sessions have been of greater interest and importance than that of 1827-28. All the great questions which then divided the State councils into strong parties of decided opinions were agitated and discussed with vehemence, and not unfrequently with rancour. The claims of the Roman Catholics to manumission from political trammels—the Corn Laws, with their protective evils—the state of Parliamentary Representation—the condition of the Law—and the Shipping Interests—engaged close attention, and gave rise to acrimonious debate and personal difference.[1]

The Corn Law question again brought the Duke into antagonism with Mr. Canning.

[1] Moore's lively lament over Corn and Catholics may be recalled to the reader's recollection:—

> What! *still* those two infernal questions
>   That with our meals, and slumbers mix—
> That spoil our tempers and digestions,
>   Eternal Corn and Catholics!
>
> Gods! were there ever two such bores?
>   Nothing else talk'd of, night or morn—
> Nothing *in* doors or *out* of doors
>   But endless Catholics and Corn!

Previous to the recess, occasioned by the interregnum in the Ministry, a corn bill had passed the House of Commons. It was brought up to the House of Lords in May, 1827; was read a first and a second time. A debate took place on the 28th May, preparatory to its being referred to a committee, and an amendment, proposed on that occasion by Lord Malmesbury, was defeated. In committee, some important amendments were made, and several which were proposed were lost. But one, brought forward by the Duke of Wellington, sealed the fate of the bill. By the bill, as it had been sent up from the Commons, the duties payable on foreign grain and the prices in the home market at which they should become payable were the same, whether that grain were brought directly from the foreign port into the home market, or having been imported, was stored up in bond under the warehousing system. The Duke of Wellington, insisting on the absolute necessity of preventing the warehousing system from being a vehicle of fraud, by its operations on the averages, moved that "no foreign corn in bond should be taken out of bond until the average price of corn should have reached sixty-six shillings;" and he added his belief that the Ministers were not indisposed to accede to this proposal. Lord Goderich, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, on the contrary, that so far from being ready to give an assent to such a clause, it was at direct variance with the essential principles of the bill, as an establishment of that system of prohibition which the bill removed, and would, if persisted in, occasion the loss of the bill altogether! Lord Goderich added, that it was singular that the noble Duke, with all his opportunities, should only now have discerned the imperfections of the bill; for, be it remembered, the bill was passed while the Duke was a member of the Government. The Duke rejoined that he was no party to the framing of the bill, which he had never seen until it was printed; and although he had supported its general principles for the benefit of the country, he was not therefore to be considered as pledged to the whole detail of its particular clauses. On a division, the Ministry were left in a minority, and the bill was lost.

Never were such a brace of pests,
  While Ministers, still worse than either,—
Skill'd but in feathering their nests,
  Plague us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet
  Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,
Whether this year 'twas bonded wheat
  Or bonded Papists they let out.

Of course there was a great division of sentiment upon the subject of the virtues or otherwise of the lost bill. The great body of the public, however, seemed more alive to the nature and cause of the Duke of Wellington's opposition, than to the probable mischiefs or prospective advantages of the bill itself; and it became necessary that a long correspondence, explanatory of the source of the misunderstanding, should be published. This correspondence took place between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Huskisson, who was alleged to have been favourable to *an* amendment; and from this it appeared that the Duke had mistaken Mr. Huskisson, and had also mistaken Lord Goderich, who, he conceived, had consented to the Duke's proposition.

Mr. Canning was exceedingly hurt at the failure of the bill; and in the House of Commons, upon a later night, he declared that, from the correspondence between the Duke and Mr. Huskisson, he "was not convinced that the former did not labour under some misapprehension, and did not think that he was doing that which was beneficial." He could not, he said, "exclude from his consideration, that *even so great a man as the Duke of Wellington had been made an instrument in the hands of others on that occasion.* History afforded other instances in which equally great men had been made the instruments of others for their own particular views."

This was an unfortunate, and, there can be no doubt, a most unmerited imputation. The Duke was the very last man in the world not to perceive the designs of others, and the very first to resent any attempt to convert him into a tool. Mr. Peel particularly animadverted on the unlucky expression, characterising it as a vain attempt to cast obloquy on a public man, who, on the anniversary of Waterloo,[1] if on no other, ought not to be subjected to unfounded charges. The House of Lords, as far as etiquette and the rules of the House permitted, took notice of the unwise imputation, and out of doors it was freely canvassed,—neither the Duke nor Mr. Canning gaining much by the occurrence.

Mr. Canning's Ministry was brought to an abrupt conclusion by his death, which took place on the 8th of August, 1827. He had caught cold at the funeral of the Duke of York; before he had fairly recovered from it, he was assailed by rheumatism, acquired by sitting under a tree in the open air, while yet warm with exercise. During the brief tenure of his power as Prime Minister, he was impelled to great exertions to carry measures in the face of the strong opposition which arrayed itself against him,—the ultra-Liberals on the one

[1] The debate took place on the 18th of June, 1827.

hand, the bitter old Tories on the other. While the excitement lasted, he was sustained; but the session over, "the terrible effects" of the mental harassment and bodily labour he had endured began to manifest themselves. "There was leisure," says his graceful biographer, "for the fatal struggle between disease and the powers of life." And amidst the frightful contest came the fatal rheumatic attack.—

> "England mourned her orator,[1]
> Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,"

and the nation decreed him a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, where he lies at the foot of Pitt's tomb.

The treatment which Canning experienced at the hands of the Duke of Wellington was felt the more acutely by the public, and denounced with the greater vehemence, because it appeared in some measure to have accelerated the statesman's death. If we call to mind that, when the Duke was serving in the Peninsula, continually exposed to the obloquy of a factious opposition, who now attacked the reputation of the General, and anon assailed the Ministry, he found in George Canning the most eloquent champion, the most enlightened and enthusiastic supporter, it augments our regret that, upon whatever pretext, the Duke should have severed himself from the Prime Minister at a critical moment.

The Ministry, bereft of the commanding talents of Canning, became a *caput mortuum.* Lord Goderich (late Mr. Frederick Robinson) was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Herries —a capital man of business, who had been Secretary to the Treasury under Lord Liverpool's Government—came in as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The appointment was distasteful to the Whigs; and Lord Lansdowne even waited upon the King, to resign the seals of the Home Department, under the mistaken impression that the King had forced Mr. Herries upon Lord Goderich, whereas the latter had recommended Mr. Herries to the King.

The Duke of Wellington resumed the office of Commander-in-Chief upon Mr. Canning's demise, thereby strengthening the original impression that personal dislike had really had some influence on his previous withdrawal.

There are not many of the Duke of Wellington's general orders of 1827 which serve to illustrate his manner of commanding the army on a peace establishment. We find him engaged in settling some

[1] "Our last, our best, our only orator."—*The Age of Bronze.*

disputed points regarding the comparative rank of civil and military officers, and the interference of District General Officers with the duties of the Ordnance Department, but nothing else of moment presented itself. We may imagine, however, from these that he preserved the peremptory tone of command to which he had accustomed himself in the Peninsula, and we have evidence that, for all his measures, he gave clear and unanswerable reasons in the fewest words possible. His economy of language he carried to a remarkable extent, and he recommended its adoption by the officers generally:—"If officers abroad," he wrote, "will have no mercy on each other in correspondence, I entreat them to have some upon me; to confine themselves to the strict facts of the case, and to write no more than is necessary for the elucidation of their meaning and intentions."

Lord Goderich's Ministry was very short-lived. Some misunderstanding with Mr. Herries, arising out of the introduction of Lord Althorp into the Ministry, appeared to strike the feeble Premier with a moral paralysis. He had conceived a notion that Mr. Herries was the corner stone of his Government, and that bereft of his confidence and cordial co-operation, it could not endure. Under this strange hallucination he resigned, after a seven months' feeble tenure of power.

The King, seeing the hopelessness of any reliance upon the Whigs, and aware of the commanding position which the Duke of Wellington was acquiring in the House of Lords, now sent for him, and commissioned his Grace to form a new Cabinet. This was on the 8th of January, 1828.

After so recent a disclaimer of his fitness for the office of Prime Minister as that which was more than implied in his speech justificatory of his refusal to form one of Mr. Canning's Cabinet, the readiness with which the Duke accepted the charge excited public surprise, and no small measure of public vituperation. What! after declaring that he would be "mad" to take such an office—after disavowing the remotest wish to undertake such a responsibility—at once and unhesitatingly to assume the trust! Such conduct was preposterous—at any rate it was glaringly inconsistent.

But those who so deemed of the Duke's conduct knew him not. They were not aware that in him loyalty was an ingrained principle—the wish of his Sovereign an imperative and irresistible law. All considerations vanished before the obligations of duty. If the Duke could not accomplish what was required of him, he at least felt himself under an obligation to make the attempt. The desire of the King nerved him for the effort—failure might be unfortunate and

mortifying, but disobedience was a crime of the highest magnitude. Such were his feelings upon the subject, and those who had attentively watched his previous career justly gave him full credit for integrity of intention.

On the 29th of January, speaking in the House of Lords of his acceptance of the office of Prime Minister, he said,—"When I received his Majesty's commands to give my opinion respecting the formation of a Ministry, it was far from my wish to place myself at its head, or to take any office other than that which I already held; but finding in the course of the negotiation which arose out of the commands of his Majesty, a difficulty in getting another individual to fill the place, and that it was the unanimous wish of those who are now my colleagues that I should take it, I determined to accept it; but having so determined I resigned the office of Commander-in-Chief."

The Duke had a difficult card to play in the construction of his Cabinet. Had he followed the bent of his own inclinations, in all probability he would have formed a phalanx of ultra-Tories, prepared to ride rough-shod over the Liberals, *coûte qui coûte*, or to stand or fall by a stern resistance to every species of innovation upon existing institutions. The feeling of the country was, however, too strong upon certain questions to admit of so daring a measure. Compromise —a thing the Duke detested—was indispensable in the first instance, to prevent too marked and open a display of public hostility. The country watched with anxiety the proceedings of the Duke. It was not long kept in suspense. He re-called Mr. Peel to the Cabinet, and Mr. Goulburn; retaining Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley and Ward, Mr. Grant (afterwards Lord Glenelg), Mr. Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), and Lord Palmerston,—all men favourable to the policy of Mr. Canning.

To hold together a divided Cabinet upon the plan in force since Lord Liverpool accepted office, was not a difficult matter when the Ministry loved place for its own sake, and the Premier was indifferent about the degree of practical assent yielded to his views. The Duke had very willingly taken a share in a government where he was allowed free scope for his opinions, without incurring any risk of receiving his *congé*. It was otherwise when he came to the top of the tree. He who had commanded so long, and who was always impatient of opposition to his plans, was not likely to extend to his subordinates the latitude of political sentiment he had been permitted to enjoy. Accordingly, the arrangements at first made, as they did not combine the elements of permanent existence, were, as we shall presently see, of very brief duration.

The parliamentary session of 1828 commenced on the 29th of January. The speech from the throne carefully excluded any allusion to the subjects then engaging the thoughts of the people of England. It was entirely confined to a summary of the foreign policy of the previous year in respect to the intervention in the affairs of Greece. In the attempt to carry out the treaty for the reconciliation of Turkey and Greece, a collision had taken place between the British fleet, commanded by Admiral Codrington, and the fleet of the Ottoman Porte at Navarino. This collision being called in the speech an "untoward event," a sharp debate was raised upon the whole question; and there it ended.

The Duke, untrammelled by any promises or recommendations from the throne, at first determined to observe a passive domestic policy, allowing the Opposition to bring forward their favourite measures, and regulating his assent or resistance by the national feeling of the hour.

Lord John Russell opened the Liberal ball on the 26th of February, by bringing forward a motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. These Acts, passed in the reign of the second Charles, for the purpose of curbing and punishing the sects whose votes and exertions had contributed to his father's death, excluded Dissenters from offices of trust and power, and closed the doors of all corporations against them, unless they consented to take the sacrament according to the ritual of the Church of England. It is true that an Annual Indemnity Bill relieved them from these disabilities; but as it was at any time—in any one year—liable to be opposed and suspended, the position of the Dissenters was not as firm as their modern loyalty and the principles of religious toleration demanded. After considerable discussion, the motion for the repeal of the Acts was carried, much to the alarm of the High Church party in the House of Commons. In the House of Lords it encountered considerable opposition from the bench of Bishops and the Tories of the old school. They beheld danger to the Protestant Church in the slightest relaxation of the disqualifying laws, and would hear of no alteration in the Acts. The strong common sense of the Duke of Wellington turned the scale. When it came to him to express the sentiments of the Government, he declared himself, on the 17th of April, in these terms:—

"I fully agree that the security of the Church of England, and the union existing between it and the State, depend neither on the law about to be repealed by the present bill, nor upon the provisions of this measure itself. That union and security, which we must all

desire to see continued, depend upon the oath taken by his Majesty to which we are all, in our respective stations, parties, and not only on that oath, but on the Act of Settlement, and the different acts of union from time to time agreed to; all of which provide for the intimate and inseparable union of Church and State, and for the security of both.

"The question is, What security does the existing system of laws, as they now stand, afford the Church establishment? My Lords, I am very dubious as to the amount of security afforded through the means of a system of exclusion from office, to be carried into effect by a law which it is necessary to suspend by an annual act, that admits every man into office whom it was the intention of the original framers of the law to exclude. It is perfectly true it was not the intention of those who brought in that suspension law originally, that dissenters from the Church of England should be permitted to enter into corporations under its provisions. The law was intended to relieve those whom time or circumstances had rendered unable to qualify themselves according to the system which Government had devised. However, the dissenters availed themselves of the relaxation of the law, for the purpose of getting into corporations, and this the law allowed. What security, then, I ask, my Lords, is to be found in the existing system? So far from dissenters being excluded by the Corporation and Test Acts from all corporations, so far is this from being the fact, that, as must be well known to your lordships, some corporations are absolutely and entirely in the possession of dissenters. Can you suppose that the repeal of laws so inoperative as these can afford any serious obstacle to the perfect security of the Church, and the permanent union of that establishment with the State? The fact is, that the existing laws have not only failed completely in answering their intended purpose, but they are anomalous and absurd—anomalous in their origin, absurd in their operation.

"If a man were asked the question, at his elevation to any corporate office, whether he had received the sacrament of the Church of England, and if he said 'No,' he lost every vote that had been tendered on his behalf, and there was an end of his election; but if, on the contrary, by accident or design, he got in without the question relative to the sacrament being put to him, then the votes tendered for him were held good, and his election valid, so that no power could remove him from the office which he held. I ask, is there any security in that? My noble friend says that the original intention of the framers of these acts was, that the sacrament should not be

taken by dissenters; but the law requires that a man, on entering into any corporation, shall receive the sacrament without regard to his religious belief. Thus an individual, whose object it is to get into a particular office, may feel disposed, naturally enough, to take the sacrament before his election, merely as a matter of form; and thus a sacred rite of our Church is profaned, and prostituted to a shameful and scandalous purpose.

"I confess, my Lords, I should have opposed this bill if I thought it calculated to weaken the securities at present enjoyed by the Church. However, I agreed not to oppose the bill; though I consented in the first instance to oppose it, in order to preserve the blessings of religious peace. I was willing to preserve the system which had given us this peace for forty years; for, during that time, the name and the claims of dissenters had not been heard of. But now they have come forward, and their claims are approved of by a great majority of the House of Commons; and the bill has come up to this House. If it be opposed by the majority of this House, it is to be feared, now that the claims are made, that such an opposition will carry hostility throughout the country, and introduce a degree of rancour into every parish of the kingdom, which I should not wish to be responsible for."

Again, upon the 21st of April, the Duke said: "I have not called on your lordships to agree to this bill because it has been passed by the House of Commons; I merely assigned that as one of the reasons which induced me to recommend the measure to your lordships. I certainly did allude to the feeling in favour of the bill which has for some time been growing up in the House of Commons as a good reason for entertaining it in your lordships' House; but other reasons also operated on my mind. Many individuals of high eminence in the Church, and who are as much interested as any other persons in the kingdom in the preservation of the Constitution, have expressed themselves as being favourable to an alteration of the law. The religious feelings of those venerable persons disposed them to entertain this measure, because they felt strong objections to the sacramental test. Under these circumstances, wishing to advance and preserve the blessings of religious peace and tranquillity,—conceiving the present a good opportunity for securing to the country so inestimable an advantage, I felt it to be my duty to recommend this measure to your lordships. It is on all these grounds that I support the bill, and not on the single ground—the circumstance of its having been carried in the House of Commons—as a noble lord has stated. I am not one of those who consider that the best means

of preserving the constitution of this country is by rigidly adhering to measures which have been called for by particular circumstances, because those measures have been in existence for two hundred years, for the lapse of time might render it proper to modify, if not to remove them altogether.

"I admit, my Lords, that for about two hundred years the religious peace of the country has been preserved under these bills; but, when Parliament is discussing the best means of preserving the constitution of the country, it is surely worth while to inquire whether any, and what changes, in what have been deemed the securities of the Church, can safely be made, so as to conciliate all parties.

"All I hope is, that your lordships will not unnecessarily make any alteration in the measure that would be likely to give dissatisfaction; that your lordships will not do anything which may be calculated to remove that conciliating spirit which is now growing up—a spirit that will redound to the benefit of the country, and which, so far from opposing, we ought, on the contrary, to do everything to foster and promote."

The result of the discussion was the repeal of the Acts,—the old religious test being replaced by a "Declaration" from the holder of office that he would never exert any power or influence he might possess, in virtue of his office, to injure or subvert the Protestant Church.

If one large section of the British public had viewed the accession of the Duke of Wellington to supreme civil power with doubt and alarm, the confidence with which he now inspired it, in the liberality of his views, was counterbalanced by the dread which the opposite or Church section entertained of his latitudinarianism. "Since," said they, "the door is thus opened to the dissenters, we have no security that the Roman Catholics will not be allowed to rush in and destroy the sacred edifice of Protestantism—the bulwark of liberty—the guarantee of universal peace." Apparently to calm this apprehension, but in reality because the subject was incidentally introduced, the Duke, on the 28th of April, said, in his place in the House of Lords:—

"There is no person in this House whose feelings and sentiments, after long consideration, are more decided than mine are, with respect to the subject of the Roman Catholic claims; and I must say, that, until I see a very great change in that quarter, I shall continue to oppose the Emancipation of the Catholics."

The phrase "until I see a very great change in that quarter," was very ambiguous. What change did the Duke desire? A change

in the temper of the Catholics, who were then "agitating" the subject with unexampled fervour? A change in the views of the Protestant party — or what? Speculation became rife upon the subject; and while the Church party drew inferences favourable to their views from the declaration of "*decided*" feelings and sentiments, the Liberals gathered hope from the vague allusion to a possible alteration.[1]

A reform in the Parliamentary representation had been a standing dish with a section of the House of Commons for more than a quarter of a century. On the broad principle of taking from the landed aristocracy of the House of Peers the power of nominating members subservient to their views, the question had been argued with vigour and eloquence by some of the most enlightened and independent members of the Lower House, who also contended for a system which would give to a large portion of the country, still unrepresented, the right of sending members to assert their views and interests. Until 1827 the subject made little progress, because the advocacy of reform had been volunteered by a class of popularity-hunting men whose station in society was comparatively obscure, and their mode of advancing their opinions distasteful to the better classes. In point of fact, the very prospect of a new system which should introduce such persons as Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Hunt[2] into

1 The claims of the Roman Catholics had engaged the attention of the Duke at the earliest period of his Parliamentary career. Balancing even then (1793), between justice and expediency, the Honourable Arthur Wesley (as the name was then spelt) thus spoke, in the Irish House of Commons:—"He had no objection to giving the Roman Catholics the benefits of the Constitution, and, in his opinion, the bill [alluding to some bill then introduced] conferred them in an ample degree; but the motion of the honourable gentleman seemed calculated to promote disunion. With the bill as it stands, the Protestants are satisfied, and the Roman Catholics are contented. Why, then, agitate a question which may disturb both? — A gentleman has said, that admitting the 40*s*. freeholders of the Roman Catholic persuasion to vote at elections will annihilate the Protestant establishment in Ireland; and he has founded this assertion upon a supposition that the Roman Catholics will, in voting, be directed by their priests. But have not Roman Catholics, like Protestants, various interests and various passions, by which they are swayed? The influence of their landlords—their good or bad opinion of the candidates—their own interests—and a thousand other motives? It appeared to him that they would not vote in a body, or as had been supposed, if the bill should pass in its present form; but if the motion of the honourable gentleman should be adopted, then, indeed, they would undoubtedly unite in support of Roman Catholic candidates." Previous to this, on seconding the Address in answer to the speech from the throne, the young member for Trim said:—"In regard to what had been recommended in the speech from the throne, respecting our Catholic fellow-subjects, he could not repress expressing his approbation on that head; he had no doubt of the loyalty of the Catholics of this country, and he trusted that when the question would be brought forward, respecting that description of men, that we would lay aside all animosities, and act with moderation and dignity, and not with the fury and violence of partisans."

2 Cobbett was a man of humble origin, who had once been a private soldier. Of a strong

Parliament was offensive alike to the aristocracy and to the middle classes, and originated a strong and effective opposition. But by 1828 circumstances had occurred which so powerfully illustrated the necessity for purifying the elections, that public opinion began to undergo a material change. The House of Commons had convicted the burgesses of Penryhn, in Cornwall, of gross and prevailing bribery, and had passed a bill disqualifying the borough, and transferring its right of electing two members to Manchester. East Retford, too, in Nottinghamshire, had also been found guilty of corruption, and a bill was brought in to transfer its franchise to Birmingham. The House of Lords, dreading the loss of borough influence, repudiated the first bill, and the second (East Retford) only acquired partial favour in the Lower House. It was deferred for a session, East Retford remaining for a time without a representative.

In the discussions upon the East Retford Bill, a circumstance occurred which, bearing particularly upon the Duke of Wellington's ministerial career, demands special mention.

Amongst the "Canningites" who had remained with the Duke was Mr. Huskisson, a man of talent, attached to office, whose political opinions hung rather loosely about him. The Government opposed the East Retford Bill. Mr. Huskisson, however, had upon a previous occasion, given a pledge to the House of Commons that he should, when any one borough became disfranchised, vote for the transfer of the franchise to Birmingham or Manchester. He now considered himself bound to redeem this pledge ; and when the matter came to an issue he divided against his colleagues in the ministry. Considering that this act compromised him with the Premier, he sat down upon his return home, and at two o'clock in the morning wrote the following letter to the Duke of Wellington :—

"Downing Street, *Tuesday morning*, 2 *a.m.*, *May* 20*th*.

"My dear Duke,

"After the vote which, in regard to my own consistency and personal character, I have found myself, from the course of this evening's debate, compelled to give on the East Retford question, I owe it to you, as the head of the Administration, and to Mr. Peel, as

mind and resolute purpose, he had, so to speak, educated himself, and many years previously had started periodicals called "The Gridiron," and "The Register," in all of which he maintained opinions of an almost democratic hue—assailing placemen, pensioners, Corn Laws, &c. This had given him a large popularity. Hunt was a vender of blacking, and disseminated his doctrines (corresponding with Cobbett's) in mob harangues. Both were clever, unscrupulous men.

the leader of the House of Commons, to lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands, as the only means in my power of preventing the injury to the King's service which may ensue from the appearance of disunion in his Majesty's councils, however unfounded in reality, or however unimportant in itself the question which has given rise to that appearance."

The Duke replied the next day :—

"My dear Huskisson,

"Your letter of this morning, which I received at ten, has surprised me much, and has given me great concern. I have considered it my duty to lay it before the King."

Mr. Huskisson was not prepared for such promptitude of action. He did not know that the Duke was glad of an opportunity of getting rid of a colleague of unstable principles, or, at least, of men addicted to free-trade tendencies. He immediately induced two of his friends to go to the Duke, and upon their return he thus rejoined :—

"Downing Street, *May 20th*, 1828, *half-past 6 p.m.*

"My dear Duke,

"Having understood from Lord Dudley and Lord Palmerston that you had laid my letter of last night before the King, under a different impression from that which it was intended to convey, I feel it due both to you and to myself to say, that my object in writing that letter was, not to express any intention of my own, but to relieve you from any delicacy which you might feel towards me, if you should think that the interests of his Majesty's service would be prejudiced by my remaining in office, after giving a vote, in respect to which, from the turn which the latter part of the debate had taken, a sense of personal honour left me no alternative."

The Duke's resolve was not to be shaken by this affectation of delicacy. He had looked upon the resignation as *bonâ fide*, and in that sense he was determined that it should be understood and accepted. His Grace, however, again wrote :—

"My dear Huskisson,

"I have received your letter of this evening. I certainly did not understand your letter of two this morning as offering me any option; nor do I understand the one of this evening as leaving

me any, except that of submitting myself and his Majesty's Government to the necessity of soliciting you to remain in your office, or of incurring the loss of your valuable assistance to his Majesty's service. However sensible I may be of this loss, I am convinced that, in these times, any loss is better than that of character, which is the foundation of public confidence.

"In this view of the case, I have put out of it altogether every consideration of the discredit resulting from the scene of last night of the extent of which you could not have been but sensible when you thought proper, as a remedy for it, to send me the offer of 'placing the office in other hands.'"

Mr. Huskisson now beginning to perceive that the *revocare gradum* was placed beyond possibility, and anticipating the publicity of a correspondence which had commenced in a "private and confidential" form, once more addressed the Duke.

"Colonial Office, *May 21st*, 1828.

"My dear Duke,

"In justice to myself, I cannot acquiesce for a moment in the construction which your letter of last night puts upon my conduct.

"You cannot refuse to me the right of knowing the motives of my own actions; and I solemnly declare that, in both my letters, I was actuated by one and the same feeling. It was simply this:—That it was not for me, but for you, as head of the Government, to decide how far my vote made it expedient to remove me from his Majesty's service. I felt that I had no alternative, consistently with personal honour (in a difficulty not of my own seeking or creating), but to give that vote; that the question, in itself, was one of minor importance; that the disunion was more in appearance than in reality; but I also felt that, possibly, you might take a different view of it, and that, in case you should, I ought (as I had done on a similar occasion with Lord Liverpool) to relieve you from any difficulty arising out of personal consideration towards me, in deciding upon a step to which you might find it your public duty to resort on the occasion.

"It was under this impression alone that I wrote to you immediately upon my return from the House of Commons.

"If you had not misconceived that impression, as well as the purport of my second letter, I am persuaded that you could not suppose me guilty of the arrogance of expecting that you and his Majesty's Government should submit yourselves to the necessity of

soliciting me to remain in my office,' or do me the injustice of believing that I could be capable of placing you in the alternative of choosing between the continuance of my services, such as they are, and the loss to your administration of one particle of character, which, I agree with you, is the foundation of confidence.

"If, understanding my communication as I intended it to be understood, you had in any way intimated to me either that the occurrence, however unfortunate, was not one of sufficient moment to render it necessary for you, on public grounds, to act in the manner in which I had assumed that you possibly might think it necessary, or that you were under that necessity, in either case there would have been an end of the matter. In the first supposition, I should have felt that I had done what in honour and fairness towards

W. HUSKISSON.

you I was bound to do; but it never would have entered my imagination that I had claimed or received any sacrifice whatever from you or any member of his Majesty's Government.

"On the other hand, nothing can be further from my intention than to express an opinion that the occasion was not one in which you might fairly consider it your duty to advise his Majesty to withdraw from me the seals of office on the ground of this vote. I do not, therefore, complain; but I cannot allow that my removal shall be placed on any other ground. I cannot allow that it was my own act, still less can I admit that when I had no other intention than to relieve the question on which you had to decide from any personal embarrassment, this step, on my part, should be ascribed to feelings the very reverse of those by which alone I was actuated, either towards you or his Majesty's Government."

Many men would have preferred allowing the world to suppose that they had resigned, rather than endure the odium of having been discarded. Mr. Huskisson's tenacious love of place rendered him for the moment oblivious of what was due to his own personal consequence. or he would scarcely have penned the foregoing letter. As will be seen from what follows, the explanation made no impression on the impenetrable Duke:—

"LONDON, *May 21st*, 1828.

"MY DEAR MR. HUSKISSON,

"In consequence of your last letter, I feel it to be necessary to recall to your recollection the circumstances under which I received your letter of Tuesday morning.

"It is addressed to me at two o'clock in the morning, immediately after a debate and division in the House of Commons. It informs me that you lose no time in affording me an opportunity of placing your office in other hands, as the only means in your power of preventing an injury to the King's service, which you describe. It concludes by regretting the necessity for troubling me with this communication.

"Could I consider this in any other light than as a formal tender of the resignation of your office, or that I had any alternative but either to solicit you to remain in office contrary to your sense of duty, or to submit your letter to the King?

"If you had called on me the next morning after your vote, and had explained to me in conversation what had passed in the House of Commons, the character of the communication would have been quite different, and I might have felt myself at liberty to discuss the whole subject with you, and freely to give an opinion upon any point connected. But I must still think that if I had not considered a letter, couched in the terms in which that letter is couched, and received

under the circumstances under which I received it, as a tender of resignation, and had not laid it before the King, I should have exposed the King's Government and myself to very painful misconstructions. My answer to your letter will have informed you that it surprised me much, and that it gave me great concern. I must consider, therefore, the resignation of your office as your own act, and not as mine."

Nothing can more strongly mark the resolution of the Duke to shake off the Ministerial connection with Mr. Huskisson than this communication. Had he desired sincerely to retain the services of the "Canningite," he would gladly have accepted the explanations offered, whether they originated in a desire to remain in charge of the seals of the Colonial Office, or a sense of delicacy towards the Duke himself. Mr. Huskisson now sought to excuse himself to the King, and we have here the result of his endeavour to obtain an interview with his Majesty:–

"DOWNING STREET, *May 25th*, 1828.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"On Tuesday last I wrote to the King, to solicit an audience. His Majesty has not yet been pleased to grant me this honour.

"In the expectation (not unnatural for me to entertain in the situation which I hold) of being afforded an opportunity of waiting upon his Majesty, I have deferred acknowledging your letter of the 21st, which, passing by altogether all that is stated in mine of the same date, you conclude in the following words:—'I must, therefore, consider the resignation of your office as your own act, and not as mine.'

"I will not revert to the full explanation which I have already given you on this subject. Not denying that my first letter might be capable of the construction which you put upon it, I would ask you whether it be usual, after a construction has been from the first moment explicitly disavowed, to persist that it is the right one? It being, however, the construction to which you adhere, I must assume, as you laid the letter before his Majesty, that you advised his Majesty upon it, and that his Majesty is, therefore, under the same misapprehension as yourself of what I meant; the more especially as I have no means of knowing whether any subsequent letters have been laid before his Majesty.

"It was for the purpose of setting right any erroneous impression

in the royal mind that I sought to be admitted as soon as possible into his Majesty's presence.

"I was then, as I am still, most anxious to assure his Majesty that nothing could have been further from my intention than that the letter in question should have been at all submitted to his Majesty,—to make known to his Majesty the circumstances and feelings under which it had been written,—to point out to him that I had taken the precaution (usual between Ministers in matters of a delicate and confidential nature, when it is wished to keep the subject as much as possible confined to the respective parties) of making the letter, 'private and confidential,'—that I understood that this letter, so marked specially to guard its object, had been, without previous communication of any sort with me—in respect to the transaction referred to, but not explained in the letter itself—laid before his Majesty, as conveying to the foot of the throne my positive resignation.

"I should further have had to state to his Majesty the great pain and concern which I felt at finding that a paper should have been submitted to his Majesty, and described to him as conveying my resignation of the seals in a form so unusual, and with a restriction so unbecoming towards my Sovereign, as is implied in the words 'private and confidential;' that in a necessity so painful (had I felt such a necessity) as that of asking his Majesty's permission to withdraw from his service, my first anxiety would have been to lay my reasons, in a respectful but direct communication from myself, at his Majesty's feet; but that, most certainly, in whatever mode conveyed, the uppermost feeling of my heart would have been to have accompanied it with those expressions of dutiful attachment and respectful gratitude which I owe his Majesty, for the many and uniform proofs of confidence and kindness with which he has been graciously pleased to honour me since I have held the seals of the Colonial department.

"If I had been afforded an opportunity of thus relieving myself from the painful position in which I stand towards his Majesty, I should then have entreated of his Majesty's goodness and sense of justice to permit a letter, so improper for me to have written (if it could have been in my contemplation that it would have been laid before his Majesty as an act of resignation), to be withdrawn. Neither should I have concealed from his Majesty my regret, considering the trouble which has unfortunately occurred, both to his Majesty and his Government, that I had not taken a different mode of doing what, for the reasons fully stated in my letter of the 21st, I found myself bound in honour to do, so as to have prevented, perhaps,

the misconception arising out of my letter, written immediately after the debate.

"I have now stated to you frankly, and without reserve, the substance of all that I was anxious to submit to the King. I have done so in the full confidence that you will do me the favour to lay this statement before his Majesty; and that I may be allowed to implore of his Majesty that he will do me the justice to believe that, of all who have a right to prefer a claim to be admitted to his royal presence, I am the last who, in a matter relating to myself, would press that claim in a manner unpleasant to his Majesty's wishes or inclinations,—I bow to them with respectful deference, still retaining, however, a confidence founded on the rectitude of my intentions, that, in being removed from his Majesty's service, I may be allowed the consolation of knowing that I have not been debarred from the privilege of my office in consequence of my having incurred his Majesty's personal displeasure."

Mr. Huskisson must have been but imperfectly informed of the influence of the Duke in the royal Cabinet, and still less of the implacable character of the Premier's resolution, if he expected that any other reply to the foregoing letter could have been sent him than the following:—

"London, *May* 25*th* 1828.

"My dear Huskisson,

"It is with great concern that I inform you that I have at last attended his Majesty, and have received his instructions respecting an arrangement to fill your office.

"I sincerely regret the loss of your valuable assistance in the arduous task in which I am engaged."

The "concern" and the "sincere regret" of the Duke must be accepted in the ordinary sense of unmeaning courtesy. The Duke could not have meant that he had attended the King with "great concern," because there was really no earthly occasion for his doing his feelings a violence if he had wished to continue Mr. Huskisson in the Cabinet; nor can he be allowed the credit of "sincerely regretting" a "loss" he might have spared himself, had he wished to do so. Not to be outdone, however, in empty courtesy, and desiring to stand well with the King, Mr. Huskisson returned the following reply:—

"DOWNING STREET, 9½ *p. m. May 25th*, 1828.

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"Lord Dudley has just sent to me, unopened, my letter to you, which I forwarded to Aspley House about five o'clock this afternoon.

"This letter was written as soon as I was given to understand by Lord Dudley, who called here after an interview with you this morning, that his Majesty had not signified any intention of granting me the honour of an audience.

"No other mode, therefore, remaining open to me of conveying my sentiments to the King, I address myself to you for the purpose of bringing before his Majesty, in the shape of a written communication, what I am prevented from stating to his Majesty in person.

"I feel confident that you will not deny me this favour; and you will be satisfied, by the contents of my letter (which I now return), that in writing it nothing was further from my intention than to intrude myself between you and the arrangements which, upon my removal from office (for such I have considered the result of our correspondence since your letter of the 21st), you have received his Majesty's instructions to make.

"Your letter, communicating this fact, reached me about half-past seven this evening. I thank you for the information, and for the kind manner in which you advert to any feeble assistance which I may have been able to give to your administration, as well as for the expression of the concern with which you have advised his Majesty to place my office in other hands."

The subjoined communication closed the correspondence:—

"LONDON, *May 26th*, 1828.

"MY DEAR HUSKISSON,

"I have received your letter of yesterday, accompanied by another letter from you, dated also yesterday, which I had returned to Lord Dudley, under the impression that I ought not to open it without your previous consent, under the circumstances that existed at the time I received it.

"I have laid both before the King. In answer I have only to repeat that I considered your letter of the 20th as a formal tender of the resignation of your office; and that the circumstance of its being marked 'private and confidential' did not alter the character of the letter, or relieve me from the painful duty of communicating its contents to his Majesty, as I did, in person.

"Your subsequent letters did not, according to my understanding of them, convey any disavowal of your intention to tender your resignation. I laid them before his Majesty, and my answers to them, and communicated to Lord Dudley that I had done so.

"The King informed me—I think on Wednesday, the 21st—that you had desired to have an audience of his Majesty; and that he intended to receive you on the day but one after. I did not consider it my duty to advise his Majesty to receive you at an earlier period.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to observe, that your letter to me of the 20th was entirely your own act, and wholly unexpected by me If the letter was written hastily and inconsiderately, surely the natural course was for you to withdraw it altogether, and thus relieve me from the position in which, without any fault of mine, it had placed me—compelling me either to accept the resignation which it tendered, or to solicit you to continue to hold your office.

"This latter step was, in my opinion, calculated to do me personally, and the King's Government, great dis-service; and it appeared to me that the only mode by which we could be extricated from the difficulty in which your letter had placed us was, that the withdrawal of your letter should be your spontaneous act, and that it should be adopted without delay.

"The interference of his Majesty, pending our correspondence, would not only have placed his Majesty in a situation in which he ought not to be placed in such a question, but it would have subjected me to the imputation that that interference had taken place on my suggestion, or with my connivance.

"I did not consider it my duty to advise his Majesty to interfere in any manner whatever.

"His Majesty informed me this day that he had written to you this morning, appointing an audience in the course of the day."

Besides the endeavours made by Mr. Huskisson, in his letters to the Duke, to retract the resignation, personal exertions were employed by Lords Palmerston and Dudley and Ward to induce his Grace to cancel his acceptance of the renunciation of office. The Duke was obdurate. To an assurance that it was all a mistake, he answered emphatically, "It was no mistake—could be no mistake—and should be no mistake."

Reviewing the whole correspondence and interviews, and looking at the evident predisposition of the Duke, it is to be regretted that he did not in the first instance take more dignified ground, and preserve his character from the taint of insincerity. It might have

been expected of his ordinary frankness, and his notions of the importance of agreement in the Cabinet, that he would have replied at once: "I will advise the King to accept your resignation, because no chance must be allowed to exist of the country being again disturbed by the appearance of division in the Councils of the King, on a subject of so much moment as Parliamentary Reform." Perhaps the Duke more than once regretted in after-life that he had not taken this decided step.

Mr. Huskisson's expulsion—for it can be called nothing else—led to the immediate resignation of Lords Palmerston and Dudley and Ward, and Mr. Charles Grant.

Thus weeded of every vestige of the moderate Liberalism which pertained to the Canning portion of the Ministry (with the exception of Lord Lyndhurst, who had become Lord Chancellor when Lord Eldon seceded), the Duke's Cabinet immediately became the representative of strong opinions; for he called into office Sir George Murray, Sir Henry Hardinge, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. The two former were Peninsula soldiers, in whose business habits the Duke had great confidence, and on whose co-operation, not to say obedience, he could rely.

Much alarm was felt by the liberals at this infusion of military men. There was already a General Officer at the head of the Government of Ireland (the Marquis of Anglesey). Four *aiguillettes* thus distinguished the Council Board, and "strong" measures were expected as the result of such a combination of men of camp habits, under the dominion of one powerful and somewhat despotic will.

A fortnight had scarcely elapsed after the construction of the Cabinet, when the question of Roman Catholic emancipation came before the House of Lords, in the distinct form of a resolution of the House of Commons to go into a committee upon the subject of the laws affecting the Roman Catholics. A conference with the Lords was proposed and agreed to; and after it had taken place, the resolution of the Commons was debated in a full House for two days. Upon this occasion the Duke of Wellington thus expressed himself:—

"He considered the question, he said, merely as one of expediency, and he grounded his opposition to the motion, not on any doctrinal points, but on the Church government of the Roman Catholics Nobody could have witnessed the transactions which had been going on in Ireland, during the last thirty-five years, without being convinced that there was a combination between the laity and the clergy. which was daily gaining ground. Hence sprung the confusion that

distinguished Ireland. If the aristocracy had been rendered powerless, and political authority transferred to the people, who, again, were the creatures of the priest, it was to this combination that it was owing. Emancipation, they had been told, would cure all these evils. But, in addition to emancipation, they would also be obliged to give to the Catholic Church the whole establishment of the Protestant Church, after which the country would be exposed to the same evils which now prevailed. On all former occasions, too, it had been proposed to grant political power only in connection with effectual securities for the Protestant constitution in church and state: but now, securities were not even hinted at. He wished to see real distinct securities proposed, before he would consent to give any vote in favour of these claims. He denied that any inference could be drawn from the example of other countries, except this, that the Roman Catholic religion, in its natural state, was not a religion favourable to good government in any country.

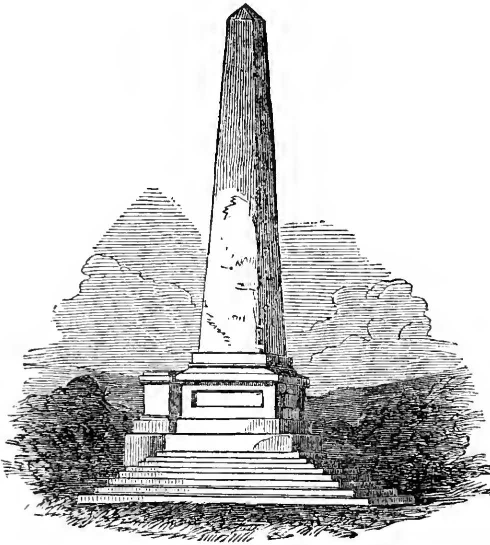
"He begged their lordships to observe, that, in the very countries of Europe where the sovereigns possessed great power, the governments were under the necessity of calling in the aid of the Pope to govern their subjects, either through the means of a concordat, or some treaty granted by His Holiness, by which they obtained that authority which it was necessary for a government to possess over the clergy of the country. Now, it was utterly impossible for the government of this country to enter into any arrangement of that kind.

"He did not mean to say that there was no other arrangement by which his Majesty might have the power of appointing the bishops in Ireland, and of controlling and superintending the intercourse between them and the see of Rome; but in his opinion it was utterly impossible, under the present constitution of the country, to make any arrangement with the Pope as prevailed in foreign states. The discussion of the question, he thought, would lead to no practical result, and would tend only to disturb the public mind.

"From 1781 to 1791, although many momentous questions had been agitated in Ireland, the Roman Catholic question was never heard of. So little indeed had it been heard of, that his noble friend, who sat near him, had brought into the House of Commons a bill respecting the Roman Catholics, and it was a fact that the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was never consulted respecting it, and indeed knew nothing of it, till it was before the House, so little did the Catholic question at that time disturb the public mind. He did not, however, expect that such a state of tranquillity would again occur.

but it would be well to allow the public mind to rest, and in the end it might be possible to do something, for he was most desirous of seeing the subject brought to an amicable conclusion."

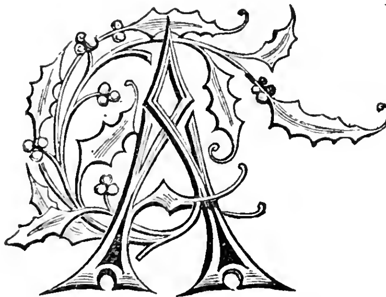
The motion was lost, but from the "conciliatory tone" of the Duke of Wellington, the friends of emancipation inferred that their wishes in future would not receive so uncompromising an opposition as they had hitherto sustained.



COLUMN IN TAE PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN.

CHAPTER XI.

The Catholic question—The Duke and Dr. Curtis—The Duke urges Emancipation upon the King—The Catholic Emancipation Bill brought forward in the House of Lords—Carried—The Duke's Duel with the Earl of Winchelsea—Death of the Earl of Liverpool—Appointment of the Duke to be Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.



LTHOUGH ambiguity of expression is common to diplomatists and statesmen, because while it is supposed to pledge them to nothing, it yet opens a door to inferences in their favour, according to the degree in which their supposed sentiments correspond with those of the public, there is often nothing more unfortunate in its results than equivocation—tampering with a great question in a double sense. The Duke of Wellington probably obtained a slight accession of popularity by his conciliatory speech in the early part of the session of 1828; but this very circumstance only contributed to embarrass his position, and to render a regression unavoidable.

The Irish Roman Catholics formed into an "Association" under Daniel O'Connell, an eloquent barrister of the Romish persuasion, an unscrupulous but uncompromising "patriot," was acquiring every day great strength. Daring in its demands at all times, it now, upon the faith of the Premier's speech, exceeded its previous audacity, and was raising up in Ireland a power which threatened to imperil the peace of the United Kingdom. Indeed, a revolution seemed inevitable. Emancipation was declared by Dr. Curtis, the titular Catholic Primate of Ireland, to afford the only means of establishing

concord; and as the Doctor had held a high office in the University of Salamanca when the Duke commanded in Spain, and was supposed to have rendered important services to the army, he availed himself of the intimacy established between the Duke and himself to write to the Duke upon the subject. The Duke's answer was as follows:—

"My dear Sir,

"I have received your letter of the 4th instant, and I assure you that you do me justice in believing that I am sincerely anxious to witness the settlement of the Roman Catholic question, which, by benefiting the State, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it. But I confess that I see no prospect of such a settlement. Party has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is impossible to expect to prevail upon men to consider it dispassionately. If we could bury it in oblivion for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its difficulties on all sides (for they are very great), I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy."

Dr. Curtis considered this letter—in the face of its plain language—to involve an admission that the Duke was favourable to the Catholic claims. The Catholic Association adopted the same view; and Dr. Curtis, after replying to the Duke, and declaring it to be perfectly impossible to bury the question in oblivion, sent a copy of the document to the Marquis of Anglesey, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Anglesey, taking the same view with the Catholic Association and Dr. Curtis, wrote an answer to Dr. Curtis expressing sentiments so decidedly favourable to the Catholics and to agitation, that the Duke of Wellington immediately recommended the King to remove him from his office.

The recall of Lord Anglesey increased the irritation of the Roman Catholics. It was denounced by the Association as "monstrously absurd;" and the Duke of Wellington was termed a "self-convicted madman," and the "insane pilot who continued to direct our almost tottering State." Its effect upon the Tories was to inspire them with the most complete confidence in the Duke as the champion of Protestantism.

With the close of the session of Parliament, the discussions regarding Catholic Emancipation lulled, and the general impression seemed to be that whenever the subject should again be forced upon the legis-

lature, the Government would be found inflexible in its determination to oppose the claims of the Papists.

It needeth not to tell the reader that the leading feature in the military policy of the Duke of Wellington was the profound secresy with which he matured his plans and combinations, and the promptitude with which he carried them into execution when all the necessary preparations were complete. Oporto, Torres Vedras, Burgos, and Vittoria are identified with this peculiar system of secresy of arrangement and rapidity of consummation. The British public were now to be astounded with the operation of this system in civil polity, and to witness, in one who was regarded as the impersonation of firmness and fixity of opinion, a complete abandonment of his supposed principles upon the most exciting question of modern times. Some apprehension had been raised by a speech from Mr. Dawson, the brother-in-law of Mr. Peel, who, at a public dinner in Ireland, talked in a way to justify the most sanguine hopes of the Roman Catholics. Not long afterwards Mr. Peel himself resigned the representation of Oxford University. In the meanwhile it seems that the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel—the latter probably influenced by the former—had addressed themselves to the King, representing that Ireland was on the verge of civil war,[1] agitated as that country was by the Catholic Association, and that the only chance of averting so direful a calamity lay in "emancipation." The King is understood to have been at first exceedingly averse to yield an inch—he pleaded his coronation-oath—and the Chancellor, the keeper of the royal conscience, could

[1] There are no class of men who entertain so great an abhorrence of war of any kind, as those who have seen it under its most frightful forms. For this reason, military governors and statesmen have always been remarkable for a pacific policy. The Duke of Wellington, unrivalled in the field, confident in himself and his armies, would at all times have strained a point to avert hostilities with other nations. But, of all wars, he most dreaded a civil war, such as at this time threatened the country. Speaking on this very subject, at a later period, he said:—

"I am one of those who have, probably, passed a longer period of my life engaged in war, than most men, and principally in civil war; and I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I was attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it. I say, there is nothing which destroys property, eats up prosperity by the roots, and demoralises the character, to the degree that civil war does. In such a crisis, the hand of man is raised against his neighbour, against his brother, and against his father. servant betrays master, and the whole scene ends in confusion and devastation. Yet, my Lords, this is the resource to which we must have looked—these are the means which we must have applied—to put an end to this state of things, if we had not made the option of bringing forward the measures for which, I say, I am responsible. But let us look a little further. If civil war is so bad, when it is occasioned by resistance to the Government—if it is so bad in the case I have stated, and so much to be avoided—how much more is it to be avoided when we are to arm the people, in order that we may conquer one part of them by exciting the other part against them?"

not show his Majesty a pathway out of his difficulty. At length, after repeated interviews, in which the Duke exhibited a characteristic obstinacy, the Duke and Mr. Peel tendered their resignations. The King's scruples at once vanished. Growing prematurely old and indolent, George IV. could not look forward to the worry and vexation which would inevitably follow, upon a recall of the Whigs, without horror;—he was equally alarmed at the prospect of a rebellion from the inflexibility of the ultra Tories; further, he believed that the danger must be imminent which led the Duke and the illustrious commoner to push matters to the extremity of a menaced resignation.

"The speech from the throne, on the re-assembling of Parliament on the 4th of February, 1829, contained the first authoritative announcement of the forthcoming measure. It recommended the subject for consideration. In the course of the debate on the Address, the Duke of Wellington announced that the Government were prepared to propose a measure for the emancipation of the Catholics; an announcement which could scarcely be said to have taken either the Parliament or the public by surprise, but the truth of which could scarcely be believed till it issued from the lips of one who seldom spoke in vain. Its effect on the Tory section of both Houses was maddening. Men in whom a few fixed ideas had superseded even the faculty of reasoning, looked upon the proposed act of grace as a positive injury to themselves. Not only did it 'undermine the bulwarks of Protestantism;' it also robbed them of their own peculiar objects of hatred and vengeance. With politicians of the Perceval and Eldon school, persecution or reprobation of the Roman Catholics was the be-all and the end-all of their thoughts and of their political system; take away the power of doing so, and they lost the sole object of their mundane existence. That the measure must be carried, all men at once perceived. The King sanctioned it; the 'great Captain' proposed it; the leading civilian of the Tory party in the Lower House was prepared to endorse it; the Whigs, however anxious to see their rivals out of power, could not but accept it. Thus, in the eyes of the political heirs of Spencer Perceval, the Constitution was gone for ever.[1] There still remained, however, one

[1] The perpetual cry that the Constitution was *gone* was always a source of amusement to George Canning, when it was urged by the enemies of Emancipation. On one occasion he compared the vitality of the British Constitution to that of the dog of old Mother Hubbard in the nursery tale:—

"She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,

sweet revenge. They could attack and vilify the men who were thus making a sacrifice of their most cherished opinions and associations, in order to save the State from threatened convulsion. And this part of their public duty they performed to admiration. Never was Minister so assailed in this country. As for the Duke, it had been better for him that he were Bonaparte himself; for the vocabulary of abuse against that provoking personage was comparatively limited. The pens and tongues that for fourteen years and more had been employed in lauding him as the hero of heroes, were now with as much activity and a fresher motive engaged in heaping on the illustrious saviour of his country every epithet of contumely which insulted honour and virtue can apply to the traitor. The Duke of Wellington was on a tripod of which each support was a treachery. He was a traitor to the Protestant cause; a traitor, and a furtive one to boot, to the Whigs, who had been working at this question with exemplary Quixotism and great political fame for near a quarter of a century, and who now saw the Duke's sword wreathed with their coveted laurels; a traitor, above all, to the memory of Canning, who had been 'hunted to death,' only a year or so before, because *he* had wished to free the Catholics, and the Duke had passed the *mot d' ordre* that the work, at all events, should not be done by him who had his heart in it, but, if done at all, be effected by a cold State policy and a calculating expediency. There were the two devoted statesmen, the heath on fire all around them; and, not only the prey of their enraged associates here, but assured, on the very highest clerical authority, that their fate was a matter of certainty hereafter. The Duke bore it all with his constitutional imperturbability, so long as the attacks were of a purely public and political nature. Perhaps his chief annoyance arose from the pertinacity with which his opponents forced him, night after night, to make premature speeches on the proposed measure, ere it came in a formal way before the House; for this guerilla warfare interfered with his ideas of regularity and discipline; but all the rest he despised, as indeed he could well afford to do, being sure of the rectitude of his own motives.

And when she came back
The dog was dead!
She went to the undertaker's
To buy him a coffin,
And when she came back
The dog was laughing!"

Such, said Canning, would be the fate of our Constitution. Catholic Emancipation or any other popular measure might kill it, but as sure as fate the next day we should find it 'laughing.'

"At length, the Catholic Association having dissolved itself, the better to facilitate the purpose of Ministers, and the bill having come up to the Lords, it fell to the Duke of Wellington to propose it to that assembly. His speech on the occasion, as well as some previous ones, was masterly as a clear and unvarnished exposition of the reasons of State which had led to the conduct of the Government, and which justified it. Every argument that could be advanced, or that had been advanced, short of mere fanaticism, was thoroughly canvassed and met; in short, the Duke now came out in quite a new light. An orator, in the popular sense of the term, he never was and never could have been; but as an exponent, in language clear and forcible 'to the meanest capacity,' of the plain common sense view he himself took of the question, he stood alone. In this respect, indeed, his public speaking was unique. In fact he had but one thing to impress on his auditory and the public—the absolute necessity of a concession which could not longer be delayed, and for which there appeared to be no substitute."[1]

From the very many speeches made by the Duke of Wellington in the course of the passage of the Catholic Bill through its various stages, in some of which speeches he defended the measure and in others himself, it is not necessary to quote more than the following extracts:—In reference to his own conduct, he said, on the 10th of February, 1829,—

"I have repeatedly declared my earnest wish to see the Roman Catholic question settled. I believe nothing could ever have been more distinct or explicit than my expression of that wish; and is it a matter of surprise that the person entertaining it should avail himself of the first opportunity of proposing the adoption of that which, over and over again, he declared himself anxiously to wish? On this particular question, I had long ago made up my mind, as a member of this house, to take a particular course. It may be thought peculiar as a matter of taste; but, for many years, I have acted upon the determination never to vote for the affirmation of this question until the Government, acting as a Government, should propose it to the legislature. My noble relation (Lord Longford) knows, that ever since the year 1810, the several successive governments of this country have been formed upon a principle which prevented their ever proposing, as a Government, the adoption of any measure of relief in regard to the Catholics, In order to the formation of a cabinet which, acting as a Government, could propose this measure, it was, in the first place, necessary to obtain the consent of that

[1] "Illustrated London News."

individual, the most interested by his station, his duty, and the most sacred of all obligations, of any individual in the empire. It was necessary, I say, that I should obtain the consent of that individual, before the members of the Government could consider the question as a Government one. Now, under such circumstances as these, would it have been proper in me to have breathed a syllable on the subject until I had obtained the consent of the illustrious personage to whom I have alluded?[1] I call upon my noble relative to answer this question, if he can, in the negative. I beg of my noble relative to ask himself this question, whether I was wrong in having kept secret my views, since the month of July or August, not talking to any man upon the subject, until I had the consent of that exalted personage, to form a goverment upon the principle of taking the question to which I have alluded into consideration? My noble relative ought to place himself in my situation—he ought to see what was expected of me; and then, instead of blaming me for acting as I have done, he would see that if I had acted otherwise, I should have been highly blameable.

"When the question had been decided—when I received the permission, so as to be enabled to make the declaration—on not having made which, alone the accusation of surprise can be founded—the opening of the session was so near that it was impossible to make known what had occurred earlier, or in any other manner than by the speech from the throne."

And upon the 4th of April, 1829, the Duke, in allusion to the imputed danger of the Protestant Church in conceding the Catholic claims, said:

"It has been repeatedly assumed by many of your lordships, in the course of the discussion, but particularly by the right reverend prelates who have spoken, that the Church of Ireland (or, as I have recently been reminded, the Church of England in Ireland) is in danger. I call on those who apprehend that danger to state clearly whether that danger, on this particular occasion, is more to be expected as resulting from legislation or from violence. If they say it is resulting from legislation, I answer that their apprehensions are puerile. It is impossible to suppose that a small number of persons admitted into this house, and a small number admitted into the other house, while we have a Protestant Sovereign upon the throne, should be productive of legislative danger to the Church of England in Ireland. I beg to observe, with respect to the point relating to the union of the two countries, that a fundamental article of the Union

[1] Lord Longford had accused him of concealment.

is the junction of the two churches, called the United Churches of England and Ireland. It is impossible, therefore, that any mischief can occur to the Church of Ireland without a breach in the union of the two countries. There is another point to which I beg leave to advert for a moment. Although it is true that we do admit into Parliament members of the Roman Catholic persuasion, yet, at the same time, by another measure brought forward with it, and on which we equally rely, we propose regulations which will have the effect of destroying the influence of the Catholic priesthood in the election of members of Parliament. We have carefully examined the measure, and do expect that it will give additional security to all the interests of the State."

Few public measures, perhaps, have been more productive of personal hostilities than was the bill for the removal of the Catholic

LORD WINCHELSEA.

dis abilities. The Duke met every opposition in the most uncompromising form. He dismissed the Attorney-General, Sir Charles Wetherall. He told Marshal Beresford, who wished to be excused voting on the question, that he was at perfect liberty to maintain his

own opinion, but that, as Master-General of the Ordnance, he must support his Majesty's Government. Lord Winchelsea having said that the Duke, "under the cloak of some coloured show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carried on insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties and the introduction of Popery into every department of the State," the Duke called him out. His Grace was attended by Sir Henry Hardinge, and Lord Winchelsea by the Earl of Falmouth. The Duke fired and missed his adversary—Lord Winchelsea fired in the air, and then withdrew his insulting language.[1]

The bill was read a third time on the 10th of April, and received the royal assent on the 13th of the same month. It was a strong proof of the immense personal influence of the Duke in the House of Peers, that, in the summer of 1828, that House had declared by a majority of 45 that emancipation was too manifestly a breach of the Constitution to be even discussed; and in the spring of 1829 it declared by a majority of 105 that the Bill was altogether consistent with the Constitution, and if it did no good, would at least do no harm to the Protestant Church!

The Earl of Liverpool, after a lingering illness, died on the 4th of December, 1828. On the 1st of January, the King conferred the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports upon the Duke of Wellington.

The nature and duties of this office are very little known. When the newspapers occasionally spoke of the Duke having gone to Walmer on business connected with his office, the natural impression was that he was merely obliged to go through some form or other that was necessary to his enjoyment of a sinecure. This was not the case, the duties attaching to the office being very onerous and varied in their nature.

1 In an imaginary conversation, in the "United Service Magazine" of the time, the following anecdote is related :—

"*Hector.* Apropos of pistols—what do you think? Our warlike Premier and his Secretary-at-War could not muster a case of pistols between them. Sir H. was at length accommodated with a pair by a high military official, himself the last man in England to use them wantonly.

"*Miles.* More ominous of peace than pugnacity; another proof that our "occupation's gone."

"*Hector.* I understand an amusing episode occurred, to vary the tragical tendency of the *rencontre.* Dr. Hume was privately engaged by Sir Henry Hardinge to attend him to the field. The Doctor felt uneasy, and, with a very laudable feeling, secretly informed the Duke of Wellington that *Sir Henry* was going to fight a duel. His Grace kept his countenance and his counsel, and Dr. H. was much edified on seeing the Duke himself take his ground, as *Premier* in both senses!

"*Bruce.* Ha, ha! Excellent!

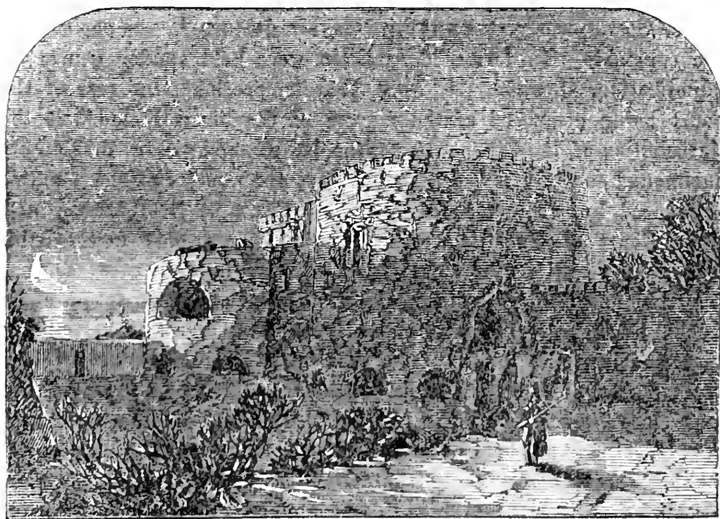
"*Miles.* Happily, the affair has terminated without serious consequences; but the Duke amidst his schemes of financial economy, must not overlook in his own person, *and as a public duty*, the *economy of life;* enough that the nation needs no further proof of his double qualification. '*tam Marti quam Mercurio.*' "

As originally constituted, the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports was a kind of *imperium in imperio.* Originally established by the Conqueror for the consolidation of his power on the coast, the privileges and powers of the office have become modified, to suit the altered state of society and of government. The jurisdiction of this officer extends over a wide range of coast; from beyond Margate, in Kent, to Seaford, in Sussex, and the portion embraced by it is that at which a foreign enemy might be expected to attempt a landing. Anciently the Lord Warden combined various offices, of which the remains are to be traced in the duties of the modern functionary. He was, for the district he commanded, similar to a sheriff of a county, a lord-lieutenant of a county, a Custos Rotulorum, and an admiral, but with an authority greater than that wielded by any admiral of the fleet of the present day, because more irresponsible and self-dependent. The modern Lord Warden retains many of the powers and privileges of his predecessors, but shorn of their formidable character. The Lord Warden, as Constable of Dover Castle, is the person to whom writs are directed from the superior courts touching persons living within his jurisdiction. He is, thus, a kind of sheriff. On receiving these writs, he makes out his warrant, which is executed by an officer called a "bodar," who, by the way, is (or till recently was) also the person to execute writs out of the local or district court of Hastings. The Lord Warden's under-sheriff is the clerk of Dover Castle, where there is a prison for debtors, in the custody of the constable. In former days there were held sundry courts of adjudication, at which the Lord Warden presided, the rest of the court being composed of the mayors of the towns included in the jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports, the bailiffs, and sundry inhabitants summoned as "jurats." In modern days the number of these courts is reduced, but there still remains the "Court of Brotherhood" and the "Court of Guestling," which, however, are only rarely held. The same functionaries constitute the court in each case; so that the administration of justice becomes as close and compact an affair as the Ecclesiastical Courts themselves. The object of assembling these courts was to fulfil a part of the duties imposed by the original charter, that of furnishing ships to the crown. This, of course, has long since become obsolete; but the Courts of "Brotherhood" and of "Guestling" are held prior to each coronation, for the purpose of making arrangements as to the "Barons" of the Cinque ports, in respect of their right to hold the canopy over the King's head on occasion of that ceremony. It fell twice to the lot of the Duke of Wellington to preside at these courts called for coronation purposes

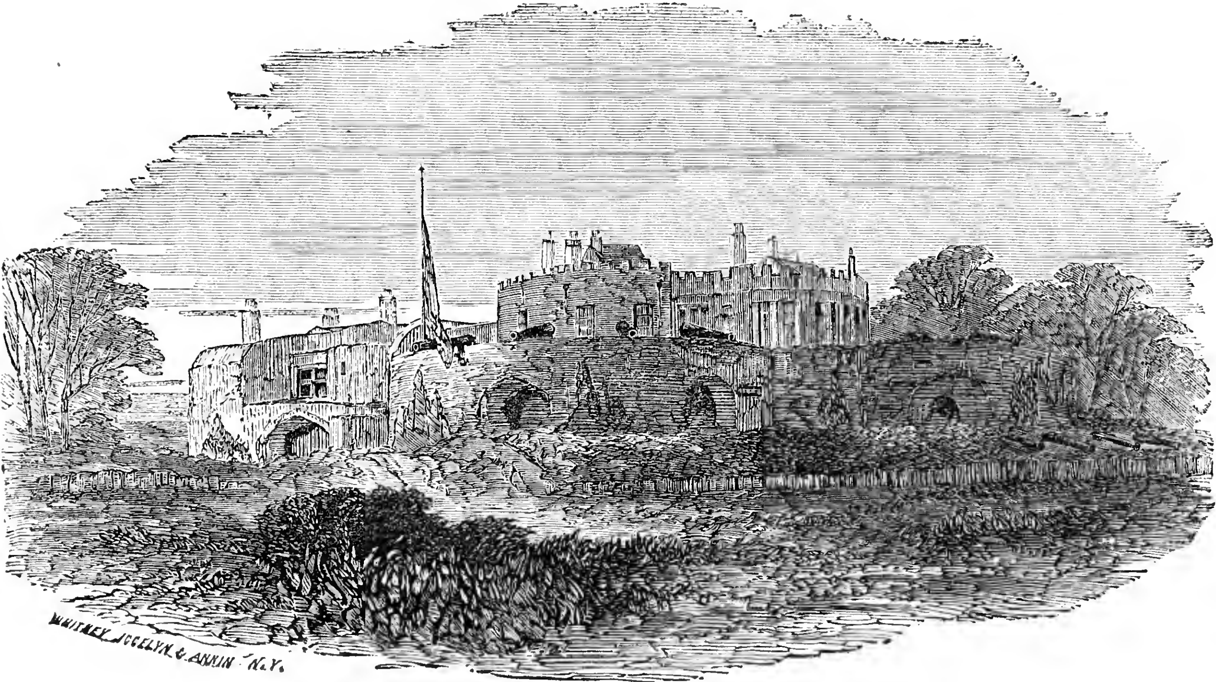
first on occasion of the coronation of William IV., and the second time on that of our most gracious Sovereign.

Of course the functions and jurisdiction of the Lord Warden, and the special privileges of the Cinque Ports have been much abridged, more especially by the Municipal Corporation Reform Act; the object being to assimilate those privileges with the general municipal constitution of the empire. But no attempt was made to interfere with what remained of the jurisdiction of the Lord Warden as Admiral of the Coast. This jurisdiction embraces many subjects usually confided to the municipality; but, on the other hand, the mayors of some of the towns are *ex officio* members of the courts held for the purpose of performing these functions. The principal is the "Court of Lode Manage," at which pilots are licensed, and all complaints heard of misconduct or inefficiency; and other duties are performed connected with the local government of those ports in all that relates to their ancient character or their maritime affairs.

Attached to the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports is Walmer Castle, an ancient building which holds a middle place between the ancient and modern fortifications. It is coeval with Deal Castle of the time of Henry VIII.: with Sandown Castle they form a defence for the Kentish coast between Sandwich and Dover.



WALMER CASTLE—NIGHT-WATCH.



WALMER CASTLE.

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CHAPTER XII.

The Duke and the Press—Parliamentary Session of 1830—The National Distress—The Duke on the Corn Laws, Currency, &c.—Death of George IV.—Succession of William IV.—Revolution in France, Belgium, and Poland—The Regency Question in England—The Civil List—Resignation of Ministers.

SUPPORTED by the Commons, and governing the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal, the Duke had three estates of the realm at his command. If the old Tories had forsaken the "traitor," the Whigs had given him their adhesion, and he thus stood in a position scarcely less commanding than that enjoyed by William Pitt in his palmiest days. But there was another "estate" which the Duke of Wellington had not yet bent to his will. The "fourth"—the mighty press—disallowed his strength. The ardent friends of liberty extenuated his apparent apostasy from his own party, because it had served the cause of religious toleration, and because they hoped that he would extend the principle of tergiversation and become a convert to all the views of Whigs and Radicals;[1] but the advocates of the interests of the Protestant Church—or rather the representatives of the High Church Party—were beyond measure indignant at his

[1] *Radical*, a term first applied to Hunt, and other Reformers, who sought to *uproot* the system of Parliamentary Representation. Of late years, the word has been erroneously applied to the members of the Free-trade party, the financial economists, and others, who oppose themselves to those enactments of the Legislature which promote taxation and curtail popular freedom. The term is now as ill used as those of Whig and Tory.

desertion of their cause. The *Morning Journal*, a paper of uncompromising hostility to the Catholics, expressed the anger of the Tories in the most violent language. It charged the Duke with "despicable cant and affected moderation"—with a want of mercy, compassion, and of those more kindly and tender sympathies which distinguish the heart of a man from that of a proud dictator and tyrant. It imputed to him gross treachery, or arrant cowardice and artifice united.

The Duke had never held the newspaper press in much respect The information which it conveyed to the public during the Peninsular War, although of the deepest interest to the British community, was offensive to him, because the same information reached the enemy whom it was of importance to keep in ignorance of the operations of the English camp and the disposition of the troops. Moreover, the press libelled him without mercy, giving publication to the grossest falsehoods, and assigning the worst motives to those acts which proved to be the result of the most consummate judgment, the most profound forethought, and the purest patriotism. But he took no steps to procure the punishment of the libellers. He despised, or affected to despise them—he found a safety-valve for his wrath in calling them "rascally," "licentious," and so forth; and upon one occasion he wrote to Sir Henry Wellesley, "What can be done with such libels and such people, excepting to despise them, and continuing one's road without noticing them?" It had been well for his renown if he had continued this lofty policy, leaving to time the assertion of truth and the confusion of his maligners.

Whether yielding to the advice of his colleagues in the Cabinet and the law officers of the Crown, or acting from his own spontaneous will, the Duke caused Mr. Alexander, the editor of the *Morning Journal*, to be prosecuted for his libels, and the result was the punishment of that gentleman with fines and imprisonment.

These prosecutions created a strong feeling of disgust and dislike throughout the country. They aggravated the hostility of the Tories and did not please the Liberals; Sir James Scarlett, the Attorney-General, was a Whig, and lost ground with his friends and the public for acting "under a Tory ministry governing on Whig principles." Much discussion arose in Parliament respecting the prosecutions, and Sir Charles Wetherall, who had refused to defend Mr. Alexander on the score of the excited state of his own feelings against the Government, moved for copies of the proceedings on the *ex officio* informations against Mr. Alexander, as a peg whereon to hang severe animadversions on the tyrannical conduct of the Duke. Sir Charles

denounced him as an imperious and ambitious minister, and declared that nothing so odious and impressive had been heard of since the days of the Star Chamber. But these parliamentary discussions did not disturb the imperturbability of the noble Duke. He allowed them to pass as "the idle wind" which he "respected not."

A busy and a fertile session was that of 1830. The distresses of the country; the Corn-laws; the expense of public (and especially military) establishments; the shipping interest; the state of the law as regarded capital punishment in cases of forgery, and the punishment of libel; the civil disabilities of the Jews, and parliamentary reform—were the subjects of numerous motions, bills, and debates. To several of these the Duke of Wellington was compelled by his position to speak—the rather that he was continually, by implication, placed upon his defence. Upon the subject of the manufacturing distress he spoke at great length. To the arguments in favour of an extended currency, he replied that the sole object of that expedient was to cause an unlimited creation of paper currency[1] by individuals—and thus to give them the means of lending capital to speculators and bringing the country to the verge of ruin. He was of opinion that the (so called) equitable adjustments would soon annul the advantage obtained from an adherence to the principles of justice and good faith. He ascribed to the competition of machinery and the universal application of steam the decrease in the demand for labour, and finally he showed that the reports of national distress had been exaggerated. This last observation entailed upon the Duke some severe strictures, which, at a later period (February 25, 1830), he thus met:—

"Among other topics of accusation, I have been arraigned for my assertion on the first day of the session, that the distress of the country was not of that magnitude which some persons have affirmed. The noble lord (Stanhope) is quite at liberty to indulge in such invectives if it pleases him to do so, but if he supposes I do not feel for the distresses of the people, he is utterly mistaken, as I can sincerely aver that I have as strong sympathies on the subject as any noble member of this house. But I am resolved to tell plainly and honestly what I think, quite regardless of the odium I may incur from those whose prejudices my candour and sincerity may offend. I am here to speak the truth, and not to flatter the prejudices and prepossessions

1 The Duke of Wellington, like many other men, believed that his *forte* lay in the management of public finances. He considered that he had attained a sufficient mastery of the subject to qualify him peculiarly for the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. In May, 1829, he made a speech (for which see Appendix) on the subject of a metallic currency, which showed, at least, that he had carefully studied the subject.

of any man. In speaking the truth, I shall utter it in the language that truth itself most naturally suggests.

* * * * * *

"I request your lordships to look at the state of the savings banks. A measure was some time back adopted to prevent the investment of money in those banks beyond a certain amount for each person, in order that the parties not entitled to it should not derive the advantage which is intended for the poorer classes. Large sums were drawn out of those banks soon after; but they have since revived in some degree. Whence has the money come? From the lower classes. This cannot be considered as a proof of general distress. Your lordships ought likewise not to omit from your consideration the increased traffic carried on on the railroads and canals in the country. The noble Earl (Roseberry) has told your lordships that I have availed myself of the increased traffic upon the roads and canals by merchants and manufacturers—in despair seeking a market—in order to represent the country in a state of prosperity; whereas it is an additional symptom of distress. My Lords, I said that this traffic has been increasing for years; and that it had, in some cases, doubled in ten years. In one of the recent discussions in the House, upon the currency, the noble marquis opposite (the Marquis of Lansdowne) very truly remarked, that' a large quantity of currency might be found in a country in which there should be little riches and prosperity; and that the facility and rapidity of the circulation of the currency were signs of the prosperity of a country rather than the quantity of that currency. I entirely concur in the truth and justice of this observation. But I would beg to ask the noble marquis whether it is possible that transactions can increase and multiply as they have done in this country, in the last few years, without giving fresh scope for the circulation of the currency of the country, fresh employment for labour, and occasioning, in some degree, the augmentation of general prosperity?"

In the same speech, the Duke said of the Corn Laws that they "worked well," and "he was convinced that they could not be repealed without injury to the country"—a statement to be forgotten by those who venerate consistency and admire the Duke of Wellington; because, like others, upon other subjects, the assertion only tended to show that his political opinions were inconsiderately adopted, to be easily abandoned if circumstances favoured a change in the law.

The endeavours of the advocates of cheap government and light taxation to reduce the public expenditure were repelled by the Duke, on the ground of the reduction of our military establishments having

been carried to the utmost lengths consistent with the national safety. The attempt to legislate for the poor, he met by a reference to the state of the country. His Grace contended that it was an important, difficult, and complicated subject, and could not be entered upon hastily, nor until the country was restored to a state of complete prosperity.

On the 26th of June, 1830, George IV. breathed his last, after suffering much anguish for two months, which appeared to have arisen from ossification of the heart. He was somewhat lamented as a Sovereign, though little respected as a man. His adherence to his father's patriotic resistance to Napoleon, and the grandeur of his

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

ideas in respect to matters of national display, had given him a certain amount of popularity, which was not entirely neutralised by his notorious disregard of the moralities of life, his severe habits of exclusion from the sight of his people, his conduct towards his wife and his assent to the emancipation of the Catholics. Even on these last points he had defenders. The circumstance of his marriage to a

woman he disliked from the moment he looked upon her, naturally tainted his whole existence, and palliated the treatment to which he had subjected her. The retired life he had led arose from constitutional indolence, and a reluctance to exhibit his person, which, from early habits of dissipation, had long ceased to typify the "mould of form." His concession to the Catholics was excused by some persons as the result of ministerial coercion, and accepted by others as the fruit of an honest conviction. Upon the whole, however, the public was not thrown into a violent state of grief upon the occurrence of an event for which frequent bulletins and the cessation of public business by the King had, in a measure prepared them.

It was said at the time, and has not since been contradicted, that George IV. never forgave the Duke of Wellington for compelling his assent to the Catholic Relief Bill, and that latterly a great deal of coolness had marked the royal reception of the warrior statesman. Nevertheless the Duke could not fail to be personally concerned at the death of the King. His Majesty's bounty, in the conferment of honours, had been "boundless as the sea." He had, as Prince Regent, manifested a lively interest in the success of the Duke's military operations, sustaining him at home against a world of enmity aud obloquy, even to the extent of forfeiting the support of the party (the Whigs) to which the Prince had been attached from his first entrance into public life, and from which he had derived great assistance and sympathy in his quarrels with his father, the investigation of his debts, &c. And after the wars, the Prince—and then the King—had covered the Duke with the highest marks of gratitude and admiration. The recollection of these favours made its impression upon his Grace, and accordingly, when addressing the House of Lords a few days subsequently, the Duke passed a proper eulogium upon the deceased monarch, carefully eschewing all those points upon which any difference of opinion could arise. He praised the high attainments and polished manners of George IV., his knowledge and talent, his patronage of the arts, and his firm conduct during the war with France.

George IV. dying without surviving issue, he was succeeded by his brother William, Duke of Clarence. Parliament was therefore dissolved as a matter of course, and a new Parlaiment summoned to meet in the beginning of November.

In the month of July of this year a new Revolution broke out in France. The government of Louis XVIII., restored in 1815, had been distinguished by all the vices and follies of priestly Bourbonism. Upon the death of the King, the Comte d'Artois ascended the throne

as Charles X., and continued to reign, influenced by the Jesuits, and the exclusive policy of Monsieur de Polignac. From one piece of tyranny to another the Bourbons blundered on, until, making an effort to trample upon the press, the spirit of the Parisians was aroused. A violent insurrection immediately broke out—the Bourbons were hurled from the throne—and Louis Philippe, the Duc d'Orléans, was raised to the monarchy by the title of the King of the French. This revolt was not confined in its influence to France. Belgium, by a similar effort, at once renounced the authority of Holland; some of the German States endeavoured to achieve an independence, and Poland once more sought to cast off the yoke of Russia.

The struggle of Continental Europe to emancipate itself from arbitrary government attracted attention in England, and awakened the large towns to a sense of their unrepresented condition. "Parliamentary Reform" now became the cry of the people as the only panacea for all the evils which afflicted the State, and as the country was the scene of a general election, every advantage was taken of the popular excitement to procure the return of Liberal members. A breach had taken place between the Government and the Whigs immediately before the dissolution of Parliament, upon the subject of the establishment of a Regency in case of the demise of the Crown while the Princess Victoria, the presumptive heiress, continued a minor. Deprived, therefore, of the Whig support which the Wellington ministry had played off against the Tories, and hopelessly severed from the latter by the Act of Emancipation, the Government had the satisfaction to see their steady adherents ousted from very many of the seats they had occupied, by virtue of the influence of opinion and public approbation. Nevertheless, when the King met the new Parliament on the 2nd of November, a bold face was put upon matters by the Duke of Wellington. It was announced that the riots which disturbed the country should be put down by the authority of the law, and all measures of Parliamentary Reform resisted to the utmost.

On the 9th of November, the King and Queen were to have been present at a banquet in the City, upon the occasion of the inauguration of the new Lord Mayor. Information, however, having reached the Ministry that large bodies of people intended to assemble with the intention, it was believed, of offering an outrage to the person of the Sovereign and the Duke of Wellington, the latter advised the King to decline accepting the Lord Mayor's invitation. Acting upon this counsel, the King did not go, and great dissatisfaction and

disappointment were the consequence. Nothing more was needed to complete the unpopularity of the Duke. He had now lost another ingredient in ministerial strength—the sympathy of "the City"—and exposed himself to the intense ridicule of the press. Of this the Whigs took the fullest possible advantage. When the question of the settlement of the Civil List for the new reign came before the House of Commons, Sir Henry Parnell moved that the subject be referred to a Select Committee. The motion was opposed by Ministers, who were left in a minority of 29, several of the old Tory party voting against them. On the same day—15th November—a proposition for Parliamentary Reform, emanating from Mr. Brougham, was to be brought to a division, and, as Ministers expected a defeat, they at once resigned their offices, and Earl Grey was sent for by the King to form a Ministry.

Under this Administration the Duke of Wellington held no office. The command of the army was given to Lord Hill.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Reform question—The Ministerial Bill defeated in Committee—Parliament dissolves—Re-assembles—New Bill introduced—Passes in the Commons—Is resisted by the Duke in the House of Lords—The Duke's speeches.

ARL GREY was one of the earliest and stoutest champions of Reform in the Representation. In his youth he had been celebrated as a declaimer in the House of Commons against close boroughs and a limited franchise;—advanced in life, he clung tenaciously to his early principles. He accepted the office of Prime Minister upon the understanding that "Reform" should be made a Cabinet question, and the King assented to the arrangement. The times were favourable to success, and the only difficulty of Ministers—and a great difficulty it was—lay in determining the extent of the franchise, and settling the places which should possess, or cease to enjoy, the advantage of representation. The country was in a state of ferment. Meetings were everywhere held, and encouraged by the example of the nations of the continent, they sought by their resolutions to extend and strengthen the democratic features of the constitution. It was more difficult to restrain public impatience than to find an assent to the general principles of Reform. Petitions poured in from every part of the United Kingdom, and political associations were formed under the name of "Unions" for the purpose of acting on the public mind, and pressing on the ministry.

On the 1st of March, 1831, Lord John Russell brought forward the ministerial plan of Parliamentary Reform. His lordship was not in the Cabinet, but the duty was intrusted to him because of the

influence of his name and character, and because he had on many occasions, made motions for partial changes in the existing state of the representation. The proposition was warmly supported by the Liberal party, though many did not consider that it went far enough. It passed a first reading without a division. Upon the second reading Ministers had a majority of *one*. The next step was to carry the Bill into Committee. Here it was met by an amendment from General Gascoyne, which placed Ministers in a minority; and upon a later day they were defeated in an attempt to carry the Ordnance estimates. Under these circumstances, Lord Grey advised the King to dissolve Parliament, and to take the sense of the country upon the expediency of working out changes in the representation. The King yielded—Parliament dissolved—and the new Parliament assembled on the 14th of June.

The dissolution of Parliament was celebrated in London and most of the great towns with illuminations, and the populace demonstrated their love of freedom of opinion by breaking the windows of all those peers and commoners who had expressed sentiments unfavourable to the Reform Bill. Apsley House was peculiarly favoured with the wrath of the London mob. Almost every pane bore evidence of the tyranny of the multitude. The Duke bore the infliction calmly, and in immediately causing his windows to be protected by iron blinds, he at once provided his mansion with a defence against future attacks, and presented the public with a permanent monument of his opinion of the instability of popular favour.

Soon after the re-assembling of Parliament, a new bill for the reform of the representation was brought in. It passed, after much animated discussion, by a majority of 136 on the second reading, and of 109 in committee. Read a first time in the House of Lords, the opposition of that body was reserved for the second reading, when the bill was thrown out by a majority of forty-one. This led to tremendous tumults all over the country—at Bristol, Derby, Nottingham, and elsewhere.

The Duke of Wellington gave to Parliamentary Reform strenuous opposition. In respect to this measure, his Grace observed a rigid consistency. He made several speeches on the subject at different times. He had resisted reform as a Minister—he resisted it because it was calculated to damage the constitution of Parliament. There was no country in the universe in which so much happiness, so much prosperity, and so much comfort were diffused among all the various classes of society; none in which so many and such large properties, both public and private, were to be found as in England. "Such

was the condition of this country under that system which was now so greatly condemned. We enjoyed under that system the largest commerce and the most flourishing colonies in the world. There was not a position in Europe in any degree important for military purposes, or advantageous for trade, which was not under our control, or within our reach. All those great and numerous advantages we possessed under the existing system; but it would be impossible that we should any longer retain them if we once established a wild democracy, a complete democratic assemblage under the name of a House of Commons." Upon another occasion his Grace came out even more emphatically.

"It is far from my wish to impute to the noble Earl (Grey) or his colleagues any desire to introduce revolutionary measures into Parliament; but I must say this, that having looked at the measure which has been brought into the other House of Parliament, under their auspices, I cannot but consider that it alters every interest existing in the country—that in consequence of its operation, no interest will remain on the footing on which it now stands, and that this alteration must lead to a total alteration of men—of men entrusted with the confidence of Parliament; I am of opinion that this alteration must have a serious effect on the public interests—an effect which, I confess, I cannot look at without the most serious apprehension. I do not charge the most noble Earl and his colleagues with a desire to overturn the institutions of the country; but I cannot look at the alterations proposed by the bill, without seeing that those alterations must be followed by a total change of men, and likewise by a total change of the whole system of government. Why, I ask, for what reason, is all this to be done? I will not now enter into the question of what is the opinion of the other House of Parliament; but I will say again, as I have said before in the presence of your lordships, that I see no reason whatever for your altering the constitution of Parliament.

"It is my opinion that Parliament has well served the country, and that it deserves well of the country for a variety of measures which it has produced, particularly of late years. I see no reason for the measure now proposed, except to gratify certain individuals in the country. It is possible that a large number, nay even a majority of individuals, in this country may be desirous of this change; but I see no reason, excepting that, for this measure being introduced or adopted.

"While I thus declare my sentiments, I beg your lordships to believe that I feel no interest in this question, excepting that which I have in common with every individual in the country. I possess no

influence or interest of the description which will be betrayed by the measure now proposed. I am an individual who has served his Majesty for now, I am sorry to say, half a century; I have been in his Majesty's service for forty-five years—for thirty eventful years of that period I have served his Majesty in situations of trust and confidence, in the command of his armies, in embassies, and in his councils; and the experience which I have acquired in the situations in which I have served his Majesty, enables me and imposes upon me the duty, to say, that I cannot look at this measure without the most serious apprehensions, that, from the period of its adoption, *we shall date the downfall of our constitution.*"

Parliament was prorogued by the King in person on the 20th of October, and in the course of his speech his Majesty sufficiently admitted his views regarding reform by stating that the consideration of Parliament would be called to the question on the opening of the session, and that it was his Majesty's unaltered desire to promote its settlement by such improvements in the representation as might be found necessary for securing to his people the full enjoyment of their rights, which, in combination with those of the other orders of the state, were essential to the support of our free constitution.

On the 6th of December the Houses again met for the despatch of business, and the King again urged the speedy settlement of the Reform question. The Ministerial bill, somewhat altered from the former, was immediately introduced to the House of Commons, and the second reading being carried without difficulty, the Parliament adjourned for the Christmas holidays. It re-assembled on the 17th of January, and from that time until the 23rd of March the discussions in committee were carried on. At the latter date the bill passed by a majority of 116. But the battle had still to be fought in the House of Peers, and here it again encountered a firm opposition, notwithstanding that intimidation was employed out of doors by the press, and in the Lower House; the lords being threatened with an indefinite increase to their number. It was even said that Lord Grey had received the King's authority for an augmentation of the number of peers. Without resorting to this extremity, however, even if Lord Grey had really possessed the power imputed to him, the second reading was carried in the Upper House by a majority of nine. Early in the month of May the House went into committee upon the bill, and upon a motion that the disfranchising clauses should be postponed to the enfranchising clauses, Ministers were left in a minority of *thirty-five.*

Immediately upon the division being announced, Earl Grey

hastened to the King, and offered his Majesty the alternative of creating a batch of peers large enough to give Ministers a preponderating influence in the House, or to accept their resignation. The King decided upon the latter. Lord Grey then resigned, and the King sent for Lord Lyndhurst, to advise upon the best course to be adopted; and Lord Lyndhurst recommended his Majesty to send for the Duke of Wellington.

Since the days of Lord George Gordon—or the periods when an invasion was apprehended—London had not been the scene of so much excitement as distinguished it upon the news of the retirement of the Whigs, and the recall of the Duke. The question in every man's mouth was—"Can any government stand that does not give to the people a full and complete reform in the representation?" It needed "no ghost come from his grave" to answer that; the very streets teemed with indications of the public mind, and symbols of the people's resolution. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and spared all doubts as to what would be the final issue of the Duke's exertions. Here might be seen a fellow selling gross caricatures of the King; there stood a vendor of ballads in which the weakness of "Billy Barlow" and the schemes of the "German Frau" (by which the Queen was indicated) were sung to filthy tunes. Here you were invited to a meeting at the Crown and Anchor, under the auspices of Sir Francis Burdett, Hume, and O'Connell; there you were solicited to sign an address to the Sovereign, imploring him to recall Lords Grey and Brougham. This wall blazed with placards calling on his Majesty to restore his Ministers, or summon the Duke of Sussex;—that caricatured the Duke of Wellington, or reminded the country of his declaration against all reform. Numbers of houses exhibited handbills, in which the owners or occupants vowed they would pay no taxes until the Reform Bill had become the law of the land. Some displayed banners with revolutionary devices; others announced the sale of the "whole stock of trade as the day approached when all security of property under a military government would be at an end." The newspaper offices were crowded long before the hour of publication, and the items of intelligence which they occasionally exhibited on large placards were received by the attendant concourse with shouts or yells, according as they announced pleasurable or disagreeable rumours. The omnibuses which bore the names of "William the Fourth" or "Queen Adelaide" were at once daubed over with black paint, or disfigured with paper patches. The "King's Head" public-houses reversed their signs, or substituted a periwigged gentleman, whom they called "the Chancellor." The

wax-work establishment in Fleet-street presented a figure of the Duke at the window, with the kingly crown on his head, and "no reform" labelled on his breast. Beside him stood the effigy of a lord spiritual in the act of preaching those words "unmusical to Volscian ears." You did not meet a man but anxiety sat on his brow and determination glistened in his eye. The commotion extended to the theatres. Dowton, at the "Queen's," was called on by the pit to alter the name of the house. At Covent Garden, Young played "Hamlet," and when he told the players to "reform it altogether," the house literally shook with the thunders of the audience. At the Coburg they acted "Tom Thumb," and drew broad comparisons between the uxorious Arthur, the tyrannical Dollalolla, and the mighty Thumb, and certain existing but unpopular personages of rank. These were the hourly indications of the popular disposition; these were the rumblings of the volcano, which needed but the signal to vomit its destroying lava, and scatter dismay around. As, however, all great public movements must be directed by a head the excited body had decided on no particular plan of action until the House of Commons, by an affirmative vote, on a motion of Lord Ebrington's, gave evidence of its intention to stop the supplies. Then men walked with a firmer step, and less fevered brow. Lord Milton set the example of refusing to pay the tax-gatherer. The people, obeying the signal from the unknown placarders, ran to the bank for gold.[1] The Birmingham Political Union mustered in all their strength, entered protests and resolutions on their records, and prepared for a mighty struggle with the 'avowed enemies of the people.' Many families left town—bishops were hissed during divine service—men wore their hats in church; but no violence was offered to a single Tory, nor any outrages committed which could serve to separate the cause of the mob from that of the judicious part of the community. Every individual, in short, seemed to say—"Let us reserve our anger until Royalty and the Tories have consummated their schemes for the destruction of our liberties." At this crisis the Grey Ministry was restored, and the people breathed again.

The Houses of Parliament adjourned until the 17th of May, at the instance of Earl Grey, to give time for the re-construction of the Cabinet, and the arrangement of future measures. On the resumption of business, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst gave, in the House of Lords, full explanations regarding their attempt to form

1 Some of the placards ran thus:—

"To stop the Duke,
Go for Gold!"

a new Ministry, and which had made them, during a whole week, the chosen objects of declamatory vituperation.

"When his Majesty," said his Grace, "found that he could not consistently with his duty to the state, follow the advice of his confidential servants, so little communication had he with public men other than his responsible advisers, that he had recourse to a nobleman whose judicial functions took him almost out of the line of politics, to inquire whether means existed, and what means, of forming an Administration on the principle of carrying into execution an extensive reform. That nobleman then communicated to me the difficulties in which his Majesty was placed, in order to ascertain how far it was in my power to assist in extricating him from it. With this view, I thought it my duty to institute similar inquiries of others, the rather as I was myself as unprepared as his Majesty, for the advice which his Ministers had tendered, and from the consequences which had ensued from its being rejected. On inquiry I found that there was a large number of most influential persons not indisposed to support a Government formed to aid his Majesty in resisting the advice tendered him by his late Ministers. Under this conviction I attended his Majesty; and my advice to him was, not that he should appoint me his Minister, but certain members of the other House of Parliament. So far from seeking for office for myself, I merely named those persons whom I thought best qualified for his service; adding, that, for my own part, whether I was in office or out of office, he and those persons might depend upon my most strenuous support. The object of this advice and tender of assistance was to enable his Majesty to form an Administration upon the principle of resisting the advice which he had just rejected. These are the first steps of the transaction, and I believe they show, that, if ever there was an instance in which the King acted with honesty and fairness towards his servants, and if ever there was an instance in which public men, opposed to those servants, kept aloof from intrigue, and from the adoption of all means except the most honourable, in promoting their own views of the public weal, this was that individual instance; and I will add with reference to myself, that these transactions show that, so far from being actuated by those motives of personal aggrandisement, with which I have been charged by persons of high station in another place, my object was, that others should occupy a post of honour, and that, for myself, I was willing to serve in any capacity, or without any official capacity, so as to enable the Crown to carry on the Government. And here I beg your lordships to examine a little the nature of the advice which his

Majesty had rejected, and which I considered it my duty to assist him by every means in my power to resist effectually. Ministers found, in the course of last session, that a large majority of your lordships were opposed to the principles of the Reform Bill. What should be the ordinary course of proceeding under such circumstances? Why, either to abandon the measure altogether, or make such alterations in it as might render it palatable to the majority of its opponents. But was this the course pursued by the noble earl? So far from it, he emphatically declared that he would not consent to the producing of a measure of less efficiency than that which your lordships had disapproved of; and, in point of fact, the noble earl has brought in a bill stronger, and, I do not hesitate to say, worse than the obnoxious measure which you so emphatically rejected, and which he could and can hope to force through this house only by an arbitrary and a most unconstitutional creation of peers. If any man will maintain that this is a legal and constitutional line of proceeding, I can only say that my notions of what is legal and what is constitutional are, and I trust always will be, very different; that if the advice were to be adopted, it would place it in the power of a minister to carry any measure he pleased, and by what means he pleased, with impunity; and that, from that moment, the constitution of this country and this house would be at an end. In such a case, I repeat, the object and power of this house would be at an end, its deliberative character totally destroyed, and, as a consequence, it would not possess the means of arriving at an honest decision upon any public question. And allow me to observe, that, in my opinion, a threat to carry into execution such an unconstitutional mode of adding to the numbers of supporters of a particular minister in this house, providing it has the effect of inducing a number of your lordships to abstain either altogether from attending their duties here, or from offering a decided and uncompromising opposition to a measure which they honestly believe to be mischievous in its tendency—the threat is as bad, in point of fact, as the execution. Such a threat is tantamount to forcing the decisions of this house, when it is plain that a majority is decidedly indisposed to adopt the measure which the utterer of the threat may persuade himself would be beneficial to the country. It is true that many well-disposed persons may be induced by it to adopt a middle course, under a persuasion that they thereby avert the greater evil of a creation of some fifty or a hundred peers; or, perhaps, many may be induced by it to adopt the obnoxious proposition of the noble earl, were it only to save his Majesty himself from the painful consequences of either rejecting or

adopting the counsel of his responsible advisers. But is this free and independent deliberation? Is not an unbiased decision, under such influences, wholly impracticable? Therefore I was anxious to assist my Sovereign in rejecting such dangerous counsel; and I do not hesitate to add, that he, who would not have acted as I did, would be a party to destroy the legislative independence and constitutional utility of the House of Lords. His Majesty insisted that whoever should undertake the management of affairs should do so on an understanding of carrying an 'extensive reform'—(I quote his Majesty's own words) —'in the representation of the people in Parliament.' Now I always have been and still am of opinion that no measure of reform is necessary, and that the measure before the house was calculated to injure, if not destroy, the monarchical institutions of this country; but I stated on the last occasion when I addressed your lordships on the subject, that though this was my own conviction, I should endeavour, as the principle of the bill had obtained the sanction of a numerical majority, honestly and fairly, in committee, to make such amendments as would enable the Government to meet, and, if possible, overcome the difficulties and extraordinary circumstances which the bill must, in my mind, give rise to. Gladly would I reject it altogether in its present shape. But that was not the question between me and my Sovereign. I was called upon by his Majesty not to act upon my own particular views of reform, but to assist him in resisting the adoption of an advice which would overthrow the House of Lords and the monarchy, and in carrying an extensive measure of parliamentary reform through this house, without having recourse to the unconstitutional exercise of the prerogative suggested by his late advisers. It therefore became a question what parts of the bill might be retained with comparative safety, and which this house might rationally expect would, when sent down to the House of Commons, receive the sanction of that branch of the legislature.

"It was under these circumstances and upon this understanding that I consented to give my assistance to his Majesty to form an Administration. I know many are of opinion that I should have acted a more prudent part, and one more worthy of a man who kept ulterior considerations in view, and who, mindful of his former opinions and pledges against reform, looked only at consistency, if, in regarding nothing but personal considerations, I had refused to have anything to do with the formation of a Government bound to undertake an extensive measure of reform. But were our positions similar? Such persons were, and are, responsible only to themselves, and for them-

selves; I was called on to rescue my Sovereign from the embarrassment in which he was placed by his own servants. When his Majesty did me the honour of commanding my aid to enable him to resist a most pernicious counsel, if I had answered, 'I see the difficulties of your Majesty's situation; but I cannot afford you any assistance, because I have, in my place in Parliament, expressed strong opinions against a measure to which your Majesty is understood to be friendly,' I should have been ashamed to show my face in the streets. No, I adopted the course which I am sure would have been that of the veriest enemy of the bill; I endeavoured to assist the King in the distressing circumstances in which he was pleased to call for my advice. I repeat, that the question which I was called on, by the King, to consider, was not the practicability of forming a Ministry on my own personal views of reform, but to enable him to resist the creation of a multitude of peers for a most unconstitutional and dangerous purpose; and the consideration uppermost in my mind was, how far the recommendation in his Majesty's Speech from the throne in June, 1831, could be acted on without danger to this House or to the monarchy. In that speech the King recommended the question of reform to your attention, 'confident that in any measures you might propose for its adjustment, you will carefully adhere to the acknowledged principles of the constitution, by which the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people are equally secured.' Who that heard that speech could ever have anticipated the proposition of a measure, or an advice in relation to that measure, which annihilated the independent authority of one of the branches of the legislature? The number of peers whom it would be necessary to create, to carry the Reform Bill as it now stands, would, at the lowest calculation, amount to a hundred; and surely any man who foretold that the measure referred to in that speech put into the mouth of his Majesty was one which would require such an immense augmentation of the peerage, would have been considered as dreaming of things impracticable. When I first heard that Ministers had such a proceeding in contemplation, I treated the rumour as an absurdity. I believed not that a Minister could be found wicked enough to propose such a measure. Many know well that I have ever denounced it as an impossibility; and while no man entertains a more deep sense of the constitutional right of the Crown to create peers, under certain circumstances, I hold it would be an unjust and unconstitutional exercise of that prerogative to create a body of peers for the purpose of carrying some measure obnoxious to the House of

Lords at large. It was to enable the Crown to resist the application for so unconstitutional an exercise of prerogative, that I consented to assist in forming an Administration on the principles I have stated. When, however, I found, from the tone and result of the discussion which took place in the other House of Parliament on the resignation of Ministers, and from the opinion of many leading men in the House of Commons, who were strenuously averse to a creation of peers, that no Government could hope to gain the confidence of that House which did not undertake to carry through a reform as extensive and efficient as that now on the table, I had to inform his Majesty that it was not in my power to fulfil the important commission with which he had honoured me."

Lord Lyndhurst confirmed his Grace's statement, so far as con-

LORD LYNDHURST.

cerned his lordship's connection with the negotiation, which seems to have been extremely slight.

The Earls of Mansfield, Carnarvon, and Winchelsea, the Marquis of Salisbury, and other peers, declared, that though they had in no

way been connected with the transactions which had been explained, the conduct of the Duke of Wellington had been high-minded and disinterested, and not the less so for having submitted, without reply, to the unmeasured calumny and misrepresentation heaped upon him daily, rather than impede the formation of a government. He had been hunted down day after day, because he had dared, forsooth, to become Minister; when it turned out, in point of fact, that he had neither accepted nor sought offices, though it was within his reach. The Earl of Haddington said that he had never been a partisan of the Duke. As far as there had been an opposition to his Grace, he might be said to have belonged to it, and he had never formed any connection with him. But he felt he should be acting a base part, if he did not state in the face of their lordships and the country, however such a declaration might expose him to obloquy and abuse, that his Grace was entitled to the gratitude of their lordships for doing what he had done.[1]

The Reform Bill was ultimately carried, through the absence, from the final debate in the House of Lords, of many of those peers who were particularly hostile to its provisions. Rather than resort to the dangerous and unpalatable extremity of creating a number of new peers, whose votes would have insured a triumph to the bill, the King caused a circular to be addressed to the "Non-Contents" on the second reading, requesting them to absent themselves from the division in committee.

The conduct of the Duke of Wellington, however applauded by those who agreed in opinion with him, will hardly bear the test of a critical examination by an impartial posterity. It was in the first place inconsistent with his previous course in respect to the Emancipation Bill, and, in the second, would have been liable to the same charge of tergiversation had Sir Robert (late Mr.) Peel succumbed to the argument that a renegade policy was justifiable, if agreeable to the wishes of the King.[2] Upon the subject of the Catholic claims,

1 "Annals of Parliament," 1832.

2 Sir Robert Peel stated that, on the day on which resignation of Ministers had been accepted, Lord Lyndhurst had called upon him, and stated to him, not that his Majesty had applied to him to form an Administration, but that his Majesty had selected him as a former Chancellor, and as being, by his judicial character, removed from the vortex of politics, to confer with him on the present state of affairs. His lordship then asked him whether he felt it would be in his power to enter into his Majesty's service at the present moment?—stating that his Majesty felt embarrassed by the unexpected resignation of Ministers, upon his refusal to create Peers; and that the only other person to whom he had made this communication was the Duke of Wellington, who was willing to render any assistance in his power to his Majesty: that the noble Duke did not wish to take office, but that he would take and

the Duke of Wellington had at least the defence of always having been obscure. He had never, it is true, directly supported them, neither had he opposed them. His tone was uniform—he wished to see the question "settled;" but it was utterly inexplicable how, with this wish on record, he should have refused to act under Mr. Canning, whose only crime, so far as the Duke's public declaration went, was, that he was favourable to the removal of the Catholic disabilities. With respect to Parliamentary reform, the Duke, true to his attachment to the landed aristocracy, had always declared himself the enemy of any change in the representation that should lead to an infusion of popular elements into the House of Commons. But, bearing in mind that he dreaded a civil war, and had yielded to the Irish to avert such a calamity, it is inexplicable that he should have resisted a measure which appeared to all reasonable men of the time the only safeguard against an English rebellion. The readiness to give way at the last extremity, because the King wished it, may have been honourable to the loyalty of the Duke; but loyalty thus interpreted was clearly liable to degenerate into a servile deference to monarchical tyranny. There could be little ground to hope for the integrity of a Constitution under a Minister who was at every moment ready to set aside his well-considered opinions in order to carry out the wishes of a King under every variety of shape. It is well, perhaps, for the reputation of the Duke of Wellington, and the cause of civil freedom, that he never again had an opportunity of governing England on principles—or rather on a plan—so entirely detrimental to the interests of society.

During the remainder of the session of 1832, the Duke of Wellington frequently spoke in the House of Lords, always in opposition to the Grey ministry. He found fault with its government of Ireland—protested strongly against the absence of coercive measures, calculated, as he thought, to preserve the peace by preventing large assemblages of lawless men—insisted upon the necessity of conciliating the Protestants, and of placing the education of the people under the

serve in any, if it were for the benefit of his Majesty. Although no formal communications had been made to him, yet, as he knew not the use of reserves, he still thought it right to state that the question was put to him, whether or not he would accept what in political life was usually called the highest object of ambition. It was notified to him that the acceptance of office must be with the clear understanding that his Majesty's declaration with respect to reform should be carried into effect, and that the condition of the acceptance of office should be, the carrying through an extensive reform. He replied to Lord Lyndhurst upon the impulse of the moment; but not less, also, upon the impulse of feelings which it would be impossible for the authority or the example of any man, or any set of men, to weaken, and on which no reasoning could produce a contrary decision—that it would be utterly impossible for him to accept office.

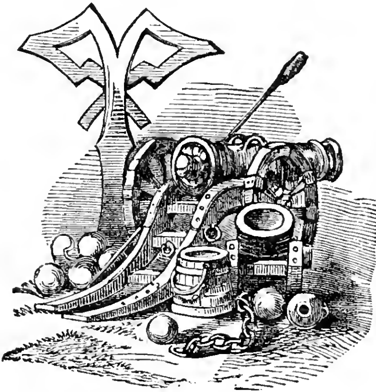
authority of the Church. His Grace further opposed himself to the extension of the town-franchise to the Roman Catholics as fraught with danger to the Protestant Church; he denounced the reductions in public expenditure effected by Earl Grey as detrimental to the country; and he declared against the policy of the Government, in regard to Portugal, which, at that moment, was a prey to factions, and to the usurpation of Don Miguel, to the exclusion of his niece, the daughter of the Emperor of Brazil.

Perhaps at no period of the Duke of Wellington's career was he so thoroughly unpopular as in the year 1832. The public had come to identify him with the cause of despotism, and, if the truth be told, the acrimonious activity of his opposition to a Ministry which did not in all essentials differ materially from his own, contributed largely to justify the unfavourable estimate formed of his liberality.

The excessive unpopularity of the Duke of Wellington at this juncture, may be inferred from the fact that when he visited the Tower on the 18th of June, 1832, he was insulted and roughly treated by the mob, and would scarcely have reached his home in safety, had not some soldiers and gentlemen placed themselves around his horse and escorted him to Apsley House, where another party self-embodied, and armed with sticks, attended in the neighborhood, during the Waterloo Banquet, for his Grace's protection. To one of these latter gentlemen, Mr. Reynard of Kensington, the Duke wrote a letter of acknowledgment, on the 22nd of June, 1832.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Session of 1833—The Duke's opinions on various questions—His views of Principle and Expediency—The Duke elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in 1834—Resignation of Lord Melbourne—Sir R. Peel forms a Ministry—It is soon broken up—The Whigs recalled—Death of William the Fourth.



HE year 1833 found the Duke of Wellington still in opposition to the Whigs. The subjects brought upon the tapis afforded large ground for discussion, because they involved principles and interests of an antagonistic character, and the Duke was not slow to avail himself of all the opportunities which offered for the expression of sentiment adverse to the powers that were. The civil war in Portugal arising out of the rival pretensions of Don Miguel and the Infanta Isabella, had enlisted the services of a number of Englishmen of desperate fortunes, and of officers, naval and military, who desired occupation and distinction. Their valour and perseverance had tended to prolong the war until it had become a source of commercial and political inconvenience; and, therefore, at the opening of the session of 1833, the King was made by ministers to say that he was anxious to put an end to the "civil war." The Duke of Wellington seized the occasion for charging its continuance upon the Whigs, who had suffered his Majesty's subjects to embark in the contest. His Grace called the war "revolutionary," and was unsparing in his censures of the "bands of adventurers, collected in various quarters, and paid by God knows who," who kept alive the feud.

As if repentant of his desertion of the Protestant party in carrying Emancipation, the Duke of Wellington, often, in the session of 1833, said a good word for it, proclaiming the Protestants of Ireland the friends of order in Ireland,[1] and declaring it to be "our duty in every case to do all we can to promote the Protestant religion, not only on account of the political relations between the religion of the Church of England and the Government, but because its doctrines are the purest, and its system the best, that can be offered to a people."[2] Irish "agitation" he truly called a conspiracy of priests and demagogues to obtain their purpose by force and menace, and he set his face against any reduction of the number of Protestant Irish bishops.

To the Game-laws his Grace opposed himself because they tended to the increase of poaching. He was unfriendly to the abolition of slave-labour in the colonies, on the ground of the doubtfulness of the slave's becoming a free labourer for hire, and he feared that the depression of the West India colonies, through the subtraction of negro-labour, would lead to the introduction into England of foreign slave-grown sugar. The renewal of the charter of the East India Company for twenty years coming on for discussion in the session of '33, the Duke readily bore testimony to the excellence of the gubernatorial system of that company, but was favourable to the abolition of the monopoly of the trade with China. Upon the discussion of the Jewish disabilities, his Grace vehemently opposed the admission of Jews to seats in Parliament. He deemed it indispensable that, in a Christian legislature none but Christians should be permitted to sit—a doctrine which he maintained to the last hour of his existence.

Upon several other subjects the Duke of Wellington delivered himself with his accustomed earnestness; and on the 19th of July 1833, enunciated a doctrine which deserves to be particularly noted, as furnishing a key to many of his political acts:—

"*If the world were governed by principles, nothing would be more easy than to conduct even the greatest affairs; but in all circumstances the duty of a wise man is, to choose the lesser of any two difficulties which beset him.*"

The death of Lord Grenville, on the 12th of January, 1834, left vacant the Chancellorship of Oxford University. On the 29th of the same month the Duke of Wellington was unanimously elected his successor; and the ceremony of his Grace's installation took place on the 9th of June following. The "Oxford Herald" of the

[1] Speech of 5th July, 1833. [2] Speech of 19th July, 1833.

time supplied an account of the ceremonial, of which the annexed may be accepted as an abridgment :—

THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"The company began to arrive in Oxford on Saturday, and in the evening Christ Church Meadow was filled, when the last boat-race for the season took place on the Isis. In the evening of Saturday, the Meadow and the Wide Walk had a very gay appearance. Amongst the company we observed numerous fashionable strangers.

"From an early hour on Monday morning carriages posted in from all parts of the country with scarcely any intermission. Ten minutes before four in the afternoon, the Chancellor entered Oxford in his open travelling carriage, and, by his express desire, was unattended by any procession. Several of the younger members of the University rode by the side of the carriage. At the gate of University College his Grace was received by the Vice-Chancellor, and conducted to the lodging where his Grace resided during his stay. As soon as the arrival of the Chancellor was known, the University bells (St. Mary's) began ringing, and they were responded to by all the other bells of the University and City; and a flag was hoisted on the old tower of Carfax Church.

"After putting on the plain academic gown of a nobleman, and a velvet cap with a large gold tassel, his Grace paid a complimentary visit of etiquette to the Duke of Cumberland (who had recently arrived), at Christ Church, and then returned to University College.

"Early in the morning of Tuesday, a considerable number of persons began to collect near the gate of University College, in order to obtain a view of the noblemen and doctors as they went to meet the Chancellor in the College Hall, previous to the procession to the Theatre. Soon after 10 o'clock, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland arrived, attended by General Sir John Slade, and was received at the gate by two of the Senior Fellows of the College, and conducted to the Hall. His Royal Highness did not walk to the Theatre, but went in his carriage a few minutes before the procession left the College. The street now presented a very animated appearance. The windows were filled with elegantly-dressed ladies; many persons had taken their station on the roofs of Queen's, All-Souls', St. Mary's, and the temporary gallery which had been erected at the end of the Church—anxious to obtain a sight of the great hero.

"The struggles at the doors of the Theatre, for admission, were terrific. Of the difficulties and dangers of admission into the area—the place appointed for the Masters of Arts, Bachelors of Civil Law, and strangers—we give the following account, written by a gentleman who experienced them:—The pressure was tremendous before the inner entrances were opened; but it became, if possible, still worse afterwards. The tide of Masters of Arts and strangers rushed in a direct line through the gate with such velocity as to force many of them off their feet; some of them fell, and were trodden upon by their successors, in spite of all the efforts which every gentleman felt himself bound to make, to prevent another receiving injury. The lateral pressure was, however, the most dangerous, as I can testify, from having experienced it. It became, within a few seconds after the gates were opened, so severe, that the iron railing near the schools, was absolutely forced down, and those who were nearest to it were thrown along with it upon the ground. Severe contusions were received. Several gentlemen had their coats ripped up from the tail to the cape by catching the iron front of the palisades; others endured the same misfortune, owing to the determination of their friends to stick close, at all hazard, to their skirts. Gowns were shivered into fragments; and if it could be possible that there could be any freshmen Masters of Arts, several of them would have achieved the honourable distinction of walking with as ragged a gown as ever flickered on the back of a veteran academician. The university cap, in a crowd, is almost as easily managed as that useful abomination a crush-hat; but caps were slit on this occasion into fractions infinitesimally small; and as to hats, they were not only a nuisance in themselves, but they were also the cause of a nuisance to every unfortunate wight brought in contact with them. After emerging from a very dark passage, I came into the full blaze of beauty by which the Theatre itself was illuminated. I have seen two coronations, but the spectacle on these occasions is frittered into parts, or, to borrow a phrase from Shakspeare, 'sawn into quantities,' so that at one glance you cannot command a view of the whole. Here the reverse was the case. As soon as you entered the Theatre, there was a prospect almost too dazzling to be looked upon. Around you and above you, to the right and to the left, were crowds of beauties, who compelled you, in spite of your Christianity, to think of the houris of Mahomet's paradise. Look where you would, you encountered the glances of their bright eyes, and in those glances were all 'the mind, the music breathing from the face' which youthful poets, forgetful of reality, too often indulge their fancy in

describing. I believe that you are already aware that, during the *encænia*, the rising semicircle of the theatre is reserved for the noblemen and the doctors, and that immediately behind them are placed the ladies of peers and the different members of their families. The gallery immediately facing this semicircle was reserved for ladies, who, though equally respectable in the eyes of society, are not so in those of the Heralds' College. With these ladies, by the regulations of the University, it was forbidden that any male animals, whether of the gown or of the town, should intermix. The practical effect of this regulation—absurd as it appears in principle—was admirable. You had all the colours of the rainbow, and a few more, presented to you in close contact, amid a profusion of feathers and flowers.

"The crowd every moment became more dense, more pressing, and more importunate. Everybody pushed in who had tickets, and the consequence was, that the pressure became dreadful. After the Masters of Arts and strangers had wedged themselves into a compact mass, the Undergraduates and Bachelors of Arts were admitted into the upper galleries, and then came

> "Tumult and Confusion, all embroiled,
> And Clamour, with a thousand various mouths."

"After they had filled the gallery, and settled themselves in their seats, an unanimous cry arose amongst them for three cheers for the Duke of Wellington. They were given with hearty vociferation. Then there was a short pause, and again another cheer for the Chancellor of the University. The name of Mr. Dyce, one of the Proctors, was then mentioned, on which was heard—

> "On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal hiss, the sound
> Of universal scorn—"

which in both universities is certain to be the meed of any Proctor who unflinchingly performs the duty of his office. Previous to the entry of the Chancellor, the names of the King and Queen were shouted by the Undergraduates, and the approbation of these names was shown by tremendous cheering from all parts of the theatre. When Earl Grey was named, the hissing and groaning were universal. The Lord Chancellor found a few friends; cheers and hisses were intermingled, but the latter much preponderated. The names of Lord Eldon and Lord Hill were received with thunders of applause; but when an undergraduate exclaimed 'The Bishops,' the cheering was 'universal, deafening, and almost appalling.' When Lord Wynford entered the theatre, he was received with great applause, as

was also Lord Lyndhurst. On the arrival of the Duke of Cumberland, who, not having a degree, did not walk in the procession, no dissentient voice was raised against his Royal Highness; on the contrary, he and his suite were received with loud cheers, and 'one cheer more' was afterwards given for him as Chancellor of the University of Dublin. His Royal Highness was in the dress of a Colonel of the 15th Hussars.

"Soon after eleven o'clock, Professor Crotch announced upon the organ the approach of the Chancellor, with the procession from the Hall of University College. The Duke appeared in excellent health, and the enthusiastic reception he met with on his entering the theatre, appeared to restore his step to all the elasticity of youth.

COSTUME OF THE DUKE AS CHANCELLOR.

He was dressed in a black coat, across which he wore his blue riband, as Knight of the Garter, and over which was his magnificent academic robe of black silk and gold fringe.

"In the procession were the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Eldon, Lord Montagu, Lord Apsley, Lord Hill, Lord Mahon, Sir G. Murray, Sir H. Hardinge, Sir T. Acland, Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Estcourt, Mr. Fane, Mr. Hastie, Sir C. Wetherell, the Heads of Houses and Canons of Christ Church, the other resident doctors, and eleven members of the episcopal bench, among whom were the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Armagh. In the seats behind those who formed the procession were the Princess Lieven, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Countess of Clanwilliam, the Countess Brownlow and her daughters, the Ladies Herbert, Lady S. Cust, Lady Montagu and her three daughters, Lady Granville Somerset, Lady Popham, Mademoiselle d'Este, and a long list of other illustrious and fashionable personages.

"When the cheering had subsided, the Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor, opened the business of the Convocation in a short Latin speech, by stating that it was convened to confer the degree of Doctor of Law, *honoris causâ*, upon certain noblemen and gentlemen.

"After the Chancellor had gone through the list once, he went through it a second time, and after each name, on proposing the admission, said: *Placetne vobis, Domini Doctores? Placetne vobis Magistri?* The Convocation replied with one voice—*Placet.* The Duke then turned round, and with a voice half aside, said, 'Now, I shall get on.' This declaration created considerable laughter. This ceremony having been gone through, Dr. Phillimore, as Professor of Civil Law, proceeded to present to the Chancellor and Proctors—whom he styled *Doctissimi Cancellarii et Vos egregii Procuratores*—the incepting doctors. In the eulogium which he passed upon them in the Latin language, he said that twenty years had now elapsed since he had had the honour and gratification of seeing in the University a similar assemblage of noble and distinguished individuals. On that occasion he had presented to the University as honorary doctors the illustrious heroes who had visited the country with the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. Intense as his delight was on that occasion, it wanted one circumstance to render it complete—the presence of the greatest commander of them all, our own countryman, the Duke of Wellington. After alluding to the merits of the late Chancellor, Lord Grenville, who had added lustre to the course of study adopted at the University, by pursuing the same course after he had left the University to mingle in the world; and after stating that the noble lord had found consolation in extreme old age in those literary acquirements which had furnished him so many triumphs, and his country benefits in manhood, he proceeded

to observe, that on the death of that great and good man it became the duty of the University to select out of the noble and distinguished individuals whom it had reared in its bosom, a worthy successor to that noble lord. Merit, he said, was not of one class. There were different roads to the temple of fame, and different men must distinguish themselves in different ways. One man made his way to eminence by literature, another by arts, another by arms. Of this latter class none were more illustrious than the noble Duke now their Chancellor. Witness his triumphs in India, Portugal, and Spain; his victories at Salamanca, on the Pyrenees, and at Toulouse; and, above all, his liberation of Europe on the bloody field of Waterloo. After dwelling some time on these topics, and praising the firmness which his Grace had always evinced in the management not only of the military, but of civil affairs, he concluded this part of the subject by affirming that the University had done itself the greatest honour by selecting the Duke of Wellington as its Chancellor. The learned Doctor then proceeded to compliment the different individuals whom he had to present as doctors. The Doctor passed over the different names in the list of honorary doctors without any comment, until he came to that of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, to whom he paid a most eloquent, and elaborate, and well-deserved tribute of applause. He spoke of him as *nobilissimus et fortissimus*, as a nobleman to whom the University was bound to pay the highest respect, not only on account of his high rank and ancient blood, but also on his own merits, and his close connection with the Duke of Wellington. He had been educated in military lore under the Duke's own eye from his earliest youth—*Tibi fuit, Dux invicte* (great cheering), *comes et minister*—he joined in all the labours, and shared in all the glories of his great leader, and was present at the battle of Waterloo,—*ubi, ut videtis* (pointing to the mutilated arm of Lord F. Somerset), *gravia vulnera perpessus est.* This annunciation produced the loudest cheering—indeed, none was more loud, save that bestowed on the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Winchelsea, who, next to the Chancellor, were the great favourites of the day.

"After the new-made Doctors had all taken their seats in the rising semicircle, amidst the cheers of the audience, the public orator proceeded to the 'Creweian Oration.' This address contained nearly the same topics as those to which Dr. Phillimore alluded. There were several elegant and most appropriate compliments to the Chancellor, an eulogium of the Royal Family, addressed to the Duke of Cumberland, and a just panegyric on the Church of England and its bishops. After this oration was concluded, the Latin poem, which

gained the Chancellor's prize this year, was recited by the author, Mr. Arthur Kensington, a Scholar of Trinity College, the subject of which was, '*Cicero ab exilio redux Romam ingreditur.*' It was received with great and merited applause. Then Mr. G. Anstice, B.A., late student of Christ Church, and afterwards Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London, recited his English essay. At its close, the Chancellor, with great emphasis, pronounced the words, '*Dissolvimus hanc Convocationem.*' At two o'clock the Theatre was nearly cleared of its visitors.

"The Duke was followed in the same manner in which he came to the Theatre. The procession attended him to University College, where those who composed it, after taking leave of his Grace, separated for the colleges to which they belonged or were invited, and to the different hotels and lodging-houses. Shortly afterwards his Grace made several calls at the Colleges.

"Dr. Crotch's oratorio, which was 'The Captivity of Judah,' was performed, and full justice was done to its merits by the performers engaged. His Grace was present, and received repeated and enthusiastic cheering. After the conclusion of the oratorio, the assembly called for 'God save the King.'

"In the evening a distinguished party was entertained by the Vice-Chancellor, in the hall of University College. The hall was brilliantly illuminated on the occasion, and the rich uniforms worn by many of the distinguished guests, mingled with the scarlet gowns of the Doctors, and the dress robes of the young noblemen resident in the University, produced a most splendid and imposing effect.

"*Wednesday.*—This morning the noblemen and gentlemen forming the procession assembled in the rooms in the Clarendon, and at about a quarter past eleven thence proceeded with the Chancellor to the Theatre. Previous to the entry of the procession, the younger members of the University again amused themselves by calling out different names for cheering or hissing. The 'King and Queen' were again loudly cheered; but the 'King's Ministers' were hissed as much as any opposition men could desire, so were also 'Lord Grey, Lord Brougham, and Lord Durham,' when named separately. The Duke of Sussex had also his full share of sibilation. Some one called out the name of 'Dr. Chafy, Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge,' and it was most loudly hissed. There were cries of 'Down with the present Administration,' and shouts for 'The Wellington Administration.' 'The House of Lords' was received with a thundering cheer, and 'The Commons' with a groan. 'The House of Commons as it was' met with a cheering which might almost

have startled from their graves the defunct boroughs of Gatton and Old Sarum. Great cheering occurred when the names of 'Sir J. Graham and Mr. Stanley' were mentioned. 'Mr. Sewell' was equally cheered. 'The Bishops' again elicited thunders of applause. There were calls for the 'Gower-street Company and Stinkomalee.'[1] 'The Admission of Dissenters' was received with a cry of scorn, and 'Their Non-admission' with tremendous applause. There were many other names given, and various eccentric exclamations, all of which showed the general feeling of the University, at least of its more juvenile members.

"On the entry of the Chancellor, the applause was unbounded, and 'Wellington and Waterloo' resounded through the Theatre. In the procession were all the recently-made Doctors in their robes. After the Chancellor had opened the Convocation, he named the noblemen and gentlemen upon whom it was proposed to confer the honorary degree of D.C.L.

"Dr. Phillimore, Regius Professor of Civil Law, then addressed the Chancellor in Latin. He said, that illustrious as the individuals were whom he had presented to the Chancellor's notice yesterday, as candidates for the degree of Doctor in Civil Law, the list of the names which he had that day to present to him was equally distinguished, for it contained the names of men of high rank and ancient blood, of high civil and military attainments, and of the most irreproachable lives and characters. There was a circumstance which would make them delight the more, in that list, and that was, as indeed everybody knew, the parties mentioned in it were most of them Cambridge men. (*Cheers.*) He would select as the first name deserving of his praise, that of John Singleton Copley, late Lord High Chancellor, and now Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who, imbued with the same discipline as their own in the sister University, had raised himself by his eloquence, his talents, and his general kind and courteous demeanour, not only to a place in all their hearts, but also in rank and honours, which scarcely conferred more distinction upon him than he reflected back again upon them. (*Cheers for Lord Lyndhurst.*) There was also present another ornament of the legal profession, who had now retired from the bench to enjoy in the privacy of domestic life that repose which he had so honourably deserved by a long life of public activity. (*Cheers for Lord Wynford.*) There was also present one of the invincible Duke's companions in arms, whose coolness in danger and gallantry in battle were known to no man better than they were to the gallant Chancellor. As one

[1] An offensive epithet applied by the *John Bull* newspaper to the London University.

of the liberators of Europe, he was entitled to every distinction which this University could confer upon him. (*Cheers for Sir H. Vivian.*) After paying a similar compliment to Lord A. Hill, who was also loudly cheered, the learned Professor proceeded to declare the pleasure which he derived in having to present to the University as a Doctor of Civil Law the Viscount Encombe, the only grandson of their old and venerated High Steward, the Earl of Eldon. (*Cheers for Lord Eldon.*) There was also in the same list the name of Lord Stuart de Rothsay, whose skill in diplomacy, and whose tact in bringing arduous negotiations to a happy and successful close was admitted by all Europe. (*Cheers for Lord Stuart de Rothsay.*) There was also a general officer in the Russian service, who had a right to expect this honour at their hands, for he had followed the French army with his victorious countrymen from the flames of Moscow up to the period when the Russian standard was all but planted on the walls of Paris. (*Cheers.*) After indulging in a similar strain of compliment for some time upon the other individuals contained in his list, but without entering into any particular description of their peculiar merits, he concluded by presenting each of them severally to the Chancellor.

"All of them were loudly cheered on mounting into the Doctors' Gallery.

"After the degrees had been conferred, Keble's 'Installation Ode' was performed, the music of which was performed by Professor Crotch, which was much admired and applauded.

"After the 'Ode' was performed, Mr. R. Scott, B.A., student of Christ Church, recited his Chancellor's Latin Prize Essay, '*De Provinciarum Romanorum administrandarum Ratione*,' which was very much applauded.

"Mr. Joseph Arnould, Scholar of Wadham, recited his English poem, 'The Hospice of St. Bernard,' which was also a Chancellor's prize.

"It is a production of considerable merit, and contained many passages of a very feeling and highly imaginative character, the concluding lines of which are as follows:—

"Lo, Gaul's great Emperor leads his knightly peers;
Hushed is their iron tramp, and moonbeams dim
Show'r on each ghastly brow and mail-clad limb.
He, too, is there, who, slain on victory's day,
Beside their altar sleeps, the young Desaix;
And there his Chief, whose name of terror spread
Wide o'er the world, and shook mankind with dread,
Curbs his proud steed, and waves his warriors on
To Piedmont's vales, 'yet bright with Lodi's sun;'

Unlike the despot lord of after days,
Youth on his cheek, and ardour in his gaze;
E'en now his spirit, from the fields of fight,
The shout of triumph hears, the rush of flight,
As from Marengo's plain the invading horde
Flies the keen vengeance of his conquering sword.
Changed is his brow; what loftier visions roll,
What dreams of Empire crowd upon his soul!
Lo! prostrate nations tremble at his sway,
Kings quail before him, thrones in dust decay;
Dominion crowns what conquest had begun,
And Fortune, smiling on her favourite son,
Wreathes round his tyrant brow the glittering toy—
Her fatal dower, that shines but to destroy.
If, in that hour of pride and fervid youth,
Such were his dreams, mankind has mourn'd their truth;
O'er seas of blood his sun of glory rose,
And sunk at length, 'mid tempest, to repose,
When, on that field where last the eagle soar'd,
War's mightier master wielded Britain's sword;
And the dark soul a world could scarce subdue,
Bent to thy genius—*Chief of Waterloo!*"

"The two concluding couplets were no sooner pronounced than all the persons in the Theatre, with the exception of the individual alluded to by the poet, rose, and a series of cheers, of the most deafening description, were sent forth by the whole assembly, which lasted at least for seven or eight minutes, and were accompanied by an equal general waving of hats and handkerchiefs; in fact, the Duke of Wellington was never greeted in the whole of his career with more zealous manifestations of popularity than he received on this present occasion in the city of Oxford.

"When Mr. Arnould had concluded his poem, five addresses to the Duke were pronounced from the rostra.

"Between two and three o'clock the Convocation was dissolved. 'God save the King' was called for and played, and as the procession went out, the undergraduates as before selected their favourites, and bestowed on them loud testimonials of their approbation."

The session of 1834 was distinguished equally with its immediate predecessors by the Duke of Wellington's hostility to the Grey ministry. At the opening of Parliament upon the motion of the Address in answer to the Speech, the Duke attacked the Government, objecting to the whole of its foreign policy, and finding fault with many of its domestic measures. On one point only were they heartily agreed. The Duke quite concurred in the address of the House of Commons, declaratory of its determination to maintain the connection between Ireland and Great Britain

unimpaired and undisturbed in spite of the efforts of O'Connell and his "tail" to bring about a repeal of the union.

The Irish Church question, which now agitated the country, was as difficult to deal with in the Cabinet as out of doors. A motion of Mr. Ward's for the reduction of the Irish Church establishment, produced a schism in the Ministry. The point at issue was the appropriation of the Church revenues. The division led to the resignation of Lord Ripon, the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Stanley, and Sir James Graham. Various disputes upon other matters connected with the management of Ireland took place, leading ultimately to the retirement of Earl Grey; and, at a subsequent period, Viscount

EARL GREY.

Melbourne, who had become Prime Minister on Earl Grey's resignation, found it necessary to resign. During this brief administration, the English Protestant Church was assailed in a variety of forms—the Dissenters claiming the privilege of taking degrees at the universities—motions also being made for the abolition of church-rates, the

commutation of tithes, and the exclusion of bishops from Parliament. None of these schemes succeeded—the Lords, among whom the Duke of Wellington was conspicuous, opposing them earnestly. Sundry bills to perfect the plan of reform, and a bill for the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews, were likewise lost in the House of Lords through the strenuous opposition of the Peers, who acted with the Duke of Wellington.

Upon the resignation of Lord Melbourne—which was in a measure enforced, because the King would not accept of Lord John Russell as leader in the House of Commons upon the transfer of Lord Althorp to the Upper House (owing to the death of his father Earl Spencer) nor allow of Lord Brougham continuing Lord Chancellor;[1]—the Duke of Wellington was sent for.

Gathering experience from his former failures, the Duke declined to take the Premiership, and advised the King to send for Sir Robert Peel, who was then in Italy with his family—the Duke undertaking to hold the seals of three Secretaries of State until Sir Robert should arrive. The advice was adopted, and Sir Robert summoned to the royal presence. He came—constructed a government composed entirely of Conservatives, the Duke of Wellington taking the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Sir Robert then dissolved Parliament.

Sir Robert Peel, addressing the constituency of Tamworth, gave them to understand that though he did not approve of the Reform Bill, he was bound to respect it now that it had become the law of the land; but that he should oppose further changes founded on the plea of merely extending the principles of the bill. His course of policy, in fact, might be summed up in one word, "resistance." The Whigs had gradually yielded so much to the Radical reformers, that there really seemed to be no limit to the changes which the latter sought to introduce. Too weak to oppose them, Lord Melbourne sought to secure their support by continual concession, until these democrats, finding their power increase, and justly measuring the strength of Ministers, grew exorbitant in their demands, and treated with marked contempt a government which had become the instrument of their will.

On the assembling of the new Parliament, it was found that the

[1] This Peer, once remarkable for the useful exercise of his eloquence, and his industry on behalf of the people, had become a little eccentric since his elevation to the Peerage. Paying a visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1834, he made speeches wherever he could find hearers, sometimes going to the lengths of ultra-Radicalism, sometimes speaking Conservative sentiments, and occasionally violating decency, in speaking in an offensively familiar tone of the King.

number of Conservatives had increased by one hundred. The people, alarmed at the innovations of the Catholics and Radicals, freely gave

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

their support to a minister who consulted the interests of the upper and the middle classes, and who boldly announced his refusal to live in "a vortex of agitation by adopting every popular impression of the day."[1]

The confidence, however, in the Peel Administration, generated by the returns at the general election, was not destined to endure after the struggle of parties had commenced in the two Houses. Feeble in authority, the Whigs, uniting with the Radicals, were potent in opposition; and although they had not as ministers the support of Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, and others, who had previously seceded, they found them useful allies against the ultra Conservatives.

Upon the very first question, the choice of a Speaker, the Peel

1 Address of Sir R. Peel to the Tamworth electors, in 1834.

ministry was left in a minority, Mr. Abercromby, the Whig nominee, obtaining the chair by a majority of ten against Sir Charles Manners Sutton, who had held the office of Speaker for eighteen years. To the Address, in answer to the Speech, an amendment was moved, which led to a violent and protracted debate. This amendment pledged the Government to a well-considered and effective reform in Parliament; to the emancipation of the slaves in the colonies; to the establishment of a "vigilant popular" control over municipal corporations; the removal of the grievances of Protestant dissenters; the correction of abuses in the Irish Church; and an admission of the needlessness of the late dissolution of Parliament. And this amendment was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of seven. Subsequently, the appointment of the Marquis of Londonderry to an embassy to St. Petersburg was opposed so forcibly as to lead Lord Londonderry to decline the appointment.

After skirmishing through the first half of the month of March with these and other small measures, the Opposition brought forward the question of the appropriation of the surplus revenues of the Church in Ireland. This was the grand *cheval de bataille*, held in reserve only until other movements had been tried and failed. The Whigs and Radicals were well aware that Sir Robert Peel was determined never to concede the application of the surplus revenue of the Irish Church to purposes other than those of the Protestant religion. They therefore brought forward a resolution applying the surplus to the education of all classes. A protracted debate ensued upon the question, and upon every division the Whigs had a majority—the same result attending the discussion of the resolution in committee. Hereupon Sir Robert Peel resigned—and with him, of course, went the Duke of Wellington. Lord Melbourne was recalled by the King, and the Whigs again stepped into power and place.

From this time onwards, the Duke of Wellington ceased to take a prominent share in the civil government of the country. Neither inclined to arrest the progress of wholesome change, nor to aid in sweeping away the ancient institutions of the country, he confined himself, in his place in the House of Lords, to a calm and temperate examination of all the principal measures that came before it—giving his support when he conscientiously believed the case to deserve it, and offering his protest when he discerned danger in assent. In a speech made in July, 1835, we find him maintaining the subscription to the "Thirty-nine Articles," as a test of the Protestantism of individuals matriculated at Oxford, and defending the test as rendered necessary by toleration. And in the same year he complained of the

depression of the Irish clergy by the Melbourne Administration, in the extinction of the property in Ireland allotted to the payment of the clergy. In June, 1836, he contended for the reservation by the legislature of the power of revising Railway Acts, if they should be found fraught with injustice to the landed proprietors. In August of the same year, his Grace defended himself from the imputation of violently opposing Lord Melbourne's government. He had always opposed—when he had opposed at all—with moderation, and he read the Premier a lesson upon his taunting the Conservatives with not having addressed the King with a view to obtain the removal of the Whigs. "I would take the liberty," said the Duke, "to recommend the noble viscount to consider himself not as the minister of a democratic body in another place; but as the minister of a sovereign in a limited monarchy, in a country great in point of extent, great in its possessions, and the various interests which it comprises; and that, considering these circumstances, he should in future concoct such measures as he has reason to think may pass with the approval and suit the general interests of all—meet the good-will of all—and not of one particular party in one particular place."

The year 1837 was memorable for the operations of a "British Legion" in Spain. Divided by civil contests, one party in Spain contending for the interests of the Queen, and another for Don Carlos, a pretender to the succession, the country saw some ten thousand Englishmen range themselves under General De Lacy Evans as volunteers in the cause of the Queen. The Government of Great Britain, to aid the project, suspended the Foreign Enlistment Act by an order in Council, and countenanced the co-operation of a British fleet and some hundreds of marines with General Evans's force. The subject of course came before Parliament, and the Duke of Wellington protested altogether against the intervention, and severely (but not unjustly) criticised the discipline and strategy of the commander of the legion. His Grace was likewise found occasionally animadverting upon the conduct of the Government towards the Protestants of Ireland.

King William IV. died in the month of June, 1837. The Duke of Wellington, glad of the opportunity of passing a eulogium upon the deceased monarch, and of justifying his own loyalty, thus spoke in the House of Lords on the 22d of June:—

"I have served his late Majesty in the highest situations; I have been in his councils as well as the noble viscount (Melbourne). I, indeed, did not serve him so long as the noble viscount, or even under any such prosperous circumstances as the noble viscount; but I have

had opportunities of witnessing, under all these circumstances, the personal advantages of character so ably described by the noble viscount. It has fallen to my lot to serve his Majesty at different periods, and in different capacities; and while I had the happiness of doing so upon all those occasions, I have witnessed not

WILLIAM IV.

only all the virtues ascribed to him but likewise a firmness, a discretion, a candour, a justice, and a spirit of conciliation towards others—a respect for all. Probably there never was a sovereign, who, in such circumstances, and encompassed by so many difficulties, more successfully met them than he did upon every occasion on which he had to engage them. I was induced to serve his Majesty, not only from my sense of duty—not alone from the feeling that the Sovereign of this country has the right to command my services in any situation in which it might be considered that I might be of use—but from a feeling of gratitude to his Majesty for favours, for personal

distinctions conferred upon me, notwithstanding that I had been unfortunately in the position of opposing myself to his Majesty's views and intentions, when he was employed in a high situation under Government,[1] and in consequence of which he had to resign that great office which he must, beyond all others, have been most anxious to retain. Notwithstanding that, my lords, he employed me in his service; and he, as a sovereign, manifested towards me a kindness, condescension, and favour, which so long as I live, I never can forget. I considered myself, then, not only bound by duty, and the sense I felt of gratitude to all the sovereigns of this country, under whom I had lived, but more especially towards his late Majesty, to relieve him from every difficulty I could, under any circumstances."

[1] William IV., when the Duke of Clarence, was under the necessity of resigning the office of Lord Admiral, while the Duke of Wellington was Premier.

CHAPTER XV.

Accession of Queen Victoria.

AD William IV.—weak as he was—been succeeded by either of his surviving brothers, his demise would have given occasion for a greater display of public grief than was manifested upon an event which was to be followed by the accession of a Queen. History and tradition had combined to associate so much of the glory and happiness of this country with the rule of a female sovereign, that the lamentations for a monarch who had given his assent to the Reform Bill, were speedily converted into rejoicings that the country was now to be ruled by a lady whose education had prepared her for the responsible task of government, and who was believed to cherish those principles under which England had obtained a high pitch of moral greatness. The proverb, that "when women reign, men govern," gave assurance to the British community that, in Queen Victoria, we should behold the revival of all that political good fortune which had distinguished the reigns of Elizabeth and Anne, and an improvement in the domestic tone of society which had become somewhat impaired under the Regency, and had scarcely recovered itself even under the admirable example of Queen Adelaide—the consort of William IV.

The hopes of the nation received a striking confirmation at the very commencement of the reign. When one hundred peers and princes of the Privy Council assembled to sign the Act of Allegiance, the Queen made a declaration of her attachment to the Constitution in these words—

"Educated in England under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my unceasing study to maintain the reformed religion as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty. And I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote, to the utmost of my power, the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects."

In delivering this declaration the Queen displayed extraordinary self-possession. Her dignified composure and the firmness of her voice impressed all who heard it with a deep sense of the latent grandeur of a character which time and circumstances were afterwards so beautifully and healthfully to develop.

Her Majesty made no change in her Ministry; formed an excellent household, and drew around her, in the privacy of life, all those men who were most distinguished by their worth and ability; and those members of the female aristocracy who were most conspicuous for their exemplary domestic conduct and familiarity with Court usages. A modest diffidence was the striking characteristic of the commencement of a reign which has continued to shed lustre on Great Britain, and diffuse universal happiness.

It was wise of her Majesty to retain Lord Melbourne. No British statesman ever possessed the art of simplifying the duties of Government in so happy a degree, or of conveying instruction to a monarch in so agreeable a form. An elegant scholar, a wit, and a man of pleasure, Lord Melbourne, while he satisfied expectation in the House of Lords, never gave himself more trouble than was absolutely necessary. He sometimes treated grave subjects with an almost unpardonable *nonchalance*, and often carried the *laissez aller* to a point which exposed him, personally, to a charge of indolence, and risked the position and influence of his Ministry; but this very indifference was of advantage to the Queen, because it pleasantly initiated her Majesty into the science of rule, and rendered her subsequent path easy. Any other Minister would probably have alarmed the royal mind, or made those duties irksome which should at all times be a source of pleasure to a sovereign, and of benefit to a nation.[1]

[1] "I happen to know that it is her Majesty's opinion, that the noble Viscount (Melbourne) has rendered her Majesty the greatest possible service, by making her acquainted with the mode and policy of the government of this country, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the Constitution, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of her Majesty's Crown; teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country."—*Speech of the Duke of Wellington, August 24th*, 1841.

Amongst the individuals whom her Majesty delighted to honour was the Duke of Wellington. A frequent guest at the Palace, his Grace was constantly consulted by the Queen; and it is not too much to say that the wisdom and sagacity of the venerable warrior and statesman, combined with the gentleness of a father towards a beloved child, made the deepest impression on the ductile mind and affectionate heart of the youthful monarch, and secured to his Grace a lasting and truly enviable regard and attachment.[1]

The Duke of Wellington was, of course, much in the habit of meeting Lord Melbourne on equal and friendly terms in the presence of the Queen, but it had no effect upon the political opinions of his Grace. He continued to express himself frankly in the House of Lords respecting all measures to which he could not give a cordial and ready support, and was uncompromising in his opposition to principles which threatened an extension of popular power, or damage to the interests of the Irish Protestants.

Queen Victoria was crowned with much pomp in the summer of 1838. A circumstance of great interest occurred in connection with the event, which brought out the generous character of the people of England and the high chivalry of the Duke of Wellington in vivid and agreeable colours.

The personage selected by the King of the French to represent France at the coronation was Marshal Soult, the ancient antagonist of Wellington. The reception of this officer was enthusiastic. The people recognised in him the symbol of bravery and military skill. They forgot the cruelties and barbarities which had marked the earlier part of his career in Portugal: they remembered only the indomitable perseverance of his resistance to Wellington in the Pyrenees and the

[1] The following circumstance was related by Major Cumming Bruce, at the Conservative dinner given to him and Mr. M'Kenzie Jun., of Scatwell, at Forres, in September, 1837. Major Cumming Bruce said, he rose, "not only to tell a tale, but to crave a bumper. The circumstance alluded to by the Chairman was not a tale, but a *fact*. Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, in the course of his official duty, lately waited upon the Queen at Windsor. After the business was concluded, the noble lord said, there was a subject which he felt called upon to press upon her Majesty's attention. It was, whether there was any individual for whom her Majesty entertained such a preference that she might wish to have associated with her in the cares of that sovereignty with which Providence had blessed her. The Queen, no doubt, felt a little surprised at the question: she requested to know if it was as a Minister of the Crown, and as a matter of State policy, that he asked the question; for if it was, she would endeavour to give him an answer. His lordship replied, that under no other circumstances would he have presumed to put such a question to her Majesty. 'Then,' said the Queen, 'there is one individual for whom I entertain a decided preference, and that individual is the Duke of Wellington, Gentlemen," added Major Cumming Bruce, "I leave you to figure the length of Lord Melbourne's face, on receiving this answer. For the correctness of the statement I give the guarantee of my name."

south of France—the homage which he had paid to the British troops on the field of Waterloo, when he assured the Emperor that they never would give way,—and the amenities which had marked his intercourse with the Duke when Minister of War under Louis XVIII. All classes, from royalty downwards, vied with each other in paying respect to the venerable Marshal; and the Duke of Wellington, with genuine magnanimity and generosity, waived his own claims upon popular attention that a larger share of homage might be offered to the illustrious Frenchman. Grand reviews, dinners by wealthy corporations, fêtes of all kinds, were given in the Marshal's honour; and he was invited to make a tour to Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, at each of which places he was received with enthusiasm. At the grand dinner given by the London Corporation, the Duke of Wellington was present, and the toast of the evening having comprehended the two distinguished soldiers, they severally returned thanks in the following terms:—

"The Duke of Wellington said he entertained a high sense of the honour of being associated with so illustrious an individual as him whose name had been given in company with his own on the present occasion. He was glad to find that the merits and services of that illustrious stranger had been properly appreciated by the people of this country. (*Cheers.*) And he had no doubt that he, on his part, must fully appreciate the cordial feelings which had been manifested towards him, not only on the present occasion, but whenever he had presented himself to the public. He (the Duke of Wellington) was delighted that the King of the French had chosen so distinguished an individual to represent him on the occasion of the coronation of our Queen.

"The Duke of Dalmatia then proceeded, amidst reiterated cheers, to address the company in the French language. He spoke with great feeling, but not with a powerful voice. He commenced by observing that the expressions used by the Duke of Wellington had entered into his very heart. Never had there lived a nobler-minded, a braver, or a more honourable man than that illustrious general. (*Cheers*). The French nation had learned to estimate the worth of the English army: its valour was known and appreciated all over Europe. Now, however, they had no further resort to arms. Between France and England there should now exist a perpetual peace. (The illustrious Duke laid an emphasis upon the words '*alliance perpetuelle*,' which brought down a thunder of applause). Unanimity shall now pervade their councils. After some further observations, the noble Dûke, alluding, as we imagined, to the hospitality

with which he was at that moment treated, in company with the Duke of Wellington, said that he hoped yet, one of these days, to take his revenge ('*revanche*') of the noble Duke in France. The illustrious and gallant Duke sat down, after drinking 'The health of the British army, and more particularly its great General, the Duke of Wellington.' (*Applause*)."

Several of the most distinguished of the British generals who had fought against Marshal Soult had the honour of being introduced to him. Foremost among them was Lord Hill, the Commander-in-Chief. It is related that when they came into contact, Soult extended his hand, and exclaimed, jocosely "*Ah, je vous rencontre enfin! moi qui ai couru si long tems après vous!*" alluding, of course, to the pursuit of Hill from Madrid to Alba de Tormes, after our failure at Burgos.

Soult returned to France at the close of July, leaving a favourable impression of his *bonhommie*,[1] and justifying a belief in the good

[1] The following anecdotes are derived from newspapers published in July, 1838:—

"SOULT AND ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—Allan Cunningham was introduced to Marshal Soult, and as the interview was interesting, the reader, we should suppose, will be the reverse of displeased to peruse a hurried note of it, given as nearly as possible in his own words:—'I saw him at his residence at Portland House; he received me kindly, took me by the hand, placed me on a sofa beside him, and said he was indebted to his friend the Baron de P., for making us acquainted. I said I had desired to see a man of great and strong talent by nature, and not by Act of Parliament; that I had long admired him for his generous tribute to the memory of Sir John Moore, and looked upon him as one of the noblest-minded of our foes. He smiled at this, and turning to me, said, 'Foe! I never was your foe, at least in the coarse sense of the word: I was taught to respect you in the sternest of all schools, the battle-field; and it was only yesterday I told your young Queen that Britain and France had tried the sword long enough to each other's harm, and should now try what friendship could do, and thus ensure the peace of Europe.' I bowed and replied, 'Marshal, you are still in the field; you have won other countries by the sword, and now you come to conquer us by courtesy.' As I said this he pressed my knee gently with his hand, and made some allusion to poetry. He is a noble martial-featured man, tall, too, and vigorous; and I thought of Austerlitz and many a bloody field as he shook hands with me at parting. But we are not to part yet; he has sent me a card for his great ball of this evening (6th July), when I will again see, I feel assured, the same simple, easy, courteous man I found during the interview I have attempted to describe."—*Dumfries Courier.*

"When Marshal Soult was at Manchester, a working man in a cotton manufactory there, wished exceedingly to shake hands with the Marshal. His wish was readily gratified, when he explained his motive. He had been in the Rifle Brigade all the Peninsular War, and had fired at Soult THIRTY times, but failed. At Toulouse, he fired twenty times at the Marshal, with the same result. The Marshal again shook him by the hand, saying that he was a good soldier, and had done his best to serve his country."

"MARSHAL SOULT AND CAPTAIN MANBY.—(From a Correspondent.)—At an interview which Marshal Soult granted to Captain Manby on Friday last, for the purpose of requesting his Excellency to take charge of a memorial to his sovereign, the King of the French, to sanction and encourage an international negotiation with the maritime nations of the world, and enter into a comprehensive treaty of mutual alliances for the preservation of life, and the protection of

understanding which was to mark the intercourse of France with England during the reign of Louis Philippe.

The bearing of the Duke of Wellington towards the Duke of Dalmatia exceedingly gratified the English people, and materially contributed to the restoration of that popularity which his Grace had formerly enjoyed, but which his civil government from 1829 to 1835, and his previous conduct in regard to Queen Caroline, had tended to damage. One of the most violent of the radical prints said:

"Passing over his civil services with this brief allusion, we shall conclude by noticing the latest public scene of his life. He defeated Marshal Soult in the Peninsula and in France—he has embraced him in London. Herein he gained the greatest of his victories—a victory over the prejudices of his life and his party. He never appeared more illustrious in the eyes of his countrymen than when, forgetting all ancient rivalries, and spurning all the low *croaking* seductions of low party malice, he gave a cordial and an affectionate welcome to the man who, next to himself, is the greatest soldier alive."

The year 1839 was remarkable for public demonstrations of the regard in which the Duke of Wellington was held by his countrymen. In the month of August a banquet was given to him at Dover, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, at which no less than two thousand persons were present. On this occasion Lord Brougham, who, since his loss of the Chancellorship, had gradually seceded from his old friends and began to play the courtier, was entrusted with the duty of proposing the health of the Duke of Wellington. His lordship treated the trust as a high compliment, because it inferred that no differences of political opinion were able to stifle the natural feelings of civilised statesmen so as to prevent them cherishing "boundless gratitude for boundless merit." After dwelling upon

property (to the rightful owners), on whatever shore the misfortune of shipwreck may happen; also providing warm clothing and temporary comfort to the sailor after he is saved from shipwreck, and assisting him to his home, to whatever country he may belong; to which the Marshal was thus pleased to express himself:—'I am most happy to take by the hand the man whose name is so universally honoured for his noble and generous philanthropy, and to assure him that, on my return to Paris, I will immediately attend to his request, and press the subject on his Majesty's earnest attention.'"

"Marshal Soult and the Metropolitan Police.—The veteran Marshal Soult, prior to his recent departure from this country, caused a letter, with his signature attached thereto, to be forwarded to the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police, at Scotland Yard, in which communication the distinguished foreigner alluded to expressed his high satisfaction at the excellent conduct and good order of every member of the Force, by whom he had on so many occasions, during his sojourn in London, and in his visits to other places in the environs thereof, been attended."

this topic—the impossibility of forgetting in the spirit of party the services rendered by "one transcendant genius in peace and in war,"—Lord Brougham gave vent to his admiration in an apostrophe which is remembered as one of the most brilliant oratorical efforts of the age. He "invoked both hemispheres" to witness that Wel-

LORD BROUGHAM.

lington "never advanced but to be victorious—never retreated but to eclipse the glory of his advance, by the yet harder task of unwearied patience, indomitable to lassitude, the inexhaustible resources of transcendant skill showing the wonders, the marvels of a moral courage never yet subdued." "Despising all who thwarted him," said Lord Brougham, "with ill-considered advice—neglecting all hostility, as he knew it to be groundless—laughing to scorn reviling enemies, jealous competitors, lukewarm friends, ay, hardest of all, to *neglect despising* even a fickle public, he cast his eye forwards as a man might, to a time when that momentary fickleness of the people would pass away, knowing that, in the end, the people were always just to merit."

The Duke's reply was simple and modest—involving little else than an affirmative of those propositions which referred to the necessity of putting aside party politics and opinions to carry on the public service to the greatest point of advantage to the public interest.

In this year, the Duke of Wellington narrowly escaped again becoming a Minister of the Crown. Upon the opening of Parliament, he spoke to the Address in a conciliatory tone, only dwelling in a tone of animadversion upon the favour shown to Chartists in allowing large assemblies of those democrats, and deprecating the continuance of rebellion in Canada. Upon a motion of Lord Brougham's regarding the Corn-laws, his Grace upheld those laws as essential to the improvement of agriculture—he maintained that the price of corn would be raised by their repeal—and upon being charged by Lord Radnor with the advocacy of monopoly, and with not assisting the farmers and labourers, he answered emphatically and in his accustomed straightforward manner—

"My Lords, I know nothing about landlords, farmers, or labourers, when I am advocating a legislative question of a public nature in this House. I have nothing to say to them any further than as their interests are identified with those of the community at large. I beg the noble lord to understand, when I come to this House, I come here upon the public interest. I have no more to say to landlords, farmers, or labourers, than the noble earl himself; and I am thoroughly convinced there is not a noble friend near me who does not look at this question solely on public grounds, and those which he conceives it to be for the interest of the country to take."

When a motion was brought forward by Lord Roden for a committee to inquire into the state of Ireland, the Duke of Wellington gave it his support; and he likewise spoke upon the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, when it went into committee in the House of Lords.

The subject of the emancipation of the negro apprentices in Jamaica having come before the House of Commons, with some notice of the violent scenes which had been enacted in that colony, a bill was brought in for suspending the constitution of Jamaica. Sir Robert Peel and his party opposed the bill vehemently, and ultimately Ministers only carried it by a majority of five. Upon this the Ministry resigned.

The Queen, upon receiving the resignation of Lord Melbourne, sent for the Duke of Wellington. His Grace, as before, referred her Majesty to Sir Robert Peel, and Sir Robert Peel immediately endeavoured to form a government. In this he was frustrated. Sir Robert

considered it indispensable that the ladies of the Queen's household should be connected only with those persons who held political opinions in common with himself. He accordingly proposed to her Majesty to remove the ladies of her bed-chamber. This the Queen decidedly refused to do—declaring the course proposed to be contrary to usage, and repugnant to her feelings—and Sir Robert at once resigned into her Majesty's hands the trust committed to him. The Duke of Wellington appears to have quite entered into Sir Robert Peel's feelings on the subject. His Grace said very distinctly, when explaining his own share in the Ministerial negotiation, that he deemed it essential that the Minister should possess the entire confidence of her Majesty, and, with that view, should exercise the usual control permitted to the Minister by the Sovereign in the construction of the household. "The public," he said, "would not believe that the Queen held no political conversation with the ladies of her household, and that political influence was not exercised by them particularly, considering who the persons were who held those situations. He had a somewhat strong opinion on the subject. He had himself filled the office of the noble viscount, and had felt the inconvenience of an anomalous influence, not exercised perhaps by ladies, but exerted by persons about the court, and that simply in conversation."

After the resumption of power by the Melbourne Cabinet, the Duke of Wellington during the remainder of the session addressed the House of Lords on several questions of importance—the affairs of Canada—the Ballot—the Portuguese slave trade—a reform in the postage system. To the ballot he was naturally opposed, as an "un-English" measure. He supported a bill for the introduction of the penny postage, because the country looked for the establishment of a low and uniform rate; but his Grace did not believe that it would tend to an increase in the correspondence of the country, and he thought that the sacrifice of revenue would be considerable. The Duke rested his belief in the little effect which a reduction of postage would have upon general correspondence, on his experience in the army, where, "in a Highland regiment, in the course of six or seven months, only sixty-three or sixty-four letters were written"—most infelicitous data, as the result established. The Duke forgot that in Highland regiments few men could read and write, and that a great many had left their families without writing, or intending to communicate with them. He argued from the ignorance and circumstances of one class of the community against the intelligence and activity of other classes, and did not seem to take into account that the extension of

the facilities of correspondence would give an impetus to education. To the bill for the suppression of the Portuguese slave-trade, the Duke was so earnestly opposed, that he entered several protests against it as it passed through the House. The foundation of his opposition was, that the right of enforcing the due observance of the treaties entered into at Portugal for the suppression of the trade did not lie within the province of Parliament, but was the proper office of the Executive Government.

Parliament having been prorogued, the Duke proceeded as usual to pass the autumn at Walmer Castle. While here, on the 20th of November, he was suddenly taken ill, and great apprehensions were for some time entertained for the safety of his life. It seems that he had been out hunting, and the fatigue was greater than he was capable of enduring, for he had been restricting his diet with great severity in order to get rid of a cold. When, therefore, he returned home to dinner, he fainted from inanition. Sir Astley Cooper and Dr. Hume—two of the most eminent physicians of the day—were immediately in attendance, and remained with the Duke a week, at the end of which time he had recovered his strength.

STATUE AT EDINBURGH.

If the Duke had valued popularity, this attack of illness would have gratified him exceedingly from the test it supplied of the esteem in which he was now generally held. Upon his return to town, his

appearance was greeted with marked expressions of congratulation, not merely by his friends and political opponents, but by the crowds assembled round the gates of the palace when he attended a Privy Council.

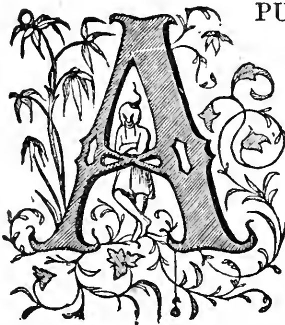
Another strong proof of the restored popularity of the Duke of Wellington was presented this year in Edinburgh. A public meeting was held on the 23rd of November, to set on foot a subscription for erecting a national testimonial to his Grace in the Scottish capital. Men of all classes of the community, and of all shades of politics, attended and subscribed.[1]

1 This national testimonial took the form of a splendid equestrian statue, but thirteen years elapsed before it was finished and inaugurated.

"This great work, which is from the hand of Mr. John Steel, is colossal in dimensions, measuring nearly fourteen feet in height; and together with the pedestal, which is of Aberdeen granite, rising from the ground about twenty-six feet. The bronze weighs nearly twelve tons. It derives additional interest from its being the first bronze statue ever cast in Scotland. Unlike most other bronze statues, in this the different parts are not rivetted together, but *fused*—an improvement attended by considerable labor and difficulty. The horse is here in high action. The only parts which touch the pedestal are the hind feet and the tail; and, accordingly, in order to preserve the balance, great skill was required in apportioning exactly to each part its proper weight of metal. The only other equestrian statue in a similar posture is that of Peter the Great at St. Petersburgh, where the difficulty is chiefly overcome by the not very appropriate introduction of a serpent, upon which the horse is trampling, and which not only strengthens the hind legs, but projects very far behind, and serves as a balance. The statue represents the Duke mounted on his charger, and issuing orders; the reins lie loose on the neck of his plunging steed; in one hand he holds them and his plumed hat, and with the other points commandingly to a distant part of the field."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Session of 1840—The Duke on the religion of Prince Albert—The Affghanistan Campaign—The Navy—Libels on the proceedings of the House of Commons—The Marriage of the Queen—The Whig Ministry resigns, in 1841—The Duke as an orator.



PUBLIC man can hardly be said to have a private life—least of all can one who has for forty years filled a space in the world's thought expect to escape general observation. He may shelter himself behind a barricade of punctilio—may coldly and sternly repel the advances of strangers,—avoid sympathy with the popular emotion of the hour—and even seclude himself from the gaze of the multitude. Still he must continue to be an object of powerful interest, and to find his simplest acts scanned by those who have learnt to regard him as the property of the nation.

Such was the fate of the Duke of Wellington. From 1840 to the end of his life he was "the observed of all observers." His habits were noted; his movements watched; his words treasured. Every one made an effort to see him in his usual haunts—the Park and the House of Lords,—and no country cousins visiting London returned home satisfied if they had not obtained a glimpse of the great Duke of Wellington.

With all that concerns his private life—using the term simply in contradistinction to the public duties which devolved upon him—we shall treat in a future chapter. The conduct of the Duke in Parliament must, for the present, engage our care. He had by habitual attention to the claims upon his presence as a peer, and the share which he took in all great questions, acquired in the House an

influence worthy of his military renown; and no matters of importance could be discussed without the questions being asked in ten thousand places, "What does the Duke say?—what does the Duke think of it?"

The Speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament on the 16th of January, 1840, was rendered peculiarly interesting by the announcement that her Majesty was about to ally herself in marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, the Queen's cousin. The character of the young Prince offered a guarantee of her Majesty's happiness, and all classes received the intimation with satisfaction.

Perhaps no one in the realm more sincerely rejoiced at the prospect of an accession to the Queen's felicity than the Duke of Wellington. He concurred most cordially in the expression of congratulation to her Majesty on an event calculated to promote her comfort. True, however, to his attachment to the Protestant Church, and rigidly insisting on an adherence to the forms which afforded at least a nominal protection to the interests of the Establishment in its connection with the Crown, the Duke contended that the public had a right to know something more than the mere name of the Prince whom her Majesty intended to espouse. His Grace remarked that the precedent of the reign of George III. had been followed in the announcement excepting in one respect, and that was that the Prince was a Protestant. He did not doubt—indeed he knew—that the Prince was a Protestant, and of a Protestant family. But he maintained that as it was necessary by law that he should be of that persuasion, an official declaration to that effect should have been made by the Government. He ascribed the omission of the declaration to a fear of the Catholic party in Ireland, who seemed to be exerting themselves to inspire England with "terror;" and he called upon the House to require a formal announcement of Prince Albert's religion.

The next occasion upon which the Duke of Wellington spake in 1840 was when the House of Lords was called upon to approve of an expedition into Affghanistan. It appears that the Governments of England and India had had some reason to believe that Russia was intriguing at the Court of Dost Mahomed, the ruler of Cabul, to acquire certain commercial and political advantages, including the right of trafficking upon the Indus, with the ultimate view of obtaining a footing in India. To check those designs, Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India, acting in concert with the Government at home, determined upon replacing upon the *musnud* or throne of

Cabul an exiled King, Shah Soojah by name, who had for some years been a refugee in the British territory. Anticipating serious opposition, or, at all events, contemplating the importance of surrounding the restored King with a British army who should hold possession of Affghanistan, Lord Auckland dispatched fifteen thousand men of all arms to Cabul, under Lieutenant-General Sir John Keane, an old Peninsula officer, having under his command as Generals of Division, Sir Willoughby Cotton, Major-Generals Sale, Willshire, Nott, and others. The army marched down the left bank of the Indus, crossed at Sukkur, moved through Upper Scinde and the Bolan Pass, captured Candahar, took Ghuznee by storm, and entered Cabul in triumph. The whole affair was well conducted, and the storming of Ghuznee was attended by severe loss, for the leading troops were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the Affghans, under the gateway which it had become necessary to blow in, owing to the absence of siege guns.

These operations elicited the warm approbation of the Duke of Wellington. He claimed the right of judging of such operations upon the strength of his own personal experience, and declared that he had never known an occasion on which the duty of a Government was performed on a larger scale—on which a more adequate provision was made for all contingencies and various events which could occur; and he said of the officers engaged, that there were no men in the service who deserved a higher degree of approbation for the manner in which, on all occasions, they had discharged their duty. In no instance that the Duke had ever heard of had such services been performed in a manner better calculated to deserve and secure the approbation of the House of Lords and the country.

In the same month (February), the Duke of Wellington opposed himself to the propagation of the Socialism which was making some way in the counties of Wiltshire and Hampshire, and which he denominated a "mischievous and demoralising" system; and circumstances having subsequently arisen to afford occasion for his speaking of the British navy, he delivered himself of the following eulogium:—

"I know a great deal of the gentlemen of that profession, and for my own part I have always had, and still have, the greatest and highest respect for them, and the very utmost confidence in them. I have always endeavoured to emulate their services in the service in which I have myself been engaged; and I am sure that in nothing have I endeavoured to emulate them in a greater degree than in that confidence which they feel not only in themselves and in the officers

of their own ranks, but in all officers and troops under their command."

The generous way in which the Duke of Wellington invariably spoke of the conduct of the officers of the army of whom he had known anything was not by any means the least remarkable feature of his speeches in Parliament. He seemed, as we shall afterwards see, always glad of an opportunity of bearing tribute to professional worth. The proceedings of Lord Seaton (Sir John Colborne, of the 52nd), when Governor of the Canadas, having come under review, the Duke said (March 27, 1840) :—

"I had the honour of being connected with the noble and gallant lord in service at an early period of his life ; and I must declare that, at all times, and under all circumstances, he gave that promise of prudence, zeal, devotion, and ability, which he has so nobly fulfilled in his services to his Sovereign and his country during the recent proceedings in Canada. I entirely agree in all that has been said respecting the conduct of my noble and gallant friend in remaining, under all circumstances, at his post, and in taking command of the troops, although it was not thought expedient by the Government to place him again in the government of the provinces."

In this year, a question of very material import arose, which created a great deal of excitement from the extraordinary legal proceedings which followed upon it. It seems that for some four or five years previously certain persons had been in the habit of bringing actions against the Messrs. Hansard, the authorised publishers of the debates in the House of Parliament, for libels contained in the reports of those debates, and that the defence of the Messrs. Hansard, that they were publishers "by authority" of the language used by the highest judicial tribunal in the land, was of no effect. At length, the Messrs. Hansard appealed to the House of Commons. The House, by a vote, declared that any proceedings taken against persons for simply publishing its proceedings would be guilty of a breach of privilege. Nevertheless, one Stockdale, a publisher, who had often fallen under the animadversion of the House of Commons for the character of his publications, continued to persecute the Hansards, and, ultimately, obtaining damages, called upon the sheriffs to levy execution upon the goods of the defendants. The sheriffs obeyed the writ of the Court. The House of Commons, in vindication of its privilege, committed the sheriffs to prison, and likewise the attorney who acted for Stockdale. The press and the public took up the subject with great warmth; and between an anxiety to protect the

characters of private individuals, and to uphold the majesty and independence of the Courts of Law, and a desire to maintain inviolate the freedom of Parliamentary discussion, much wordy strife arose. At length Lord John Russell brought in a bill enabling Parliament to give summary protection to persons employed in the publication of its proceedings. The subject was fervidly debated, especially by the ablest lawyers on both sides, and ultimately the bill passed by a large majority. When the bill went to the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington, after some observations, said—

"I remember reading with great satisfaction the history of a great case, which was pleaded and argued at considerable length, some years ago, in this country—I mean the case of the 'King *v.* Peltier,' in the Court of King's Bench. That was the case of an action brought against an obscure individual, for a libel which he had published upon the sovereign of a neighbouring country, with whom we were in a state of peace and amity. Now, I ask your lordships whether, supposing, in the course of the late Polish revolution, the libels, some of which we have seen printed in this country, and others which we have heard spoken of in the other, and, I believe, in this House of Parliament, reviling, in the strongest terms, the sovereign of Russia, had been stated in the petitions, or in the proceedings of the House of Commons, and had been printed, published, and sold by its authority; I ask your lordships whether such a proceeding would not have been calculated to disturb the peace of this country, and of the world at large? In short, I ask your lordships whether it is desirable that there should be an opportunity of publishing and selling, on the part of the two Houses of Parliament, libels against the sovereigns of all the foreign powers in Europe? My lords, I am one of those who consider that the greatest political interest of this country is, to remain at peace and amity with all the nations of the world. I am for avoiding even the cause of war, and of giving offence to any one, and of seeking a quarrel, either by abuse, or by that description of language which is found in these libels. I am against insulting the feelings of any sovereign, at whom individuals may have taken offence, and against whom they may seek to publish libels under the sanction of Parliament. Let them state what they please in their private capacity, and let them be answerable for it individually, as Peltier was. What I want is, that Parliament should not, by the combined privilege of publication and sale, run the risk of involving the country in the consequences of a discussion of such subjects, and in all the mischiefs and inconveniences which might arise from it."

It would have been manifestly impossible to make exceptions in favour of any particular class of individuals in the heat of parliamentary discussion. If foreign sovereigns were to be protected simply because they were prone to take offence at a degree of freedom intolerable in their own country, every individual in the United Kingdom would have a good right to complain of a disregard of the integrity of private character. Why should the enormities of a tyrant escape the strictures of the senators of a free country, and the comparative peccadilloes of an humble trader be visited with unlimited reprehension? By a happy and wise provision of the Legislature, the British Courts of Law afford the same protection to a foreign despot against the license of the British press as a subject of the English Crown enjoys, and no great monarch—whether Emperor of all the Russias or Ruler of France—could desire more. Foreign Governments should be taught to distinguish between the commentaries of private individuals contributing to a newspaper, or members of Parliament speaking to a question before the House, and the language of a minister embodying the sentiments of a Government or the nation at large. The anxiety of the Duke of Wellington to guard against a war was natural—and peculiarly commendable—in a great soldier who had seen so much of its actual horrors and subsequent evils; but his Grace, in the ardour of his pacific sentiments, lost sight at once of the danger of checking freedom of discussion, and of the panoply of defence supplied to the foreign potentate in the British Courts of Justice.

Excepting the misunderstanding which had arisen with China owing to the sudden seizure and confiscation of large quantities of opium belonging to British merchants, and the arrest and imprisonment of the representatives of the British Crown and the superintendents of the trade with China, no subject of any material importance drew out the Duke of Wellington during the session of 1840. He said a few words on the 30th of June on the great utility of the Canadian colonies to Great Britain; and on the 30th of July he maintained that religious education in England should be provided out of the funds of the Church, and on the 4th of August that oaths were necessary in Courts of Justice to establish the truth, which is the foundation of all truth; but no other record of his addresses to the House of Lords—if any were made—is to be found in the Parliamentary annals of the year.

Her Majesty was married to Prince Albert in February, 1840. The Duke of Wellington was present, but it would appear from the evidence of spectators on the occasion that Time and a life of labour

and anxious care were beginning to display their effects upon his person. The papers of the day state that—

"The Duke, who looked infirm, and did not move with his usual alacrity, was the only individual whom the spectators stood up to honour and to cheer. He bowed calmly in reply, but seemed, we are sorry to say, sinking under the weight of honours and of years."

The shell was wearing out, but the spirit of the venerable warrior retained all its pristine force, and he continued for twelve years later to astonish his peers and fellow subjects by the vigour of his intellect and the hardiness of his frame.

Lord Melbourne's Government had for some time previous to this time began to experience the consequences of the lassitude of its chief. Making no effort to maintain power by realising the expectations of its liberal supporters—content to carry measures by insignificant majorities, which minorities, in other days, would have construed into "want of confidence" votes—enduring defeats with placidity—and exposed to much ridicule and contempt out of doors,—the Melbourne Government, after a sickly existence of ten years' duration, dissolved in 1841, and her Majesty entrusted the office of Prime Minister to Sir Robert Peel. There was no question now of Maids of Honour and Ladies of the Bedchamber. Sir Robert felt himself sufficiently strong to defy back-stairs influence, and the country had become too weary of the effete Whigs to view with regret the accesion to authority of one who had shown, on former occasions, that he was not disinclined to bend to the necessities of the hour, and carry popular measures.

The Duke of Wellington accepted a seat in the Cabinet without office. He was found to be a sound and able adviser, capable of safely guiding others in their political career, if not always successful in his own personal experiments in the science of government.

The authoritative influence which the Duke had acquired in the House of Lords—even to the extent of holding the proxies of a great many peers—was of infinite utility to Sir Robert Peel. Whoever might be in power, his Grace confessedly "led" the peers, and his habit of mastering and addressing himself to every subject that came prominently before the House, acquired for him the reputation of an orator.

True eloquence has been defined, the faculty of enunciating the truth in the most simple and striking manner. This, however, is not the ordinary acceptation of the term. With the multitude, eloquence

can only co-exist with efflorescence of style, brilliancy of phrase, smoothly-rounded passages, an affluence of trope and metaphor, and copiousness of illustration. Those Englishmen will enjoy the highest rank in history as orators who were most remarkable for the length and grandeur of their harangues. Burke, who spoke for hours, adorning his speeches with classical quotations and gorgeous imagery; Mackintosh, who delivered sententious essays, garnished with rhetorical ornament; Sheridan, whose apostrophes resembled the rushing of a current vivid with the flashes of phosphoric light; Brougham, who mingled terse and vigorous passages, with elaborate platitudes springing from a mental prodigality which knew not how to economise;—these and others of lesser note earned the title of orators, and will be cited in after ages as the only true disciples of the schools of eloquence founded by Cicero and Demosthenes. But those who yield nothing to appeals to the fancy—who have disciplined their minds to accept only the rays of truth transmitted through the simplest and clearest medium—will give a preference to the practical speaker who discards every decoration as an interference with fidelity, or as an artifice only fit to cover sophistry or conceal intrinsic weakness.

The Duke of Wellington was of the latter class of orators. His speeches were rough-hewn from the block of his sagacity and experience, and his auditory forgot their roughness and unpolished aspect in their deep sense of the value of the quarry. His strong *morale*—his love of truth, his contempt for all the redundancies and superfluities which encumbered a case—his faculty of discovering and ruthlessly exposing a fallacy—his exactitude of description—his care in calling things by their right names—his admiration of the Constitution—and his profound veneration for monarchical power—imparted a weight to his speeches which no florid or merely graceful oratory could counterbalance. Examples of this will be found in many of the passages quoted in foregoing pages, and in those that may be given hereafter. They will not serve as models, because there will be one essential ingredient wanting in those who may attempt to copy the Duke's phraseology and manner—the influence of name and station. That which came from him with sledge-hammer force, and was accepted with unexampled deference by the

"Brave Peers of England—
The pillars of the State,"

would be accounted mere impertinence in one who had no other claim to be heard than high lineage, a college education, and a careful study

of the public questions of the day, could confer. Mr. Francis, in his "Orators of the Age," (1846) has well put the causes of the Duke's influence :—

"Being obliged to speak, he says no more than the occasion absolutely requires. He gives utterance to the real sentiments of his mind, the unbiassed conclusions suggested by a cool head and an almost unparalleled experience. You can see at once that this is done without effort, and, above all, without any desire for effect. It is a labour of duty, not of love. It is not sought by him, yet he is ready when called on. Having said his say, he seems relieved of an unpleasant load, and sits down abruptly as he rose, indifferent whether what he has delivered has pleased or displeased his audience. These, it is quite unnecessary to say, are not the characteristics of professed orators. Yet the Duke will produce, on the floor of the House of Lords, perchance, a more permanent effect, than the most ingenious and eloquent of them all.

"The agencies by which his influence works on the legislature and the public are of a far higher order. Look at the moral weight he brings with him. With a reputation already historical, what man of the day, be he even the greatest, can command the respect which his mere presence inspires? It may seem a trifle, but it is one pregnant with deep meaning, that the only individual in this country, except the members of the royal family, to whom all men, the highest and the lowest, uncover themselves in the public highway, is the Duke of Wellington. If the vulgar, the indifferent, the triflers, the ignorant, pay this homage to him where no homage is due to any man, shall not the same sentiment prevail within the walls of the House of Lords, among those whose privileges and social pre-eminence rest upon hereditary gratitude?

"The Duke of Wellington, in his place in the House of Lords, stands apart from, and above, all the other peers. There may be men of more ancient lineage; there are certainly men of more commanding and brilliant talents of the sort that captivate an assembly, whether composed of the high or the low; but he transcends them all in the possession of that power which is created by a voluntary intellectual submission. Plain, unpretending, venerable as he is, he seems encircled by an atmosphere of glory. All physical defects, all the infirmities of age, are lost in the light of his great fame. He seems already to belong to the past, and to speak with its authority. Often oracular in his denunciations and in his decisions, strange to say, those who hear him seem to believe that he is so.

"And it is not among pigmies that he is thus morally a giant. The

deference and respect paid to the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords come from men of the highest order of minds. Neither political differences nor personal vanities interpose any obstacle to its free expression. Powerful and successful orators and statesmen, aristocratic demagogues, grave lawyers and erratic law-givers, whatever may be their mutual jealousies or their customary arrogance, all yield at once to his moral supremacy. The man of the present day who stands next to him in extent, if not the quality of his fame, he who is distinguished among his contemporaries not more for his parliamentary and political successes than for his mental and moral insubordination,—he, too, ostentatiously proclaims himself the devoted admirer and follower of the Duke of Wellington. The homage is too universal not to be sincere.

"It is this moral weight or influence that gives to the public speaking of the Duke of Wellington its chief characteristics. He can speak with an authority which no other man would dare to assume, and which, if assumed by any other man, would not be submitted to. For the same reason, he can dispense with all the explanation and apology which so often render the speeches of other men ridiculous. He has no need of a hypocritical humility, or an affected desire of abstinence from that great necessity of politicians—speech-making. He knows both that he is expected to speak, and that what he has to say will be held to be of value. He knows that no decision will be come to till he has been heard, and that the chances are in favour of his opinion prevailing even with those opposed to him, unless the current of political feeling should happen at the time to run very strongly indeed. These incumbrances of ordinary speakers being cast aside, the Duke can afford to run at once full tilt at the real question in dispute. To see him stripping the subject of all extraneous and unnecessary adjuncts, until he exposes it to his hearers in its real and natural proportions, is a very rich treat. He scents a fallacy afar off, and hunts it down at once without mercy. He has certain constitutional principles which with him are real standards. He measures propositions or opinions by these standards, and as they come up to the mark or fall short of it, so are they accepted or disposed of. Sometimes, but rarely, he carries this inflexible system too far, and has afterwards to retract; but it is remarkable for a man who has wielded such authority, who has been accustomed to implicit deference for so many years, and whose mental organisation is so stern and steadfast, how few prejudices he has. Even these will always yield to necessity, often to reason. If he be sometimes dogmatical, the fault is less his than of those who lead

him into this natural error, when their respect deters them from even reminding him that he is fallible.

"Self-reliance and singleness of purpose induce in him vigour of thought and simplicity of diction. This simplicity, which is not confined to the language only, but extends to the operation of the mind, is unique. You meet nothing like it in any other man now prominently before the public. There is a vigorous economy of both thoughts and words. As a speaker and as a general, the Duke equally disencumbers himself of unnecessary agents. He is as little fond of rhetorical flourishes or declamatory arts as he was of useless troops. Every word does its work. Simple, sound, sterling Saxon, he seems to choose by instinct, as hitting hardest with least show. Sometimes, this self-reliance and simplicity degenerate into an abruptness almost rude. Then the simplicity would almost appear affected, but that the Duke is wholly incapable of that culpable weakness.

* * * * * * *

"With all his apparent simplicity and rigidity, no man more thoroughly keeps pace with his age than the Duke of Wellington. He unites great shrewdness of perception and readiness of observation, with a disposition steadfastly to adhere to what is, rather than to yield to what has not been tried. If he rarely rejects a theory, he as rarely adopts one, because it is new. He is not fond of theories, except those which the past and the experience of long practice have sanctioned. He individualises everything as much as he can. He prefers a small benefit, that is specific and real, to the most magnificent promises. The chief characteristic of his mind is common sense; but it is of a very uncommon sort. It becomes a kind of practical philosophy. He requires so much per cent. deposit for every share in the joint-stock of modern wisdom. Perhaps he sometimes pushes these peculiarities too far. The prejudices of so powerful a man may sometimes become a great national obstruction. But, on the other hand, it is well that there should be some men of fixed ideas, to prevent the moral world flying off out of its appointed orbit.

"It is the moral influence of the Duke of Wellington, and the position in the country which his great services have secured for him, that render him so influential a speaker in the House of Lords. It is felt that his speeches are not merely made for a party purpose, but that they embody the experience of a life. His sincerity, and the reliance you have on his sagacity, compensate for the absence of those graces of style and manner, and that choice of language, which

are expected from a public speaker. He usually sits in a state of abstraction,—his arms folded, his head sunk on his breast, his legs stretched out: he seems to be asleep.[1] But in a very few moments, he shows that he has not been an inattentive observer of the debate. He suddenly starts up, advances (sometimes with faltering steps, from his advanced age) to the table, and, without preface or preliminary statement, dashes at once at the real question in dispute. The keenness with which he detects it, and the perseverance of his pursuit, are remarkable proofs of the unimpaired vigour of his understanding. Even with all the physical feebleness which might be expected at his years, he entirely fills the House while he speaks. His utterance is very indistinct; yet by a strong effort of the will he makes himself clearly heard and understood, even though to do so he may have to repeat whole portions of sentences. Not a point of the discourse escapes him; and the most vigorous debater often finds the weakness of his argument, however cleverly masked, suddenly detected and exposed. Some of the short, terse, pointed sentences, fall with a force on the House the more remarkable for the contrast of the matter with the manner. The speeches as a whole, though always extremely brief in comparison with those of more elaborate debaters, strike the hearer with surprise for their sustained tone, the consistency of their argument, and a kind of natural symmetry, the necessary consequence of their being the sincere and spontaneous development of a strong mind and a determined purpose."

The occasions on which the Duke of Wellington held it his duty to speak in his place in Parliament in 1841, were neither numerous nor exciting. His speeches were rather incidental than directed to the accomplishment of any piece of State policy. He offered opinions, but did not employ his eloquence to carry public measures. For instance, with reference to some French naval proceedings in South America and the Pacific, he referred to the importance of our preserving a good understanding with France; he praised the capture of St. Jean d'Acre in Syria (upon the occasion of a misunderstanding with the Egyptian Pacha) as the greatest deed of modern times—almost the only instance on record of ships of war alone capturing a fort; he expressed his disapprobation of Australian commissions; protested against the evils of reducing warlike

[1] We have seen a very beautiful statuette, in Parian porcelain, executed by Mr. Forrester, and published by Messrs. Sharpus, of Cockspur Street, Charing Cross—representing the Duke in the attitude here described. It is one of the very few statuettes which can be confidently accepted for its fidelity.

establishments, especially illustrating them by the state of British affairs in China; denounced Irish Poor-law commissioners for failing to do their duty in terms of the Irish Poor-law Bill; upheld the Corn-laws, as calculated to support the agriculture of England, and render her independent of other nations; and disputed their connection with the increase in the imports of cotton, which he rather ascribed to the operation of steam machinery.

The expedition to Affghanistan alluded to in the narrative of the affairs of 1839, after completing its objects, endured a horrible fate in the annihilation of the entire force by the Affghans and the mountain tribes, in 1841. An insurrection, it appears, took place, and, in an unguarded moment, the British force was surprised and blockaded; and upon its subsequent permitted evacuation of Cabul, in the depth of winter, it fell a prey to the vengeance and treachery of the Affghans.

Before the news of the massacre had reached England, the Duke of Wellington was consulted as to the propriety of occupying the country, and he then took a view of the position of the British troops, and drew up the following paper:—

"It is impossible to read the letter from Mr. Macnaghten to the Secretary to the Government in India, without being sensible of the precarious and dangerous position of our affairs in Central Asia.

"Mr. Macnaghten complains of reports against the King, Shah Soojah Khan, and his Government, as libels.

"Of these we can know nothing; but I am convinced that no complaints or libels can be so strong as the facts stated by Mr. Macnaghten in this letter.

"It appears that when Mr. Macnaghten heard of the first symptoms and first acts of this rebellion, he prevailed upon the King to send a message to the rebels, inviting them to return to their allegiance.

"The selection of the person sent is curious—Humaya Khan, the Governor of Cabul. 'His mission failed, of course,' says Mr. Macnaghten, 'because Humaya Khan was the chief instigator of the rebellion!'

"We know in this country something of the customs of those countries—of the meaning of some of the native expressions in this letter. It appears that there are four thanahs, or posts, between Cabul and Gundamuck. A thanah is either a permanent or a temporary post, to guard a road or district of importance. We have seen who the person was selected to induce the rebels to submit; let us now see who were the persons appointed to take charge of those

thanahs or posts in the disturbed country—those named in the subsequent part of the despatch as the very men who were the leaders in the rebellion, in the attack, and destruction, and murder of the East India Company's officers and troops! No libels can state facts against the Affghan Government stronger than these.

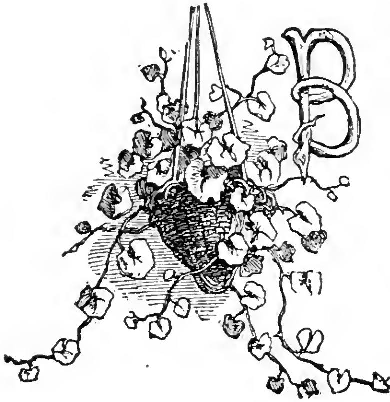
"But Mr. Macnaghten has discovered that the Company's troops are not sufficiently active personally, nor are they sufficiently well armed for the war in Affghanistan. Very possibly an Affghan will run over his native hills faster than an Englishman or a Hindoo. But we have carried on war in hill countries, as well in Hindostan and the Deccan as in the Spanish Peninsula; and I never heard that our troops were not equal, as well in personal activity as by their arms, to contend with and overcome any natives of hills whatever. Mr. Macnaghten ought to have learnt by this time that hill countries are not conquered, and their inhabitants kept in subjection, solely by running up the hills and firing at long distances. The whole of a hill country, of which it is necessary to keep possession, particularly for the communication of the army, should be occupied by sufficient bodies of troops, well supplied, and capable of maintaining themselves; and not only not a Ghilzye, or insurgent, should be able to run up and down hills, but not a cat or a goat, except under the fire of those occupying the hills. This is the mode of carrying on the war, and not by hiring Affghans, with long matchlocks, to protect and defend the communications of the British army.

"Shah Soojah Khan may have in his service any troops that he and Mr. Macnaghten please; but if the troops in the East India Company are not able, armed and equipped as they are, to perform the service required of them in Central Asia, I protest against their being left in Affghanistan. It will not do to raise, pay, and discipline matchlock-men, in order to protect the British troops and their communications, discovered by Mr. Macnaghten to be no longer able to protect themselves.

"WELLINGTON."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Duke resumes the command of the Army—Sessions of 1843 and 1844—Opinions on the conquest of Scinde and the recall of Lord Ellenborough—Equestrian statues of the Duke raised in the City of London and at Glasgow—The Queen visits the Duke at Strathfieldsaye—The Duke's letters—Accident to the Duke.



UT few periods of the eventful life of the Duke of Wellington were less distinguished by activity than the two or three years which followed immediately upon the resumption of office by Sir Robert Peel.

A violent agitation had commenced in Manchester against the Corn Laws. Associations were formed all over the country, and especially in London and the manufacturing districts, for the express purpose of getting rid of those laws. Considerable sums of money were subscribed by opulent traders and manufacturers for the perfect organisation of an active enmity to "Protection;" and the agitation assumed a more formidable character than any Catholic Association had done, because it was directed by strong-minded men of business habits, who found disciples in every man and woman in the country who was not a grower of corn. The arguments of the leaders of the Corn Law agitation, advanced in newspapers expressly established under the auspices of the League, and in speeches from the platform of every hall and large theatre in the United Kingdom, were for the most part irrefragable, and had begun to operate upon the mind of Sir

Robert Peel. Impressed with a belief, often expressed, of the importance of maintaining the laws intact, the Duke held aloof from the discussion of the subject with his colleagues, and hence we rarely find him taking a prominent part in public affairs during the year 1842. In fact, excepting when he supported the Income Tax established by Sir Robert Peel, his Grace did not speak in the House of Lords more than two or three times during the session.

There was another motive for this abstinence from any very active participation in the affairs of the country. The Duke, owing to the illness of Lord Hill, had resumed the office of Commander-in-Chief of the army.

Lord Hill died in November, 1842. From what has been said[1] of the attachment with which he inspired the men and officers of the British army, it may readily be conceived that Lord Hill's death was productive of poignant regret. He had carried into the chief command all the estimable qualities which endeared him to his subordinates and comrades in the field; and was as watchful of the honour and interests of the army during peace, as he had been solicitous of its glory and renown in the excitement and dangers of war.

The manner in which the Duke of Wellington exercised the proud command which now again devolved upon him, and which he held uninterruptedly to the last hour of his life, is treated of in a later chapter. There is no doubt that his official employment influenced his tone, and gave additional prominence to his position in the House of Lords in 1843; for we find him frequently addressing the House in the trenchant style of the military absolutist.

"The Government of Lord Melbourne," said he, "carried on war all over the world with a peace establishment. That is exactly what *we* (Sir Robert Peel's Government) *do not*."

Regarding the China war, his Grace reminded the House that he was the only person among the Peers who had defended the local officers.

"I said that the war was a just and necessary war. I will go further, and say if it had been otherwise—if it had been a war solely on account of the robbery of the opium—if her Majesty's servants were engaged in that war, and if their interests and honour were involved in it, I should have considered it my duty to make every effort for carrying it on with success."

In a passing allusion to the Indian army, a part of which had been

1 See Volume I. pages 130 and 338.

absent in Affghanistan, upon a retributive campaign, the Duke emphatically said—

"All do their duty—all are animated by the true feelings of soldiers."

And in reference to certain large and tumultuous assemblages in Ireland, held for the purpose of procuring a repeal of the Union, the Duke—who frequently spoke against these "monster" meetings and their object—announced, with pleasurable confidence, that—

"Everything that could be done had been done in order to enable the Government to preserve the peace of the country, and to meet all misfortunes and consequences which might result from the violence of the passions of those men who unfortunately guide the multitude in Ireland."

We pass to the year 1844. Affairs in India occupied more than ordinary attention in the House of Lords during this year. The Ameers of Scinde having, according to the opinion of Lord Ellenborough (Governor-General in 1842), betrayed the interests of the Anglo-Indian Government during the expedition to Affghanistan, Major-General Sir Charles Napier was directed to demand satisfaction, and, failing to obtain it, he attacked the Ameers, who had assembled a large army at Meanee, on the heights of Dubba and at Hyderabad, defeating them in every case, and bringing the whole principality of Scinde under British domination. This proceeding was held by the friends of the Ameers, and others who examined the political merits of the matter with an impartial eye, to have been at least premature, if not altogether unjustifiable; and papers were called for in Parliament to enable the Legislature to judge of the question. In the meanwhile the Court of Directors of the East India Company, incensed at the conduct of Lord Ellenborough—who had, moreover, throughout his tenure of the government of India, treated the Directors, his "honourable masters," in a *haut en bas* fashion—recalled the Governor-General from his post, and conferred the important trust on Sir Henry Hardinge. The whole subject coming before Parliament, the Duke of Wellington bore a high tribute to the military proceedings of Sir Charles Napier. "I must say, my Lords," exclaimed his Grace, "that after giving the fullest consideration to these operations (in Scinde) I have never known an instance of an officer who has shown in a higher degree that he possesses all the qualifications to enable him to conduct great operations. He has maintained the utmost discretion and prudence in the formation of his plans, the utmost activity in all the preparations to ensure his

success, and, finally, the utmost zeal, gallantry, and science, in carrying them into execution."

The recall of Lord Ellenborough, for whom the Duke had long entertained a personal friendship, and who had been a member of the Government under the Duke's and Sir Robert Peel's administration, was regarded by the Duke as an act of "*indiscretion*" on the part of the East India Company. His grace did not doubt their power, but he questioned the prudence of their acting in so serious a matter without consulting the Board of Commissioners for the affairs of India. He contended that the Directors could not have been aware of the secret instruction sent out to Lord Ellenborough, and, for all they knew, they might be imposing upon him a severe penalty for simply carrying out instructions.

The Duke's friendship had more influence than his judgment in the examination he bestowed upon the subject of the recall, and it is now matter of notoriety that his Grace lived to consider Lord Ellenborough (who was elevated to an Earldom, by way of a salve, on his return to England), a most indiscreet and intemperate ruler. He, who in his Parliamentary speeches the Duke was accustomed to allude to as his "noble friend," degenerated into "the noble lord behind" him; and it is certain that the Conservatives, who held power until 1846, and afterwards resumed the reins of office in 1852, evinced no desire to accept Lord Ellenborough, once the strongest of their party, as a colleague.

On the evening of the 14th of February (1844), the Duke had another of those attacks to which reference has been already made. Returning to Apsley House from his afternoon ride, he was observed to fall down upon the neck of his horse, just as he had reached his own door. Two gentlemen passing ran to his assistance, and he was conveyed in their arms into Apsley House, in a state of total unconsciousness.

On the 18th of June, 1844, the equestrian statue of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, for which the sum of 9000*l.* had been subscribed by the citizens of London (the metal, valued at 1500*l.*, having been given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer),[1] was inaugurated. Its execution had been entrusted to Sir Francis Chantrey (the most distinguished British sculptor of the age) in the year 1839, and was to have been completed and fixed by 1843. Chantrey dying after the model had been prepared, the work was completed by his assistant, Mr. Weeks, under the direction of the executors. The inauguration took place upon the occasion of the King of Saxony's visit to the

1 The metal was composed of guns taken from the French in the Duke's campaigns.

City. The statue was placed in front of the Royal Exchange, facing the west. It had been Sir Francis Chantrey's wish that the statue should face the south, in order that it might have had the advantage of the sun; and to attain this object the more completely, the upper story of the Mansion-house had been removed. The committee, however, came to the resolution that as the front of the Royal Exchange faced the west, it would be preposterous to turn the face of the statue away from that direction, and they accordingly came to the unanimous conclusion that the Duke should front Cheapside. The statue is handsome, and may, perhaps be considered the very best of the equestrians that adorns the British metropolis. The horse is correctly, gracefully, and at the same time boldly formed; the attitude of rest in which it stands being well qualified by the appearance of life and animal energy in the swollen veins, the distended nostrils, and the flowing mane of the horse.[1] The portrait of the Duke is admirable, while his position on the horse is as easy and unembarrassed as the absence of stirrups renders possible. The least satisfactory part of the work is the indefinite character of the costume, which is neither quite antique nor quite modern. At the inauguration some thousands of persons assembled; and Mr. R. L. Jones

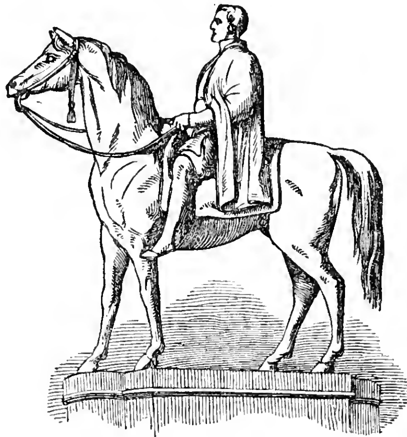
1 As to the quiescent attitude of the horse in this, and two other equestrian statues by the same sculptor, some revelations occur in Jones's "Recollections of Chantrey," which are worth quoting. The passage runs as follows:—

"When George IV. was sitting to Chantrey, he required the sculptor to give him an idea of an equestrian statue to commemorate him, which Chantrey accomplished at a succeeding interview by placing in the Sovereign's hand a number of small equestrian figures, drawn carefully on thick paper, and resembling, in number and material, a pack of cards. These sketches pleased the King very much, who turned them over and over, expressing his surprise that such a variety could be produced; and, after a thousand fluctuations of opinion—sometimes for a prancing steed, sometimes a trotter, then for a neighing or starting charger—his Majesty at length resolved on a horse standing still, as the most dignified for a king. Chantrey probably led to this, as he was decidedly in favour of the four legs being on the ground. He had a quiet and convincing manner of satisfying persons of the propriety of that, which, from reflection, he judged to be preferable. Chantrey's friend, Lord Egremont, was of the same opinion; for, in writing to the sculptor, he said, 'I am glad your horse is not walking off his pedestal, which looks more like a donkey than a sensible horse.' Chantrey wished in this instance for a quiet or standing horse; but he determined, if he ever executed another portrait, to represent the horse in the act of pawing, not from the conviction of its being a better attitude, but for the sake of variety, and to convince the public that he could do one as well as the other; for, whenever his works were censured, it always was for heaviness or want of action, which is rather surprising considering the energetic and speaking statue of Grattan."

"Man proposes—but—"—we all know the rest. The next equestrian statue which Chantrey undertook was that for the City of London, now in question, and he still stuck to the quiet horse. Mr. Jones, in his little *brochure* already referred to, states, on the authority of Mr. Cunningham, that the Duke once went to see this equestrian statue (previous to its being sent out to India), when he remarked:—"A very fine horse;" after a pause, "a very fine statue;" and again, after another pause, "and a very extraordinary man!"

addressed the spectators. He did not descant upon a theme so familiar to the public as the transcendent merits of the Duke,—he rather referred to the claims his Grace had established upon the gratitude of the citizens of London by promoting the improvements and embellishments which the visitors to our great city look at with wonder; and it was this feeling of thankfulness to which they were determined to give effect in a way which posterity would be well able to appreciate, and would leave an example worthy of imitation. Mr. Jones added a fact not generally known: that it was the first equestrian bronze statue which ever had been raised during the life of the person represented.

The statue is 14 feet in height from the foot of the horse to the top of the head of the Duke; and it rests upon a granite pedestal also 14 feet high.



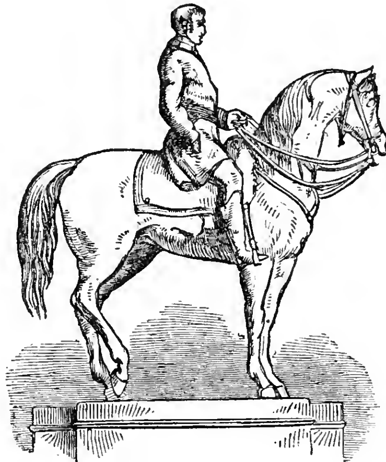
STATUE IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Singularly enough, in the same year an equestrian statue of the Duke was erected in Glasgow. It originated "in a resolution passed at an influential public meeting, in the spring of 1840; and within a few months the subscriptions amounted to nearly 10,000*l.* A deputation of the subscribers then waited upon the Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House, and communicated their intention to his Grace." In this case the artist employed was not an Englishman; and, pending the deliberations upon the subject, Chantrey appears to have become early aware of that fact, and writes, under date May 19, 1840, to Miss Moore—"Tell papa that the Duke has discovered that in

England, or even in Scotland, no artist can be found worthy of the Glasgow commission: that it must be offered to Thorwaldsen of Rome. If Thorwaldsen should not be able to cast it, what then? No matter!"

As to the appointment of Thorwaldsen, however, the English sculptor was mistaken—a *French* artist was resorted to. On the 30th of November, 1841, the acting committee rosolved to nominate Charles, Baron Marochetti, of Vaux, in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, in France, as the artist to design and erect the statue, with the illustrative bas-reliefs on the pedestal, representing the battles of Assaye and Waterloo. The inauguration took place on the 8th of October, 1844, in presence of the Lord Provost, Sir Neil Douglas, Commander of the Forces, &c.

In this statue, also, the horse is quiescent, the moment being that when, as if having just come to a state of repose, he seems as if listening to some distant sound.



THE STATUE AT GLASGOW.

The head is that of an Arab, with the broad forehead and wide nostrils, and is standing with fore foot a little in advance, in an easy posture, the reins lying slack. The position of the Duke is that of a General reviewing his troops. The likeness is taken when the Duke was in the prime of life, the hero being dressed in the frock coat of a Field Marshal, with his different orders. The bas-reliefs on the south and north sides of the pedestal represent the first and last

victories of the Duke, namely, that of Assaye, fought on the 23rd of September, 1803, and Waterloo, 18th of June, 1815. Two small bas-reliefs on the east and west ends of the pedestal represent the soldier's return, and the soldier at the plough after all his labours, and after having saved his country from the inroad of the foe.

On the 20th of January, 1845, the Duke of Wellington had an opportunity of displaying his "dutiful hospitality" to his Sovereign and her amiable consort at his modest abode at Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire. Her Majesty and the Prince remained the usual time prescribed by etiquette for royal visits to illustrious subjects. Three days were thus consumed—the first in arrival—the second in repose—the third in departure. The reception of the Queen throughout the county was joyous in the extreme, and the Duke exercised the grateful office of host in a manner peculiarly his own. Five apartments were assigned to the Royal party, and people of the first consideration in the county were invited to the banquets upon the first and second days. After dinner, upon the 20th, the Queen sat in the library, and was much interested in the very remarkable and numerous collection of old and modern prints which were hung all over the walls. On the following day, the Duke, after escorting the Prince Consort and some friends upon a shooting excursion, in which the venerable chief himself brought down several head of game—conducted her Majesty to the residence of Sir John Cope, Brownhill House—a place remarkable for its unique antiquity. The house was designed for Prince Henry, the son of James I. On the following day the royal party returned to Windsor.

A more exact account of the royal visit to Strathfieldsaye might have been given than is extant in the papers of the day had the Duke of Wellington followed the example of other members of the aristocracy, and admitted the reporters of the London press to any part of the sanctuary. But his Grace, apart from his general aversion to hold communication with the "gentlemen of the press," deemed it unbecoming in him to allow the royal privacy to be, as he considered it would, rudely disturbed. To an application from a reporter for admission, he delivered the following characteristic reply:—

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. ———, and begs to say that he does not see what his house at Strathfieldsaye has to do with the public press."

The terms of this note are rude enough in all conscience, and it is to be regretted that they were *habitual.* Probably no man

wrote a greater number of notes than the Duke. His politeness induced him to reply to all letters that were addressed to him; and as the tone of the replies was uniform, the recipients were accustomed to send copies of them to the newspapers for the amusement of the public. Sometimes the notes were written by Mr. Greville, the Duke's secretary, who had learnt to imitate his writing as well as his style; but the holders—many of whom wrote for the mere purpose of obtaining an autograph reply—believed the notes of Mr. Greville to be the *bonâ fide* productions of the Duke, and were punished for the trouble they gave in the deception innocently enough practised upon them. Some of the notes addressed to the Duke were absurd and impertinent, and deserved the check conveyed in the reply; but more frequently they were penned in ignorance of the character of the Duke, and in a spirit of good faith. A few of these will serve to illustrate at once the nature of the applications with which his Grace was pestered, and the manner in which he disposed of them.

The following appeared in the "Banner of Ulster." It was addressed to a gentleman residing near Belfast, who at the time of its receipt was not a little annoyed at the curt phraseology of his illustrious correspondent:—

TO FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"May it please your Grace,—I have taken the liberty of requesting your opinion,—Was 'Napoleon' guilty or not of the murder of his prisoners at Jaffa, and if there is any military law or circumstance that would justify the deed?

"Yours respectfully,
"J. H."

REPLY.

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. H. He has also received Mr. H.'s letter, and begs leave to inform him he is not the historian of the wars of the French Republic in Egypt and Syria."

A letter addressed to the Duke with a printed circular proposed the establishment of a Trade Society on a new plan. The Duke replied:—

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. ———. He has received his letter and the enclosed. The Duke begs leave to decline to have any relation with the committee

of the ———. He may give his money in charity, but he will not become in any manner responsible for the distribution of money received."

A tradesman wrote requesting payment of an account of the Marquis of Douro's, then on the continent. He received the annexed answer:—

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. G. The Duke is not the collecter of the Marquis of Douro's debts."

During a mania for the establishment of joint-stock railway companies, the Duke was asked for the use of his name as a patron or committee-man. His Grace answered:—

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments. He begs to decline allowing the use of his name, or giving his opinion of the proposed line of railway, of which he knows nothing."

Innumerable applications were made to the Duke to become a subscriber to books, or to allow of their being dedicated to him; but to all he wrote:—

"The Duke begs to decline to give his name as a subscriber to the book in question; but if he learns that it is a good book, he may become a purchaser."

Books were habitually refused acceptance at Apsley House. A literary gentleman had recommended to the Duke the perusal of a work recently published, and was requested to send it. This he did several times, and as often was it refused acceptance. Seeing the Duke a few weeks afterwards, he referred to the subject; whereupon the Duke observed:—"If I were to take in all the trash sent to me, I might furnish a store-room as large as the British Museum." After writing a few words, he added:—"Stick that on the outside, and I'll get it." This was his own name and address, written by himself. So to ensure delivery, it was necessary to have his own endorsement.

A meeting had been held in Edinburgh to vote an address to the House of Lords. Mr. C——, the chairman, who was entrusted with its despatch to the Duke, took the opportunity of expressing his pleasure at hearing of the Duke's convalescence, for his Grace had been ill. Here is the reply to Mr. C——.

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to

Mr. C. The D. returns thanks for Mr. C.'s good wishes. The Duke will not long be convalescent or in existence, if he is to undertake to manage the whole business of the presentation of petitions from every village in the country from Johnny Groat's House to the Land's End. The Duke begs leave to decline to present to the House of Lords petitions from individuals of whom, or from communities of which, he has no knowledge. The Duke begs leave to return the petition."

One more. The Duke had been applied to by a person to recommend him for some office.

"London, 184—.

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. M'D——. The Duke cannot recommend him to the office, for he knows nothing of him or his family. The Duke's leisure ought not to be wasted by having to peruse such applications."

All these are in sufficiently bad taste, and from the frequency of their appearance they conveyed an idea to the public mind that the Duke was habitually *brusque*—and perhaps the conclusion had some justification in fact. The only excuse that can be offered for the discourtesy of the notes lies in the necessity his Grace was under of repelling intrusion, and of checking the practice of making public his communications. If, thought he, people merely want an autograph, they shall have one which it will give them very little pleasure to exhibit. It would perhaps have been better had he left unanswered all that could not be acknowledged civilly at least.

Returning to the course of our biography, we find that, in the year 1845, a circumstance occurred of material interest in connection with the Duke, because, while it showed on how slight a contingency the life of the greatest man of the age depended, it established his sense of duty to the public, and his care for the welfare of individuals. We quote from a newspaper of the day:—

ACCIDENT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"The Duke of Wellington attended on Saturday (4th May, 1845) at the Marlborough Street Police Court, for the purpose of preferring a charge of furious driving, whereby his life was endangered, against Henry Woods, driver of one of the carriers' carts. To prevent inconvenience to his Grace from the crowd which his appearance would attract to this court, the summons was so arranged as to take precedence of the night charges. At half-past eleven o'clock his

Grace, accompanied by Lord Charles Fitzroy Somerset and Mr. Mayne, entered the court. His Grace having been sworn, said—I was walking, on Tuesday last, between two and three o'clock, in Park Lane, on the left-hand side, going out of Piccadilly, and when near the Duchess of Gloucester's house, a very heavy four-wheeled cart passed me. I endeavoured to cross the lane, to get to the pavement on the other side, under the protection of this heavy cart; I got as far as the right-hand wheel of the cart, keeping the cart at my left hand, when I found myself struck on the shoulder, and knocked forward. It was a severe blow, and I found it had been given by another cart, the driver of which did not attempt to give me warning by calling out, until he had struck me. I did not fall; if I had, I must have been under the wheels of both carts. Now, I have no further complaint to make against the man at the bar who drove the cart, than that he was going at such a monstrous pace that he had no control over his horse; indeed, he came along so fast, that he got the whole length of Park Lane without my having perceived him; and the pace he was going at was such, that it was impossible he could stop his horse. This is my complaint; and I bring it forward on public grounds, because I think it is not right that carriages should go along in the public streets at this great rate. The cart by which I was struck was a heavy, tilted cart; the driver was under the tilt. My groom was behind with my horses, and I called him and desired him to follow the cart. My groom trotted as hard as he could, but was unable to overtake the cart until he got as far as South Strand. This will prove the rapid pace at which the driver of the cart was going.

"The defendant said he was truly sorry at what had occurred, but he declared the whole circumstance was accidental. He saw a gentleman about to cross the road, and he called out to warn him; but he was not aware that he had touched any one. He was not going at very great speed, for his horse was an old one, and could not accomplish more than seven miles an hour; and at the time when he passed his Grace, he was going up hill. His attention was directed to the vehicles in the carriage-road, and this prevented his noticing what was doing on the foot-path.

"Mr. Hardwick: Had you kept your eyes directed as you ought, not only to avoid carriages but foot passengers, the circumstance would not have occurred. The reason you have given for not seeing his Grace is no excuse for your conduct.

"The Duke of Wellington: There was plenty of room to have passed, without running against me.

"Mr. Hall, No. 12, Park Lane, said he saw his Grace attempting to cross the lane at the time that a carrier's cart, which was going at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, was coming down the lane. Thinking, from the way the man was driving, that his Grace would be knocked down, he ran to the door, and saw the cart strike his Grace on the shoulder. Had his Grace been turned round sharply the cart must have been over his feet. The pace the man was driving at was not more than seven miles an hour. He was driving negligently rather than furiously.

"Mr. Hardwick: Had he kept a proper lookout, he must have seen his Grace?

"Witness: Certainly. He was going up hill, and could have stopped the horse easier than if he was going down hill.

"Mr. Hardwick: Did you hear that man call out?

"Witness: No, I did not.

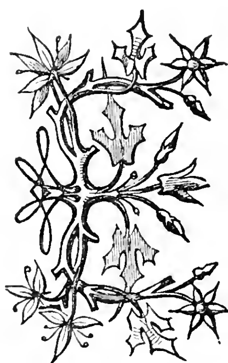
"In defence, the man repeated that he was exceedingly sorry for what had occurred.

"Mr. Hardwick: It appears from the evidence that you were driving, if not at a furious, still at a rapid rate; but as you were going up hill at the time, had you used the ordinary precautions in driving along the public street, and if you had proper command over your horse, this accident could not have occurred. A witness has described your careless mode of driving at the time, by saying you were neither looking to the right hand nor to the left; and the whole evidence goes to prove that your mode of driving was reckless and careless, exhibiting a perfect indifference to the life and limbs of foot-passengers. This case I shall deal with as a case of assault. You have committed several serious offences: first, furious driving; next, endangering life and limb; and lastly, committing an assault, for running against the person and striking that person with the cart, is as much an assault as if the blow were given by hand. For the assault, which is clearly proved, you will pay a fine of 4*l.*, or one month's imprisonment.

"The defendant was then locked up."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sir Robert Peel and the Corn-Laws—The Duke's resistance—Resignation of the Peel Ministry—And their resumption of office on the failure of Lord John Russell to form a Government—The Duke gives way—The Corn Laws repealed—Erection of the statue on the Triumphal Arch at Hyde Park Corner—Resignation of Sir Robert Peel—Lord John Russell forms a Government—The Duke on our National Defences.



IGHTEEN hundred and forty-six is a memorable year in the annals of the British Parliament, as the epoch of the greatest change ever effected in the commercial policy of the country. Succumbing to the pressure of events, the Minister surrendered the Corn Laws.

Sir Robert Peel, who had yielded to the persuasions of the Duke in regard to the Catholic Bill, and stubbornly resisted them upon the question of Parliamentary Reform, was now, in his turn, to find the Duke indisposed to act with him upon so grave a case as the abolition of the protective duties upon corn, which Sir Robert had himself, throughout his political career, energetically upheld. Yet, if reason were allowed its due influence, there were few occasions on which a Minister might have found himself so entirely justified in departing from his long-settled convictions. A blight had seized upon the potato in Ireland—the crop had altogether failed—and a famine threatened, and actually did visit, that devoted country. Foreseeing the calamity, Sir Robert Peel summoned a Cabinet Council, and proposed at once to open the ports—in other words, to afford facilities for the importation of foreign bread-stuffs. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Stanley (now the Earl of Derby) opposed the proposition. They

denied that the food supplies of Great Britain were insufficient to meet the wants of Ireland; and they dreaded lest a temporary suspension of the Corn Laws should prove the precursor of their total extinction. Sir Robert Peel's arguments and the frightful reports of deficiency and apprehended starvation were disregarded. Sir Robert then took a more decided tone: announced to his colleagues the impression which had been produced on his mind by the writings and harangues of the leaders of the Anti-Corn-Law League; and proposed the total repeal of the Corn Law. In the Commons he was sure of a great majority—with the country he was certain of sympathy and popularity—in the lords he knew that success depended upon the view the Duke of Wellington might take. He earnestly appealed to the veteran Commander. The Duke was obdurate, and Sir Robert Peel resigned in despair, to the great distress of the country.

The Queen sent for Lord John Russell to form a Ministry. His Lordship readily accepted the trust; for he at once perceived how large an accession to the popularity of the Whig party would ensue from the inauguration of the Ministry with a bill for establishing a free trade in corn. Personal differences among the Whigs, however, tore the prize and the honour from his grasp. Earl Grey, to whom the office of Colonial Minister was offered, refused to sit in the same Cabinet with Lord Palmerston, to whom the post of Foreign Secretary had been tendered. Lord John Russell felt that he could not spare either. Earl Grey, by connexion and influence in the House of Lords—the influence which eloquence and mental power, apart from temper and dignity of character, gave—was indispensable to Lord John Russell; and Lord Palmerston had, by common consent, become the only fitting instrument of Whig policy, and the best debater among the Whig leaders of the House of Commons. His tone as Foreign Minister on former occasions had always been high,—it was his duty, as well as his ardent desire, to make the English name respected throughout the world; and all foreign nations felt that while he was at the head of affairs in that department they could not insult Great Britain with impunity.

Lord John Russell, failing to reconcile the differences between Earl Grey and Viscount Palmerston, and seeing the impossibility of constructing a strong Government without the aid of both, surrendered the glory of carrying the repeal of the Corn Laws to his great political rival.

The necessity which the Queen was now under of recalling Sir Robert, and the impossibility which Sir Robert announced of his

carrying on the Government unless he could go before Parliament with a proposal to abolish the Corn Laws, imposed upon the Duke of Wellington the alternative of sacrificing his principles to his loyalty,

LORD PALMERSTON.

or his loyalty to his principles. The chivalry of the Duke took fire at the proposition. Away went the principles—his Grace "resolved to *stand by* his friend!"

Parliament met early in 1846; and the Duke of Wellington, with her Majesty's permission, explained the circumstances of the resignation in the first instance, and the subsequent acceptance of office: "Whatever that measure may be, I say that, situated as I am, my Lords, in this country—highly rewarded as I have been by the Sovereign and the people of England—I could not refuse that Sovereign to aid her to form a Government when called upon, in order to enable her Majesty to meet her Parliament, and carry on

the business of the country. *I positively could not refuse to serve the Sovereign when thus called upon.*"

Sir Robert Peel lost no time in bringing in this bill. It passed the Commons triumphantly. The scene which ensued upon the second reading is graphically described by a Parliamentary reporter present on the memorable occasion:—

"The debate began on Monday, the 25th May, while the Park guns were still firing to announce the birth of the Princess Helena. The debate was resumed on the following day; and on Thursday night, or rather on Friday morning, their Lordships affirmed the second reading by a majority of forty-seven. The Duke reserved himself for the close of the debate. We well remember the scene. The Duke took his seat at five o'clock on Thursday evening, and sat as if chained to the Treasury Bench until nearly four o'clock the next morning. The galleries were filled with ladies, many of whom sat through the night, and remained until the division. Among those who gave this proof of the interest with which this great historical scene had inspired them, were the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Countess of Wilton, the Countess of Essex, and Viscountess Sidney. A brilliant circle of diplomatists and distinguished foreigners stood at the foot of the throne. The old Duke of Cambridge, who had declared that he would not support the bill, and that he should not vote at all, was going from one cross-bench to the other, attracting attention by his audible remarks and by his rather violent *bonhommie.* The debate flagged: there remained no one but the Duke to speak whom the assemblage cared to hear. All eyes were turned to this wonderful old man, who seemed to despise fatigue and to be superior to the ordinary wants of humanity. He sat, rigid and immovable, with his hat over his eyes, paying the most strict and conscientious attention to everything that was said. About half-past three in the morning he arose. A strange emotion rendered his utterance thick and indistinct, and even seemed to give incoherence to his remarks. There were, indeed, passages which made his friends exchange glances, in which they seemed to ask each other whether it was fatigue, or the growing infirmities of age, or the excitement of that memorable night, that had thrown the Duke's mind off its balance. Perhaps these were the passages in the speech (for there were many) which did not reach the reporters' gallery; for the reported speech although it bears traces of deep feeling, and is not without a noble pathos, contains nothing to explain the misgivings and apprehensions of his audience.

"He began by expressing the regret with which he found himself

in a hostile position to those with whom he had been constantly in the habit of acting in political life. 'I am aware,' he said, 'I address your Lordships with all your prejudices against me,' a painful thing for a man to say who had been so loved, so looked up to, so honoured, and so trusted. Shaken by emotion, and almost inaudible from his agitation, the Duke was then heard to say:—'I never had any claim to the confidence that your Lordships have placed in me. But I will not omit even on this night—possibly the last on which I shall ever venture to address to you my advice—I will not omit to counsel you as to the vote you should give on this occasion.' The Duke proceeded, to the astonishment of the Peers, to introduce, in what they considered an unconstitutional manner, a name which it is contrary to the rules of Parliament to claim upon the side of the person who speaks. 'This measure has come up, recommended by the Commons. *We also know that this measure has been recommended by the Crown.*' Murmurs, such as the great Field-Marshal never heard before in the House of Peers, here went round the House at this unconstitutional mention of the name of the Sovereign. But their Lordships, in one of the most memorable sentences ever addressed to them, were soon to see, that if the Duke had violated an order of their Lordships' House, he had but assumed a privilege which great men sometimes claim when they break some rule of etiquette to save an institution. 'My Lords,' he continued, 'the House of Lords can do nothing without the two other branches of the Legislature. *Separately from the Crown and the House of Commons you can do nothing. And if you break your connexion* WITH BOTH, *you will put an end to the functions of the House of Lords.*' The Protectionist Peers despised the counsel. A merry laugh went round the House. It is well the deriders were not in a majority on the division, or the House of Peers would by this time have paid a bitter penalty for scorning the sagacity of their illustrious adviser.

"The Duke's speech on this occasion has been well described as a conflict between the habitual prejudices of his associations and his recognition of a great necessity—as a conflict between the unwilling sense of a growing and the innate devotion to a prescriptive power. Not a word did the Duke waste upon the merits of the bill or its possible operation. The Corn-law was an untenable line of fortification, which must be given up. He could not save the Corn-law, and the Queen had claimed his services, and called upon him, by his fidelity to the throne, to assist in carrying on the business of her Government. 'I did think, my Lords, that the formation of a Government in which her Majesty would have confidence was of

greater importance than any opinion of any individual upon the Corn-law or any other law.' And then the Duke warned their lordships as to the possible consequences of rejecting the bill. His speech made a great impression, and the result was a majority of forty-seven in favour of the second reading. The doors of their Lordships' House were surrounded by members of the House of Commons, who were waiting to hear the result. The writer was one of the first to enter when the doors were re-opened, and to hear the result of the division. How quickly the news was carried to all parts of the country by express engines, and what universal joy it gave in our great towns, and in the hives of manufacturing industry, this is not the place to describe.

"The House divided at half-past four. The Duke was one of the last to leave. It was broad daylight when, on this memorable May morning, the Duke left the House where, amid much mortification, and the severance of so many political and personal ties of association, he had so nobly served his country. A small crowd had collected in Palace-yard, early as was the hour, and as soon as the Duke made his appearance they began to cheer. 'God bless you, Duke,' loudly and fervently exclaimed one mechanic; who, early as it was, was going to his morning toil. The Duke's horse began to prance at the cheers of the crowd, and the Duke promptly caused silence by exclaiming, 'For Heaven's sake, people, let me get on my horse!' It was now five o'clock, and the Duke rode off to St. James's Park. As he passed through the Horse Guards, and received the salute of the sentinel on duty, was it then given him to know that he had just secured the accomplishment of a legislative change, which was destined to work a striking improvement in the position and means of the private soldier, and that, ere long, the military, in the words of Sir James Graham, would 'know the reason why?'

"From this moment the Duke may be said to have retired from political strife. His share in the repeal of the Corn-laws cast a halo round his political career, like some glorious sunset which bathes the western sky with golden splendour."

Although the Duke of Wellington had thus contributed to the establishment of Free-trade in corn, he had acted so entirely without reference to his political convictions, that he continued for a long time to feel nervously anxious about the operation of the measure. At first he may have experienced some visitations of conscience, but as he beheld the gradual development of a system which essentially increased the comforts of the poor man, without inflicting material injury upon the landed interest, he became reconciled to his own act,

and frequently admitted that it imparted serenity to the close of his life.

In the month of October, 1845, the colossal equestrian bronze statue of the Duke, which had been subscribed for by the nation as a memorial of his military greatness, was erected over the triumphal arch at Hyde Park corner. A great difference of opinion existed as to the merit of the design and the suitableness of the site, but the present locality was at length determined on, partly because the statue was rendered a prominent object for a mile or two around, and partly on account of its vicinity to the Duke's own residence. The inauguration of the statue was not accompanied by any ceremonial, but the work and its site were for some time a standing jest with the satirists of the day, with what good reason it were difficult to say. Of the magnitude of the memorial and the labour attendant upon its construction by Mr. Wyatt, the sculptor, an idea may be gathered from the following detail:—The cost of the statue was upwards of 30,000*l.*

The quantity of plaster used for this purpose amounted in weight to 160 tons; nor need this excite surprise, when we consider that the statue is nearly thirty feet high, and more than twenty-five feet long, indeed the largest in Europe, and only comparable with the gigantic productions of the ancient Egyptian and Hindoo chisels. The total quantity of the metal used in the construction has been sixty-five tons, the statue itself weighing thirty-five tons. It was not produced as a whole, but in six separate castings, which were afterwards rivetted together. The body of the horse was cast in two pieces, and the carcase thus formed easily contained eight persons, a series of friends to this amount having dined with the artist in this singular dining-room; fourteen ladies, on one occasion, having taken refreshment together in the same place. The head of the Duke was cast from an English nine-pounder brass gun that was taken in the battle of Waterloo; and there are in other parts of the statue five tons of metal from other guns, French as well as English. After the modelling was completed, and the moulds prepared, considerable anxiety and attention was still imposed upon the ingenious sculptor. The metal was fused in a furnace specially constructed, and the heat imparted was so great that the brick-work vitrified and ran in masses. This inconvenience, however, was in a great measure obviated by substituting brick of fire-proof manufacture, but even these became soft and ductile. The moulds also were obliged to be carefully dried, and the place of casting rammed down as hard as possible, for the heated metal coming in contact with any moisture, or inter-

rupted by rarified air, would have destroyed the labour of months by the consequent explosion. The charger is a faithful model of the Duke of Wellington's favourite horse, "Copenhagen," alluded to in an earlier part of this volume. It represents him in his younger days, and the attitude is perfectly characteristic of the man. He is arrayed in a military surtout, over which is thrown his cloak. A

STATUE AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

sword is buckled around his waist, and whilst he holds the horse's reins in one hand, he extends his right, in which is a telescope, as if directing some military movement. Every care was taken to preserve correctness of detail in the appointments of the horse and its distinguished rider.

Sir Robert Peel's government did not long survive the extinction of the Corn Laws and his other admirable measures of commercial policy. The state of affairs in Ireland having rendered it necessary for the Conservative Ministry to bring in a bill for the protection of life, the Irish interpreted it into an excuse for interfering with the free exercise of opinion. The Whigs adopted the same view, and opposed the bill pertinaciously. Sir Robert Peel, nevertheless, carried it into the House of Lords, where, however, it was defeated by a considerable majority. Sir Robert then finally resigned, and Lord John Russell was appointed Premier.

During the ensuing year, nothing transpired to bring the Duke of Wellington prominently before the public. He was occasionally found addressing the House of Lords on passing subjects, but his time for the most part was divided between the Horse Guards and the pleasures of social intercourse.

In 1847, a pamphlet appeared from the pen of the Prince de Joinville, one of the sons of Louis Philippe, the King of the French. It discussed in free and confident terms the feasibility of an invasion of England by France, pointing out all the weak points of our coast, measuring the amount of our naval force, and hinting the advantages which might accrue to the French, in the event of a war, from a descent upon Great Britain.

Such a pamphlet, widely disseminated by means of translation and press discussion, was eminently calculated to alarm the populace of Great Britain; and a question arose as to the propriety of leaving England in so defenceless a state. Louis Philippe had shown, in reference to the marriage of his son the Duc de Montpensier to the Infanta of Spain, that he was not above a paltry juggle, and might one day revive the old animosities between Great Britain and France, when, in all human probability, an attempt would be made upon the British shores. Discussions grew warm upon the subject, when, towards the close of 1847, it suddenly transpired that the Duke of Wellington had for a long time been alive to the importance of fortifying the coasts, and had endeavoured to urge successive governments to go to the country for the means requisite to render us invulnerable. Upon this momentous question, his Grace, in January, 1847, addressed Major-General Sir John Burgoyne, the Inspector-General of Fortifications, a confidential letter, which, however, found its way into the public prints through the active agency of female hands. Sir John had given the letter to be copied by one of the female members of his family, and a Lady S——, more curious than sagacious, transcribed it from the copy for transfer to her album!

In this letter the Duke took a clear view of the defenceless state of England in regard to the number of troops employed at home, pointing out that 65,000 men at least would be required as garrisons for half-a-dozen of our principal dockyards and naval arsenals, whereas we had but 5000 troops! He urged the importance of embodying the militia, and strengthening the belt of the country with fortifications, and he stated with bitter regret that he had "for years" unavailingly drawn the attention of different Administrations, at different times, to the dangerous position in which he considered

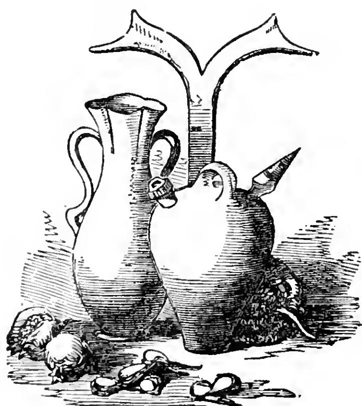
England to stand. "If it be true," wrote the old soldier, "that the exertions of the fleet are not sufficient to provide for our defence, *we are not safe for a week after the declaration of war.*" He added emphatically—

"I am bordering on seventy-seven years of age passed in honour! I hope that the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert."

Sentiments thus expressed, finding publicity soon after circulation had been given to the Prince de Joinville's pamphlet, could not fail to produce a powerful effect in the country. The opinions of the Duke were caught up and echoed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the Minister, yielding to the popular will, soon came before Parliament with a declaration of the necessity of taking steps to place the national defences upon a firm and extensive basis. The principle was generally admitted excepting by the ultra-Liberals, or Free-trade members, who, having exhausted the popularity they had acquired by procuring the destruction of the Corn Laws, were now seeking a new source of public admiration in their attempts to check expenditure. In their eyes England was sufficiently protected in *the folly of war*. Nations had learnt the value of peace through the agency of Free-trade, and there could not, they maintained, be any occasion to spend the public money in preparing against a chimera. But these feeble arguments were met by the more cogent reasoning founded on a knowledge of mankind. While the passions of jealousy, envy, covetousness, revenge, and so forth, animate the human heart, men will make war upon each other, and it therefore behoves nations to maintain such an attitude of calm and inoffensive defiance as may deter their neighbours from wanton aggression. The wisest writers had held, in all times, that the way to preserve peace was to be prepared for war, and this doctrine was now to be practically enforced in England. Circumstances, however, occurred to cause at least a suspension of the measures the Minister was desirous of carrying for the defence of the nation. France was suddenly (February, 1848) plunged into a new revolution, and the Princes, from whose warlike ambition everything was to be apprehended, lost for the time the power of doing either political good or political evil.

CHAPTER XIX

The Chartists—Monster Meeting on Kennington Common—London in "a state of siege"—The Duke's military dispositions—The Chartist Meeting dissolves peaceably—Presentation of the Chartist Petition in the House of Commons.



HERE is a strange affinity between the groans of poverty and the outpourings of political discontent. When wages are reduced, and the population finds itself suddenly disproportioned to the means available for its employment or support, the indigent labourer casts about him for the cause of his immediate distress, that he may seek some little consolation in anathemas. A bad harvest affords a pretext for quarrelling with the operation of Free-trade, through which more corn leaves the country than ever comes into it. The suspension of work at mills and factories supplies a reason for quarrelling with the manufacturer for creating an excess of supply, and so glutting the foreign markets; while the diminution of wages by master manufacturers revives the hostility to machinery and its ingenious inventors. These ebullitions of anger, however, are not found to improve the condition of the sufferer—he may have hit upon the true reason for the state of almost mendicancy in which he finds himself; but inasmuch as the discovery of the disease does not suggest a prompt remedy, he is glad to find some fresh and tangible ground of discontent. In this frame of mind he is an admirable subject for the demagogue—an

apt tool for the designing politician who seeks to magnify the strength of his individual cause by a display of the misery, and a direction of the clamour of myriads. He points out to them that their privations are traceable to other causes than those they have supposed. He tells them that their destitution is the result of excessive taxation; that excessive taxation arises from imperfect representation; that imperfect representation can only be remedied by an extension of the franchise, vote by ballot, and annual Parliaments; and that these remedies can be forced upon Parliament, the Crown, and the aristocracy, by a magnificent demonstration of physical and moral force;—in other words, a monster crowd pregnant with the ingredients of extreme mischief, so low in their condition, that every revolution of Fortune's wheel must carry them upwards. The distressed and dissatisfied multitude imbibe the word of comfort poured into their willing ears by the designing orator, and declare their readiness to obey his every command. They admit the force of his reasoning, and recognize his fitness to lead them to "victory or death."

This is the picture of a periodical occurrence of which modern history presents multitudinous examples. But if the unemployed, the poor, and the discontented fall an easy prey to the restless political agitator, when the state of domestic trade has prepared them for his evil counsels, how much more facile is their capture when revolution has stalked over the length and breadth of the vast continent of Europe, and the foreign workman has asserted the *dignity* of labour by violently destroying thrones, and revelling in idleness and vicious indulgence at the expense of the state! *Then* the wily demagogue points to the *noble* example set the English citizen by his contemporary artisan, and asks him whether, with the certainty of commanding the sympathy of the foreigner, he will continue an ignoble slave?—whether, with the power of grasping a pike or an old musket, he will fear a rencontre with the bâtons of policemen and the bayonets of the Guards, when the valiant assertion of his *rights* may ensure their prompt possession? The poor mechanic, inspired by the glowing effusions of the self-styled patriot, answers in the negative. He does not fear; he will not flinch; he is ready for anything; he will pull down the Throne, upset the Legislature, set the gutters running with blood, and vindicate the rights of the labourer in the name of Liberty!

He is taken at his word. The day for the great deed is named and arrives; the thousands assemble, and the representatives of thousands more join them from all parts of the country. Their

hearts swell, their words are big, their resolutions unshaken. The order for the movement is given. A Commissioner of Police speaks in the name of the law, and, *presto!* the whole assemblage is dispersed, without a broken pate or a broken pane, to meditate on the exceeding folly of leaving work and suspending business to rely on wild demagogues, instead of placing a dependence on the wisdom and integrity and constitutional purposes of Parliament.

The extraordinary and most unexpected revolution which took place in France early in 1848, upsetting the Orleans dynasty, was followed by similar great movements in Prussia, Austria, and the lower German States, having been preceded by violent insurrections in Italy, all having for their apparent object the extension of the liberty of the subject. Such a convulsion could not be entirely without its effects in Great Britain, where, unhappily, the embers of public discontent are constantly kept alive either by the depressed state of trade, the ambition of political aspirants, or the untiring displays of the Catholic leaders in Ireland. However, the large share of national liberty enjoyed by Englishmen, and the dreadful example before their eyes of the consequences of a violent assault upon established institutions, kept us free from any furious outbreak simultaneously with the outrages perpetrated on the Continent.[1]

[1] A brilliant picture of the contrast between England and the Continent at this juncture was drawn by the eloquent Macaulay when he lately met his constituents at Edinburgh:—"Never," said he, "since the origin of our race have there been five years more fertile in great events, or five years which have left behind them more useful lessons. We have lived many lives in that time. The revolutions of ages have been compressed into a few months. France, Germany, Hungary and Italy—what a history has theirs been! When we met here last, there was the outward show of tranquility, and few even of the wisest knew what wild passions, what wild theories, were fermenting under that pacific exterior. Obstinate resistance to all reasonable reform—resistance prolonged but one day behind the time—gave the signal for the explosion. In an instant, from the borders of Russia to the Atlantic Ocean, everything was confusion and terror. The streets of the greatest capitals in Europe were piled with barricades, and streaming with civil blood. The house of Orleans fled from France; the Pope fled from Rome; the Emperor of Austria was not safe in Vienna; popular institutions were thrown down at Florence; popular institutions were thrown down at Naples. With one democratic convention sitting at Berlin, and with another democratic convention sitting at Frankfort, you remember, I am sure, well how soon the wisest and the most honest friends of reform—those men who were most inclined to look with indulgence on the excesses inseparable from the vindication of public liberty by physical force—began to doubt and despair of the prospects of mankind. You remember how all animosities, national, religious and social, were brought forth together with the political animosities. You remember how, with the hatred of discontented subjects to their governments were mingled the hatred of nation to nation, and of class to class. In truth, for myself I stood aghast; and naturally of a sanguine disposition,—naturally disposed to look with hope to the progress of mankind,—I did for one moment doubt whether the course of mankind was not to be turned back, and whether we were not to pass, in one generation, from the civilization of the nineteenth century to the barbarism of the fifth. I remembered that

But Ireland saw her opportunity, and the Chartists of our own country did not conceal from themselves that they, too, might strike

Adam Smith and that Gibbon had told us that there would never again be a destruction of civilisation by barbarians. The flood, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly; for they compared the immense strength of the civilised part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage, and asked from whence were to come those Huns, and from whence were to come those Vandals, who were again to destroy civilisation? Alas! It did not occur to them that civilisation itself might engender the barbarians who should destroy it—it did not occur to them that, in the very heart of great capitals, in the very neighbourhood of splendid palaces, and churches, and theatres, and libraries, and museums, vice, and ignorance, and misery might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila, and Vandals more bent on destruction than those who followed Genseric. Such was the danger. It passed by—Civilisation was saved; but at what a price? The tide of feeling turned. It ebbed almost as fast as it had arisen. Impudent and obstinate opposition to reasonable demands had brought on anarchy; and as soon as men saw the evils of anarchy they fled back in terror to crouch under despotism! To the dominion of mobs armed with pikes succeeded the sterner and more lasting dominion of disciplined armies. The papacy rose again from its abasement—rose more intolerant and more insolent than before—intolerant and insolent as in the days of Hildebrand—intolerant and insolent to a degree that dismayed and disappointed those who had fondly cherished the hope that its spirit had been mitigated by the lapse of years, and by the progress of knowledge. Through all that vast region where, little more than seven years ago, we looked in vain for any stable authority, we now look as vainly for any trace of constitutional freedom. And we, in the meantime, have been exempt from both the casualties which have wrought ruin on all around us. The madness of 1848 did not subvert our throne. The reaction which followed has not touched our liberties. And why was this? Why has our country, with all the ten plagues raging around, been another land of Goshen? Everywhere else the thunder and the fire have been running along the ground—a very grievous storm—a storm such as the like has not been known on earth—and yet everything is tranquil here. And then, again, thick night, and darkness which might be felt; and yet light has been in all our dwellings. We owe this, under the blessing of God, to a wise and noble constitution, the work of many generations, and of great men. Let us profit by the lesson which we have received, and let us thank God that we profit by the experience of others, and not by our own. Let us prove that constitution—let us purify it—let us amend it; but let us not destroy it. Let us shun extremes, not only because each extreme is in itself a positive evil, but also because it has been proved to us by experience that each extreme necessarily engenders its opposite. If we love civil and religious freedom, let us in every day of danger uphold law and order; if we are zealous for law and order, let us prize, as the best security of law and order, our civil and religious freedom. Yes, gentlemen, the reason that our liberties remain in the midst of the general servitude, that the Habeas Corpus Act has never been suspended, that the press is free, that we have the liberty of association, that our representative system stands in all its strength, is this—that in the year of revolution we stood firmly by government in its peril. And, if I may be asked why we stood by the government in its peril, when all around us were pulling governments down, I answer, that it was because we knew our government was a good government; that its faults admitted of peaceable and legal remedies, and that it had never been inflexible in opposition to our just demands; that we had obtained concessions from it of inestimable value, not by the beating of the drum, not by the ringing of the tocsin, not by the tearing up of the pavements of streets, not by breaking open the gunners' shops in search for arms—but by the mere force of reason and public opinion. And, gentlemen, pre-eminent among these pacific victories of reason and public opinion, the recollection of which chiefly, I believe, carried us safely through the year of revolution, and

a blow while yet Europe was in a state of fermentation. A very few weeks of haranguing—a very few days devoted to organisation—and they might march to the House of Commons and awe it by numbers into an adoption of the six points of their new Magna Charta. They did not want exactly to imitate the French, for the sufficiently good reason that the majority of the British nation were against them, or did not understand them, or were at all events too much attached to the Throne and the Constitution to suffer the one to be disturbed, or the other to be violated. But they felt that they might take advantage of the alarm produced by events abroad, and hoped to wring from the Government, by mere force of demonstration, what they could not expect would be conceded when tranquillity had been restored, and England invested with fresh moral strength through her singular immunity from all political disturbance.

Accordingly it was determined that, on the 10th of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, the Chartists in all parts of the United Kingdom should send delegates to London, armed with authority to go up to the House of Commons, and bear with them a petition signed by upwards of five millions of her Majesty's subjects—or, we should say, bearing five millions of signatures—how obtained or how far representing honest opinion, is beyond our province to inquire. A Central London Committee, styling itself the *National* Convention, was to be the focus towards which all the country delegates were to tend, and this mighty Convention was to dictate the *modus operandi* upon the day in question. And if words could be taken as the earnest of men's purposes, a terrible day it was to be!

At one of the preliminary meetings, Mr. G. M. Reynolds, an indifferent author of penny-serial publications, declared himself a Republican. A Mr. Ernest Jones, a Yorkshire delegate, intimated that his constituents were *ready to fight*. A Mr. Hitchin, from Wigan, said that his friends were for resorting *to physical force at once*. A Mr. H. Smith, from Liverpool, avowed the resolution of the Liverpudlians to obtain the Charter at the *point of the bayonet* The Edinburgh folks, according to one Mr. Cumming, were prepared to go *to the field*. Mr. Aston was for *fighting* for the Charter; and Reynolds, the chieftain aforesaid, looked upon a "*few drops of blood*

through the year of counter-revolution, I would place two great reforms—inseparably associated, one with the memory of an illustrious man who is now beyond the reach of envy, and the other as closely associated with the name of another illustrious man, who is still, and I hope will long be, living to be a mark for detraction. I speak of the great commercial reform of 1846—the work of Sir R. Peel—and of the Reform Bill of 1832, brought in by Lord John Russell."

as nothing in the scale." A very ugly man, named M'Carthy, the representative of peaceful Ireland, talked of *rifle-clubs*, and of the readiness of forty thousand Irishmen in London *to avenge their brethren* in Ireland. Mr. Cuffey, a gentleman even less favoured by nature than M'Carthy, "should take the rejection of the petition as a declaration of war, and the Executive, Feargus O'Connor and Co., would then lead us to liberty *or death!*" More of this fustian was uttered at divers meetings, and lustily cheered by the parties present. Nor were there wanting men who, like Jack Cade of old, avowed their antipathy to the aristocracy, and their resolution to pull them down.

> "We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
> Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,
> For they are thrifty, honest men."

All these sanguinary and revolutionary resolutions being duly reported in the public papers, it is not to be wondered at that the City of London, which is a good enough city in itself, peaceable and laborious, and full of people who have toiled hard to acquire a little property, and who give bread to thousands upon thousands of industrious men and women,—we say, it is not to be wondered at that the City of London should have become very much alarmed, and looked imploringly towards the Government for protection from the consequences which it feared must ensue from the congregation of myriads of fierce and desperate men. It was not that London does not contain within its bosom many hundreds of thinking artisans, who believe that the six points of the Charter might be conceded without damage to the Crown or Constitution, but they think that all those points may be achieved, as other great points have been achieved, without resorting to such an illegal and unconstitutional proceeding as the coercing the legislature, alarming a million of honest citizens, their wives and children, and causing a total suspension of labour. Well, they, the artisans, and a multitude of other craftsmen, and people of no craft at all, but who live upon their possessions in lands, houses, the Funds, and the fruits of vast fortunes and plantations, abroad and at home, looked to the Government in their extremity, and gave Ministers ample assurance that their efforts to preserve the public peace should receive a hearty co-operation.

The appeal was promptly answered. A proclamation went forth declaring the intended meeting illegal, and warning all well-disposed persons against attending it.

This proclamation was altogether disregarded by the *National*

Convention, who announced, at their head-quarters, and at an interview with the Secretary of State, and in Parliament, by their representative, Mr. O'Connor, that the meeting *would* take place, and that the Chartists *would* walk in procession to Westminster to deliver the petition.

The gauntlet was now thrown down, the Government took it up, and in a most commendable spirit proceeded to put London in a state of defence. In this important duty, Ministers had the benefit of the advice and assistance of Field-Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who, generally loth to "interfere" in matters of government, had a particular "stomach to the present deed." Like the old war-horse, which

> "at the trumpet's sound,
> Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground,"

the Duke flew to his maps of London, called his staff around him, and had soon chalked out a plan of defence which would have defied the united armies of Repeal Ireland and Chartist England.[1] Troops

1 Mr. Richard Oastler has published the following account of an interview he once had with the Duke. It shows that the Duke was always disinclined to employ physical force against the people; but if their objects were calculated to injure the Crown, or upset the government, or disturb the peace, he had no alternative:—

RICHARD OASTLER'S INTERVIEW WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

That I knew the Duke of Wellington; have often been admitted to his presence; enjoyed the high honour of free conversation and correspondence with him, is now most gratifying. I cannot describe him in the field or in the cabinet: I have not seen him there. I can tell of him at home, in private; there I have seen him.

To the late Thomas Thornhill, Esq., I was indebted for an introduction to the Duke of Wellington, through the Duke of Rutland. I had been talking with my old master on public matters. He thought my observations worthy of notice—asked me if I wished to see (among other notables) the Duke of Wellington. His Grace, of all others, was the man whom I longed to see.

It was during the summer of 1832, when, with a letter of introduction from the Duke of Rutland, I called at Apsley House. In a few minutes the servant returned, saying, "The Duke of Wellington desires his compliments to you, and will be happy to see you to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

Twenty years have elapsed since then. I have not, however, forgotten what I felt at the prospect of meeting, face to face, with the greatest man of the age. Five minutes before the appointed time, I knocked at the door of Apsley House. I was shown into a room looking into the garden at the corner of the park. In this apartment were glass cases filled with a superb service of china, the gift, as I was informed, of the King of Saxony. On each piece the Duke was represented in one of his military exploits. I was struck with the beauty of these different works of art, but I was chiefly intent upon the approaching interview.

I had before then, talked with many noblemen and statesmen. I am not noted for bashfulness; nevertheless, on that occasion, I felt as I had never felt before. My veneration for the Duke of Wellington was excessive. I naturally wished to obtain a favourable hearing, and was concocting a few sentences of introduction, anticipating a very formal reception, when, as

were sent for from the several counties. The 17th, the heroes of Hindostan, Khelat, and Ghuznee; the 62nd, who fought at Nive, the Peninsula, and Sobraon; the 63rd, the Guards, the Dragoons,

the clock was striking eleven, I heard behind me the opening of a door, and a very friendly, but rather a weak voice, saying, "Good morning, Mr. Oastler, will you walk this way?" On turning I saw the opened door; I did not see the Duke; I, however, saw his nose projecting beyond the edge of the door, and was sure that it was the Duke of Wellington. There was a door into each room, the thickness of the wall separating them. His Grace, standing in that space, smiling, said—"Walk forward, sir." I asked, "Allow me to shut the doors?" "Oh, no, sir, walk forward; I'll close the doors," was the Duke's reply.

I was now shut in with the Duke of Wellington. There was no grandeur in this room. It was evidently a place of business. A long table, nearly covered with books, papers, and letters, occupied the middle of the floor. The different documents seemed placed in such exact order, that their owner might have found any one of them, even in the dark. At the end of the table was a sofa, nearly covered with orderly-arranged papers, leaving sufficient space for one person. On that space, at the bidding of the Duke, I sat. His Grace, standing before me, said, "Well, Mr. Oastler, what is it you wish to say to me?" I observed, "It is very strange that I should sit, while the Duke of Wellington stands, and in Apsley House, too!" "Oh!" said his Grace, "If you think so, and if it will please you better, I'll sit." So saying, he took a seat on an easy chair, between the sofa and the fire-place. I was then desired to "proceed." Being strangely affected, with a reception so very different from that anticipated, I expressed my surprise, and craved the Duke's indulgence. Placing his right hand on my right shoulder, his Grace said, "We shall never get on if you are embarrassed. Forget that you are here—fancy yourself talking with one of your neighbours at Fixby, and proceed."

The friendliness of this action, and the encouraging kindness of his words, removed every impediment. I at once entered into familiar conversation. After a few introductory remarks, I said—"There are two great mistakes prevalent in this country—I would rectify them."—"What are they?" asked the Duke.—"One, that the aristocracy imagine that the working people wish to deprive them of their rank and property."—"That's true," said his Grace, "they do."—"By no means, my Lord Duke," I rejoined; "not any man knows the working men of England better than myself; I can assure you there never was a greater mistake; all that the working men want is to be enabled, by honest industry, to provide for themselves and their families."—"I rejoice to hear you say so," answered the Duke; "every honest, industrious working man has a just claim to that reward for his labour."—"I expected to hear that sentiment from your Grace, notwithstanding the next mistake which it is my object to rectify."—"What is that?"—"The working people are, by their enemies and yours, taught to believe that your Grace wishes to feed them with bullets and steel."—"Are they?" exclaimed the Duke.—"They are, your Grace. Is your Grace thus inclined? I do not believe it."—The Duke, with serious emotion, said, "I am the last man to wish for war. I have gained all that the sword can give, the Crown excepted; and it is my *duty* to *serve* the Crown?"—"May I tell the people so?"—"Certainly. Tell them I hate war—that I shall be the last man to recommend the sword."

During that interview his Grace listened with the kindest attention to my remarks. At its close the Duke gave me his hand (how I felt at that moment I will not just now describe)—thanked me, and desired me to call again for a longer interview next day.

In a short while I returned to Huddersfield, met thousands of the people at an out-door assembly, and told them all that the Duke of Wellington had told me. Oh! how they cheered!————But the Liberals—the Whigs of Huddersfield—were angry. Never could they forgive me for having obtained the cheers of the people for one whom they had taught their dupes to execrate—his Grace the Duke of Wellington. R. O.

Bolling Hall, Bradford, Yorkshire.

the Marines, were summoned to march to town two days before the intended congregation, and their respective billets and rendezvous duly settled. Meanwhile the Bank of England (rioters always rush to the great depositories of gold) was prudently fortified, and cover for infantry, in the shape of sand-bags and loop-holed boards, disposed along the parapet and at the angles. Revolving *chevaux de frise* were placed over the gates of Somerset House. Additional locks, bolts, and bars were attached to the gates of the Mint, the Tower, the Admiralty, and all the other great public buildings. The war-steamers, well armed, were placed at different points of the Kent and Essex coast in a state of preparation, to move up to town with additional troops and stores. Arms of all kinds and abundance of ammunition were conveyed into the different public offices; the clerks, porters, servants, &c., were sworn in as special constables, and so vested with authority to resist the onslaught of the expected enemy. The commissioners of police received instructions to distribute their force in such a manner that the first attacks should be borne by them; the troops, who were to lie in ambush, only coming up as a *corps de reserve* in case of extreme necessity.

This was of itself a formidable array to oppose to a body of men unskilled in the art of war, and unprovided with the means of making a dangerous attack, excepting by plundering gunsmiths' and ironmongers' shops, and arming themselves with fowling-pieces, pitchforks, &c. But it did not amount to half what was yet to be done. Full of loyalty and valour; inspired by a strong attachment to *dulce domum;* anxious to make some figure upon the eventful day, and deter the audacious Chartists from attacks on private property, thousands of noblemen, gentlemen, merchants, lawyers, attorneys, tradespeople, clerks, servants, draymen, coalwhippers, and men of no particular calling, rushed to the police-offices, and caused themselves to be sworn in as special constables. The magistrates had so many oaths to administer that they got heartily sick of the formula, and found, in the irksomeness of the duty, a new motive for detesting Chartists and all other disturbers of public order. The demand for truncheons became so great that the turneries at the dockyards could not manufacture them fast enough. Sunday, the 9th of April, the precursor of the great day of physical demonstration, arrived. The Queen and Royal Family had left London for Osborne House, Isle of Wight, on the previous Saturday. The royal example was now followed by numerous respectable but timid individuals. Locking up the cellars, the wardrobes, and the store-rooms, and taking the keys with them, responsible housekeepers evacuated the

devoted city, and confided the care of their property to trustworthy domestics; while they, with anxious hearts, and ears pricked up, awaited the booming of the cannon which should proclaim the commencement of the strife and the peril of their worldly goods. It was a curious illustration of the superior value attaching to existence. As *Mrs. Hardcastle* says in the play, "Take all we have, but spare our lives."

The scared heads of families having abdicated and fled, the provisional governments of the several domiciles deemed they could not do better than pass the Sabbath in reconnoitring the town, and observing the character of the Duke of Wellington's preparations. Accordingly, after service, the streets swarmed with curious groups of lacqueys and *femmes de chambre*, while the tigers, the pages, and sundry little girls, daughters of small green-grocers and indefatigable laundresses, kept possession of the deserted mansions.

The night before "the siege" was passed in a state of oscillation between hope and fear. The middle classes were watchful and wakeful; they knew not what the morrow might produce. Bankers prepared themselves for a stubborn resistance to the attacks upon the iron chest. Bakers saw in imagination the violent mis-appropriation of countless four-pound loaves. Mechanics pledged soldiers, in suburban beer-shops, in a fraternal spirit; and the soldiers pledged the mechanics, when the beer was drank, and the mechanics had paid for it, that "soldiers were but soldiers, and must obey orders, whatever their feelings might be." Special constables hung together for company's sake, forming a sort of mutual assurance society for the protection of life. They sat grandly and gloomily, speaking in short disjointed sentences, and ever and anon reminding each other that England expected every man to do his duty, and that as far as they were personally and individually concerned, the expectation should not be disappointed. Here and there, in dark alleys and dim recesses, under archways, and on the kerb-stones of broad suburban roads, groups of boys and men, whose occupations no one would have been bold enough to define, discoursed cheerfully upon the prospects of the morrow; and a quick-eared passenger might occasionally detect that cant phrases, having reference to the operation of pick-pockets and burglars, formed the staple of the conversation of the innocent assemblage. At length the mantle of night pressed heavily upon the multitude, affecting alike the garrison and the citizens; and the murmur of street gossip died away into deep silence, as each boozy idler, impoverished by moistening his superficial patriotism, staggered homewards.

The eventful day was ushered in by a beautiful dawn; and the prevalence of a westerly wind tempted people to say—"Dear me, this is quite a holiday! What a very warm spring!" Opinion was somewhat divided as to the advantage of fine weather upon such an occasion. Opinion, however, could not alter the fact. There was Phœbus, all smiles and glitter, treating the day as the peculiar property of holiday people, and holding out the greatest possible, encouragement to her Majesty's subjects to quit their dwellings and see "the fun" which political fervour had provided for them! The troops were marched at daybreak from their several bivouacs; and by ten o'clock it would have puzzled a conjuror to say where one of the seven thousand was to be found. The Duke had carried his science of ambushing his men to the highest point of military perfection. It was only by excoriating their noses between the iron bars of the gates that the people could detect the bear-skin caps of the Coldstreams at Somerset House. The Park gates were kept closed, and the strong garrison at Buckingham Palace was lodged in the riding-school and the mews, unseen by a single idler. Now and then, at the window of a house on the Surrey side of Blackfriars' Bridge, the blue coat of the armed pensioner might be observed; and at the Admiralty eastern gate the flitting of a marine sentinel gave token that there was stout garrison within that venerable and stately building.

If the troops were *perdu*, however, not equally screened from public view was the force under Colonel Rowan and Mr. Mayne. Formidable bodies of the police filled the interior area of Trafalgar-square. Large detachments occupied the southern sides of the bridges; and Kennington Common, which was to be the rendezvous of the Chartists, actually swarmed with the "Peelers," pedestrian and equestrian.

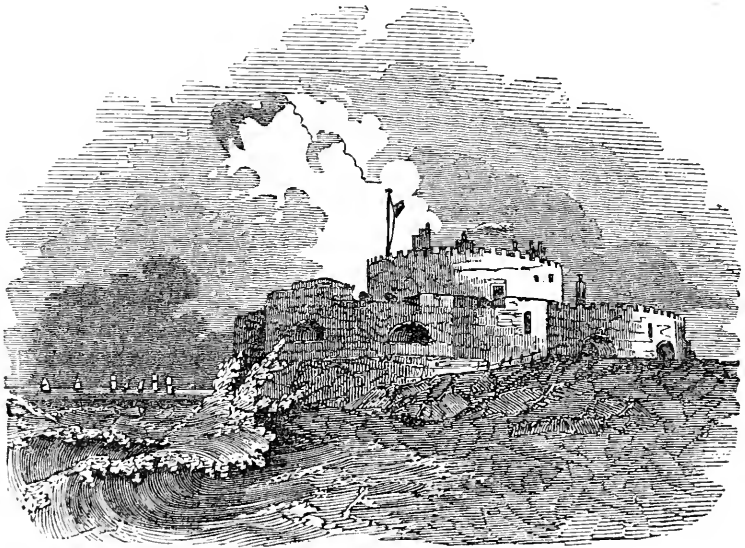
The plan of defence by the police force was this:—An advanced post of 500 men, was placed at Ball's livery stables, Kennington, concealed from view, but ready to act at a moment's notice, if required. The main strength of the force, amounting to 2290 men, was concentrated on the bridges: 500 at Westminster; 500 at Hungerford; 500 at Waterloo, and 500 at Blackfriars' Bridge. At the last-mentioned bridge a large body of the City police were also posted on the Middlesex side of the river. In Palace Yard there was a reserve of 545 man; in Great George-street, of 445; in Trafalgar-square, of 690, and at the Prince's-mews, of 40,—making a total of 1680 men. The number of police of all ranks in position was 3970, The Thames division was disposed in ten boats, placed at the bridges and at Whitehall-stairs.

But it was in the arrangement of the military and artillery forces, and the special constabulary, that the skill of the Duke of Wellington —now for the first time engaged in defending an unprotected town— was seen. There were 400 of the pensioners at Battersea Bridge; 500 at Vauxhall; 200 or 300 at the Pantechnicon; and a detachment at Blackfriars, so placed in the house on each side of Chatham-place that their fire would command the passage of the bridge. The whole number out amounted to 1500 men. The 62nd and 17th regiments of infantry were stationed at Milbank Penitentiary; a battalion of the Guards occupied the new Houses of Parliament, and another was posted at Charing-cross; a body of infantry was placed in some houses which command Westminster Bridge; and the rest of the troops of the line, amounting in all to 8000, were stationed at the different public offices and in other positions extending to the City and Tower, which had been carefully selected, as affording facilities for military operations, should these become unavoidable. A strong detachment of Life Guards was placed under the command of General Brotherton, at Blackfriars' Bridge; and another detachment occupied a position on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge. There was also an advanced post of cavalry close to Kennington Common. The 12th Light Dragoons occupied Chelsea; and another cavalry regiment was stationed at the Regent's Park barracks. There were twelve pieces of artillery at the Royal Mews, along with 500 infantry; and thirty pieces of artillery had been brought up to the Tower, with their wagons and the proper complement of artillery-men. On the river three steamers had notice to convey 1200 troops from the dockyard at Deptford to any point where their presence might be required. There were also pieces of artillery placed in the neighborhood of Westminster Bridge, ready to do deadly service, if required.

From two o'clock, when the bridges were closed up, to prevent the meeting, as it dispersed, from pouring down tumultuous masses of the people upon the northern side of the river, the streets were patrolled by the mounted police from Vauxhall Bridge to Temple Bar.

Happily for the deluded people who assembled at Kennington, the fear inspired by the "Old Duke's" preparations deterred them from coming into collision with the troops. At the instance of the inspectors of police the meeting dissolved; and the monster petition was carried to the House of Commons in a cab, and presented by Mr. Feargus O'Connor, M. P. for Nottingham. The signatures to the petition were said to exceed five millions and a half; but when they

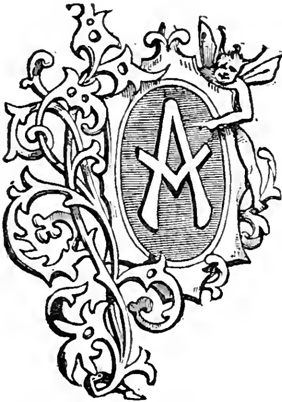
came to be examined, it was found that great numbers were purely nonsensical. The names of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and other men of rank and station, had been inserted innumerable times! Mr. Feargus O'Connor's eccentricity in this matter, followed by a course at once mischievous and absurd, eventuated in a mental hallucination, which, three years subsequently, led to the permanent confinement of the unfortunate gentleman.



SANDOWN CASTLE.

CHAPTER XX.

The French Revolution—The Death of Sir R. Peel—The Great Exhibition—Prince Louis Napoleon—The embodiment of the Militia—Death of the Duke of Wellington—Tributes—Appointments consequent on his Death—Public Funeral.



FTER several sanguinary struggles in the streets of Paris, arising out of the attempts of various clubs and associations to establish a government upon the extravagant principles which found favour in the days of Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, the French succeeded in converting a mild monarchy into a despotic republic, of which Prince Louis Napoleon, the nephew of the Emperor, was elected President. During this period and for some time subsequently, the relations of the British with the French cabinet became difficult to manage. No one saw this more readily than the Duke of Wellington, and, as became him, he guarded the British Ministry against the consequences of their not appearing to be supported by public opinion. He met every movement of the Opposition in a conciliatory spirit, always pointing to the importance of domestic tranquillity, as affording England the best means of giving aid in maintaining the peace of Europe.

In the course of 1849, the Duke found occasion to justify and to laud the conduct of the Marquis of Dalhousie in conducting a war against the Sikhs, which eventuated in the annexation of the Punjaub to the British dominions in India. The only instances in which his Grace appeared to act with the Opposition was against the Railways Abandonment Bill, and the Pilotage Bill. He was of opinion that

the first would, in effect, repeal the vast number of Acts of Parliament which had been past during the last few sessions, which involved the outlay of millions of money and the interest of millions of persons! and that it would wipe away the whole of the property which had been invested on the faith of those Acts of Parliament. And in respect to the Pilotage Bill, he said, speaking as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, that it was calculated to put down the fellowship of the pilots, who had hitherto contributed to the safety and usefulness of our navigation.

In 1850 the Duke of Wellington experienced a shock in the sudden and accidental death of Sir Robert Peel, who was thrown from his horse in the Park. It is said to this hour, in many quarters, that the Duke of Wellington had very little real regard for Sir Robert Peel; that the pliancy of the distinguished commoner on one occasion, his firmness upon others, opposition to the Duke's wishes, and his plebeian origin, had combined to close the avenues to the Duke's heart against him. The Duke regarded him only as a necessity. Be this as it may, it seems impossible that his Grace should have been long associated in public life, and especially in office, with Sir Robert, giving him his confidence the while, without entertaining some respect for his character; and we do not, therefore, wonder that, when the death of Sir Robert Peel was alluded to in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington should have been deeply affected, and almost incapable of joining in the testimonies freely offered by Lords Lansdowne, Stanley, and Brougham, to the virtues of the deceased statesman. When the Duke rose to take his share in the mournful ceremony, his feelings so overcame him that it was some time ere he could acquire the command of speech. He at length said, after a great effort at articulation:—"My Lords, I rise to give expression to the satisfaction with which I have heard this conversation on the part of your lordships, both on the part of those noble lords who were opposed to Sir Robert Peel during the whole course of their political lives, and on the part of those noble friends of mine who have been opposed to him only lately. Your lordships must all feel the high and honourable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the councils of our Sovereign together, and I had long the honour to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel, I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did

not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw, in the whole course of my life, the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact. My Lords, I could not let this conversation close without stating that which I believe to have been the strongest characteristic feature of his character. I again repeat to you, my Lords, my satisfaction at hearing the sentiments of regret which you have expressed for his loss." This speech produced a marked sensation amongst the Peers.

The British public gave itself up in 1851 to a long holiday. It was the year of the "Great Exhibition" *par excellence.* All the nations of the earth sent tribute to England in the shape of the fruits of ingenuity or the wondrous products of nature. The highest imaginable compliment was paid to this country in the recognition by the rest of the world of her right to offer herself as the temporary emporium of the results of the industry of the universe—the point of rendezvous of delegates from the inhabitants of all parts of the globe. From the Queen of England, down to the poorest and humblest of her subjects, every one made a point of visiting, as often as their circumstances would admit, the glorious Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. Among the most frequent visitors to this enchanting repository of wealth, and abode of good taste, was the Duke of Wellington. He seemed to take the mest lively interest in the various departments of manufacture, and was himself no less an object of the curiosity and affectionate solicitude of the people. "When," said the Reverend Dr. Emerton, of Hanwell, in an eloquent and impressive funeral sermon preached at Ealing, "I saw the Duke of Wellington moving through the Palace of Industry that was lately erected in the metropolis—which men of all nations viewed with admiration and delight—and the dense crowds making way at his approach, I could not help regarding him as the presiding genius of that Temple of Peace which seemed erected for his especial glorification. It is, at least, certain that without the blessing of the long peace which his victories had secured, such a building would have been raised in vain; his presence there was hailed by men of all the nations which he had delivered from bondage—and those who might have, years gone by, regarded him as an enemy, looked upon him with veneration and delight." Upon the opening of the Crystal Palace—the 1st of May, 1851—his own birth-day, and the first anniversary of the birth of Prince Arthur, to whom he had stood sponsor[1]—the

[1] There is a charming picture by Winterhalter (of which an exquisite engraving has been published, by P. and D. Colnaghi, of Pall Mall East), representing the Duke, in his military uniform, presenting a cadeau to the infant Prince, who, with outstretched arms, is supported by her Majesty. Prince Albert is in the background, with head averted, looking at the

Duke was seen parading the platform of the marvellous edifice in company with the marquis of Anglesey; and the appearance of the veteran chieftains, arm in arm, excited deep interest and lively emotion. Everybody "unbonnetted" to them as they passed, and "God bless your Grace!" proceeded from more than one honest heart and mouth as the Duke was seen by some country stranger for the first time. Amongst the little incidents, preparatory to the opening of the Crystal Palace, may be mentioned as singular and apposite, that, while the Duke was observing the process of unpacking some cases, intended for the French department of *argenterie*, statuettes in silver of the Duke himself and Napoleon Bonaparte were disclosed.

As the time approached for the French National Assembly to arrange for the election of a President of the Republic, in succession to Prince Louis Napoleon, whose term of office was expiring, that Prince, determining to anticipate the decision, procured with an unparalleled degree of secrecy and promptitude, the fealty of the troops in and about Paris; and upon the plea of crushing conspiracies levelled at the liberties and happiness of the country, he trampled those liberties under foot, and, in a few hours, established a fierce military despotism. France, crouching and terrified, yielded without striking a blow, and the people awaited the moment (which has since arrived) when the Prince, scorning the mockery of a Republic, should take upon himself the monarchical authority and procure the revival of the Empire. Fearful lest the army, which had thus aided Louis Napoleon in his crusade against political freedom, should demand, as the recompense of its devotion, that it be led across the Channel, the British Ministry prepared to enroll the militia. Lord John Russell's plan, however, for this wholesome measure appeared so very defective that upon an amendment by Lord Palmerston, the Militia Bill was thrown out, and Lord John Russell and his colleagues resigned in disgust. They were succeeded by the Earl of Derby and the Conservatives, who, deriving experience from the failure of the Whigs, brought in a bill of a different complexion, which the country at once accepted. When the bill went up to the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington gave it a cordial support. His Grace at length beheld the first great step to the realisation of the projects on which his mind had long dwelt.[1] It was universally admitted that he never

Crystal Palace. The group has evidently been suggested by the study of some picture of the Adoration of the Magi.

[1] In his admirable letter to Sir John Burgoyne on the national defence (see Appendix), the Duke of Wellington had laid great stress on the importance of a Militia.

spoke better than on this occasion—he had rarely, indeed, spoken so well. His heart was in the cause. His speech, said the *United Service Gazette*, "might be registered as the most striking proof of the constancy of that pure patriotism, which, since he first embraced the profession of arms, had been the most distinguishing trait in the illustrious Duke's career." He said—

"I am certainly the last man to have any hesitation of opinion as to the relative advantage of meeting an enemy with disciplined or with undisciplined or half-disciplined troops. The things are not to be compared at all. With disciplined troops you are acting with a certain degree of confidence that what they are ordered to perform they will perform. With undisciplined troops you can have no such confidence; on the contrary, the chances are that they will do the very reverse of what they are ordered to do. But we must look a little at the state in which we stand at the present moment. This country is at peace with the whole world, except in certain parts, or on the frontiers of its own distant dominions, with which operations of war are carried on by means of our peace establishment. You are now providing for a peace establishment; you are at peace with the whole world; you are providing for a peace establishment. I say that peace establishment ought to have been effectually provided for long ago. If it had been, we should not have needed now to be told, as we have been by the noble marquis, about the number of days and weeks it will take to train the militia recruits; or about the futility of expecting anything to the purpose from troops with their three weeks' or their six weeks', or what time it may be, training. We have never, up to this moment, maintained a proper peace establishment—that's the real truth; and we are now in that position in which we find ourselves forced to form a peace establishment such as this country requires. I tell you, for the last ten years you have never had in your army more men than enough to relieve the sentries on duty of your stations in the different parts of the world; such is the state of your peace establishment at the present time; such has been the state of your peace establishment for the last ten years. You have been carrying on war in all parts of the globe, in the different stations, by means of this peace establishment; you have now a war at the Cape, still continuing, which you carry on with your peace establishment; yet on that peace establishment, I tell you, you have not more men than are enough to relieve the sentries at the different stations in all parts of the world, and to relieve the different regiments in the tropics and elsewhere, after services there—of how long do you suppose?—of, in some cases,

twenty-five years, in none less than ten years, and, after which, you give them five years at home, nominally—for it is only nominally in a great many cases. There were, for instance, the last troops who were sent out to the Cape; instead of keeping them five years at home, after their long service abroad, I was obliged to send them out after they had only been sixteen months at home. My Lords, I tell you you have never had a proper peace establishment all this time. We are still at peace with all the world; let us, then, have a peace establishment—our constitutional peace establishment; and when you have got that, see what you will do next. The noble marquis, my noble friend, if he will allow me so to call him, says he thinks he should prefer an army of reserve. An army of reserve! What is an army of reserve? Is it an army to cost less than 40*l.* each man all round? If he thinks that possible, I tell him that we can have no such thing. But what I desire—and I believe it is a desire the most moderate than can be formed—is, that you shall give us, in the first instance, the old constitutional peace establishment. When we have got that, then you may do what you please. The noble marquis says, very truly, that these 50,000, or 80,000, or 150,000 militiamen won't be fit for service in six months, or twelve months, or eighteen months; but I say they'll be fit, at all events, for some service; and certainly they'll enable us to employ in the field others who are fit for service; and in time they will themselves become fit for service. In the last war we had in service several regiments of English militia, and they were in as high a state of discipline, and as fit for service, as any men I ever saw in my life. It was quite impossible to have a body of troops in higher order, or in higher discipline, or more fit for discipline than these bodies of British militia were, at the commencement of the present century, up to 1810; they were as fine corps as ever were seen; and, I say, no doubt, these bodies of 50,000 or 80,000 men, whatever the number may be, will be so too, in the course of time. Everything has its beginning, and this is a commencement. You must make a beginning here, and see that it will take some months before you can form reserve regiments. The armies of England, who have served the country so well,—are your lordships so mistaken as to suppose that they were ever composed of more than one-third of real British subjects—of natives of this island? No such thing. Look at the East Indies. Not more than one-third of the soldiers there are British subjects. Look at the Peninsula; not one-third of the men employed there were ever British soldiers. Yet I beg your lordship to observe what services those soldiers performed. They fought great battles against the finest troops in the

world; they went prepared to face everything—ay, and to be successful against everything, or this country would not have borne with them. Not one-third of those armies were British troops, but they were brave troops, and not merely brave—for I believe every man is brave — but well-organised troops. Take the battle of Waterloo—look at the number of British troops at that battle. I can tell your lordships that in that battle there were sixteen battalions of Hanoverian militia, just formed, under the command of the late Hanoverian Ambassador here—Count Kielmansegge, who behaved most admirably—and there were many other foreign troops who nobly aided us in that battle, avowedly the battle of giants—whose operations helped to bring about the victory, which was followed by the peace of Europe, that has now lasted for thirty-six or thirty-seven years. I say that however much I admire highly-disciplined troops, and most especially British disciplined troops, I tell you you must not suppose that others cannot become so too; and no doubt if you begin with the formation of Corps under this Act of Parliament, they will in time become what their predecessors in the militia were; and if ever they do become what the former militia were, you may rely on it they will perform all the services they may be required to perform.. I recommend you to adopt this measure as the commencement of a completion of the peace establishment. It will give you a constitutional force; it will not be, at first, or for some time, everything we could desire, but by degrees it will become what you want—an efficient auxiliary force to the regular army."

With one trivial exception, this was the last speech ever made by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords. *Finis coronat opus.* It was worthy to be the last: the subject and the manner were in perfect harmony, and the Duke was equal to the occasion.

Parliament was dissolved in July, 1852, and the Duke of Wellington, after a short stay in London, proceeded, as usual, to his marine residence, Walmer Castle.

The autumn had scarcely set in, when, upon the evening of the 14th of September, a rumour ran through London which an affectionate people were indisposed to credit—that the Duke of Wellington was dead!

"There are few persons of any reflection in England who have not frequently—perhaps continually—speculated on such an event. The solemn announcement—'Death of the Duke of Wellington,' accom-

panied with the usual signs of national respect and concern, has long been as familiar to the British imagination as the inscriptions we have read a thousand times on the walls of our churches. The gap that the Duke would leave in our councils or our arms—the universal solicitude that would surround his death-bed—the grief and dismay all would feel should he die at some crisis of national peril—and the magnificence of the obsequies with which England would carry to the grave the noblest of her sons, were thoughts that have occurred over and over again, not only to us, but to our fathers, and to multitudes who have long since themselves been gathered to the grave. Eighteen years previously it was commonly said that the work of the Peninsula was beginning to tell on that iron frame, and subsequently to that, men had predicted—till they were wearied or ashamed of predicting—that each Waterloo banquet would prove the last. Of late years, increasing infirmities—manifest, though energetically resisted—the treacherous ear, the struggling utterance, and the tottering step, all told their tale, and suggested even a fear that the greatest man of his age might live to illustrate the decay from which no greatness is secure. Yet the event, so long in sight as it were, came upon the public by surprise."[1]

And there were few persons disposed at first entirely to believe in its occurrence. But with the morning of the 15th September all doubt evaporated. The Duke had died at Walmer, after a succession of convulsive fits. Several versions of the circumstances attending the event found their way into the papers; but when the painful excitement attending the national calamity had somewhat subsided, and time had been allowed to collect details, the following appeared to comprehend the entire truth of the melancholy story:—

The health of his Grace had been unusally good for some days, and on Monday, the 13th September, it was remarked that he took a longer walk than usual through the grounds attached to the Castle. During his walk he entered the stables, and made several inquiries of his groom in reference to his stud.

On Monday evening the Duke addressed a note to the Countess of Westmoreland, promising to meet her ladyship on her arrival at Dover at six o'clock on Tuesday evening.

On Monday evening the Duke dined with Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley. His Grace was in good spirits during dinner, and was observed to eat rather heartily. His food consisted of mock-turtle soup, turbot, and venison. While at table, the Duke's vivacity of manner was such as to call forth a congratulatory remark from his

[1] The *Times*, September 16th, 1852.

son and daughter-in-law. His Grace retired to rest on Monday night shortly after ten o'clock.

It had been customary for the Duke's valet, Kendall, to call his Grace about six o'clock every morning. On Tuesday morning, Kendall, on knocking at his Grace's door a quarter of an hour after the usual time, did not receive the customary response. After waiting a few moments, he fancied he heard a strange kind of noise in the Duke's apartment. On opening the door, the Duke appeared to recognise him as usual, and did not complain of illness. Kendall, however, soon observed that his Grace was restless and uncomfortable; and, in a few moments, the fact of the noble Duke's illness was made apparent by his Grace exclaiming, somewhat abruptly, "Send for Mr. Hulke." A messenger was instantly despatched to the residence of Mr. Hulke, a medical resident in the town of Deal, who has been accustomed to attend the Duke when at Walmer. Mr. Hulke arrived at the castle at twenty minutes to eight o'clock. The Duke was then reclining on his bed, and on his introduction, his Grace entered into conversation with him in a perfectly calm and collected manner, observing that he was suffering from an affection of the chest and stomach. The doctor prescribed forthwith, and informed Lord Charles Wellesley that he did not consider there were any dangerous symptoms in his Grace's condition; adding, that he had seen him much worse on former occasions. Mr. Hulke was then particularly alluding to an attack of a similar description years since.

Mr. Hulke left the castle for Deal at eight o'clock, and he had not been at home more than a quarter of an hour, when a second messenger arrived with the information that the Duke had been seized with what was described as an epileptic fit. On this occasion Mr. Hulke was accompanied by Dr. M'Arthur, of Walmer, and Mr. Hulke, jun. They found that the Duke had been seized with a fit of the nature described, and that his servants had already adopted some remedial measures, by the application of mustard poultices. The medical gentlemen adopted every remedy that science could suggest, but the attack failed to yield to their professional skill. His Grace, from the moment he was seized with the fit, became speechless; but by gestures he appeared to desire a removal to a bed-chair, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, and so he continued until twenty minutes past three o'clock, when he expired as quietly as if falling into a slumber. There was present at this solemn moment Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley, the three medical gentlemen. Mr. Collins, the house-steward, and Kendall, his Grace's valet.

On no one occasion since the death of Lord Nelson, if we except, perhaps, that of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, has public grief manifested itself in a more striking and extensive form. Every newspaper in the United Kingdom came out in a deep mourning edge, and continued to wear the emblem of sorrow for several days. Numerous shops were closed; bells tolled; the flags of vessels in the river were mounted half-mast high; places of public entertainment shut their doors; and thousands of people, requiring no other signal than their own hearts suggested, put on "the trappings and the suits of woe." Memoirs of the Duke which had been prepared in anticipation of the calamity, filled hundreds of columns of the public papers, or came forth in every form that could be calculated to suit the immediate demand. The volumes of Maxwell, which still encumbered the shelves of booksellers; the "Lives" which only extended to the battle of Waterloo, and had long been consigned to back warehouses as "dead stock," were restored to the light; and these, with a great number of impromptu biographies, found an immediate demand. Pictures[1] and busts, so varied in their resemblances that

[1] Speaking from a perfect familiarity with the lineaments of the illustrious Duke, we should say that, unquestionably, the best likeness of him, when in the vigour of manhood, is that taken from the picture of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and commonly called the Arbuthnot portrait, because it was painted for the Duke's friend, the Hon. Mr. Arbuthnot. Of resemblances in later life, the daguerreotype representing him in evening dress, and Mr. Black's excellent portrait, published by Ackermann, the latter an improvement upon the daguerreotype, are the most to be commended. Count D'Orsay sketched the Duke in profile, in an evening dress, and the Duke is said to have rather liked the picture, because it "made him look like a gentleman." As a likeness, however, the picture is very faulty. The portrait painted by Lawrence for Mr. Arbuthnot, in 1816, is a half-length, representing the Duke in a military cloak, with the right hand thrown across to the left shoulder. This has been repeatedly engraved: in mezzotint, by Cousins and Jackson; in line, by Dean Taylor and by Charles Smith; and in smaller sizes, in mezzotint, by M'Innes, Burgess, and others.

"This last was the favourite portrait with the Duke; and we (*Illustrated News*) think not without reason, for the expression is very pleasing, combining manliness with delicacy and refinement of sentiment. It may be mentioned that the Great Commander, though never betraying a particle of personal vanity in the little sense, was proud of the estimation in which he was held both by the public, and a numerous circle whom he honoured with his friendship; and a very common mode of marking his esteem was the presentation of a print of himself, generally the Arbuthnot one, with his autograph affixed, and in a plain little maplewood frame. This, for instance, was his usual *souvenir* to the hundreds of brides whom he has 'given away,' and, probably, the most gratifying testimonial he could bestow. Only a few days before his death, he gave one of these modest keepsakes to an individual of illustrious rank. It happened that, in September last, the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, on their return from England to the Continent, paid a visit to the Duke at Walmer, when, in the course of conversation, the Duchess asked 'the Duke' which of the many portraits existing of him he considered the best. The latter immediately pointed to the little maple frame hanging from the wall, in which was a print of the 'Arbuthnot picture,' and announced his preference for it. Upon the Duchess remarking that she would send to London for a copy, 'the Duke,' with his usual gallantry, declared she need not do so; and, taking the print down from the nail whereon it

such of the public as had never seen the Duke were puzzled which to select as the most faithful resemblance, filled the windows of publishers, print-sellers, and porcelain-venders; autographs were up at an enormous premium, and whether they were the *bonâ-fide* caligraphy of the Duke, or the spurious productions of Mr. Greville, his secretary, they commanded equally good prices.

At the moment of the melancholy occurrence the Queen and Prince Albert were at Balmoral, in Scotland. It is hardly necessary to say that the intelligence was received by the illustrious personages with deep and unaffected concern. The sincere devotion of the Duke of Wellington to his sovereign, the paternal care (if the term may not inappropriately be used) with which his Grace had watched over the welfare and upheld the glory of the monarch, the friendly interest with which he had inspired the Queen (manifested in all the more private relations of court life), rendered his sudden departure a subject of the most acute sorrow, in which all the younger members of the royal family completely shared. The Earl of Derby, Prime Minister, hastened to Balmoral immediately after the event, and within five days of the Great Duke's death the subjoined letter appeared in the public prints:—

"BALMORAL, *September 20th*, 1852.

"SIR,—Her Majesty received with the deepest grief, on Thursday last, the afflicting intelligence of the sudden death of his Grace the late Duke of Wellington.

"Although the Queen could not for a moment doubt, but that the voice of the country would be unanimous upon the subject of the honours to be paid to the memory of the greatest man of the age, her Majesty considered it due to the feelings of his Grace's surviving

hung, begged her to accept it, which she did. No sooner had his visitors left the room, however, than the Duke took thought of the blank space which he had made on his wall, and also the absence of his portrait from the line of Prime Wardens, Pitt, and others, which he had arranged thereon, and, with his usual love of order, promptly set about refilling it. The very next morning a note reached Messrs. Graves & Co., in the Duke's hand—'F. M.'s compts,' &c.—requesting that they would, with as little delay as possible, procure for him a copy of the Arbuthnot portrait, framed in maplewood, and forward it to Apsley House, whence it would be transmitted to Walmer. No time was lost in putting into execution his Grace's order, and a message was sent to the steward at Apsley House, announcing that the print framed, would be ready for delivery on the following day. In the mean time, four days only after the first note, came another from the Duke, dated '7th September, 1852,' in which he referred to the order already given, and 'begged to know if it had been received, and what progress had been made in the execution thereof?' The print, framed as ordered, crossed his second note on the road, and was hung up by the Duke in the place of the former one, only one little week before he died."

relatives, that no step should be taken, even in his honour, without their previous concurrence; and, accordingly, on the same evening, in obedience to her Majesty's commands, I wrote to Lord Charles Wellesley (the present Duke having not then returned to England), to ascertain whether the late Duke had left any directions; or whether his family desired to express any wish upon the subject; and suggesting the course which appeared to her Majesty best calculated to give effect to the expressions of those feelings in which the nation, as one man, will sympathise with her Majesty.

"Having this day received letters from the present Duke and his brother, to the effect that the late Duke has left no directions on the subject, and placing themselves wholly in her Majesty's hands, I hasten to relieve the public anxiety, by signifying to you, for general information, the commands which I have received from her Majesty.

"The great space which the name of the Duke of Wellington has filled in the history of the last fifty years; his brilliant achievements in the field; his high mental qualities; his long and faithful services to the Crown; his untiring devotion to the interests of his country, constitute claims upon the gratitude of the nation, which a public funeral, though it cannot satisfy, at least may serve to recognise.

"Her Majesty is well aware that, as in the case of Lord Nelson, she might, of her own authority, have given immediate orders for this public mark of veneration for the memory of the illustrious Duke, and has no doubt but that Parliament and the country would cordially have approved the step. But, her Majesty, anxious that this tribute of gratitude and of sorrow should be deprived of nothing which could invest it with a thoroughly national character—anxious that the greatest possible number of her subjects should have an opportunity of joining it, is anxious, above all, that such honours should not appear to emanate from the Crown alone, and that the two Houses of Parliament should have an opportunity, by their previous sanction, of stamping the proposed ceremony with increased solemnity, and of associating themselves with her Majesty in paying honour to the memory of one whom no Englishman can name without pride and sorrow.

"The body of the Duke of Wellington will, therefore, remain, with the concurrence of the family, under proper guardianship, until the Queen shall have received the formal approval of Parliament of the course which it will be the duty of her Majesty's servants to submit to both Houses upon their reassembling.

"As soon as possible after that approval shall have been obtained,

it is her Majesty's wish, should no unforeseen impediment arise, that the mortal remains of the late illustrious and venerated Commander-in-Chief should, at the public expense, and with all the solemnity due to the greatness of the occasion, be deposited in the cathedral church of St. Paul's, there to rest by the side of Nelson—the greatest military by the side of the greatest naval chief who ever reflected lustre upon the annals of England.

"I have the honour to be

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"Derby."

"Right Hon. S. H. Walpole, M.P."

The "proper guardianship" here alluded to was that which the Rifle Brigade—of which the Duke had been Colonel-in-Chief—could effectually afford. Suitably enclosed in a magnificent coffin, the body for some time lay in the little room in which the Duke expired; and sentinels kept anxious watch over the incomparable Field-Marshal's remains. Samuel Lover, the Irish poet, beautifully described the scene in these lines:—

"THE FLAG IS HALF-MAST-HIGH.

"A guard of honour keeps its watch in Walmer's ancient hall,
And sad and silent is the ward beside the Marshal's pall:
The measured tread beside the dead, through echoing space may tell
How solemnly the round is paced by lonely sentinel;
But in the guard-room, down below, a war-worn vet'ran grey,
Recounts with pride The Hero's deeds, thro' many a glorious day:
How, 'neath the red-cross flag, he made the foes of Britain fly—
'Though now for him, the vet'ran said, 'that flag is half-mast-high.'

"And truly may the soldier say his presence ever gave
Assurance to the most assured, and bravery to the brave.
His prudence-tempered valour—his eagle-sighted skill,
And calm resolves, the measure of a hero went to fill.
Fair Fortune flew before him—'twas conquest where he came,
For Victory wove her chaplet in the magic of his name;
But while his name thus gilds the past, the present wakes a sigh,
To see his flag of glory now—but drooping half-mast-high.

"In many a by-gone battle, beneath an Indian sun,
That flag was borne in triumph o'er the sanguine plains he won;
Where'er that flag he planted, it impregnable became,
As Torres Vedras' heights have told in glittering steel and flame.
'Twas then to wild Ambition's Chief he flung the gauntlet down,
And from his giant grasp retrieved the ancient Spanish crown;
He drove him o'er the Pyrenees with Vict'ry's swelling cry,
Before the red-cross flag—that now is drooping half-mast-high.

"And when once more from Elba's shore the Giant Chief broke loose,
And startled nations waken'd from the calm of hollow truce,
In foremost post the British host soon sprang to arms again,
And Fate, in final balance, held the world's two foremost men.
The chieftains twain might ne'er again have need for aught to do,
So, once for all, we won the fall at glorious Waterloo.
The work was done, and Wellington his saviour-sword laid by,
And now, in grief, to mourn our chief, our flag is half-mast-high."

These are touching verses, worthy of the poet and his theme. Innumerable pens started up to render similar homage to the Duke's great merit in prose and verse; but scarcely any were equal to the occasion. Certainly none approaches in brilliancy and correctness the following vigorous lines by Mr. Archer Polson:—

"WELLINGTON!

"From where the Scheldt with sluggish tide bathes Holland's oozy shore,
From where the palm-tree topes make glad the plains of far Mysore,
From Tagus' amber waters bright, renown'd in classic song,
From sunny hills where Douro rolls his laughing waves along,
From battle-fields of old Romance in high heroic Spain,
From Belgium's fertile soil where late nodded the golden grain—
From every land his victor-sword redeem'd from tyrant's sway
Will rise on high the wailing cry—Our hero's pass'd away!

"Soldier unmatch'd! unequall'd Chief! how shall thy praise be sung,
Whose glorious deeds so long have been familiar to each tongue?
Whose courage, wisdom, patriot worth to none have been unknown—
From the reaper in the harvest-field to the monarch on the throne.
Honour'd not only for the hand that bore the conqu'ring sword,
But honour'd for the voice that spake high truths at Council board—
Honour'd for that in Senate-hall thy course was firm and true,
As that ye broke the tyrant's yoke at blood-stained Waterloo!

"Not soon shall that appalling time by mankind be forgot,
When slavish chain and slavish toil seem'd Europe's fated lot;
When from bleak Bothnia's ice-bound waves to Nilus' sandy flood,
Stretch'd far the fell dominion of the dark man of blood;
When Prussia wept her humbled state, and Hapsburg's eagle lay
With talon's clipped and wounded wing, the foul oppressor's prey;
When Russia bent the minion knee, Italia hugg'd her chain,
And plundering hordes made desolate the vineyard hills of Spain!

"Who shall forget how English tongues—and that on English ground!—
To counsel base submisssion to the Anarch then were found—
How lying prophets raised the voice foretelling England's fall,
And the triumph over king and laws of the Moloch of the Gaul;
And who the rapture will forget reviving Europe knew,
When the war-note of defiance loud, inspiring-England blew,
Sending o'er Biscay's restless seas her sons to gather fame,
And add new laurels to the wreath that circled Wellesley's name!

'Ho! Children of rich Beira, none more than ye can tell
What memories with Roliça, with Vimiero dwell!
How the lines of Torres Vedras, by soldier-wisdom plann'd,
Kept back the surging tide of Gauls would desolate your land!
How fierce the conflict raged for long, how wild the war-cries rung,
When Britain fought for Portugal Busaco's heights among,
And, fighting, how she conquer'd, and how Braganza's lord
To the throne of great Sebastian by WELLESLEY was restored!

"Speak we of Talavera, of Roderick's iron town,
Of Badajoz from mountain steep that looks so grimly down,
Salamanca's learned cloister, or Tormes' grassy shore,
Castile's once gorgeous capital—though gorgeous now no more—
Sebastian's fortress frowning on Guipuscoa's bay,
Vittoria, hidden deep among the hills of wild Biscay—
Can we but with a patriot pride pronounce each well-known name,
For each to lasting time is link'd with WELLESLEY'S warrior fame?

"Yet not for fame the hero fought—to 'liberate,' not 'defy,'
To burst the bonds of nations thrall'd—*this* was his purpose high;
To hound the proud oppressor back, give freedom to the world,
For this was WELLESLEY'S sword unsheath'd and England's flag unfurl'd;
For this, through Pyrenean glen, did he our arms advance,
Till our meteor standard waved once more on sunny plains of France,
For this from Adour's purple stream he made his terrors known
To Aquitania's capital—grey pride of the Garonne!

"Ay! praise like this is no mean praise, yet praise that is thy due!
'Twas no vain lust of glory fired thy soul at Waterloo—
Gave thee heroic calmness in that terrific hour,
When British courage *almost* quail'd beneath the iron shower;
And British soldiers, all unused to yield them or to fly,
Believed no other course was theirs than gallantly to die!
In that dread hour within thy breast *one* single thought arose—
How by a glorious victory to give the world repose!

"Oh, blessing to the country! oh, honour to thy race!
From Britain's heart the thoughts of thee no time shall e'er efface;
And when the dark clouds arise and boding tempests gloom,
We'll sigh to think how thou art held within the narrow tomb!
But thy spirit shall be with us—though danger's direst form
May threat us, as it did before, with anarchy's wild storm,
We'll nerve us for the battle, to our standards we'll be true—
One war-cry shall be WELLINGTON—the other, WATERLOO!"

While the remains of the Duke of Wellington lay at Walmer, and the public funeral was preparing, all the arrangements for filling the various offices vacated by his Grace were considered, and as rapidly as circumstances would allow, the vacancies were filled up. The office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports was given to Lord Derby; the Constableship of the Tower to Viscount Combermere; the Colonelcy of the Rifle Brigade and the Grenadier Guards devolved

on Prince Albert, and that of the Coldstream Guards on the Duke of Cambridge. The members of the Trinity House elected Prince Albert their Master; the University of Oxford installed the Earl of Derby in the Chancellorship. To the Marquis of Londonderry the Queen gave the vacant Garter. Thus all reasonable expectations were satisfied; and the two oldest soldiers who had served under the Duke of Wellington received a mark of the approbation and good-will of the Sovereign.

Regarding the probable succession to the command-in-chief, much speculation went abroad. It was believed in some quarters that the highest personage in the nation entertained a wish to confide this trust to the Prince Consort or to the Duke of Cambridge; and the idea was not without advocates; for the position of the illustrious

LORD HARDINGE.

princes rendered them independent of the Cabinet and parliamentary influences which had, in other days, been perniciously exercised at the

Horse-Guards. Very many of the officers of the army desired to see the mantle of the Duke fall upon the shoulders of his distinguished friend, secretary, and faithful companion-in-arms, Lord Fitzroy Somerset; and some few pointed to the claims which seniority and rank gave to the Marquis of Anglesey. But the critical state of the country in reference to the position of foreign powers; the necessity for a firm mind and a vigorous hand at the Horse-Guards, at a time when it was of the last importance that the science of war and the devices of armament should be placed upon a level with the improvements made in foreign countries; induced the advisers of the Queen to recommend that her choice should fall upon the most capable soldier of the kingdom. Her Majesty, with a degree of wisdom and self-denial worthy of the lofty patriotism of the Sovereign, at once conferred the responsible office upon Lord Hardinge; and the army gratefully accepted the new chief, whose renown in the field was only equalled by the talent, courage, and industry he had manifested in all the civil offices it had been his fortune to fill. On the 22nd of September the following General Orders were issued:—

MOURNING FOR THE ARMY.—GENERAL ORDERS.

"Horse-Guards, *September 22nd*, 1852.

"The Adjutant-General has received her Majesty's most gracious commands to issue the following General Orders to the army:—

"1. The Queen feels assured that the army will participate in the deep grief with which her Majesty has received the intelligence of the irreparable loss sustained by herself and by the country, in the sudden death of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

"In him her Majesty has to deplore a firm supporter of her throne, a faithful, wise, and devoted counsellor, and a valued and honoured friend.

"In him the army will lament the loss of a Commander-in-Chief unequalled for the brilliancy, the magnitude, and the success of his military achievements; but hardly less distinguished for the indefatigable and earnest zeal with which, in time of peace, he laboured to maintain the efficiency and promote the interests of that army which he had often led to victory.

"The discipline which he exacted from others, as the main foundation of the military character, he sternly imposed upon himself; and the Queen desires to impress upon the army, that the greatest Commander whom England ever saw has left an example for the imita-

tion of every soldier, in taking as his guiding principle in every relation of life an energetic and unhesitating obedience to the call of duty.

"It is her Majesty's command that this General Order shall be inserted in the Order-books, and read at the head of every regiment in her Majesty's service.

"2. The Queen does not require that the officers of the army should wear any other mourning with their uniforms, on the present melancholy occasion, than black crape over the ornamental part of the cap or hat, the sword-knot, and on the left arm, with the following exceptions, viz.:—

"Officers on duty are to wear black gloves, black crape over the ornamented part of the cap or hat, the sword-knot, and on the left arm, the sash covered with black crape, and a black crape scarf over the right shoulder.

"The drums of regiments are to be covered with black, and black crape is to be hung from the pike of the colour-staff of infantry, and from the standard-staff and trumpets of cavalry.

"3. The Queen has been most graciously pleased, under the present afflicting circumstances, to direct that Lieutenant-General Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B., shall be placed on the Staff of her Majesty's army, and that all matters respecting her Majesty's military service, which have heretofore been transacted by his Grace the late Commander-in-Chief, shall henceforth be performed by Lieutenant-General Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B.

"By her Majesty's command,

"G. Brown,

"Adjutant-General."

GENERAL ORDER.

"Horse-Guards, *September 23rd*, 1852.

"In obedience to her Majesty's most gracious commands, Lieutenant-General Viscount Hardinge assumes the command of her Majesty's army, and all matters relating to her Majesty's military service which have heretofore been performed by his Grace the late Commander-in-Chief, will henceforth be transacted by his Lordship.

"He confidently hopes that, in the performance of the duties entrusted to him by her Majesty's favour, he will receive the assistance and support of the general and other officers of the army, and be enabled to maintain its discipline and high character by a continuance of those services which have identified the British army with the honour power, and prosperity of their country.

"The Queen having, in the General Order to the army of yesterday's date, expressed her Majesty's sentiments on the irreparable loss sustained by her Majesty, the country, and the army, in the sudden death of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, Viscount Hardinge presumes only on this occasion to give utterance to his devoted attachment to the memory of 'the greatest Commander whom England ever saw,' and whose whole life has afforded the brightest example by which a British army can be guided in the performance of its duties.

"By command of the Right Honourable
"Lieutenant-General VISCOUNT HARDINGE,
"Commander-in-Chief.

"G. BROWN,
"Adjutant-General."

Lord Fitzroy Somerset was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance in the room of Lord Hardinge — who had held the office since the accession of Earl Derby to the Premiership—and Lord Fitzroy was also raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Raglan.

Parliament met early in the month of November, 1852, and gave a formal assent to the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington,[1] which took place upon the 18th of the same month. Within the memory of man no ceremonial has produced so great a commotion in London as that which attended the funeral obsequies of the mighty chief. It was not merely that the pageant was, according to the public programmes, to rival the gorgeous scenes peculiar to coronations —it was not simply an interest of curiosity that caused vast multitudes to throng the metropolis, and seek advantageous points of view;—a profound respect for the memory of the departed warrior supplied an honourable motive to the humblest individuals to endeavour to be present on the occasion, while all who enjoyed the advantages of high rank and station claimed and obtained the privilege of either accompanying the remains to the tomb, or assisting at the last offices in St. Paul's Cathedral. Nor was the enthusiasm limited to the inhabitants of Great Britain. All the foreign Powers deemed it becoming in them to mark their sense of the universal loss by the performance of funeral ceremonies in the principal churches of their respective capitals, and—with the melancholy exception of

[1] Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made an admirable speech on the occasion of proposing that the nation should bear the cost of the funeral. It will be found in the Appendix.

Austria—to despatch delegates to England to represent them upon the occasion.[1] Belgium sent her Royal Princes—Spain, Portugal,

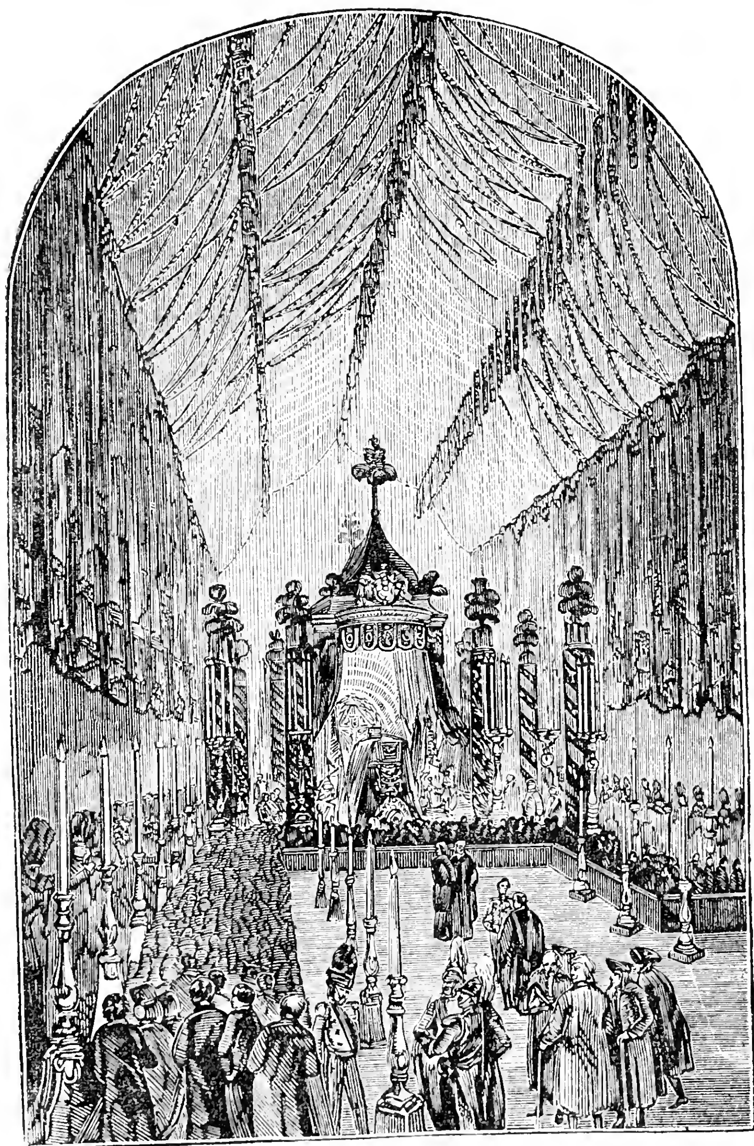
1 The omission of the Austrian Government to send a representative elicited the following observations from the *United Service Gazette.* The Marshal alluded to is Haynau, who some months ago came to England, and on being recognised on his visit to the brewery of Messrs. Barclay, Perkin, & Co., was assaulted by the draymen:—

"THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT.—With mingled emotions of pity and contempt we record that Austria sent no representative to follow the remains of the Duke of Wellington. One of her Marshals, who rivalled the most sanguinary Generals of uncivilized warfare in his cruelties to women, pays a visit to this country; a number of honest draymen, hearing that he has profaned the locality of their occupation with his footsteps, seize their cart-whips and ruthlessly offer a retributive violence to the foreign visitor. He is protected by the police, and is watched and guarded with care until his exit from England has been secured. His government, ignorant as it always has been of the laws and institutions which guarantee our freedom, demand extrajudicial vengeance upon the brewer's people. It is impossible to afford it—it is impossible even to recognise the outrage, excepting through the ordinary agency of the law, which demands the identification of offenders—and Austria forthwith becomes sullen and savage. She declares that the uniform of the Empire has been insulted, and charges upon a whole country the rude vindictiveness of a fragment of the most ignorant part of its population. She offers every possible annoyance to English travellers for months together, and when the occasion arises for putting an end to the quarrel—the reciprocity of which is all on her side, she studiously neglects it. Many a hostile hand has been shaken over the grave —the very situation is suggestive of the mortality of human enmity; but Austria is angry to the last.

"We do not care—Austria is the loser. She has disgraced her army and herself. Wellington was an Austrian Field-Marshal—an Austrian regiment took its name from Wellington. It was in Austria that the Duke was appointed to command in chief the armies raised to resist Napoleon in 1815. Covered as he was with orders, he was not the least proud of that of Maria Theresa. To deny, then, to this great Austrian leader the simple tribute which every foreign nation hastened to pay, was an outrage upon decency—an obliviousness of what was due to the dignity of the army of the Empire and the grandeur of the house of Hapsburg. It was an error of the most grievously stupid character, and stamps with utter Vandalism a nation which has never shown itself mighty in arms, since, in its scarcely less barbarian infancy, it devastated Italy. The Attilas and Alarics of old were not greater ruffians than the Haynaus and Gorgeys of modern times; and the Emperor of Austria, in sanctioning the outrages of the Marshal against the Hungarians, and in refusing a tribute to the highest character of military and political virtue, has established that he is enamoured of the ruthless systems of war which have covered the memories of the Kings of the Goths and Huns with eternal infamy."

It is only fair to the Austrian Government to state, that though it would not send a representative to England, the memory of the Duke was much honoured in the capital of the Austrian dominions:—

"VIENNA, OCTOBER 1.—HOMAGE TO THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The Emperor was unwilling to leave his capital again before paying his tribute to the *manes* of the Great Duke, whom the great-grandfather of Francis Joseph, in common with the potentates of Europe, delighted to honour. When it became known that funeral honours would be paid to the Duke of Wellington, Austrian Field-Marshal, and Grand Cross of Maria Theresa, a great crowd assembled to witness the proceedings. The whole of the garrison turned out with muffled drums and the other insignia of mourning, and in addition to the usual crape on the arm, it was remarked that the flags of the lancers and the regimental banners were trimmed with black crape. The Emperor appeared also in mourning, and his Majesty gave express orders for the observance of the same military ceremonial in all the chief towns of the Empire. When



LYING IN STATE.

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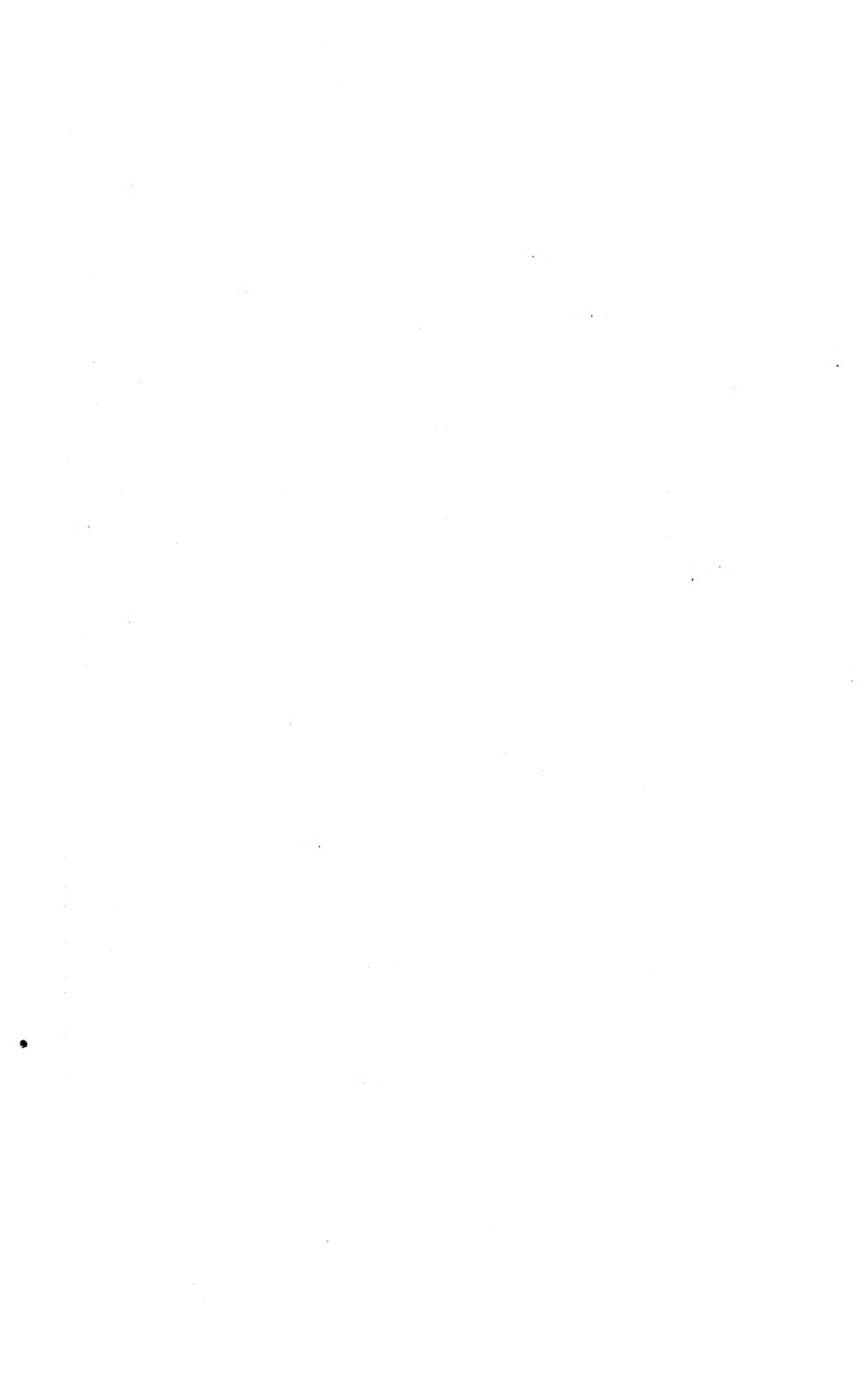

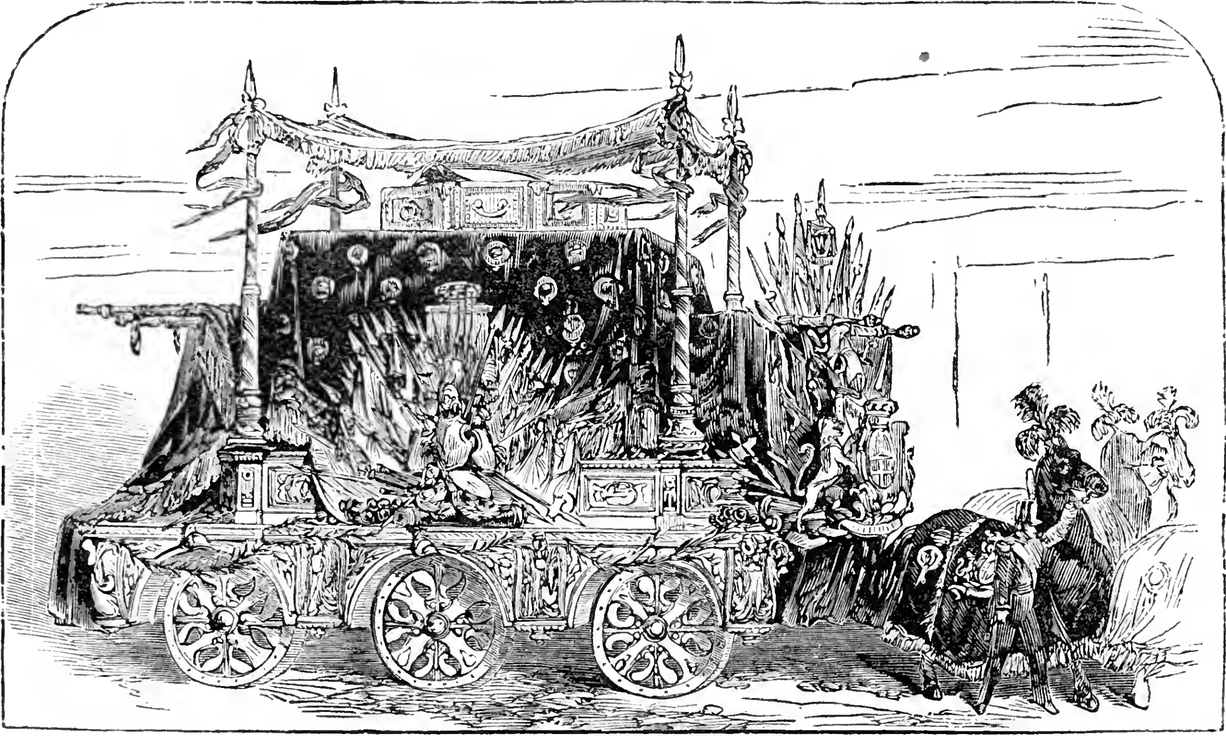

FUNERAL CAR.

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Russia, Prussia,[1] Sweden—her oldest Generals and their chosen staff—and even France gracefully recognised the merits of the noble old soldier by commanding the presence of her Ambassador at the service in the cathedral.

The Duke's body lay in state in the hall of Chelsea Hospital for six days, and was visited by many thousands, preparatory to its removal to the Horse Guards, where the funeral procession was to commence.

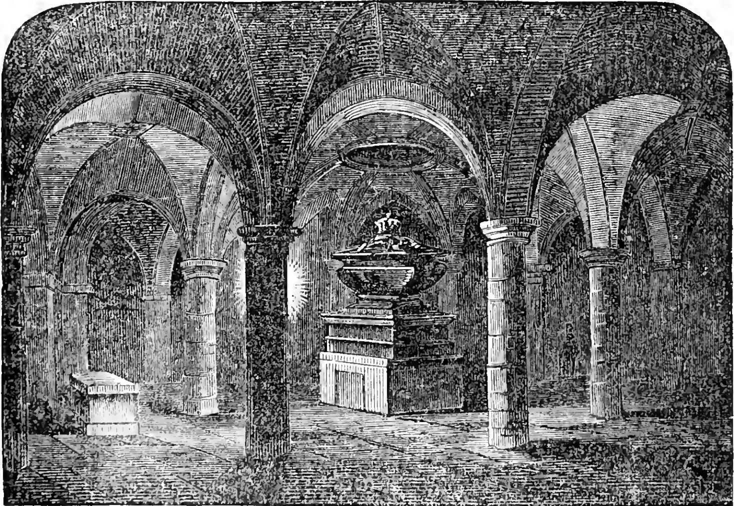
The weather had been unusually bad for many weeks preceding the day appointed for the funeral rites—but, as if to favour the occasion, the sun came out with great brilliancy on the morning of the 18th of November, and continued to cast its rays upon the metropolis until the ceremonial had completely terminated! During the whole of the previous week, the most extraordinary preparations had been made along the whole line of route for affording the public a perfect view of the pageant. Scaffoldings were erected in front of the houses—every window—every nook—every house-top—every inch of pavement was occupied by a dense but orderly crowd, exceeding—by the best computation—two millions of human beings. And the most perfect contentment was afforded by the magnificent spectacle. The people felt that justice had been done to the remains and the memory of their lost and long-loved hero. Two entire regiments of the Line, a battalion of the Royal Marines, the Household troops, cavalry, and infantry, squadrons and detachments from every regiment in the United Kingdom, a representative from every corps in the British army, seventeen guns, with an appropriate number of gunners and officers from the Horse and Foot Artillery—Chelsea pensioners—staff officers bearing banners or escorting the Duke's insignia of office—formed a most imposing military array, admirably ordered and commanded by the Duke of Cambridge. The "people" of London had never before beheld the Line or the Artillery—the real field strength of the British army—and they now saw how fully those branches of the service merited all the eulogy that had ever been bestowed upon them. Following the troops were, in their carriages, the Ministers, great officers of State, numerous generals who had served under the Duke, the Speaker, the Lord Chancellor, Bishops, representatives of all the great corporations; and, crowning the whole, by the

the dead march was played, and the defile over, the twelve batteries discharged their farewell, and volleys from the walls of the city responded to the mournful salute over the imaginary bier. Lord Westmoreland and a brilliant assemblage of officers were in immediate attendance upon the Emperor."

[1] See Appendix for the opinions formed by the Prussians of the British army.

magnificent compliment involved, came his Royal Highness Prince Albert, in whose train also were the carriages of her Majesty the Queen. Never was British subject so honoured!—never was earthly honour so well deserved! The car, which bore the remains of the Duke, was a superb structure, as well adapted to the occasion as time and the conditions imposed by the necessity for its passing beneath the low arch of Temple bar would allow.

At St. Paul's Cathedral upwards of ten thousand privileged persons had assembled to render final homage to the manes of the Duke. When all had taken their places, including those who had formed the procession, the coffin was removed from the car. "And thus, with the hoarse roar of the multitude without, as they saw their last of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, with the grand and touching service of our church sounding solemnly through the arched dome and aisles of the



THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S.

noble church, with the glistening eye and hushed breath of many a gallant as well as of many a gentle soul in that vast multitude—with the bell tolling solemnly the knell of the departed, taken up by the voice of the distant cannon, amid the quiet waving of bannerol and flag, surrounded by all the greatness of the land—with all the pomp and glories of heraldic achievement, escutcheon and device—his body was borne up St. Paul's. At 1·40 the coffin was slid off the moveable

carriage in which it had been conveyed up the nave, to the frame in the centre of the area under the dome, which was placed almost directly over the tomb of Nelson, which lies in the crypt below. The Marshal's hat and sword of the deceased were removed from the coffin, and in their place a ducal coronet, on a velvet cushion, was substituted.

"The foreign Marshals and Generals stood at the head of the coffin; at the south side of it stood his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with his bâton of Field-Marshal in his hand, and attired in full uniform, standing a little in advance of a numerous staff of officers. At each side of the coffin were British Generals, who had acted as pall-bearers. After the psalm and anthem, the Dean read with great solemnity and impressiveness the lesson, 1 Cor. xv., 20, which was followed by the *Nunc Dimittis*, and a dirge, with the following words set to music by Mr. Goss:—

"And the King said to all the people that were with him, Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn. And the King himself followed the bier.

"And they buried him. And the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave, and all the people wept.

"And the King said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

And now came the roll of muffled drums, and the wailing notes of horn and cornet, and the coffin slowly sank into the crypt amid the awful strains of Handel's "Dead March." The ducal crown disappeared with its gorgeous support, and in the centre of the group of generals and nobles was left a dark chasm, into which every eye glanced sadly down, and all knew indeed that a prince and a great man had that day gone from Israel. The remaining portions of the funeral service were then performed. The congregation were requested to join in the responses to the Lord's Prayer, and the effect of many thousand voices in deep emotion, repeating the words after the full enunciation of the Dean, was intensely affecting.

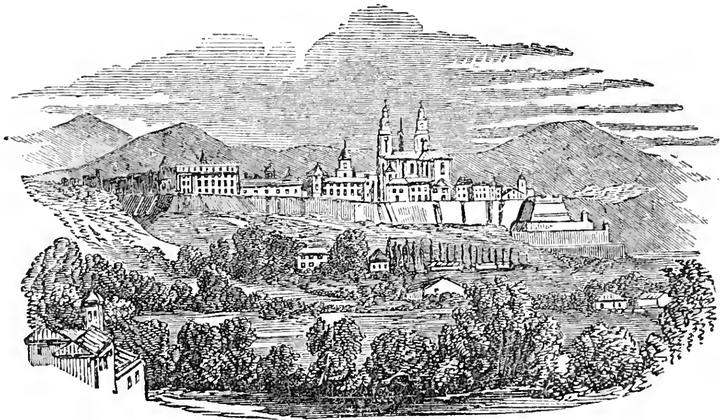
"His body is buried in peace,
But his name liveth evermore,"

from Handel's funeral anthem was then most effectively performed by the choir. And then Garter King at Arms, standing over the vault, proclaimed the titles and orders of the deceased, "whom Heaven was pleased to take from us."

Then the late Duke's Comptroller having broken in pieces his staff of office in the household, handed it to the Garter King at Arms

who cast the fragments into the vault. The choir and chorus sang the hymn, 'Sleepers, awake!' and the Bishop of London, standing by the side of the Lord Chancellor, pronounced the blessing which concluded the ceremony."

And thus was buried, with all state and honour, the great Duke of Wellington.



PAMPELUNA.

CHAPTER XXI.

Character of the Duke of Wellington.

EW public men have presented greater facilities to the biographer for the formation of an estimate of their character than Arthur, the first Duke of Wellington.

Living from a very early period of his remarkable career in the presence of his countrymen, constantly committing his sentiments to paper, or giving them utterance in the Houses of Parliament; cherishing no *arrières pensées*, and squaring his conduct with his declared opinions, his heart was bared to the most minute inspection. To say that no faults were disclosed by the exposure, were to predicate of the Duke that he was raised above humanity. He undoubtedly had failings in common with the rest of mankind, but they were almost lost to ordinary perception in the presence of the numerous virtues which adorned his existence, and which, more than his successes, raised him to the unexampled preeminence he enjoyed for nearly half a century.

The quality, perhaps, which Englishmen value the most in public characters is Honesty, and with this quality the Duke of Wellington was singularly endowed. Receiving the pay of his Sovereign at a very early period of his life, he conceived that it became him to earn it conscientiously, and this principle led him to regard everything in life as subservient to his "duty" to the State. DUTY was his polestar. Under its guiding influences he endured privation and mortification with cheerfulness; prompted by its suggestions he

ventured upon great enterprises; yielding to its irresistible claims, he forsook friends, abjured political associates, put aside prejudices and prepossessions, and incurred obloquy and insult. But the all-absorbing principle of action seldom led him wrong. Happily for the interests of this great country, whose devoted servant he took pride in proclaiming himself, his perception of what was right and proper, in many varieties of circumstance, was almost invariably correct. His acuteness enabled him to discern what he ought to do, and his sense of duty supported him in its accomplishment, or in the attempt at its accomplishment, however formidable the obstacles which presented themselves to the undertaking. Nothing personal, selfish, nor sinister would turn him from the path to the right. Whatever he designed to effect, when exercising military command abroad, he "laid it justly and timed it seasonably, and thus won security and dispatch."

But this rigid honesty of purpose did not simply characterise the government of his conduct in relation to the Sovereign and the country by whom he was trusted. It was the ruling principle of his life, in relation to all classes of his fellow-creatures; and fortunately he found that perfect integrity in his general public dealings was quite compatible with the allegiance he delighted to pay to his employers. In the rectitude of his heart, he repudiated the distinction which professed politicians have ofttimes endeavoured to establish between public and private virtue. What was morally wrong he could not think was politically right. Thus, although numerous writers on international law have contended for the principle of making war support war, and, confounding the ambition or indiscretion of the governors of a country with its helpless inhabitants, have justified the appropriation of the property of the people, the Duke of Wellington from the first hour when, as Colonel Wellesley, he commanded at Seringapatam, down to his entry into Toulouse, never would sanction the slightest infringement of private rights. He felt, and often said, that the security of the British rule, and the friendliness of its reception, depended upon the impression entertained of our justness and morality. It jumped with his notions of justice that nothing should be taken from unarmed people unless due equivalent was tendered, and he found his justification of this policy not alone in the applause of his own conscience, but in the good-will which it generated.

So little is known of the early characteristics of the Duke of Wellington—for none of the contemporaries of his youth survive—that it is difficult to say how much of the inflexibility which distin-

guished him in military and political life was constitutional, and how much the result of self-discipline. By those who served under him in the Peninsula he was generally accounted cold and impassive, but his immediate friends usually found him gay and animated, addicted to lively pursuits, fond of the chase and of female society; and a hundred examples are extant of the activity of his benevolence. Probably something may by allowed to the faculty of self-command and much to the convictions of necessity. Discerning what was essential in the situations in which he was placed, he steeled himself against all suggestions which might interfere with his designs, and practised a sternness of manner which ultimately, for a long time at least, became habitual.

In his management of the heterogeneous, ill-organised, and undisciplined army committed to his care in 1809, and which carried him through six years of unparalleled difficulty, this sternness of carriage, accompanied by brevity of speech and occasional severity of tone, became almost indispensable. His quick apprehension had satisfied him, while yet a regimental officer, that too much freedom with the British soldier was inconsistent with order and discipline. He saw that it was only by distance and reserve that authority could be habitually maintained; and thus, when he came to exercise supreme command, he folded himself in an austerity which forbade the approach of familiarity from any quarter. Associating this coldness of demeanour with a rigid exaction of obedience to his orders, and the maintenance of a profound silence regarding his plans up to the very moment when their execution became expedient, the Duke acquired a reputation for frigidity and severity, and those who could not comprehend his motives of action, or estimate the perfect adaptation of his reserve to the men he commanded, and the circumstances in which he was placed, drew unfavourable comparisons between their situation and that of the French soldiery who enjoyed the smiles, the *bonhommie* and *camaraderie* of Napoleon. Yet a study of the admirable despatches and orders of the Duke of Wellington—of which a few very slight examples have been given in the earlier pages of this memoir—will show how entirely he was animated by the finest dictates of human nature—how completely his studied severity was subordinate to his noble impulses. If he rigidly enforced discipline among his followers, it was to prevent rapine; if his troops endured suffering, it was in spite of his strenuous exertions to prevent it; and if he appeared to treat human ills lightly, it was because he felt that it was folly to be troubled by disappointments when they could be recovered, or to grieve over those which could not. Carefully

calculating the effect of his planned operations, he was naturally irritated if they were thwarted by misconception or disobedience. He could forgive the former, but he allowed no wilful infringement of his orders to pass with impunity. As he had habitually rendered obedience to his superiors, even when his judgment rebelled against their measures, so did he enforce it when time and fortune had placed him at the head of armies; and it is a remarkable proof of the wonderful prescience with which he was gifted, that any unauthorised departure from his instructions was attended by a heavy loss of human life, and failure of the objects he had in view.

As the Duke has found the British army in the field equal to all that he required at its hands, he was entirely averse to any alterations in its composition, or to the laws by which it was governed when the great European contest was at an end. He was accustomed to believe in what he saw was good, and had no taste for experiments which promised to make the good better. "Let well alone" was his axiom. Thus he was opposed to a reduction in the term of service, because he had great faith in old soldiers. He could not perceive the advantage of abolishing corporal punishment in the army at the instance of clamorous humanity-mongers. There was much to be said in favour of that form of chastisement. It operated as a public example; it was summary, and did not interfere for any injurious length of time with the public service. Solitary confinement removed a soldier from his duty, and cast an extra burden upon the well-conducted men, beside that it was an impracticable punishment on the line of march. To the ignorant and illiterate man a brief confinement was no penalty; to the intelligent soldier it far transcended in cruelty the infliction of the lash. But public opinion was too strong for the Duke; and he yielded to a compromise. The maximum of corporal punishment was reduced to fifty lashes. In the matter of costume and equipment the Duke was inflexible. He had won battles with ill-clad and heavily-laden soldiers, and was therefore indisposed to see the clothing improved, or the burdens reduced. He told Lieutenant-Colonel Gore, in reply to some suggestions to change a part of the dress of the 33rd regiment, of which the Duke was Colonel, that it had gone on very well for twenty years as it was, and he did not know where changes would stop if once commenced. So of the knapsack. When new projects, calculated to diminish the annoyances of the soldier were submitted, the official answer was, that "the knapsack question had been exhausted." All this conveyed an impression that the Duke was insensible to the sufferings of the troops; and the idea of his pre-

sumed apathy received a confirmation from his refusal to encourage applications for a medal commemorative of service in the Peninsula. But the inference on this head was unfair. The Duke did not ask for medals for his troops (excepting in the case of the battle of Waterloo) because, in the first place, he believed that the value of those distinctions would be deteriorated by their becoming too general—an idea also cherished by the Duke of York; and, in the second place, because, when he was called upon to move in the matter, he felt he was no longer in the position, relatively to the applicants, which would have justified the procedure. It was not "his duty." In reply to a memorial from the captains and subalterns of the army, his Grace dwelt strongly upon this point. He told them that when commanding the army in the field it was "his duty" faithfully to report the services of officers; and it was "the duty of the Government to settle whether any and what reward should be conferred. When commanded by the Sovereign to recommend corps, battalions, and officers for honorary distinctions, he obeyed those orders and performed all those duties;" but excepting when so ordered, he did not consider it "any part of his duty" to interfere in the matter. These were his very words.

In the sense in which "serious people" would apply the term, the Duke was not, perhaps, a strictly pious man; but if conclusions are to be drawn from the actions, rather than the expressions, of a human being, he was by no means insensible to the beauty and importance of religion.[1] He obeyed the Christian precepts in the relations of life,—he was assiduous in his attendance at Divine Service; and he always evinced a laudable anxiety that the soldiery should have the assistance of chaplains of orthodox principles and exemplary conduct.[2]

1 See a Clergyman's estimate of the Duke's character in the Appendix.

2 In a despatch addressed to Lieutenant-General Calvert, the Adjutant-General dated Cartaxo, 6th of February, 1811, the Duke wrote for good army chaplains, and said—

"I am very anxious upon this subject, not only from the desire which every man must have that so many persons as there are in this army should have the advantage of religious instruction, but from a knowledge that it is the greatest support and aid to military discipline and order."

And again, speaking of the spread of Methodism in the army, and of the Methodist meetings which were taking place in the regiments, his Grace wrote—

"Here, and in similar circumstances, we want the assistance of a respectable clergyman. By his personal influence and advice, and by that of true religion, he would moderate the zeal and enthusiasm of the gentlemen, and would prevent these meetings from being mischievous, if he did not prevail upon them to discontinue them entirely. This is the only mode, in my opinion, in which we can touch these meetings. The meeting of soldiers in their cantonments to sing psalms, or hear a sermon read by one of their comrades, is, in the abstract, perfectly innocent; and it is a better way of spending their time than many

The condition of the British soldier has been amazingly improved since the war. The hope of reward has been substituted for the fear of punishment, as a stimulus to conduct. Diminished service, comfortable barracks, good-conduct pay and medals, gratuities, pensions, and annuities, facilities of colonial settlement, and a preference over other civilians in selection for employment after discharge, are among the benefits conferred upon the troops since 1815. It may be that the Duke of Wellington did not originate any of these measures—he may not have considered it to come within the scope of his duty to do so. As Commander-in-Chief, however, he must have been consulted by the Secretary at War and the War Minister; and had he not consented to the improvements it is doubtful whether etiquette would have allowed of their adoption. Hence, to the Duke belongs a large portion of the merit of having ameliorated the condition of the English soldier.

In the disposal of his patronage the Duke of Wellington was just, —and more than this, he recommended justice to others.[1] There was scarcely one officer who served under him, and remained in the army

others to which they are addicted; but it may become otherwise; and yet, till the abuse has made some progress, the commanding officer would have no knowledge of it, nor could he interfere. Even at last his interference must be guided by discretion, otherwise he will do more harm than good; and it can in no case be so effectual as that of a respectable clergyman."

[1] A recent writer says:—"The Duke would not do an unjust act to please his own sovereign. George IV. said to him one day, 'Arthur, the —— regiment is vacant, gazette Lord ——.'

"'Impossible, and please your Majesty; there are officers who have served the country for many years whose turn comes first.'

"'Never mind, Arthur, gazette Lord ——.'

"The Duke came up to town, and gazetted Sir Ronald Fergusson. He was then all powerful in the cabinet as well as in the army, and the King, whose character the Duke well understood, was obliged to take the matter with as good a grace as he was able.

"An officer in the army, still alive, expressing his wonder that the Duke should lend his papers to such a radical as the present Sir William Napier, to assist him in composing his admirable history of the Peninsular War, he replied, 'And what if he is a Radical; he will tell the truth, and that is all I care about.'"

The annexed, among many other letters, present undeniable proofs of the spirit of justice which animated the Duke:—

"TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CLOSE.

"CAMP, 3rd *July*, 1803.

"In exercising the power given me by government, in regard to the subsidiary force at Poonah, I shall consider it a duty, and it certainly is my inclination, to select those officers for the situations which are to be filled, who may be agreeable to you. The gentleman you now have recommended to me is one for whom I have a respect, and in whose advancement and welfare I am materially interested; as he has been frequently recommended to me in the strongest terms by his relation, General Mackenzie, a very old friend of mine.

"But both you and I, my dear Colonel, must attend to claims of a superior nature to those

long enough to be eligible for responsible command, who did not receive some token of the Duke's approbation. They were either appointed colonels of regiments, or governors of colonies, or commanders of districts, divisions, or branches of the army in India, or good-service pensions were granted to them. Where disappointment was experienced, it resulted from the absence of the Duke's opportunities to serve them. If officers and soldiers did well, who so ready to laud them in the House of Lords as the Duke?—making amends by the warmth of his commendations as a peer for the brevity of his approbations as a general in the field. If ill, or erring from misconception, who so prompt to vindicate them to the country?

brought forward, either in consequence of our private feelings of friendship or of reccommendation. Of this nature are the claims founded upon service.

* * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Gilmour has done all tho duty of the staff-surgeon greatly to my satisfaction and the general good; and when the subsidiary force comes to be established at Poonah, I think that I could not disappoint the expectation which he has had a right to form, that he should be its permanent staff-surgeon, without doing him great injustice, and in his person violating a principle which ought always to guide those who have the disposal of military patronage, viz., that those who do the duty of the army, ought to be promoted, and also, enjoy its benefits and advantages."

"TO GENERAL ——, IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN.

"PARIS, 2nd *December*, 1814.

"I did not recommend you to the King of Spain for promotion, not from any doubt of your zeal and gallantry in his Majesty's service and cause, of which I had witnessed so many instances, but from having known that you had not made the military profession your study, and from having observed that you paid but little attention to the discipline and good order of the troops, which are those qualities of which his Majesty's troops are much in want.

"If I had now anything to say to the Spanish army (excepting in the interest I feel for its honour), I should consider it my duty for the same reasons still to be silent regarding your promotion. Zeal and gallantry are indispensable qualities for an officer, and you possess both and activity and intelligence to an extraordinary and exemplary degree; but it is my opinion—and I have always acted upon that opinion—that an officer appointed to command others should have other qualities; and I cannot with propriety recommend for promotion one who, in my opinion, does not possess them.

"In regard to your complaint that your name was not mentioned in my despatches, it appears extraordinary, as you are aware that you happened not to fill any responsible situation in the army. It is certainly true that your conduct was most gallant upon both these occasions that you mention; but it is impossible for me to report the name of every individual who puts himself at the head of the troops."

"TO MAJOR-GENERAL DARLING.

BRUXELLES, 2nd *May*, 1815.

"I have nothing to say to any appointment to the staff of this army of any rank.

"However flattered I may be, and however I may applaud the desire of an officer to serve under my command in the field, it is impossible for me to recommend officers for employment with whose merits I am not acquainted, in preference to those to whose services I am so much indebted, particularly if the latter desire to serve again. But, as I before stated, I have no choice; and I beg you to apply in the quarter in which you will certainly succeed, without reference to my wishes, whenever there shall be a command vacant for you, which there is not at present."

The 14th Light Dragoons, from some misapprehension of an order given at the battle of Chillianwallah, in the Punjaub, had given way to a momentary panic, and obloquy was cast upon that distinguished regiment by some ill-informed persons. The noble Duke took an opportunity of extenuating their temporary retreat. He did so in these words:—"My Lords, it is impossible to describe to you the variety of circumstances which may occasion mistake or disarrangement during an engagement, in the operations of any particular force at any particular moment. An inquiry into these circumstances has been instituted, and I have seen the report of that inquiry. It happens that these cavalry had to conduct their operations over a country much broken by ravines and rough jungles, which rendered it impossible for the troops to move in their usual regular order. It happened that the officer commanding the brigade of which this corps formed a part, was wounded in the head during the advance, and was obliged to quit the field. The officer next in command being at a distance from the spot, was not aware that his commanding officer was obliged to withdraw from the field. Under these circumstances, the word of command was given by some person not authorised, and of whom no trace can be found; and some confusion took place, which from the crowd, and the circumstances of the moment, could not easily be remedied. But it was removed at last, and all were got in order, and the corps successfully performed its duty, as I and other noble lords around me have seen them perform it on other occasions. My Lords, these things may happen to any troops; but we whose fortune it has been to see similar engagements in the field, feel what must be felt by all your lordships—that the character of a corps must not be taken from them from scraps in the newspapers; but the facts must be sought in the report of the Commander-in-Chief, and in the inquiry made by the proper parties—an inquiry very different to that made by the publishers of newspapers. The order was made; and it needs no one to be informed that a movement in retreat is not a movement in advance; but your lordships may be convinced, as I myself am, that the movement in retreat was one of those accidents which must occur occasionally, and that the corps to which it happened are as worthy of confidence then as they have been since, as they were before, and as I hope they always will be."

Upon a previous occasion the Duke earnestly defended the 62nd Foot from a similar charge of panic. The regiment had got into momentary disorder at the battle of Ferozeshah.

Major-General Sir Harry Smith, an old officer, formerly in the

Rifles, held the government of the Cape of Good Hope for five or six years. A war broke out with the Kaffirs, and was prolonged beyond the expected term. The impatience of the public at length broke out in animadversions upon Sir Harry's capacity for command in irregular and savage warfare; and the subject was alluded to in a debate in the House, in an Address in answer to the Royal Speech. The Duke seized the occasion of pronouncing in favour of Sir Harry's tactics with more than wanted energy of manner. "Sir Harry Smith," he said, "is an officer who, from his high reputation in the service, ought not to require any commendation from me; but having filled a high command in several important military operations long before carried on under his direction, and having now been recalled by her Majesty's Government, it is but justice to him to say that I, who am his commanding officer, though at a great distance, entirely approve of all his operations, of the orders which he has given to his troops, and of the arrangements which he has made for their success. * * * My firm belief is, that everything has been done by the commanding general of the forces and the other officers, in order to carry into execution the instructions of her Majesty's Government."

To the sons of deserving old officers the Duke was kind and considerate, and gave away many commissions to orphans and others upon the simple plea that their fathers had done their duty to the State.[1]

[1] The following letter lately appeared in an Irish newspaper, the *Saunders's News-Letter*:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'SAUNDERS'S NEWS-LETTER.'

"SIR,—As anecdotes characteristic of the late Duke of Wellington may not be unacceptable to your readers, now that the earthly remains of that truly great and illustrious man are about to be laid in the grave, may I beg leave to give you one on which you may place every reliance, being myself the recipient of the noble Duke's impartial, generous, and most kind dispensation of the patronage of the army. Having claims on the country, for services rendered in the 'field'—having a large family then to provide for, and not having then at my disposal what would purchase an ensigncy for my son, then a young gentleman about eighteen years old, I memoralised his Grace on behalf of my son, for an ensigncy without purchase, merely stating the services, the age of the young gentleman, education, &c., and forwarded it by post. I did not even get it handed in by any great man, or one in power, but simply relied on its merits, and confiding it to the well-known justice and generosity of his Grace's character. The memorial lay over for some time, and all hope of any good result was nearly abandoned, when one day a person paid me a visit, and, among other subjects, mentioned 'that the commanding officer of — Regiment, then stationed in the town in which I resided, had been making some searching inquiries as to the respectability of my family, and the good character of the young gentleman mentioned in the memorial to his Grace,' all which being answered most satisfactorily, with, indeed, the uncalled-for addition, that the young gentleman was a Roman Catholic, the report was forwarded to his Grace by the commanding officer, and in about twelve months after my son was recommended by his Grace to her Majesty for ensigncy without purchase, and gazetted accordingly; thereby making me, a stranger, an

Although some hundreds of general orders and instructions emanated from the Duke's pen, many of them embracing very small matters, but all conducive to the general interest of discipline, he never worried the troops with needless reproofs and injunctions. He cared nothing for a man's dress—he never fretted himself about the length of a beard or a whisker, or the number of buttons upon a coat—he knew exactly where to draw the line between the trivialities which occupied the thoughts of the martinet and the minute points which affected the economy of an army. Certainly no army could be in a worse state of discipline than was the British army when the Duke succeeded to the Peninsular command; and as certainly there never was an army in a finer and more efficient condition than ours at the moment of the Duke's death. It is quite true that, in his latter days, he committed the principal part of his duties of the command-in-chief to his Military Secretary and the adjutant-General, but they had served long enough under him to become so inoculated with his system and familiar with his thoughts, that all went on as if he were still the active head of military affairs.

The "Despatches" of the Duke of Wellington, published some years since, after careful collation, by Colonel Gurwood, the Duke's esquire, are the most remarkable compositions of the kind extant. As contributions to history—indeed no correct history of the time could be written without access to them—as vindications of the reputation of the Duke, to the extent not only of making clear what was doubtful, but of giving to all the finer points of his character a remarkable salience—as guides to future commanders—they are of incalculable value. No man in the universe could form an approach to an estimate of the Duke's true worth until these extraordinary "Despatches" were made public. Mr. Charles Phillips, once a celebrated barrister, now honourably and faithfully holding the scales of justice as a Commissioner of the Metropolitan Insolvent Court, speaking of them, says—

"To what are we to attribute prosperity so unparalleled?—to merit or to fortune? Most strange to say, this seemingly self-answering question has been asked! But let the darkest bigot to the creed of

Irishman, and a Roman Catholic, a compliment of 450*l.*, the regulation price for an ensigncy. Mine is not a single instance of his Grace's impartiality and justice in the dispensation of the patronage of the army; but now that obloquy has been attempted to be cast upon the memory of the late illustrious Duke of Wellington, and that the country is mourning over his bier, I may be allowed to drop on his tomb the only tribute in my power to pay his memory—a grateful tear.
"Your obedient servant,

"*November 4th*, 1852. "AN OLD CAMPAIGNER."

[This letter is duly authenticated.]

chance open his marvellous 'Despatches,' and be satisfied. He may there read the solution of his mystery. He will there find it was not on the battle-field alone this great commander gained his victories. It was over the map, and in the tent, at midnight. It was in the careful retrospect of past campaigns, studious of experience. It was in the profound reflection, 'looking before and after' —in a sagacity almost instinctive—in a prescience all but inspired—in the vigilance that never slumbered—the science that never erred —the cautious, well-digested, deeply-pondered purpose, slow in formation, but, once formed, inflexible. These were the *chances* which enslaved renown—these were the *accidents* which fettered fortune. All extraordinary as these 'Despatches' are, perhaps the most curious feature they present is the immediate and immutable maturity of character. Instant, yet permanent—of a moment's growth, yet made of adamant. Time has not touched it. What he was at Seringapatam—such was he at Waterloo,—and what he was at Waterloo, he is at this very moment. The first of these 'Despatches' dated in 1800, from the camp at Currah, exhibits him precisely as he appears through twelve volumes, down to the last at Paris! * * * * Almost every man imagines that he knows the Duke of Wellington, because of those exploits which have become as household words amongst us. But no man can be said to know him truly who has not pored and pondered over these 'Despatches.' Lucid, eloquent, copious, and condensed, they take their stand beside the immortal Commentaries. They must ever remain, at once, the army's marvel, and of the gifted author the most enduring monument. The records of his glory, they are also the revelations of the qualities which ensured it."

How far these sentiments are also those of the writer of this biography may be inferred from the fact that, twelve years since, he took the pains to offer a small abridgment of them to the officers of the Indian army, which he deemed it necessary to preface in the words given below.

"When the editor of the following compilation first resolved upon offering the army an abridgment of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, he entertained an idea that he would find in that remarkable work innumerable detached opinions, isolated aphorisms, and incidental sentiments, which of themselves would constitute a work of reference of great utility to military men. It was scarcely to be supposed—the Duke's position, his power and right to dictate, his means of acquiring information, and the voluminousness of the despatches considered—that in a work comprising twelve volumes,

of upwards of six hundred pages each, his Grace should seldom be found expressing opinions upon general subjects, or proposing rules for the government of others; that, in a word, his numerous letters should prove to be merely suggested by the circumstances which immediately engaged his attention, and to be limited, almost entirely, to the subject which originated them. But such is nevertheless the fact. No man of his station seems less to have purposed to dress himself 'in an opinion of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,' than the Duke of Wellington. A man of business—and a modest man to boot—he appears rather to have offered suggestions and to have dictated a course of proceeding adapted to a peculiar exigency, than to have laid down rules of conduct for general evidence on all occasions. His sentiments are more to be inferred than positively cited. His mind is fixed on the object immediately before him, and if he does happen to enlarge upon it in his 'Despatches,' it is obviously because he apprehended a recurrence, during the prosecution of the campaign in which he is directly engaged, of the circumstances which elicit his remonstrances. The Duke never seems to have dreamed, that the words which flowed from his pen, would have been treasured in after-years as pearls of inestimable price: he apparently wrote with no other view than to get the business in which he was engaged, effectively, expeditiously, economically, and honourably performed.

"These characteristics of the Duke's Despatches have rendered the editor's task in selecting a sufficiency to constitute a hand-book, or volume of reference, one of difficulty and delicacy. He has found only *precedents* where he expected to have discovered *laws;* and in the absence of aphorisms and comprehensive opinions, which would have been accepted as oracles by every British soldier, he has been obliged to choose portions of remarkable despatches, leaving it to the intelligent military reader to apply the general principles which governed the Duke, to such circumstances and situations of a similar character as he may happen to be placed in. Thus, if the possessor of the '*Manual*,' is not able to say, 'I will do so and so, because the Duke of Wellington says it is the proper course to pursue,' he can at least quote his Grace's proceedings on a *parallel occasion* and take them, *safely take them*, as the best guide of his own immediate conduct.

"With these brief observations, the editor humbly submits this compilation (which, as involving the careful perusal of the whole of the 'Despatches' has literally been a delightful task) to the patronage of his friends, the officers of the Indian army.

"It would perhaps have been appropriate to have introduced it by a

sketch of the career of the soldier to whom the army is indebted for the words of wisdom to be found in each page; but apart from a consideration of the difficulty of compressing such a sketch within reasonable limits without injustice to the mighty subject, it has occurred to the editor, that the '*Manual*' itself supplies evidence enough of the character of the Duke's mind, and the qualities of his heart, to render the preparation of a brief history in this place, altogether supererogatory. If one of the purposes with which we study the records of the past be to possess ourselves of ample and unerring guides for the future, the reader will have no difficulty in adopting and applying, as occasion offers, the sentiments of the greatest captain of the age, because his Grace's professional advancement and extraordinary success, were the consequence of the combination of military virtue herein developed. His 'Despatches' are a monument of SAGACITY, DEVOTEDNESS, PATIENCE, OBEDIENCE, DECISION, HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, MODESTY, JUSTICE, COURAGE, FIRMNESS, and PURE PATRIOTISM, for which we may seek in vain in the annals of our own or any other country"

The Duke of Wellington did not die ejaculating "My country—save my country, Heaven!"—but no one who has attentively followed him in his civil and military career can hesitate to believe that he was an ardent patriot from the bottom of his heart—alive to the honour and the interests of Great Britain—fighting for them—suffering for them—and perpetually meditating their preservation or advancement. England has already placed him above Chatham. America compared him to her Washington. "The two men," writes Mr. Rush, formerly Minister at the Court of St. James's, "were still alike in truthfulness and honesty; alike in straightforward conduct and perpetual honour, that ever rose above intrigue, all selfishness, and little jealousies; all thought of small ambitions, or playing a small game under any circumstances; alike in that wisdom of vast affairs, which looks at men as they are and events as they exist, with no misleading thoughts to mistake either in planning and executing momentous measures; alike in that enduring resolution, those self-relying resources of inborn and well-trained virtue, bravery, and patriotism, which never think of yielding; but going on amidst misrepresentations and difficulties, no matter how many or stubborn or complicated, that overset the weak and vacillating, but which the intrinsically strong heed not, but turn to final success and glory, in fighting great battles and undergoing other great trials, whether for a country or to found a country; those were the grand qualities that Wellington and Washington possessed in common. The former

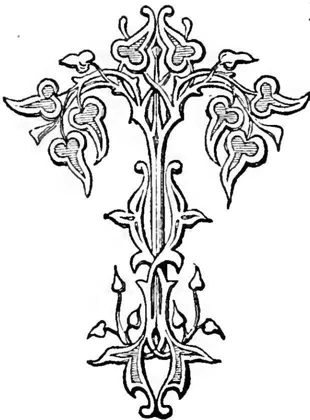
served Britain as she was—the latter made America what she has become, and what she is to be."

We can add but little to this in attempting an estimate of the character of the illustrious individual whose life we have endeavoured to pourtray; and that little is to be found charmingly expressed in an extract from a drama lately quoted by Lord Ellesmere. A monk is speaking of Gonzalvo di Cordova, the Spanish prototype of Wellington—

> "He died
> As he had lived, his country's boast and pride—
> Statesman and warrior, who, with patient toil,
> Scant and exhausted legions taught to foil
> Skill, valour, numbers. One who never sought
> A selfish glory from the fields he fought,
> Lived, breathed, and felt but for his country's weal,
> Her power to 'stablish, and her wounds to heal.
> The dread of France, when France was most the dread."

CHAPTER XXII.

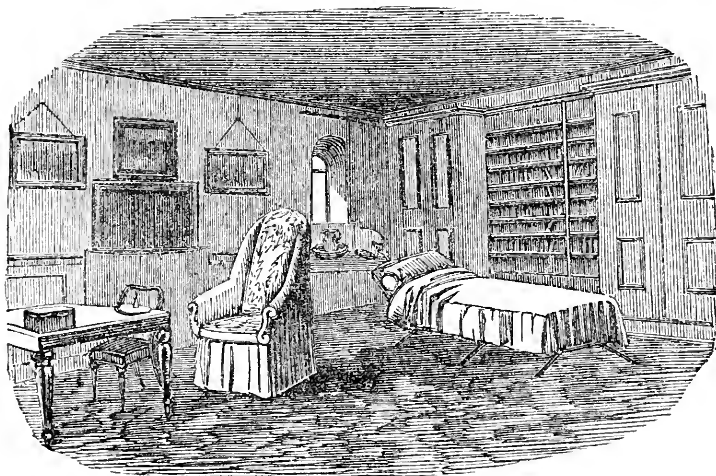
Habits of the Duke of Wellington.



HE habits of the Duke of Wellington, formed in the camp, and originating in those public demands upon his time and energies to which he held it obligatory upon him to yield, were preserved to the last hour of his existence; and had, in all probability, a material influence in the preservation of his health and the prolongation of his days. No change of circumstances induced a change of usage. The simplicity of the soldier on the field of fight adhered to the recognised chief of the British aristocracy when time and circumstance placed every imaginable luxury within his reach.

His bed was narrow and more simple than that of a subaltern. The bedstead of iron without canopy of any kind—the bed a simple mattress covered with a wash-leather sheet—to which, when he felt cold, he added a blanket,—a hard pillow, also enclosed in wash-leather,—constituted the couch to which the venerable man retired at a late hour and quitted with the early dawn. After a healthy and invigorating shower-bath, in which he invariably indulged, he would perform his own toilet without the aid of a valet, always shaving himself, for his hand was steady, if not strong. The toilet was simple and uniform. In winter a black or blue frock and dark grey or black trowsers—in summer the same frock and white trowsers, and always a white stock confined by a steel buckle. After dressing, the

Duke would read or write before he proceeded to breakfast; and how much he read—how much he wrote! His various offices, and his duty as a peer, entailed upon him the necessity of perusing many voluminous



THE DUKE'S ROOM AT WALMER.

documents, and he not unfrequently pored, conscientiously, over every line of the Blue Books, which were printed by order of Parliament. At a very late period of his life he went through the whole of the Report, comprising some hundreds of pages, on the constitution of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Then the newspapers amused him. If he continued to hold their opinions in undeserved contempt, he was not indifferent to the news they contained. To the advertisements of new objects and inventions he paid particular attention, and would often go and see, and possibly purchase, some modern piece of ingenuity.

Breakfast dismissed—and it was always of the simplest character—the Duke would go forth to ride or walk or pay a visit to some valued friend. If he rode, he was attended by a single groom, the man who enjoyed the melancholy honour of leading his master's old horse at the funeral. In the afternoon, the Duke, when commanding in chief, and residing in town, would go to the Horse-Guards and remain for an hour or so, handing to Lord Fitzroy Somerset the name of some officer on whom he wanted to confer a coloneley or a colonial or district command. After dinner, at which he generally

ate heartily, rarely touching wine or spirits, the Duke, if any question of interest or importance was coming on, would wend his way to the House of Lords, where he was always received with marked respect; or the Opera offered him attractions, although he had become latterly very deaf indeed. The cheerful scene—the certainty of meeting some one whose society he relished—the "duty" to the public of countenancing by his presence any great and well-conducted establishment—all supplied motives for the visits to Her Majesty's Theatre. In the "season," the Duke of Wellington continually honoured the parties of the nobility with his presence. It was a strong proof of his great strength, and his zest for social intercourse, that he was often, on the same night, at two or three different *réunions.*

Before the Duke had lost his hearing, and while the Ancient Concerts were yet in vogue, his passion for music, which he inherited from his father, was allowed full latitude. He preferred "massive harmony" as developed in the works of Handel; and when, as a director of the Ancient Concerts, he had the selection of the programme, he invariably chose the productions of the great choral masters. This was in complete harmony with the grandeur of his mind, His niece, the Countess of Westmoreland, had a fine taste for music, and her husband, long known as the accomplished Lord Burghersh, was a composer of no mean taste and ability. The Duke was always interested in his works, and a constant attendant at the Countess's *soirées musicales.* The Royal Academy engaged a large share of the Duke's countenance. He generally subscribed 200*l.* per annum to the institution, and his purse was always open to distressed musicians. And "although it may have been supposed that the Duke would only have given his name as a director or patron of the Ancient Concerts, Sir Henry Bishop, the conductor, states that he never knew any director of that institution (which, unfortunately, no longer exists), or of any other musical societies with which Sir Henry has been connected, who gave more thorough business-like attention to the whole matter. Whatever the Duke undertook, having undertaken it, he seemed, however it might be thought out of his own immediate sphere, to think that it was his 'duty' (and that was the great idea always before him) to carry it out to the fullest extent of his abilities. His correspondence and 'programmes,' which he corrected and altered with his own hand, are singularly clear and specific in the directions for his night, each of the directors having in turn the selection of the music and of the chief singers for the eight concerts. The Duke's night was generally one of the most expensive of the series. The directors laid down

rules for their guidance as to the outlay; but the Duke's first remark to Sir Henry Bishop used to be, 'I must have a good concert.' When Sir Henry gently hinted at times that his Grace was exceeding the prescribed limits, the Duke used to reply, 'Never mind the expense—I will pay the difference.' It is stated, that if the amount of excess thus incurred by the Duke had been charged, it would be no inconsiderable sum. The punctuality of his Grace in his attendance was very remarkable. It was customary for each director to give a dinner to his brother directors prior to the concert; to these dinners the conductor was invited. The first time Sir Henry (then Mr. Bishop) dined at Apsley House, in the evening of the concert, he kept looking at his watch after the dinner, anxious not to be over time for the departure to the Hanover-square Rooms. The Duke looked at Sir Henry Bishop and asked if it were time to go. Sir Henry replied, 'There is yet a quarter of an hour to spare.' 'Very well,' rejoined his Grace; 'remember, Mr. Bishop, we are under your orders.' Sir Henry was conversing with Lord Ellenborough, and the Duke got into earnest conversation with a noble director, when suddenly his Grace broke off and turned round to the conductor and said, 'It is time.' Sir Henry looked at his watch, and found the quarter of an hour had elapsed to a second; a fact which the Duke was conscious of without reference to a time-piece, and in the midst of talking!"

And this brings us to a feature in the Duke's character which occupies nearly the highest place among the Christian virtues—his charity. With him particularly the word had a large signification. He gave freely—but his right hand knew not the actions of the left. He abhorred ostentatious benevolence, and if he did not positively enjoin silence, he distributed aid in such a way that it was always inferred he did not desire publicity. He loved "to do good by stealth," and did not care to "find it fame." His generosity caused him to be victimised occasionally by misrepresentation; but he rather preferred being swindled to magnifying the importance of his bounty by too minute an inquiry into the justice of its application Nor was the Duke's charity confined to his pecuniary "*largesse*,"—he employed it, in its largest and noblest sense, to "cover a multitude of sins." He reproved gently and sorrowfully—endeavored to find excuses for the erring—and never allowed himself to repeat the evil words which found currency at the expense of others. Look at his Despatches and Orders. The name of every man whom the Duke found occasion to praise is given at full length; the name of every object of reprehension is carefully concealed from public view. Was

not this lofty?—magnanimous?—the highest effort of the noblest charity?

But there was yet another circumstance which indicated the excellence of the old soldier's heart and the gentleness of his manner. He loved children, and children loved him. His presents to them were continual—he was the godfather of a great many of the offspring of the nobility. He always kept a drawer full of half-sovereigns, to which pieces of ribbon were attached, and when a cluster of the olive-branches of some noble house paid him a visit, he would invest them with these insignia, which became heir-looms as it were—jewels beyond all price. Nor was it to the scions of noble houses alone that he was kind. At Walmer and its vicinity the village children knew "the old Duke," and for all he had a nod, or a smile, a small coin, or a passing word. An incident has been related of his making the little son of his valet, whom he accidentally fell in with, dine at his table and pass the day with him;[1] and the reader of our first volume

[1] About ten years ago the son of Mr. Kendall, the Duke's valet, was placed at school with Mr. Fleet, who keeps an establishment for boarders in the village of Hayes, near Uxbridge. During one of his vacations, the boy was spending a day at Apsley House, and on his father answering the bell, ran up stairs after him. The boy unconcernedly entered the room where his father was receiving his orders, and "seeing a gentleman with very white hair," as the little fellow afterwards said, when relating the circumstance, "I went back immediately." The movement of the boy had not escaped the quick glance of the Duke, who immediately exclaimed, "Whose boy is that?" Kendall replied, "It was my son, your Grace, and I hope you will excuse the great liberty he has taken in daring to follow me into your presence." "Oh," said the Duke, "that is nothing; I was once a boy myself. But I did not know you had a son, Kendall; send him in, and leave him with me." The boy was accordingly ushered into the presence of the Duke, who kindly shook him by the hand, and asked him if he knew who he was. The boy replied, "Yes, sir;" but instantly checking himself, said, "Yes, your Grace." "Oh, my little fellow," said the Duke, "it will be easier for you to call me sir; you call your schoolmaster sir, don't you? Then call me sir, if you choose, to-day." After a few more remarks in the same kind, familiar tone, the Duke said, "Well, can you play at draughts?" The boy replied in the affirmative. The Duke reached his draught-board in a moment, and sitting down by the side of a small table, challenged the boy to a game, giving him two men. The game proceeded, and the boy lost, although he afterwards said, "I really thought I should have beaten him the second game; but he laid a trap for me, and laughed because I did not observe it." The game ended, the Duke asked the boy to write his name, and exercised him in spelling and geography, asking him to spell Constantinople, and to tell him where that city was situate. The boy having answered satisfactorily, the Duke said, "Well, you shall dine with me to-day; but, as I shall not dine yet, perhaps you would like to see my pictures?" The boy smilingly assented, and away went the Duke and young Kendall to look at his Grace's pictures. After showing the boy his marvellous gallery of paintings, and freely explaining the different subjects, the Duke said, "Now I will show you my statuary." After he had gazed upon the statues for some time, the Duke asked the boy what he thought of them, adding, "They are important fellows." The boy said he did not admire them so much as he did the pictures. The Duke said, "I thought so; but tell me which is the most like your schoolmaster." In this task the boy had not much difficulty, for all of them, save one, had large moustachios.

cannot have forgotten that, as Colonel Wellesley, he adopted the son of the hostile brigand Doondia Waugh, and, when he quitted India, left seven hundred pounds behind him for the boy's benefit.

In all the minor affairs of life the Duke of Wellington was remarkable for his precision and exactitude. If he gave an order he required its literal fulfilment, and would get "terribly angry" if he had frequent occasion to repeat his injunctions. Still there was kindness in all that he did. The anecdotes which follow show that he had a will of his own, and a method in all matters of personal concern:—

"Sir William Allan, some years ago, painted two pictures of the 'Battle of Waterloo;' the point of view of one being taken from the British lines; that of the other from the French lines. The Duke purchased one of these pictures after seeing it at the Exhibition; we rather think the last-mentioned, in which the figure of Bonaparte is prominent. He remarked at the time of it, 'Good! very good! not too much smoke.' An amusing anecdote is related of this transaction, and upon the authority of the artist himself, against whom it certainly 'tells' a little.

"After the picture had become the property of the Duke, the artist was intructed to call at the Horse-Guards on a certain day, to receive payment. Punctual to the hour appointed, Sir William met his Grace, who proceeded to count out the price of the picture, when the artist suggested that, to save the time of one whose every hour was devoted to his duty, a cheque might be given on the Duke's bankers. No answer was vouchsafed, however, and Sir William, naturally supposing that his modest hint might not have been heard,

Pointing at what was evidently a bust of the Duke himself, the boy said it was most like his schoolmaster. The Duke laughed heartily, and said, "Oh, indeed; well he is a very good man of his sort." After this the Duke said, "Come now, we will go to dinner; I have ordered an early dinner, as I suppose you dine early at school." "We dine at one o'clock, sir," said the boy. "A very good hour," rejoined his Grace, "I did so when I was at school." The Duke and young Kendall sat down to dinner alone, to the surprise of the valet, who was told by the Duke that the bell would ring when his attendance was required. Having said grace, the Duke observed to his young guest, "I shall have several things brought to table, and I shall help you to a little of each, as I know little boys like to taste all they see." At table his Grace conversed in the most kind and encouraging manner to the boy, and, the repast being ended, shook him by the hand and dismissed him with the words, "Be a good boy, do your duty; now you may go to your father." About four years after this unique dinner, the Duke was detained on the South Eastern Railway some two hours, when he wished to attend a meeting of the Privy Council. The Duke was highly displeased with the Directors. Mr. Macgregor, the Banker of Liverpool, was then Chairman of the line, and he was waited upon by command of the Duke. Not a word more was heard of the delay, but almost immediately afterwards young Kendall quitted Hayes, and was clerk in Mr. Macgregor's bank at Liverpool. He now fills a situation in the Ordnance department of Ireland. The Duke evidently never lost sight of him.

repeated it:—'Perhaps your Grace would give me a cheque on your bankers; it would save you the trouble of counting notes.' This time the old hero had heard, and whether irritated at being stopped in the middle of his enumeration, or speaking his real sentiments, we know not, but turning half round, he replied, with rather a peculiar expression of voice and countenance—'And do you suppose I would allow Coutts's people to know what a fool I had been?'"

The unmistakeable military character of the Duke is evident in the notices placed by his orders on many of the doors of Walmer Castle, "Shut this door;" although it may be added that he never addressed a request to any of his personal attendants without saying, "If you please," do this or that. A still more kindly and considerate memorial of his Grace might be seen upon his table in the shape of a number of small slips of paper, on which were printed, "Avoid to impose upon others the care of original papers which you wish to preserve." It is well known that the applications to the late Duke for advice and assistance were extremely numerous, and in many cases testimonials and original documents were enclosed by the applicants, which the Duke, after making a memorandum of, invariably returned, accompanied by one of these significant cautionary notices.

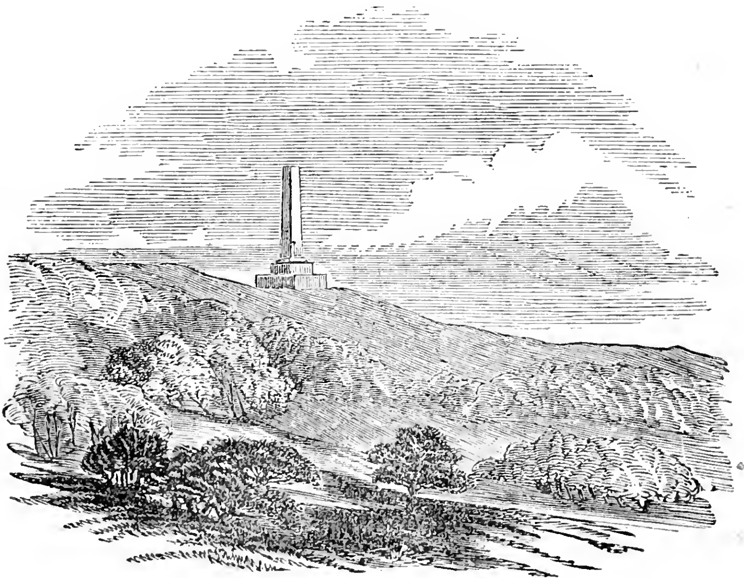
About the year 1845, the Messrs. Nicoll had an unexpected visit in Regent-street from the Duke, who said, the moment he arrived, "I have seen the Prince (meaning Prince Albert) wear one of your new kind of coats." This garment they had then recently introduced to the public under the new and now universally popular name of "Paletôt." All the various advantages of the paletôt were instantly perceived by the Duke, who became from that time a ready and warm patron of the firm. The chief puzzle of the Messrs. Nicoll was to give his Grace all the pocket-room he wanted,—in fact, the linings of all his coats were completely studded with pockets. Two resembled the hare-pockets of a shooting coat. "They must be long and strong. I've many papers to carry in them," was his expression. Now, although they represented that the main features of the invention would be thus removed, viz., its lightness and elasticity, the only reply received was, "*It is my wish—it is my wish.*"

So attached was the Duke to precision in all things, that when sitting to an artist he was always solicitous about the *exactitude* of the likeness; and he has been known to take the compasses from a

sculptor, and ascertain the precise proportions of his own features, and then compare them with the clay representative.

The Duke was naturally very frequently solicited to sit for his bust or his picture; and though he had as little vanity as may fall to the lot of a civilized being, he good-naturedly yielded, if the party to be obliged was worthy of the compliment. The public claims upon him in this respect were numerous. Every town in the slightest degree connected with him, or in a condition to render honour to his Grace, sought his effigy in one shape or another; and some, either deficient of the means to render him honour, or preferring that his greatness should be perpetuated by columns visible from a distance, commemorated his services in obelisks. Thus there is an obelisk in Trim, the borough he represented when the Hon. Arthur Wesley.

There is a similar edifice at Wellington, in Somerset, which may be discerned at a very considerable distance, from the elevated position which it occupies.



OBELISK AT WELLINGTON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

Ireland long entertained an idea that the Duke of Wellington cherished no love for his native country. This arose, perhaps, from his disinclination to visit Ireland when "duty" did not call him

there; and from some expressions which he occasionally dropped regarding the outrageous conduct of the ultras of both the violent parties in the country, when he was Secretary for Ireland. His anxiety for the settlement of the Catholic question, and for the due execution of the Poor Law must have convinced impartial men that the belief in his antipathy was ill-founded; and it is quite certain that within a year of his death he muttered sentiments which could only have proceeded from a true Milesian[1]:—

Whatever the received opinion may have been touching the Duke's affection for Ireland, there is little question of the respect in which Ireland held her hero; for Moore beautifully sang his praises,[2] and the people of Dublin, as well as those of Trim, raised a column in his honour.

It is unnecessary to enumerate all the monuments raised to this

[1] The following letter appeared in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* with reference to the alleged denial of the late Duke of Wellington of his country:—

"IRELAND AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN.

"SIR,—Having, since the death of the lamented hero, whose remains are as yet untombed, seen it frequently stated that the late Duke of Wellington never acknowledged Ireland as his country, I have been somewhat struck by the fact that none of the journals have referred back to the proceedings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Belfast, which took place so recently as the early part of this month, ere the Duke of Wellington had breathed his last, for a contradiction of the statement. Mr. Holden, the eminent sewed muslin manufacturer, having, in the statistical section of the Association, read a paper on the progress of the sewed muslin manufacture in Ireland, a discussion ensued, during which Mr. Holden stated that in the course of 1851, whilst examining the products of Irish Industry at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, his Grace expressed to him (Mr. Holden) his great satisfaction at their excellence, and added,—'This is the only way by which *our* country can be restored to its proper position.' I write from recollection, but the exact words were at the time reported in the Belfast *Northern Whig*, in the London *Morning Post*, and, if I mistake not, also in some of your Dublin contemporaries. Trusting that this explanation will be sufficient to set the question at rest, and show that the Duke had no hesitation in acknowledging his country,

"I have the honour to remain,

"52, *Westland-Row*, *Dublin*." "JOHN MILLER GRANT.

[2] "While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write
With a pencil of light,
Which illumed the whole volume, her Wellington's name!"

great man's memory. It will be sufficient to say that in the selection of localities for effigies in his honour, the Tower of London, of which he was long the constable, was not omitted.

STATUE AT THE TOWER.

Yet is not the desire of Great Britain to perpetuate the renown of the incomparable Field-Marshal exhausted. The receipt of the news of his demise was followed by the declaration of the resolution of various towns—the principal ones in England—to commemorate his vast achievements by more statues, more busts, more columns,—all upon a scale of magnificence suitable to their great and interesting object. And still more worthily to transmit the mighty name to posterity, and to associate it with high and benevolent purposes, the Queen of these realms sanctioned the circulation of a proposal—which her Majesty at once supported by a subscription of one thousand pounds—that a memorial of the Duke should be established in the form of a school or college bearing the name of "Wellington," for the gratuitous education of one hundred of the children of impoverished military officers. It was estimated that the proper endowment of the college would require an outlay of one hundred thousand pounds, independently of the sum required for the building. No better testimony to the ardour with which the country has responded to the

proposition can be supplied than this: within one month of the circulation of the scheme, sixty thousand pounds was subscribed; and while this volume passes through the press, public enthusiasm and attachment are hourly swelling the fund. We hope and believe that the Wellington College will be an honour to the country, and worthily commemorate ARTHUR WELLESLEY, THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON, of whom it has been justly said, by the powerful diurnal interpreter of British opinion, that "the actions of his life were extraordinary, but his character was equal to his actions. He was the very type and model of an Englishman; and, though men are prone to invest the worthies of former ages with a dignity and merit they commonly withhold from their contemporaries, we can select none from the long array of our captains and our nobles who, taken for all in all, can claim a rivalry with him who is gone from amongst us, an inheritor of imperishable fame."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Titles, Honours, and Descent of the Duke.

HEN the body of the great Duke descended to the tomb, the Garter King at Arms proclaimed his titles and honours:—" Arthur Wellesley," he said, "was the Most High, Mighty, and most Noble Prince, Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington in Somerset, Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Baron Douro of Wellesley, Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo in Spain, Duke of Brunoy in France,Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Count of Vimiero in Portugal, a Grandee of the First Class in Spain, a Privy Councillor, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, a Field-Marshal of Great Britain, a Marshal of Russia, a Marshal of Austria, a Marshal of France, a Marshal of Prussia, a Marshal of Spain, a Marshal of Portugal, a Marshal of the Netherlands, a Knight of the Garter, a Knight of the Holy Ghost, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, a Knight Grand Cross of Hanover, a Knight of the Black Eagle, a Knight of the Tower and Sword, a Knight of St. Fernando, a Knight of William of the Low Countries, a Knight of Charles III., a Knight of the Sword of Sweden, a Knight of St. Andrew of Russia, a Knight of the Annunciado of Sardinia, a Knight of the Elephant of Denmark, a Knight of Maria Theresa, a Knight of St. George of Russia, a Knight of the Crown of Rue of Saxony, a Knight of Fidelity of

Baden, a Knight of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, a Knight of St. Alexander Newsky of Russia, a Knight of St. Hermenegilda of Spain, a Knight of the Red Eagle of Brandenburgh, a Knight of St. Januarius, a Knight of the Golden Lion of Hesse Cassel, a Knight of the Lion of Baden, a Knight of Merit of Wurtemburg, the Lord High Constable of England, the Constable of the Tower, the Constable of Dover Castle, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Chancellor of the Cinque Ports, Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, Ranger of St. James's Park, Ranger of Hyde Park, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Commissioner of the Royal Military College, Vice-President of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy, the Master of the Trinity House, a Governor of King's College, a Doctor of Laws, &c."

Never was a British subject so honoured and decorated. Our sovereigns are chary of the distribution of titles and honours, and had the Duke of Wellington's merits resembled those of ordinary generals, the Peerage and Grand Cross of the Bath would probably have been the limits of his elevation. But the Duke's services were universal. Every nation on the face of the earth connected with England by political ties and sympathies had, in one way or another, experienced the benefits of his military skill and his wisdom, and each endeavoured to evince its gratitude by placing him in the highest rank of its nobility. The Duke of Wellington had eight Marshals' Bâtons given to him by the Allied Sovereigns. They may be thus described :—

The Bâton of Portugal is of burnished gold; it is surmounted by a crown, and on a shield are the arms of Portugal.

The Bâton of Prussia is of burnished gold, and is of classic ornamentation; it bears two eagles displayed, holding the sceptre and orb of sovereignty.

The Bâton of England is of gold, and is surmounted with the group of St. George and the Dragon. This bâton is excessively rich in its decoration; and at the end of it is engraven this inscription:—

From his Royal Highness
George Augustus Frederick,
Regent
of the United Kingdom of
Great Britain and Ireland,
to Arthur, Marquess of Wellington, K.G.,
Field-Marshal of England.
1813.

PLATE I.

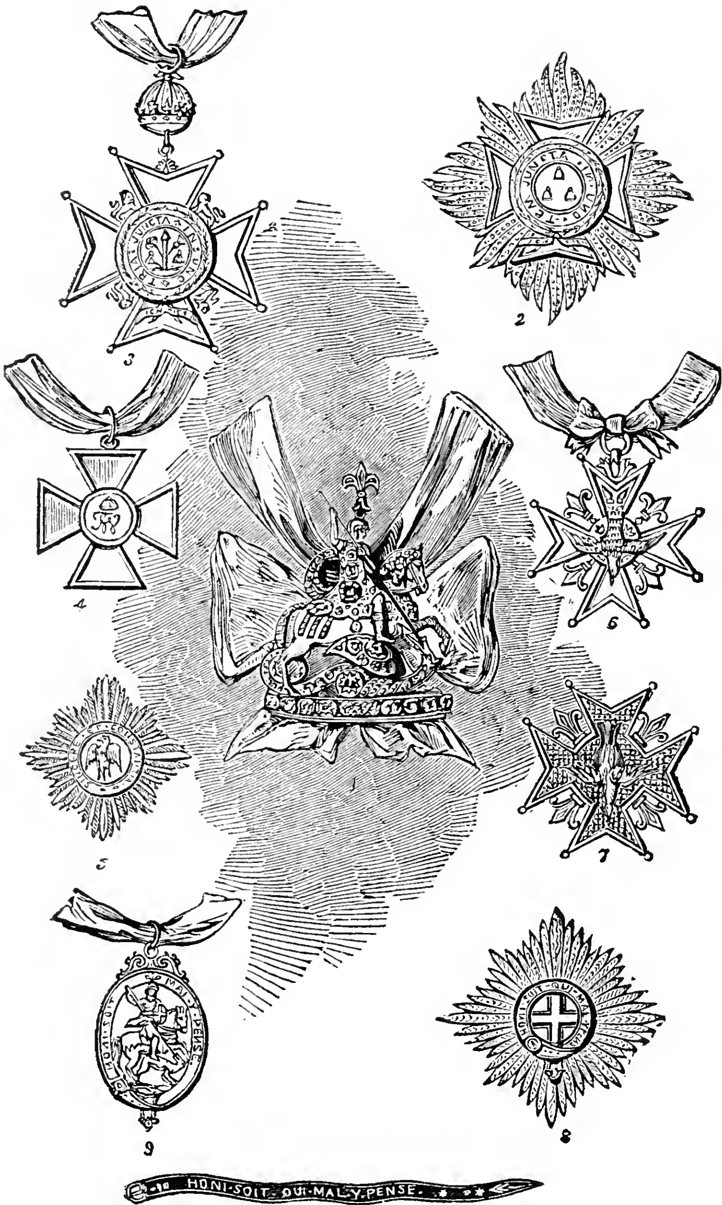
1. The George.
2 and 3. Insignia of the Order of the Bath.
4 and 5. Order of the Red Eagle of Brandenburgh (Prussia).
6 and 7. Order of the Holy Ghost.
8, 9, and 10. Insignia of the Order of the Garter.

PLATE II.

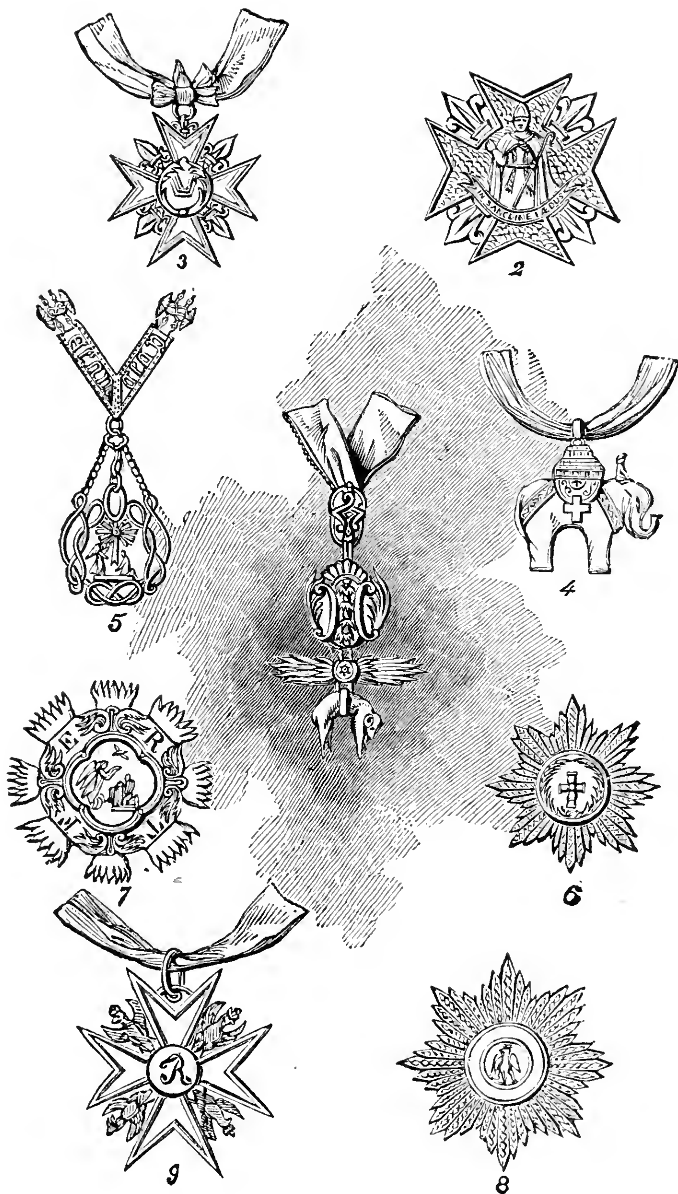
1. Order of the Golden Fleece (Spain).
2 and 3. Order of St. Januarius (Naples).
4 and 6. Order of the Elephant (Denmark).
5 and 7. Supreme Order of the Annonciade.
8 and 9. Order of the Black Eagle (Prussia).

PLATE III.

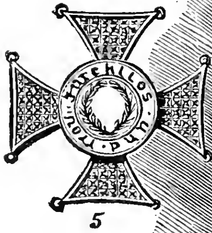
1 and 5. Wurtemburg Order of Military Merit.
2 and 3. Order of the Tower and Sword (Portugal).
4. Order of the Sword of Sweden.
6 and 7. Order of St. Andrew (Russia).

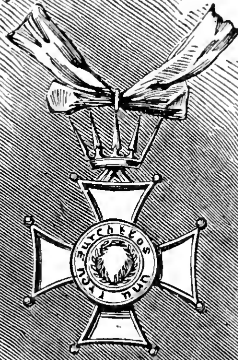


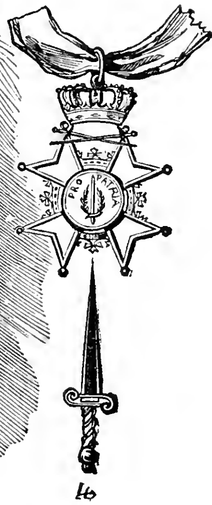
WELLINGTON'S ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.—PLATE I. p. 309.



WELLINGTON'S ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.—PLATE II. p. 311







WELLINGTON'S ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.—PLATE III. p. 313.

The Bâton of the Netherlands. This is one of the simplest, but perhaps the most elegant of the bâtons, the Greek ornaments being introduced very tastefully. The arms of the Netherlands are in the upper division.

The Bâton of Spain. Like that of Portugal, it is crowned; but it is shorter in its proportions. It is of burnished gold, and bears the armorial ensigns of Spain.

The Bâton of Hanover. The crown and ends of the staff are gold; but the chief part of the bâton is covered with crimson velvet, powdered with silver horses—the Hanoverian arms; and a silver horse is placed above the crown.

The Bâton of Austria is of burnished gold, and the wreaths round it are in dead gold. The other portions are extremely plain.

The Bâton of Russia is of gold, and the alternate wreaths of laurel and oak, which twine round it; and the collars round the staff are set with diamonds of great value. The ground is frosted gold.

The various orders worn by the Duke are given in the annexed plates.

By the constitution of England, a Dukedom was the highest honour the Sovereign could bestow, and this enviable dignity was conferred before the Duke had reached the climax of his military renown. There were no decorations left for the hero of "Waterloo"—Wellington had exhausted honour before he met Napoleon face to face, and annihilated his power in one immortal pitched battle!

The birth-place of the Duke of Wellington is, like that of Homer, still a matter in dispute. He believed himself to have seen the light at Dangan Castle, county Meath, and the evidence of the old nurse who attended Lady Mornington upon the occasion would seem to establish that now ruined seat as the locality; but it has been affirmed by more reliable authority that his Grace was born in Merrion Square, Dublin. The nurse, in her evidence (*vide* Vol. I.) before the Committee on the Trim petition which disputed "the Hon. Captain Wellesley's" majority, stated that he was born in March. Now it has been made clear that the first of May, 1769, was the day on which he was ushered into the world. The fact of his baptism having been registered in Dublin on the 30th of April—apparently *one day before his birth*—raised doubts as to the accuracy of the date of his first appearance; but an intelligent gentleman has been at the trouble to show, through the medium of the public press, that the discrepancy arose from the circumstance of the Irish not having adopted the new style of dating until after the Duke's birth.

Elsewhere (Appendix) is given a curious paper on the Cowley or Colley family, who were ancestors of the Duke of Wellington. It would seem, however, from the results of the investigation of a distinguished antiquarian, that his Grace owned royal descent, having come down, in an unbroken line, from the royal house of Plantagenet, and was consequently of kin, though remotely, to Queen Victoria. This royal descent has been thus explained :—

"Edward I., King of England, had by his Queen, Eleanor of Castile, several children, of whom the eldest son was King Edward II., and the youngest daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, wife of Humphry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, Constable of England. King Edward II,, as is of course well known, was direct ancestor of the subsequent Royal Plantagenets, whose eventual heiress, the Princess Elizabeth of York, daughter of King Edward IV., married King Henry VII., and was mother of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, from whom Queen Victoria is eleventh in descent.

"Reverting to the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward I., and wife of Humphry de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, we find that she was mother of a daughter, Lady Eleanor de Bohun, who married James, Earl of Ormonde, and was ancestress of the subsequent peers of that illustrious house. Pierce, the eighth Earl of Ormonde (sixth in descent from the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet), left, with other issue, a daughter, Lady Ellen Butler, who married Donogh, second Earl of Thomond, and was mother of Lady Margaret O'Bryen, wife of Dermod, Lord Inchiquin, and ancestress of the later barons of that title. The Hon. Mary O'Bryen, daughter of Dermod, fifth Lord Inchiquin, married Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and had by him a daughter, Eleanor Boyle, who became the wife of the Right Hon. William Hill, M.P., and grandmother of Arthur Hill, first Viscount Dungannon, whose daughter, Anne, Countess of Mornington, was mother of Arthur, first Duke of Wellington, who was, through those descents, nineteenth in a direct unbroken line from King Edward I."

The gentleman who has been at the pains to furnish the foregoing interesting particulars, adds :—

"The curious in matters of pedigree may be still further pleased to learn that his Grace was thirty-second in a direct descent from Alfred the Great, and twenty-fifth from William the Conqueror, his Grace's lineage from those famous warriors coming to him through King Edward I., who was great-great-great-great-grandson of the latter, and a descendant in the thirteenth degree of the former."

When the Dukedom was conferred upon his Grace, and the choice

of the locality was left to himself, he selected "Wellington, in Somerset," partly because he was lord of the manor of Wellington, and partly because of its contiguity to "Wesley"—the village which gave the family its name originally. Wellington, on the Devonshire border of Somerset, is an ancient and respectable market-town, and a parish, situate near the Tone, in the hundred of Kingsbury West, in the union of its own name, and on the line of the Great Western Railway. The manor, which appears to be an ancient one, was held by the proud Duke of Somerset, who was beheaded for high treason *temp.* Edward VI. It was previously held by several Bishops; among whom was Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, preceptor to Alfred the Great, who was presented to the manor by that monarch. On Asser's death, the manor was transferred to the Bishop of the newly-erected diocese of Wells, by whose successor it was held in the time of the Domesday survey, in which it is written Walintone.

The town is about half a mile in length, and consists of five streets, respectively named High Street, Fore Street, Mantle Street, South Street, and North Street; the principal one being Fore Street, which contains the Market House, a handsome and commodious modern structure; the upper part appropriated as a Town Hall and Reading Room, and the base of the corn and provision market. The only extensive branch of manufacture carried on at Wellington is that of serges and woollens, steam being now the power principally employed in fabricating these articles.

The parish church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is a handsome Gothic building, having a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and two chapels; at the west end is an embattled tower, adorned with pinnacles, having a turret on the south side. In the interior is a beautiful monument to Sir John Popham, who held the high office of Chief Justice of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. The living is a vicarage in the patronage and incumbency of the Rev. W. W. Pulman. In the western portion of the town is a handsome modern church, built chiefly at the expense and endowed by a former patron of the church of St. John the Baptist. Here are, also, places of worship for Independents, Wesleyan Methodists, Baptists, the Society of Friends, and Plymouth Brethren. In 1604, but rebuilt in 1833, almshouses were founded and endowed by Sir John Popham, who resided at Wellington Court House. Markets are held on Thursdays for corn, and all sorts of provisions; and fairs are holden on the Thursday week before Easter, and on Thursday week before Whitsuntide. The parish contained, at the last census, nearly 7000 inhabitants.

In the civil war, at the period of the memorable siege of Taunton, the rebels gained possession of Wellington by stratagem, and held out for some time against the King's forces under Sir Richard Grenville.

The people of Wellington have not been unmindful of the illustrious hero who has conferred celebrity upon their town. A monumental obelisk in honour of the Duke of Wellington was erected in commemoration of the crowning victory he obtained at Waterloo; and in the vicinity of this memorial is annually held a fair on the day of the battle, June 18. From the crest of the hill the eye ranges over a vast extent of rich and varied scenery; and on a clear day many a gleaming sail may be descried upon the Bristol Channel. On the southern side of the wall is the boundary line of the counties of Devon and Somerset.

Since the death of the Duke of Wellington, the obelisk has been examined by Mr. Paul, of Taunton, architect, and is reported by him to be badly built, and so dilapidated as to endanger its stability. Some of the plinth has already fallen. A subscription has been opened for the repair of the memorial; and it is proposed to carry out the original design of placing a bronze statue of the Duke on the top, and erecting a building for three military pensioners to take charge of the monument.

It has been stated (Vol. I.) that the Duke of Wellington was married in 1806 (10th of April) to the Hon. Catherine Pakenham, third daughter of Edward Michael, second Lord Longford. By her (who was born in 1772, and died in 1831) he had issue—

I. ARTHUR, Marquis of Douro, who succeeds as second Duke of Wellington. His Grace is a Colonel in the army. He was born 3rd February, 1807, and married, 19th April, 1839, Lady Elizabeth Hay, fourth daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, which lady was born 27th September, 1820.

II. LORD CHARLES WELLESLEY, M.P. for Windsor, a Colonel in the army, born 16th January, 1808; married 9th July, 1844, Augusta Sophia Anne, only child of the Right Hon. Henry Manvers Pierrepont, brother of Earl Manvers, and by her (who was born 30th May, 1820) has had three sons—Arthur, born 5th May, 1845; died 7th July, 1846; Henry, born 5th April, 1846, Arthur Charles, born 15th March, 1849; and two daughters, to the eldest of whom, Victoria Alexandrina, her Majesty stood sponsor in person.

His Grace's NEPHEWS and NIECES were as follows:—

William, present Earl of Mornington Lady Mary Charlotte Anne Bagot, who died in 1845 Lady Emily Harriet, wife of Lord Fitzroy Somerset Lady Priscilla Anne, married to the Earl of Westmoreland	Children of Wm. Wellesley Pole, Third Earl of Mornington.

Charles Wellesley George Grenville Wellesley Emily Anne Charlotte, wife of Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell Georgiana Henrietta Louisa, wife of the Rev. George Darby St. Quintin Mary Sarah, Viscountess Chelsea Cecil Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. George A. F. Liddell	Children of the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, D.D.
Henry Richard Charles, second and present Lord Cowley The Hon. William Wellesley The Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Rector of Strathfieldsaye The Hon. Charlotte Arbuthnot, wife of Lord Robert Grosvenor The Hon. Georgiana Charlotte Mary, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B.	Children of Henry, First Lord Cowley.

Georgiana-Frederica (only daughter of Lady Anne Wellesley, his Grace's sister, by her first husband, the Hon. Henry Fitzroy), married 25th July, 1814, to Henry, Marquis of Worcester, now Duke of Beaufort.

Frederick Smith, Esq., son of Lady Anne Wellesley, by her second husband, C. Culling Smith, Esq.

Emily-Frances, Duchess of Beaufort, daughter of Lady Anne Wellesley, by her second husband, C. Culling Smith, Esq.

APPENDIX No. I.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS A GENERAL.

The Duke of Wellington's campaigns furnish lessons for generals of all nations, but they must always be peculiarly models for British commanders in future continental wars, because he modified and reconciled the great principles of art with the peculiar difficulties which attend generals controlled by politicians, who, depending upon private intrigue, prefer parliamentary to national interests. An English commander must not trust his fortune. He dare not risk much, however conscious he may be of personal resources, when one disaster will be his ruin at home. His measures must, therefore, be subordinate to this primary consideration. Lord Wellington's caution, springing from that source, has led friends and foes alike into wrong conclusions as to his system of war. The French call it want of enterprise, timidity;—the English have denominated it as the Fabian system. These are mere phrases. His system was the same as that of all great generals. He held his army in hand, keeping it, with unmitigated labour, always in a fit state to march or fight; and, thus prepared, he acted indifferently, as occasion offered, on the offensive or defensive, displaying in both a complete mastery of his art. Sometimes he was indebted to fortune, sometimes to his natural genius, but always to his untiring industry—for he was emphatically a pains-taking man.

That he was less vast in his designs, less daring in execution, neither so rapid nor so original a commander as Napoleon, must be admitted, and being later in the field of glory, it is to be presumed that he learnt something of the art from that greatest of all masters; yet something besides the difference of genius must be allowed for the difference of situation. Napoleon was never, even in his first

campaign of Italy, so harassed by the French as Wellington was by the English, Spanish, and Portuguese governments. Their systems of war were, however, alike in principle, their operations being necessarily modified by their different political positions. Great bodily exertion, unceasing watchfulness, exact combinations to protect their flanks and communications without scattering their forces—these were common to both. In defence, firm, cool, enduring; in attack, fierce, and obstinate; daring when daring was politic, but always operating by the flanks in preference to the front; in these things they were alike, but in following up a victory the English general fell short of the French emperor. The battle of Wellington was the stroke of a battering ram—down went the wall in ruins. The battle of Napoleon was the swell and dash of a mighty wave, before which the barrier yielded, and the roaring flood poured onwards, covering all. Yet was there nothing of timidity or natural want of enterprise to be discerned in the English general's campaigns. Neither was he of the Fabian school. He recommended that commander's system to the Spaniards, but he did not follow it himself. His military policy more resembled that of Scipio Africanus. Fabius, dreading Hannibal's veterans, red with the blood of four consular armies, hovered on the mountains, refused battle, and to the unmatched skill and valour of the great Carthaginian opposed the almost inexhaustible military resources of Rome. Lord Wellington was never loth to fight where there was any equality of numbers. He landed in Portugal with only 9000 men, with intent to attack Junot, who had 24,000. At Roliça he was the assailant, at Vimiero he was assailed, but he would have changed to the offensive during the battle if others had not interfered. At Oporto he was again the daring and successful assailant. In the Talavera campaign he took the initiatory movement, although in the battle itself he sustained the shock. His campaign of 1810, in Portugal, was entirely defensive, because the Portuguese army was young and untried; but his pursuit of Massena, in 1811, was entirely aggressive, although cautiously so, as well knowing that, in mountain warfare, those who attack labour at a disadvantage. The operations of the following campaign, including the battles of Fuentes D'Oñora and Albuera, the first siege of Badajoz, and the combat of Guinaldo, were of a mixed character; so was the campaign of Salamanca; but the campaign of Vittoria, and that in the south of France, were entirely and eminently offensive. Slight, therefore, is the resemblance to the Fabian warfare. And for the Englishman's hardiness and enterprise bear witness the passage of the Douro at Oporto, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming

of Badajoz, the surprise of the forts at Mirabete, the march to Vittoria, the passage of the Bidassoa, the victory of the Nivelle, the passage of the Adour below Bayonne, the fight of Orthes, the crowning battle of Toulouse! To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war; but to deny him the qualities of a great commander is to rail against the clear mid-day sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed,—how many battles he fought, victorious in all! Iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a grasping mind, untiring power of thought and the habit of laborious, minute investigation and arrangement—all these qualities he possessed, and with them that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies. This is the certain mark of a master spirit in war; without it a commander may be distinguished, he may be a great man, but he cannot be a great captain; when troops nearly alike in arms and knowledge are opposed, the battle generally turns upon the decision of the moment. At the Somosierra, Napoleon's sudden, and what to those about him appeared an insensate order, sent the Polish cavalry successfully charging up the mountain, when more studied arrangements, with ten times that force, might have failed. At Talavera, if Joseph had not yielded to the imprudent heat of Victor, the fate of the allies would have been sealed. At the Coa, Montbrun's refusal to charge with his cavalry saved General Craufurd's division, the loss of which would have gone far towards producing the evacuation of Portugal. At Busaco, Massena would not suffer Ney to attack the first day, and thus lost the only favourable opportunity for assailing that formidable position. At Fuentes d'Oñoro, the same Massena suddenly suspended his attack, when a powerful effort would probably have been decisive. At Albuera, Soult's column of attack, instead of pushing forward, halted to fire from the first height they had gained on Beresford's right, which saved that general from an early and total defeat; again, at a later period of that battle, the unpremeditated attack of the fusileers decided the contest. At Barossa, General Graham, with a wonderful promptitude, snatched the victory at the very moment when a terrible defeat seemed inevitable. At Sabugal, not even the astonishing fighting of the light division could have saved it if General Regnier had possessed this essential quality of a general. At El Bodon, Marmont failed to seize the most favourable opportunity which occurred during the whole war for crushing the allies. At Orthes, Soult let slip two opportunities of falling upon the allies with advantage; and at Toulouse he failed to crush Beresford. At Vimiero, Lord Wellington was debarred by

Burrard from giving a signal illustration of this intuitive generalship; but at Busaco and the heights of San Cristoval, near Salamanca, he suffered Massena and Marmont to commit glaring faults unpunished. On the other hand he has furnished many examples of that successful improvisation in which Napoleon seems to have surpassed all mankind. His sudden retreat from Oropesa across the Tagus, by the bridge of Arzobispo; his passage of the Douro in 1809; his halt at Guinaldo, in the face of Marmont's overwhelming numbers; the battle of Salamanca; his sudden rush with the third division to seize the hill of Armez at Vittoria; his counter-stroke with the sixth division at Sauroren; his battle of the 30th, two days afterwards; his sudden passage of the Gave below Orthes; add to these his wonderful battle of Assaye, and the proofs are complete, that he possesses in an eminent degree that intuitive perception which distinguishes the greatest generals. Fortune, however, always asserts her supremacy in war, and often from a slight mistake such disastrous consequences flow, that in every age and every nation the uncertainty of arms has been proverbial. Napoleon's march upon Madrid, in 1808, before he knew the exact situation of the British army, is an example. By that march he bent his flank to his enemy. Sir John Moore seized the advantage, and though the French emperor repaired the error for the moment by his astonishing march from Madrid to Astorga, the fate of the Peninsula was then decided. If he had not been forced to turn against Moore, Lisbon would have fallen, Portugal could not have been organised for resistance, and the jealousy of the Spaniards would never have suffered Wellington to establish a solid base at Cadiz; that general's after successes would then have been the things that are unborn. It was not so ordained. Wellington was victorious—the great conqueror was overthrown—England stood the most triumphal nation in the world. But with an enormous debt, a dissatisfied people, gaining peace without tranquillity, greatness without intrinsic strength, the present time uneasy, the future dark and threatenng, yet she rejoices in the glory of her arms! And it is a stirring sound! War is the condition of this world. From man to the smallest insect all are at strife; and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honour, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty, and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism, and is a chastening correction for the rich man's pride. It is yet no security for power. Napoleon, the greatest man of whom history makes mention—Napoleon, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician—the most profound statesman—lost by arms Poland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and France. Fortune,

that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power, was wanting to him, and without her aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean."—*Sir W. Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*

APPENDIX, NO II.

THE FRENCH SOLDIERS.

The following sketch of the French troops was penned during the Peninsular war, and serves to show the kind of enemy our troops had to contend with:—

"The French soldiers are quick, and attack with incredible rapidity; they retreat with the same rapidity, return to the charge with no less impetuosity, and as quickly retire again. They retain, during their retreat, the greatest composure, and are not disheartened when they lose ground. The death of their officers produces no confusion among them. When the commanding officer falls, the next to him assumes the command, and so on in succession. The inferior officers are almost all qualified to command. The French soldier is accustomed to live in a requisitionary country, sometimes as a prince, sometimes as a *sans culotte.* To make him perform his duty well, uniformity in living is not required. A strong *esprit de corps* prevails among the French troops. In the beginning of the Revolution their bond of union was republican fanaticism, and at the conclusion of it, *la grande nation.* Their infantry of the line cannot be compared with the Russians; their cavalry is very inferior to the Hungarians; and their artillery, once the best in Europe, is far from being equal to the Austrians; but their light infantry, or their *tirailleurs,* and their new tactics confound all the principles of war which have prevailed since the time of Frederick the Great. Austria has scarcely any light infantry; Russia has about 20,000. In the French armies nearly one-third of the infantry are *tirailleurs.* These take their post before the troops of the line, separate into different bodies, unite again and attack, and after being ten times repulsed will attack again. In a broken intersected country these *tirailleurs* prepare the way to the French for that victory which the infantry of the line complete. The incredible quickness of the French renders this corps the best of its kind in Europe. All the principles of the new French

tactics are calculated for an intersected broken country, as the old tactics were for large plains. The object of the former is to waste the enemy by incessant skirmishes, where he has the folly to repulse the light-heeled Frenchmen with his whole force. These small flying bodies suffer themselves to be driven back the whole day, and towards evening a fresh body appears, and decides the contest. A battle with the French may begin at sun-rise, but it will not be terminated before the evening. The French may be beat the whole day, but at night they will be victors. Every general who does not spare his strength till the evening must, in the end, be defeated by the French. In consequence of the quickness and composure of the French soldiers, they do not readily think of capitulating; and, they are able, in a peculiar manner, to extricate themselves from great dangers. We have seen instances where a thousand French soldiers have contended the whole day with a much stronger body, and disappeared at night like a vapour. This is done in the following manner:—The corps, when hard pressed, divides itself into two or three bodies, and while one occupies the enemy in an advantageous position, the other remains quiet at some distance. As soon as the first is driven back, they all run with incredible velocity, and in tolerable good order to the place where the other is at rest. The second knows pretty exactly how long the first was able to make a stand, and rushes with the same impetuosity on the enemy, who find themselves suddenly checked by fresh troops, who must also be repulsed. In the mean time, the first body take some rest; and thus they continue to act the whole day with considerable loss of men, indeed; but when night puts an end to the battle, the corps, at any rate, has not been beaten, and next morning to follow it is useless. Moreau was pursued for some days, in Switzerland, by the Russians; but they were never able to come up with him in his flight. Towards evening he had taken a strong position, and next morning he had disappeared. But this activity must not be confounded with durable strength. The French are the lightest, not the strongest soldiers. The medical establishment of the French army is excellent, and their officers, in general, exceedingly good."—*Military Panorama.*

APPENDIX, No. III.

THE CASUALTIES AT WATERLOO.

THE FOLLOWING TABLE SHOWS THE LOSSES SUSTAINED BY THE TROOPS COMPRISING THE ANGLO-ALLIED ARMY :—

	KILLED.			WOUNDED.			MISSING.		
	Officers.	Non-commissioned Officers, Trumpeters, Drummers, and Privates.	Horses.	Officers.	Non-commissioned Officers, Trumpeters, Drummers, and Privates.	Horses.	Officers.	Non-commissioned Officers, Trumpeters, Drummers, and Privates.	Horses.
British	83	1334	1319	363	4560	719	10	582	708
King's Ger. Leg.	27	335	194	77	932	144	1	217	54
Hanoverians. .	18	276	—	63	1035	—	3	207	—
Brunswickers .	7	147	77	26	430	—	—	50	—
Nassauers . .	5	249	—	19	370	—	—	—	—
Total . . .	140	2341	1590	548	7327	863	14	1056	762

THE LOSSES OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY IN THE BATTLE WERE AS FOLLOWS :—

	KILLED.			WOUNDED.			MISSING.		
	Officers.	Non-commissioned Officers, Trumpeters, Drummers, and Privates.	Horses.	Officers.	Non-commissioned Officers, Trumpeters, Drummers, and Privates.	Horses.	Officers.	Non-commissioned Officers, Trumpeters, Drummers, and Privates.	Horses.
Zeithen's Corps .	—	34	18	8	164	21	—	111	2
Puch's do. .	1	36	9	3	192	7	4	100	9
Bulow's do. .	21	1133	259	159	3902	328	35	1127	89
Total . . .	22	1203	286	162	4125	356	39	1354	100

AMOUNT OF THE EFFECTIVE STRENGTH OF THE ANGLO-ALLIED ARMY AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO:—

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Total No.	Guns.
British	15,181	5,843	2,967	23,991	78
King's German Legion	3,301	1,997	526	5,824	18
Hanoverians	10,258	497	465	11,220	12
Brunswickers	4,586	866	510	5,962	16
Nassauers	2,880	—	—	2,880	—
Dutch-Belgians	13,402	3,205	1,177	17,784	32
Total	49,608	12,402	5,645	67,661	156

APPENDIX, No. IV.

THE DUKE'S THEORY OF A METALLIC CURRENCY.

"The restoration of the currency, my Lords, has, in truth, but little to do with the distress of the country. Since the restoration of the currency, the revenue has risen to the amount which has been stated to your lordships, notwithstanding the repeal of taxes to the amount of 27,000,000*l.* since 1814. The fact is, that at the present moment, the revenue produces, in real currency, much more than it produced when the war was terminated. Is not that circumstance alone, I ask your lordships, a proof of the increasing prosperity of the country? But, my Lords, I did not rest my argument on that fact only. Notwithstanding, there is, at present, much distress, still, in the last year, there was an increase of produce in every branch of manufacture, in every branch of industry, beyond what was apparent in the three preceding years. Under these circumstances, your lordships must ascribe the distress of the country to something else rather than to the alteration of the currency. My opinion is, that the people, during the lengthened war which existed previously to the peace of 1815—during that period, when there was an enormous expenditure—acquired habits which they cannot readily throw aside.

"During that time, any man, of whatever description of credit, could obtain money, or the semblance of money, to carry on any speculation. The people then employed a fictitious wealth; they

proceeded on a system, which could not be continued, without mining and destroying the country; and that system having been destroyed, that fictitious wealth having been removed, they cannot immediately come down to those quiet habits, which are required from them under that state of things now prevailing in the empire. That, my Lords, is the real cause of the distress under which they are at present suffering. Besides, your lordships will recollect that the population of the country has enormously increased, and it should also be taken into the calculation, that the power of production by machinery has increased in an incalculable degree. As much can now be produced in one year, as formerly could be produced in five years; and the produce of one year now amounts to more than can be taken off our hands in a year and a half, or even two years. Distress, therefore, has occurred, notwithstanding that the utmost exertions have been made to repel it; and notwithstanding the great and general prosperity of trade throughout the world. My Lords, the plain fact is, that owing to the alterations of trade—a great demand at one time, and a want of demand at another—the manufacturers, and those engaged in commercial pursuits, must sustain considerable distress at different periods. It has been recommended as a remedy, that Government should go back to the system of the circulation of the notes. Now, my Lords, with respect to the one-pound bank notes, it will be well to recollect what has been the proceeding of Parliament on that subject. In 1826, Parliament having seen the facility with which speculations could be undertaken by persons possessing no capital, in consequence of the circulation of those one-pound bank-notes—looking to the evils that resulted from those speculations, and finding that a great number of banks in the country had failed in consequence of such speculations—thought proper to pass a law to prevent the circulation of this species of paper, after the lapse of three years. A noble lord has said, that this measure of Parliament occasioned the failure of a great number of country bankers. But I beg the noble lord's pardon, he has not stated the fact correctly. Most of the banks which about that period failed, it ought to be recollected, broke previously to the meeting of Parliament.

"The fact is, that it was the breaking of the banks which occasioned the measure, and not the measure the breaking of the banks. But we have now accomplished the measure adopted in 1826; that measure is now carried into execution; the currency of the country is now sufficient; bank-notes, 5*l.*, and above 5*l.* in value, are in circulation; and I will assert this fact, that there is at present more of what I may call state currency in circulation—more notes of

the Bank of England and sovereigns—a greater quantity of circulating medium of those two denominations, than there has been at any former period before the late war, or before the Bank Restriction Act was passed. I beg leave, my Lords, to ask, what want is there of any additional circulation, when the circulation is at present greater than ever it was? Is it necessary to have a more extended circulation, to afford the means of procuring loans of money to those who have no capital and no credit? I contend that this is a state of things that ought not to exist in any country. Persons who really possess credit, can raise money at the present moment with every facility that is reasonable or proper. But, undoubtedly, those who have no credit, are deprived of the facilities of borrowing money, which they formerly enjoyed, because there is no longer a large class of persons dealing in one-pound notes, to assist them in carrying on their speculations. This is the real state of the case. It was this situation of affairs that gave rise, and justly gave rise, to the measure of 1826—a measure which I trust that Parliament will persevere in, for the purpose of placing the country in a proper state. It has been said truly, that nothing is so desirable as to see the country carrying on its mercantile transactions with a paper currency founded on, and supported by, a metallic basis. Now, your lordships must be aware, that is exactly the sort of currency which the country has got at present; and, in proportion as the country goes on conquering its difficulties—the existence of that currency still being continued—we shall see prosperity daily revive, and we shall see mercantile transactions carried on as they ought to be, without any mixture of those ruinous speculations, to which so much of the prevailing distress must be attributed.

"But, my Lords, the noble lord, in tracing out the sources of this distress, has omitted one of the great causes of it. He has not adverted to the immense loss of capital which has been sustained by the country during the last six or eight years, in consequence of loans to foreign powers—of which neither principal nor interest has been paid, nor ever will, in my opinion, be paid. The noble lord has not adverted to the effect which that loss of capital must have produced, with respect to the employment of industry in all parts of the country. In the next place, the noble lord has not adverted to the effect which those loans must have had on the trade and manufactures of the country, in consequence of the glut in foreign markets, occasioned by the forced exportation of goods on account of such transactions. In most instances, my Lords, no returns were made on account of those goods, and even when returns were made, they were

of the most unsatisfactory description. The noble lord has not adverted to the fact, that these returns, when any were received, came home in the shape of interest, and did not, of course, require any demand or export from this country.

"Surely all these things should be considered, when the noble lord speaks of the distress the country is labouring under. That distress has fallen not only on the manufacturing and commercial interests, but also on those who have encouraged and embarked in the various schemes and speculations which have done the country so much mischief."

May 26th, 1829.

APPENDIX, No. V.

THE DUKE IN THE NETHERLANDS, 1815.

After the first one hundred pages of this volume were in type, the author's attention was drawn to an article in the "Quarterly Review," of June, 1845, reviewing the works of Captain Siborne, Colonel Mitchell, and Marshal Marmont. The review disposes of certain of the errors and conclusions of these respectable authorities, and presents a few interesting facts which had not previously been made public. It would be absurd and unnecessary to reprint this article of forty-five pages, even if in the foregoing biography the whole of the errors of the authors had been repeated; but no "Life" of the Duke can be complete which does not contain all the authenticated facts and justifications relating to so great and distinguished a man; and certain portions of the article are therefore transferred below. It may be added, that one great inducement to the republication of even so much of the article, is the assurance the author has received from a competent quarter, that the review was commenced by Colonel Gurwood, the compiler of the "Despatches," continued by the Earl of Ellesmere, and revised and concluded by the Duke of Wellington himself:—

"If anything could add to the credit which the Duke deserves for those arrangements for the collection and movement of the force under his own command, which were calculated to meet every contingency and overcome every difficulty of his defensive position, it would be that in a matter entirely beyond his control these essential

and unavoidable difficulties should have been aggravated by one of those accidents to which all military operations, but especially those of allied armies, are exposed. At five o'clock in the morning of the 15th (June, 1815), it was apparent to the Prussians that the attack upon the advanced corps of General Ziethen was a serious one, a *bonâ fide* movement of Napoleon by Charleroi. This certainty was the one thing needful in the eyes of the Duke of Wellington; with it his course was clear, and without it he was, as we have seen, determined not to move a regiment from its cantonments. We cannot explain how it happened, but we are certain that it was by no fault of the British Commander-in-Chief that no Prussian report of the transaction reached Brussels till five in the afternoon. The distance being about forty miles, there can be no question that the intelligence on which he acted might and ought to have reached him by 10 A.M. As it was, the Prince ef Orange was the first to bring the news, soon after three o'clock, P.M., having ridden in from the advanced posts at Binche to dine with the Duke. The latter was well aware, by accounts received from the direction of Mons, that the enemy was in motion, and for that reason had taken care to remain during the day at his head-quarters, or within a few yards of them, having declined a proposal to accompany His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland on a visit to the Duchess of Richmond, without, however, spreading premature alarm by assigning the true reason. Orders for the movement of the troops were issued on the receipt of these first accounts from the Prince of Orange, and further orders were issued at about five, after an interview with the Prussian General Müffling, who was stationed at Brussels, and had at length received his reports from General Ziethen. It is clear that—if a circumstance over which the Duke had no control had not thus operated to his disadvantage, and directly in favour of his adversary—the orders which were issued at 5 P.M. might have been given out at 10 in the morning.

"The accident in itself was a *purely* Prussian one; for the intelligence to be received was to come, not from Sir H. Hardinge and Blücher's head-quarters to the Duke, but from General Ziethen at the advanced posts of the Prussian lines to General Müffling; and the Duke is to be blamed for it precisely as much as he is for the more famous failure of the dispatch to General Bulow von Dennewitz, which led to the absence of the 4th Prussian corps from the field of Ligny.

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"It is a mistake to suppose, as Captain Siborne does, that on the morning of the 17th (or even on the night of the 16th) the Duke

was uninformed of what had occurred on the Prussian field of battle. He had at the Prussian head-quarters a staff-officer, Colonel Sir Henry Hardinge, who sent him repeated reports during the battle. He had written one after he was himself severely wounded, which was brought to the Duke by his brother, Captain Hardinge of the artillery, with a verbal message given after nightfall. Till nightfall, moreover, the Duke could see; and, need it be added, did see with his own eyes from Quatre Bras what passed on the Prussian field of battle. With his glass he saw the charge and failure of the Prussian cavalry, Blücher's disaster, and the retreat of the Prussian army from the field of battle. Captain Wood, of the 10th Hussars, then at the outposts, pushed a patrole towards the Prussian field of battle at daylight, and ascertained and immediately reported to the Duke that the Prussians were no longer in possession of it. The Duke then sent, as Captain Siborne narrates, with another squadron of the 10th, under Captain Grey, Sir A. Gordon, who had been with his Grace on the Prussian field of battle the preceding day, and therefore knew the ground, in order to communicate with the rear-guard of the Prussian army, and to ascertain their position and designs. Sir A. Gordon found the field of battle deserted, except by a few French videttes; these were driven in, and Gordon with his squadrons crossed the field of battle unmolested, and communicated verbally with General Ziethen, commanding the Prussian rear-guard, at Sombref, on the road to Namur, where the Prussian left had rested in the battle of the preceding day. Having accomplished this service, the Duke's aide-de-camp returned, as he had gone, unmolested, to Quatre Bras. If Sir A. Gordon had lived, probably Captain Siborne might have learned the real account of the transaction from him, and would then have known that the patrole moved the whole way to Sombref, and brought back, not a vague report that the Prussians had retreated towards Wavre, but the most positive accounts of their movements and intentions.

"As soon as Gordon returned with his patrole, the Duke gave orders for the army to occupy the position in front of Waterloo, of which he had a perfect knowledge, having seen it frequently, and of which no knowledge could have been had by any other officer in the army. The road to and through the village of Genappes having been cleared of all hospital and store carriages, and of every impediment, the infantry and artillery were put in motion in broad daylight, in different columns, to cross the different bridges over the Dyle. These movements were as regular as on a parade. The outposts, particularly those of the riflemen, were kept standing, and movements were

made by the British cavalry so as to attract the enemy's attention, and conceal the retrograde movement of the infantry. The cavalry remained on the ground, and the Commander-in-Chief with them, till between three and four of the afternoon. In this position he saw more than Captain Siborne appears to be aware of. He saw all that was done on and near the lately-contested ground of Ligny, the detachment of Grouchy's corps towards Wavre, following the retreat of Blücher, and the march of the main mass of the French army along the great road from Sombref. No movement was made in his front, and he did not order the retreat of his cavalry till the advanced patroles of the enemy had touched the videttes on the high road on his left. The retreat of our cavalry was undoubtedly facilitated by a storm, which made it difficult for either party to manœuvre off the main roads. With the single exception, however, of the affair at Genappes with the French lancers, it was conducted with as much security as that of the infantry, and the army found itself in the evening collected from every quarter on that famous and well-chosen ground, with every feature of which the Duke was familiar. The Duke was on the field at daybreak, in spite of weather, after having written some letters to the King of France and others. He visited the posts in Hougomont, and gave orders for the defensive works for musketry, which were formed in the garden. He rode thence to La Haye Sainte, and on to the extreme left of his position. It is a curious circumstance, not mentioned by the historians, that having throughout the night, from the 17th to the 18th, communicated by patroles, through Ohain, with the Prussian *corps d' armée* on its march from Wavre, he saw the Prussian cavalry collected in a mass on the high ground on the Waterloo side of the defile of St. Lambert at an early hour of the day, at least an hour before the commencement of the battle—the very cavalry that is represented to have been seen from the French head-quarters in a letter written by Maréchal Soult to Maréchal Grouchy, dated at half-past one, which letter is printed by Grouchy in a pamphlet published in the United States, and given in a note to page 400 of Captain Siborne's first volume.

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"The course of our observations, which have insensibly almost degenerated into narrative, has brought us to a critical period of the drama. If we look back through the preceeding acts we shall see that no passage of the Duke's campaigns is more pregnant with evidence of the omnipresent, indefatigable, personal activity, and imperturbable coolness which distinguished him, than the period which has come under our notice. We have seen that on the morning of the

16th, while Ney was preparing his attack and closing up his columns, which, when he took their command, extended for some twelve miles to his rear, the Duke found time for an interview with the Prussian General at Ligny. He returned to Quatre Bras in time for the opening of that conflict. He reconnoitered in person the wood of Bossu, and was indeed the first to discover that the attack was about to be made by a very large body of troops. A straggling fire had been going on since morning, but the officers whom he found on the spot still doubted whether a serious attack was impending. The Duke's quick eye, however, detected an officer of high rank reviewing a strong body, and his ear caught the sound, familiar to it as the precursor of such scenes,—'*L'Empereur recompensera celui qui s'avancera.*' He instantly recommended the Prince of Orange to withdraw his advanced parties, and the few Belgian guns, which were in an advanced and exposed position. The attack instantly ensued, not to cease till nightfall. According to his uniform practice, and certainly with not less than his usual care, the Duke posted all the troops himself, and no movement was made but by his order. He was on the field till after dark, as long as any contest lasted. When at the close of that weary day others were sinking to rest on the ground they had so bravely maintained, and while the chain of British outposts was being formed for the night, far in advance of the ground originally occupied, one of the cavalry regiments, which were then arriving in rapid succession, reached the spot where the Duke was sitting. It was commanded by an intimate friend of the Duke—by one of the gentlest, the bravest, and most accomplished soldiers who ever sat in an English saddle, the late General Sir Frederick Ponsonby. He found the Duke reading some English newspapers which had just reached him, joking over their contents, and making merry with the lucubrations of London politicians and speculators on events.

"The condition meanwhile of the said politicians at home, including the Cabinet, was past a joke. It was one which the profundity of their ignorance alone made endurable. If hostilities were now in progress in Belgium and a British army in the field, steamers would be plying between Ostend and London or Dover, frequent and punctual as those which crowd the river from London Bridge to Greenwich in Whitsun week. A fresh lie and a new exaggeration would reach the Stock Exchange at intervals of a quarter of an hour. With such means of communication Blücher's losses on the 16th would have been operating on the funds within a few hours of their report at Brussels, and the Prussian retreat from Ligny would have more than counterbalanced, in public opinion, the maintenance of

our position at Quatre Bras. To a late hour of the 20th of June, however, the smuggler had been the only organ of intelligence to the English Cabinet, and nothing but vague accounts that the French army was in motion had been conveyed by these lug-sailed messengers. It was thus that the first authentic intelligence, though it contained the bane of a serious disaster to the Prussian arms, was qualified not merely by the antidote of the Duke's success at Quatre Bras, but by the following additional facts;—that the Duke was at the head of his own army collected in a position of his own choice, in high confidence and spirits, in military communication with Blücher, and on the point of engaging with Napoleon. The bearer of this stirring intelligence, which the nerves of Lord Castlereagh were better strung to receive than those of Lord Liverpool, was the Right Honourable Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry. Like many other civilians he had been attracted by the interest of the scene and hour to Brussels about a fortnight previous to the commencement of hostilities. As an old and valued friend of his illustrious countryman, he had been a constant guest at head-quarters; among other adventures of some interest, had visited the ground of Quatre Bras on the 17th, and had remained there till the commencement of the retreat of the cavalry, when he had returned to Brussels. Having been favoured by him with a memorandum of his recollections, we can now present, in words better than our own, the circumstances under which he became entrusted with such a communication, and the effect it produced on those who received it. Not being able, with reference to our limits, to insert the memorandum *in extenso*, we must premise that our friend had been induced by circumstances to leave Brussels at a very early hour on the 18th with the intention, not of returning to England, but of endeavouring to reach the head-quarters of General Sir C. Colville, whose division was on the right of the British army. Ghent was his first object, but being advised that the direct route was encumbered, he proceeded thither by Antwerp. The Knight was accompanied by the late Marquis of Ormonde: and he says—

"'We arrived at Antwerp about five in the morning, and after refreshing ourselves and looking at the cathedral for about an hour, we proceeded to Ghent as fast as we could, and arrived there about two o'clock. We dined with the commanding officer of the 29th regiment, who had been an old acquaintance of Lord Ormonde. We engaged a carriage and arranged to proceed after midnight for the Division of the army under General Colville. I was just entering the hotel between six and seven in order to go to bed, when Sir P. Malcolm drove up from Brussels. I told him our plan, when he

earnestly entreated me to wait till he had returned from the King of France, then at Ghent, to whom he was going to convey a message from the Duke of Wellington. I waited accordingly; on his return he pressed me in the most earnest manner to proceed to London and communicate to the Government what had occurred. He argued the necessity of such a course, from the Duke of Wellington having declared to him that morning that he would not write a line until he had fought a battle, and from the false and mischievous rumours which had circulated and gone to England, and the total ignorance of the English government as to what had taken place. He said that he was desirous of writing to the First Lord of the Admiralty, but that etiquette precluded his entering into any details on military subjects when the General had not written: that if I consented I would greatly relieve the Government, and do essential public service, as, independent of the Prussian case, of which I knew more than any other individual could communicate to the Government, there were subjects of a most confidential nature which he would entrust to me to be told to Lord Castlereagh, our Foreign Minister; that he would put me into a sloop of war at Ostend and send me across at once. I however, rather reluctantly assented. He then told me he had left the Duke at half-past ten that morning with the army in position on ground which he had already examined, determined to give battle, and confident of success, and that he was in military communication with Marshal Blücher.

"'We accordingly changed our route and proceeded at once to Ostend, where the Admiral wrote a few lines, merely saying that Bonaparte had defeated the Prussians with great loss, that the Duke was in position as described before, that he had prevailed on the Knight of Kerry to convey that despatch, who also could furnish all particulars which were as yet known, for the information of the Government. We had rather a slow passage. After we were under weigh a gendarme, with some mail bags in a boat, overtook the vessel, and said reports had just arrived that the Duke of Wellington was driving the French at all points. We proceeded at once, after landing at Deal, to town, and arrived at the Admiralty at half-past four (Tuesday, June 20th). Lord Melville had gone to the House of Lords, whither I followed him; and on presenting the despatch he immediately summoned the Cabinet Ministers from both Houses to meet in the Chancellor's room, which they did instantly.

"'I was requested to communicate the particulars referred to in Admiral Malcolm's letter; I said (in order to avoid anything unnecessary) I wished to know how far the Cabinet was already

informed of what had occurred; Lord Liverpool said that they knew nothing. I asked if they had not heard of the battle with the Prussians. He said, "No." I then asked had they not heard that Napoleon had moved his army? He said that reports by smugglers to that effect had come across, but that nothing was certain. I then gave a detail of all the circumstances that had come to my knowledge, and endeavoured to impress on them the utmost confidence in the success of the Duke of Wellington in any battle that should take place. I stated the nature of the driving in of the Prussians on the 15th, as explained to me by the Commandant at Mons. I was enabled to describe very particularly the glorious battle at Quatre Bras, as given to me by a gallant officer of the Rifle Brigade, who was near the Duke during its continuance, and who was wounded there; he gave me a very clear account of the action, and affirmed that he had never seen his Grace expose himself so much personally, or so thoroughly direct every part of the operations, in any of the Peninsular fights with which he was familiar. I explained, on Sir Colin Campbell's authority, the Duke's thorough knowledge of the ground which he had occupied on the morning of Sunday (the 18th).

"'Ministers expressed their great relief and gratification at the intelligence I had furnished, as the town had been inundated with the most alarming and dangerous rumours, and that from the length of time since they had received any positive communication from the Duke of Wellington, considerable anxiety undoubtedly existed, but that I had effectually removed it. On the following morning early I called on Lord Castlereagh before he went to his office. I asked him whether he thought I had impressed upon the Cabinet the perfect confidence which I myself felt as to the Duke's success. He said I had, but that he wished for a good deal of conversation with me. I then explained to him those particulars which Admiral Malcolm had desired me confidentially to convey, particularly as to what concerned the position and personal safety of the French king, and other points which it is unnecessary to recapitulate. We had a most interesting discussion on the whole state of the two countries as relating to the war. It was certainly gratifying to me to have relieved the anxiety of Ministers, and through them of the public, but Sir P. Malcolm lost me the march to Paris.'

"Of the numerous critics of the Belgian campaign, some have been disposed to consider that the Prussians on the 18th were slow in bringing their columns to bear effectively on the French right. We have reason to believe that the individual who would have had most cause for complaint on this score would be the last to entertain

this charge. We feel very certain that if the Duke could have exchanged commands with Blücher or Bulow on that day, he would have been very cautious how he brought into action by driblets even that portion of the Prussian troops which had not actually shared the discomfiture of Ligny. Captain Siborne judiciously avoids casting any reflection on the Prussians, though he states the fact that General Ziethen refused to detach any portion of his troops for the purpose of strengthening, by their partial aid, the British line of battle at a moment certainly of great pressure. We doubt not that Ziethen's orders on this head were strict. We believe them to have been dictated by a wise caution, and we look upon the conduct of the Prussians and their commander on the 18th with no feeling but that of admiration for the energy with which they had rallied after discomfiture, and the boldness with which they left General Thielman to make the best he could of it against Grouchy's superior force at Wavre. Before the retreat on the morning of the 17th, speculation was busy among our officers on the outposts at Quatre Bras as to the probable results of the affair of the previous day to the Prussian force. A party of them was joined by Captain, now Colonel, Wood, who had just returned from the patrole service mentioned above. Will they stop before they reach the Rhine? was a question started by one. Captain Wood, who had seen much service with the Prussians, having been on the staff of Sir C. Stewart (now Lord Londonderry) in 1813 and 1814, replied, 'If Blücher or Bulow be alive, you may depend upon it they will stop at no great distance.' The young officer was right, as Napoleon found to his cost. We know that, whatever incompetent critics may say, the highest testimony to the co-operation of the Prussians in every particular, that of the Duke, has been ever since unvaried and uncompromising; nor has he ever stopped or stooped to consider whether by doing justice to the fame of his allies he might give a handle to his enemies to detract from his own.

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"We do not on this occasion choose to enter upon any formal criticism of Napoleon as a general. We must, however, say, that if English writers were as much disposed to detract from his reputation as they are to cavil at the conduct of the Duke and Blücher, some documents under his own hand would afford them matter for animadversion. Take, for instance, Napoleon's two letters to Marshal Ney, written early on the 16th, from Charleroi. They are addressed to a man who has just been placed at the head of some 40,000 men, so much *à l'improviste*, that he did not even know the names of his officers, or what the Germans call the dislocation of his troops, much

less the nature of the country, or the amount of the force in his front; and who was so unprovided with staff-officers, that he was obliged to select them at the moment from regiments of the line; yet this man, in the first of these letters, received at about eleven o'clock of the 16th, is directed to be at Brussels by seven o'clock the next morning, and in the second it is assumed as matter of high probability that the English had already retired from Brussels and Nivelles. Let it not be forgotten that Napoleon's means of learning or guessing at the Duke's dispositions were far greater than any which the Duke possessed of learning what passed within the French lines. We will venture, without blaming Napoleon in our ignorance of his grounds for belief, to say, that if at any one period of the Duke's career he had given orders so impracticable to execute, or displayed ignorance so complete as is indicated in these two letters to Ney, his Despatches would have been reprinted by the Radical press, and quoted in the House of Commons as evidence of his incapacity for command.

"The only real gleam of success to the French arms at Waterloo was that occupation of the farm of La Haye Sainte, to which we have adverted. From Captain Siborne's narrative it is easy to infer the absurdity of the proposition maintained by some writers, that the loss of this post was one of small importance and little injury to the British army. It was a serious annoyance; it led to some additional loss of life and limb in our ranks—Lord Fitzroy Somerset's right arm is an instance—it gave facilities to the French for their repeated attacks on our centre; and in the event of our being compelled to retire, it would have been of great advantage to them. It might have been avoided, for it was occasioned by nothing but exhaustion of the ammunition for its garrison. There was but one communication with the farm, by a gateway on the road from Brussels to Genappes, and this was commanded by the French artillery, An easy remedy might have been, but unfortunately was not, adopted—namely, to break out a communication through the back wall of the farm-house, which would have been available not only for the introduction of ammunition, but for the relief and reinforcement, if necessary, of the garrison. We doubt whether in any continental service the neglect of so minute a feature in a general action (whatever its eventual importance) would be laid to the account of a commander-in-chief. We have reason, however, to believe that the Duke has often volunteered to bear its responsibility; and, as it is the only confession he has had to make, we shall not dispute the point with his Grace.

"After the repulse of the various attacks made upon our centre, first by cavalry, then by infantry, and thirdly by the two combined, it was expected that the next would be made by cavalry, infantry, and artillery combined. It was obvious that our troops would require extension of line to engage with the infantry, and solidity to engage with the cavalry; but they could not have the necessary extension if formed in squares as before, nor the necessary solidity if formed in line in the usual order, two deep. They were therefore formed four deep. With this formation they crushed with their fire, or scattered with the bayonet, every description of force which came against them: and yet some tacticians have been found to censure this feature also in the Duke's dispositions. When at last their long endurance was rewarded by their finding themselves in possession of the enemy's position, and of every gun of that artillery which had decimated their ranks, a singular, and we believe novel, feature of the scene served to disclose the sudden and complete nature of the route of their antagonists. Where the French reserves had been posted in rear of the front line, the muskets of considerable bodies of men were found piled and abandoned—a circumstance which shows how rapid may be the contagion of despair even in the ranks of a nation never excelled for exploits either of collective or individual bravery. The British troops soon made over the task of pursuit to their less exhausted allies. Very forward among the British horsemen at this period, riding with a slack rein and somewhat of a Leicestershire seat, might be seen an English gentleman in the ordinary attire of that respectable but unmilitary character: this was Lord Apsley, the present Earl Bathurst, who had assisted at the battle as an amateur from its commencement, and who followed its fortunes to the last. Before the first shot was fired, his lordship had fallen in at the right of our line with Lord Hill, who in his own quiet and comfortable manner addressed him, 'Well, my Lord, I think your lordship will see a great battle to-day.' 'Indeed!' 'Yes, indeed, my Lord; and I think the French will get such a thrashing as they have seldom had.' A fair specimen of the spirit in which our old campaigners met the *prestige* of Napoleon's presence. It was the simple confession of faith and conviction founded on experience; for who ever heard boast or bravado from the lips of the Shropshire farmer? Lord Apsley, having ultimately ridden to the extreme of the English pursuit, was, we believe, on returning to head-quarters, the first to communicate to the Duke that the whole of the French artillery was in our possession.

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"In the third and revised edition of Mr. Alison's 'History,' we read:—

"'Wellington and Blücher, at this critical period, were either without correct information as to the enemy's real designs, or relying upon secret intelligence, which was to be forwarded to them from Paris, as to his movements. This delay in collecting the troops, &c., would furnish ground for a serious imputation on the Duke's military conduct, were it not that it is now apparent he had been misled by false information, perfidiously furnished, or as perfidiously withheld, *by his correspondents at Paris, who, unknown to him, had been gained by Fouché.*'

"'After re-quoting the story of the female spy from the production impudently called Fouché's Memoirs, Mr. Alison then proceeds:—

"Extraordinary as this story is, it derives confirmation from the following statement of Sir Walter Scott, who had access to the best sources of information, which he obtained at Paris a few weeks after the battle. "I have understood," says he, "on good authority, that a person, bearing for Lord Wellington's information a detailed and authentic account of Bonaparte's plan for the campaign, was actually dispatched from Paris in time to have reached Brussels before the commencement of hostilities. This communication was entrusted to a female, who was furnished with a pass from Fouché himself, and who travelled with all dispatch in order to accomplish her mission; but, being stopped for two days on the frontiers of France, did not arrive till after the battle of the 16th. The fact, *for such I believe it to be*, seems to countenance the opinion that Fouché maintained a correspondence with the allies, and may lead, on the other hand, to the suspicion that, though he dispatched the intelligence in question, he contrived so to manage that its arrival should be too late for the purpose which it was calculated to serve. At all events, the appearance of the French on the Sambre was at Brussels an unexpected piece of intelligence." (*Paul's Letters.*) It is remarkable that Scott's sagacity had in this instance divined the very solution of the question which Fouché afterwards stated in his Memoirs as a fact. On the other hand, Wellington says: "Avant mon arrivée à Paris au mois de Juillet, je n'avais jamais vu Fouché, ni eu avec lui communication quelconque, ni avec aucun de ceux qui sont liés avec lui." (Letter to Dumouriez, Gurwood, vol. xii. p. 649.) If this statement was inconsistent with the former, the Duke's high character for truth and accuracy would have rendered it decisive of the point; but in reality it is not so. It only proves that the English general had had no communication with Fouché, or those whom he knew to be his agents.

"Mr. Alison then goes on to show, from various passages of the Duke's letters, that he was in communication at various periods with persons at Paris, and cites one letter to a Mr. Henoul, in which a lady is mentioned.

"It will appear from all the above that Mr. Alison has, in one of his tacit corrections, borrowed without acknowledgment from the Quarterly, withdrawn from his assertion that the Duke was knowingly in correspondence with Fouché. He now shapes his imputation in another form. He asserts that the Duke was not only in communication with certain puppets of Fouché's at Paris, but that he actually governed his own military schemes, the position and movements of his army, and rested the fate of Europe on the expectation or possession of intelligence from such quarters. If, as Burke said, a man cannot live down these contemptible calumnies, he must put up with them. If the Duke's life and exploits cannot acquit him of such miserable simplicity in the eyes of Englishmen, we can give him little assistance. Because the Duke says, on the 13th of June, 'I have accounts from Paris of the 10th, on which day Bonaparte was still there,' it is seriously argued that he was very likely to believe that parties who supplied intelligence of a circumstance so recondite as the presence of Bonaparte at the Tuileries, could and would also supply the programme of Bonaparte's intended campaign. Mr. Alison, however, still resting the weight of his structure on Fouché's Memoirs, props up the rubbish of such a foundation by the authority of 'Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk.' What does the extract from such a work as 'Paul's Letters' prove? It proves that when occupied in the agreeable pastime of picking up anecdotes for a volume of slight structure and momentary interest, Sir W. Scott gave a rash credence to one then current at Paris, which was afterwards elaborated by the literary forger of Fouché's name. It is on such authorities as these that the author of a *work of twenty years* fastens on the Duke of Wellington a charge of credulous imbecility. Whatever be the probabilities of the case, we have one sufficient answer, which we can give on authority—it is totally and absolutely false. We repeat, and are enabled and bound to say that we repeat on authority, that not one single passage of the Duke's conduct at this period was in the remotest degree influenced by such causes as those invented at Paris, and adopted by Mr. Alison. But the Duke had communications with Paris. To be sure he had. Common sense would indicate, if the Despatches did not, that the Duke used what means the iron frontier in his front permitted to obtain all obtainable intelligence from Paris. He would have been wanting in his duty if

he had neglected such precaution. Such facts as the Emperor's continued presence in Paris, the strength of mustering corps, their reputed destination—these, and a thousand such particulars, he doubtless endeavoured to get at, when he could, through channels more rapid, if not more to be relied on, than the 'Moniteur.' It could strike nobody as improbable that in some of these transactions an agent of the softer sex might have been employed; though we happen to know for certain that none such played a part of importance enough to secure her services a place in the recollection of any Englishman at head-quarters. Even for obtaining such information as this, the Duke was placed in a position which must have contrasted singularly with the advantages he had in these respects enjoyed in the Peninsula. It were but common fairness to scan for a moment the points of difference, and to observe how completely the relative positions of the two antagonists were reversed. The grounds of comparison are, however, pretty obvious, and an illustration may serve the purpose better than a disquisition.

"On the night which preceded Sir Arthur Wellesley's first passage of arms in Portugal, the affair of Roliça, he was roused from his sleep in his tent by an urgent request for admittance on the part of a stranger. The request was granted, and a monk was introduced. 'I am come,' he said, 'to give you intelligence that General Thomière, who commands the French corps in your front, intends to retire before daylight; and if you wish to catch him you must be quick.' Such news, if true, justified the intrusion; and it occurred to Sir Arthur, who had not then attained the degree of drivelling which the Duke of Wellington had reached in 1815, to inquire 'How do you know the fact you acquaint me with?' The monk replied, 'When Junot's army first entered Portugal, he was quartered in our convent, that of Alcobaça, and one of his staff shared my cell. The same officer is again my lodger; we are on intimate terms. This evening he was busily engaged in writing. I stole behind him and placed my hands over his eyes, as boys do in play, while he struggled to get loose, and held him there till I had read the contents of the paper he was writing. It was an order to General Thomière to move his column at such an hour, and in such a direction. I have stolen from the convent and made my way to your quarters, to tell you my discovery.' We have sometimes thought that this incident would have made a good subject for Wilkie. For our purpose, it is not an inapt illustration of the facilities for information at the command of a general moving in a country where the peasantry and priesthood are heart and soul with the cause he serves. Such at least are not at the disposal of a

commander compelled by circumstances to remain rooted for a period in the face of a hostile nation, fenced by a triple line of fortresses, and their place is ill supplied by padded petticoats and the gossip of a metropolis. The plan of Bonaparte's campaign? Can anything be more childish than to suppose that the Duke could have relied, for this is the question, on French traitors for such a document? When a fleet is about to sail on a secret expedition, a thousand circumstances are open to the inquiries of active agents. The very nature of the stores embarked, the name of some officer ordered to join, will often indicate its destination. The consequence generally is, that by the time the sealed orders are opened in a specified latitude, the enemy has enjoyed for weeks a full knowledge of the object of the expedition. We well remember, in the summer of 1840, hearing that certain intrenching tools were to be embarked for the Mediterranean, and that a certain officer, famous for his application of such materials at St. Sebastian and elsewhere, was to be picked up at Gibraltar. We wanted no paid spy or treacherous clerk to tell us that Acre, or possibly Alexandria, would feel the effect of these preparations. With respect to the general plan and scheme of the Duke's operations, as far as they depended on himself, they were open enough to discovery, if missed by conjecture. They were necessarily subjects of communication and concert with a dozen friendly powers mustering their forces on different points from Ostend to the confines of Switzerland. It so happened that the plan of Bonaparte's campaign, which could consist in nothing else but a choice of roads, was one which it was unnecessary for him to communicate to a single human being till he gave his orders from head-quarters for its prompt execution.

* * * * *

"It requires some knowledge of human nature to believe that a respectable man, in possession of his senses, can, on a review of the facts, continue to entertain the notion that *surprise* is a term applicable to the position and conduct of the Duke. Let us suppose the case of a country house in Tipperary, a period of Rockite disturbance, and a family which has received intelligence that an attack is to be made upon it. The windows are barricaded as well as circumstances will admit; but the premises are extensive, and the hall door, the kitchen and the pantry remain weak and assailable. The trampling of footsteps is heard in the shrubbery. There would be advisers enough, and confusion enough in consequence, if the head of the family were a man who invited advice, but he is an old soldier whom few would venture to approach with suggestions. His nerves are

absolutely impassive to the fact that the assault is conducted by Rock in person, but he knows that Rock has the initiative and the choice of at least three eligible points of attack. He makes such disposition of his force as leaves no point unwatched; he keeps it well in hand, and refuses to move a man till the sledge-hammer is heard at the point selected. The attack is repulsed—all the objects of the defence are accomplished, not a silver spoon is missing—most of the assailants are killed, the gang dispersed, and its leader, who had escaped down the avenue, is ultimately captured and transported for life—tranquillity is restored to the Barony—the master of the house is knighted for his gallant defence, and made a chief inspector of Police by the Government, but is deprived of his office when the Whigs come into power. Thirty years afterwards, an attorney of the county town, who has lived in the main street all his life, and has never handled a blunderbuss, writes an account of the transaction, collected from some surviving under-servants, to show, first that the master was surprised, and next that his force ought from the first to have been concentrated in the pantry, because it was there that the main assault was ultimately made. His informers have also succeeded in bamboozling him with an absurd tale of an old woman who had been hired to deceive the master by making him believe that the attack was postponed.

"It is not matter of theory and speculation, but of absolute demonstration, that whatever were the merits or demerits of the Duke's proceedings, they were not an accident of the moment, the offspring of haste and surprise, but strictly in accordance with and part of a preconceived system of action, adopted, in concert with his allies, on deep study and full knowledge of every circumstance of his position. Mr. Alison has formed and persists in the opinion that he could have managed the whole thing a great deal better. We do not believe that any officer exists in her Majesty's service who will not rate that opinion at its proper value.

"No man perhaps ever lived whose nervous system was less likely to be affected by the mere prestige of Napoleon's name than the Duke's; but we have reason to believe that in one attribute the Duke considered him pre-eminent over every one who could by possibility come under any comparison—that of promptitude and dexterity in taking advantage of a false move. We may be permitted to doubt whether this quality was ever, in any single instance, more brilliantly exemplified by Napoleon than by Wellington at Salamanca; but at all events, we know that it was considered by the English Commander to be the leading characteristic of his opponent

of 1815. The man to whom the Duke attributed this particular pre-eminence had collected an army of veterans on the frontier of the department of the North, one bristling with fortresses in which he might cover and protect, and through which he might in safety and secrecy move hundreds of thousands of troops; while the allies, whether to correct or improve a position erroneously taken up, must have moved along the front of this formidable position, no part of which could have been attacked by them. Up to a given moment at least—the moment when the allied powers on the Rhine should be ready to move off in concert, and keep the step—Napoleon had the indisputable advantage of the first move. Secrecy, rapidity, and choice of direction on vulnerable points, were equally at his command with priority of movement. To rush at the centre, or to throw himself on the communications of a force which leant not on the country in its rear, but on Namur on the one hand, and Ostend on the other, were modes of action equally practicable. We are inclined to think that if by any magic the Duke could suddenly, with his own knowledge of his own difficulties, have been transformed into the adviser of Napoleon, he would have suggested an attack by the line of Hal on his own right. It is very certain that he considered such an operation as one which, from its advantages, might well have attracted his opponent's choice. We know this from the caution with which, even at Waterloo, he provided against such a contingency. With a view to this danger also, every possible exertion had been made to put into a condition of defence Mons, Ath, Tournay, Ypres, Ostend, Nieuport, and Ghent. The state in which the Duke found these places had been such as to make it impossible, in the time allowed him, to complete their defences. Still such progress had been made as to justify him in endeavouring to compass the great object of the preservation of the Belgian capital by occupying a position in advance of it, which without the support of those places, he would, as we have reason to believe, not have ventured to take up. The Duke and Blücher certainly agreed to occupy this outpost of the armies of coalised Europe on a system of their own—one which they thought best calculated to meet the impending storm in each and every of its possible directions. In the moment of impending conflict the Duke certainly did not depart from it. The first breathless courier—who might perhaps have brought intelligence of a false attack—did not shake his calm and settled purpose.

"It may well be, and we believe it, that no other man living could have retained the imperturbable coolness which the Duke

exhibited during the 15th at Brussels, and still less could have put off to the last the moment of general alarm by going to a ball after having given his orders. Nothing was more likely at the moment to generate the idea of a surprise than the circumstance of this ball, from which so many dancers adjourned to that supper of Hamlet, not where men eat, but where they are eaten. The delusion, however, fades before the facts of the General Orders to be found in Colonel Gurwood's volume, and is not now worth further notice for purposes of refutation. The details of the case, however, are but partially known, and they are worth recording. The late Duke of Richmond, an attached and intimate friend of the Commander in-Chief, was at Brussels. He was himself a general officer ; had one son, the present Duke of Richmond, on the staff of the Prince of Orange, one on that of the Duke, and another in the Blues, and was at the battle of Waterloo, but not in any military capacity.[1] The brother of the Duchess, the late (and last) Duke of Gordon, was Colonel of the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders, which, with the 42nd and 79th Highland regiments, formed part of the reserve corps stationed at Brussels. The Duchess had issued invitations for a ball for the 15th. Among other preparations for the evening she had engaged the attendance of some of the non-commissioned officers and privates of her brother's regiment and the 42nd, wishing to show her continental guests the real Highland dances in perfection. When the news of the French advance reached head-quarters, it became matter of discussion whether or not the ball should be allowed to proceed. The deliberate judgment of the Duke decided that it should. There were reasons good for this decision. It is sufficient on this head to say that the state of public feeling in the Netherlands generally, and in Brussels in particular, was more than questionable. It was a thing desirable in itself to postpone to the last the inevitable moment of alarm—to shorten as far as possible that critical interval which must occur between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, between the public announcement of actual hostilities and their decision in the field. Every necessary order had been issued ; and such was that state of preparation and arrangement which wise men have since questioned and criticised, that this operation had been the work of minutes, and before the festal lamps were lighted, the fiery cross was on its way

1 "The Duke of Richmond was seen riding about the field, sometimes in situations of imminent danger, in plain clothes, with his groom behind him, exactly as if taking an airing in Hyde Park. His Grace's appearance at one remarkable moment is picturesquely enough described by Captain Siborne."

through the cantonments. The general officers then in Brussels had their instructions to attend and to drop off singly and without *éclat*, and join their divisions on the march. The Duke himself remained later, occupied the place of honour at the supper, and returned thanks for the toast to himself and the allied army, which was proposed by General Alava. At about eleven a despatch arrived from the Prince of Orange, shortly after reading which the Duke retired, saluting the company graciously. On that countenance, cheerful and disengaged as usual, none could read the workings of the calm but busy mind beneath. The state of things, however, most awful to those who could least distinctly be informed of it, had partially transpired, and the fète had assumed that complexion which has been perpetuated on the canvas of Byron. The bugle had sounded before the orchestra had ceased. Before the evening of the following day, some of the Duchess's kilted *corps de ballet* were stretched in the rye of Quatre Bras, never to dance again. Rough transitions these—moralists may sigh—poets may sing—but they are the Rembrandt lights and shadows of the existence of the soldier, whose philosophy must always be that of Wolfe's favourite song—

> 'Why, soldiers, why,
> Should we be melancholy then
> Whose trade it is to die?'

In this instance they were the results of a cool self-possession and control, for a parallel instance of which biography may be searched in vain. And yet this ball was a symptom and remains evidence of surprise.

"We remember, some years ago, finding ourselves in company with General Alava and a very distinguished naval officer who had borne high command in the Tagus at the period of the occupation of the lines of Torres Vedras. The latter had been a guest at a ball which was given by Lord Wellington at Mafra, in November, 1810, and he described the surprise with which the gentlemen of the navy witnessed a numerous attendance of officers some twenty miles from those advanced posts in front of which lay Massena and the French army. General Alava's Spanish impatience broke out at this want of faith, *more suo*—that is in a manner much more amusing to his friends than complimentary to the excellent sailor whose ignorance of the habits of land service, under the Duke, had provoked his indignation. General Alava is gone, and has left behind him nothing *simile aut secundum* for qualities of social intercourse."

APPENDIX, No. VI.

THE DUKE ON THE DEFENCES OF ENGLAND.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN F. BURGOYNE, K.C.B., &c.

"STRATHFIELDSAYE, *January 9th*, 1847.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,

"Some days have elapsed—indeed a fortnight has—since I received your note, with a copy of your observations, on the possible result of a war with France, under our present system of military preparation.

"You are aware that I have for years been sensible of the alteration produced in maritime warfare and operations by the application of steam to the propelling of ships at sea.

"This discovery immediately exposed all parts of the coasts of those islands which a vessel could approach at all, to be approached at all times of tide, and in all seasons, by vessels so propelled, from all quarters. We are, in fact, assailable, and at least liable to insult, and to have contributions levied upon us on all parts of our coast, that is, the coast of these including the Channel islands, which to this time, from the period of the Norman conquest, have never been successfully invaded.

"I have in vain endeavoured to awaken the attention of different administrations to this state of things, as well known to our neighbours (rivals in power, at least former adversaries and enemies) as it is to ourselves.

"I hope that your paper may be attended with more success than my representations have been.

"I have above, in few words, represented our danger. We have no defence, or hope of defence, excepting in our fleet.

"We hear a great deal of the spirit of the people of England, for which no man entertains higher respect than I do. But unorganised, undisciplined, without systematic subordination established and well understood, this spirit opposed to the fire of musketry and cannon, and to sabres and bayonets of disciplined troops, would only expose

those animated by such spirit to confusion and destruction. Let any man only make the attempt to turn to some use this spirit in a case of partial and local disturbance, the want of previous systematic organisation and subordination will prevent him even from communicating with more than his own menial servants and dependants; and while mobs are in movement through the country, the most powerful will find that he can scarcely move from his own door.

"It is perfectly true that as we stand at present, with our naval arsenals and dockyards not half garrisoned, 5000 men of all arms could not be put under arms, if required, for any service whatever, without leaving standing, without relief, all employed on any duty, not excepting even the guards over the palaces and person of the Sovereign.

"I calculate that a declaration of war should probably find our home garrisons of the strength as follows, particularly considering that one of the most common accusations against this country is, that the practice has been to commence reprisals at sea simultaneously with a declaration of war, the order for the first of which must have been issued before the last can have been published.

"We ought to be with garrisons as follows at the moment war is declared:—

Channel Islands, (besides the Militia of each, well organised, trained, and disciplined)	10,000 men.
Plymouth	10,000 "
Milford	5,000 "
Cork	10,000 "
Portsmouth	10,000 "
Dover	10,000 "
Sheerness, Chatham, and the Thames	10,000 "

"I suppose that one-half of the whole regular force of the country would be stationed in Ireland, which half would give the garrison of Cork. The remainder must be supplied from the half of the whole force at home stationed in Great Britain.

"The whole force employed at home in Great Britain and Ireland would not afford a sufficient number of men for the mere defence and occupation, on the breaking out of war, of the works constructed for the defence of the dockyards and naval arsenals, without leaving a single man disposable.

"The measure upon which I have earnestly entreated different administrations to decide, which is constitutional, and has been invariably adopted in time of peace for the last eighty years, is to

raise, embody, organise, and discipline the militia, of the same numbers for each of the three kingdoms, united as during the late war. This would give a mass of organised force amounting to about 150,000 men, which we might immediately set to work to discipline. This alone would enable us to establish the strength of our army. This, with an augmentation of the force of the regular army, which would not cost 400,000*l.*, would put the country on its legs in respect to personal force; and I would engage for its defence, old as I am.

"But as we stand now; and if it be true that the exertions of the fleet alone are not sufficient to provide for our defence; we are not safe for a week after the declaration of war.

"I am accustomed to the consideration of these questions, and have examined and reconnoitered, over and over again, the whole coast, from the North Foreland, by Dover, Folkestone, Beachy-head, Brighton, Arundel, to Selsey Bill, near Portsmouth; and I say that, excepting immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore, at any time of tide, with any wind, and in any weather, and from which such body of infantry, so thrown on shore, would not find within the distance of five miles, a road into the interior of the country, through the cliffs, practicable for the march of a body of troops; that in that space of coast (that is, between the North Foreland and Selsey Bill,) there are not less than seven small harbours, or mouths of rivers, each without defence, of which an enemy, having landed his infantry on the coast, might take possession, and therein land his cavalry and artillery of all calibre and establish himself and his communications with France.

"The nearest part of the coast to the metropolis is undoubtedly the coast of Sussex, from the east and west side of Beachy-head and to Selsey Bill. There are not less than twelve great roads leading from Brighton upon London; and the French army must be much altered indeed since the time at which I was better acquainted with it, if there are not now belonging to it forty Chefs d'Etat-Majors-General capable of sitting down and ordering the march to the coast of 40,000 men, their embarkation, with their horses and artillery, at the several French ports on the coast; their disembarkation at named points on the English coast,—that of the artillery and cavalry in named ports or mouths of rivers, and the assembly at named points of the several columns; and the march of each of these from stage to stage to London.

"Let any man examine our maps and road-books, consider the matter, and judge for himself.

"I know no mode of resistance, much less of protection, from this danger, excepting by any army in the field capable of meeting and contending with its formidable enemy, aided by all the means of fortification which experience in war can suggest.

"I shall be deemed fool-hardy in engaging for the defence of the empire with an army composed of such a force of militia. I may be so. I confess it, I should infinitely prefer, and should feel more confidence in, an army of regular troops. But I *know* that I shall not have these; I may have the others; and if an addition is made to the existing regular army allotted for home defence of a force which will cost 400,000*l*. a year, there would be a sufficient disciplined force in the field to enable him who should command to defend the country

"This is my view of our danger and our resources. I was aware that our magazines and arsenals were very inadequately supplied with ordinance and carriages, arms, stores of all denominations, and ammunition. The deficiency has been occasioned, in part, by the sale of arms and of various descriptions of ordnance stores since the termination of the late war, in order to diminish the demand of supply to carry on the peace service of the Ordnance; in part by the conflagration of the arsenal which occurred in the Tower some years ago, and by the difficulty under which all governments in this country labour in prevailing upon Parliament, in time of peace, to take into consideration measures necessary for the safety of the country in time of war.

"The state of the ordnance, arms, ammunition, &c., in magazines, is, in part, a question of expense, and perhaps, in some degree, one of time.

"I would recommend to have an alphabetical list of the stores examined by a committee, and made out in form, as upon the enclosed half-sheet of paper, by ascertaining what there was in 1804, and what there is in store now, of each article, and the difference between the two amounts. I have taken the year 1804 as the standard, as that was the year in which the invasion was threatened. It was previous to the employment of the armies in the Peninsula or North America; in short, as nearly as possible similar to the political circumstances in which we stand at this moment, excepting that we are now at peace with France—we were then at war.

"A fourth column would be the estimate of the expense of bringing the magazines to the state in which they were in 1804.

"With this information before him, the Master-General could

give the Government accurate information of the wants of ordnance, arms, ammunition, and stores in the magazines of the country.

" You will see from what I have written that I have contemplated the danger to which you have referred. I have done so for years. I have drawn to it the attention of different administrations at different times. You will see, likewise, that I have considered of the measures of prospective security, and of the mode and cost of the attainment.

" I have done more. I have looked at and considered these localities in quiet detail, and have made up my mind upon the details of their defence. These are the questions to which my mind has not been unaccustomed. I have considered and provided for the defence—the successful defence—of the frontiers of many countries.

" You are the confidential head of the principal defensive part of this country. I will, if you and the Master-General of the Ordnance choose, converse, or otherwise communicate confidentially with you upon all the details of this subject; will inform you of all that I know, have seen, and think upon it, and what my notions are of the details of the defensive system to be adopted and eventually carried into execution.

" I quite concur in all your views of the danger of our position, and of the magnitude of the stake at issue. I am especially sensible of the certainty of failure if we do not, at an early moment, attend to the measures necessary for our defence, and of the disgrace, the indelible disgrace of such failure—putting out of view all the other unfortunate consequences, such as the loss of the political and social position of this country among the nations of Europe, of all its allies, in concert with, and in aid of whom, it has, in our own times, contended successfully in arms for its own honour and safety, and the independence and freedom of the world.

" When did any man hear of the allies of a country unable to defend itself?

" Views of economy of some, and I admit that the high views of national finance of others, induce them to postpone those measures absolutely necessary for mere defence and safety under existing circumstances, forgetting altogether the common practice of successful armies, in modern times, imposing upon the conquered enormous pecuniary contributions, as well as other valuable and ornamental property.

" Look at the course pursued by France in Italy and Russia! At Vienna repeatedly, at Berlin, at Moscow, the contributions levied, besides the subsistences, maintenance, clothing, and equipment of the

army which made the conquest! Look at the conduct of the allied army which invaded France, and had possession of Paris in 1815! Look at the account of the pecuniary sacrifices made upon that occasion, under their different heads of contributions, payments for subsistence, and maintenance of the invading armies, including clothing and other equipments, payments of old repudiated state debts due to individuals in war in the different countries of Europe, repayment for the contributions levied, and moveable and immoveable property sold in the course of the revolutionary war.

"But such an account cannot be made out against this country. No! but I believe that the means of some demands would not be wanting. Are there no claims for a fleet at Toulon in 1793? None for debts left unpaid by British subjects in France, who escaped from confinement under cover of the invasion, in 1814, by the allied armies? Can any man pretend to limit the amount of the demand on account of the *contribution de guerre?*

"Then look at the conditions of the treaties of Paris, 1814, 1815.

"France having been in possession of nearly every capital in Europe, and having levied contributions in each, and having had in its possession or under its influence the whole of Italy, Germany, and Poland, is reduced to its territorial limits as they stood in 1792. Do we suppose that we should be allowed to keep—could we advance a pretension to keep—more than the islands composing the United Kingdom, ceding disgracefully the Channel Islands, on which an invader had never established himself since the period of the Norman Conquest?

"I am bordering upon seventy-seven years of age, passed in honour.

"I hope that the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert.

"Believe me, ever yours sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

APPENDIX No. VII.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS AN AGRICULTURIST AND LANDLORD.

(*From the Illustrated London News.*)

"The Duke of Wellington was an agriculturist, not so much from choice as a necessity or duty. The munificence of the nation having provided him with the domain of Strathfieldsaye, he could do no less than cultivate it. To say the truth, it required no little attention. Those who selected it for the national purchase can scarcely be said to have well exercised their judgment; for it was, in regard to agricultural value, little better than a waste. The Duke's own remark about it was, that any man less wealthy than himself would have been ruined by it. As it was, besides an amount originally laid out, the Duke spent every year's rental upon it, and still there was much remaining to be done.

"The soil of the estate is clayey, very strong, and difficult of drainage, being very wet. The first thing the Duke had to think of was the drainage, which he commenced at once, and continued to the last. Without it nothing whatever could have been done with so uncongenial a soil. In addition to this, his Grace resorted very extensively to chalking, a very expensive process, in consequence of the cost of conveyance. Since the railway has been completed, this part of the Duke's agricultural expenditure has been lessened, the chalk being conveyed from the railway cutting.

"The land is chiefly used for producing corn and beans. The mode of cultivation is thus described by Mr. Caird:—'The system of cultivation pursued is to plough up the clover lea after the second crop is consumed in autumn, that the furrow may be exposed to the pulverising effects of the frost and thaws of winter; after which it receives a clean summer fallow, being repeatedly ploughed and harrowed until it is brought into fine condition, when it is sown with wheat in October. After the wheat is reaped, the land lies untouched during the winter; and, as soon as it is dry enough in spring, a heavy dose of manure is spread upon it, which is immediately ploughed in,

and the ground planted with beans. The beans are dibbled in by women, who are employed by task-work, and who set the seed in rows, marked by a garden-line. During the summer the land is carefully hoed between the rows; and, after the bean crop has been removed, it is ploughed and sown with wheat. After that follows barley, a portion of which is laid down with clover, the rest being reserved to be sown in the following spring with peas, of which an excellent variety, called the "Victoria Marrowfat," is in great favour, selling at 40*s*. the quarter. The average produce of wheat is from twenty-six to thirty bushels per acre. From the nature of the land, it is found very injurious to work it when wet, and a great number of horses are therefore kept to push forward the work in favourable weather, a farm of 300 acres having as many as sixteen work-horses upon it. The only other stock consists of a few milch cows, some colts, and a number of pigs, which go loose in the yards. Stall-feeding is little practised, and, when tried, has been found very unprofitable; but this is not surprising, as fattening-oxen are fed on cake and other substances, costing 10*s*. 6*d*. a week for each animal.' In fact, the Duke did his farming as he did all other things, well; but with a regard to the end to be attained by the outlay. By dint of perseverance and judicious expenditure, he had contrived very much to enhance the value of the property before he died. It is recorded, that he determined to 'do the best he could without it'—his unvarying maxim, as a practical man, even in political affairs. He is said to have declared that he did not consider himself entitled to lay by one shilling of the rental at Strathfieldsaye. 'I am a rich man,' said he; 'my son will not be; therefore he shall receive his patrimony in the very best condition to which I can bring it. If he cannot keep it so, the fault will not be mine.' This is so characteristic of the Duke's mind and character, that we conceive it must be true. A deserved compliment was paid to the Duke, as an agriculturist, by Professor Buckland, at the meeting of the British Association, in 1844. 'The Prussian Minister,' he said, 'had called the attention of the assembled agriculturists of England to the example of good farming set them by the most illustrious of living warriors, the Duke of Wellington, who had turned his glorious sword into a not less glorious ploughshare. Near Strathfieldsaye may now be seen rich fields of barley and turnips on naturally peat or clay lands, which, two or three years ago, were reeking with moisture, and incapable of that rotation of green and grain crops which all good farming requires. The Duke of Wellington was, year after year, improving his clay lands, first, by thorough draining, which is the indispensable precursor of all other

improvements; and, after drainage, spreading large quantities of chalk over the surface of the clay. Not less than one thousand waggon-loads of chalk had, during the last year, been brought from the neighbourhood of Basingstoke to that of Strathfieldsaye.'

"In point of fact, the Duke very early participated in that agricultural movement which has tended more than any other cause to enable England to make her great commercial sacrifices.

"As to the Duke of Wellington's character as a landlord, we have heard conflicting statements. A man of his iron stamp, with his rigid ideas of order, and habitual subordination of his own preference to his sense of duty, would necessarily find himself from time to time compelled to exercise his authority, or to resist encroachments. He might, also, from his more conspicuous position, be more exposed to those animadversions arising out of political feeling to which all country gentlemen are more or less open, who do not choose to adopt the popular side. There would not be wanting local politicians to improve any such dispositions. It is more than probable that the Duke was a just without being exactly a kind landlord, and that many of his good acts fell on thankless soil, because the manner of doing them was not captivating. In no other way can we reconcile the statements we have heard; one class of persons declaring that the Duke was an excellent landlord and much respected, while others will tell you that the whole neighbourhood was disaffected and discontented. It is certain that he did much good, according to his ideas; but there is also reason to think that his time and attention were so occupied by his multifarious duties, that many of the minor kindnesses were left unperformed. Kind words often do more than the best intentions, or even the most serviceable acts. As it was, the Duke did his duty. After his near relative, the Rev. Gerald Wellesley, came to reside on the estate as the pastor of the place, the condition of the people is said to have improved, and their feeling stronger towards their landlord; but this may be attributed not so much to any previous neglect on the part of the Duke, as to the effects of personal communication and superintendence. All that good landlordism could do was done. Cottages were built, and plots of land were given, with every facility for cultivation. One writer, quoted in 'Wellingtoniana,' says that, 'Go where you would, whether far or near, you would nowhere see a body of tenantry better lodged, better provided with offices, better supplied with all manner of conveniences for the prosecution of their calling, than those which call the Duke of Wellington their landlord. As a matter of course, the Duke's tenants were extremely well pleased with their lot; indeed, a

more popular man than he, among all classes of his neighbours, it would be hard to find.'

"The Duke, besides paying the expense of drainage, used to contribute the greater portion of the expense of 'chalking' his tenants' lands. The farm-buildings are far superior to any of those on the estates around. In this respect, the Duke was far superior to the neighbouring landowners. Wood and thatch gave place, on his estate, to brick and slate; and from time to time the farm-houses were rebuilt, or substantially repaired. The cottages of his labourers are also unusually well built and provided, all being done with an especial view to health and comfort. There were no middlemen on the estate, every tenant holding direct from the Duke himself. Each cottage has a quarter-of-an-acre allotment of garden ground, and for both, the rental is 1*s.* per week, or 2*l.* 12*s.* per year. This is a lower rent than is paid by the Belgian cottiers: they pay frequently a hundred francs per year for worse accommodations. Rent on the Strathfieldsaye estate is about 1*l.* an acre; to which has been added 7*s.* an acre for tithes; and for rates 3*s.* 6*d.* an acre; so that the position of the tenants, as tenants, cannot but be good. Upon the whole, therefore, the balance of testimony is in favour of the Duke as a landlord; and much must be allowed for the natural grumbling of people who are never contented, as also for that instinctive antagonism, founded on political feeling, which almost always pursues a well-known public character of opinions opposed to those of the multitude in his country home. It is a gratifying reflection, that the Duke of Wellington, in this phase of his character, is as worthy of our respect as in most aspects of his civil life and career.

"THE DUKE'S ESTATE IN BELGIUM.

"The Duke of Wellington was also a holder of property in foreign countries. It is, of course, generally known that after the battle of Waterloo, in addition to the many honours conferred upon the conqueror, the then King of the Netherlands, William, conferred upon the Duke-Prince an estate. Of this he retained possession during the remainder of his life.

"The King evinced much delicacy in his choice of the locality of this gift. It closely borders the scene of the great victory. The domain consists of about 1200 hectares, detached from the celebrated forest of Soignies. The hectare measures about two acres and a third; so that the extent of this property in English measurement would be about 2800 acres—rather more than less.

"The domain is situated about half way between Gembloux and Waterloo, and is in the midst of a country where agricultural improvement is carried on to a very great extent. The writer had an opportunity, not long since, of himself seeing the great activity of the landed proprietors, and their anxiety to place their properties in a position to compete with the English agriculturists, who are to them objects of greater fear than even the foreigner used to be to the English producer.

"The Duke of Wellington was not a man to be behind-hand in any measures of improvement. The same spirit that led him to improve Strathfieldsaye also led him to do his utmost with his Belgian estate. When it first came into his hands, it was covered with more or less valuable trees; but was otherwise unfit for agricultural purposes. Its estimated value at that time was about 1,500,000 francs, or nearly 60,000*l.* in English money.

"The Duke placed the management of the estate in the hands of M. Halley, Notaire Royal at Waterloo—a gentleman who has, with the utmost ability and integrity, administered its affairs. His first efforts were directed to clearing the land of the wood, which was from time to time sold, and the proceeds applied to the improvement of the property. The next step was thoroughly to drain the land, which having been done, it was discovered that the soil was of the best quality, peculiarly adapted to the culture of grain of all kinds, and also of clover, flax, and hemp. By degrees the greater part has been brought under cultivation, with very great success; so much so, that the estate is now valued at double the estimate made in the first instance, or about 120,000*l.* English money. Nor is this all: the gradual improvement of the soil gives reason to hope that the value will be still greater hereafter. Although the Duke of Wellington had not here, as at Strathfieldsaye, the merit of having personally superintended these improvements, it was in consequence of his liberality and confidence that M. Halley was enabled to bring the estate to its present high condition; and the name of the Duke of Wellington ranks with the most distinguished of the enterprising landed proprietors of Belgium.

"The Duke held, we believe, the estate voted for him in Spain; that offered in Portugal he declined."

APPENDIX, No. VIII.

THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE.

Upon moving the House of Commons to grant the necessary funds for the expenses of the Public Funeral, Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, delivered the following speech, the only one worthy of the occasion delivered by either House:—

"Sir,—The House of Commons is called upon to-night to fulfil a sorrowful, but a noble duty. It has to recognise, in the face of the country and the civilised world, the loss of the most illustrious of our citizens, and to offer to the ashes of the great departed the solemn anguish of a bereaved nation. The princely personage who has left us was born in an age more fertile of great events than any of recorded time. Of those vast incidents, the most conspicuous were his own deeds, and these were performed with the smallest means, and in defiance of the greatest obstacles. He was therefore not only a great man, but the greatest man of a great age. Amid the chaos and conflagration which attended the end of the last century, there rose one of those beings who seem born to master mankind. It is not too much to say that Napoleon combined the imperial ardour of Alexander with the strategy of Hannibal. The kings of the earth fell before his fiery and subtle genius, and at the head of all the powers of Europe, he denounced destruction to the only land which dared to be free. The Providential superintendence of this world seems seldom more manifest than in the dispensation which ordained that the French Emperor and Wellesley should be born in the same year; that in the same year they should have embraced the same profession; and that, natives of distant islands, they should both have sought their military education in that illustrious land which each in his turn was destined to subjugate. During the long struggle for our freedom, our glory, I may say our existence, Wellesley fought and won fifteen pitched battles, all of the highest class, concluding with one of those crowning victories which give a colour and aspect to history. During this period, that can be said of him which can be said of no other captain—that he captured 3000 cannon from the enemy, and never lost a

single gun. The greatness of his exploits was only equalled by the difficulties he overcame. He had to encounter at the same time a feeble Government, a factious opposition, and a distrustful people, scandalous allies, and the most powerful enemy in the world. He gained victories with starving troops, and carried on sieges without tools; and as if to complete the fatality which in this sense always awaited him, when he had succeeded in creating an army worthy of the Roman legions and of himself, this invincible host was broken up on the eve of the greatest conjuncture of his life, and he entered the field of Waterloo with raw levies and discomfited allies. But the star of Wellesley never paled. He has been called fortunate, for Fortune is a divinity that ever favours those who are alike sagacious and intrepid, inventive and patient. It was his character that created his career. This alike achieved his exploits and guarded him from vicissitudes. It was his sublime self-control that regulated his lofty fate. It has been the fashion of late years to disparage the military character. Forty years of peace had hardly qualified us to be aware how considerable and how complex are the qualities which are necessary for the formation of a great general. It is not enough to say that he must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in managing mankind; that he must be able to perform the highest duties of a Minister of State, and sink to the humblest offices of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all this knowledge, and he must do all these things, at the same time and under extraordinary circumstances. At the same moment he must think of the eve and the morrow—of his flanks and of his reserve; he must carry with him ammunition, provisions, hospitals; he must calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of man; and all these elements, which are perpetually changing, he must combine amid overwhelming cold or overpowering heat; sometimes amid famine, often amid the thunder of artillery. Behind all this, too, is the ever-present image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to receive him with cypress or with laurel. But all these conflicting ideas must be driven from the mind of the military leader, for he must think—and not only think—he must think with the rapidity of lightning, for on a moment more or less depends the fate of the finest combination, and on a moment more or less depends glory or shame. Doubtless all this may be done in an ordinary manner by an ordinary man; as we see every day of our lives ordinary men making successful Ministers of State, successful

speakers, successful authors. But to do all this with genius is sublime. Doubtless, to think deeply and clearly in the recess of a cabinet is a fine intellectual demonstration, but to think with equal depth and equal clearness amid bullets is the most complete exercise of the human faculties. Although the military career of the Duke of Wellington fills so large a space in history, it was only a comparatively small section of his prolonged and illustrious life. Only eight years elapsed from Vimiero to Waterloo, and from the date of his first commission to the last cannon shot on the field of battle scarcely twenty years can be counted. After all his triumphs he was destined for another career, and if not in the prime, certainly in the perfection of manhood, he commenced a civil career scarcely less eminent than those military achievements which will live for ever in history. Thrice was he the ambassador of his Sovereign to those great historic Congresses that settled the affairs of Europe; twice was he Secretary of State; twice was he Commander-in-Chief; and once he was Prime Minister of England. His labours to his country lasted to the end. A few months ago he favoured the present advisers of the Crown with his thoughts on the Burmese war, expressed in a State paper characterised by all his sagacity and experience; and he died the active chieftain of that famous army to which he has left the tradition of his glory. There was one passage in the life of the Duke of Wellington which should hardly be passed unnoticed on such an occasion, and in such a scene as this. It is our pride that he was one of ourselves; it is our pride that Sir Arthur Wellesley sat upon these benches. Tested by the ambition and the success of ordinary men, his career here, though brief, was distinguished. He entered Royal councils and held a high Ministerial post. But his House of Commons success must not be measured by his seat at the Privy Council and his Irish Secretaryship. He achieved a success here which the greatest Ministers and the most brilliant orators can never hope to rival. That was a Parliamentary success unequalled when he rose in his seat to receive the thanks of Mr. Speaker for a glorious victory; or, later still, when he appeared at the bar of this House and received, Sir, from one of your predecessors, in memorable language, the thanks of a grateful country for accumulated triumphs. There is one consolation which all Englishmen must feel under this bereavement. It is, that they were so well and so completely acquainted with this great man. Never did a person of such mark live so long, and so much in the public eye. I would be bound to say that there is not a gentleman in this House who has not seen him; many there are who have conversed with him;

some there are who have touched his hand. His countenance, his form, his manner, his voice are impressed on every memory, and sound almost in every ear. In the golden saloon, and in the busy market-place, he might be alike observed. The rising generation will often recall his words of kindness, and the people followed him in the streets with a lingering gaze of reverent admiration. Who indeed, can ever forget that classic and venerable head, white with time and radiant as it were with glory?—

> "—— Stillchonis apex, et cognita fulsit
> Canities."

To complete all, that we might have a perfect idea of this sovereign master of duty in all his manifold offices, he himself gave us a collection of administrative and military literature which no age and no country can rival; and, fortunate in all things, Wellesley found in his lifetime an historian whose immortal page already ranks with the classics of that land which Wellesley saved. The Duke of Wellington left to his countrymen a great legacy—greater even than his glory. He left them the contemplation of his character. I will not say his conduct revived the sense of duty in England. I would not say that of our country. But that his conduct inspired public life with a purer and more masculine tone I cannot doubt. His career rebukes restless vanity, and reprimands the irregular ebullitions of a morbid egotism. I doubt not that, among all orders of Englishmen, from those with the highest responsibilities of our society to those who perform the humblest duties—I dare say there is not a man who in his toil and his perplexity has not sometimes thought of the Duke, and found in his example support and solace. Though he lived so much in the hearts and minds of his countrymen—though he occupied such eminent posts and fulfilled such august duties—it was not till he died that we felt what a place he filled in the feelings and thoughts of the people of England. Never was the influence of real greatness more completely asserted than on his decease. In an age whose boast of intellectual equality flatters all our self-complacencies, the world suddenly acknowledged that it had lost the greatest of men; in an age of utility the most industrious and common-sense people in the world could find no vent for their woe and no representative for their sorrow but the solemnity of a pageant; and we—we who have met here for such different purposes—to investigate the sources of the wealth of nations, to enter into statistical research, and to encounter each other in fiscal controversy—we present to the world the most sublime and touching spectacle that human circum-

stances can well produce—the spectacle of a Senate mourning a hero!" The right hon. gentleman concluded by moving an address—"Humbly to thank her Majesty for having given directions for the public interment of the mortal remains of his Grace the Duke of Wellington in the cathedral church of St. Paul, and to assure her Majesty of our cordial aid and concurrence in giving to the ceremony a fitting degree of solemnity and importance."

"Lord J. Russell begged, with the permission of the right hon. gentleman and the House, to second the motion. He did not wish to add a single word to the eloquent terms in which the right hon. gentleman had made his motion, as he was sure the whole House would concur in the assurance he proposed to convey to the Throne.

"The motion was then agreed to."

APPENDIX, NO IX.

THE DUKE AS AN EXAMPLE TO INDIAN OFFICERS.

Upon the last occasion of the examination of the Addiscombe cadets, preparatory to the issue of the prizes and the allotment of appointments, Sir James Weir Hogg, the Chairman of the East India Directors, addressed the pupils at some length, dwelling upon the character of the Duke of Wellington, and holding him up as an example to the future Indian officer. He said:—

"The character of that great man has been so frequently, so ably drawn, that it would be superfluous in me to dwell upon its excellencies. You will find them recorded in history, and reflected from every page of his own perspicuous and unrivalled despatches. But there is one consideration connected with the renown of the departed hero so cheering to those who are striving for eminence, and so full of promise to those contending with difficulty, that it must ever be regarded in this institution with feelings of intense interest. Noble as was his character, the Duke was himself its chief architect. It was not so much to nature as to mental discipline that he was indebted for the high order—I may say the perfection, of his military attainment. If he took up what was intricate, it was with a resolution to unravel it; if he grappled with

difficulty, it was with a determination to overcome it. He disdained to be superficial. Nothing short of the complete mastery of a subject could satisfy the craving of his vigorous mind. Thus victory was insured in the study and in the field. But let me impress upon your minds, my young friends, that the illustrious Duke never presumed to place his chief reliance upon himself. He knew that upon the proudest schemes ever planned by human wisdom "*afflavit Deus, et dissipantur;*" and we find this eminent man, whose career had been distinguished by unbroken success, humbly acknowledging his own insufficiency, punctual and devotional in his religious observances, and placing his trust for the direction of his conduct on the Great Disposer of Events. My object in this brief address has been to point out that in the public theatre of this great world the career of a distinguished individual is created by his character; that the formation of character is almost entirely dependent upon the exertions of the individual; that the laborious process which it is consequently necessary to undergo engenders habits of mind far more valuable than those derived from the gifts of natural genius; that the highest flight of human wisdom is but weakness unless sustained from on high; and that the noblest minds humbly ascribe their successes, not to their own prudence and management, their own strength and might, but to the gracious bounty of Providence. All these instructive truths are illustrated so powerfully in the life of the Duke of Wellington that I gladly embrace this opportunity of pressing upon your attention the character of the departed hero as the most valuable study for the youth of this institution—for all youth, whatever their destination; but pre-eminently so for those preparing for the military profession. Gentlemen, your destination is India, and though the illustrious character to which I have called your attention is an example for all, it is peculiarly so for you—not because the earliest records of his fame are associated with that country, but because his virtues are precisely those which it is most essential that an Indian officer, and especially a young Indian officer, should struggle to possess. The departed Duke was, if I may so express myself, a miracle of order and activity. Let his example preserve you from being seduced by the peculiarities of climate to indulge in opposite habits. Always liberal, yet he carefully proportioned his mode of living to his means, and rigidly restricted his expenditure within his income. Let this command your most careful attention and imitation, and thus avoid the grinding, humiliating pressure of debt. The Duke was temperate to the verge of abstemiousness. Imitate him in this virtue,

also, and the health and unclouded intellect which he enjoyed will be yours. He was zealous to improve every moment and turn it to some valuable purpose. In ordinary circumstances your professional avocations will not occupy the whole of your time. Devote the leisure you may possess to some useful object that may prove beneficial to yourself and to others; and to descend to minor points—minor in appearance, but scarcely so in reality—remember that the Duke was remarkable for punctuality in all matters, great and small. Punctuality is essentially a military duty; but, mark me, you will in vain resolve to be punctual in matters of moment if you are not equally resolute to be punctual in the ordinary engagements and transactions of life. Keep ever before you, and attempt to imitate, the great model I have so imperfectly endeavoured to pourtray, and you may at least approximate that perfection of the military character which the departed hero so strikingly exhibited. Gentlemen, I have now only to recommend to you who remain here continued assiduity—to those about to depart perseverance in the good course here begun—and to you all I fervently wish that success which I hope and believe you will endeavour to deserve."

APPENDIX, No. X.

OPINIONS OF FOREIGNERS REGARDING THE BRITISH ARMY.

The following is from the pen of the Berlin correspondent of the "Morning Chronicle." Interesting in itself, the opinions which it maintains, so accordant with those of the late Duke, are deserving of the closest attention. Something has already been done towards the increase of the artillery, but more remains to be accomplished:—

"The distinguished and experienced continental officers who recently attended at the mournful ceremony of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, on the 18th of November, have, it is said here (Berlin), expressed themselves in terms of unqualified satisfaction at the courteous and hospitable reception they have met with from her Majesty and all classes and persons in the British capital. They have also spoken, according to the same reports, in terms of unrestricted praise of the fine appearance and perfect discipline of our

brave soldiers, and of the grandeur of our arsenals and military establishments. They have at the same time been struck with the exiguity and inadequacy of the British field artillery, not only as regards its amount, when compared with the field artillery of continental states, but as regards its proportion to British battalions and squadrons, according to the requirements of modern warfare. Nothing, say these officers, can be more expert than the practice and drill, more perfect than the appearance of the stalwart men, more splendid than the horses, or more efficient than the *matériel* and equipment of our small array of field batteries; but they add, that in days when the fate of battles, and thence of campaigns, is made dependent in a great measure upon masses of guns and power of calibre, it is a matter of astonishment and regret that England, with all her vast resources and enormous outlay for her Ordnance department, should be unable to show more field guns ready for service than are regarded as essential for the peace establishment of continental states of the third or fourth class.

"It is not a question with them, and ought not to be with us, whether the Russian, Prussian, French, Austrian, Bavarian, and even the Sardinian and Neapolitan armies are furnished with a super-abundance of field guns—that is, with guns in the minimum proportion of about 1 to each 300 bayonets and sabres. The point alone to be considered is, that such is the average amount with continental armies, whilst an English general, having a division of 6000 men under his orders, may think himself fortunate—as was the case in the Peninsular war up to a late period—if he has one brigade of six guns at his disposal, or 1 gun per 1000 men.

"Ask M. Kossuth what was the first thought and care of the Hungarian war department, on commencing the revolutionary war. He will reply, 'To establish a formidable field artillery, and to bring as many guns, and those of as heavy calibre as possible, into the field;' and further, that 'in many instances, as occurred at the commencement of Gorgey's admirable retreat from Waitzen upon Comorn, and thence to the north-east, the brunt of the battle fell upon the artillery.' Ask General Willisen what was the main study of his head-quarters during the Holstein rebellion. He will tell you the same story; and further, that notwithstanding the limited resources of the revolutionary provinces, he would have been enabled to bring upwards of 104 field pieces into the line of battle, had the detestable design of the rebel government to provoke another pitched battle, *coûte qui coûte*, been carried into effect. Turn to Sardinia's last campaign against the gallant Radetzky, and similar attention to

this indispensable point will be shown, not only as regarded equality in number of guns, but in that of calibre.

"Ask the brave survivors of the Peninsular artillery whether they deemed it advantageous to the fate of battle, and to the honour of their country, or even fair upon themselves, or upon their comrades of other arms, that they should be almost invariably exposed to the fire of enemies' guns not only greatly superior in number but in calibre—that is, exposed to meet the fire of from eight to sixteen French eight-pounders (equal to our nines,) with batteries of six guns, and these, with rare exceptions, six-pounders. So that they had to struggle, not only against superiority of number, but superiority of range. Close fighting may neutralise the latter inequality, but it increases the detriment of the first. Brave lives must then pay the penalty; and enormous expenses, far exceeding the outlay of a few more guns, must be thus entailed on the country from the loss of 'made' soldiers.

"Look to the Prussian army, where every branch of the service is conducted with a degree of economy the more remarkable when results are considered, and you will find that each of its nine *corps d'armée*, including the Corps of Guards, is provided with fifteen field batteries of eight guns each, two of which batteries are horse. Consequently, as each corps averages 32,000 men of all arms on the full establishment, the proportion is 120 field guns for each corps, and 1 gun for each 250 effective bayonets and sabres, or a total of 1080 field pieces for the 300,000 men comprising the nine corps. Of these, one-half, that is, 135 demi-batteries, or 540 field pieces, are fully horsed and equipped at this moment on the peace establishment, although the number of bayonets, sabres, and men of all arms actually in the ranks does not exceed 130,000. Matters are so arranged, also, that the ineffective demi-batteries require nothing but the reserve men being called in, new horses to be purchased, and practised horses of each battery to be distributed among the whole, to complete the numbers to their full and powerful war amount. England expects her generals to conquer, and her generals rarely disappoint her; but it is a flagrant courting of sanguinary sacrifices, and of risk of defeat, as well as a deplorable act of false economy, to deprive our generals of that full amount of guns which great and petty governments, as well as revolutionary provinces, consider to be the *sine quâ non* of confidence and success.

"Continental military organisers, without exception, almost, consider eight guns (two of them howitzers) to be the most economical and efficient mode of composing field batteries; indeed, Russian

batteries consist of ten guns. We adhere, in England, to the system of six guns. Now, what is the result?—that whilst each continental demi-battery has its howitzer, one of our demi-batteries has, whilst the other has not, this important adjunct. If all great military nations, including France, are agreed upon the efficaciousness of the larger cypher, why should we obstinately adhere to the lesser?"

APPENDIX, No. XI.

THE DUKE IN THE ESTIMATION OF A FRENCH WRITER.

From the "Assemblée Nationale."

Great men disappear, and every day witnesses the fall of the last illustrious personages who have been on the stage since the commencement of the present century. By the death of the Duke of Wellington, M. de Metternich is the sole survivor of the political celebrities who remodelled the map of Europe at the Congress of Vienna. We have already spoke of the Duke of Wellington, and have retraced the principal circumstances of his glorious career. If we now return to this subject, it is to protest against the bad taste of some journals, who, in order to flatter the cause which now triumphs, draw comparisons between the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte. We know nothing more odious than the judgments passed on illustrious contemporaries in the point of view of a narrow and unjust patriotism. This low rhetoric is of a nature to degrade us in the eyes of foreigners, who read our journals, and who take them for the expression of public opinion. Every great nation, we know, is animated with a national spirit, which has its inevitable prejudices. France and England will never agree on the manner of judging Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. Is it, therefore, impossible, by rising above those passions of circumstance, to arrive at the truth with the regard to those two illustrious rivals? The year 1769 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 proposed to balance one by the other—to oppose to a great genius one of a quite contrary character—and to bring in 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 on the field of battle and in 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 unshakeable firmness in great dangers—such are some of the points which give 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 beings. By the rapidity of his ascension he dazzled the world, and everything with him took the character of a magic improvisation. His rival, on the contrary, rose by patient and modest slowness, by a 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 labour by every means to inspire them with an admiration, mingled with a little terror, was the constant study of Napoleon, who was far from disdaining artifice to effect his purpose. The Duke of Wellington never thought but of speaking to the reason; he was never seen to do anything in a theatrical manner. Duty was the only rule which he admitted, and which he imposed on others. 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. No astonishment will therefore be felt at the difference in the eloquence and the style of the two generals. In the proclamations of Napoleon, particularly in those of the campaigns 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. Nothing is given for effect—everything is positive and true.

The Emperor Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington were not only great captains, they have also been both called on to play great political parts. History will perhaps decide that, in Bonaparte, the organiser was equal to the conqueror. It must not, however, be forgotten that the possession and the use of the sovereign power smoothed down many obstacles. With despotism great things are often easy. It was in a free country that during thirty-seven years, from 1815 to 1852, the Duke of Wellington enjoyed an unequalled

influence and authority. Placed by his birth, and more particularly by his glory, at the head of the English aristocracy, he belonged, truly speaking, to no party. 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 personal force which he was able to give or to withhold from the Government was immense. Although naturally Conservative by his principles and the nature of his genius, the Duke of Wellington did not, however, hesitate to propose to the Crown and to Parliament the emancipation of the Catholics. In his eyes that reform was politic, just, and necessary. But his opinion was very different with regard to Parliamentary Reform, which appeared to him to change the political constitution of old England, and to threaten her with serious dangers. Was he mistaken? The future alone can decide. We only now witness the first consequences of Parliamentary Reform, and twenty years have scarcely passed since the Duke of Wellington opposed it in the House of Lords. We must wait for a longer trial; remarking, however, that the symptons already seen are far from impeaching the foresight of the illustrious statesman. If at any future period England should find herself exposed to any great danger, either at home or abroad, her ideas would certainly revert to the man who for sixty years served and defended her. She will appreciate still more that wise, firm, and sober genius, who never allowed himself either to be intimidated or to be excited, and whose moderation was rewarded by such a fine destiny. The end and fall of the Emperor Napoleon are the last point of contrast which we pointed out at the outset. The Emperor fell, the scaffolding crumbled away, and he who raised it with heroic temerity only survived his irreparable shipwreck for a few years in exile. His fortunate rival, after a day by which the face of Europe was changed, saw open before him another career, which procured for him a new glory between peace and liberty, and which has only just finished in the midst of the unanimous regret and the gratitude of a great country. Is not such a lesson a striking proof of the final ascendancy of reason and of good sense over all the boldness and the flights of imagination and of 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 have only sought for truth.

APPENDIX, No. XII.

A CLERGYMAN'S ESTIMATE OF THE DUKE'S CHARACTER.

"WITH an intellect unimpaired, tranquilly and silently the Duke bade adieu to all earthly scenes, and changed immortal fame for a grander immortality in store. Like David, he died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour.

"Yes, my brethren, the greatest military chief that ever reflected lustre upon the annals of England is gone. He who scarce ever advanced, but to be victorious—never retreated but to eclipse the glory of his advance—who never exhibited the arrogance of the conqueror, but rigidly observed the laws of justice and moderation—whose campaigns were sullied by no unnecessary cruelties—whose triumphs were followed by no curses—whose laurels were entwined with amaranth of righteousness—whose star was all lustrous, and never paled—whose name alone is an imperishable monument—is departed from us. He who, to use the language of an eminent and rival statesman, after having taken the sword which gained independence to Europe, rallied the nations around him and saved all by his example; he who showed the same moderation in peace, as he had shown greatness in war, and devoted the remainder of his life to the cause of the internal and external peace of the country which he had so faithfully served; he who had equal authority with the Sovereign and with the Senate of which he was a member, and carried on the service of one of the most important departments of the State, with unexampled regularity and success, even to the last moments of his life; he whose devotion to his country was sincere and unceasing—who on every occasion acted with honest and upright determination for the benefit of that country—whose devoted loyalty made him ever anxious to serve the crown, but never induced him to conceal from his Sovereign that which he believed to be the truth; he, whose temperance enabled him at all times to give his whole mind and his faculties to the services which he was called upon to perform; he, whose dominant passion was love to his Queen and country, whose guiding star was truth and duty, which only led him through

the path of honour; this mighty man, this illustrious chief, this veritable hero has fallen before one stronger than he, and his body is now mingling with the dust, whilst his spirit has flown to the God who gave it.

"Here we might perhaps leave the subject, but the minister of the Gospel would fail in the most important part of his duty were he to satisfy himself with the task of the biographer, and not to consider the life and death of this illustrious man as well in relation to his own eternal well-being, as in the effect it ought to produce on the minds of all who survive him. We have seen that all his riches, all his honours, all his glory, could not spare him from the common lot of man—and all our tears, all our wishes, all our prayers can now avail him nothing—and how distressing, how heartrending would it be, if we could for a moment fear that he who had gained all other riches, had lost the pearl of greatest price—that he who had saved and delivered so many in this world, was himself not saved in another—that he who had so faithfully served his earthly Sovereign had neglected his heavenly One—and that he who had obtained the brightest coronet below, had failed to obtain the crown of glory above.

"These fears, however, my friends, I trust we need not indulge; on the contrary, there is every reason to hope and believe that he had made his peace with his maker, and that he who so carefully fulfilled all his temporal duties had not neglected the all-important realities of eternity. It has caused feeling of greater delight than the rehearsal of all his victories, to be informed that those who knew him best speak of his regular, consistent, and unceasing piety—of his unostentatious but abounding charity, and tell us that he consecrated each day to God; that at the early service in the Chapel Royal, he (who was no hypocrite, never did anything for a mere pretence, who scorned the very idea of deceit) was regularly, almost alone, confessing his sins, acknowledging his guilt, and entreating mercy in the beautiful words of our own evangelical Liturgy, not for his own merits, but for the merits of that Saviour who bled and died for him. It is not then because of the height of his position—the magnanimity of his character—the temperance of his habits—the mercifulness of his disposition—the singleness and purity of his purpose—the obedience to what his conscience told him to be right—his unhesitating and inviolable truth—or on his devotion to his country, that we place our hopes of his eternal salvation, but because we believe that he knew these were only valuable as proofs of his faith—all of which he cast at the feet of his Saviour—and that he placed all his hopes of future glory in the sacrifice of the beloved

Son of God, who descended from heaven to bring his people to his Father's right hand, and died the accursed death of the cross, that they might live for ever.

"But whilst we are grateful to Almighty God for having raised up in the hour of our country's need one qualified to meet the emergency, and to defend it from the dangers with which it was surrounded,—whilst we sorrow not as men without hope for him whom we trust to have departed in the Lord—let us not forget, that the good conduct of great men is an example for the rest of mankind, and that most important lessons are taught not only to the noble and the great, but even the humblest among us, by the life and death of the departed hero."—*Sermon on the "Might and Majesty of Death," suggested by the death of the Duke of Wellington: by the Rev. J. A. Emerton, D.D.*

APPENDIX, No. XIII.

THE ANCESTORS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

At a late meeting of the Archæological Society of Kilkenny, a paper was read showing the nature and extent of the ancestral connexion of the Duke of Wellington. The civility which suggested the transmission of the document to the author of this biography, fully justifies the republication of the paper in these pages, irrespective of the intrinsic interest of the subject:—

"THE COWLEYS OF KILKENNY.

"An attempt to trace the history of the family of the Cowleys of Kilkenny would at any time suitably occupy the attention of the local Archæological Society, but owing to the circumstance that of that family, the great Duke of Wellington—so lately deceased, and for whose obsequies the British nation now makes such splendid preparation—was the lineal descendant and most distinguished representative, perhaps a more general interest may be expected for the subject.

"In Archdall's edition of 'Lodge's Peerage,' published in 1789, when the Duke of Wellington was twenty years of age, the pedigree

of his father, the Earl of Mornington, commences with this statement:—'The family of Cowley, Cooley, or as it is now written, Colley, derives its origin from the county of Rutland, whence they removed into Ireland in the reign of King Henry VIII., in whose twenty-second year his Majesty granted to Walter and Robert Cowley, of Kilkenny, gentlemen, during their respective lives, the office of Clerk of the Crown in Chancery.' This assertion is altogether incorrect; the date of the grant of the clerkship of the Crown instead of the twenty-second should be the twenty-sixth year of Henry VIII.;[1] and not only do we find some of the members of the Government in the reign of Henry VIII. writing of Walter Cowley as an Irishman, and a worthy example to the other natives, but we have evidence that the family was in Ireland, and it would seem that they were settled in Kilkenny also, at least a century before the alleged period of their removal from Rutlandshire. A list of the corporate officers of Kilkenny contained in a book formerly preserved amongst the municipal archives, but now in the possession of Sir Walter Betham, Ulster King of Arms, states that Walter Cowley was one of the two portrieves (an office resembling that of the more modern sheriffs), of Kilkenny, in the year 1407. The record referred to was compiled from the documents in the possession of the corporation, by Alderman Richard Connell, in the year 1693; and it is proper I should state that, having consulted the 'Liber Primus,' or most early of the city books, now in the custody of the town-clerk, I find the following entry under the date of 9th Henry IV. (1407), from which the accuracy of Connell's list may be questioned:—'Walterus Cowylfy fuit prepositus infra muros Kilkennie tempore estatis.' The name, Walter, it will be found, occurs frequently amongst the Cowleys of Kilkenny, but whether the Portrieve of 1407 was one of that family, notwithstanding the statement of Alderman Connell, who seems to have been an antiquary and herald of no mean abilities or research, I think cannot be positively asserted. However, as Henry VIII. did not ascend the throne till 1509, sufficient evidence can be adduced to show that, during the previous century, the Cowleys were in this country. In 1425, John Cowley was appointed, by an order dated at Drogheda on the 11th of May, a commission to take up provisions for the use of James Butler, Earl of Ormonde, and his army (Rot. Pat., 3 Henry IV., m. 114). In 1496, John Cowley was granted the office of Gauger of Ireland during the royal pleasure[2] (Rot. Pat., 11

[1] The Liber Munerum quotes the patent as being dated January 11th, 1535.

[2] The family seems to have been connected with the Excise from a very early period. On

Henry VII., m. 2). In 1505, Robert Cowley was appointed Customer of the Port of Dublin (Rot. Mem., 20 Henry VII.); and as it appears he still filled that office in 1520 (Rot. Mem., 11, 12 Henry VIII., m. 6), this would appear to be the same Robert Cowley of Kilkenny, who was appointed one of the Clerks of the Crown in Chancery, as referred to by Lodge, and who was the first member of his family that made a figure in the politics of the times, and rose to any station of importance in the State.

"From the statement of Lodge, that this family was descended from 'Walter and Robert Cowley, of Kilkenny, gentlemen,' the natural inference would be that Walter, as being first-named, was the elder of the two; but such was not the case. Robert was his father, and he is given the prior place in the grants of the various public offices which they held conjointly. This Robert Cowley being a lawyer of much professional skill and ability, resident in Kilkenny, was selected by Piers, Earl of Ormonde, as his legal adviser and agent, and having brought up his son Walter to the law also, they both enjoyed the confidence and profited by the weighty political influence of the Ormonde family, through means of which they were gradually advanced from minor situations to important public offices. On the 11th of January, 1535, they were created joint Clerks of the Crown in Chancery as already mentioned, In 1535, they were also conjointly appointed customers, collectors, and receivers of the Customs of the city and port of Dublin, for their lives, at a fee of 10*l.* per annum. The same year Walter was granted the same office for the port of Drogheda, at a like fee. In 1537, September 7th, Walter was elevated to the dignity of Principal Solicitor, as it is now termed Solicitor-General of Ireland, with a fee of 10*l.* Irish. On the 10th of January, 1538, Robert was created Master of the Rolls; on the 7th of May, 1540, he was made a commissioner for selling the lands of the dissolved abbeys, and on the 30th September in that year, one of the keepers of the peace within the county of Meath, with power to enforce the observation of the statutes of Dublin and Kilkenny.

"From the 'State Papers,' containing the Irish correspondence during the reign of King Henry VIII., published by the English Record Commission, we are enabled to glean information sufficient to show that the legal and political abilities of Robert and Walter Cowley were largely employed by the Irish Government and the principal English statesmen of the period. In 1520, we have the

the 5th of July. 1831, the King granted to Thomas Colley the office of gauger of wines in England, Ireland, and Wales. (Rot. Pat., 20 Edward III., m. 83.)

first notice of Robert being in England on the business of the State; and the Lord-Deputy, Surrey, in writing to Cardinal Wolsey, on the 6th of September in that year, to inform him that the Earl of Kildare, then in London under arrest for high treason, had sent over the Abbot of Monaster Evyn and William Delahide, as emissaries to stir the O'Carrolls to revolt, mentions—'and the said Abbot and Delahide came both together out of England, and my servaunt Cowley, in oon ship, sixteen days afore Ester.' In 1524, we have Robert Cowley again in London aiding the Lord James Butler in the carrying out of some delicate political manœuvres for the Earl of Ormonde, whose enemies, the Geraldines, the Lord-Deputy was then inclined to favour; and the Earl writes to his son informing him of the various representations which he wishes to be made to the King and Wolsey, which 'my trusty servaunt, Robert Couly, shall penn and endite. * * * * * In any wise, slepe not on this matier, and if ye do, the most losses and trouble willbe yours, in tyme commying. Immediat upon the receipt hereof, sende for Robert Couly, and cause hym to seche (seek) remedies for the same.' The Cowleys were, as in duty bound, staunch adherents of their patrons, the Ormonde family, in all the vicissitudes of their feud, then at its height, with the House of Kildare. In a long list of charges, which the Earl of Kildare preferred through Lord Leonard Grey, to the King, against the Earl of Ormonde, in 1525, one is—'Item, he hath used to sende over see, unto oon Robert Couly, by whom diverse untrothes had been proved, to indite complaintes, at his owne pleasure or discression, against the said Erle of Kildare; having with hym a signet of the said Erle of Ormondes, to seal the same.' In 1528, we have Robert Cowley corresponding with Cardinal Wolsey, giving him private information as to the doings of the various Irish Government officers; he is very free in offering suggestions as to the arrangements of the Lord Deputy and his adherents, which he considers ought to be interfered with, but his partizanship for the Ormonde family is evident throughout, and he loses no opportunity of putting in such recommendations for his patrons as the following: —'Pleas it your Grace to be advertised, that where my Lord of Ossory, and his son, according to theire bounden duetis, attende your gracious pleasure and deliberacion concernyng the affayres of Irland others ryne in at the wyndow the next wey, making immediat pursuytis to the Kinges Highnes, where they obteyne all theire desiris without any stopp or stay, by means of Anthony Knevet, and others; wherof wol ensue the destruccion of Irland, without your gracious spedy redress.' After the disgrace and downfall of Wolsey,

both Robert and Walter Cowley kept up a constant correspondence with Cromwell, the Chief Minister of the Crown, and Sir Thomas Wryothesley, the King's secretary, reporting upon the condition of Ireland, and the measures of the Government, but always having a favourable word to say for the Earl of Ormonde. We have frequent propositions sent over under the title of 'Devices of Robert Cowley, for the furtherance of the Kinges Majestes affayres in his Graces land of Irland;' he enters with alacrity into the views of Cromwell respecting the suppression of monastic houses, and seeks to hasten in every way the issuing of the order for dissolving the Irish abbeys —a matter in which he was largely interested, not alone as being appointed a Commissioner for letting the lands of the religious houses to tenants under the Crown, but inasmuch as he procured the farming of the manor of Holmpatrick for himself, which he held at 12*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* per annum.[1] He subscribes his letter—'Your Lordships moost bounden Bedisman, Robert Cowley;' the superscription is—'To my Lord Pryvee Seales Honourable Lordship.' On the 10th August, 1538, Thomas Allan writes to Cowley, informing him of the death of 'the Lord of Trymlettison, late the Kingis Chancelour,' mentioning that his own brother, John Allan, then Master of the Rolls, expects to succeed to the office, adding—'Master Cowley, if the Kingis plesur shalbe to assigne and make him Chauncelour, I know right well ye shalbe Master of the Rolles, being worthiest thereof in this land. Both he and I, onfaynedlie, shalbe as glad of your preferrement thereto, as any too lyving.' The letter is addressed—'To my wurshipful friende and good Master, Master Robert Cowley.' We have seen already that Allan's anticipations were fulfilled; and soon after we have Robert Cowley signing his name to the correspondence of the Irish Government, as one of the Privy Council.

"In the mean time Walter Cowley was pushing himself forward in Ireland, although his attachment to the Ormonde interest caused him to be no favourite with the Lord-Deputy, Leonard Grey, who,

[1] Cowley, however, appears to have been a more conscientious courtier than most of those who farmed the Abbey lands from the Crown. We find him writing thus to Cromwell on Lady-Day, 1539:—"Sir, we bee so covetous insaciably to have so many farmes, every of us, for our singular profittes, that we have extirped and put awaye the men of warre that shuld defend the countrey; and all is like to go to wrack, except an order be takyn the rather as to have a survey, whate I and every other have in fees and farmes, and every oon that have such fees and farmes to be taxed to fynde a certain nombre of hable men, to serve the King, and to defend the countrey, uppon great payns. . . . . Lett every of us beare his burden of sowernes with swetenes, and not to cast all the burden in the Kinges charge, to enryche our silvis."

on the 31st October, 1536, in writing to Cromwell, complains of him, amongst others, as sowing dissensions amongst the officers of the Crown; and again, on the 24th of November in the same year, denounces 'Young Cowley, Cusake, and others, which conforth togethers, and wolde raile and jest at their pleasures, divising how to put men in displeasures: and as for me, yea, openly, dayly at Maister Tresorers borde, I was made theire gesting stocke.' However, in 1539, three members of the Privy Council specially recommend Walter Cowley to Cromwell's notice, in a report which they made to him upon returning from a tour on which they had proceeded through 'the four shires above the Barrow' for the purpose of holding sessions, collecting first fruits, and enforcing the religious changes introduced by the King. They state that—

"'Walter Cowley, the Kingis Solicitor, attending upon us this jornay, hath, for his parte, right well and dilegentlie set furthe the Kingis causes; so as, every of ther demeanors waid by us, we have thought we could no les do, than to commende the same to your good Lordship: for ther been so many evill in their partis, or at least few or non given to seke knowledge and civilitie, that we be gladd to see oon of the contrary sorte, and be no les redy to incorage and set forthe soche oon in his good doingis.'

"He was also on more than one occasion despatched to England to transact weighty affairs for the Irish Government, and was entrusted with the charge of treaasure to be conveyed back for the King's service in Ireland. In December, 1638, the treasure given into his care was conveyed in two hampers on horses from London to Holyhead, and thence shipped to Dalkey; the expenses of the journey being 71*l.* 15*s.*; and again on the 5th of February, 1540, he left London, having with him a sum of 2256*l.* for the Irish Government, and accomplished a journey, which now takes scarcely a day, in exactly one month, arriving at Dublin on the 5th of March, with his charge! During this period frequent letters were forwarded by the Earl of Ormonde, and his son, Lord James, to the Cowleys, when in London, directing them as to representations to be made to the King and Cromwell against the Geraldines and their abettors. The Earl always addressed his letters 'To my trusty servaunt, Robert Cowley, at London,' or 'To my trusty servaunt, Waltier Cowley,' except in one instance, when in addressing an epistle to them both, on the 16th July, 1538, he directs it—'To my right lovying Counsailours, Robert Cowley and Walter Cowley, lying at Mr. Jenynges, besid the Crossid Freres, at London.' Lord James Butler, however, appears to have admitted them to greater familiarity, as he addressed his letters—'To my

assurid friende, Robert Cowley at London;' and after his father's death, when he himself became Earl of Ormonde, in writing to the King's Secretary on the 21st of October, 1539, he speaks of 'my friende Waltier Cowley.' Their devotion to the interests of the Butler family, however, was ultimately the cause of a temporary but serious reverse of fortune to the Cowleys. Earl James, though he wedded the daughter of the Earl of Desmonde, was as implacable an enemy of the Geraldines as was his father, Earl Pierce, who had married the sister of the Earl of Kildare; and Sir Anthony St. Leger, who succeeded to the government of Ireland after the disgrace and execution of Lord Leonard Grey, having pursued the policy of his predecessor with respect to patronising the Earl of Desmonde, Robert Cowley so warmly joined the Earl of Ormonde in opposing the views of the Lord-Deputy and thwarting his plans, that an open rupture ensued. Cowley, without asking for licence to absent himself from his official duties in Ireland, repaired clandestinely to London, with the view of prejudicing the Court against St. Leger, by his report of transactions in Dublin, and he wrote a letter to the King in which, amongst other matters, he charged the Lord-Deputy with having said that 'Henry VII., at his first entering into England, had but a very slender title to the crown till he married Queen Elizabeth.' The members of the Irish Privy Council, however, sent over a counter-report, in which the blame was thrown on Cowley himself, and the result was, that on the 6th of October, 1542, the Council of England committed him to the Fleet prison, having previously dismissed him from his office; and we have the King thus addressing a letter on the subject to the Lord-Deputy and Council of Ireland:—

"'And whereas it appeareth unto us, that Robert Cowley, late Maister of the Rolles there, at his late repayr hither, departed out of that our realm without the lycence of you, our Deputye, having no cause or matyr to enforce the same, but such as he might have commytted to writing, and signified at leisure, for that it plainly appeareth the same was voyd of all malice, and of no suche importance as his malicious appetite desired; albeit it shalbe well doon for all men, and especially for them whiche be in auctoritie to frame their communications uppon suche matyer, as ministrie noon occasion to captious persons to judge otherwise in them then theye meane, entende, and purpose; and also it appeareth that the said Cowley is a man seditious, and full of contention and disobedyence, which is to be abhorred in any man, but chiefly in a counsailor: We have, therefore, discharged him of his rome and office of Maister of the Rolles

there, and we conferre and yeve the same to you, Sir Thomas Cusake, not doubting but you wool, both therein, and in all other our affayres there, serve us according to your dieuty, and our expectacion.'

"The answer of St. Leger to the above royal dispatch is curious, not only as showing the nature of the quarrel with Cowley, but as giving us a glimpse of the policy upon which the government of Ireland was conducted at the time, being upon the principle of *divide et impera*:—

"'It may also please your Majestie, that there hathe bene to me reported that the saide Mr. Cowley, late Maister of your Rolles here, shoulde article ageinste me, that I wente aboute to erecte a newe Geraldyne bande, menyng the same by the Erle of Desmonde; the trouthe is, I laboured moost effectuallie to bring him to your parfaicte obedience, to my grete parill and charge; and this, gracious Lord, was the onlie cause. I sawe that, now the Erle of Kildare was gone, ther was no subjecte of your Majesties here mete nor hable to way with the Erle of Ormonde; who hathe, of your Majesties gifte, and of his owne inherytance and rule, gevin him by your Majestie, not onlie fifty or sixty myles in lengthe, but also many of the chiefe holdes of the frontiers of Irishmen; so that if he, or any of his heires, shoulde swarve from their dewtie of allegiance (whiche I think verilie that he will never do), it wolde be more harde to dante him or theim, then it was the said Erle of Kildare, who had alwayes the said Erle of Ormonde in his toppe, when he wolde or was like to attempte any such thinge. Therefore I thought it good to have a Rowlande for an Olyver; for having the saide Erle of Desmond your Highness assured subjecte, it will kepe theim both in staye. * * * * This, as my bounden dewtie, which is to allure al men to your Majesties obedyence, was the cause why I labored the saide Erle to the same, and no zeele that I have either to Geraldyne or Butler, otherwise than may sarve to the sarvice of your Majestie, in which I love them bothe. * * * * And where, also, it hathe bene reported here that such articles as I, with other your Counsell, sente over ageyne the saide Cowley, late Maister of your Rolles here, should be conceived ageinste him more of malice, then of matier of trouthe; upon the faithe and alleigeance I bere to your Majestie, for my parte having the examination thereof in presence of your Counsell, I examyned the same as indifferentlie as I would have done if the same Cowley had bene my father; and onlie certified the trouthe, as the witnesses deposed upon their othes.'

"Robert Cowley was detained in the Fleet prison, on the charge of treasonable practices, till the 21st of July in the following year,

when he was liberated on giving security not to go to Ireland without leave. From this period we have no mention of his name in any public document, and as he must have been a very old man at the time, it may be safely presumed that he did not long outlive his imprisonment and disgrace. Three years later, however, we have the old quarrel waged more fiercely than ever between the Earl of Ormonde and the Lord-Deputy, and we find Walter Cowley, who still remained Solicitor-General and Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, taking a prominent part in the embroilment, as a partizan of the Earl. The Lord Chancellor, Allen, was also at variance with St. Leger, and appears, according to the view of the editors of the 'State Papers,' to have used Cowley as a tool to give him annoyance.[1] In February, 1546, Robert St. Leger, the Deputy's brother, intercepted, and opened certain letters written by the Earl of Ormonde, to the King, and the Earl having indignantly denounced this act, St. Leger required the Council to investigate the case, and allow him to defend himself. Lord Ormonde and Walter Cowley appeared before the Council, but refused to allege anything there to St. Leger's charge, on the ground that, he being the Lord Deputy's brother, the Council was not indifferent; and the consequence was the matter was laid before the English Council. The Irish Council brought strong charges against the Earl of Ormonde. The Archbishop of Dublin, in writing to the King, observes—'So it is, most gracious Lorde, that here is contraversie rysyn betwene the right honourable my Lorde-Deputy and my Lorde Ormonde, which, if speedy remedy be not had, is like to torne to great hurte; ye, to the totall destrucion of this your Majesties realme, and in especially your mere English subjectes;' and he denounces the Earl as a dangerous person 'more like a prince than a subject; more like a governor than an obedient servant.' Whilst the Deputy himself begs of the English Council to free him from the troubles of his unpleasant office—'Discharge me,' he prays 'of this tedious paine, whereunto I have not bene accustomed, and I humblie beseche youe all, to be the means to the Kinges Majestie to ryd me from this hell, wherein I have remayned this six years; and that some other may there serve his Majestie, as long as I have doon, and I to serve his Highnes elsewhere, where he shall commande me. Tho' the same were in Turkay, I will not refuce ytt.' The various

[1] Allen was unscrupulous enough to endeavour to make a stalking-horse of Cowley, and escape censure by throwing all the blame on him. In his defence against St. Leger's charges, he says, "As for Cowley's boke (book, or schedule of charges), I take God to recorde, I was never of counsell wyth article of it. God is my judge, I wolde be ashamed to be named to be privy to the pennynge of so lewde a boke."

parties were ultimately called to London to have the case investigated, and the intrigues of the Earl of Ormonde's enemies, it is generally supposed, went to the length of procuring his murder there. Poison was introduced into some of the dishes at an entertainment which he gave to thirty-five of his followers and attendants at Ely House, Holborn, and the Earl and eighteen of his servants died. His faithful ally, Walter Cowley, had also the misfortune of being condemned by the Council, on St. Leger's charges, and he was committed to the Tower of London. His incarceration was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance for him, as it probably prevented his being poisoned at the Ely House banquet. From his prison we have the poor captive writing to the council after this most humble and contrite fashion:—I, Waltier Cowley, with as sorrowful a hart as ever any pore man can have that my Soveraine Lord should conceiv evell demeacuire in me, do, in most humble wise, beseche his Highness, according to his Majesties accustomid clemencie, that this my plain confession and declaration may move his Excellencie, replete with pitie and mercy, to accept me to grace.' He then proceeds to an explanation of the reasons which induced him to consider the Lord Deputy's policy unsound and dangerous, declaring his belief that if the Earl of Ormonde's power to serve the King as a faithful nobleman were subverted, there would be 'a great danger to all us there that have little land and honure, that we shold be then undone by Irish dissobeissants in every side;' and he subscribes himself 'your honourable Lordship's pore wredche in misery, Waltier Cowley.' This submission by no means mollified the King and Council, for they soon after issued an order for the dismissal of Cowley from his office, and appointing John Bath to be Solicitor-General in his room.

"At this point the Record Commissioners' publication of the invaluable documents contained in the State Paper Office, breaks off, and I have no means of ascertaining the length of Walter Cowley's incarceration in the Tower, or how his discharge was procured; but there is reason to suppose that his release came with the decease of the tyrant Henry VIII., in January, 1547 (old style), and that the new Government disapproved of the severity used towards him, and wished to compensate him for it, for in a few months after Edward VI. ascended the throne, we have (according to the 'Liber Munerum') Edward, Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector of the kingdom, writing from Windsor, under the date September 13, 1548, signifying to the Lord-Deputy, Bellyngham, and the Council of Ireland, 'that Walter Cowley is recommended to them as a worthy and necessary officer for

the surveying, appraising, and extending the King's possessions and revenues in Ireland;' and a second letter on the 21st of the same month, specially directing that the salary attaching to the office should be 100*l.* per annum—a large sum in those days. Cowley had continued to hold the appointment of Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, to which he was originally appointed, but he now resigned that situation upon receiving the patent for the office of Surveyor-General of Ireland, which he was the first to fill, and held till his death, in 1551.

"Robert Cowley, beside Walter, had two sons, Robert and Nicholas.[1] The former was a justice of the peace in the King's County, under the title of 'Robert Colley, Esq.;' having on the 3rd February, 1562, received a grant from Queen Elizabeth of lands in that county called Castletown, otherwise Young-Cowleystown; but he was slain by the rebels on the 10th July, 1572,[2] without leaving male issue, and the property reverted to the Crown. Nicholas appears to have been a merchant of Kilkenny, and he filled the office of Sovereign of that municipality in the years 1540 and 1551. This Nicholas was probably the progenitor of the subsequent Cowleys of Kilkenny. Walter, the Surveyor-General, was no doubt the head of the family, and he (according to Lodge) had two children, Henry and Walter. The first was a captain in Queen Elizabeth's army, was knighted, and received a grant of Castlecarbery, in the county of Meath. From him sprang the Mornington family. Walter, the younger, was Customer and Collector of the port of Drogheda, but I find no further mention of him. The junior branch of the family, which remained in Kilkenny, were chiefly wealthy traders in the city, and also owned property in the county: some of them were brought up to the legal profession, for it appears from the 'Exchequer Order-book' that, in 1610, 'Mr. Cowlie, learned in the law,' was counsel for the Corporation of Kilkenny, in a suit in the Court of Exchequer. In 1611, Mr. Rothe was their counsel, and Robert Bysse their attorney; but subsequently, in the same year, 'Mr. Cowlie, the lawyer,' appeared to represent the body. In 1609, when Kilkenny received the Great Charter of James I., raising it to the dignity of a city, Michael Cowley was specially named in that document as one of the first aldermen. He filled the office of mayor in

1 Patrick Colley was, in the year 1537, one of the soldiers of Dublin Castle, at a fee of 8*d.* per day during his life (Rot. Mem., 29 Hen. VIII., m. 30), and towards the end of the same century Silvester Cooley, gentleman, was, according to the "Liber Munerum," constable of Dublin Castle. These were, doubtless, members of the Cowley family of Kilkenny.

2 This fact escaped Lodge and Archdall. It is here given on the authority of an Exchequer Inquisition, King's County, temp. Eliz. No. 12.

1626, and must have been a man of wealth, if we may judge from the costly monument erected to him in the Abbey of St. John, which bears the following inscription:—

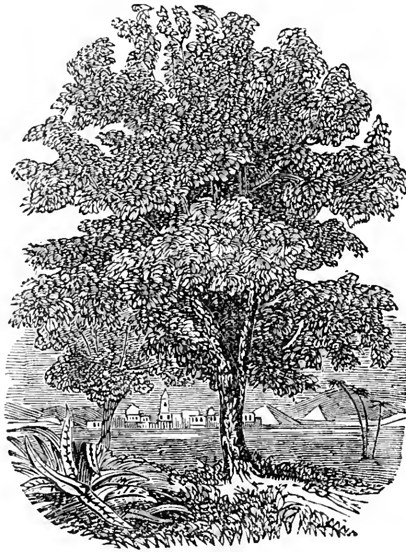
"'D. Michael Cowley.

"'Irenarçha et jurisconsultus, &c., et uxor ejus D. Honoria Roth, hic requiescunt in æternam, ut speramus, hinc requiem transferendi ubi quod corruptibile est incorruptionem induet; uterque mortis subditit legi; uterque mortuus commune solvit debitum naturæ. Hæc vivere orbi desiit anno * * * * die mensis * * * * cælo ille cæpit vivere anno * * * *

"The monument having been erected during his life-time leaves a blank for the date of his decease, but he was living in the year 1645, as his name is given in a list of the gentlemen of the county of Kilkenny under the date 21st Charles I., preserved amongst the MSS. in Trinity College, Dublin (F. 3. 15). James Cowley was Mayor of Kilkenny in 1636. In 1641 Andrew Cowley, of Kilkenny, appears on the roll of representatives, who sat in the Supreme Council of the Confederate Catholics, and he was Sheriff of the city in 1642. A fragment of a monument, lying at the south side of St. John's Abbey, sculptured with the Cowley arms, impaling those of Shee, bearing, in addition, the initials A. C. and R. S., probably belonged to the tomb of this gentleman. At this eventful period of Irish history, Luke Cowley was Roman Catholic Archdeacon of Ossory, and Prothonotary Apostolic, and as such his name appears signed to the answers to the famous queries propounded by the Supreme Council, to the Bishop of Ossory and other divines, as to the lawfulness of the cessation of hostilities with Lord Inchiquin in 1648. When the all-conquering arms of Cromwell were found irresistible by the garrison of Kilkenny in 1650, after a gallant defence, they sued for and received honourable terms, sending out four gentlemen to negotiate the matter with the Parliamentary General; and the first of these who signed the articles of capitulation was Edward Cowley. The family has since altogether disappeared from the county and city of Kilkenny; the last of the name whom I have been enabled to trace in the locality being James Cowley, whose will, bearing date 22nd December, 1720, is preserved in the Ossory Diocesan Registrar's Office. He bequeaths, in the usual form, his soul to God, his body to be buried with his ancestors in the Abbey of St. John, and his interest in the farms of Rathardmore and Killamory, held by him by lease from Denny Cuffe, Esq., to be sold, and the proceeds equally divided between his wife and three children, whose names are not mentioned.

"In the mean time the elder branch of the family was rising to high honours and distinctions in other counties. Henry Colley, the eldest son of Walter, the Surveyor-General, though his official appointments as Governor of Philipstown and a Commissioner for the execution of Martial Law, were in the King's County, Kildare, and Meath, kept up his connection with Kilkenny, as he represented the borough of Thomastown in Parliament. He was knighted and made a Privy Councillor by the Lord-Deputy, Sir Henry Sydney, and for his services, military and civil, received the special commendation of several of the chief Ministers of the day. He died in 1584, and the property of his eldest son, Sir George Colley, of Edenderry, passed out of the family from the failure of heirs male in the next generation; but his second son, Sir Henry of Castlecarbery, had a numerous posterity. He was succeeded by his son Henry, who was succeeded by his son, Dudley, whose successor was Henry, who, in his turn, was succeeded by another Henry, the father of Richard Colley, Baron of Mornington, the father of Garret, Earl of Mornington, whose fifth son, born the 1st of May, 1769, was the Duke of Wellington. Richard Colley, the first of the family raised to the peerage, succeeded to the property of the Wesley or Wellesley family, on the death of his cousin, Garret Wesley in 1728, that gentleman having made him his heir on condition of his assuming the surname and using the coat of arms of Wesley. The arms since borne by the family, in consequence, are—Quarterly, first and fourth *gules*, a cross, *argent*, between four saltiers of plates, for Wesley: the second and third *or*, a lion rampant *gules*, gorged with a ducal coronet, proper, for Colley. Crest, on a wreath, an armed arm in pale, coupéd below the elbow, the hand proper, the wrist encircled with a ducal coronet, *or*, holding a spear in bend, with the banner of St. George appendant, in allusion to the Wesleys having been anciently the standard-bearers of the Kings of England. The lion rampant, here used for Colley, was no part of the arms of the old Cowleys of Kilkenny; but I am informed by Sir William Betham—to whom I have been indebted for much valuable information on the subject of this paper—that this bearing was specially granted to Richard Colley, from the English Heralds' College upon his assumption of the name and cognizance of Wesley. The arms given for Cowley, in an heraldic manuscript in the possession of the Rev. James Graves, which seems to have been compiled in the beginning of the last century by some native of Kilkenny, are—'*gules*, a chevron (by others a fess), *argent*, between three esquires helmets.' The armorial bearings on the monuments of Michael and Andrew Cowley, in the Abbey of St. John, display a fess between

three esquires' helmets, with the crest, a hand, coupéd at the wrist, embowed to the dexter side. The fess, on both the shields, is charged with a crescent, as a mark of cadency, showing that the Cowleys of Kilkenny acknowledged the Colleys of Castlecarbery to be the elder branch of their house."



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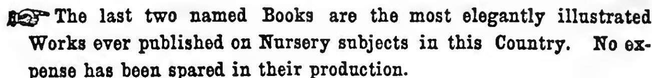

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