

masters of their art, and to troops far superior in discipline to his own. If his battles were not those of a great tactician, they enabled him to be called a great man. No disaster could, for one moment, deprive him of his firmness, or of the entire possession of all his faculties. His defeats were repaired with such marvellous celerity, that before his enemies had sung the *Te Deum* he was again ready for the conflict; nor did his adverse fortune ever deprive him of the respect and confidence of his soldiers. That respect and confidence he owed in no small measure to his personal courage. Courage, in the degree which is necessary to carry a soldier, without disgrace, through a campaign, is possessed, or might, under proper training, be acquired by the great majority of men. But courage like that of William is rare indeed. He was proved by every test; by war; by wounds; by painful and depressing maladies; by raging seas; by the imminent and constant risk of assassination—a risk which has shaken very strong nerves—a risk which severely tried even the adamantite fortitude of Cromwell. Yet none could ever discover what that thing was which the Prince of Orange feared. His advisers could with difficulty induce him to take any precaution against the pistols and daggers of conspirators. Old sailors were amazed at the composure which he preserved, amidst roaring breakers, on a perilous coast. In battle his bravery made him conspicuous, even among tens of thousands of brave warriors; drew forth the generous applause of hostile armies, and was

never questioned, even by the injustice of hostile factions. During his first campaigns he exposed himself like a man who sought for death; was always foremost in the charge, and last in the retreat; fought, sword in hand, in the thickest press, and, with a musket ball in his arm, and the blood streaming over his cuirass, still stood his ground, and waved his hat under the hottest fire. His friends adjured him to take more care of a life invaluable to his country; and his most illustrious antagonist, the great Conde, remarked, after the bloody day of Seneff, that the Prince of Orange had, in all things, borne himself like an old General, except in exposing himself like a young Soldier. William denied that he was guilty of temerity. It was, he said, from a sense of duty, and on a cool calculation of what the public interest required, that he was always at the post of danger. The troops which he commanded had been little used to war, and shrank from a close encounter with the veteran soldiery of France. It was necessary their leader should show them how battles were to be won. And, in truth, more than one day which had seemed hopelessly lost, was retrieved by the hardihood with which he rallied his broken battalions, and cut down, with his own hand, the cowards who set the example of flight. Sometimes, however, it seemed he had a strange pleasure in venturing his person. It was remarked his spirits were never so high, and his manners never so gracious and easy, as amidst the tumult and carnage of a battle. Even in his pastime