Duke's movements being dependent on the return of the train to Dover, they spent some hours together. Mr Croker, ill as he was, made a note of the conversation which passed between them, and sent copies of it to several of the Duke's friends. It related almost entirely to times gone by, and to persons long removed from the scene of life. It was full of interest, of course, to the pair who joined in it; and as evincing the clearness of the Duke's mind when turned to such subjects, the members of his own family, and the few individuals without that circle, to whom names and dates of more than sixty years' standing are familiar, cannot fail to value such a record. But the general reader would scarcely care to have it brought before him, and if it were so brought would probably not understand it.

On the 8th of September, the Duke's solitude was broken in upon by the arrival of his second son, Lord Charles Wellesley, accompanied by Lady Charles and their children. This was a great delight to the Duke; for, independently of his attachment to the parents, he was exceedingly fond of his grandchildren, and often made them his companions in the strolls which he took through the grounds, or to and fro along the terrace-walk, which runs between the Castle and the sea. In other respects, he pursued his usual course, devoting a portion of each morning to his private correspondence, while the evenings were spent chiefly in reading. One out of the many letters written by him at this time, contains a sentence which is at least remarkable; and which, if the mind of the reader be prone to superstition, may even appear to have been ominous. On the 12th of September he wrote thus :—" I had a letter this morning from a madman, who announces that he is a messenger from the Lord, and will deliver his message to me to-morrow morning: we shall see." Who the writer was has never been ascertained, but the message from the Lord was already on its way.

The Duke took more than his usual amount of exercise on the 13th, and ate a good dinner with much relish. Wine he had long given up, but he drank his iced water, as his custom was, and retired to bed, apparently in excellent

health, about half-past eleven o'clock. He was always an early riser, and his valet went at six in the morning of the 14th to call him. He appeared, however, to be sleeping heavily ; and the servant, finding that he did not awake, though the fire was stirred, and the fire-irons clashed together, thought that it would be a pity to disturb his master, and withdrew again. Soon afterwards one of the maids met him, and said she was afraid that the Duke was ill, for she thought that she had heard him groan. The valet repaired at once to his master's chamber, and opening the shutters, said, "It is getting quite late, your Grace; it is past seven o'clock." "Is it?" replied the Duke in his usual tone of voice. "Do you know where the apothecary lives?" "Yes, your Grace." "Then send and let him know that I should like to see him. I don't feel quite well, and I will lie still till he comes."

This was such an admission as the Duke had never been known under similar circumstances to make, and it created proportionable alarm. A messenger was accordingly despatched on horseback for Mr Hulke, of Deal, who soon arrived, and was introduced into the Duke's apartment. Mr Hulke examined his patient, looking at the tongue and feeling the pulse; and having pronounced that there was no ground for apprehension, advised that he should take a cup of tea, and remain quiet. He prescribed no medicine, because he considered that none was required; for the Duke's stomach seemed to have relieved itself during the night, and rest was all that appeared necessary to restore him. Mr Hulke, therefore, took his leave, and a cup of tea was given to the Duke as soon as it could be got ready. It operated upon him, after a brief interval, like an emetic, and he became very restless and uneasy. By this time the whole household was disturbed, and Lord and Lady Charles came into the bed-room, whither also Captain Watts soon followed. They all saw that this was no passing fit of indisposition, and at once sent off fresh messengers in search both of Mr Hulke and of Dr M'Arthur. The former after a brief interval arrived; the latter, who happened to be from home, did not come till later. An emetic was given,

which, however, produced no amelioration of the symptoms, but the reverse; and then calomel, which it appeared had never failed before in relieving such attacks, was administered. Probably neither calomel nor any other remedy, no matter when applied, would have been of the smallest avail. The Duke's hour was come; and though, with the determination of purpose which belonged to his nature, he seemed to put it from him, the summons had gone forth which admits of no baffling. His anxious attendants perceiving that he breathed with increased difficulty, and appeared otherwise to suffer, lifted him out of bed, and placed him in an easy-chair. Nothing was gained by that change of position; he never rallied. The strong will kept death at bay till towards seven o'clock in the evening; but physical power was wanting to repel him altogether. A fit came on, similar in every respect to the worst of those to which he had formerly been subject, and after a few convulsive struggles he ceased to breathe. Yet so calm and tranquil was his departure; so little was he changed, even in appearance, that not till a mirror had been held up before his face, could those by whom he was surrounded tell that life was extinct.

The alarming nature of the attack under which the Duke was suffering no sooner became apparent, than telegraphic despatches were sent off to London for Dr Ferguson and Dr Hume. Both, unfortunately, happened to be in Scotland; and, after considerable delay, Dr Williams was requested to go down to Walmer. He took the first train which started, but could not reach the Castle till all was over. He found but the mortal remains of his illustrious patient laid out upon the little camp bed, in which while living he usually slept; and a household plunged in the very depths of sorrow and consternation.

The Marquis of Douro, the Duke's eldest son, chanced to be abroad at the time of his father's death. He was immediately informed by telegraph of the calamity which had befallen, and travelling post, he arrived at the Castle on the 17th. We draw a veil over all that followed. He, himself, had often been heard to say, "Where the tree falls, there let

it lie," and had his words been fulfilled, he would have rested now in a humble grave in the churchyard of Walmer. But public feeling would not have it so. The great Duke had been the property of the nation while he lived, and the nation claimed the right of disposing of his remains now that he was dead. It was determined that a public funeral should mark the sense of the people's reverence for his memory and of their grief for his loss. But time was needed to mature and complete the necessary preparations, and the body, being enclosed in a shell, was therefore left for a while under proper care in the Castle. A guard of honour, composed of a portion of his own rifle regiment, did duty over it. The Castle flag was hoisted daily half-mast high, and on the 9th and 10th of November the inhabitants of Deal and Walmer and its vicinity were admitted to take their last look at his remains, as they lay there in state. Upwards of 9000 persons availed themselves of this privilege, and all, without exception, evinced unmistakable proofs of reverence, many of deep emotion.

At six in the evening of the 10th, Lord Douro, the present Duke, arrived, accompanied by Lord Arthur Hay, and by a gentleman from the Lord Chamberlain's office, who had been directed to superintend the removal of the body from Walmer to London. It was placed upon a hearse, and conveyed by torchlight to the railway station, a guard of the Rifle Brigade attending it, and the batteries at Walmer and Deal Castle firing minute guns. Sandown Castle took up the melancholy salute as the train, with its sacred burden, swept by; and, about half-past twelve, the hearse, with its attendants, reached the Bricklayers' Arms. Here a squadron of the 2nd Life Guards was in waiting to receive them, and once more, by the dim light of torches, the melancholy *cortége* passed on. Many a window was thrown up, that men might gaze on the cavalcade as it moved through the streets; and few, whom the unaccustomed tramp of horses had roused from their slumbers, slept again that night, except with spirits saddened and subdued.

The procession reached Chelsea about three in the morning,

when the coffin containing the body was carried into the hall of the Royal Military Hospital. That noble apartment, as well as the chapel, had been previously hung with black, and was now lighted only by waxen tapers, placed here and there in silver sconces. The coffin rested upon an elevated platform at the end of the hall, over which was suspended a cloud-like canopy or veil. Life Guardsmen with arms reversed lined the apartment like statues, while beside the body sat six chief mourners. The coffin itself was covered with red velvet, and at the foot stood a table, on which all the decorations of the deceased were laid out. Thither, day by day, in a constant stream, crowds of men, women, and children repaired, all dressed in deep mourning, that they might pay their last tribute of respect to him who could no longer acknowledge it. The first of these visitors was her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the youthful branches of her family. But so deeply was she affected that she never got beyond the centre of the hall, where her feelings quite overcame her, and whence she was led, weeping bitterly, to her carriage.

The public funeral took place on the 18th of November, and was attended by the Prince Consort, and all the chief officers of state. The military arrangements necessary for it had previously been completed; and with a view, it is presumed, to give consistency to the whole affair, the body was removed by torchlight a little before midnight on the 17th, under an escort of cavalry, to the Horse Guards. There, in the room which had often witnessed his attention to the affairs of that army which was now to furnish his chief mourners, all that remained of the Duke rested till dawn. And then the solemn ceremony began. From St Paul's Cathedral, down Fleet Street, along the Strand, by Charing Cross and Pall Mall, to St James's Park, troops lined both sides of the streets; while in the Park itself columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery were formed, ready to fall into their proper places after the march began. How it was conducted, with what respectful interest watched by high and low, how solemn the notes of the bands, as one after another they took up and poured out the "Dead

March in Saul," how grand, yet how touching the scene in the interior of St Paul's, within which were gathered almost all that survived of his companions in arms, it is not necessary for me to describe. The representatives of all the great Powers of Europe, Austria alone excepted,* were there to do him honour. The rank, talent, station, and beauty of Great Britain joined in the solemn requiem wherewith the funeral service closed. And as if it had been decreed that to the very last everything connected with him should have a character of its own, the elements themselves combined as it were to do him honour. The weather had been boisterous for some days previously, and the early morning of the 18th itself set in with wind and rain. But scarcely was the funeral procession arranged ere the clouds broke, and the sky shone out blue and clear upon the car and its attendants. It was but a respite, so to speak, in the war of nature; for the doors of St Paul's had not long been shut ere the storm burst forth again, and in rain and wind the day closed which witnessed the funeral of the great Duke. Again, the mind which is prone to superstition will find food on which to ruminate. He who had conquered, and, for well-nigh forty years, preserved the peace of Europe, was gone; and there followed his removal from among us the war in the Crimea, with all the unsatisfactory results to which it has led.

* Austria was at this time offended by the treatment given to one of her generals by a mob of draymen. She could not be made to understand that every respectable person in the kingdom lamented the outrage, but that there was no remedy for it except by due course of law.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE DUKE AS A MAN, A SOLDIER, A STATESMAN—HIS PLAYFULNESS—HIS KINDLINESS—HIS SELF-POSSESSION—HIS WISDOM.

If there be any English reader who, after a perusal of this narrative, finds it difficult to arrive at a just appreciation of the great man whose career has been therein set down, the circumstance must be attributed to one of two causes. Either he has little accustomed himself to draw inferences from events as they pass before him, or I have very imperfectly accomplished the task which I ventured to set to myself. For the character of the Duke of Wellington was, perhaps, more completely free from disguise than that of any other man, whether of ancient or modern times, who has filled so large a space in the world's history. The great leading principle of his moral being was—duty. In private life he was truth itself. As a public man, he had but one object in view, viz., to benefit, to the utmost of his ability and skill, the state, whose servant he was. Of personal ambition, in the vulgar acceptation of that term, the Duke knew nothing. The desire of winning applause, or of advancing himself to places of honour and power, seems never, from first to last, to have moved him. There are no stories extant of a boyish ambition in him to become the leader of his companions in their sports and pastimes. He never taught them how to construct castles of snow, nor led them to the attack or defence of such castles when constructed. His career at school is so completely without

note, that had not Robert Smith recorded the circumstance of a bout at fisticuffs between the future deliverer of Europe and himself, the biographer of the Duke of Wellington would have been absolutely without a tale to tell of all that his hero may have said or done at Chelsea, at Eton, and at Angers. And so it is with his life as a subaltern, a captain, a major, and an aide-de-camp to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. It is a mere vacant space on the paper which is soon to be filled with the record of exploits such as struck the world with wonder;—a sure proof that the same simplicity of character which distinguished the man in after-years belonged to him in youth; and that content to do his duty, and to enjoy existence in his own peculiar way, he never made an effort to push himself out of his place, or to attract, in so doing, the gaze or admiration of the multitude.

The powers which all this while lay dormant came at once into play as soon as an adequate appeal was made to his sense of duty. He seems to have been almost the only officer of rank in the army of the Duke of York in Flanders who did not treat the requirements of the campaign as secondary to his own personal wants and humours. Whatever Colonel Wellesley was directed to do, he did energetically and punctually. Everybody else seemed to regard time as something not to be accounted of. The rearguard which covered the retreat beyond the Wahl was always where it ought to be to a moment. Other divisions rarely found their proper places, or found them too late. I have often heard him criticise that campaign, and always in the same terms. It was the best school to which an officer could be sent, who had sufficient discrimination to observe blunders and the effects of them, and wit enough to take warning from what he saw.

Colonel Wellesley obtained, as he deserved, great praise for his conduct in the Low Countries; yet so little was personal ambition or vanity stirred by it, that he made an effort, as we have seen, immediately on his return to England, to retire from the service. Happily for England, for Europe, and for himself, it proved unsuccessful; and India

soon afterwards opened to him a field well suited both to his temperament and his genius. With what assiduity he applied himself there to questions, the solution of which might enable him to be of use to the Government and to the people, but which had certainly no direct connection with his own success in his profession! With what untiring zeal he worked that others might benefit by his labours,—as in preparing for the Mysore campaign, and making all the arrangements necessary for the expedition to Egypt! And how ready he was, on every occasion, to do justice to merits far inferior to his own, while his own were systematically passed over! I do not mean to insinuate that all this failed, or could fail, to bear fruit in due season. Devotion to duty, if it be accompanied with talent, generally leads, even under our system, to advancement. But advancement, for the sake of the personal advantages which result from it, is not the end of a great man's ambition. In proportion as he achieves it, he becomes conscious of a wider sphere of usefulness, and is sensible that his responsibility increases with the increase of his power. This was, to a remarkable extent, the effect of his early promotion upon General Wellesley. Each new step upwards on the ladder only placed him in a situation which, more than that from which he had ascended, supplied him with motives for fresh exertion; and that befell in his case, which befalls in the cases of all men similarly circumstanced. Wherever placed, he commanded the entire confidence, not only of the Government which employed, but of the men and officers who served under him. There are now lying before me two letters, written in 1802, by a young officer in the Company's service to his relatives at home. They describe the movements of two corps, which at two separate times went out under Colonel Wellesley's orders, on special service from Seringapatam; and each contains this remarkable expression:—" Everything goes well, because Colonel Wellesley is in command. Whatever he undertakes he does admirably. Perhaps it was scarcely fair to employ him, rather than General ——; but we are all delighted to have him at our head; he makes us so confident and so comfortable."

The Duke's Indian correspondence, now before the world, shows that in every situation he paid strict regard to the principle of duty, and to that alone. When collecting grain in the Deccan, he puts from him the opportunity of which others took advantage to enrich themselves. He gains so little by his command at Seringapatam, that the necessary hospitalities incident to it threaten him with ruin. His patronage is never exercised except for the advancement of the public good, and in reward of meritorious services performed by individuals. Colonel Close asks him to provide for the son of an old officer who was the friend of both. He acknowledges the claim so far as it is admissible, but explains that he, and such as he, are bound to look, not to the ties of personal regard, but to the higher requirements of the public service. An offer is made to him of separate command, which he could not accept without outraging the feelings and doing injustice to the merits of a senior officer. He points out where the injustice lies, and, professing himself ready to do whatever may be required, suggests that the wrong in question ought not to be committed. And this at a time when his pecuniary affairs are in such confusion that he is obliged to his brother for the means of purchasing his steps; and is glad on the receipt of prize-money, because it enables him to repay the debt.

On his return home from India, where he had led large armies in the field, and administered the affairs of provinces equal in extent to many European kingdoms, he is appointed to the command of a brigade of infantry in Sussex. He goes through his routine duties zealously. Not a word of complaint or murmur escapes him; and when taunted, good-humouredly, with the change in his condition, he replies, "I have eaten the King's salt, and whatever he desires me to do that becomes my duty." His Irish Administration has, indeed, been described by some writers as disfigured by the grossest jobbery. Is this fair? Is this candid? Certainly Sir Arthur Wellesley jobbed; but let us not forget that in those days Government was avowedly carried on by influence; and that influence, especially in

Ireland, meant pensions, places, and hard cash. It is evident, however, from his manner of dispensing these arguments, that Sir Arthur Wellesley put its right value on the morality of such as were convinced by them. He despised his instruments even when he made use of them. But he never imagined, placed as he was in a subordinate situation, that the duty of purifying the political atmosphere had devolved upon him. He was, perhaps, the most open, and therefore the most honest, trafficker in Parliamentary support that ever bartered place or pension for votes. He never affected to believe in the principles of his correspondents. He knew them to be venal, and he bribed them because it was his duty to the Government which he served so to do.

It is impossible to imagine an ordeal more trying than that to which the character of Arthur Duke of Wellington has been subjected. All his secrets are before the world. Colonel Gurwood's collection of Despatches, as they were called, gave us such an insight into the mind of the writer as had never before been obtained into the inner being of any public man. The supplementary volumes published by the present Duke strip off the last rag of covering which clung to it. And the result is more and more to raise this extraordinary man in our estimation. The same spirit of integrity, the same devotion to duty, which were his pole-stars when rising into greatness, guided him to the end of his career. Whether he be in the field or in the senate, whether he strive to control the action of foreign Governments or to guide the counsels of the legislature at home, he seeks the attainment of one object, and seeks it honestly. He will not arrive at an end justifiable in itself, by means which cannot be justified. He will never do evil that good may come. He rejects with indignation the use of the dagger when offered to rid him of Dhoondiah; and he will give no countenance to Colonel D'Argenton's proposal to excite a mutiny in Soult's army. His great ground of quarrel with the Portuguese Regency is, that they are never true to their engagements; and that in their own persons they refuse to set the example of that obedience to law and right

which they exact, or profess to exact, from the peasantry. He condemns the Spanish Juntas and the Cortes, even while he obeys them, because they are more intent on promoting the views of party than on directing the energies of the country against the common enemy. And so it is at home. Believing that the will of the nation can be constitutionally expressed only through the two Houses of Parliament, he will give no countenance to the formation of loyal societies out of doors, even at a time when, between political unions on one side and repeal associations on the other, the power both of the Legislature and of the Crown seems to him on the eve of dissolution. Nor was the case otherwise in matters of less prominent importance. He has trusts imposed upon him, and in no instance will he use them except for the public good. The freemen of Sandwich, Dover, and the other Cinque Ports, may vote as they please. He will neither give place to the supporters of his own policy, nor refuse it to such as oppose him, except upon the ground of personal fitness. He declines to put into the Trinity House an individual of whom he knows nothing, though the applicant employs a prelate to beg for him, and avers that he had been instrumental in saving the Duke's life. He discountenances a proposal to damage or throw out a bill which is most distasteful to himself, because the means suggested appear to be dishonest. Whatever partook, or seemed to partake, of the crooked or disingenuous, was abhorrent to his nature; nor would any considerations of probable gain even to the country induce him to take part in it. Indeed, he goes further. More than one public man of acknowledged ability and weight in the House of which he was a member, made proposals to the Duke which, in his estimation, amounted to a breach of faith with their colleagues. He declined to receive such proposals, and preferred the imminent hazard of defeat to the prospect of success, by no means an obscure one, through the help of those whom "he could not trust."

Foreign writers are prone to compare the Duke of Wellington as a military commander with Napoleon, and to give, as is not perhaps unnatural in their case, the preference

to the latter. I dissent from this judgment, as indeed I do from any endeavour to draw a parallel between men who neither in their moral nor in their intellectual organization had anything in common. Contrasted they may be—to compare them is impossible. Napoleon could not serve. He never undertook a trust in a subordinate situation which he did not divert to purposes of his own aggrandizement. He never, when advanced to the pinnacle of power, entered into an engagement which he was not prepared, when it suited his own interests, to violate. The Duke was the most perfect servant of his King and country that the world ever saw. He flourished, no doubt, in a condition of society which presented insuperable obstacles to the accomplishment of ambitious projects, had he been unwise enough to entertain them. But there is proof in almost every line which he has written, in almost every word which he spoke, that, be the condition of society what it might, the one great object of his life would have been to secure the ascendency of law and order, and to preserve the throne and the constitution of the country unharmed. Nor can you place your finger upon a single engagement into which the Duke ever entered, whether in private life as a member of society, or in public life as a general or a statesman, the terms of which were not rigidly fulfilled, however serious to himself the inconveniences might be.

But this is not all. An attempted parallel between two men whose lots were cast in moulds so essentially unlike fails at every turn. One, falling upon a season of anarchy and confusion, raised himself by the force of his own genius to supreme power; the other, born into a constitutional and well-regulated state, aimed only at serving his country, and served it faithfully. One, master of the greatest empire which the world has ever seen, wielded its enormous resources at pleasure; filled up his ranks by a process of unlimited conscription, and repaired the disaster of to-day by the victory of to-morrow. The other, acting under the control of a Government parsimonious yet extravagant, feeble and vacillating, because dependent for its existence on the popular will, could not reckon from one day to an-

other on being supported in any enterprise. To him victory itself was pregnant with danger; a single defeat would have been ruin; because battles, however they may terminate, cannot be fought without some loss; and the losses of an army which is recruited by voluntary enlistment are hard to supply. If, indeed, you seek to bring these two men into comparison, you must do so by considering what each did with the means at his disposal, till you arrive at an epoch when they are fairly pitted against each other in the field, and one goes down. Even then, however, your comparison will be incomplete, and the inference drawn from it imperfect. Let them stand apart, therefore, each in his own niche within the temple of fame which they helped to rear one for the other, while you look back into history in search of leaders of armies with whom they may more appropriately and severally be brought into parallelism.

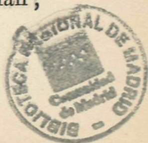
And here to the mind of the scholar will occur at once the names of two warriors, each a world's wonder in his day, whose position, whose genius, and, subject to obvious exceptions, the very detail of whose careers correspond with marvellous exactitude to those of Napoleon and our own Wellington.

Alexander the Macedonian was indeed born to a throne, and died a victor, lamenting that there were no more worlds to conquer. But Alexander's glory was achieved, and his victories won, in every instance, over armies far less perfectly organized than his own, and over generals immeasurably his inferiors. Alexander's tactics were bold, often rash, always aggressive, and his obstinacy was as strong as his arrogance was extravagant. The resources of each new state, as he overran it, were applied by him to purposes of further conquest, and if he escaped the destruction with which he seemed to be threatened in Bactria, it was because his troops refused to follow him further, and he was compelled, sorely against his will, to yield to their remonstrances.

Napoleon established his military reputation in contests with such leaders as Melas, Mack, and the Duke of Brunswick. He brought against armies drilled in the formal pre-

cision of Frederick's school new tactics, which had their rise rather in the necessities of the great French Revolution than in the genius of him who was its creature. His most memorable battles, likewise, were fought with numbers scarcely exceeding those with which Alexander forced the passage of the Granicus. It was only after he had annexed Holland, Belgium, and Italy, that he brought into the field such hosts as dictated peace to Austria in the palace of Schönbrunn, and perished through lack of forethought on the march from the Vistula to Moscow. Finally, he gave the law to continental Europe for ten years, because Europe was constrained to enslave itself, and he died at last defeated and in exile, only because self-worship had become the ruling passion of his nature. Might not Alexander have fallen as Napoleon fell had circumstances induced him to turn his arms against the Romans, or had there been in the far East a people prepared to make the sacrifice which Russia made, when she committed her ancient capital to the flames, in order that the invaders might not find shelter within its walls?

Turn now to the careers of Hannibal and of Wellington, and observe in how many particulars these testify to the presence in each of the same temper, the same forethought, the same indomitable will, the same extraordinary genius for political not less than for military affairs, the same postponement of self and the claims of self to public duty. Both established their reputation as brilliant soldiers while serving against troops inferior to their own, and under the direction of kinsmen, not the least of whose merits it was that they knew how to make use of them. What Hannibal had been in Spain, when Asdrubal, his brother-in-law commanded there, Wellington became in India during the governor-generalship of his brother Lord Mornington. The former, though subordinate in rank, led the Carthaginians in the field as often as any enterprise requiring more than common skill and conduct was determined upon; and by his successes enabled Asdrubal to extend the limits of the Carthaginian empire to the Iberus. The latter, while yet a colonel, pacified Mysore, and defeated Dhoondiah;



and being one of the youngest major-generals in the country, gained the battle of Assaye, and brought the great Mahratta confederation to the feet of the East India Company. It may be accounted an accident that, with so many centuries between, these two great men should have equally assumed, for the first time, the chief command of armies in the Spanish Peninsula; yet out of that circumstance, whether accidental or not, events arose which bring their characters more and more into parallelism. Hannibal and Wellington were both citizens of free states, of states governed by popular or aristocratic assemblies, in which party and its claims were at least as much attended to as the requirements of the public good. Both served Powers which were rather naval than military, which were more ambitious of wealth, more covetous of influence, than bent upon the extension of their territorial limits. The highest ambition of Carthage was to become the first maritime nation of the Old World, and having accomplished that end, she made use of her navy to push her commerce everywhere. Powerful at sea, she was comparatively weak on shore, not through any lack of courage in her inhabitants, but because her military system was radically unsound, and she was too free and too wealthy to endure a better. What followed? As soon as Hannibal found himself in independent command, he was glad to borrow from the Romans all that was best in their system, and to apply it, as far as circumstances would permit, to his own army; just as Wellington learned many useful lessons from the French, and would have learned more, but that the nature of the Government under which he served prevented him.

Again, Carthage, with professions of peace continually upon her lips, was continually engaged in war, into which the cupidity of her merchants, rather than the ambition of her Government, usually hurried her. And the mercantile element prevailing over the military in her councils, she starved, both in men and means, almost every foreign expedition which she sent out. So also it was, and, to a certain extent, continues to be, with England. Her fleets, manned by the press-gang, swept the ocean during

the war of the French Revolution; her armies, raised by voluntary enlistment, were wasted upon enterprises as profitless as they were discursive.

When Hannibal broke with the Romans, by undertaking the siege of Saguntum, his force consisted of perhaps 80,000 men, of whom less than one half were drawn from Africa. The remainder consisted of Spaniards and, as we should now call them, Portuguese (Vaccæi, Olcades, Vettones, and others), whom he drilled in the Carthaginian tactics, and officered, in the higher ranks at least, with Carthaginian leaders. If inferior in some respects to the best of his Carthaginian legions, these became, under such management, excellent troops, and supplied the place of the reinforcements which his own Government was either unable or unwilling to send him. If Wellington had not found in Portugal facilities for recruitment, he could have neither held his ground within the lines of Torres Vedras, nor made his famous march from the Tagus to the Ebro.

Again, the appliances which are indispensable towards carrying on war, such as money, stores, provisions, means of transport, Hannibal was obliged to create for himself. The supplies furnished to him from Africa, besides arriving in driblets, were always inadequate. Had not his administrative abilities been of the first order, he never could have begun his march towards Italy. Wellington's case, in its leading features, was very much the same. The most serious of the difficulties with which he had to contend, were occasioned by the negligence or short-sightedness of his own Government. He might have starved, he certainly would have become immovable, but that he created for himself a commissariat, a mint, a foreign trade in corn, magazines, and, above all, a system of transport which never failed him.

Even in their special excellences as commanders of troops, there is a striking similarity between the two men. Both were quick in establishing channels of intelligence, by means of which they became acquainted with all the enemy's movements. Both excelled in one of the most difficult operations of war, the passage of rivers. Wellington on

the Douro and the Adour is but the counterpart of Hannibal on the Rhone and the Po; each crossed where the enemy least expected him, and by means which were as effective as they were hazardous. We may place them side by side also in the care which they took of their troops, and in their forethought which provided that the baggage necessary to this end should never be far in the rear. They equally saved their people from exposure to every uncalled-for hardship; they equally kept them, as far as possible, well clothed, well fed, and above all, well shod.

To the superficial observer, it may appear that, so far as dash and enterprise are concerned, Hannibal leaves Wellington far behind; and the fragmentary account which has reached us of the passage of the Alps, and of the brilliant campaigns which followed, may serve to give weight to this opinion. But two points deserve consideration here. First, Is that an enterprise worthy of a great general which separates him from his base of operations, leaving him no alternative between complete success and total destruction? and next, did Hannibal, when he invaded Italy, commit this grievous error, exposing himself thereby to an amount of risk which there was nothing in the state of his own or the enemy's preparations to justify? The former of these questions will be answered in the negative, by all who understand what wise enterprise is. The second cannot receive a reply in the affirmative, except at the expense of Hannibal's military reputation, which no competent judge will venture to assail. The truth is, that Hannibal's inroad into Italy was quite as safe, or he believed it to be so, as Wellington's early attempts to penetrate from Portugal into Spain; first, when, side by side with Cuesta, he fought the battle of Talavera; and again, when after the battle of Salamanca, he made his entry into Madrid. He undertook both operations, trusting to the assurances of the Spaniards that they would supply the wants of his army, and operate, at least, a diversion in his favour. It was thus that Hannibal acted 2000 years before Wellington was born. From the Ebro to the Alps he conquered, and took military possession; and he crossed