

little longer, too." And, after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen, at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice. "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and, being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country."

His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

 LVIII.

BOMBARDMENT OF COPENHAGEN.—FYFFE.

[As the war went on, after Trafalgar, it developed more and more into a gigantic duel between the two great rivals, England and Napoleon, and was conducted on both sides with an utter disregard of the rights of neutral nations. One of the best illustrations of the outrageous treatment to which neutrals were subjected was the attack of the English fleet on Copenhagen, the capital of a neutral power, in the summer of 1807. In that year Napoleon had entered into a treaty with Alexander of Russia, the object of which was practically to divide the Continent between them.]

SUCH was this vast and threatening scheme, conceived by the man whose whole career had been one consistent struggle for personal domination, accepted by the man who, among the rulers of the Continent, had hitherto shown the greatest power of acting for a European end, and of interesting himself in a cause not directly his own. In the imagination of Napoleon the national forces of the western continent had now ceased to exist. Austria excepted, there was no state upon the main-land whose army and navy were not prospectively in the hands of himself and his new ally. The commerce of Great Britain, already excluded from the greater part of Europe, was now to be shut out from all the rest; the armies which had hitherto fought under British subsidies for the independence of Europe, the navies which had preserved their existence by neutrality or by friendship with England, were soon to be thrown without distinction against that last foe. If, even at this moment, an English statesman who had learned the secret agreement of Tilsit might have

looked without fear to the future of his country, it was not from any imperfection in the structure of continental tyranny. The fleets of Denmark and Portugal might be of little real avail against English seamen; the homes of the English people might still be as secure from foreign invasion as when Nelson guarded the seas; but it was not from any vestige of political honor surviving in the Emperor Alexander. Where Alexander's action was really of decisive importance, in his mediation between France and Prussia, he threw himself without scruple on to the side of oppression. It lay within his power to gain terms of peace for Prussia as lenient as those which Austria had gained at Campo Formio and at Lunéville; he sacrificed Prussia, as he allied himself against the last upholders of national independence in Europe, in order that he might himself receive Finland and the Danubian Provinces.

Two days before the signature of the treaty of Tilsit the British troops, which had once been so anxiously expected by the czar, landed in the island of Rügen. The struggle in which they were intended to take their part was over. Sweden alone remained in arms, and even the Quixotic pugnacity of King Gustavus was unable to save Stralsund from a speedy capitulation. But the troops of Great Britain were not destined to return without striking a blow. While the negotiations between Napoleon and Alexander were still in progress the government of England received secret intelligence of their purport. It became known in London that the fleet of Denmark was to be seized by the two emperors, and forced to fight against Great Britain. The ministry acted with the promptitude that seldom failed the British government when it could effect its object by the fleet alone. It determined to anticipate Napoleon's violation of Danish neutrality, and to seize upon the navy which would otherwise be seized by France and Russia.

On the 28th of July a fleet, with 20,000 men on board, set sail from the British coast. The troops landed in Denmark

in the middle of August, and united with the corps which had already been dispatched to Rügen. The Danish government was summoned to place its navy in the hands of Great Britain, in order that it might remain as a deposit in some British port until the conclusion of peace. While demanding this sacrifice of Danish neutrality, England undertook to protect the Danish nation and colonies from the hostility of Napoleon, and to place at the disposal of the government every means of naval and military defense. Failing the surrender of the fleet, the English declared that they would bombard Copenhagen. The reply given to this summons was such as might be expected from a courageous nation exasperated against Great Britain by its harsh treatment of neutral ships of commerce, and inclined to submit to the despot of the Continent rather than to the tyrant of the seas. "More honor," the crown-prince is reported to have answered, "is to be expected from the pirates of Barbary than from the British government. Your allies, vainly expecting your succors for an entire year, have taught us what is the worth of English friendship." Negotiations proved fruitless, and, on the 2d of September, the English opened fire on Copenhagen. For three days and nights the city underwent a bombardment of cruel efficiency. Eighteen hundred houses were leveled, the town was set on fire in several places, and a large number of inhabitants lost their lives. At length the commander found himself compelled to capitulate. The fleet was handed over to Great Britain, with all the stores in the arsenal at Copenhagen. It was brought to England, no longer under the terms of a friendly neutrality, but as a prize of war.

The captors themselves were ashamed of their spoil. England received an armament which had been taken from a people who were not our enemies, and by an attack which was not war, with more misgiving than applause.* In Europe

* Yet the House of Commons approved of the action of the ministry by a vote of more than two to one.

the seemingly unprovoked assault upon a weak neutral state excited the utmost indignation. The British ministry, who were prevented from making public the evidence which they had received of the intention of the two emperors, were believed to have invented the story of the secret treaty. The Danish government denied that Napoleon had demanded their co-operation; Napoleon and Alexander themselves assumed the air of indignant astonishment. But the facts alleged by Canning and his colleagues were correct. The conspiracy of the two emperors was no fiction. The only question still remaining open relates to the engagements entered into by the Danish government itself. Napoleon, in his correspondence of this date, alludes to certain promises made to him by the court of Denmark, but he also complains that these promises had not been fulfilled; and the context of the letter renders it almost certain that nothing more was promised than that the ports of Denmark should be closed to English vessels. If the British cabinet possessed evidence of the determination of the Danish government to transfer its fleet to Napoleon without resistance, the attack upon Denmark, considered as virtually an act of war, was not unjust. If no such evidence existed, the conspiracy of the emperors against Danish neutrality was no sufficient ground for an action on the part of Great Britain which went so far beyond the mere frustration of their designs. The surrender of the Danish fleet demanded by England would have been an unqualified act of war on the part of Denmark against Napoleon; it was no mere guarantee for a continued neutrality. Nor had the British government the last excuse of an urgent and overwhelming necessity. Nineteen Danish men-of-war would not have turned the scale against England. The memory of Trafalgar might well have given a British ministry courage to meet its enemies by the ordinary methods of war. Had the forces of Denmark been far larger than they actually were, the peril of Great Britain was not so ex-

trema as to excuse the wrong done to mankind by an example encouraging all future belligerents to anticipate one another in forcing neutrals to take part with themselves.

LIX.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO—CREASY.

[The failure of his attempt to subjugate Spain, which was made in the year following the humiliation of Denmark by England, marked the turning-point in Napoleon's career. Fortune, indeed, did not desert him in his brilliant campaign against Austria, in 1809; but his insane invasion of Russia, in 1812, and the obstinacy with which he rejected all overtures of peace during the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 led to his downfall in the latter year, in spite of the almost superhuman activity and energy he displayed. By the treaty of Paris (1814) the island of Elba was assigned to him as a place of residence; but in the spring of 1815, while the congress of Vienna was busy in re-arranging the map of Europe, he escaped from the island. France welcomed him, Europe combined against him, and he was finally overthrown by the English and Prussian armies on the field of Waterloo. The crisis of the battle is described below.]

BETWEEN seven and eight o'clock the infantry of the Old Guard was formed into two columns, on the declivity near La Belle Alliance. Ney was placed at their head. Napoleon himself rode forward to a spot by which his veterans were to pass; and as they approached he raised his arm, and pointed to the position of the allies, as if to tell them that their path lay there.



DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

They answered with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and descended the hill from their own side into that "valley of

the shadow of death," while their batteries thundered with redoubled vigor over their heads upon the British line. The line of march of the columns of the Guard was directed between Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, against the British right center; and at the same time, Donzelot and the French who had possession of La Haye Sainte, commenced a fierce attack upon the British center, a little more to its left. This part of the battle has drawn less attention than the celebrated attack of the Old Guard; but it formed the most perilous crisis for the allied army; and if the Young Guard had been there to support Donzelot, instead of being engaged with the Prussians at Planchenoit, the consequences to the allies in that part of the field must have been most serious. The French *tirailleurs*, who were posted in clouds in La Haye Sainte, and the sheltered spots near it, completely disabled the artillery-men of the English batteries near them; and, taking advantage of the crippled state of the English guns, the French brought some field-pieces up to La Haye Sainte, and commenced firing grape from them on the infantry of the allies, at a distance of not more than a hundred paces. The allied infantry here consisted of some German brigades, who were formed in squares, as it was believed that Donzelot had cavalry ready behind La Haye Sainte to charge them with, if they left that order of formation. In this state the Germans remained for some time with heroic fortitude, though the grape-shot was tearing gaps in their ranks, and the side of one square was literally blown away by one tremendous volley which the French gunners poured into it. The prince of Orange in vain endeavored to lead some Nassau troops to their aid. The Nassauers would not or could not face the French; and some battalions of Brunswickers, whom the duke of Wellington had ordered up as a re-enforcement, at first fell back, until the duke in person rallied them and led them on. The duke then galloped off to the right to lead his men who were exposed to the attack

of the Imperial Guard. He had saved one part of his center from being routed; but the French had gained ground here, and the pressure on the allied line was severe, until it was relieved by the decisive success which the British in the right center achieved over the columns of the Guard.

The British troops on the crest of that part of the position, which the first column of Napoleon's Guard assailed, were Maitland's brigade of British Guards, having Adam's brigade on their right. Maitland's men were lying down, in order to avoid, as far as possible, the destructive effect of the French artillery, which kept up an unremitting fire from the opposite heights, until the first column of the Imperial Guard had advanced so far up the slope toward the British position that any further firing of the French artillery-men would endanger their own comrades. Meanwhile, the British guns were not idle; but shot and shell plowed fast through the ranks of the stately array of veterans that still moved imposingly on. Several of the French superior officers were at its head. Ney's horse was shot under him, but he still led the way on foot, sword in hand. The front of the massive column now was on the ridge of the hill. To their surprise they saw no troops before them. All they could discern through the smoke was a small band of mounted officers. One of these was the duke himself. The French advanced to about fifty yards from where the British Guards were lying down, when the voice of one of the band of British officers was heard calling, as if to the ground before him, "Up, Guards, and at them!" It was the duke who gave the order; and at the words, as if by magic, up started before them a line of the British Guards four deep, and in the most compact and perfect order. They poured an instantaneous volley upon the head of the French column, by which no less than three hundred of those chosen veterans are said to have fallen. The French officers rushed forward, and, conspicuous in front of their men, attempted to deploy them into a more extended line, so as to enable them

to reply with effect to the British fire. But Maitland's brigade kept showering in volley after volley with deadly rapidity. The decimated column grew disordered in its vain efforts to expand itself into a more efficient formation. The right word was given at the right moment to the British for the bayonet-charge, and the brigade sprang forward with a loud cheer against their dismayed antagonists. In an instant the compact mass of the French spread out into a rabble, and they fled back down the hill, pursued by Maitland's men, who, however, returned to their position in time to take part in the repulse of the second column of the Imperial Guard. [This column also advanced with great spirit and firmness but met with such strenuous opposition that it, like its predecessor, broke and fled.]

But the battle was not yet won. Napoleon had still some battalions in reserve near La Belle Alliance. He was rapidly rallying the remains of the first column of his Guards, and he had collected into one body the remnants of the various corps of cavalry, which had suffered so severely in the earlier part of the day. The duke instantly formed the bold resolution of now himself becoming the assailant, and leading his successful, though enfeebled, army forward, while the disheartening effect of the repulse of the Imperial Guard on the French army was still strong, and before Napoleon and Ney could rally the beaten veterans themselves for another and a fiercer charge. As the close approach of the Prussians now completely protected the duke's left, he had drawn some reserves of horse from that quarter, and he had a brigade of Hussars, under Vivian, fresh and ready at hand. Without a moment's hesitation, he launched these against the cavalry near La Belle Alliance. The charge was as successful as it was daring; and as there was now no hostile cavalry to check the British infantry in a forward movement, the duke gave the long-wished-for command for a general advance of the army along the whole line upon the foe.

It was now past eight o'clock, and for nine deadly hours had the British and German regiments stood unflinching under the fire of artillery, the charge of cavalry, and every variety of assault that the compact columns or the scattered *tirailleurs* of the enemy's infantry could inflict. As they joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds, which had obscured the sky during the greater part of the day, and glittered on the bayonets of the allies, while they in turn poured down into the valley and toward the heights that were held by the foe. Almost the whole of the French host was now in irretrievable confusion. The Prussian army was coming more and more rapidly forward on their right, and the Young Guard, which had held Planchenoit so bravely, was at last compelled to give way. Some regiments of the Old Guard in vain endeavored to form in squares. They were swept away to the rear; and then Napoleon himself fled from the last of his many fields, to become, in a few weeks, a captive and an exile.

The battle was lost by France past all recovery. The victorious armies of England and Prussia, meeting on the scene of their triumph, continued to press forward and overwhelm every attempt that was made to stem the tide of ruin. The British army, exhausted by its toils and suffering during that dreadful day, did not urge the pursuit beyond the heights which the enemy had occupied. But the Prussians drove the fugitives before them throughout the night. And of the magnificent host which had that morning cheered their emperor in confident expectation of victory, very few were ever assembled again in arms. Their loss, both in the field and in the pursuit, was immense; and the greater number of those who escaped, dispersed as soon as they crossed the frontier.

The army under the duke of Wellington lost nearly fifteen thousand men in killed and wounded on this terrible day of

battle. The loss of the Prussian army was nearly seven thousand more. At such a fearful price was the deliverance of Europe purchased.

LX.

CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—GREVILLE.

[At the close of the Napoleonic wars a long era of peace and prosperity dawned for England. While many of the continental countries were convulsed by revolution during the decade, from 1820 to 1830, in England the causes of popular discontent were to a great degree removed by wise legislation and a skillful foreign policy. The period is well characterized by such measures as the great Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, and the still more important Reform Bill of 1832. The latter measure, it is true, was not as thorough as the Radical party desired; but their dissatisfaction was not great enough to mar the general and genuine enthusiasm with which the nation welcomed its young queen to the throne.]

June 27th, 1838.—There never was any thing seen like the state of this town; it is as if the population had been on a sudden quintupled; the uproar, the confusion, the crowd, the noise, are indescribable. Horsemen, footmen, carriages squeezed, jammed, intermingled, the pavement blocked up with timbers, hammering and knocking, and falling fragments stunning the ears and threatening the head; not a mob here and there, but the town all mob, thronging, bustling, gaping, and gazing at every thing, at any thing, or at nothing; the park one vast encampment, with banners floating on the tops of the tents; and still the roads are covered, the railroads loaded with arriving multitudes. From one end of the route of the royal procession to the other, from the top of Piccadilly to Westminster Abbey, there is a vast line of scaffolding; the noise, the movement, the restlessness are incessant and universal; in short, it is very curious, but uncommonly tiresome, and the sooner it is over the better. There has been a grand

bother about the ambassadors forming part of the royal procession. They all detest it, think they ought not to have been called upon to assist, and the poor representatives of the smaller courts do not at all fancy the expense of fine equipages, or the mortification of exhibiting mean ones. This arrangement was matter of negotiation for several days, and (he Lord knows why) the government pertinaciously insisted on it. Public opinion has declared against it, and now they begin to see that they have done a very foolish thing, odious to the *corps diplomatique* and displeasing to the people.

June 29th.—The coronation (which, thank God, is over) went off very well. The day was fine, without heat or rain—the innumerable multitude which thronged the streets orderly and satisfied. The appearance of the abbey was beautiful, particularly the benches of the peeresses, who were blazing with diamonds. The entry of Soult* was striking. He was saluted with a murmur of curiosity and applause as he passed through the nave, and nearly the same as he advanced along the choir. His appearance is that of a veteran warrior, and he walked alone, with his numerous suite following at a respectful distance, preceded by heralds and ushers, who received him with marked attention, more certainly than any of the other ambassadors. The queen looked very diminutive, and the effect of the procession itself was spoiled by being too crowded; there was not interval enough between the queen and the lords and others going before her. The bishop of London (Blomfield) preached a very good sermon. The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them. Lord John Thynne, who officiated for the dean of Westminster, told me that nobody knew what was to be done except the archbishop and himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in such matters), and the duke of Wellington,

* Marshal Soult, once the antagonist of Wellington in Spain, represented the king of the French on this occasion.

and, consequently, there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's Chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the archbishop. She said to John Thynne, "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know;" and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him, "What am I to do with it?" "Your majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand." "Am I?" she said; "it is very heavy." The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on; but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over, she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off.

The noise and confusion were very great when the medals were thrown about by Lord Surrey, every body scrambling with all their might, and none more vigorously than the maids of honor. There was a great demonstration of applause when the duke of Wellington did homage. Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise, and when afterward he came again to do homage, she said: "May I not get up and meet him?" and then rose from the throne, and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up, an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation. It is, in fact, the remarkable union of *naïveté*, kindness, nature, good nature, with propriety and dignity, which makes her so admirable and so endearing to those about her, as she certainly is. I have been repeatedly told that they are all warmly attached to her, but that all feel the

impossibility of for a moment losing sight of the respect which they owe her. She never ceases to be a queen, but is always the most charming, cheerful, obliging, unaffected queen in the world. The procession was very handsome, and the extraordinary ambassadors produced some gorgeous equipages. This sort of procession is incomparably better than the old ceremonial which so much fuss was made about, for the banquet would only have benefited the privileged few and the rich, and for one person who would have witnessed the procession on the platform, five hundred enjoyed the sight of this. In fact, the thing best worth seeing was the town itself, and the countless multitudes through which the procession passed. The chancellor of the exchequer told me that he had been informed £200,000 had been paid for seats alone, and the number of people who have flocked into London has been estimated at five hundred thousand. It is said that a million have had sight of the show in one way or another. These numbers are possibly exaggerated, but they really were prodigious. From Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, by the way they took, which must be two or three miles in length, there was a dense mass of people; the seats and benches were all full, every window was occupied, the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators, for the most part well dressed, and, from the great space through which they were distributed, there was no extraordinary pressure, and consequently no room for violence or ill-humor. In the evening I met Prince Esterhazy, and asked him what the foreigners said. He replied that they admired it all very much: "Strogonoff and the others don't like you, but they feel it, and it makes a great impression on them; in fact, nothing can be seen like it in any other country." I went into the park, where the fair was going on; a vast multitude, but all of the lower orders; not very amusing. The great merit of this coronation is, that so much has been done for the people; to amuse and interest *them* seems to have been the principal object.