

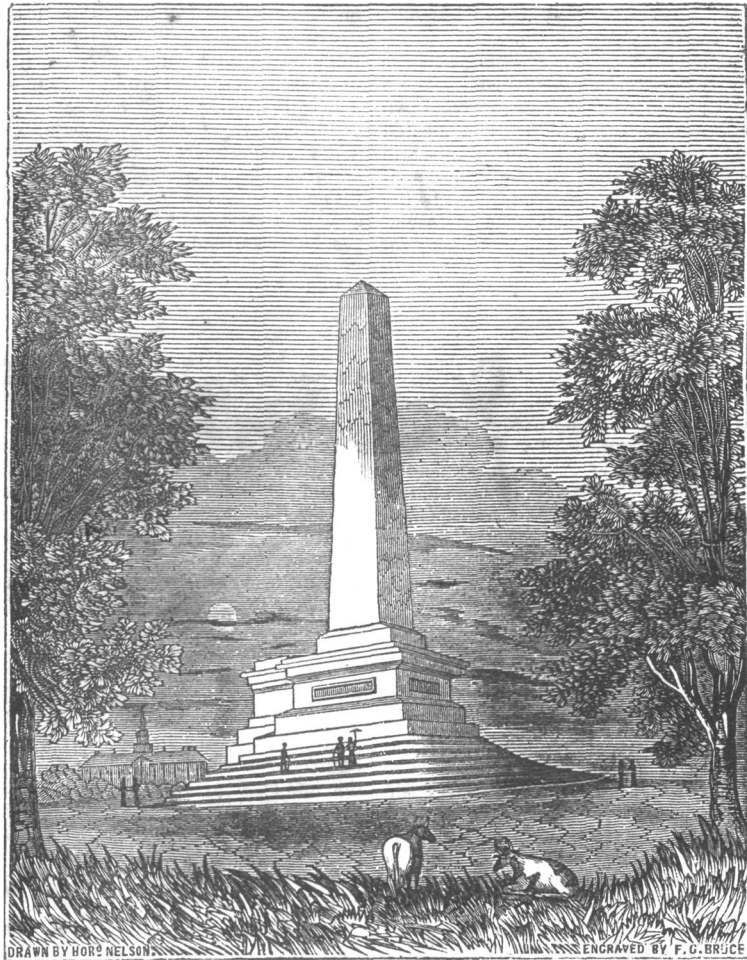
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THE WELLINGTON TESTIMONIAL.

This massive obelisk, designed to commemorate the achievements of the illustrious Irishman whose name it bears, stands on the highest ground in the Phoenix Park, on a site formerly occupied by the Salute Battery, where twelve pieces of cannon were mounted for discharge on days of public rejoicings. On the summit of an immense flight of steps stands a square pedestal, on the four sides of which are pannels, with figures in basso relievo, emblematic of the principal victories won by the noble Duke. From this rises the massive obelisk, truncated, and, as will be seen by the above drawing, of thick and heavy proportions. On the sides of the obelisk, from the top to the base, are inscribed the names of all the places in which victories were gained by the Duke, from his first career in India to the battle of Waterloo. Opposite to, and standing on the centre of, the principal point, is an insulated pedestal, on which it is intended to place an equestrian statue of the hero after his decease. The dimensions of this lofty, though not very elegant structure, may be estimated from the following measurements:—The lowest step, forming the base, 480 feet in circuit; perpendicular section of steps 20 feet; sub-plinth of pedestal, on top of steps, 60 feet square, by 10 feet high; pedestal, 56 feet square, by 24 feet high; obelisk, 23 feet square at base,

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and 150 high, diminishing in the proportion of one inch to the foot. Total height of the Testimonial, 205 feet.

It is formed altogether of plain mountain granite; and cost £20,000, which was raised by public subscription, as a lasting testimony of a nation's gratitude to an individual, who had so well maintained the honour and valour of the country which gave him birth.

We feel that we cannot better follow up the preceding article, than by giving our readers a very brief outline of the history of the hero, to commemorate whose achievements the Testimonial was erected; as well as that of the very extraordinary individual from whose brow he snatched the laurel wreath, by a victory which, we have no doubt, will be looked upon in after ages as surpassing in splendour the very greatest of those achieved by the most renowned heroes of antiquity.

**NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.**

Napoleon Bonaparte, the most extraordinary character who has ever yet figured on the great theatre of the world, was born on the 15th August, 1769, at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica. His family, although not noble, were respectable, and had been, of some distinction during the

middle ages, in Italy, whence his ancestors had emigrated during the bloody feuds of the Guelphs and Gibellines. At seven years of age, Napoleon was admitted into the military school of Brienne; in every study likely to serve the future soldier, he soon became pre-eminent. In his manners and temper he was reserved and proud, made no particular acquaintance, lived by himself, and absorbed entirely among his books and maps, cultivated that mighty mind, which in after days subjugated and governed Europe.

The following brief epitome of his victories and reverses, all that our space will permit us to give, will afford a tolerably correct idea of his extraordinary career through life:—He gained 41 victories; captured 6 strong towns that stood sieges; entered 12 capitals; subjugated the Continent of Europe; created 9 new sovereigns; made 3 retreats; raised 1 siege; suffered 28 defeats; married two wives, both alive at the same time; in 1814, abdicated the throne of France, and became Emperor of Elba; in 1815, returned from Elba; entered Paris after a triumphal progress; held the *Champ-de-Mai*; advanced to the Netherlands; captured Charleroi; obtained a victory at Ligny; was defeated at Quatre Bras and Waterloo; returned to Paris; abdicated the government; repaired to Rochfort; surrendered to an English man-of-war; arrived in a British port; and was transported to St. Helena, where he died in 1821.

#### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Hon. Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, fourth son of the Earl of Mornington, was born May 1st, 1769, at Dangan Castle, County Meath, in Ireland. Having studied at Eton in England, and at Angers in France, in 1787, he was appointed ensign in the 41st regiment of foot: and after serving in the Netherlands, Cape of Good Hope, and India, where he gained several important victories, in 1806, took his seat in Parliament; was appointed colonel of the 33d regiment; and married Lady C. Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford. In 1808, he was appointed to command a force for the deliverance of Portugal; and in 1809, after a succession of splendid victories, received the thanks of Parliament, and a grant of £100,000. In 1811, he was created Earl and Marquis of Wellington; elected a Knight of the Garter; received the thanks of Parliament, with a grant of £100,000; was appointed colonel of the Horse Guards, and created Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo and Vittoria. In 1815, he entered Spain the third time. In 1814, he was created Duke of Wellington and Marquis of Douro, and received a grant from Parliament of £500,000. In 1815, he obtained victories over Ney at Quatre Bras, and Napoleon at Waterloo; advanced to Paris; captured Cambray, Peronne, and Paris; was created Prince of Waterloo, and appointed generalissimo of the Army of Occupation; effected the definitive treaty of Paris; received the thanks of Parliament, with a grant of £200,000.

During his triumphant career, he gained 28 victories; captured 11 strong towns that stood sieges; entered 5 capitals; made 3 retreats; raised 2 sieges; and suffered no defeats. Delivered Spain and Portugal; conquered the conqueror, and was the chief instrument in giving peace to Europe. Obtained a Principedom, three Dukedoms, three Marquisates, two Earldoms, the dignities of a Viscount and Baron, the highest military rank, and the military orders of all the sovereigns of Europe.

#### ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The following account of the Battle of Waterloo, condensed from M'Gregor's History of the French Revolution, will at once afford an idea of the horrors of war, and give a proof, if proof were required, of the extraordinary powers of the commanders engaged on the occasion.

The night previous to the battle of Waterloo was a fit prelude to the fury and carnage of the coming day: the tempest raged and the thunder rolled unremittingly, with such sheets of lightning and detuges of rain as are seldom seen but in tropical climates. Both armies had to sustain the rage of the elements, without means either of shelter or refreshment. The British soldiers were up to their knees in mud, and many of the officers lay down on this comfortless

bed in their ball dresses, which they had been unable to change. The men were employed during the intervals of rest in cleansing their arms, distributing ammunition, and making other necessary preparations for the approaching conflict, which they had cause to contemplate with feelings depressed below their ordinary tone. A toilsome advance and bloody action had been attended with no immediate result, but a retreat equally laborious. The defeat of the Prussians had left the enemy at liberty to assail them separately with superior forces, while more than half of their own army was composed of foreigners, on whose fidelity the British could not implicitly depend. To these gloomy reflections they had, indeed, to oppose the most enthusiastic reliance on the talents of their renowned leader, their own native undaunted courage, and a stern resolution to discharge their duty to their king and country, leaving the result to the all-wise Disposer of events. The French soldiers were animated by feelings of a very different kind; all among them was glow and triumph—"The Prussians were annihilated, the British defeated, and the great Lord astounded." They affected to fear that the English would not halt till they reached their vessels; nothing was more certain than that the Belgian troops would join the Emperor in a mass; and not a doubt was entertained that Napoleon would enter Brussels on the following day. With such illusions the French soldiers amused themselves, and they appeared chiefly to regret the tempest, as it afforded to the despairing enemy the means of retiring unmolested.

The whole of the French troops had come up during the night, to join in the expected pursuit; but how great was their astonishment, when, at the dawn of day, they beheld the British army drawn up in order of battle on the opposite heights. Napoleon exclaimed, with apparent exultation, "*Ah, je les liens dans les Anglois!*" (I have them at last, these English!). He instantly proceeded, with his usual quickness, to make the necessary arrangements for the approaching battle; and having compelled a farmer named *Blucher* to open the house called Belle Alliance, to act as his garde, he ascended an eminence, and acquainted himself with the various features of the surrounding country, every observation being carefully noted on a map which he carried in his hand. He then gave orders for the disposition of the troops, and before ten o'clock they were at their allotted stations. A courier had been previously dispatched to Marshal Grouchy, with orders to attack the Prussian position at Wavre with as much vivacity as possible, to cross the Dyle, and compel the main body of the Prussians to a general action. Though he must have been conscious that such an attempt would have terminated in the utter destruction of Grouchy's corps, yet he conceived any sacrifice necessary, which would afford him a considerable chance of obtaining a decisive victory over the Duke of Wellington, by giving full employment to Blucher's army.

The field upon which was now to be fought a battle, the most singular in its accompaniments, and the most momentous in its consequences, of any recorded in the history of Europe, fruitful as its pages are in deeds of heroism and of blood, was not far distant from the spot where Dumourier gained the first victory of Revolutionary France over the Austrians, under Duke Albert of Saxe Teschen, and thus opened the flood gates for that torrent of bloodshed, plunder, and devastation, which, impelled by republican frenzy, or the ambition of a despot, had, for nearly a quarter of a century, banished peace from the earth. Now, though the scourge of war had spared the fruitful fields of Belgium for more than twenty years, its return seemed permitted by Providence, to achieve at one blow, the utter destruction of that military tyranny, by which France had so long trampled on the rights and independence of the other Continental States. Here it was that the two greatest generals of the age, were to contend for the first time in mortal combat, one for the re-establishment of an usurped throne, and the other for the deliverance of Europe from the horrors of another protracted and sanguinary war, which would have been the too probable consequences of his adversary's success.

The road from Brussels runs through the forest of Soignies, a wood composed of beech trees, growing very