

**THE WORDS OF WELLINGTON;
COLLECTED FROM HIS
DISPATCHES, LETTERS, AND
SPEECHES, WITH ANECDOTES,
ETC.**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649210190

The words of Wellington; collected from his dispatches, letters, and speeches, with anecdotes, etc. by Arthur Wellesley Wellington & Edith Walford Blumer

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ARTHUR WELLESLEY WELLINGTON & EDITH WALFORD BLUMER

**THE WORDS OF WELLINGTON;
COLLECTED FROM HIS
DISPATCHES, LETTERS, AND
SPEECHES, WITH
ANECDOTES, ETC.**

Rare
1863



THE WORDS OF WELLINGTON.



" For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

" He was the grandest, because the truest man whom modern times have produced; he was the wisest and most loyal subject that ever served and supported the English throne."—THE
REV. G. R. GLEIG (*The Chaplain General*).

" The man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Play'd in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most did value still was won.
This is the Happy Warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be."

WORDSWORTH.

THE WORDS OF WELLINGTON,

COLLECTED FROM HIS DESPACHES,

LETTERS, AND SPEECHES,

WITH ANECDOTES,

KTC.

COMPILED BY EDITH WALFORD.



NEW YORK :
SCRIBNER, WELFORD, AND CO.

1860.

CHICKWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILLIAMS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

Stack
Annex

DA

68.12

W4

1869



PREFACE.



VERY little need be said of this companion volume to the "Table-Talk of Napoleon." The same Compiler has carried out the suggestion of the Editor, and has sought from a long list of works upon the great Duke, from pamphlets, reviews, and chiefly from his own despatches, letters and speeches, the opinions of him who was certainly the greatest subject who ever lived. Opposed to one who has been called by Napier "the greatest genius and the greatest soldier who ever lived," he had the happiness to conquer him; but greater than the glory of conquest was the contrast which our great General exhibited to Napoleon. One lived for himself, the other for his country; one raised himself to a throne, the other was loyally content to be a subject; one was restless in his ambition, the other always quiet in his noble subservience. The end of one was Glory, of the other Duty.

The character of the Duke of Wellington has been, curiously enough, better appreciated by M. de Brialmont than by most of his own countrymen. By the stupid misapplication of the name of a steamboat to an old and failing man, a gentle-hearted, tender, prayerful nature was mistaken for a hard and iron heart. If we choose to recollect that Wellington answered every letter that he received, even from beggars, that he gave thousands of pounds away in charity, that he never met an old soldier who had fought with him but he gave him a guinea, that he often laughed good-naturedly at the plots laid to impose upon that very *good* nature, we shall not consider him an iron Duke, and we shall learn to love as well as to venerate him.

Here in these pages the reader will find, over and over again, proofs of the great Duke's simpleness, honesty, modesty and noble-mindedness; of his truth, candour, bravery of soul; of his earnestness, foresight, hard work; of his care for his soldiers, his mental generosity to rivals, his simplicity and true greatness. He will find nothing exaggerated, indeed the records of such a life look little beside that of a more expanded and less noble hero, as a well proportioned body looks compact and small. When we consider how great were his deeds, we are struck with the modesty and the smallness of his words. His creed was in a short space: "The Lord's Prayer," he said, "contained the sum total of religion and morals," that prayer was the guide to a life whose end was "doing duty."

But short as are his sentences his utterances are weighty. They are not theatrical, not spoken for effect, but they are true; how prophetically wise one may see by his speech on the Protestant Church, 129 *et seq.*; his warnings on the state of Ireland in the year 1834; his ideas on Trades Unions, p. 159; his prophecy about our Railways, p. 151; his simple words on the Jewish Disabilities; and, indeed, on many other topics. So clear was his vision that his speeches of forty years ago might serve, with scarcely the alteration of a word, for "leading articles" of to-day. But not for this only are his words valuable. As he said at Waterloo, "Gentlemen, we must keep pounding away," so he keeps reiterating through life his love of truth, attachment to duty, to the straight way which must always reach its object soonest. Hence his sentences must have peculiar worth, to the young especially, in times when money is often put before honour. But the finest praise ever given to him—or to any other man—was that by the Poet Laureate in one of the noblest odes ever written, and throwing some verses of that as a wreath of eternal laurel over his name, we leave the words of this truly great man to the public:—

His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour,
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent: yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the MAN who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;