denly yielded to internal decay, when no one looked for its fall; and the echoes of the unexpected crash resound mournfully, far and wide, through the forest. The consideration will, we are afraid, form but a doubtful solace to Britons of the present generation, that they will scarce again witness the fall of aught so goodly or so great.

The Duke of Wellington was the last, and at least *one* of the greatest, of that group of great men whose histories we find specially connected with the history of the first French Revolution. He pertained to a type of man so rare, that we can enumerate only two other examples in the great Teutonic family to which he belonged,—George Washington and Oliver Cromwell. Of spare and meagre imagination, and of intellect not at all cast in the literary or oratorical mould, they yet excelled all their fellows in the possession of a gigantic common sense, rarer, we had almost said, than genius itself, but which, in truth, constituted genius of a homely and peculiar, but not the less high order, and which better fitted them to be leaders of men than the more brilliant and versatile genius of a Shakspeare or of a Milton would have done. The ability of seeing what in all circumstances was best to be done, and an indomitable resolution and power of will which enabled them to do it, constituted the peculiar faculties in which they surpassed all their contemporaries. With more imagination they would have perhaps attempted more, and, in consequence, have accomplished less. Napoleon possessed powers which in Cromwell, or in Napoleon's great rival and ultimate conqueror the Duke, had no place. Neither the Lord Protector nor Wellington could have gloated over the overwrought sentiment and vivid description of an Ossian; nor yet could they have entranced by their extempore tales, brilliant parties of thoroughly cultivated taste, and familiar with the best literary models of the age. But then, neither Cromwell nor the Duke would have sealed their ruin by a Russian campaign.