

fine, a thoroughly honest man ;—Marlborough a brilliant scoundrel.

There seemed to be but little of the soft green of humanity about the recently departed warrior. He was, in appearance at least, a hard man, who always did his own duty, and exacted from others the full tale of theirs. He had seen, too, in his first and only disastrous campaign,—that of the Duke of York in the Netherlands,—the direful effects of unrestrained licence in an army. Enraged by numerous petty acts of violence and plunder, the people of the country became at length undisguisedly hostile to their nominal allies, and greatly enhanced the dangers and difficulties of their frequent retreats. And Wellington, taught, it is said, by the lesson, was ever after a stern disciplinarian, and visited at times with what was deemed undue severity, the liberties taken by his soldiery with the property of an allied people. And so he possessed much less of the *love* of the men who served under him, than not only the weaker but tender-hearted Nelson, but than also the genial and good-humoured Duke of York,—a prince whom no soldier ever trusted as a general, or ever disliked as a man. But never did general possess more thoroughly the *confidence* of his soldiers than Wellington. Wherever he led, they were prepared to follow. We have been told by an old campaigner, who had fought under him in one of our Highland regiments in all the battles of the Peninsula, that on one occasion, in a retreat, the corps to which he belonged had been left far behind in the rear of their fellows, and began to express some anxiety regarding the near proximity of the enemy. “I wish,” said one, “I saw ten thousand of our countryfolk beside us. “I wish, rather,” rejoined another, “that I saw the long nose of the Duke of Wellington.” A few minutes after, however, the Duke was actually seen riding past, and from that moment confidence was restored in the regiment. They felt that the