

infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery.

"I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

The Duke of Wellington was exceedingly simple in his manners, and temperate in his habits. He was remarkable for the pith and epigrammatic point of his sayings, many of which have become proverbs; and, though not pretending to the character of a wit, no man, perhaps, has ever said so many good things. He was generous and charitable in an extraordinary degree, though these were qualities never associated with his character, and it was only in his last years, and by mere accident, that his munificence in this respect became known to the public. He slept little, and, whether from old military associations or for health sake, used a hard mattress and a camp bed. He even denied himself the luxury of a feather pillow, his head rested on a pillow of hair, covered with chamois leather, which was always carried for his use wherever he went from home. He appeared to avoid display in his dress, equipage, and attendants, preferring horse exercise to the state and luxury of a carriage; and even when increasing weakness rendered it a task of some difficulty to sit erect upon horseback, day after day he was still to be seen ambling slowly down to the House of Lords, touching his hat to the crowds assembled round the entrance to catch a glimpse of the veteran warrior. His household was a model of good order and good management. He incurred no debts, and his bills were discharged every week, with unflinching punctuality. He was assiduous in the management of Stratfieldsaye—a very bad investment of the public money, being so unproductive that he used to say it would have ruined any man but himself. He was a good and generous landlord, and universally beloved by his tenantry. His Waterloo banquets, which for many years drew around him all his surviving companions in arms in this his last glorious field, were the only exceptions to his usual indifference to display. On these occasions only the massive services of plate and priceless china, pictures, statues, and all the other favours, honors, and presents which had been conferred upon him by the Sovereigns of Europe, were not inappropriately displayed.

The Duke was called at half-past six, his usual hour for rising, on the morning of his death, but refused to get up, and on his valet coming to call him again at seven, he desired him to send for the apothecary. Mr. — of Walmer, his usual medical attendant, was accordingly summoned, and his Grace complained of a pain in his stomach, but as he had eaten a hearty dinner of venison on the previous evening, he was considered to be suffering

only from an attack of indigestion, and the practitioner merely ordered him a slight repast of dry toast and tea, without prescribing any medicine. Soon afterwards, however, the Duke was seized with an epileptic fit, and a succession of fits ensued, carrying the great soldier from the stage on which he had played so prominent a part, without affording him time to bid it adieu. Lord Charles Wellesley, his second son, was present at this last sad scene, but the Marquis of Douro had not this satisfaction, though he has since arrived from Baden Baden to discharge the last duties to the remains of his illustrious parent.

The titles of the deceased are perhaps the most numerous and varied ever bestowed on an individual. Duke of Wellington, and of Ciudad Rodrigo, and de Vittoria, Prince of Waterloo, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Conde de Vimiera, and Field Marshal of England (date 1817); also a Field Marshal in the armies of Russia, Prussia, Portugal, and the Netherlands; Captain General of Spain, and Grandee of the First Class; Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade; Constable of the Tower and Dover Castle; Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire and of the Tower Hamlets; Chancellor of the University of Oxford; Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; Master of the Trinity House; President of the Military Academy; Governor of King's College, &c., &c.; Commander or Knight of seventeen foreign orders, and D.C.L. His Grace completed his 83rd year on the first of May last.

The Duke is succeeded by his son Arthur, Marquis of Douro, who was born in 1807. He is a Colonel in the army, and married in 1839 a daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DESCENT FROM EDWARD I.

ONE of the most interesting facts connected with the Duke of Wellington's ancestry is, that His Grace descended, in an unbroken line, from the Royal House of Plantagenet, and was consequently of kin, though remotely, to Queen Victoria. This Royal descent can be 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 Humphrey 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 Humphrey 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 6th Earl of Ormonde (6th in descent from the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet).