Referring to a conversation between the Duke and Mr Croker, and venturing to express some doubt as to the perfect accuracy of Mr Croker's recollections, I say,

"The Duke knew better than most men that the only difference between French and English tactics was this, that whereas the French attacked in column, the English always attacked in line; and that the real resistance to an attack by troops waiting for their adversaries in line, comes from the volume of fire with which the column is received. All armies, French as well as English, Russian, German, and Italian, defend a position in line, provided the assailants give them time to deploy; but the English alone have hitherto attacked in line, though I believe that the armies of other nations are beginning in this respect to follow their example."

The reviewer, offended with these sentiments, turns upon me, and observes,

"The information here given to us by Mr Gleig is not in all respects accurate. At present, we apprehend English troops would only occasionally, and other troops would never, *attack* in line on the field of battle; and we do not believe that any but English troops could now be trusted to resist a serious attack in line, *i.e.* with a line of battle formed in regiments or battalions in line. At Waterloo the Duke received the charges of the columns of the Guard with his English troops in line, but he did not venture to trust his foreign troops in that formation at any time during the battle."

It would be waste of time and space to prove, as I could easily do by reference to public despatches, that Lord Harris's battle at Malavelly, in 1796—with my brief account of which, by the by, the reviewer is much displeased—was *a battle in line;* that the battles of Assaye and Argaum, fought by the Duke himself, were also battles in line; as were the not less stern conflicts of Vemeiro, Talavera, Busaco, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Nivelle, the Neve, Toulouse, and Waterloo. I might further show, that at the last-named great action, Bylande's Dutch-Belgian brigade, being in line between the brigades of Kemp and Pack, broke and fled the field as soon as the enemy approached it; whereas Ompteda's gallant Germans, charging in line, were fallen upon and cut to pieces by the French Curassiers. In like manner I might refer to a paper in the *Quarterly Review* itself, which proves that Lord

Raglan's attack at the Alma was an attack in line, however indifferently the formation might have been observed, after the leading divisions got confused in crossing the vineyard and the river. But much more to the purpose is the judgment of Sir John Burgoyne, the Duke's companion in all his great battles, and at this moment, perhaps, our best living authority on questions relating to the operations of war. He writes to me thus, from Brighton, on the 28th August, 1866 :—

"With respect to the matter to which you particularly call my attention, viz. the question of attacking in line or column, as practised by the British and other nations, the reviewer is certainly wrong in apprehending 'that English troops would only occasionally, and other troops never, attack in line on the field of battle.' The rule is precisely the reverse; it is only occasionally, and that very rarely, that our attack would be in column.

"The fact is, the column is necessarily the order for marching through a country, and for what may be called manœuvring, or change of position; but it is to the line that we look for making the attack. The line can *fight*, the column can *not*. What is meant by a charge with bayonets, upon which we pride ourselves, but an attack in line?

"It is a fallacy to give credit to the result of the superior weight or pressure of the column over the line. The column is not one solid mass, but is composed of a vast number of particles easily separated, not only by physical, but by moral force. The opposing fire of musketry, and more particularly of artillery, tends rapidly to its disorganization, which when once commenced, increases rapidly to a hopeless confusion of the whole mass. Whereas, with the line, it is only the portion penetrated which is compromised. And then, again, it is not *a* line, but a succession of lines, usually two, with a reserve in columns in rear of them, that is opposed to the attacking column; and, however gallantly and successfully the column may have made its attack, there will always in the effort be more or less of a break-up in its order, which will cause it to yield to the advance of the second or supporting line.

"The principal use of attacking in column, and it is a tempting one, is that of introducing the largest force in the shortest time into what may be the influential point, or key of an enemy's position; but even then the forcible first-entry should be made by the line in advance.

"The advantage of the extended over the condensed formation for attack was established so long ago, as by the Roman Cohorts over the Grecian Phalanx, and will be further increased by the rapidity and precision of the fire-arms, large and small, that are now being gradually adopted.

"The British, in full confidence of the steadiness of their men, deploy into line earlier than any other nations. A striking instance of this was at the battle of Salamanca, where the British advanced in two lines

across a considerable plain, to the attack of the heights of the Arapiles, and with as much coolness and order as they would have done at a field-day at Aldershot; and they are right in doing so, as nothing can be so hazardous as to attempt to deploy when at all near the enemy.

"What the reviewer means, by doubting that any but British troops would resist a serious attack in line, is not intelligible to me. How is a column to be drawn up, passively, to resist an attack? its only power being when in motion. In any other condition it is simply a target to receive the enemy's fire, without the power of returning it; for nothing can be more objectionable than to open a fire when in column. This is never to be justified, except in the emergency of facing outwards to resist a charge of cavalry."

3. The last point to be settled between the *Quarterly Review* and myself, is this. Are the stories to be credited, "established" though they be, which allege that "young Wesley or Wellesley, having little besides his military pay, got into debt in Dublin, borrowed money from his bootmaker, and appointed Mr Dillon, a draper, to settle his affairs—most creditably setting apart a considerable portion of his income for that purpose?" My critic asserts that these things were so. I doubt the fact, and ground my scepticism, not only on some knowledge of the Duke's general character, but on what others, as well as myself, have often heard him say.

A man is in debt and becomes, as the Duke expressed it, "a slave," if he owe money which he has no means nor any prospect of being able to pay. A man is in want of money who finds himself placed in a situation which disables him from paying off all or even a portion of his outstanding bills till resources, not yet available, come within his reach. The following MS. letters, of which the present Duke of Wellington has kindly permitted me to make use, show, not that *young Wesley* borrowed money from his bootmaker—for he never did anything of the sort—but that *Lieutenant-Colonel Wesley*, commanding the 33rd Regiment, being unexpectedly ordered upon foreign service, found himself without funds to pay his tradesmen; that he gave to Mr Dillon a Power of Attorney, to draw from the Irish Treasury certain arrears of salary, then actually due, and requested him, with that and

other moneys supplied from a different source, to discharge every bill owing to himself and to other tradesmen in Dublin.

"From Mr DILLON to Lieutenant-Colonel WESLEY.

"15th October, 1795.

"SIR,

"I have the honour of receiving yours, covering the Power of Attorney, for which I received the sum you will see on the other side, being £80 1*s.* 7*d.* I hope you will be good enough to send the bill on the agents for the balance due, £37 12*s.* 3*d.*, at as short a day as possible, as I intend it for a gentleman in England. I owe the money for a long time.

"I am, respectfully,

"Your faithful and humble servant,

"THOMAS DILLON.

*** "By cash, on account, received at the Treasury, £80 1*s.* 7*d.* To balance due, £37 12*s.* 3*d.*"

"From Colonel WESLEY to Mr. DIXON.

"Sullivan, East Indiaman,

"Portsmouth, Nov. 10th, 1795.

"MR DIXON,

"I am extremely concerned that you should have been put to inconvenience about the note I gave you,* but you must recollect that it was given merely to close an account, and that I did not hold out any particular time when it was to be paid.

"However, I should now pay it if I could get £300, which are due to me, but it is impossible. I gave Mr Dillon, in Parliament Street, a Power of Attorney some time ago, to receive my salary at the Treasury; and as his demand is paid, I have this day written to him to desire that he will in future pay over to you what he may receive on my account. Your demand will be paid before I am shot by the Caribs, and if there should be any overplus after you are paid, I shall be much obliged if you will inquire, and find out, who I owe anything to, and pay them as you receive money on my account.

"Yours,

"A. WESLEY."

These letters, it appears to me, fully justified the Duke in speaking of himself and his pecuniary affairs, as he is re-

* "Dublin, July 18th, 1795.

"I promise to pay Mr Joshua Dixon, or bearer, £78 19*s.* 8*d.* Value received. "A. WESLEY."

presented to have done,—"I have often known what it is to be in want of money, but I never got into debt."

And now, before taking leave of my reviewer, it will not, I trust, be thought irrelevant if I notice two points in our correspondence, not in themselves very important, certainly, but affecting, to a certain extent, my own character as a writer and a gentleman. The reviewer regrets, perhaps censures, the omission of M. Brialmont's name from the title-page of the volume on which his critical acumen has been exercised; and in a letter to the *Times* appeared to insinuate that I had taken undue pains to discover his own name, and broke faith by revealing it. My answer to these charges will be very brief.

M. Brialmont's work, in the original French, is perhaps the best history of a great military commander that ever was written; but it is nothing more. The Author, when he comes to treat of the customs, habits, and policy of the English nation, and even to quote the names of its leading statesmen, falls continually into mistakes. This is no more than might be expected from a foreign officer, however generally accomplished, and well instructed in his own profession. In translating his volumes, therefore, I adopted all his opinions and almost all his details in military matters. But in tracing the career of the Duke, after he had ceased to command armies, I had no alternative except to part company altogether with my military guide. Again, in order to bring the story of the Duke's life within the reach of the largest possible number of readers, I laid myself deliberately out to "compress as much as possible the details of military operations and the strifes of parties in parliament." What justification of myself could I have offered, if, after mutilating the military narrative—which is the great charm of M. Brialmont's work, and on the excellency of which he justly prides himself—I had sought shelter, even partially, under cover of his name from criticism, which, if fairly administered, could not

touch him at all? I felt that I had no right to follow this course; and hence a name, which no man holds in higher honour than myself, stands free from all connection with a story, the condensation of which, had the process been fathered upon him, would have disgusted, instead of gratifying, the pleasantest, perhaps the ablest, of living military historians.

With respect to the use which was made of the critic's name in my letters to the *Times* newspaper, he has only himself to thank for that incident. Two years or thereabouts previously to the publication of his Essay, I learnt through a relative of my own, and a friend of his, that he was preparing for the *Quarterly Review* a criticism on my book. When I read the Essay, the conclusion to which it led me was this: that for some reason or another, a different arrangement had been made; and that the Essay before me, instead of proceeding from the pen of a gentleman who had served in so distinguished a corps as the Royal Engineers, was the work of some civilian ignorant of military matters, and anxious to disguise his ignorance under the show of more than ordinary knowledge and acuteness. In communicating with the editor and publisher of the *Review*, I made no secret of this opinion. But a day or two before writing to the *Times*, I happened to meet at the Athenæum a personal friend of my critic, who announced to me, without any solicitation on my part, that the Essay was the work of the officer to whom it had originally been assigned, and that he counted on being involved in a controversy with myself. I beg to assure my reviewer, therefore, that I took no pains whatever to discover his name, that there was no reason why I should seek to discover it; and that, so far as I am concerned, it might have remained in obscurity for ever, had he not himself put it forward, as if for the express purpose of taking upon himself a responsibility which would have otherwise attached to the distinguished periodical work which includes him among its contributors.

I cannot conclude this Preface without expressing my obligations to Lord William Lennox for several anecdotes of the Duke's manner of life in France, which were communicated to me *vivâ voce* by a deceased friend, a comrade with Lord William on the Duke's staff; but which I now find were told some years ago in an interesting work, of which Lord William is the author. The work to which I allude is entitled "Three Years with the Duke of Wellington in Private Life."

I am also indebted to Lady de Ros for some interesting details of the Duchess of Richmond's Ball and other matters, at Brussels, in 1815, of which, till now, I was ignorant.

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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

HIS PEDIGREE AND EARLY LIFE.

ARTHUR, first Duke of Wellington, was the fourth son of Garret, first Earl of Mornington, by the eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon. He derived his descent from Walter Colley, or Cowley, a Rutlandshire Esquire, who settled in the county of Kilkenny, during the reign of Henry VIII., and a descendant of whom, Richard Colley, in the beginning of the 18th century, took the name of Wesley in consequence of his adoption by Garret Wesley of Westmeath, who had married his aunt and made him his heir.

The first rather noticeable incident in the history of the great Duke occurs, therefore, so to speak, previously to his birth. A Colley by right of lineage, he becomes a Wesley by adoption, a name which is subsequently changed to Wellesley, though at what precise time, and for what special reason, there is nothing on record to show.

Richard Colley Wesley, after sitting for awhile in the Irish House of Commons, was raised to the peerage, and became Baron Mornington of the kingdom of Ireland. His eldest son, Garret, succeeded him in the title and in his estates, and was advanced in 1759 to the dignity of an Earldom.

But this elevation in rank brought with it no addition to his fortunes, which, on the contrary, he appears to have considerably reduced by electioneering and other extravagances. Garret, first Earl of Mornington, distinguished himself as a musician, and became the composer of many chants, anthems, and glees, which have been much admired. It is said of him also that he was a good deal addicted to political intrigue. This may or may not have been the case, but if it were, one thing is certain, that, so far as his own interest was concerned, he intrigued to little purpose; for he died in 1781, leaving a widow with nine children, in what may fairly be described, looking to their social position, as very straightened circumstances.

The next curious circumstance which we are called upon to notice, in glancing over the career of the great Duke of Wellington, is this, that both the time and the place of his birth are hidden in obscurity. The register book of the parish of St Peter in Dublin would make it appear that he was baptized in that parish on the 30th of April, 1769. An old Dublin newspaper states as a fact that he was born in the Irish capital, on the 3rd of April, whereas the woman who nursed his mother through her confinement, always declared that his birth occurred on the 6th of March, at Dangan Castle, in the county of Westmeath. This latter assumption was formally taken up and affirmed by a vote of the Irish House of Commons; yet what avail even votes of Parliament when people are determined not to be controlled by them? The late Duke's mother persistently asserted that her son Arthur was born on the 1st of May. The Duke himself kept the 1st of May as his birthday; but neither mother nor son, as far as I have been able to discover, ever decided the question of place between Dublin and Dangan. We are thus thrown upon conjecture in reference to points which, though not perhaps of much importance in themselves, become important through their connection with one who was destined in after life to fill so wide a page in history. Nor must I forget, while upon this subject, to point out that the same year brought into the world the two most remarkable men of their age, whether as warriors

or as politicians; Napoleon Buonaparte, and Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

Few tales, and none of them very important, are told of the childhood and early youth of the latter of these heroes. Childhood and early youth were stages in the Duke's existence of which he seldom spoke; and never except abruptly, and as it were by accident. But enough escaped him from time to time to show that he did not look back upon them with much pleasure. There is reason to believe that, from some cause or another, he was not a favourite with his mother till his great deeds in after life constrained her to be proud of him. She seems to have taken it into her head that he was the dunce of the family, and to have treated him, if not harshly, with marked neglect; and being herself a woman of great ability and strength of character, she gave the law in this as in other respects to her own household. While the utmost pains were taken with the education of his brothers, Arthur was sent, being very young, to a preparatory school in Chelsea, where he learned little, and to which the only references which he was ever known to make were the reverse of flattering. Where this school stood, and who was at the head of it, would have probably remained to the end of time unknown, had not the publication of a former edition of this work attracted the attention of a gentleman, whose father happened to be a fellow-pupil of the great Duke at the school in question. He kindly wrote to me on the subject, inclosing a communication from his father, from which I learn that the school in question was kept by a Mr Gower, that it was not an expensive establishment, and that "Lord Wellesley called upon Arthur Wesley one day, and gave him a shilling." A shilling tip to a schoolboy betokens no superabundance of this world's wealth in the donor, and the donor on the present occasion was Arthur's elder brother.

From the Chelsea school, young Wesley was transferred to Eton, where he remained only long enough to make his way into the remove. He was indifferently instructed when he arrived, and he never by such diligence as the case required succeeded in taking a good place among his class-

fellows. His habits, on the contrary, in school and out of school, are stated to have been those of a dreamy, idle, and shy lad. The consequence was, that besides achieving no success as a scholar, he contracted few special intimacies among his contemporaries, and laid the foundation of no lasting friendships. His was indeed a solitary life; a life of solitude in a crowd; for he walked generally alone, often bathed alone, and seldom took part either in the cricket matches or the boat-races which were then, as they are now, in great vogue among Etonians. As was to be expected, after he attained to eminence, attempts were occasionally made to connect these habits with an imagination so busy in devising schemes for the future as to leave the boy neither time nor inclination to live, like other boys, in the present. And in corroboration of this theory, a tradition still survives, that when he took his sons to Eton he showed them a tree, amid the branches of which he had laid out, as upon a map, the whole of his own military career. But this is a mere romance founded upon an entire misconception of the character of the man. It is in direct contradiction likewise to the history of his life, for we have good reason to believe that, had the choice of a profession been left to him, he would not have selected the army. It is therefore simply impossible that visions of military glory could have filled his mind to the exclusion of other and more pressing subjects, while as yet the career which he might be called upon to run was uncertain, and his own wishes pointed in a direction opposite to that on which in due time he entered.

There seems some reason to believe that Arthur Wesley, though dreamy and reserved, was, as a boy, of rather a combative disposition. He fought at least one battle at Eton, and had for his opponent Robert, better known as Bobus Smith, the elder brother of the witty Canon of St Paul's. It happened one day, that while Smith was bathing in the Thames, young Wesley passed by, and, child-like, threw a small stone or clod at the swimmer. A threat to come ashore and thrash him if the insult were repeated, led, as a matter of course, to its repetition; and Smith, being as good as his word, scrambled up the bank and attacked the cul-

prit. The blow thus received was immediately returned, and a sharp contest ensued, which ended after a few rounds in favour of him who on that occasion had certainly not the right upon his side. But Wesley did not always come off victorious from such encounters.

He was in the habit of spending some of his holidays with his maternal grandfather, Lord Dungannon, at Brynkinalt, in North Wales. Here he managed to establish both a friendship and a feud with a young blacksmith, from whom, though not till both had suffered severe punishment, he received on one occasion a sound thrashing. The victor in that fight, whose name was Hughes, and who died in 1849, at an advanced age, used to tell the story with extreme glee. He was very proud of having beaten the man before whom Napoleon and all his generals went down; and never forgot to end his narrative by observing "that Master Wesley bore him not a pin's worth of ill-will for the beating, but made him his companion in many a wild ramble after the fight, just as he had done before."

On the death of her husband, Lady Mornington removed to London, where she struggled for awhile to keep her place in society, upon a jointure which was by no means equal to the strain. The strain became however too great in the end, and she withdrew her son Arthur from Eton, and carrying him to Brussels, took up her abode, in 1784, at the house of a French Avocât, named Goubert. There accompanied them to Brussels a youth of about the same age with Arthur, John Armytage by name, the second son of a rich Yorkshire Baronet, between whom and Lord Mornington a friendship had subsisted for many years. It was an arrangement which, whether designedly or not, proved of mutual advantage both to Lady Mornington and John Armytage; for the former received a handsome board with the son of her husband's friend, and the latter enjoyed the prestige of Lady Mornington's protection.

Arthur Wesley and John Armytage thus brought together, pursued their studies in a desultory way under the gentleman at whose house they lodged. They were neither of them much given to hard work, but they mixed in the

gaieties of the place, and, if I may judge from Mr Armytage's MS. Journal, lived with each other on the best terms. "Arthur Wesley," says the document in question, "was extremely fond of music, and played well upon the fiddle, but he never gave indication of any other species of talent. As far as my memory serves, there was no intention then of sending him into the army; his own wishes, if he had any, were in favour of a civilian's life."

Having touched upon the early acquaintance of these two men, it may not be amiss if I show in this place how it went off for a season, and how it came to be renewed. After residing for about a year at Brussels, Lady Mornington returned home, sending her son to the military school at Angers. John Armytage was at the same time appointed to a Cornetcy in the Blues, with which regiment he continued to serve till marriage with an heiress enabled him to retire from the army and to settle as a country gentleman in or near Northampton. There he gave himself up to such pursuits as were in those days fashionable among men of his class. He hunted, shot, drove four-in-hand, and patronized the turf, being a regular attendant, among other meets, at Doncaster races. It happened one day in 1827, when he stood upon the Grand Stand beside the race-course, that a voice which struck him as not unfamiliar, exclaimed, "I'll be d—d if that isn't Jack Armytage." Jack immediately turned round, and found himself face to face with his old companion and fellow-student of other days. There was a cordial gripe of hands, followed by questions as to what each had been doing since they parted 42 years before. "You know pretty well what I've been about," said the Duke, "but how have you employed yourself all the while?" "Well, sir," replied Mr Armytage, "while your Grace has been driving Buonaparte and his Marshals up and down, and all over France, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium, I have been driving four-in-hand almost every day from Northampton to Barnet and back again.* Yours has been the more glorious career of the two, but mine I suspect has not been

* He used to meet the mail regularly in its course up and down, and handle the ribbons.

the least agreeable." The Duke laughed, and went on to speak about Louis Goubert their tutor, adding this anecdote: "As I rode into Brussels the day after the battle of Waterloo, I passed the old house, and recognized it, and pulling up, ascertained that the old man was still alive. I sent for him, and recalling myself to his recollection, shook hands with him, and assured him that for old acquaintance' sake he should be protected from all molestation."

Mr Armytage, who never wearied of describing this little scene, died at Northampton, in 1861, at the advanced age of 92. It does not appear that the Duke and he ever met afterwards. They took leave of each other on the Grand Stand at Doncaster, equally resolved to renew their intimacy elsewhere; but their courses in life lay wide apart, and in politics they differed. How far this latter circumstance may have tended to keep them asunder, must be left to conjecture. All that is certainly known on the subject amounts to this, that their first and last greeting, subsequently to their Brussels' intimacy of 1785, began and ended as has just been described.

I should be glad, if I possessed the requisite information, to give some account of the Duke's manner of life while a pupil in the military school at Angers. If any memorials of him were ever established there, the avalanche of the first French Revolution must have swept them all away. But none would appear to have been set up. His early friends, of whom not one now survives, used indeed to say that he made better use of his time at Angers than he had done either at Chelsea or Eton, and he himself stated that he formed some agreeable acquaintances in the neighbourhood, from whom he learned to speak French with the accent and precision of the days of the old monarchy. But here our materials for narrative fail us. We know nothing more than that he pursued his studies at Angers for about a year and a half or two years, and then returned home.

Arthur Wesley entered the army on the 7th of March, 1787, on which day he was appointed to an ensigncy in the 73rd Regiment of foot. In the same year he became a lieutenant, first in the 76th Regiment, and, by-and-by, in the 12th Light Dragoons. That he was then, and for

some time continued to be, the shy and awkward lad, in whom the fair sex for the most part see little to admire, the following anecdote, which I give on the authority of the late Lady Aldborough, seems to prove. She is speaking of him after he became aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland:—"We had a pic-nic near Dublin, and I took Wesley in my carriage, but he was so dull that I threw him over and brought back *le beau* Cradock (the first Lord Howden). All the other carriages having started, or being full, he had nothing for it but to return with the band. I reminded him of the incident in the height of his fame, adding, 'When I left you to go home with the fiddlers, I little thought you would ever play first fiddle yourself.'"

Mr Wesley attained the rank of Captain on the 30th of June, 1791, and on the 30th of April, 1793, he was appointed to the 33rd Regiment of the line as Major. His subsequent promotion was rapid, for on the 30th of September he obtained the lieutenant-colonelcy of his regiment. He then fell into the seniority groove, from which, in those days, no one could escape; and spent in consequence half as many years in the rank of lieutenant-colonel as had been required to raise him to that rank from an ensigncy. Colonel in 1796, he became Major-general in 1802, and General with local rank in 1811. His last and final step to Field Marshal was taken in 1812, under circumstances which shall be more fully detailed when the proper time comes.

Though Mr Wesley owed his rapid advancement partly to political influence and partly to money, and though it be perfectly true that till he arrived at the command of a regiment no opportunity was afforded him of earning distinction in the field, a very erroneous inference will be drawn if it be assumed that because he had been so successful, he was therefore an ignorant or even a careless regimental officer. The very reverse is the fact. He never neglected a duty, or went through with it as if it were irksome to him. He read a great deal, in a desultory way no doubt, but still to good purpose; and he addicted himself from the outset to a habit which remained with him to the last, that of acquainting