

tactics of Wellington. At length a day came when France could spare no more troops to the Peninsula ; all its armies were required for the defence of its northern frontier, for the army of Napoleon had been broken in his disastrous Russian campaign, and the allies were pressing upon their lines. And then Wellington, taking off his hat, and rising in his stirrups,—for he saw that his time had at length come,—bade farewell to Portugal. He broke the power of the French in Spain in one great battle ; repressed and beat back Soult, who had rushed across the Pyrenees to oppose him ; and finally terminated the war at Toulouse, far within the frontiers of France. He had wrought out his apparently unsolvable problem by sweeping the Peninsula of the three hundred thousand French troops that had held it ; and, though once so inexplicable, it now seems in the main an exceedingly simple problem after all. But Christopher Columbus was the only man in a certain company who could make an egg stand on end ; and the only man of the age who could have swept out of Spain, with his handful of troops, the three hundred thousand Frenchmen, was Arthur Wellesley. At least none of the others who attempted the feat,—including even Sir John Moore,—had got any hold whatever of the master idea through which it was done ; and we know that some of our ablest men at home held that there was no master idea in the case, and that the feat was wholly impracticable.

As a statesman the Duke of Wellington held a considerably lower place than as a warrior. With bodies of men regarded simply as physical forces no man could deal more skilfully : with bodies of men regarded as combinations of faculties, rational and intellectual, he frequently failed. He could calculate to a nicety on the power of an armed battalion, but much less nicely on the power of an armed opinion. And all the graver mistakes of his career we find in this