

glory shall remain as a spectral apparition until history itself shall have passed away. The neglect with which this generation has treated the conqueror of the bloody Belgian field, is, like the devotion with which it has glorified the founder of the Confederation of the Rhine, to be attributed not to the justice of the past, but rather to the circumstances of the present. Napoleon was the herald of confusion, of war, of destruction, of a chaos out of which there was expected to come an ideal society, an ideal continent, a hundred generations of peace after a hundred generations of war. Wellington came when the great Revolution—the sublime lesson to Europe—was at the doors of death. It had ignominiously failed to accomplish its tremendous design. It was therefore expected that its effect was at an end. Nothing more could it do. Still it had been mighty. It was meet, then, to its memory that it should greatly and grandly die. Wellington seemed to have been appointed to conduct its funeral rites. Under his supervision the mighty monster passed away. Such was the original Napoleonic period. A century subsequently—to-day—the spirit of Napoleon again revives. That it should do so is only what the reflective mind would naturally expect. The circumstances of the present are similar to the circumstances of a century ago. Peace has reigned in Europe for nearly a quarter of a century. But the peace has been only the sunlight surrounded by the shadow, all the brighter because of the gloom which is to come. Men are looking for a deliverer, a Napoleon who will bear with him a consecrated sword. And can it be considered strange that they should turn rather to the forerunner of a hopeful destruction than to him who gave to his generation the most unpopular of all blessings, the terrible blessing of a hopeless peace?

Notwithstanding the neglect of his early posterity, there is just at the present time considerable profit to be derived from a study of the life of the Iron Duke, not merely on account of the intrinsic advantage to be derived from the contemplation of a life eminently splendid as the unbroken series of its brilliant and successful achievements, but also as the most complete and the only reliable commentary on the adventurous career of Napoleon. Napoleon's greatness is not to be read in his own deeds alone, but also in the plans, in the schemes, in the plots and in the intrigues of his innumerable illustrious contemporaries. The lives of his Ministers, Fouché and Meneval and Talleyrand, cast a bright light on Napoleon's great abilities as a statesman. They show how he was enabled to employ the sharpest and keenest weapons to accomplish his vast and complex designs without any injury being given to himself; they indicate how his disasters served only to reveal latent capacities, apparently inconsistent with an energy and activity which he had already manifested. Cunning as were his Ministers, he was far more cunning; and strategic as were the measures with which they opposed his intentions, his measures were far more strategic still. Not one train of thought only, but many trains of thought—and those of numerous and diverse varieties—occupied his mind at a single occasion, from the carefully constructed plans contrived to enable him to receive an extra hour's slumber in a fortnight, to the herculean schemes whereby he would avert the catastrophe of a reaction when he should have laid the British Empire in confusion and in ruin at his feet. The life of Wellington, however, reveals another aspect, another chamber of the genius of the great French general, the department of mind in which is represented the myriad dramas of his military undertakings.

The man who was destined by a fate which seems to have controlled the eighteenth century to become the greatest of all English warriors, Arthur Wellesley, the future first Duke of Wellington, was born in Ireland—some biographers say at Dublin, others at Dangan Castle, County of Meath—on a date which as well as the locality is also disputed, but which recognized authority has since accepted as the first day of May, 1769. His father was a peer, the Earl of Mornington, through whom he traced his ancestry across the unsettled centuries of Irish history to the founder of the house of Wellesleigh, a devoted Subject of King Edward the First of England, who, it is interesting to remember, commanded a rude army of the warriors of a stormy native country during the fierce campaigns of a stormy Scottish war. The early years of the young peer are so uncertain in their details that they may be said to be hopelessly lost in the mystery of untreasured traditions. His

mother—the ordinary boy's best parent—was in his case the worst, and it is said that Lady Mornington always entertained an unconquerable aversion for her son who in his youth was afflicted with a painful physical malady. Wellesley spent many years of his boyhood at the schools of Chelsea and Eton, but his courses in both these historic institutions were distinguished by no manifestation of the mental greatness which, before another generation should have passed away, was destined to exercise an influence which has few parallels through the centuries upon the future history of the civilized world. A brief and interesting summary of those early years is recorded in a manner which indicates a rare skill and judgment on the part of the biographer, in the last—which is in many particulars the best—of the many worthy biographies of the Iron Duke*. To narrate the occurrences of those years would be but to quote the paragraphs which can be read to advantage only in Mr. Hooper's scholarly study of the eventful career of the greatest military figure that has ever appeared in the pages of history or of romance. A very early age found the future hero performing correctly the difficult task of choosing an avocation, and by the time he was twenty-one years of age he had become an officer in that army which, before he had passed his prime, he should lead, amidst innumerable perils, some recorded, and some forgotten, to the most momentous of victories.

Before he had attained to a very high rank in the army, Wellesley became a member of Grattan's famous Irish Parliament, but this honour he resigned ere yet he had achieved any great Parliamentary eminence, in order to enter as a soldier into that prolonged and varied conflict, which, after raging with intermittent continuation and uncontrollable violence in every continent on the globe, terminated only with the close of the military career of a general whose equal the world has never seen. At the end of a year of service on the continent, Wellesley's regiment returned to England, and he sought civil employment. His regiment was shortly after its return appointed to the West Indies, but the young officer was too ill at the time of the appointment to accompany his comrades to the West. As soon, however, as he recovered sufficiently to justify activity he accepted command in England's newest colony—in that empire which had been illuminated by the glory of brilliant names that were all fated to fade in the glory of a name which was greater and more resplendent than yet had been.

The eighteenth century had been a tremendous period in the history of the British Empire in India. Clive and Hastings had constructed from the mouldering ruins of many peoples, many states, and many thrones, a dominion more enduring and more splendid than ever had existed in India since that barbaric generation of kings who fell before the founder of the throne of the Moguls. That dominion, however, still contained many elements which were eminently hostile to its unity. The presence of the French—especially when in Europe they were at that time under arms—was not an element which would probably preserve peace in the land. On the contrary, they were the immediate cause of the boundless English conquests in the East. For in India alone, of all the theatres of action, during this universal dissolution of empires, there was visible a prize, which was indeed worthy of being won.

To dwell on the rapid succession of victories which were won by the young British commander, adding glory to the fame and territory to the dominions of the hereditary foe of France, would be to condense the most interesting chapters of the numerous well-written histories of English rule in the kingdoms of the orient. In Mr. Hooper's admirable contribution to this subject, he conducts with superior skill his entranced readers through the many memorable scenes which followed one another with extraordinary rapidity in the great eastern military drama. When perusing these pages, picture after picture floats in tragic and ghastly splendour before the animated imagination. The wars waged along the undefined lines, which, aided by the sword, mark the frontier, the conflicts in the dense jungles hidden deep in the lonely wilds of lovely Hindostan, the renown of the engagement at Sedascer, the glory of the battle of Mallavelly, the brilliance of the siege of Seringapatam, the

* "The Life of the Duke of Wellington." By Mr. George Hooper. (English Men of Action Series.) London and New York: The Macmillan Co., Ltd. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.