

accompany him. Lord Sidmouth told Mr. Rush, the American ambassador, that in the course of a visit he had received from Nelson, three weeks before the battle of Trafalgar, he described the plan of it, with bits of paper on a table, as it was afterwards fought.* Yet he had a presentiment of his own fate. The coffin which was made out of the mast of l'Orient was deposited at an upholsterer's. He desired its history to be engraved on its lid, saying that he should probably want it on his return. When he arrived at Portsmouth on the 14th of September, the enthusiasm of the people reached that height which sometimes gives a character of sublimity to the movements of multitudes acting with one heart. They wept; they blessed him; they even knelt as he passed along. The cheer which went up from thousands of voices as his barge pushed off to his flag-ship, was the Godspeed of his country. He waved his hat—a last farewell to England.

The 29th of September was Nelson's birthday. On that day he arrived off Cadiz. He had sent forward the Euryalus frigate to inform Collingwood of his approach, and to direct that no salute should be fired, to apprise the enemy that the British fleet had been reinforced. When he took the command, he had twenty-seven sail of the line, with which he retired to a station more than sixteen leagues from Cadiz, leaving two frigates to watch the harbour. He established also a line of communication between his main body and the frigates. On the day that Nelson joined the fleet, Villeneuve had received the positive orders of Napoleon, that the French squadron should enter the Mediterranean, and, sweeping away the British cruisers and merchant vessels, should proceed to Toulon. The ships that had been damaged in the action with Calder were repaired, with the exception of one that was nearly destroyed. When Villeneuve determined to go out from Cadiz, he could not risk the attempt without the support of the Spanish squadron. The combined fleet, therefore, moved to the entrance of the harbour, all ready for a start with a fair wind. Eight days elapsed before the wind was favourable. On the 19th and 20th of October, thirty-three sail of the line, five frigates, and two brigs, weighed anchor and put to sea. Nelson had despatched six sail of the line to Gibraltar for stores and water. Sir Robert Calder desired to return home, and Nelson insisted that he should go in his own ninety-gun ship. There remained to him twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates. On the 9th, Nelson sent to Collingwood his plan of attack. It was conceived upon the general principle of breaking the line,—a principle, says Thiers, by which the English had

* Rush. "Residence at the Court of London," p. 459.

effected at sea a revolution similar to that which Napoleon had effected on land. But Nelson's plan of attack, in this his greatest adventure, was a more scientific application of the plan which had on many previous occasions been successful. The fleet was to move towards the enemy in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest two-deckers. Collingwood, having the command of one line, was to break through the enemy about the twelfth ship from their rear; Nelson would lead through the centre; the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ships a-head of the centre. The plan would necessarily vary according to the strength of the enemy; but its general object was, that the British should always be one-fourth superior to the ships which they cut off. Few signals would be made. One direction was worth many embarrassing orders: "No captain could do wrong who placed his ship close alongside that of an enemy."

When Nelson learned on the 19th that the combined fleet had put to sea, he concluded that their destination was the Mediterranean, and he immediately made all sail for the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar. At daylight on Monday, the 21st, when about seven leagues from Cape Trafalgar, the enemy was discovered six or seven miles to the eastward. Nelson was upon deck, and the signal was given to bear down in two lines, as arranged. Collingwood led one line in the Royal Sovereign; Nelson led the other line in the Victory. He retired to his cabin, and wrote down a prayer, that God would grant to his country a great and glorious victory; that no misconduct should be allowed to tarnish it; and that humanity after victory might be the fundamental feature in the British fleet: "For myself, individually, I commit my life to him that made me." He then wrote a Memorandum reciting the public services of lady Hamilton, and leaving her, as well as his adopted daughter, to the beneficence of his country. He was calm, but without that exhilaration of spirit which he exhibited in his other great battles. Of captain Blackwood he asked, what he should consider as a victory? The enemy had showed a bold front of battle; and Blackwood answered, that the capture of fourteen sail of the line would be a glorious result. "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty," said Nelson. He then inquired, whether a signal was not wanting? When Blackwood answered, that he thought the whole fleet knew what they were about, up went the signal which conveyed the immortal words, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY." Three cheers from every ship was the response.*

* The telegraph which communicated the noble exhortation was in numbers thus:

253 269 863 261 471 958 200 870 4 21 19 24
England expects that every man will do his d u t y.
See James's "Naval History," vol. iii. p. 289.

In the Painted Hall of Greenwich, under a glass cover, is the admiral's coat which Nelson wore on the 21st of October. On its left side are four embroidered stars, the emblems of the Orders with which he was invested. He was implored to put on a plainer dress, for there were riflemen amongst the four thousand troops which were on board the French and Spanish ships. No. What he had won he would wear. On the deck he stood, a mark for the enemy—one whose life was worth a legion. There was a carelessness about his own safety that day which was chivalrous, however unwise. He was persuaded to allow some other vessel to take the lead in his line. He gave a reluctant order, but he made every effort to counteract it, for he would not shorten sail himself. Collingwood, at the head of his line, made all sail, steering right through the enemy's centre: "See how that noble fellow carries his ship into action," said Nelson. "What would Nelson give to be here," said Collingwood. Collingwood was spared to write the despatch which told our country of its gain and of its loss.

"The action began at twelve o'clock, by the leading ships of the columns breaking through the enemy's line; the commander-in-chief about the tenth ship from the van, the second in command, about the twelfth from the rear, leaving the van of the enemy unoccupied, the succeeding ships breaking through, in all parts, astern of their leaders, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns: the conflict was severe; the enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their officers; but the attack on them was irresistible, and it pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to grant his majesty's arms a complete and glorious victory. . . . Such a battle could not be fought without sustaining a great loss of men. I have not only to lament, in common with the British navy, and the British nation, in the fall of the commander-in-chief the loss of a hero whose name will be immortal and his memory ever dear to his country, but my heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend, to whom, by many years intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection; a grief to which even the glorious occasion in which he fell does not bring that consolation which perhaps it ought."

The moving circumstances of the death of Nelson have been told by Southey with a touching fulness which has found its way to many a heart of the past and the present generations. He was shot from the mizzen-top of the Redoubtable, which he supposed had struck. He fell where his secretary had previously fallen

"They have done for me at last," he said to captain Hardy, "my back bone is shot through." He was carried below, covering his face and his stars with his handkerchief, that his crew might not see who had fallen. His wound was soon perceived to be mortal. Every now and then a ship struck, and the crew of the Victory huzzaed. Then his eyes lighted up for a moment. He lingered in great agony for a little more than three hours. The last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. Twenty of the French and Spanish ships had struck. But a gale came on; some of the prizes went down; others were wrecked on shore; one escaped into Cadiz; four only were saved. Four of the ships that made off during the action were captured on the 4th of November, by sir Richard Strachan. The French and Spanish navies never recovered, during the war, this tremendous blow. Napoleon's projects of invasion were at an end.

It was the 7th of November when Collingwood's despatches reached London. Pitt was roused in the night to read them. He said, a day or two after, that he had been called up at various times by the arrival of news, "but that whether good or bad he could always lay his head on his pillow and sink into sound sleep again. On this occasion, however, the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but at length got up, though it was three in the morning." * The feelings of the prime minister were shared by the humblest in the land. Malmesbury writes, "I never saw so little public joy. The illumination seemed dim, and, as it were, half clouded by the desire of expressing the mixture of contending feelings; every common person in the streets speaking first of their sorrow for him, and then of the victory." † The same feeling pervaded all, when the body of the hero was borne to St. Paul's on the 9th of January;—

"To thy country thou cam'st back
Thou, conqueror, to triumphal Albion cam'st
A corse. I saw before thy hearse pass on
The comrades of thy perils and renown.
The frequent tear upon their dauntless breasts
Fell. I beheld the pomp thick gather'd round
The trophied car that bore thy grac'd remains
Through arm'd ranks, and a nation gazing on
Bright glow'd the sun, and not a cloud distain'd
Heaven's arch of gold, but all was gloom beneath.
A holy and unutterable pang
Thrill'd on the soul. Awe and mute anguish fell
On all. Yet high the public bosom throbb'd
With triumph." ‡

* Note of lord Fitzharris—"Malmesbury," vol. iv. p. 349.

† *Ibid.*, p. 349.

‡ Sotheby's "Saul."

The pageant lives in the inefaceable remembrance of our boyhood. Six and forty years afterwards, the remembrance crowded upon our thoughts, when we beheld the car of another warrior moving through the same streets to the same place of rest. Mute veneration for him who died, full of years, whilst every year he lived added to a nation's love, marked the funeral pomp of Wellington. Impassioned grief, audible sighs, tears coursing down rugged cheeks, marked the funeral pomp of Nelson. They sleep together in the same crypt beneath the dome of St. Paul's—the two who in the agony of England's fate best fought the fight and achieved the victory.

Ulm surrendered to the French the day before; the victory of Trafalgar had annihilated the French and Spanish fleets. When Napoleon heard of the event he was advancing upon Vienna. He manifested his sense of its importance, by sending to Paris his orders that the French journals should say as little as possible about it—merely say that it was an imprudent encounter, in which the combined fleet had suffered more from a tempest than from the enemy. On the 13th of November, Vienna was entered by French dragoons and grenadiers. They marched through the city without a halt, to reach the great wooden bridge over the Danube. The Austrians had received orders to destroy this bridge, which was the only passage from the capital to the northern provinces. For several days there had been a partial suspension of hostilities, whilst negotiations for an armistice were proceeding. The French generals advanced to the Austrian troops who kept the bridge, and called out that the armistice was concluded. The unsuspecting Germans let the troops pass, and the French soon held both sides of the Danube. The magistracy of Vienna came to Napoleon at the palace of Schönbrunn, to implore him to spare their city. There was no national enthusiasm to stimulate resistance. The German people had not yet been roused to fight for their independence. Their governments were despotic. It was a quarrel of crowned heads, to be decided either way by armed masses, with little harm or little benefit to the commonalty. Napoleon soon quitted Vienna in the confidence that he should finish the war by a decisive victory over the Austrians and Russians. With the allied army were the emperor of Germany and the emperor of Russia. On the 2nd of December Napoleon encountered about a hundred thousand Russians and Austrians with a somewhat smaller number of highly disciplined Frenchmen at Austerlitz, in the neighbourhood of Brunn, in Moravia. The battle began at sunrise and lasted till sunset. The defeat of the allies was complete. On the 3rd of December

Napoleon wrote to his brother Joseph that he had taken 40,000 prisoners, and that the enemy had left from 12,000 to 15,000 men on the field. "A whole column threw itself into a lake, and the greater part of them were drowned. I fancy that I still hear the cries of these wretches, whom it was impossible to save."* There is another version of this horrible story. The flying Russians crowded on the frozen lakes. Napoleon, from the table land of Pratzen, on the side of these lakes, saw the disaster which he had so well prepared. He ordered the battery of his guard to fire round shot on the ice that was unbroken, to complete the destruction of those who had taken refuge upon the frozen waters.† Another account says that the French, having fired first upon the ice nearest the shore, the Russians were then upon an island of ice. They went on their knees, and then the batteries fired upon them till six thousand were killed or drowned.‡ Napoleon slept comfortably after this feat. He had been sleeping for a week in the open air. "Tonight I sleep in a bed in the fine country house of M. de Kaunitz, near Austerlitz, and I have put on a clean shirt, which I had not done for a week."§ On the 4th of December he had an interview with the emperor Francis. On the 26th was signed the peace of Presburg, by which the emperor Francis gave up to the new kingdom of Italy those parts of the Venetian territory which he had acquired by the peace of Campo Formio. Napoleon made two kings out of two electors his allies—the Elector of Bavaria, and the Elector of Würtemberg. The emperor Alexander refused to retreat according to the time and route furnished by Napoleon. He retired unmolested, to try his fortune once more in conjunction with the king of Prussia, with whom he had formed a treaty of alliance. Prussia had been temporizing, as usual. The king decided too late to render assistance to Austria and Russia; too soon for his own eventual safety.

The great triumph of Napoleon gave the final blow to the shattered health of the English minister who had organized the Coalition. He scarcely bore up against the disaster of Ulm; he revived at the news of Trafalgar; he sank when the calamity of Austerlitz became known to him. He went to Bath on the 8th of December. The waters produced a fit of the gout, which was succeeded by a total debility of digestion. At the end of the month lord Castle-reagh went to Bath to tell him the fatal end of all his great plans. "It struck Pitt so deeply, and found him in such an enfeebled

* "Correspondence of Napoleon with his Brother," vol. i. p. 64 (1855).

† Thiers, tome vi. p. 326.

‡ "Correspondence with Joseph," p. 65. [Translator's note.]

§ Ibid.

state, that he certainly never recovered it.* By slow journeys attended by his physician, sir Walter Farquhar, he arrived at his villa at Putney, so emaciated as not to be known. On the 13th he saw lord Castlereagh and lord Hawkesbury for the last time. Malmesbury says that after this interview he says to the Bishop of Lincoln, putting his hand on his stomach, "I feel something here that reminds me I shall never recover." On the 13th he saw lord Wellesley, who had just returned from India; and he fainted, according to Malmesbury, before Wellesley left the room. Lord Brougham gives an interesting account of this interview, but with a material variation: "This, their last interview, was in the villa on Putney Heath, where he died a few days after. Lord Wellesley called upon me there many years after; it was then occupied by my brother-in-law, Mr. Eden, whom I was visiting. His lordship showed me the place where these illustrious friends sat. Mr. Pitt was, he said, much emaciated and enfeebled, but retained his gaiety and his constitutionally sanguine disposition; he expressed his confident hopes of recovery. In the adjoining room he lay a corpse the ensuing week; and it is a singular and a melancholy circumstance, resembling the stories told of William the Conqueror's deserted state at his decease, that some one in the neighbourhood having sent a message to inquire after Mr. Pitt's state, he found the wicket open, then the door of the house, and, nobody answering the bell, he walked through the rooms till he reached the bed on which the minister's body lay lifeless, the sole tenant of the mansion of which the doors a few hours before were darkened by crowds of suitors alike obsequious and importunate, the vultures whose instinct haunts the carcasses only of living ministers."† The doors darkened by crowds of suitors, only a few hours before his death, appears to be a flight of imagination. George Rose came to Putney on the 15th, and there learnt that lord Castlereagh and lord Hawkesbury had insisted on seeing Mr. Pitt on points of public business, of the most serious importance, which interview visibly affected him. He saw Mr. Rose for five minutes on the 15th. From that time, Rose says, "no one had access to him but the Bishop (of Lincoln) and the physicians." On the 23rd, Rose enters in his Diary, that about seven in the morning he received a note "to tell me that my most inestimable friend quitted the world about four o'clock. He saw no one after the Bishop had taken notes of his last desires, but lady Hester (his niece), who went to his bedside in the evening. He at first

* Malmesbury, vol. iv. p. 352.

† "Statesmen of the Time of George III.," vol. iii. p. 312.

did not know her; but afterwards he did, and blessed her: nor did he utter another word, except that about half-an-hour before he breathed his last, the servant heard him say, 'My country! oh, my country?'"* The bishop went away from Putney Heath, as soon as the dreaded event of this winter morning was over, before the busy world was stirring. We ourselves, long ago, heard the story of the deserted house, with a sufficient explanation. Nothing more natural than that the few servants should have gone from Putney Heath upon the necessary duties of such mournful occasions, and have left the doors of the solitary house unfastened.

William Pitt died on the 23rd of January. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day on which he first entered Parliament. And this was the end of his struggle for thirteen years against the power of revolutionary France, against the Directory, against the Consulate, against the Empire. He "died of a broken heart," says his devoted friend, Wilberforce. "The accounts from the armies struck a death-blow within." On the 26th of January the leader of these armies entered Paris, after a victorious campaign of three months, to receive the homage of a nation which saw in the glory of one man a recompense for all the miseries of the Republic; a nation which believed that to make France mistress of the world was to make Frenchmen prosperous and happy.

The great parliamentary career of William Pitt commences in 1781.† His supreme command of the political action of his country commences in 1783.‡ In 1784, Gibbon wrote from Lausanne, "A youth of five-and-twenty, who raises himself to the government of an empire by the power of genius and the reputation of virtue, is a circumstance unparalleled in history, and, in a general view, is not less glorious to the country than to himself."§ We have traced the history of this great orator and statesman from the brilliancy of his life's day-spring to the clouds and darkness of its evening; and, we trust, in no unfriendly spirit—rather with a profound admiration of intellectual and moral qualities such as the sons of men are rarely endowed with. Nevertheless, we have not repressed a conviction that, if his peace-administration was as eminently sagacious as it was safe and prosperous, his war-administration and his domestic policy from 1793 gave few occasions in which to display the ascendancy of his genius in high and blameless deeds, however surpassing his power of justifying his measures by majestic and all-prevailing words. He was indeed "the

* Rose. "Diaries," p. 223, and p. 233.

† *Ante*, vol. vi. p. 259.

‡ "Life of Pitt," by Earl Stanhope, vol. i. p. 237; 1861.

§ *Ante*, vol. vi. 444.

top of eloquence." We cannot deny that he was also the most ardent amongst "lovers of their country;" the farthest elevated above all mercenary objects. Those who affected to be of his school were really, with one or two exceptions, not his pupils. Had Pitt lived to behold the war triumph, he might again have vindicated his claim to be a great peace minister and a sincere social reformer.

CHAPTER XI.

India.—Attacks in Parliament upon Marquis Wellesley.—The Subsidiary system.—The Mahratta Chiefs.—The Mahratta War.—General Wellesley.—The Battle of Assye.—End of the Campaign.—Holkar.—Famine in India.—Mutiny at Vallore.—Administration of Grenville and Fox.—Financial Measures.—Volunteers.—Acquittal of Lord Melville.—The Princess of Wales.—Mr. Fox and the King.—Declining health of Mr. Fox.—Slave Trade.—Progress of the cause of Abolition.—Thomas Clarkson.—Negotiations for Peace.—End of the Negotiations.—Death of Mr. Fox.—Confederation of the Rhine.—Prussia.—Aggressions of Napoleon.—Murder of Palm.—Joseph Bonaparte, king of Naples.—British Army in Cadabrie.—Battle of Maida.—Capture of Buenos Ayres by Sir Home Popham.—Its recapture.

TWELVE days after the marquis Wellesley had seen his great friend for the last time, and had felt that the voice would soon be mute which could best defend him from the enemies that were gathering around, Mr. James Paull, who had aspired to sit for Westminster, moved for papers, upon which he purposed to ground grave charges against the late governor-general of India. He had to lament, he said, in common with every man who had turned his thoughts to India, and in common with all the nations of Hindustan, that lord Wellesley's spirit of aggrandizement, his love of power, and insatiable ambition, had led him into errors and mistakes that had shook to their base our very existence in India, and to consequent acts of great injustice and oppression.* The Indian policy of Wellesley had been somewhat too bold for the timid expediency of the Addington government. The prime minister told Mr. Henry Wellesley that the administration "could not support the Governor-General against the Court of Directors," and that as a private friend he could not advise him to stay beyond the year 1803.† Before that year had closed, the statesmanship of lord Wellesley, and the military exploits of his brother Arthur and of general Lake, had established the supremacy of the British in India, "under a combination of circumstances in the highest degree critical and difficult." Such were the terms addressed to Wellesley by the Directors of the East India Company in 1837. In 1805, no Indian administrator was ever more the object of their jealousy and suspicion. Arthur Wellesley returned to England

* Hansard, vol. v. col. 564.

† Wellington's "Supplementary Despatches," vol. iv. p. 339.