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THE
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HIS LATE MAJESTY

GEORGE THE FOURTH:

WITH

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS

OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

BY

THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

Second Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE OF GEORGE IV.

CHAP. I.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE French Revolution was the offspring of infidelity. The tyranny of Louis the Fourteenth, one of those monarchs whom Providence gives in its wrath to nations destined to fall, had expelled Protestantism by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1683. The first punishment of this act of consummate treachery was judicial. A general war finally broke down the military character of France, extinguished its alliances, devastated its provinces, and sent the grey hairs of the persecutor to the grave, loaded with useless remorse, with the miseries of his people, and the universal scorn of Europe.

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But the deeper punishment was still to come, in the degeneracy of the national religion. From the hour in which Protestantism was exiled, the Gallican church ran a race of precipitate corruption. It had lost the great check; and it cast away at once all that remained of its morals, and of its literature. The Jansenists, a feeble reflection of Calvinism, were assailed by the Jesuits with the concentrated subtlety and violence of the ruling sect. But the struggle between the domineering and the weak always excites the sympathy of man; and the whole intelligent body of France were summoned by the contest to examine into the rights of both. They were found equally groundless; the arguments of the Jesuits were the dungeon and the sword. The arguments of the Jansenists were pretended miracles, the hysteric follies of nuns, and the artificial enthusiasm of hirelings and impostors. Common sense turned from both the controversialists with equal scorn.

The Jesuits finally trampled down their adversaries; but they had scarcely time to feel the triumph when ruin fell upon themselves. Their ambition had prompted them to the lofty

insolence of mastering the thrones of Europe. Conspiracy and assassination were the means; papal supremacy was the object. Kings at length took the alarm; and by a simultaneous resolution the Jesuits were overthrown, amid the general rejoicing of mankind.

But when the national eye was no longer distracted by the minor conflict of the sects, it was raised with newly-awakened astonishment to the enormous fabric of the Gallican church itself. As if it had been gifted with some new faculty of scorn, all France suddenly rang with one uproar of abhorrence at the inordinate power, the shameless corruption, the contemptible fictions, and the repulsive mummeries, of the establishment. Like the prophet, the people had been led within the curtains of the dark chambers, and seen the secret abominations of the shrine. But it was not with the righteous indignation of the prophet, but with the malignant joy of accusers. Triumphant in their power to blacken all religion with the smoke of its abuses; and overthrowing superstition, only that they might substitute atheism; they proclaimed their discovery to the world.

It is not to be forgotten, as an illustration of one of the greatest moral truths; that the French church found that guilt is weakness. It was now utterly unequal to face the day of peril. Its exterior was still unchanged; it still displayed, hung up in its halls, the whole consecrated armour in which it once defied the hostility of kings and people, the sword with which it had cloven down the diadem, and the shield with which it had blunted, for ages, every lance of the chivalry of freedom. But the nerve and muscle that might have borne them, were long withered by indolence and vice. The "falchion of Scanderbeg was there, but where was the arm of Scanderbeg?" The merciless warrior and hierarch was now the "lean and slippered pantaloons;" while his assailant had started up from the serf into the strong-limbed savage, wild with insolent revenge, and ravening for universal plunder.

It is among the most memorable instances of intellectual decline, that of the eighty thousand clergy of France, not one man of conspicuous ability was roused up by the imminent danger of his church. Like a flock of sheep, they relied on their numbers; and the infidel

drove them before him like a flock of sheep. While the battlements of their gigantic church were rocking in every blast, there was no sign of manly precaution, none of generous self-exposure for the common cause, and scarcely any even of that wise suspicion, which is the strength of the weak. They took it for granted that the church would last for their time, and were comforted.

The pride of the day was literary distinction, but the whole ecclesiastical body of France saw the race run without an effort for the prize. In politics, in science, in any and all of those arts and inventions by which men either dazzle the senses, awake the curiosity, or elevate the condition of their fellow-men, the hierarchy of France were ominously content to be forgotten. They sat, wrapped in their old recollections, on the benches of the great amphitheatre, and looked on, without alarm, while a new generation of mankind were trying their athletic limbs, and stimulating their young ambition, in the arena where they had once been unrivalled. Raynal, and the few clerics who distinguished themselves by authorship, were avowed deists or atheists, and ostentatious of their complete,

and contemptuous, separation from the establishment.

The last light of ecclesiastical literature had glimmered in the cells of Port Royal; but, with the fall of the Jansenists, "middle and utter darkness" came. During half a century no work of public utility, none of popular estimation, none of genius, none which evinced loftiness of spirit, vigour of understanding, or depth of knowledge, had been produced by a churchman.

The consequence was inevitable, and fatal. The old awe of the church's power was changed into scorn for its understanding. Even to this hour, their insensibility is a source of astonishment. Ten thousand rents were made in the fabric, but they let no light upon the voluntary slumberers within. The revolutionary roar echoed through all its chambers, but it awoke no champion of the altar. The high ecclesiastics relied upon their connexion with the court, their rank, and the formal homage of their officials; shields of gossamer against the pike and firebrand of the people. The inferior priesthood, consigned to obscurity, shrank in their villages

into cumberers of the earth, or were irritated into rebels. The feeble contracted themselves within the drowsy round of their prescribed duties, and rendered the church contemptible; the powerful persecuted, and made it abhorred; the daring brooded over the national discontents and their own, until they heard the trumpet sounding to every angry heart and form of ill in France, and came forth, a gloomy and desperate tribe, trampling their images and altars under foot, and waving the torch in the front of the grand insurrection. The weak and the strong were alike workers of ruin.

The partition of Poland, in 1773, had insulted the public honour, and the Christian feeling of Europe. No act of ambition had ever sprung more directly from the spontaneous evil of the human heart. The destruction of an impotent throne, and the havoc of a helpless nation, were destitute of all the ordinary pretexts of state necessity. The country poor, the people half barbarian, the government already powerless for all objects of aggression, Poland had long been incapable of giving rise to fear; but it excited the deadliest and most unrelenting passion of

all that make a serpent's nest of the human heart, covetousness. Prussia, Russia, and Austria, entered into the foulest conspiracy on record, and tore Poland limb from limb. But while the blood of her unfortunate people was still red upon their hands, they were to be punished by the aggression of a power unheard of in the history of vengeance, the power of popular frenzy. France, bursting from her old dungeon, and burning with vice, madness, and revolution; at once inflicting agonies on herself and destruction on all in her path, was let loose against them, a naked shape of evil, brandishing her fetters and spreading terror and desolation through the world.

Christianity has been libelled for the guilt of the royal conspirators against Poland. But the three were open infidels; Frederic from his selfishness and perfidy, Catherine from her personal profligacy, and Joseph from his frigid metaphysics, and perhaps disordered mind. The short interval of quiet which followed the partition was only a preparative for that accumulation of calamity which France was to bring upon mankind—a cataract of living fire, checked in

its course, for the moment, only to rush down with irresistible ruin.

France first cleared herself of the encumbrances of government and priesthood; tore to the earth palace and monastery, chateau and chapel; mowed down, with a desperate hand, her nobles and her clergy, and tossed their remnants to all the winds of heaven; and then sent out her fourteen armies to lay waste every surrounding state,—the new Saracens of Europe, carrying their doctrine at the sword's point, and demanding that all should be converts or captives,—republicanism the policy, and atheism the religion, of mankind.

It was in no presumptuous desire to guide the wrath of Heaven, that men of wisdom and virtue had looked for some terrible retribution on the destroyers of Poland; nor was it without that awe, in which the religious mind listens while the thunders of eternal justice are rolling above the world, that they saw a providential vengeance in the prostration of the three guilty kingdoms, Prussia, Russia, and Austria. The work bore all the evidences that establish to the human understanding the

agency of a mightier will than of man,—the sudden perplexity of council—the sudden disunion of the most essential interests—the defeat without a cause—the loss of the race to the swift, and of the battle to the strong. But, on the side of France, all the elements of ruin seemed to assume a new nature, and coalesce into strength and victory. Rude ignorance did the work of knowledge; national bankruptcy, of wealth; insubordination, wild as the waves, was more vigorous than discipline; and the general upbreaking of society, the sword at the throat, the scaffold in the streets, famine and feud, unhoused beggary, and the hideousness of civil bloodshed, combined and shaped themselves into a colossal power, that had but to touch the strongest bulwarks of the continent to see them crumble into dust and ashes.

The conduct of England in this great crisis was worthy of her religion. For some years, a large mass of her people had seen nothing in the progress of the Revolution but an advance to rational freedom. The fall of the Bastile was, unquestionably, an auspicious achievement;

for, with a Bastile still frowning over him, no man could feel himself in possession of those rights, without which the highest station of the subject is but a more conspicuous slavery. But when France plunged from legitimate victory into furious licence, when she mixed the cup of freedom with blood, and, not content to intoxicate herself with the draught, offered it to the lip of the base and sanguinary in all nations; then England, disdaining the alliance, interposed her strength between the ferocity of the republic and the interests of human nature, and stood in the breach for the cause of God and man!

The declaration of war was one of those decided measures by which the character of the English minister was stamped for boldness and sagacity. He had not rashly solicited it; but when its expediency was clear, he prepared for it with all the resources of his great mind. He had long more than sufficient grounds to justify the severest retaliation on the republic; in its seizures of ships, confiscations of property, and those innumerable minor injuries to the allies of England which power in the hands of the mean

loves to commit against the helpless. But sufferance must have a limit; and the mere effort to excite rebellion within the realm; the affiliated societies; the correspondence with the crowd of demagogues, whose obscurity did not disgust the haughty embrace of republicanism, high as it held itself above the kings of Europe; were unanswerable justifications of hostility.

1753
At length, the unprovoked attack on Holland, an ally whom we were bound to protect, and whose fall would supply a fleet and a station for invading the British isles, compelled the decision between a hazardous war and a dishonourable truce. The choice was no longer doubtful; and war was proclaimed. No transaction of this order was ever more amply vindicated by its results. The first blow that was struck transmuted the popular discontent into the generous sympathy of Englishmen with the public cause. England purified herself every moment more and more from the stain of republicanism; and she found the way of honour the way of safety. The great pirate that had hoisted the signal of rapine and slaughter against all nations shrank from an encounter with her

stately force; roved the globe for easier spoil; and when, at last, in its vanity and arrogance, it came fairly into conflict with her, found itself crushed by her first broadside.

In 1803 it was announced to Europe that England was to be invaded. An immense force was marched to the shores of the Channel, fleets were collected, transports were built, and, to make victory secure in the eyes of the soldier, the tutelary genius of France, the son of fortune, Napoleon the "invincible," was to take the command. In the preparations for military triumph, civil benevolence too was not forgotten. The forms of the republic still lived among the fond recollections of the French slave. Napoleon himself was but a Jacobin upon a throne; and the consummate charm was given to the plan of invasion by the promise of a republican constitution for England, on the model of Robespierre. England was to acquire new opulence from general confiscation, liberty from French free-quarters, and regeneration from universal chains.

But nothing less than miracle will ever make a foreigner, and of all foreigners a Frenchman,

capable of understanding the English character. / Foreign life is essentially theatrical; the streets are but a transcript of the stage. / There must be, in all things, a false vividness, an affected abruptness, an artificial force; or life, and the business of life, loses its interest in the national eye. The sober vigour and noiseless resolution of the Englishman are looked upon as apathy by the foreign craving for perpetual excitement; and Napoleon made but the common mistake of his subjects, in conceiving that men could not love their country without civic processions, and triumphal arches, and panegyrics of themselves, and the fopperies of heroes and patriots glittering in the paint and tinsel of the stage.

But in England, if a leaning to republicanism had ever existed, it had now been rectified by experience; or its chief exhibitors had been wisely and indignantly sent, by the national justice, where they could harm nothing but themselves. Rebellion had been stript and shorn, and could now shew its head only to bring down universal ridicule. Even the race of the *philosophers* had dwindled away from the arrogant clamourers against every wholesome

institution of the country, and every natural feeling of the human heart, into a meagre muster of clubbists, the pauperism of literature, exhibiting their existence only in some obscure production, to which even the virulence of its principles could no longer attract the general eye. But while those men and their followers were ejected, like culprits driven to some barren shore to glean their subsistence from the defying soil and inclement sky, and dream of luxury and revenge in the wilderness; the power and moral cultivation of the great empire which had cast them out were rising to their height. A succession of unexampled naval victories at once shewed where the true defence of England lay, and spread the national glory through the world. The British fleet solved the famous problem of the ancient legislators,—“How to make a state a conqueror, without making the conqueror itself a slave.” In all the ancient and modern governments, the soldier had recoiled upon his country, and overwhelmed the citizen. But the national and peculiar force of England precluded all hazard to national freedom, while it bore the most irresistible weight

against the enemy. Victory followed the career of the British fleet, and followed it upon her broadest wing. www.libtool.com.cn

But the war had done more than shew the intrepidity of our fleets and armies; it had effected the not less essential service of separating the British mind from the pollutions of the continent: even the imitations of foreign manners had become obsolete; the fantastic coxcombrty that has been again introduced among us by the degenerate portion of our higher ranks, and those travelling idlers who wear out their languid and contemptible existence in awkward attempts to attain the ease of foreign profligacy; was then suffered no longer: the conduit of French and Italian impurity into England was cut off. Those un-English specimens of politics and principle, who had plagued and infested the nation for a century, who

———“ Had wandered Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground,
Seen every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas, and the fair,”

were laughed out of society, and consigned, like the tawdry suits of the past age, to the dust

and moths, of which alone they were worthy—the *monde perruquière* were brushed away before the foot of a manly generation, and England was herself again.

But if Napoleon miscalculated the feelings of the British people, no man could have more rapidly furnished himself with the means of discovering his error. The taunt of invasion told him of what materials the English mind was made; the hour of danger forced its latent qualities into light, and shewed its grave love of country, its patient courage, its solemn and generous conviction how much better it is to die in arms than live a slave. (That taunt was as the sound of a trumpet to the empire: the whole population offered itself as one man: all professions, all classes, men of all diversities of political opinion, were prepared with the sacrifice of their lives.) Five hundred thousand volunteers came forward in arms, ready to be followed by ten times the number, if a foreign foot had dared to insult the shore. And in this magnificent exhibition of the strength of freedom, there was nothing that could degrade the scene. There was no alloy of popular violence,

in the popular consciousness of irresistible power; no insubordination in a countless host, whose will must have been law; no bitterness against rank, where the force was gathered from the humblest conditions of society; no attempt at national spoil, where the wealth of the empire lay open; there was even no political clamour, where the voice of the infinite multitude might have so instantly overwhelmed the voice of the constitution. The reason was, that the heart was sincere. The cause of their country was the cause of all; at once the impulse, the guide, and the deliverance: they followed it, as the tribes followed the fiery pillar in the wilderness; and giving themselves wholly to its high leading, they passed triumphantly through straits and dangers, among which no other people could tread and live.

The volunteer corps were chiefly headed by the gentlemen and nobles of the highest consideration in their neighbourhood. Among the crowd of public persons, Pitt was colonel of the Cinque Port volunteers; and the Duke of Clarence commanded a corps near his seat, Bushy, to whom he made a Spartan speech:—

“My friends, wherever our duty calls, I will go with you, fight with you, and never come back without you.” The Prince of Wales took a peculiar interest in this little band, and presented it with a pair of colours, which he gave with a feeling and animated compliment to their loyalty and discipline.

But in this national crisis the prince justly felt that the people required something more than approval, from one who had the first interest in the defence of the throne. He had, long before this period, felt the pain of being thrown into the back-ground, while all his relatives were in the front, and occupying high opportunities of public service. He now again applied for some military rank which would enable him to stand prominently before the public eye, and shew that he too had the heart of an Englishman.

But his request was not to be granted. It is difficult to conceive the political grounds of this refusal. The prince had made himself master of the details of military science to an unusual degree. No colonel in the service kept his regiment in higher discipline; no officer could

manœuvre a regiment better; and it was acknowledged, among military men, that there were few finer displays than that of a field-day of the corps, with their colonel at their head.

His royal highness had often declared, that if he had his choice among all the ways of serving his country, it would have been, to serve her as a soldier. But, even in this natural desire, he was to have another instance of the mortifications that were to pursue him through life.

He first made his proposal, through Mr. Addington, in the following manly letter:—

“ July 18, 1803.

“ SIR,—When it was officially announced to the parliament that the avowed object of the enemy was a descent on these kingdoms, it became obvious that the circumstances of the times required a voluntary tender of our services. Animated by the same spirit which pervaded the nation at large, conscious of the duties which I owed to his majesty and the country, I seized the earliest opportunity to express my desire of undertaking the responsibility of a military command. I neither did

nor do presume on supposed talents, as entitling me to such an appointment; my chief pretensions are founded on a sense of those advantages which my example might produce to the state, by exciting the loyal energies of the nation, and a knowledge of the expectations which the public have a right to form as to the personal exertions of their princes at a moment like the present. The more elevated my situation, insomuch the efforts of zeal should become greater. I can never forget that I have solemn obligations imposed upon me by my birth, and that I should ever shew myself foremost in contributing to the preservation of the country. No event of my life can compensate me for the misfortune of not participating in the honours and dangers which await the brave men destined to oppose the invader."

This letter remained unanswered. After a week, the prince repeated his proposal, with an expression of surprise at the minister's neglect. Mr. Addington's answer was a brief note, that the prince was referred to his majesty's refusal of similar applications in former years; and

that " his majesty's opinion being fixed, no further mention could be made to him on the subject."

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The minister had now discharged himself of the responsibility; but his royal highness felt that he had a public interest in making a still higher appeal; and he submitted his claims to the king, in the letter from which an extract is here given:—

* * * * *

" I ask to be allowed to display the best energies of my character, to shed the last drop of my blood, in support of your majesty's person, crown, and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominion, but for existence. In this contest, the lowest and humblest of your majesty's subjects have been called on; it would, therefore, little become me, who am the first, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and a lifeless spectator of the mischiefs which threaten us; unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and indifferent to the consequences which may

follow. Hanover is lost, England is menaced with invasion, Ireland is in rebellion, Europe is at the foot of France.

“ At such a moment, the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your subjects in duty,—to none of your children in tenderness and affection,—presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through your majesty’s ministers. A feeling of honest ambition, a sense of what I owe to myself and my family, and, above all, the fear of sinking in the estimation of that gallant army, which may be the support of your majesty’s crown, and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere, and to assure your majesty, with all humility and respect, that, conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it. Allow me to say, sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and sacred to me as a prince. Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? Ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have everything to lose by defeat? The highest places in your

majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the royal family; to me alone no place is assigned; I am not thought worthy to be even the junior major-general of your army.

“ If I could submit in silence to such indignities, I should indeed deserve such treatment, and prove, to the satisfaction of your enemies and my own, that I am entirely incapable of those exertions which my birth and the circumstances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing so near the throne, when I am debased, the cause of royalty is wounded. I cannot sink in public opinion without the participation of your majesty in my degradation; therefore, every motive of private feeling and public duty induces me to implore your majesty to review your decision, and to place me in that situation which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England, entitle me to claim.”

Public attention had been strongly fixed on the progress of this transaction; and from the innumerable rumours which were propagated

by his friends and enemies, it became of importance to the prince that he should be enabled to bring his whole conduct on the occasion before the empire. The king, at least, gave him no cause to complain of delay. Nothing could be more prompt, nor more peremptory, than his majesty's answer:—

“ MY DEAR SON,—Though I applaud your zeal and spirit, in which I trust no one can suppose any of my family wanting, yet, considering the repeated declarations I have made, of my determination on your former applications to the same purpose, I had flattered myself to have heard no further on the subject. Should the implacable enemy succeed so far as to land, you will have an opportunity of shewing your zeal at the head of your regiment. It will be the duty of every man to stand forward on such an occasion; and I shall certainly think it mine to set an example, in defence of every thing that is dear to me and my people.

“ I ever remain, my dear son,

“ Your most affectionate father,

“ GEORGE R.”

Application was thenceforth at an end; but the prince addressed a strong vindication of his motives to his majesty; and after some correspondence with the Duke of York, whom he had hastily conceived to be the king's adviser on the occasion; and a remonstrance on his being omitted in a list of military promotions towards the close of the year, he at length submitted to a necessity which perhaps no subject in the empire could have felt with more pain. A final note to the minister put this offended feeling in the strongest light. The reports of invasion had been loudly renewed at a time when the prince was known to be preparing to spend the winter at Brighton, a point which must have been considerably exposed, in the event of an enemy's force being off the coast. Mr. Addington* wrote a few lines to beg that the journey might be delayed. The answer was spirited, soldierlike, and indignant.

“ SIR,—By your grounding your letter to me on intelligence which has just reached you, I

* October 23.

apprehend you allude to information leading you to expect some attempt on the part of the enemy. My wish to accommodate myself to anything which you represent as material to the public service would of course make me desirous to comply with your request.

“ But if there be reason to imagine that invasion will take place directly, I am *bound by the king's precise order*, and by that honest zeal which is *not allowed any fitter sphere for its action*, to hasten *instantly to my regiment*. If I learn that my construction of the word intelligence is right, I shall deem it necessary to repair instantly to Brighton.”

In England there can be but few state secrets, and this correspondence soon made its way into the journals. The debate on the motion for a committee on the defence of the country introduced the prince's name, when Tyrwhitt, one of his household, defended him from the possible charge of reluctance, by stating the nature of his applications to the throne. The debate, though with closed doors, was immediately

made public, and the correspondence thus announced appeared in a few days.

No sufficient light has been hitherto thrown on this inveterate rejection of his royal highness's services. The personal safety of the heir-apparent could not have been the object; for, at the head of his regiment, he would probably have only taken a more exposed share in the struggle. Constitutional maxims could scarcely have interfered; for the prince neither desired to obtain an extensive command, nor, if he had, was the authority of the Duke of York to be superseded but by the express determination of the king. But no parliamentary torture could force the secret from the minister. The only reply which he made to Fox's angry demands, and to the strong expressions of curiosity on the part of the legislature, was—"Nothing less than the *united* authority of the house, and the direct commands of the king, should compel him to say another word upon the subject." The true cause was surmised to be the king's personal displeasure, originating in his royal highness's conduct to the princess. While the

connexion with Mrs. Fitzherbert continued, there could be no complete reconciliation between a father, who felt himself not more the guardian of the public rights than of the public morality, and a son, who exhibited himself in the most conspicuous point of view as an offender against the great bond of society,—that bond to which, above all the institutions of human wisdom, a hallowed sanction has been given, and whose disregard has been universally the forerunner of national decay, as its purity and honour have been the unfailing pledges of national virtue.

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CHAPTER II.

PARLIAMENT.

THE age of parliamentary greatness was going down. Burke, Pitt, and Fox, successively disappeared; and men no longer looked to parliament for displays of the highest ability exerted in the highest cause. All the forms of panegyric have been so long lavished on the memory of those illustrious statesmen, that praise would be now alike impotent and unnecessary. Their rank is fixed beyond change. It is the inseparable characteristic of the fame of those who are made for immortal remembrance, that time, which decays and darkens all fabricated renown, has no power over the true, or rather, that it purifies and brightens the natural grandeur and lustre of the master

mind. The hot and misty confusion of actual life often distorts the great luminary; it is only when years allow us leisure to look upward, when another face of the world is offered to the heavens, and the orb has emerged from the vapours of our day, that we can see it in its glory.

But time, like death, does even more than exalt and purify. By breaking the direct link between the man of genius and his country, it gives him an illustrious communion with all countries. The poet, the orator, and the hero, are no longer the dwellers of a fragment of the globe; they belong to the human race in all its boundaries; the covering of this world's clay thrown off, their renown and their powers are, like their own nature, spiritualized; they have passed out of, and above, the world; and from their immortal height they bear healing and splendour on their wings for all lands and all generations.

Burke died in his 68th year,* with a calmness that belonged to a life in which he had

* July 26, 1797.

never done intentional evil to a human being, and had done all the good that the finest qualities of head and heart could do to his country. His decline had been gradual, and he was fully aware that his death was at hand. The last moments of such a man have a sainted interest. He had desired a paper of Addison's to be read to him; talked for some time on the perilous aspect of public affairs; and then gave directions for his funeral. Finding himself suddenly grow feeble, he expressed a wish to be carried to his bed; and as the attendants were conveying him to it, sank down in their arms, and expired without a groan.

Pitt died in his 47th year,* First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. An illness which had confined him for some period, four years before, had left him in a state of comparative debility. The infinite labour of office, on his return to power, still more enfeebled a frame not naturally strong; and the total overthrow of the Austrian armies at Ulm and Austerlitz threatening the dis-

* At Putney, Jan. 23, 1806.

ruption of those alliances which it had been his pride to form, and to whose firmness he looked for the safety of Europe; probably increased the depression of disease. His nervous system was at length so completely deranged, that for some weeks he was unable to sleep. His hereditary gout returned; and after struggling with water on the chest, he expired. By a vote of the House of Commons, his funeral was at the public expense; and a monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey.

Fox died in his 58th year.* He had reached the prize for which he had been labouring through life; and was, at last, prime minister.† But it came, only to escape from his hand. The fatigues of office were too incessant for a frame unused to labour. He appears to have had some presentiment of this speedy termination of his existence. On hearing of his great rival's death; "Pitt," said he, "has gone in January, perhaps I may go in June." It happened, by

* At Chiswick, Sept. 13, 1806.

† Lord Grenville, as First Lord of the Treasury, had the nominal rank; but Fox, though only Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had the real one.

a melancholy coincidence, that his disorder, a dropsy, exhibited its first dangerous symptoms in June. In the middle of that month he was forced to discontinue his attendance in parliament; about the middle of the following month he became unable to consult with his colleagues; and, after the usual efforts of the physicians to relieve him, at the end of August he fell into a state of languor, which continued until he died.

It is remarkable, that the happiest period of Fox's life was that which, on ordinary principles, might be expected to prove the most painful—his retirement from the House of Commons. If ever man was born for the boldest struggles of popular life, it was he. For almost half a century of the most brilliant, yet the most difficult, time of England, he was foremost in the popular gaze. His element was the legislature. He was there “the Leviathan which tempested the brine.” It might have been thought, that when thrown dry on the shore, the animation of the Leviathan would have left him; but yet we see Fox quietly turn from the house without a remonstrance, and

perhaps without a sigh; begin a new career, and with books, his garden, and the occasional society of a few personal friends, forget ambition. This is an evidence of perhaps more than intellectual vigour. Of all the qualities of public men the rarest is magnanimity. The histories of fallen statesmen are generally but histories of the miserable decrepitude of human nature, avarice wounded to the core, and vanity trying to salve itself by mean regrets, or meaner accusations, or, meanest of all, by licking the dust of the trampler's feet, content to creep up into influence by degradation, and reach by reptile means a reptile's power.

On the continent, an overthrown statesman is often like an overthrown child; he weeps, he tears his hair, he exclaims against everything round him, he is undone! When Neckar was dismissed by Louis the Sixteenth, no language could equal his despair. He was still the most popular man in France and one of the most opulent. But the loss of his *porte-feuille*; the departed vision of bowing clerks; the solitude of his hotel, no longer a levee of the courtiers,

whom he professed to despise, and whom no man had gone further to ruin; the loss of the frippery of office, sank the financial sovereign of France into a discharged menial; and his delicious villa on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, surrounded by every charm of earth and sky, a magnificence of nature that seems given to inspire grandeur into the human mind, was a dungeon to the cashiered minister.

Neckar's is but one instance of the thousand. Even among the more composed manners of English life, the loss of public occupation has been often followed by the loss of mental dignity; and its general result has been either a worthless lassitude or an eager and dishonourable compromise of principle. But Fox calmly gave up the leadership of opposition, a rank fully equal to the ministerial in the popular estimate; and seems to have settled down to the simplest occupations of a country life, planted his flowers, and pruned his trees, and made his playful verses, and carried his musket as a private in the Chertsey volunteers, with as much composure as if he had never tasted

the bewitching draught of fame, or soared among the fiery temptations of popular supremacy.

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On the failure of Lord Grey's hopeless motion for reform, in 1797, Fox withdrew from his attendance in parliament. This measure was a dereliction of public duty; but it was probably adopted with the idea of forcing the nation to take some decided step against the ministry. It failed; for he had miscalculated the public attachment to Pitt; and he thenceforth remained in his solitude, realizing at St. Ann's Hill, a small demesne near London, the life which Horace has so felicitously sketched for himself, and which, since his day, has been the dream of so many accomplished and weary minds—the leisure, the choice literature, and the “pleasing oblivion” of the cares of life. Here he renewed his knowledge of the classics, conquered Italian, and began Spanish. But the peace of Amiens opened France once more; and Fox, with the intention of collecting authorities for the History of the Stuarts, or with the common desire to see the changes wrought by the Revolution, went to Paris.

He was received with extraordinary civilities by all ranks; but the chief feature of his visit was his intercourse with the "First Consul." It is difficult to know whether Napoleon formed a just conception of Fox; but it is evident that Fox formed a curiously untrue one of Napoleon. Immediately on his appearance in the crowd at the Tuileries the first consul singled him out, and held a marked conversation with him. "There are in the world," said this disposer of the fates of empires, "but two nations, the one inhabiting the east, and the other the west. The English, French, Germans, Italians, under the same civil code, having the same manners, the same habits, and almost the same religion, are all members of the same family. Those who would wish to light up the flame of war among them again wish for civil war." He concluded by a compliment to him as the distinguished friend of peace.

Fox dined with him on the same day, and the conversation turned on the trial by jury, of which Napoleon could not bring himself to approve,—“it was so Gothic, cumbrous, and might be so *inconvenient* to a government.” Fox, with

bold John Bullism, told him, that “the *inconvenience* was the very thing for which he liked it.” www.libtool.com.cn

But, startling as those military opinions of justice between man and man might be, Napoleon strangely succeeded in impressing a very high idea even of his heart; and if we are to rely upon reported conversations at the time, Fox declared that—“the first consul of France was as magnificent in his *means* as in his ends; that he possessed a most decided character, and that his views were *not* directed against Great Britain, but against the Continent; that his commercial enmity was but a *temporary* measure, and was never intended to be acted upon as a *permanent policy*; and that he had a *proud candour!* which, in the confidence of success in whatever he resolved, *scorned to conceal its intentions.*” “I never saw,” added he, “*so little indirectness* in any statesman as in the first consul. He makes no secret of his designs.”

The sparkling sentences and oracular maxims of Napoleon, the tranchant tone, the novelty of the bulletin style, had evidently imposed on his good-natured guest; and such, by universal

acknowledgment, was his brilliancy and force of conversation, that the only hope of detecting the artifice lay in removing to a distance from the deceiver. But Fox was to enjoy an early, and a complete, opportunity of rectifying his opinions. He had scarcely entered the whig cabinet when he found himself intangled in a mock negotiation; saw the negotiation dexterously protracted until all things were ripe for the ruin of Prussia; and then saw Napoleon and Talleyrand fly together from Paris to the ruin, leaving his bewildered ambassador to be laughed at by Europe.*

Fox's death closed the great era of parliamentary eloquence. There have been able and admirable speakers since; but a lofty and original mastery of the understanding and the

* One of the plagues of popularity was felt by Fox in the applications of the French artists to take his likeness. Medallists, sculptors, and painters, haunted him with all the odd vehemence of the national character. One sculptor peculiarly persecuted him to sit for a statue. Fox at last inquired whether the sitting would put him to any inconvenience. "None whatever," said the Frenchman; "you must *only* take off your shirt and sit *naked* till you are modelled!"

passions characterized the public speaking of that distinguished time : to the speeches of Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Sheridan, we still go for the study of the art ; the highest principles of eloquence illustrated by its highest examples. Of the comparative powers of those remarkable men, the general impression among their contemporaries was,—that Fox stood in the foremost rank as a debater. His capacity, his manner, and his language, were *parliamentary* in an exclusive and unequalled degree. Pitt and Burke must have been eminent in any assembly of any age or nation where the human intellect was to be kindled or charmed by power of thought and language. A Greek or a Roman audience would have listened to either with admiration, and owned the influence of their flow and grandeur ; but Fox was made for England, and peculiarly for the parliament of England. The statues of Pitt and Burke might have stood, alike in the temple, and in the council hall. The statue of Fox was made for the centre of the forum.

Innumerable panegyrics on his genius appeared immediately after his death. But by

far the closest and most critical was due to Lord Erskine, at a distance of time which precluded the immediate influence of partiality, and which allowed full leisure to compare the illustrious dead with all of surviving excellence.

“ This extraordinary person, generally, in rising to speak, had evidently no more premeditated the particular language he should employ, nor, frequently, the illustrations and images by which he should discuss and enforce his subject, than he had contemplated the hour he was to die. And his exalted merit as a debater in parliament did not, therefore, consist in the length, variety, or roundness of his periods, but in the truth and vigour of his conceptions; in the depth and extent of his information; in the retentive powers of his memory, which enabled him to keep in constant view, not only all that he had formerly read and reflected on, but everything said at the moment, and even at other times, by the various persons whose arguments he was to answer; in the faculty of spreading out his matter so clearly to the grasp of his own mind as to render it impossible he should ever fail in the utmost clearness and distinctness to others;

in the exuberant fertility of his imagination, which spontaneously brought forth his ideas at the moment, in every possible shape in which the understanding might sit in judgment on them; whilst, instead of seeking afterwards to enforce them by cold premeditated illustrations, or by episodes, which, however beautiful, only distract attention, he was accustomed to repass his subject, not *methodically*, but in the most unforeseen and fascinating review, enlightening every part of it, and binding even his adversaries in a kind of spell of involuntary assent for the time.

* * * * *

“This will be found more particularly to apply to his speeches upon sudden and unforeseen occasions, when certainly nothing could be more interesting and extraordinary than to witness, as I have often done, the mighty and unprepared efforts of his mind when he had to encounter the arguments of some profound reasoner, who had deeply considered his subject and arranged it with all possible art to preserve its parts unbroken. To hear him begin on such occasions, without method, without any kind of

exertion, without the smallest impulse from the desire of distinction or triumph, and animated only by the honest sense of duty, an audience who knew him not would have expected little success from the conflict; as little as a traveller in the east, whilst trembling at a buffalo in the wild vigour of its well-protected strength, would have looked to its immediate destruction when he saw the boa moving slowly and inertly towards him on the grass. But Fox, unlike the serpent in everything but his strength, always taking his station in some fixed invulnerable principles, soon surrounded and entangled his adversary, disjuncting every member of his discourse, and strangling him in the irresistible folds of truth.

“This intellectual superiority, by which my illustrious friend was so eminently distinguished, might nevertheless have existed in all its strength without raising him to the exalted station he held as a public speaker. The powers of the understanding are not of themselves sufficient for this high purpose. Intellect alone, however exalted, without *strong feelings*, without even irritable sensibility, would be only

like an immense magazine of gunpowder, if there were no such element as fire in the natural world. It is *the heart* which is the spring and fountain of eloquence. A cold-blooded, learned man might, for anything I know, compose in his closet an eloquent book; but in public discourse, arising out of sudden occasions, he could by no possibility be eloquent.

* * * * *

“It has been said, that he was frequently careless of the language in which he expressed himself; but I can neither agree to the justice nor even comprehend the meaning of that criticism. He could not be *incorrect* from carelessness; because, having lived from his youth in the great world, and having been familiarly conversant with the classics of all nations, his most unprepared speaking (or if critics will have it so, his most negligent) must have been at least *grammatical*, which it not only uniformly was, but distinguished by its taste; more than that could not have belonged to it, without the very care which his habits and his talents equally rejected.

“He undoubtedly attached as little to the musical intonation of his speeches as to the language in which they were expressed. His emphases were the unstudied effusions of nature; the vents of a mind burning intensely with the generous flame of public spirit and benevolence, beyond all control or management when impassioned, and above the rules to which inferior things are properly subjected: his sentences often rapidly succeeded, and almost mixed themselves with one another; as the lava rises in bursts from the mouth of a volcano, when the resistless energies of the subterranean world are at their height.”

Fox's politics have long since been obsolete; his parliamentary triumphs are air; his eloquence may have been rivalled or shorn of its beams by time; but one source of glory cannot be extinguished,—the abolition of the slave-trade! That victory no man can take from him. Whatever variety of opinion may be formed of his public principles, whatever condemnation may be found of his personal career, whatever doubts may be raised of his faculties, on this one

subject all voices will be raised in his honour ; the hand of every man of English feeling will add a stone to the monument that perpetuates his name. On the 10th of June, 1806, Fox brought forward his motion, in a speech, brief but decided. “ So fully,” said he, “ am I impressed with the vast importance and necessity of attaining what will be the object of my motion to-night, that if, during the forty years that I have had the honour of a seat in parliament, I should have been so fortunate as to accomplish that, and that only, I should think I had done enough, and should retire from public life with comfort, and the conscious satisfaction that I had done my duty.”

His speech concluded with the immortal resolution,—“**THAT THIS HOUSE, CONCEIVING THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE TO BE CONTRARY TO THE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE, HUMANITY, AND SOUND POLICY, WILL, WITH ALL PRACTICABLE EXPEDITION, PROCEED TO TAKE EFFECTUAL MEASURES FOR ABOLISHING THE SLAVE-TRADE, IN SUCH MANNER AND AT SUCH PERIOD AS MAY BE DEEMED ADVISABLE.**”

On the division, one hundred and fourteen

voted for the measure, against it only fifteen! This was the last effort made by Fox. In a few days after, he was taken ill of his mortal disease. No orator, no philosopher, no patriot, could have wished for a nobler close to his labours.

It is still inexplicable and extraordinary that Pitt should have left this great duty to be done by another. Some of his ablest speeches had been in condemnation of the slave-trade. He had pronounced it a national disgrace and calamity. And what man, not turned into a wild beast by avarice,—that passion alternately the meanest and the most daring, the basest and the bloodiest; that passion which, of all others, assimilates and combines the most thoroughly with the evil of perverted human nature,—but must have looked upon that trade with horror? “This a traffic!” exclaimed Burke; “this is not a traffic in the labour of man, but in the man himself!” It was ascertained that from seventy to eighty thousand slaves had been carried from Africa to the West Indies in a single year; and with what misery beyond all calculation! What agonies of heart, at the utter and eternal parting from friends, kindred, and

home ! What indescribable torture in the slave-ships, where they burned under the tropical day, packed in dens, ~~without room to move~~, to stand, or even to lie down, — chained, scourged, famished, withering with fever and thirst : human layers festering on each other ; the dead, the dying, the frantic, and the tortured, compressed together like bales of merchandise ; hundreds seizing the first moment of seeing the light and air to fling themselves overboard ; hundreds dying of grief ; thousands dying of pestilence ; and the rest surviving only for a hopeless captivity in a strange land, to labour for life, often under the whips of tyrants, immeasurably more brutal and debased than their unfortunate victims !

With what eyes must Providence have looked down upon this tremendous accumulation of guilt, this hideous abuse of the power of European knowledge, this savage oppression of the miserable African ; and with what solemn justice may it not have answered the cry of the blood out of the ground ! The vengeance of Heaven on individuals is wisely, in most instances, put beyond human discovery. But, for nations

there is no judgment to come; no great after-reckoning makes all straight and vindicates the ways of God to man. They must be punished here; and it might be neither difficult nor unproductive of the best knowledge—the Christian's faith in the ever-waking and resistless control of Providence; to trace the punishment of this enormous crime even in Europe. (It was perhaps the slave-trade that lost America to England, and the crime was thus punished at its height, and within view of the spot where it was committed.) But our crime was done in ignorance; the people of this kingdom had known little of its nature; and they required only to know it to wash their hands of the stain. It may have been, too, for this reason that, of all unsuccessful wars, the American was the least marked with national loss; and that, of all abscissions of empire, the independence of the United States was the most rapidly converted into national advantage. But it is upon the kingdoms which, in the face of perfect knowledge; in scorn of remonstrances that might make the very stones cry out; in treacherous evasion of treaties, in defiance of even

the base bargains in which they exacted the money of this country to buy off the blood of the African, have still carried on the trade ; that undisguised and unmitigated vengeance has fallen, and is still falling.

The three great slave-traders, whom it has been found impossible to persuade, or to restrain, are France, Spain, and Portugal. And in what circumstances are the colonies now placed for whose peculiar support this dreadful traffic was carried on ? France has totally lost St. Domingo, the finest colony in the world, and her colonial trade is a cypher. Spain has lost all. Portugal has lost all. Spanish America and the Brazils are severed from their old masters for ever. And what have been the especial calamities of the sovereigns of those countries ?

{ They have been all three expatriated, and the only three. Other sovereigns have suffered temporary evil under the chances of war ; but France, Spain, and Portugal have exhibited the peculiar shame of three dynasties at once in exile :—the Portuguese flying across the sea, to escape from an enemy in its capital, and hide its head in a barbarian land ;—the Spanish de-

throned, and sent to display its spectacle of mendicant and decrepit royalty through Europe;—and the French doubly undone!

The first effort of Louis XVIII. on his restoration was to re-establish the slave-trade. Before twelve months were past, he was flying for his life to the protection of strangers! On the second restoration the trade was again revived. All representations of its horrors, aggravated as they now are by the lawless rapacity of the foreign traders, were received with mock acquiescence, and real scorn. And where are the Bourbons now?

And what is the peace or the prosperity of the countries which have thus dipped their guilty gains in human miseries? The three are still centres of revolutionary terror:—Portugal, still covered with the wrecks of a civil war, with a trembling throne, a Jacobin constitution, and a broken people;—Spain, torn by faction, and watching every gathering on her hills, as the signs of a tempest that may sweep the land, from the Pyrenees to the ocean;—and France, in the first heavings of a mighty change, which man can no more define than he can set

limits to the heaving of an earthquake or the swell of a deluge. Other great objects and causes may have their share in those things; but the facts are before mankind.

The probable ground of Pitt's reluctance to extinguish the slave-trade at the instant was, his fear of disturbing the financial system, in the midst of a period which made all minds tremble at the name of experiment. While the whole fabric of empire was tottering, there might be rashness even in the attempt to repair the building; and it required higher feelings than are to be learned in the subterranean of politics, (the magnanimity of religious faith,—to do good without fear, and leave the rest to the great Disposer.) The war had been altogether a war of finance. Pitt was pre-eminently a financier; and, like all men with one object perpetually before them, he perhaps involuntary suffered the consideration of revenue to distend on his sight until it shut out every other. The Abolition was a novelty; and he had seen a more auspicious novelty, a free constitution, overthrow the most powerful kingdom of Europe. England was at that hour covered with the embers of

France,—prince, priest, and noble, flying from the brilliant evil.

The nature of its advocates, too, justified some jealousy; for, mingled with the virtuous and patriotic, there were to be found individuals who would have scandalized the purest cause. (None are more tolerant than they who scoff at all creeds alike; none more humane than they who have nothing to give; none more rigorous in demanding public sacrifices than they who feel themselves exempt from all sacrifice.) In 1792, the date of Mr. Wilberforce's first efforts against the slave-trade, England was overrun with those cheap sages and heroes; the whole land was thick with a crop of spurious tolerance and worthless generosity. The slave-trade came forth a new topic. It acted as the live coal on the lips of the rebel seer, long weary of denouncing unperformed wrath against the throne. It supplied the whole bustling tribe of the Platos and Phocions of the streets with new illustration, and it supplied them with it *safe*. The acknowledged horrors of the trade threw an allegorical veil over the picture, while the artist was insolently limning the guilt and pu-

nishment of supposed royal and aristocratic offences at home; the King of Dahomy prefigured a monarch, whom it was yet hazardous to denounce by name; the smiting of West Indian planters by the popular hand led the mind's eye to loftier execution on more hated possessors of wealth and power; and the havoc of negro insurrection lent its colourings to that promised tornado of vengeance which, "in an hour that we knew not of," was to sweep from the earth the nobility, church, and crown of the British empire.

Yet, it is to be lamented that, for the completion of a fame almost at the full, Pitt did not give more than his voice against the slave-trade; that he had not nobly dared; that by this solitary instance of hesitation in a cause worthy of himself, the illustrious act which shed glory on the close even of Fox's struggling career, was not permitted to scatter the darkness and sorrow which hung round his honoured death-bed; to give the great patriot a foretaste of the coming redemption of Europe, and finish in kindred splendour the long triumphs of the first statesman of the world.

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CHAPTER III.

THE WHIG CABINET.

THE whig administration of 1807 totally failed, and deserved to fail. Its announcement had struck the nation with surprise; its progress with scorn. Lord Grenville in alliance with Fox! degraded alike the personal and public character of statesmanship; Lord Grenville, the direct agent of Pitt for so many years, the official opponent of democracy in all its shapes, the professional speaker against reform, the secretary who had dismissed M. Chauvelin and his republican peace with justified contempt, and who, with equal contempt, had denied alike the competence and the will of the successive tyrants of France to make peace; was it possible that he should now exhibit himself in close con-

nexion with the antagonist of Pitt on every point of government, with the avowed reformer, the perpetual assertor of the sincerity of France; with Fox, the orator of the populace, the champion of Jacobin peace, the public panegyrist of Napoleon! The very name of Coalition jarred on the public ear. It was the opening of a sluice that let out a whole torrent of scorn.

The national mind of England has never yet made a wrong judgment. A whole people, furnished as England is with the means of knowledge, and the invaluable freedom of expressing its thoughts, that true salt of the constitution, cannot err. It is preserved from error by something like those great contrivances of nature which make the salubrity of the ocean and the atmosphere; the innumerable currents and diversities of public opinion sustain its activity, while they impel each other into the general course of national safety and wisdom.

Fox's coalition with North had been the original sin of his life. He never recovered from that first and fatal impression. Yet, there little was to be compromised but personal hostility. Here the hostility was on all the prin-

principles of state; and no ingenuity of gloss, no declared perseverance in principle, and no ostentatious zeal for the good of the country, could prevent the nation from looking on the joint cabinet as already a fallen one!

The acts of the new coalition were inevitably marked with the evil of its parentage. Lord Grenville was appointed first lord of the Treasury; but he had already secured the auditorship of the Exchequer, a place of four thousand pounds a-year for life. The national voice demanded, under what pretence this noble person could retain two offices totally incompatible with each other? Why, in this instance alone, the disbursement of the public money, and the check on that disbursement, should be in the same officer?

Another compromise followed, of a still more obnoxious nature. To strengthen the administration, it had been deemed necessary to summon the aid of Lord Sidmouth's friends; and his lordship's terms were, two seats in the cabinet, one for himself and one for Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This direct attempt to connect the

ministry with the courts of law awoke alarm throughout the empire. The practical value of the constitution of England exists in the courts of law. If the legislature is the bulwark of English liberty; the purity, pecuniary and political, of the bench of judges is liberty itself. For, as no constitution can be worth the paper that it is written upon, while the subject fears for his person or his property; the first ground of national freedom must be in that majesty of law which protects him in doing all things that are manly, honest, and lawful. And it is thus that, while legislatures may have been weak, and ministers arbitrary, the practical freedom of this first and most fortunate of countries has suffered but slight disturbance for a hundred years; has continually become more precious to its people; and has secured, and may long secure, England from the desperate convulsions which the very impulse of nature forces on foreign lands, to give even a partial restoration to the powers of their people.

A motion on this most repulsive appointment was brought forward by Lord Bristol in the Lords, and by Mr. Spencer Stanhope in the

Commons,—“ That it was *highly inexpedient*, and tended to *weaken the administration of justice*, to summon to any committee or assembly of the privy council any of the judges of his majesty's courts of common law.” The motion was supported in the Lords by Lord Eldon, where it was negatived without a division!—and in the Commons by Canning, Wilberforce, Lord Castlereagh, and Perceval; where, too, it was negatived, and almost with similar contumely—by 222 to 64!

Nothing could be more palpable than the constitutional hazards of the principle. By breaking down the barriers which shut out the influence of ministers from Westminster Hall, the judge might be altogether perverted into a place-hunter; or, at least, his integrity must be in a continual state of temptation, from the patronage of office. But, by making him a cabinet minister, he might be called on to enact measures of severity against the individual whom he might be also called on to try for life or death, within the week. How was he to bring an unprejudiced mind into the courts, when he had already made up his determination in the

cabinet? or, finally, what was to prevent the persecutor in the cabinet from being the homicide on the bench?

Yet this appointment, which, in the public mind, amounted to the most violent departure from English principle; which might have rapidly involved a total perversion of the law; and which must have instantly shaken the national confidence in the administration of justice, was carried with a high hand by the old clamourers for universal liberty; the champions who, for two-and-twenty years, had made parliament, the hustings, and the tavern alike, ring with their more than Roman patriotism; the haughty challengers of the whole power of the state to lay a finger on the ark of the constitution!

The maxims which the coalition thus especially took to its bosom are worthy of being chronicled:—"The cabinet, as such, is *not responsible* for the *measures of government*!—No individual minister is responsible for *more than his own acts*, and such advice as he *can be proved* to have actually given!—A cabinet councillor performs *no duties, and incurs no responsibility,*

to which, as a privy-councillor, he is not liable! And the judges of England are *not intended*, by the constitution of the country, to be *such insulated beings* as speculative writers represent them!"

And those enormous absurdities were advanced and fiercely defended by the whole Whig party. Well might the nation burst into an outcry of abhorrence and alarm. And well may men, yet untainted by politics, lift up their hands and thank their God for the humble station which has preserved them from being tempted to such betrayals of honesty and honour, such glaring evidences of the headlong folly and short-sighted, sordid covetousness of human nature!

Compromise was, in fact, the only principle which the coalition seemed to acknowledge. The Roman-catholic question was Fox's first bond, and to this he was pledged by the declarations of a life. But Lord Sidmouth was disinclined to it; and the king was resolved against it. That honest king had taken no degree in the new school of tergiversation; he left its hoods and gowns to cover the awkward procession of

those "budge doctors of the stoic fur," the professors of expediency. He had instantly refused to concede. There was, then, no alternative but to resign, or to compromise. The question *was adjourned*.

Ministers next demanded as essential, that the army should be put into their hands; and, as a preliminary, that the Duke of York should be removed. This the king refused; on the obvious ground, that the army had been kept separate from the other branches of the administration since the time of the Duke of Cumberland; and finally declared that he *would not remove* the Duke of York. The transaction closed, of course, in compromise; the ministers agreed, that no change in the command should take place *without the royal approbation*.

All was failure. Their financial discoveries, which had been heralded for years with all the pomp and all the mystery of the new "Illuminés" of Political Economy—a science which has succeeded to the honours, and the merits, of astrology,—were found fit only to glitter in the pages of a review, and evaporated, upon trial, into two taxes, and those two abortive. But if

the relief was visionary, not so was the burden. Whig finance finally left its mark in two tremendous impositions. The hated property-tax was raised from six and a half to ten per cent. ! and ten per cent. was added to the assessed taxes !

Their exploits as warriors were calculated to give them as humble a niche in history as their financial achievements. They sent out four expeditions. The whole four failed ; some with heavy loss, some with ignominy, all with ridicule !—Moore was compelled to fly from the mad king of Sweden in a cart, and to ship off his army at a moment's notice.—The expedition to Egypt was beaten on the old scene of British victory, was forced to lay down its arms to a rabble of Turks, and succeeded in nothing but in alienating the population.—The expedition under Whitelock, to Buenos Ayres, is synonymous with national shame : it insulted us with the spectacle of a British army beaten, and the scandal of its being beaten by a banditti.—The expedition to the Dardanelles exhibited the combined disgrace of our arms and our diplomacy ; the British ambassador baffled by the

French, and even by the brute policy of the Turkish agent; and the British fleet flying full sail down the Dardanelles, helplessly battered by the Turkish cannon-balls. The four quarters of the globe were furnished with the trophies of a coalition ministry!

There was but one way more in which a cabinet could go wrong; and of that way they availed themselves with characteristic absurdity.

Fox had scarcely entered upon office, when he was enticed into a negotiation by the French government; and the finesse of the contrivance was worthy of Talleyrand. A stranger presented himself to the foreign secretary with a proposal of assassinating the first consul. Fox, with the feelings of an English gentleman, was shocked at an idea so abominable; and ordering the proposer into custody, wrote a brief letter to the French court, to mention the circumstance, and put Napoleon on his guard against this illegitimate mode of terminating hostilities. Talleyrand's answer was equally brief, but contained a dexterous compliment from Napoleon. Another letter of equal civility, dated on the same day, conveyed an appropriate extract from the

Imperial speech on the opening of the legislature. The French minister's note is an exquisite specimen of the diplomatic art of "feeling the way."

Note 2.—"SIR,—It may be agreeable to you to receive news from this country.

"I send you the emperor's speech to the legislative body. You will therein see that our wishes are still for peace. *I do not ask* what is the *prevailing inclination* with you; but if the advantages of peace *are duly appreciated*, you now know on what basis it may be discussed."

Note 3.—Extract from the speech:—"I desire peace with England. On my part I shall never delay it a moment. I shall always be ready to conclude it, taking for its basis the stipulations of the treaty of Amiens."

The snare was adroitly laid; and the Whig cabinet was caught at the moment. Within a week from the receipt of those billets, a formal cabinet letter was despatched to the Tuileries,

plunging headlong into the question, with all its bases, alliances, and compensations. What a satiric smile must have sat on the lips of the two matchless confederates, as they looked over this letter together! with what infinite burlesque must they have laughed at the wisdom of the wise! We may almost forgive them their triumph for the sake of its dexterity. Napoleon's sworn purpose, from the day of Austerlitz, had been the fall of Prussia. He had felt his arrogance molested by her threat of assisting Austria in the war; and he was determined that, on whatever capital of Europe he might seize in future, he would not have a Prussian army of a hundred and fifty thousand men on his flank, to frown at the operation: Prussia was to be smitten! But by what artifice was England to be blindfolded, while the last military kingdom of the continent was in the act of being turned into a kingdom of hewers of wood and drawers of water? To sow jealousy between them, he first gave Hanover to Prussia: the boon was grasped at with guilty eagerness; and his object was effected at once. England was indignant at the treacherous acceptance. Still,

the approach of direct hostilities might rouse England, and even Russia. It was essential to distract the attention of both, while France was collecting that storm of havoc which was to sweep the monarchy of Frederic from the list of nations. A negotiation with England was the expedient, at once to paralyze the warlike preparations of the country, make Russia distrustful of our alliance, and cut off Prussia from all hope.

Napoleon knew that Fox's ambition was, to be the peace-maker of Europe; and he well remembered, too, those conversations at the Tuileries, in which his guest had almost infringed on court etiquette, in manfully vindicating Pitt and Windham from all share in the conspiracy of "the infernal machine." It was at this sensitive point of his character that the artifice was levelled. The eloquent abhorrer of assassination was suddenly presented in his closet with an avowed assassin. Of all the stimulants that art could devise, there was none more certain of kindling him. The calculation was incomparably true; Fox, full of British wrath, had instantly written to apprise the first consul of his hazard.

The letter had been answered by bland homage, in which the "first consul *recognised* the honour and virtue" of his feelings; followed by a still blander promise of peace, from a speech made almost at the moment when the pretended assassin was sent from Paris. The train of artifice was now begun, which left Prussia at the mercy of the destroyer.

But all the details of this ludicrous negotiation were equally ludicrous. Talleyrand had now completely involved the cabinet; he had, with the ease of consummate skill, played on their peace-making vanity, and entrapped them even into the very folly which they had determined *not* to commit; that of making the first overtures. But he had now a second pitfall for them. To make "assurance double sure," and prevent the possibility of opening their eyes, he actually contrived to make them commission the first ambassador!

He sent for Lord Yarmouth, (since Marquess of Hertford,) then one of the *détenus* at Verdun, a nobleman of enormous fortune, but whose diplomatic faculties were yet in the bud. Lord Yarmouth obeyed the summons, commenced an

intercourse with Talleyrand in Paris, and was instantly meshed in the diplomatic web, and puzzled in the *uti possidetis* to such a profound degree, that ministers were compelled to send a superior, to extract his lordship from his perplexities; or, in the confused phrase of office, "The necessity arose of some other negotiator, fully instructed in the sentiments of his majesty's government on all the various points of discussion that might arise," &c. &c.

But the whole mystification is incomparable. Talleyrand had not chosen his diplomatist in vain; and the familiar dexterity with which he drove his lordship into the toils is one of the most amusing episodes in the history of negotiation. The wily Frenchman's purpose was, to make the British cabinet answerable for every lapse of their unfledged agent; but this could not be done without the production of his powers to treat. He summoned his victim to a conference, and there told him, that the fates of Europe depended upon his instant display of those weighty documents. "There was Germany," said the Frenchman; "a week ago you might have saved it, if you were empowered

to negotiate : but the emperor could wait no longer : the fate of Germany was sealed : *et nous n'en reviendrons jamais!** Russia is now in the scale. Will you save Russia? Produce your full powers, or her fate will be sealed in *two days!*—Switzerland comes next : it is on the eve of undergoing a great change. Will you save it? Nothing can do this but a peace with England. Produce your full powers!—We are on the point of invading Portugal. Nothing on earth but a peace with England can prevent our seizing it : our army is already gathering at Bayonne. All depends on England. Produce your full powers!”—But the keenest shaft was yet in reserve. “Prussia,” said Talleyrand, “insists on our confirming her possession of Hanover ; and we cannot consent *wantonly to lose the only ally* France has had since the Revolution. Will you save Hanover, and thus permit us to prefer England to Prussia! Produce your full powers!”

The appeal was irresistible. His lordship was remorselessly mystified. The visions of kingdoms falling, and fallen, round him were not to be

* “We shall never recede from our decision.”

withstood, while he had the cheap restorative in his pocket; and, to save Europe, to arrest the progress of Napoleon at the head of five hundred thousand men, and clip the wings of an ambition that was longing to overshadow the world,—Lord Yarmouth produced his full powers, and began his career as a plenipotentiary!

How any man living could conceive, after ten years' display of Napoleon's character, that he was to be stopped by the trite fooleries of billets despatched every half hour from one hotel to another; how any individual, walking the streets of Paris, could have escaped the knowledge that all France was ringing with preparation for a Prussian campaign, and that the most revengeful feelings against Prussia were exhibited on all occasions; how any man of common understanding could have doubted, that the kingdom in the jaws of destruction, the ally which England should instantly seek and support, the last hope of the continent, was Prussia; are questions which we must leave to the elucidation of noble plenipotentiaries alone.

England was utterly astonished at this trans-

action. Even the cabinet were forced to awake at last. A new diplomatist was forthwith transmitted, and a despatch written to stop his lordship in this precipitate salvation of Europe. "I need hardly observe to your lordship," are Mr. Secretary Fox's emphatic words, "that it is of the *utmost importance* that in the interim (till the arrival of the new ambassador) your lordship should avoid *taking any step*, or even *holding any language*, which may tend, in the *smallest degree*, to commit the opinion of his majesty's government *on any part* of the matters now depending."

But the diplomatic depths of this unfortunate cabinet were not yet sounded. The Fabius substituted for their rapid plenipotentiary was Lord Lauderdale, an old adherent of Fox, and a pamphleteer on political economy; and wise if he had been content to rest even on those titles to fame. Yet this nobleman was not to go alone; he was to be supported by the *political experience* of Dugald Stewart! a lecturer of much reputation in the North, and probably a personage of formidable wisdom to an Edinburgh student of metaphysics. And those two were to combat

the two ablest men in Europe! Two dreamers of the schools were to come into conflict with two men of the first rank of political genius, invigorated by perpetual experience in the highest concerns,—Lord Lauderdale and Dugald Stewart, hand to hand, against Talleyrand and Napoleon!

The negotiation was worthy of the negotiators. It was protracted for six months; while all its objects might have been discussed in as many days. The ambassador was toyed and trifled with in the most palpable and most contemptuous manner. Sometimes he was refused an audience; sometimes he was kept lingering for an answer; sometimes passports for his couriers were delayed; and at last passports for himself were withheld, until he must have begun seriously to think that his embassy would end in Verdun. Europe looked on in surprise; England, in mingled indignation and laughter.

It is only justice to a great man's memory, to relieve Fox from the responsibility of this continued burlesque. His bodily powers had been giving way, from the commencement of the

year, though the direct symptoms of his mortal disease were not yet discoverable. In a letter to a friend, soon after his accession to office, he said—" My life has been active beyond my strength ; I had almost said, my duty. If I have not acted much, you will allow I have spoken much ; and I have felt more than I have either acted or spoken. My constitution has sunk under it. I find myself unequal to the business on which you have written ; it must be left to younger men."

Napoleon and Talleyrand tossed those ambassadors between them like toys ; their object was to gain time. They hoodwinked them in broad daylight ; and it was not till the actual hour when they had gathered the whole mass of destruction, which a touch was to let loose on Prussia, that they condescended to take the bandage from their eyes, and send them back to their insulted country. The negotiation had begun on the 20th of February, 1806. Lord Lauderdale was ridiculed to the last. His passports were kept back until the 6th of October, the very eve of hostilities. On the 9th, Napoleon was in sight of the Prussian army ;

and on the 14th, he fought the fatal battle of Jena. Europe had never before seen a conflict so vast, so bloody, and so decisive. In three hours he had driven the Prussians from the field, with the loss of 60,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners; he followed up the battle by the capture of *all* the Prussian soldiery, the surrender of *all* the fortresses, the seizure of the capital, and the pursuit of the king,—the total subjugation of the Prussian monarchy! Then was paid the long arrear for the blood and chains of Poland.

Fox was now dead, and the guidance of this disastrous administration had fallen into the hands of Lord Grenville. No compassion was felt for the growing embarrassments of a man who had abandoned the principles of his master. The honourable portion of the country rejoiced to see the cabinet bewilder themselves from day to day, until there was but one false step more to be made—and they made it.

The whigs had come into power under a pledge to the Roman-catholic question. They found the king adverse to its discussion. They endeavoured, in the first instance, to elude it,

and yet retain the Roman catholics. They endeavoured in the second, to grant it, and yet retain the king. They failed in both. Their old art, compromise, was next tried, and found wanting. The Roman catholics pronounced them deceivers: the king gave them that practical proof of his opinion which of all things they dreaded most,—he dismissed them. And thus, in the midst of general joy, perished the coalition ministry. Two bons-mots of Sheridan were their epitaph.

On Lord Henry Petty's iron-tax being withdrawn, some one suggested a tax on coals to make up the deficiency. "Poh," said Sheridan, "do you want to raise a rebellion in our kitchens? The cooks are worse than the blacksmiths. Tax coals instead of iron! why that would be jumping out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*."

But it was the Roman-catholic question which excited his chief displeasure. No man more thoroughly knew the secret of cabinet sincerity. He justly looked upon the question as a tub to the whale, and had no forgiveness for the folly which lost the whale for the tub. "Why did

they not put it off, as Fox always did," said the angry ex-treasurer of the navy; "I have heard of men running their heads against a wall; but this is the first time I ever heard of men building a wall, and squaring it, and clamping it, for the mere purpose of knocking out their brains against it."

But the deed was done,—the Foxite ministry was flung out. A Protestant ministry was established by the king. The coalition was totally cast down from power, universally scorned; and left to learn the bitter lesson, that not even politicians can trample for ever on principle with impunity.

All the laurels on this occasion remained with the king. Those who once doubted his capacity were now brought to their senses by the fact, that he had capacity enough to turn out the two most insolent administrations, in the briefest time known—the Fox and North coalition, pronouncing itself an assemblage of all the genius of England; and the Fox and Grenville coalition, formed on the same contempt of public opinion, and making the same school-boy boast of matchless ability. Each perished in little

more than a year. The single step between "the sublime and the ridiculous"* was never shorter than in both.

Insolence is not made to be forgiven; and the titles of "the broad-bottomed administration," and "all the talents," threw the Foxite conclave of self-sufficiency into national ridicule.

But it was the *insincerity* that sharpened, as it ought, every weapon of public scorn. The pen and the pencil were equally keen; and if popular applause were the object of ministerial boasting, never was vanity more universally chastised.

The following lines were attributed to Canning:—

ALL THE TALENTS.

When the broad-bottomed junco, all nonsense and strife,
Resigned, with a groan, its political life ;
When converted to Rome, and of honesty tired,
It to Satan gave back what himself had inspired ;

* The pithy maxim on this subject, which has been so often given to Napoleon's knowledge of the world, belonged to Paine. His celebrated phrase, *la nation boutiquière*, belonged to Barras.

The Demon of Faction, that over them hung,
 In accents of anguish their epitaph sung ;
 While Pride and Venality joined in the stave,
 And canting Democracy wept on the grave :

“ Here lies in the tomb that we hollowed for Pitt,
 The consistence of Grenville, of Temple the wit,
 Of Sidmouth the firmness, the temper of Grey;
 And Treasurer Sheridan’s promise to pay.

“ Here Petty’s finance from the evils to come,
 With Fitzpatrick’s sobriety creeps to the tomb ;
 And Chancellor Ego,* now left in the lurch,
 Neither laughs at the law, nor cuts jokes on the church.”

Then huzza for the party that here’s laid at rest—
 “ All the talents,” but self-praising blockheads at best :
 Though they sleep in oblivion, they’ve died with the hope,
 At the last day of freedom to rise with the Pope.

The public feeling was strongly aggrieved by the debate on giving a public monument to Pitt. On this occasion, it might not be expected that Fox should give any declared homage to a government which he had been opposing for so many years ; but his tribute to Pitt’s personal abilities and virtues did himself honour. This manly example, however, was lost upon some of the speakers ; and Windham

* Erskine.

attracted no trivial resentment by a volunteer attack upon the memory of the great minister. It was a public cause, for England loved the name of Pitt, and looked upon it, as she still does, as a sacred part of her glory. Some stanzas of a poem which embodied the general sentiment on this point attracted unusual popularity:—

ELIJAH'S MANTLE.

When, by the Almighty's dread command,
Elijah, call'd from Israel's land,
 Rose in the sacred flame,
His mantle good Elisha caught,
And, with the prophet's spirit fraught,
 Her second hope became.

In Pitt our Israel saw combined
The patriot's heart—the prophet's mind,
 Elijah's spirit here :
Now, sad reverse!—that spirit reft,
No confidence, no hope is left ;
 For no Elisha's near.

Is there, among the greedy band
Who seize on power with harpy hand,
 And patriot pride assume,
One on whom public faith can rest—
One fit to wear Elijah's vest,
 And cheer a nation's gloom ?

Grenville!—to aid thy *treasury fame*
 A portion of Pitt's mantle claim,
 His *gen'rous* ardour feel;
 Resolve o'er *sordid self* to soar,
 Amidst *Exchequer gold* be poor;
 Thy wealth—the public weal.

Windham!—if e'er thy sorrows flow
 For private loss or public wo,
 Thy rigid brow unbend;
 Tears over Cæsar Brutus shed,
 His *hatred warr'd not with the dead*—
 And Pitt was *once thy friend*.

Illustrious Roscius of the state!
 New-breech'd and harness'd for debate,
 Thou wonder of thy age!
 Petty or Betty art thou hight,
 By Granta sent to strut thy night
 On Stephen's bustling stage.

Pitt's 'Chequer robe 'tis thine to wear;
 Take of his mantle, too, a share,
 'Twill aid thy Ways and Means;
 And should Fat Jack and his cabal
 Cry, "Rob us the Exchequer, Hal!"
 Thou art but in thy teens.

Sidmouth!—though low his head is laid
 Who call'd thee from thy native shade
 And gave thee second birth,—
 Gave thee the sweets of power and place,
 The tufted gown, the gilded mace,
 And rear'd thy nameless worth;

Think how his mantle wrapped thee round :
Is one of equal virtue found

Among thy new compeers ?
Or, can thy cloak of Amiens stuff,
Once laugh'd to scorn by Blue and Buff,
Screen thee from Windham's jeers ?

When faction threaten'd Britain's land,
Thy new-made friends, a desperate band,
Like Ahab, stood reproved :
Pitt's powerful tongue their rage could check ;
His counsel saved, 'mid mankind's wreck,
The Israel that he loved.

Yes, honour'd shade ! whilst near thy grave
The letter'd sage, and chieftain brave,
The votive marble claim,
O'er thy cold corse the public tear,
Congeal'd, a crystal shrine shall rear,
Unsullied as thy fame !"

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SPANISH WAR.

THE deliverance of Europe began, when, to human eyes, it was ruined beyond hope. The continent was at peace—the dreadful peace of the conquered. The sword was the only instrument of dominion. The final struggle had been made; and the best hope of nations was that mutilated independence which they could enjoy in the perpetual terror of a French army; and watching, with feverish anxiety, every gesture of a man of blood and avarice, capricious as the winds, and steady only to the one desperate purpose of turning the world into a French dungeon.

Austria had been overwhelmed in a three months' campaign;* Prussia in a day. The

* Closed at Austerlitz, December 26, 1806.

Russian armies had been driven back on their own territory; and even their partial escape was soon turned into worse than defeat, by the rash and ignominious treaty of Tilsit. In 1807, Napoleon possessed a power unequalled in extent by any monarchy since the time of Charles V., and immeasurably superior in point of effective strength, of opulence, intelligence, and the facility of being directed to any purpose of his ambition. No European sovereign ever possessed such personal supremacy over the means and minds of his subjects. France was a great camp; the people were an army; the government was as simple, rigid, and unquestioned, as the command of a brigade; and Napoleon was the general. His business was to campaign against Europe; and when the campaign was done, his leisure was to be employed, or amused, in distributing its provinces and crowns to his soldiers.

In the pause after the overthrow of Russia at Golomyn and Pultusk, he occupied himself in making monarchs, and dividing kingdoms. He gave the crown of Holland to Louis, his brother; annexing Venice to the kingdom of

Italy, he gave them to his step-son, Beauharnois, as viceroy; he gave the kingdom of Naples to Joseph, his brother; Berg and Cleves to Murat, his brother-in-law; Guastalla to Prince Borghese, another brother-in-law; the principalities of Neuchâtel and Ponte-Corvo to Berthier and Bernadotte; repaid the civil services of Talleyrand with Benevento; and when this was done, resumed his preparations for the seizure of Spain, Portugal, and Poland! These were times of awe, astonishment, and misery.

England was still unconquerable; but she had been severely tried. Her efforts to sustain the cause of Europe had pressed heavily upon her strength. She had paid all the allied armies, and lavished her wealth and her blood, with no return, but that of seeing the continent cast at the foot of the enemy. But the struggle had been at a distance; it was now to be brought home.

By the most extraordinary measure in the annals of hostility, the Berlin and Milan decrees, a line of fire was to be drawn round the continent, and England excluded from the in-

tercourse of nations. Napoleon had felt from the beginning that this country was the great antagonist with whom, sooner or later, he must cope for his crown. His object was universal despotism : but the continent could not be finally enslaved, while there was still one land from which the words of freedom and courage were perpetually echoing in the general ear ; whose trumpet was sounding to every dejected heart of the patriot and the soldier of Europe ; and whose proud security, fearless opulence, and perfect enjoyment of peace, in the midst of the convulsions of the world, gave unanswerable evidence that freedom was worth the highest sacrifices which can be made by man.

England was inaccessible to the arms of Napoleon, and his arts were now sufficiently known : but if her spirit was not to be humbled, her resources might be dried up ; and to this project he applied himself, with the singular perseverance and recklessness of his nature. He knew that the first evil must fall upon himself ; for the whole of the immense line of coast stretching from the Meuse to the Vistula lived upon English commerce ; and on the plunder

of those provinces depended a large portion of the French revenue. But, at all risks, England was to be ruined. When the deputies from Hamburg represented to him the havoc that the Berlin and Milan decrees were making in their city, his answer was the brief one of a military tyrant:—"What is that to me? The war must not go on for ever. You suffer only like the rest. English commerce must be destroyed."

This answer was the signal of universal bankruptcy. The recollections of that period in Germany amount to the tragic and the terrible. Perhaps no single act of tyranny had ever inflicted such sweeping misery upon mankind. The whole frame of society was rent asunder, as by a thunderstroke. Property was instantly valueless, or a source of persecution. The merchandise which had been purchased but the day before, under the sanction of the French authorities, and which had paid every impost levied by the devouring crowd of prefects and plunderers, was torn from the warehouses, and burned in the presence of its unfortunate proprietors.

Even the casual stagnations of trade, or the change of popular taste in a manufacture, are always the source of miserable suffering. But here was more than stagnation or change; it was utter ruin, without a hope of recovery. The result was inevitable, and dreadful. Thousands and tens of thousands were thrown loose upon the world, with all their knowledge useless, their habits broken up, and their prospects destroyed. The merchant dismissed his clerks, shut his doors, and lived upon his decaying capital; and even then lived in hourly expectation of some new forced loan, which should send him to beg in the streets. The inferior ranks of trade were undone at once, and sank into paupers, living on the charity of the French barracks. Germany was one immense poor-house. But, within a short period, the humblest resources of poverty failed: the funds of the old charitable institutions either fell into decay or were seized on by the rapacity of the invader. Orphans, and old people, and even the lunatic and idiot, were driven into the fields, to take their chance with the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air. Time and

season made no difference with this hideous tyranny. Hospitals have been emptied of their unfortunate tenants at the point of the bayonet, in the depth of a German winter; and the blind, and the bed-ridden, the paralytic, the fevered, the wounded, and the mad, been cast out to scatter themselves over a wilderness of snow, and die.

Then came the conscription, another and a still more heart-breaking scourge. In all the territories annexed to France, the yearly drawing of recruits, or some equivalent levy, was imposed. As a tax, it was ruinous, for the price of a substitute was frequently equal to five hundred pounds sterling; and even where a wretched family had wrung this sum from their last means, to save a son or a brother from the hazards of Napoleon's sanguinary warfare, the death or desertion of the substitute, both hourly occurring, brought a new demand on the conscript, and he must march. The acceptance of a substitute was itself an imperial favour, generally paid for at a high rate to the French agents; and the difficulty, in all cases, was so great, that nearly the whole youth of the country were compelled to serve in person. No language can exaggerate

the wretchedness of mind felt by the families of those devoted young men, when every day brought accounts of some desperate action, or some hurried march, scarcely less ruinous than battle; or, worse than all, some frightful contagion breaking out in the desolated scenes of the campaign, and extinguishing the survivors of the field by multitudes.

But even the conscription was not limited to a yearly slaughter. The first Russian campaign cost three conscriptions, each of eighty thousand boys; and they were almost totally destroyed by the enemy, the inclemency of a Polish winter, and the horrors of the French hospitals. Yet the evil of the system went even deeper than the casualties of the field. The boy of eighteen, suddenly thrown into contact with the profligacy of a camp, was vitiated for life: he saw before him, from day to day, every temptation that can stimulate the worst passions of man, and every crime that can harden the heart; he lived in the midst of plunder, bloodshed, and promiscuous vice; until the sabre or the cannonball came to sweep him out of life; he was

master of all that rapine could seize upon; and the brief tenure of the possession only inflamed his guilty appetites the more. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," never was realized with such furious licence as in the campaigns of the French imperial army.

The natural consequence was, that families looked upon their sons as mere food for the sword, and utterly neglected the decorous education which was so soon to be made useless by massacre. The few parents who persevered in doing their duty watched with agony every fluctuation of the war, and lived in constant dread of the moment when they should be called on to surrender their children to death, or to what must be, in the mind of the wise and virtuous, worse than death. Thus, where the grave had mercy, no man could expect to see his son return the being that he had sent him; he saw him dismembered by wounds and disease, an encumbrance to himself and the world, or bringing back the deep corruptions of the soldier's life; contemptuous of morals and religion, a restless profligate, unfit for any one of the

rational enjoyments or useful labours of society, and longing only for the fierce excesses of the field again. www.libtool.com.cn

But even this spectacle was seldom allowed. The wars of Napoleon were computed to have cost France more than two millions of men ; they mowed down the whole rising generation. “ I can afford ten thousand men a-day,” was the boast of this iron homicide. Nothing struck the eye of the traveller more than the almost total deficiency of youth in France. “ *Il n’y a point de jeunesse,*” was the universal remark of the allies, on their march through the provinces. The consummate plague of the Egyptians, the last wrath of Heaven, had been the first infliction of France on herself: she felt the universal smiting of the first-born ; “ there was not a house where there was not one dead.”

But if France was chastised, the whole immense extent of the conquered provinces, formed into French departments, or given as appanages to some worthless relative, or court slave, was tortured. A system of espionage was established, subversive of all the best feelings of society, to a fatal degree. Like another scrip-

tural curse, "A man's chief enemies were those of his own household." The simplest word uttered before a menial, or even a relative, might be made the subject of an accusation that cost a life. Even the bordering kingdoms, which enjoyed a nominal independence, were visited by this plague. It was a maxim, that no individual was safe within three days' march of a French garrison! The continent, from the Channel to the confines of Russia, was under one surveillance. Throughout three-fourths of Europe no man could be sure that he would ever eat another meal under his own roof. No man, laying down his head on his pillow, could be sure that he would not be startled before morn by some frightful domiciliary visit, under the pretext of searching for English merchandise, but in reality for his own seizure; or that he would not be hurried away to some fortress, from which he was never to emerge; or emerge, only to be brought to a mock trial at Milan, or Mantua, or Paris, and perish before a military tribunal! The French mob had demolished one bastille, and found in it but one prisoner. Napoleon created eight bastilles; and the list of

his state prisoners amounted to hundreds; those were *never* to be liberated. The imprisoned for minor offences, chiefly on political suspicion, were computed, on the fall of the empire, to be upwards of fifty thousand! Such are the lessons of liberty given by a legislator from the field.

It is to the honour of England, or rather of that freedom which supplies nerve and virtue to a people, that in this desperate state of the world her determination never gave way. Yet the evils of protracted hostility were now pressing on her with a weight which it required all her fortitude to sustain. The vividness of actual conflict was gone. There was no enemy on the seas to animate her with new triumph; war on land was hopeless against the bulwark of steel that fenced the empire and the vassals of Napoleon. Her pillars of state and war had fallen,—Pitt, Fox, and Nelson had passed away within a few months of each other. The Berlin and Milan decrees, after working indescribable ruin on the continent, were gradually sapping her commerce. The enemy seemed at last to have detected the vulnerable part of her strength;

and England was now less a vigorous and warlike nation, fighting her enemy round the globe, and striking bold blows wherever he was to be found, than a great blockaded garrison, waiting within its walls for the attack, forced to husband its materials of endurance, and preparing to display the last powers of passive fortitude.

In this crisis, when all hope of change had vanished; when, unquestionably, mere valour and energy had done their utmost, and slavery or eternal war seemed to be the only alternative of nations; an interposition, a single event, unexpected as the descent of a spirit of heaven, threw a sudden light across Europe, and summoned the day.

It does not derogate from this high deliverance that it acted by human passions. The profligate habits of the Spanish court had suffered Godoy, an adventurer, to rise to eminence. The king was a man of weak understanding, the queen was a libertine, and Godoy was the open ruler of both. But even in Spain, sunk as it was in the deepest slough of indolence, and kept down there by the heel of the most sullen and jealous superstition that ever oppressed the

human mind, there were curses, deep, yet loud enough to reach, from time to time, the ear of the minister. He became anxious to provide some power safer from the knife and the poison. He now proposed the partition of Portugal to Napoleon, securing to himself the Alentejo in sovereignty, as a recompence for conniving at the march of the French army through Spain. But he had to deal with one whose sagacity foresaw everything, and whose ambition grasped at everything. (Napoleon seized Portugal, and gave the traitor no share.) The treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, relieved him from the chances of northern war. He instantly turned upon Spain. The tissue of artifice which he wound round the nerveless understanding of the Spanish court is unrivalled. Alternately intriguing with the Prince of Asturias against the king, with the king against the prince, and with both against Godoy; at length, by matchless subtlety, he induced the king, the prince, and even Godoy, quietly to give themselves up to him, walk into his prisons, and leave the Spanish throne at his disposal.

But there was a scene of solemn retribution

to come. Those royal imbeciles were not worth his fury, and had felt but the velvet of the tiger's paw; others were to feel its talons; and they had been instantly darted at the throat of Spain. The first announcement of French dominion in the country was by a fraud, and in the capital by a massacre! Then awoke the feelings that God has treasured in the heart of man, to save him from the last degradation. That day's gore dyed the robe of the usurper with a colour never to be washed away. The ten millions of Spain rose as one man. Without leaders, without arms, without military experience, concert, or knowledge, they rushed upon the invaders, and overthrew them like a hurricane. The French veterans, who had seen the flight of all the disciplined armies of Europe, with their princes at their head, were routed and slaughtered by shepherds and tillers of the ground, by women and children, by a nation with no other fortresses than the rocks, no other allies than the soil and sky, and no other arms than the first rustic implement that could be caught up for the destruction of a murderer.

It is only due to the feelings of England to

honour her disinterested rejoicing in this proud attitude of Spain. Whatever might be the advantages of thus recommencing the contest with Napoleon on a new field, and assisted by auxiliaries in whose cause every heart of man sympathized, the first and strongest impulse was an unselfish desire to support the peninsula to the last energy of the kingdom.

The period was the most striking of the war. Napoleon had long ascended to a height from which he might look down upon all diadems ; but, as if to point the moral of ambition, he was yet suffered, for a moment, to enjoy an actual splendour of sovereignty, to which all the earlier pomps of his empire were pale. He now sat down to a banquet of kingship, and feasted to the full. What human eye could have then foreseen ^{what he} his throne smitten beneath him, and his name a by-word among nations. The modern world had never witnessed so magnificent a scene as his court at Erfurth. He was surrounded by the monarchs and princes of the continent in person. The Emperor of Russia with his brother, Constantine, daily attended his levees ; the Emperor of Austria sent an ambassador to apologize for

his absence at the feet of this universal king ; all the first military and noble names of Europe,—marshals, dukes, princes, and prelates,—formed his circle. The days were spent in occupations suitable to this display of royalty ; in riding over fields of battle, negotiating treaties, and deciding the fates of kingdoms—Prussia was *forgiven* at the intercession of Alexander,—a new code of slavery was vouchsafed to Holland,—a humiliating peace was proposed to England,—and the German powers were haughtily commanded to be still and obey. No human being could feel this homage with a keener zest than Napoleon himself. The long possession of a throne had not deadened the slightest nerve of his sense of supremacy ;—“Come to Erfurth,” he wrote to Talma, with the loftiest sneer,—“you shall play before a *pitiful of kings*.”

He broke up the conference, only to pour an army of two hundred thousand men into Spain !

1805 - 1809.—The Spanish war teemed with great lessons ; and the first was, that the only security against public ruin is a free constitution. It would have saved Spain from that spectacle of

an effeminate court, a domineering priesthood, and a decaying people, which invited an invader; and it would have supplied the only strength which renders a country unconquerable. The enthusiasm of the Spanish peasantry was beyond all praise; but it expired in a year. Joseph Buonaparte, "the intrusive king," returned to Madrid; and Napoleon, after having brushed away the undisciplined levies of the juntas, as his charger would a swarm of flies, rode through the peninsula at his will.

In one corner of Spain alone he found resistance, a foretaste of that fiery valour which was yet to cost him his throne. The corps under Moore, after having been endangered alternately by the treason of the Spanish chief, the rashness of the British envoy, and the perplexity of the British general, had at length retired upon Galicia. Napoleon, who felt at all times a personal exasperation against England, determined to strike a blow at her heart, by utterly crushing this corps: in his own ruthless phrase,—"he would put all the wives and mothers of England into mourning." He thundered after Moore with a force of forty thousand men.

But the British soldier and sailor were men of the same blood ; he found the spirit of Trafalgar before him. By every rule of war, he ought to have extinguished the retreating army at once : his number amounted to nearly three times theirs : he had the command of the country, unlimited resources, high equipment, troops flushed with uncontested victory, and, more than all, his own mighty name. Before him was a small body of men, hopeless of the contest, disgusted with the country, uncertain of their general, and in *retreat*—a word that of itself throws a damp upon the soldier, and pre-eminently upon the soldier of England. { Yet upon that little army the conqueror of the continent was never able to make the slightest impression. } The elements fought against them ; the rains and snows threw their battalions into disorder ; famine unnerved them ; but they felt no other victors. The wild mountains and dreary defiles of Galicia, proverbial for barrenness, were covered with the wreck of the British army, wasted by hunger, weariness, and storm ; but the bold spirit survived ; at the sound of a French gun the mutinous were instantly restored to order, the fugitive returned,

the wounded forgot their wounds, the famished and the dying started from the ground, gathered their last strength, and died with the musket in their hands.

Yet Napoleon's sagacity did not fail him here. A few rencontres of the British rear-guard with the *élite* of his troops soon convinced him, that at least no glory was to be gained by the pursuit; and after a brief but gallant cavalry action, in which Lords Stewart and Paget broke the squadrons of his favourite regiment of guards,* and at which he was said to have been present, he turned away to easier triumphs, and

* This action delighted the French infantry. They saw every feature of it from the heights, and were rejoiced at the defeat of the guard. The French cavalry had assumed that air of superiority over the other branches of the service which those branches, in all countries, so naturally repay with dislike; and the cavalry of the imperial guard were only the more remarkable for this military coxcombray. They added to their pride in themselves and their horses, in their mustachios, and the vulgar mummeries of court soldier-ship, demands of a choice of quarters, and other privileges, which excited the gall of the regiments of the line more than their tinsel and feathers.

On this occasion they had ridden down under Le Febvre, a favourite aid-de-camp of the emperor, to "annihilate the

committed to Soult the rough experiment of "driving the British into the sea." As it was his habitual policy to keep the marshal's baton at a sufficient distance from the sceptre, he had, probably, no disinclination to see Soult's pride, which had already given him some disturbance in Portugal, slightly lectured by the English sabre. He now left him to pursue fortune to the borders of the English element. Never was commander more thoroughly baffled. He was unable to gain a single advantage, in the most disastrous march of the war. Moore reached Corunna, with his army in a state of almost

English ;" for their contempt of our dismantled troops was in the highest tone. The whole French camp ran out to see this easy victory. They were not kept long in suspense ; the British hussars no sooner saw the showy *garde* than they dashed at them, broke them in all directions, drove one part back through the river, and made the rest, with their general, prisoners. The fugitives, on re-ascending the hill, were received with a general shout of scorn by the infantry, taunted with all kinds of insolent questions, and asked, "How they liked annihilating the enemy ?"—"whether they were pleased with the cold bath after their promenade ?"—and, above all, "what quarters they would prefer for the night ?" The guards were in no condition to retort, but sullenly rode to the rear, and were hazarded no more in skirmishes.

total ruin ; without cavalry, artillery, or baggage ; without tents, shoes, medicine, money, or food. They had expected to find provisions on the road,—they found every hut deserted ; the fleet was to have been ready to receive them at Corunna,—from the heights they could not see a sail round the horizon. The Spaniards were to have supplied them with provisions,—they had nothing in their magazines but brandy, which made the troops frenzied and furious ; or the impoverished wine of the province, which produced disorders.

But the sight of the French columns overtopping the heights round Corunna made them soldiers once more. They bore the shock of their well-appointed antagonists with national fortitude ; rushed upon them in return ; with half their numbers drove them back on every point, and, covering the ground with slaughter, remained masters of the field. Moore fell in the moment of victory, cancelling all his errors by his gallant death, and earning for himself a lasting record in the hearts of his countrymen. The army embarked without a shot being fired by the enemy. Soult had

received too severe a lesson to hazard a second trial. The lion had turned round on the hunter, given him a grasp that paralyzed him, and then walked quietly away.

The Spanish war lingered again. The enthusiasm of the multitude must always be transitory; their means of life are too dependent on daily exertion, and too much exposed to an invader, to make them capable of long enduring a warfare in the bosom of the land. The beginning of the second campaign found the enemy masters of the chief cities, and the people in despair. The national hatred subsisted; but the valour in the field, and the zeal of public sacrifice, were gone. The dagger was a degenerate substitute for the sword; and the blood of Frenchman and Spaniard was spilled in the gloomy and useless interchanges of private vengeance and military retribution.

Now was fulfilled the evil of a despotic government.

There was no middle order in Spain. A Roman-catholic throne and priesthood had long trampled it into the grave. (For centuries, every vigorous intellect or free spirit that started up

in Spain had expiated its offence in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or death. / The hour of national peril came; the hero and the statesman were then wildly called for, but the call was unanswered; they were not in existence; genius was in the grave, or on the winds; and Spain, once so renowned for warlike and political ability, exhibited the extraordinary reverse, of ten millions of brave men without a soldier to lead them; and juntas and councils in every province without a statesman capable of directing them to any measure of common wisdom. The burden soon fell on the British, and it was heroically sustained. Six years of almost uninterrupted campaigns proved that England could be as invincible by land as on the ocean, planted the British standard in France, for the first time since the Henrys and Edwards, and gave the first blow, within his own frontiers, to the boundless career of Napoleon.

The war was at an end; but with it died the vigour of Spain. The nation merited their fate. They had made no use of the high advantages of their connexion with England. From the great land of freedom, literature, and reli-

gion, they had borrowed nothing but money and arms. They shrank from the natural and only means of renovating the national heart. While Spain was under the foot of her enemy, with the blood gushing from a thousand wounds, they would suffer no infusion of that living stream of health and virtue which glowed under the impregnable corslet of England. They turned away their purblind eyes from the splendours which would have taught them to see, and abjured her press, her legislature, and, above all, her religion. The cry of "Heresy" was as keen as in the days of Loyola. They dug up the bodies of the English soldiers, as unworthy to sleep in the same clay with a Spaniard. They repelled and suppressed the Bible! that first book which a true legislator would put into the hands of his people, even as the noblest manual of patriotism.

All the art of man was never able to reconcile religious slavery with civil freedom. For, what can be the independence of him to whom popery has the power of sealing up the Bible? —that first and most perennial source of freedom; that highest fount of stainless life, un-

hesitating courage, and fidelity strong as the grave; that embodied patriotism, which, while it ministers, beyond all philosophy, to the contentment of a private career, and divests the bosom of all eagerness for the trivial and vanishing distinctions of public life; yet lays every man under the responsibility of exerting his best powers for the public good; that still diviner guide which, teaching him to be zealous without violence, and aspiring without ambition, and filling his mind with calmer and loftier contemplations than the unsubstantial visions of earth, prepares him to look with composure on the severest sacrifices, solicit no other praise than the testimony of his own conscience, and silently devote himself to the cause of man, and of that mighty Being, who will not suffer him to be tempted beyond his power, or to fall in vain.

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CHAPTER V.

THE REGENCY.

THE Prince of Wales, after a long retirement from public life, was recalled by an event which created the deepest sorrow throughout the empire. The affliction which, in 1788, had made the king incapable of government, was announced to have returned.* A Regency Bill, with restrictions, to last for a year, was passed. The more than useless bitterness of the old contest was not renewed; its leaders had perished; and a judicious declaration that the prince, from respect to the king, would make no immediate change in the ministry, at once quieted fear, and extinguished faction. Thus, with all resist-

* October 25, 1810.

ance abroad conquered, and all party neutralized; the prince entered upon the government of a dominion extending through every quarter of the globe, numbering one hundred millions of people, and constituting the stronghold of liberty, knowledge, and religion, to mankind.

The reign of George the Third was now at an end, for he never resumed the throne. The lucid intervals of his malady soon ceased, and the last ten years of his life were passed in dreams. Perhaps even this affliction, from which human nature shrinks with such terror, was meant in mercy. He had lost his sight some years before; and blindness, a fearful privation to all, must have been a peculiar suffering to one so remarkable for his habits of diligence and activity. The successive deaths of those whom we love are the bitter portion of age; and in the course of a few years the king must have seen the graves of his queen, his son, and of that grand-daughter whose early death broke off the lineal succession to the throne. It is gratifying to the recollections which still adhere to this honest and good king, to believe that, in his solitude, he escaped the sense of those mis-

fortunes. The mind thus, "of imagination all compact," is seldom to be reached by exterior calamities. All that human care could provide for the comfort of his age was sacredly attended to. A letter from the Princess Elizabeth to Lady Suffolk, one of the former suite of the royal family, states, "that his majesty seemed to feel *perfect happiness*; he seemed to consider himself no longer as an inhabitant of earth, and often, when he played one of his favourite tunes, observed, that he was very fond of it when he was in the world. He spoke of the queen and all his family, and hoped that they were happy now, for he was much attached to them, when in the world."

The character of George the Third was peculiarly *English*. Manly, plain, and pious in his individual habits, he was high-minded, bold, and indefatigable in maintaining the rights of his people and the honour of his crown. He was "every inch a king!"

The sovereign of England differs in his office and spirit from all others: he is not an idol, to be shewn only in some great periodic solemnity, and then laid up in stately uselessness; but a

living and active agent, called to mingle among the hearts and bosoms of men. His royalty is not a gilded bauble on the summit of the constitution, but a part of the solid architecture, a chief pillar of the dome. If this increase his sphere of duty, and compel him often to feel that he is but a man, it also increases his strength and security. The independence of despotism is precariousness itself; it is the independence of an amputated limb. The connexion of an English king with his people is the connexion of a common life, of the same constitutional current running through the veins of all; a communion of feelings and necessities, which, if it compel the king to take a share in the anxieties of the people, returns it largely, by compelling the people to take a vital interest in the honour and safety of the king. The first freeman of a free people, he excites and enjoys the most remote circulation of its fame, wealth, and freedom; the highest and noblest organ of public sensation, for every impulse which he communicates he receives vigour in return. “*Agitat molem, magnoque se corpore miscet.*”

The law, which lays the crown on his head, establishes the foundations of his throne.

No sovereign of England was ever more a monarch, in this sense of public care, than George the Third; he was altogether a creature of the commonwealth; his personal choice appointed his ministers, he sat in their councils, all their proceedings came under his revision; he knew nothing of favouritism or party; and, indulging a natural and generous interest in the fortunes of his friends to the last, he threw off with his boyhood the predilections of the boy, and thenceforth suffered no personal feelings to impede the interests of the country.

The king's qualities were subjected to three stern, successive tests—as an individual, as an English monarch, and as the head of an European confederacy of thrones.

In the early part of his reign the monarch was the object of attack. All parties professed themselves alike zealous for the constitution, but faction uniformly struck at the sitter on the throne. Ministers rose and fell too rapidly to make them a sufficient mark; the libel, which

would have been wasted upon those shadows, was levelled at the master who summoned them.

But assailants like those are born to perish ; and the name of Wilkes alone survives, preserved, perhaps, on the principle of preserving specimens of morbid anatomy. Wilkes would have been a courtier by inclination, if he had not been a demagogue by necessity. Witty, subtle, and licentious, he might have glittered as an appendage to the court of Charles the Second ; but the severe virtues of George the Third drove him to the populace. Yet he was strikingly different from those who have since influenced the multitude. He had no natural gravitation to the mob : if he submitted to their contact, it was, to make them a commodity for his own barter ; if he condescended to trust himself in their hands, it was to be carried by them in triumph. His object was less to overthrow the higher ranks than to force his way among them ; less to raise an unknown name, by flinging his firebrand into the temple of the constitution, than to menace government until it bought off the incendiary ; he was a hollow patriot, but not a squalid rebel ; an unprincipled declaimer for

visionary rights, but not the man of blood, the hater of all authority, the modern missionary of all confusion.

After a few years, the king was summoned to war by the revolt of America. (Unless success is justification, that revolt remains unjustifiable.) Even if the colonies were oppressed, the oppression was retracted, and they were offered more than they had ever asked. But their object had speedily grown from relief into rebellion, and from alliance into independence.

We are not to judge of the wisdom that undertook the war by its conduct in inferior hands. The contest was altogether new, and fitted to be the disgrace of political and military calculation, the "*opprobrium regalis medicinæ*." The tactics of a peasant war were an unsolved problem in the science. The strength of army against army might be calculated, but where was the arithmetic for the wilderness, for the swamp, the impenetrable forest, and the malignant sky! Even while the struggle was in suspense a new antagonist appeared. France, in shortsighted jealousy of England, broke her treaties, and ranged herself on the enemy's side; tyranny

and democracy formed that alliance of treason which was to be so mortally repaid. The war was now concluded. The king's duty had been done; he was not to see tamely the dismemberment of his empire. When the transaction was complete, the same duty made him acquiesce in the fate of battle. — *John Anderson* —

Yet, this partial reverse was suddenly and magnificently compensated to England by her triumphs over France and Spain. The defeats of the enemy's fleets were memorable; and the thunders of her victory had scarcely died on the Atlantic, when they were echoed back from the battlements of Gibraltar. The spot upon her fame was but a spot upon the sun, visible for a moment, and then burning into tenfold glory.

The final and the heaviest trial was at hand. The treachery of the French government had recoiled upon itself. While it haughtily looked forward to the downfall of England, it found France wrapped in sudden conflagration. The army, returning from America, had brought the fire at the point of their swords. The popular impulse was given, and it was irresistible. France had always been a licentious country,

yet, her vices had been chiefly among the opulent and high-born.

But a startling change was now observed among the people: the luxurious and fantastic vice of the nobles was eclipsed in the glaring criminality of the multitude. The sneers of the refined infidel, dispensing his polished witticisms in the saloons of nobles and princes, were lost in the roar of the sons of carnage in the streets. The priest, the noble, and the sovereign, first paid the penalty of neglecting the education of the national mind. The shower of blood then descended upon all.

If the example of France were not followed in this country, and if England, first enduring the hostility, afterwards became the protectress of Europe; a large portion of the merit must be attributed to the king's individual character. He stooped to no baseness, personal or political; he preserved the tone of public morals in its highest state; he observed the forms, and worshipped the spirit of religion; he was a faithful husband, a fond father, and a patriot king. On those qualities he laid the foundations of his throne, and for those we honour him in his grave.

The restrictions on the regency expired in 1812, and the party under Lords Grey and Grenville confidently expected to be recalled to office. But they had lost all influence on the prince's mind. If the regent's friendship were to be their dependence, it had nearly passed away with the death of Fox; if similarity of political opinions, the prince, like other men, had seen the rashness of his early conceptions chastised by time; if political wisdom, the events of every year since their dismissal had thrown their predictions into condign disgrace. Upon this last point public feeling alone would have compelled the prince to reject them.

On the first failures of the Spanish war they had become determined prophets of ill. At the commencement of every campaign, they pronounced that it *must* end in disaster; and when it ended in victory, they pronounced that in disaster the next must begin. They saw nothing in the most gallant successes but a vulgar gladiatorship; in every trivial reverse, nothing short of inextricable ruin. (Such are the humiliating necessities of party. It cannot *afford* to be honest.) There was, perhaps, not an

individual in opposition at that time, who, if his real sentiments were spoken, would not have given the amplest praise to the conduct of the Peninsular war. But opposition was destined to exhibit a full display of the fetters that party rivets upon its slaves. Victory followed victory, alike of the highest importance and the most unquestionable kind: opposition, still urged by its fate, still raised its expiring voice to depreciate those successes. The empire was in a tumult of exultation at its triumphs: opposition, shrunk into its corner, saw nothing but visions of ruin; and while Europe was hailing its deliverer, this decrepit and infatuated remnant continued pitching its rebel tones alternately to the funeral song of the country and the *Iò pœan* of Napoleon.

Some of those patriots put up their prayers, that the French marshals would have mercy enough on the British army to let it escape to the sea-side; others declared, that they should consider a repetition of the Closterseven convention a happy alternative for the horrors of a French pursuit. One orator distinguished himself by the memorable saying, that, "for all na-

tional purposes, the soldiers might as well be shot in St. James's Park." But if their scale were loaded with the glories of the enemy, the honours of England kicked the beam. Napoleon was pronounced, not simply, the first of mortals, but something more than mortal: "the child of providence—the man of destiny—the unconquerable—the inscrutable,"—with no unfrequent intimations, that resistance to his will might involve the repugnants in impiety, as well as rashness. Still, the rashness was returned by victories, and the impiety left the thunders to sleep; the nation persevered in defeating the unconquerable, and detecting the inscrutable, until their common sense revolted against this callous absurdity; and opposition was forced to be silent at last, and wait for the contingencies that, like the Turkish providence, have especial care for the halt, the lunatic, and the blind.

1812.—The administration formed by the king, with Mr. Perceval at its head, had conducted public affairs with such obvious advantage during the year, that the nation would have regarded its loss as a general injury. But the prince, on the commencement of the unre-

stricted regency, influenced by a desire to combine the whole legislature in the struggle against the common enemy, made an offer of employment to opposition, in union with the Perceval ministry. His sentiments were expressed in this letter to the Duke of York :—

“MY DEAREST BROTHER,—As the restrictions on the exercise of the royal authority will shortly expire, when I must make my arrangements for the future administration of the powers with which I am invested, I think it right to communicate those sentiments which I was withheld from expressing, at an earlier period of the session, by my warmest desire that the expected motion on the affairs of Ireland might undergo the deliberate discussion of parliament, unmixed with any other consideration.

“I think it hardly necessary to call your recollection to the recent circumstances under which I assumed the authority delegated me by parliament. At a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger, I was called upon to make a selection of persons to whom I should intrust

the functions of the executive government. My sense of duty to our royal father solely decided that choice; and every private feeling gave way to considerations which admitted of no doubt or hesitation.

“I trust I acted in that respect as the genuine representative of the august person whose functions I was appointed to discharge; and I have the satisfaction of knowing, that such was the opinion of persons for whose judgment and honourable feelings I entertain the highest respect. In various instances, as you well know, where the law of the last session left me at full liberty, I waived any personal gratification, in order that his majesty might resume, on his restoration to health, every power and prerogative belonging to the crown. I certainly am the last person to whom it can be permitted to despair of our royal father's recovery. A new era is now arrived, and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction on the events which have distinguished the short period of my restricted regency. Instead of suffering in the loss of her possessions by the gigantic force which has been employed against them, Great Britain has

added most important acquisitions to her empire. The national faith has been preserved inviolable towards our allies; and if character is strength, as applied to a nation, the increased and increasing reputation of his majesty's arms will shew to the nations of the continent how much they may achieve when animated by a glorious spirit of resistance to a foreign yoke. In the critical situation of the war in the Peninsula I shall be most anxious to avoid any measure which can lead my allies to suppose that I mean to depart from the present system. Perseverance alone can achieve the great object in question; and I cannot withhold my approbation from those who have honourably distinguished themselves in support of it. I have no predilections to indulge—no resentments to gratify—no objects to attain, but such as are common to the whole empire. If such is the leading principle of my conduct,—and I can appeal to the past as evidence of what the future will be,—I flatter myself I shall meet with the support of parliament, and of a candid and enlightened nation. Having made this communication of my sentiments in this new and extraordinary crisis

of our affairs, I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel if some of these persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed would strengthen my hands, and constitute a part of my government. With such support, and aided by a vigorous and united administration, formed on the most liberal basis, I shall look with additional confidence to a prosperous issue of the most arduous contest in which Great Britain was ever engaged. You are authorized to communicate those sentiments to Lord Grey, who, I have no doubt, will make them known to Lord Grenville.

“ I am always, my dearest Frederick,

“ Your ever affectionate brother,

(Signed) “ GEORGE, P. R.”

“ *Carlton House, Feb. 13, 1812.*”

“ P.S.—I shall send a copy of this letter immediately to Mr. Perceval.”

Mr. Perceval had led the attack which displaced the coalition ministry. To join him, and be also his subordinates, would have had

all the shame of a third coalition, without the profit. The proposal was declined; and the nation proceeded, unconscious of its loss. In 1811, Portugal had been completely cleared of the enemy. In 1812, Salamanca gave a splendid proof that the British troops could be, as their great leader pronounced them, "a manœuvring army;" Madrid was freed from the usurper king, and the French supremacy in Spain approached its end.

But while Mr. Perceval was thus prosperously directing the affairs of the empire, the hand of an assassin put an end to his blameless and active life. On the evening of the 11th of May, as he was passing through the lobby of the House of Commons, one Bellingham, who had previously placed himself in the recess of the doorway, fired a pistol into his bosom. The ball entered his heart; he uttered but the words, "I'm murdered," tottered forwards a few steps, and fell into the arms of some persons who had rushed to his assistance; he died within a few minutes. The atrocious act was so instantaneous, that the assassin was

not observed for some time; he was looking calmly at the scene of confusion, when he was seized. He made no attempt either to escape or resist, but merely said, "I am the unhappy man;" and surrendered himself to the members, who, on hearing the report of the pistol, had crowded into the lobby. He was, of course, committed to Newgate, and brought to trial.

His conduct in this fatal transaction was a melancholy proof of the delusions to which a mind even of some intelligence may be exposed by a violent temper. He told his story with the simplicity of perfect innocence. He was an Englishman, residing for some years as a merchant at Archangel. Becoming bankrupt, and conceiving himself aggrieved by the Russian government, he had applied to the British ambassador for redress; but he having none to give, his applicant determined to shoot him for, what he pronounced, his negligence. The ambassador escaped, by being recalled, and Bellingham followed him to London,—to "shoot him there." Still, he escaped; and the broken

merchant sent in a succession of memorials to ministers. He was at last informed, that they had no means of procuring retribution from the Russian government; and he "made up his mind to shoot the first minister who came in his way." He had spent the day walking about London; and when the hour approached at which the business of the House of Commons usually begins, stationed himself at the lobby door, with a case of pistols in his pocket. He added, that "having no personal hostility to Mr. Perceval, he would have preferred shooting the ambassador; but that, as the matter turned out, he was satisfied that he had only done his duty, and," placing his hand on his heart, "his justification was *there*." He was forty-two years of age, of a pale, intelligent countenance, and with the look of a gentleman. On his trial, an attempt was made by his counsel to prove him insane; but he made no pretence of that nature, was found guilty, persisted to the last in asserting that he was justified in the murder, and died, frigid and fearless, a reasoning madman.

The prince regent, who was deeply shocked by the death of the minister, expressed his sense of the misfortune by sending down an immediate message to the house proposing an annuity for Mrs. Perceval and her children. The house voted four thousand pounds a-year for the widow's life, with the intention of her applying this munificent provision to the support of her children.

The premiership had now returned into the hands of the regent; and the Marquess Wellesley was commissioned to form an administration. Lords Grey and Grenville, as the heads of the whigs, were again applied to; but the old fate of the party clung to them still. (No combination of grave men ever possessed in such perfection the art of defeating themselves.) They loudly declared that a whig administration was essential to the country, and then declared that no whig administration should be formed unless they had possession of the whole royal patronage. The regent had originally wished to retain the officers of the household: the whigs protested that they would not stir, hand or foot, unless their terms for "saving their country"

were instantly granted, and the household given as the first deposit. Without wandering through the labyrinth of an intrigue at once ridiculous and contemptible, it is enough to say, that the cabal met their usual destiny. They were sent back ignominiously to the opposition benches, and left to meditate on the wisdom of asking too much, and losing all.

Sheridan's wit added to the public ridicule. He had long been personally attached to the prince, to whom he observes, in a correspondence on the changes of ministry, "Junius said, in a public letter of his, addressed to your royal father, 'the fate which made you a king forbade your having a friend.' I deny his proposition as a general maxim. I am confident that your royal highness possesses qualities to win and secure to you the attachment and devotion of private friendship *in spite* of your being a sovereign."* He felt for the situation in which the regent must find himself, with men, who had exhibited such a disposition to be masters, even before they could call themselves servants. On a similar attempt, the year before, he had

* Moore.

let loose the following lines, in imitation of Rochester's to Charles:—

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ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE.*

In all humility we crave,
Our regent may become our slave ;
And being so, we trust that he
Will thank us for our loyalty.
Then, if he'll help us to pull down
His father's dignity and crown,
We'll make him, in *some time to come*,
The greatest prince in Christendom.

The demand of the whole household was so haughtily in the spirit of political extortion, that all the prince's immediate friends were indignant against it. "Then you shall never part with one of them," was the declaration of the Marquess of Hastings. Sheridan took an equally characteristic way. The household, as a matter of etiquette, offered their resignations; and Sheridan, armed with this intelligence, went out to take his daily walk in St. James's-street. Some rumour of it had transpired, and Mr. Tierney, then high in the whig councils, stopped him, to ask whether the news were true. "What will you bet that it is?" said

Sheridan, "for *I* will bet any man five hundred guineas that it is *not*." The conversation was carried without delay to the party. The hook was completely swallowed. The treaty was instantly broken off; and when the eyes of those noble persons were at last opened, they found that they had been repulsed by an imaginary obstacle, and outwitted by a wager, and even a fictitious wager!

Their next intelligence was of a more solid nature. The Earl of Liverpool stated in the House of Lords that the prince regent had appointed him first lord of the treasury. *Am 18*

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CHAPTER VI.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

AFTER ten years of mental privation the good king, George the Third, was called from the world.* His last hours were without pain, and, fortunately, without a return of that understanding which could have shewn him only the long state of suffering in which he had lain. His death excited universal sympathy, and the day on which his honoured remains were committed to the grave was observed with unfeigned reverence throughout his empire.

The prince regent was now summoned to his inheritance, and George the Fourth was enthroned King of England, the noblest dominion that the sun shines upon!

January 29, 1820.

No rank, however elevated, can expect to be free from the common visitations of life; and George the Fourth, always much attached to his relatives, had suffered, within a few years, the loss of his royal mother;* of his brother, the Duke of Kent,† but a week before the death of his father; and of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte;‡—all regretted by the nation; but the loss of the last creating an unexampled sorrow.

The Princess Charlotte, with a spirit of independence unusual in her rank, making her own choice, and marrying Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, had increased the popular affection by the domestic nature of her life during her marriage. But her constitution was feeble; and when she was about to become a mother, it suddenly failed. She gave birth to a still-born child, and, in a few hours after, sank into a state of exhaustion, and died. The nation received the intelligence as if every family had lost a daughter. Before the customary orders

* Nov. 17, 1818. † Jan. 23, 1820.

‡ Nov. 6, 1817.

for the public mourning could be issued, all England exhibited the deepest signs of regret. All public places were voluntarily closed; all entertainments laid aside; the churches hung with black by the people, and funeral sermons preached everywhere at their request; the streets deserted; marriages suspended; journeys put off; the whole system of society was stopped, as if it had received an irreparable blow. The English residents abroad all put on mourning; and as the intelligence passed round the globe, every spot, where an Englishman was to be found, witnessed the same evidence of the national sorrow.

If such were the loss to the people, what must it have been to him, who added his feelings as a father to those for the broken hope of his line; and, lamenting over an innocent and fond being, dead in the most exulting moment of a woman's and a wife's existence, saw before him the tomb of two royal generations!

But he had scarcely ascended the throne, when other trials awaited him. The Princess

Caroline, his consort, who had long resided in Italy, announced her determination of returning to England, and demanding the appointments and rank of queen. Her life abroad had given rise to the grossest imputations; and her presiding at the court of England while their stain continued would have been intolerable. But the means adopted to abate the offence argued a singular ignorance of human nature. If we must not subscribe to her innocence, it ought to have been remembered, that none should be treated as guilty, unheard. The "*furens quid fœmina possit*," too, is as old as human nature: yet this princess had been insulted by the conduct of every English functionary abroad. The announcement of her approach to a city where the smallest of English envoys resided, instantly threw his entire microcosm into a state of chaos; diplomacy forswore her dances and dinners; the whole accomplished tribe of *attachés* were in dismay; the chief functionary shut up his doors and windows, ordered post-horses, and giving himself only time to pen a hurried despatch to

the foreign office, detailing the vigour with which he had performed this national duty, fled as if he were flying from a pestilence. Foreigners, of course, with their usual adoption of the ambassadorial tone, added their insults; until, stung by universal offence, she no sooner received intelligence of the death of George the Third, than, spurning the tardy attempts of ministers to appease her, she rushed back to England, flaming with revenge.*

Lord Liverpool was utterly unequal to the emergency: always hitherto a timid minister, he now, unfortunately, put on a preposterous courage, and defied this desperate woman. He might better have taken a tiger by the beard. He had even the folly to bring her to trial; with what ultimate object is utterly inconceivable. That he could not have obtained a divorce by any law, human or divine, the reasons were obvious. If she had been found guilty, he could have neither exiled nor imprisoned her; his only resource must be in the scaffold. But he knew that the people of Eng-

* June, 1820.

land would have risen indignantly against so cruel a sentence. There was but one remaining alternative—to be defeated; and defeated he was, ignominiously.

While ministers were forced to steal down to the house, or were visible, only to receive insults from the multitude, the queen went daily to her trial in a popular triumph. Her levees at Brandenburgh house, a villa on the banks of the Thames, where she resided for the season, were still more triumphant. Daily processions of the people marched with the badges of their callings; the brotherhoods of trade; the masonic lodges; the friendly societies; all the nameless incorporations, which make their charters without the aid of office, and give their little senates laws without consulting the constitution; down to the fishwomen; paid their respects in full costume, and assured her majesty, in many a high-flown piece of eloquence, of her "living in the hearts of her faithful people."

There was, doubtless, some charlatanry in the display. Many interests are concerned in every move of the popular machine. The inn-

keepers on the road were the richer for this loyalty; the turnpikes reaped a handsomer revenue; the Jews sold more of that finery which has seen its best days; the coachmakers issued more of their veteran barouches; the horse-dealers supplied more of those hunters and chargers which have bade a long farewell to all their fields; all the trades were zealous promoters of the processions. The holyday, the summer drive, the dress, the "hour's importance to the poor man's heart," were not to be forgotten among the accessories. But the true motive, paramount to all, was honest, *English* disdain at the mode in which the evidence had been collected, and the mixture of weakness and violence with which the prosecution was carried on. The trial had been begun by the peers, but the verdict was brought in by the populace. Lord Liverpool admitted that he could proceed no further, and withdrew the prosecution. The announcement was received with a roar of victory in the house. The sound was caught by the multitude, and London was filled with acclamations.

The graver judgment of the country regretted

that, by the rashness which suffered a question of individual vice to be mingled with one of public principle, the crime received the sanction which belonged only to the virtue. But the deed was done; and the only hope now was, that it might be speedily forgotten. But this the queen would not suffer; her resentment was still unappeased. (At length, advised only by her own intemperate heart, she determined to insult the king at the coronation,* in the presence of his nobles, and in the highest ceremonial of his throne. *Killed and died*)

But this fine display of the old pomps of England has been recorded by so celebrated a master of description, that any fragment from his pen on such a subject has a monumental value.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LETTER ON THE
CORONATION.

“I refer you to the daily papers for the details of the great national assembly which we witnessed yesterday, and will hold my promise

* July 19, 1821.

absolved by sending a few general remarks upon what I saw with surprise, amounting to astonishment, and which I shall never forget. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive a ceremony more august and imposing in all its parts, and more calculated to make the deepest impression both on the eye and on the feelings. The most minute attention must have been bestowed, to arrange all the subordinate parts in harmony with the rest; so that, amongst so much antiquated ceremonial, imposing singular dresses, duties, and characters, upon persons accustomed to move in the ordinary routine of society, nothing occurred, either awkward or ludicrous, which could mar the general effect of the solemnity. Considering that it is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, I own I consider it as surprising that the whole ceremonial of the day should have passed away without the slightest circumstance which could derange the general tone of solemn feeling which was suited to the occasion.

“You must have heard a full account of the only disagreeable event of the day;—I mean the

attempt of the misguided lady, who has lately furnished so many topics of discussion, to intrude herself upon a ceremonial, where, not being in her proper place, to be present in any other must have been voluntary degradation. That matter is a fire of straw which has now burned to the very embers, and those who try to blow it into life again will only blacken their hands and noses, like mischievous children dabbling among the ashes of a bonfire. It seems singular that, being determined to be present at all hazards, this unfortunate personage should not have procured a peer's ticket, which, I presume, would have insured her admittance. I willingly pass to pleasanter matters.

“The effect of the scene in the Abbey was beyond measure magnificent. Imagine long galleries stretched among the aisles of that venerable and august pile—those which rise above the altar pealing back their echoes to a full and magnificent choir of music; those which occupied the sides filled even to crowding with all that Britain has of beautiful and distinguished; and the cross-gallery most appro-

priately occupied by the Westminster school-boys, in their white surplices, many of whom might on that day receive impressions never to be lost during the rest of their lives; imagine this, I say, and then add the spectacle upon the floor—the altars surrounded by the fathers of the church—the king, encircled by the nobility of the land, and the counsellors of his throne, and by warriors wearing the honoured marks of distinction, bought by many a glorious danger;—add to this the rich spectacle of the aisles, crowded with waving plumage, and coronets, and caps of honour, and the sun, which brightened and saddened, as if on purpose, now beaming in full lustre on the rich and varied assemblage, and now darting a solitary ray, which caught, as it passed, the glittering folds of a banner, or the edge of a group of battleaxes or partisans, and then rested full on some fair form, ‘the cynosure of neighbouring eyes,’ whose circlet of diamonds glistened under its influence.

“Imagine all this, and then tell me if I have made my journey of four hundred miles to little purpose. I do not love your *cui bono* men, and

therefore I will not be pleased if you ask me, in the damping tone of sullen philosophy, what good all this has done the spectators? If we restrict life to its real animal wants and necessities we shall indeed be satisfied with 'food, clothes, and fire;' but Divine Providence, who widened our sources of enjoyment beyond those of the animal creation, never meant that we should bound our wishes within such narrow limits; and I shrewdly suspect that those *non est tanti* gentlefolks only depreciate the natural and unaffected pleasure which men like me receive from sights of splendour and sounds of harmony, either because they would seem wiser than their simple neighbours at the expense of being less happy, or because the mere pleasure of the sight and sound is connected with associations of a deeper kind, to which they are unwilling to yield themselves.

“Leaving those gentlemen to enjoy their own wisdom, I still more pity those, if there be any, who (being unable to detect a peg on which to hang a laugh) sneer coldly at this solemn festival, and are rather disposed to dwell on the expense which attends it than on the generous

feelings which it ought to awaken. The expense, so far as it is national, has gone directly and instantly to the encouragement of the British manufacturer and mechanic; and so far as it is personal, to the persons of rank attendant upon the coronation, it operates as a tax upon wealth and consideration, for the benefit of poverty and industry; a tax willingly paid by the one class, and not the less acceptable to the other, because it adds a happy holyday to the monotony of a life of labour.

“ But there were better things to reward my pilgrimage than the mere pleasures of the eye and the ear; for it was impossible, without the deepest veneration, to behold the voluntary and solemn interchange of vows betwixt the king and his assembled people; while he, on the one hand, called God Almighty to witness his resolution to maintain their laws and privileges; and while they called, at the same moment, on the Divine Being, to bear witness that they accepted him for their liege sovereign, and pledged to him their love and their duty. I cannot describe to you the effect produced by

the solemn, yet strange, mixture of the words of Scripture with the shouts and acclamations of the assembled multitude, as they answered to the voice of the prelate, who demanded of them whether they acknowledged as their monarch the prince who claimed the sovereignty in their presence.

“ It was peculiarly delightful to see the king receive from the royal brethren, but in particular from the Duke of York, the fraternal kiss, in which they acknowledged their sovereign. There was an honest tenderness, an affectionate and sincere reverence, in the embrace interchanged between the Duke of York and his majesty, that approached almost to a caress, and impressed all present with the electrical conviction, that the nearest to the throne in blood was the nearest also in affection. I never heard plaudits given more from the heart than those that were thundered upon the royal brethren when they were thus pressed to each other’s bosoms—it was the emotion of natural kindness, which, bursting out amidst ceremonial grandeur, found an answer in every British

bosom. The king seemed much affected at this and one or two other parts of the ceremonial, even so much so as to excite some alarm among those who saw him as nearly as I did. He completely recovered himself, however, and bore, generally speaking, the fatigue of the day very well. I learn, from one near his person, that he roused himself with great energy, even when most oppressed with heat and fatigue, when any of the more interesting parts of the ceremony were to be performed, or when anything occurred which excited his personal and immediate attention. When presiding at the banquet, amid the long line of his nobles, he looked 'every inch a king;' and nothing could exceed the grace with which he accepted and returned the various acts of homage rendered to him in the course of that long day.

“ It was also a very gratifying spectacle to those who think like me, to behold the Duke of Devonshire and most of the distinguished whig nobility assembled round the throne on this occasion, giving an open testimony that the differ-

ences of political opinions are only skin-deep wounds, which assume at times an angry appearance, but have no real effect on the wholesome constitution of the country.

“ If you ask me to distinguish who bore him best, and appeared most to sustain the character we annex to the assistants in such a solemnity, I have no hesitation to name Lord Londonderry, who, in the magnificent robes of the Garter, with the cap and high plume of the order, walked alone, and, by his fine face and majestic person, formed an adequate representative of the Order of Edward III., the costume of which was worn by his lordship only. The Duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and looked deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The Marquess of Anglesea shewed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he left at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life, and I am rather a judge of ‘ noble horsemanship.’ Lord Howard’s horse was worse bitted than those of the two former noblemen,

but not so much so as to derange the ceremony of retiring back out of the Hall.

“ The Champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden-knight to be the challenger of the world in a king’s behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and shewed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste; but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round *rondache*, or highland target,—a defensive weapon, which it would have been impossible to use on horseback,—instead of being a three-cornered, or *heater-shield*, which, in time of the tilt, was suspended round the neck. Pardon this antiquarian scruple, which, you may believe, occurred to few but myself. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me; for I would have had the champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas*. And yet the young Lord of Scrivelsbaye looked and behaved extremely well.

“ Returning to the subject of costume, I could not but admire what I had previously been disposed much to criticise—I mean the fancy dress of the privy councillors, which was of white and blue satin, with trunk hose and mantles, after the fashion of Queen Elizabeth’s time. Separately, so gay a garb had an odd effect on the persons of elderly or ill-made men; but when the whole was thrown into one general body, all these discrepancies disappeared, and you no more observed the particular manner or appearance of an individual than you do that of a soldier in the battalion which marches past you. The whole was so completely harmonized in actual colouring, as well as in association with the general mass of gay, and gorgeous, and antique dress, which floated before the eye, that it was next to impossible to attend to the effect of individual figures. Yet a Scotsman will detect a Scotsman amongst the most crowded assemblage; and I must say, that the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland shewed to as great advantage in his robes of privy councillor as any by whom that splendid dress was worn on this great occasion.

The common court dress, used by the privy councillors at the last coronation, must have had a poor effect in comparison of the present, which formed a gradation in the scale of gorgeous ornament from the unwieldy splendour of the heralds, who glowed like huge masses of cloth of gold and silver, to the more chastened robes and ermine of the peers. I must not forget the effect produced by the peers placing their coronets on their heads, which was really august.

“ The box assigned to the foreign ambassadors presented a most brilliant effect, and was perfectly in a blaze with diamonds. When the sunshine lighted on Prince Esterhazy in particular, he glimmered like a galaxy. I cannot learn positively if he had on that renowned coat which has visited all the courts of Europe, save ours, and is said to be worth 100,000*l.*, or some such trifle, and which costs the prince 100*l.* or 200*l.* every time he puts it on, as he is sure to lose pearls to that amount. This was a hussar dress, but splendid in the last degree, perhaps too fine for good taste, at least it would have appeared so any where else. Beside the prince

sat a good-humoured lass, who seemed all eyes and ears (his daughter-in-law, I believe), who wore as many diamonds as if they had been Bristol stones. An honest Persian was also a remarkable figure, from the dogged and imperturbable gravity with which he looked on the whole scene, without ever moving a limb or a muscle during the space of four hours. Like Sir Wilful Witwood, I cannot find that your Persian is orthodox; for if he scorned every thing else, there was a Mahometan paradise extended on his right hand, along the seats which were occupied by the peeresses and their daughters, which the prophet himself might have looked on with emotion. I have seldom seen so many elegant and beautiful girls as sat mingled among the noble matronage of the land; and the waving plumage of feathers, which made the universal head-dress, had the most appropriate effect in setting off their charms.

“ I must not omit, that the foreigners, who are apt to consider us as a nation *en frac*, and without the usual ceremonies of dress and distinction, were utterly astonished and delighted

1820
1823
21

to see the revival of feudal dresses and feudal grandeur when the occasion demanded it, and that in a degree of splendour which they averred they had never seen paralleled in Europe.

“The duties of service at the banquet, and of attendance in general, was performed by pages dressed very elegantly in Henri Quatre coats of scarlet, with gold lace, blue sashes, white silk hose, and white rosettes. There were also marshal’s men for keeping order, who wore a similar dress, but of blue, and having white sashes. Both departments were filled up almost entirely by young gentlemen, many of them of the very first condition, who took those menial characters to gain admission to the show. When I saw many of my young acquaintance thus attending upon their fathers and kinsmen, the peers, knights, and so forth, I could not help thinking of Crabbe’s lines, with a little alteration—

‘Twas schooling pride to see the menial wait,
Smile on his father, and receive his plate.’

It must be owned, however, that they proved

but indifferent valets, and were very apt, like the clown in the pantomime, to eat the cheer they should have handed to their masters, and to play other *tours de page*, which reminded me of the caution of our proverb, 'not to man yourself with your kin.' The peers, for example, had only a cold collation, while the aldermen of London feasted on venison and turtle; and similar errors necessarily befell others in the confusion of the evening. But those slight mistakes, which indeed were not known till afterwards, had not the slightest effect on the general grandeur of the scene.

"I did not see the procession between the abbey and hall. In the morning, a few voices called 'Queen! queen!' as Lord Londonderry passed, and even when the sovereign appeared. But those were only signals for the loud and reiterated acclamations in which these tones of discontent were completely drowned. In the return, no one dissonant voice intimated the least dissent from the shouts of gratulation which poured from every quarter; and certainly never monarch received a more general welcome from his assembled subjects.

“ You will have from others full accounts of the variety of entertainments provided for John Bull in the parks, on the river, in the theatres, and elsewhere. Nothing was to be seen or heard but sounds of pleasure and festivity; and whoever saw the scene at any one spot was convinced that the whole population was assembled there, while others found a similar course of revellers in every different point. It is computed that about 500,000 people shared in the festival, in one way or other; and you may imagine the excellent disposition by which the people were animated, when I tell you, that, excepting a few windows broken by a small body-guard of ragamuffins, who were in immediate attendance on the great lady in the morning, not the slightest political violence occurred to disturb the general harmony; and that the assembled populace seemed to be universally actuated by the spirit of the day; namely, loyalty and good humour. Nothing occurred to damp those happy dispositions; the weather was most propitious, and the arrangements so perfect, that no accident of any kind is reported

as having taken place. And so concluded the coronation of George IV., whom God long preserve ! Those who witnessed it have seen a scene calculated to raise the country in their opinion, and to throw into the shade all scenes of similar magnificence, from the field of the cloth of gold down to the present day.

“ AN EYE-WITNESS.”

The unfortunate intrusion to which this letter alludes occurred early in the day. The queen was refused entrance into the cathedral; and when, at length, after repeated efforts, she withdrew, the mob expressed their sentiments by breaking the Treasury windows. (But the disappointment was fatal to her. She lost her spirits, shrank from society, declared herself tired of life, and in less than a month, she died.)

The ruling passion was strong even in death. She ordered that her remains should *not* be left in this country, but buried in Brunswick; and that the inscription on her tomb should be, “ Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured

Queen of England." Thus perished* a being on whom fortune had lavished all the highest advantages of opulence, birth, and station; the wife of a royal husband, the mother of a royal child; a queen, and Queen of England (yet in the anxieties of her life and her death scarcely to be envied by a galley-slave.)

* August 7, 1821.

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CHAPTER VII.

NAPOLEON.

THE battle of Jena, in 1806, had placed Napoleon at the height of power. The treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, had confirmed it; and the conference at Erfurth had indulged his love of display with the most profuse spectacle of vassal royalty. But, from that moment, the wheel turned; as if from that moment the purpose of his career was done. He had scourged the old profligacy of the continental courts; he had scattered, like chaff before the wind, the armies which had been so long the instruments of their blind violences and sanguinary ambition. Preparatory, perhaps, to a still deeper trial, he had shaken the great continental thrones; thrones that, under the name of Christianity, had exhi-

bited in their personal excesses and public ferocity the spirit of heathenism. Prussia the infidel, Austria the bigot, and Russia the barbarian, had been transfixed with the spear of an avenger but a degree more godless, prejudiced, and ferocious, than themselves; the standards which they had crimsoned in the blood of Poland were gone to moulder in the dust of the Invalides; and now, when the punishment was complete, the time of the punisher was come.

In the early part of the year 1812, Napoleon, furious at the repugnance of the Emperor of Russia to see his subjects perish by the Berlin and Milan decrees; proclaimed, in his old oracular style, that "the Russian dynasty was no more;" and followed the oracle by a force well calculated to insure its fulfilment. He crossed the Polish provinces with an army the most numerous since the days of Xerxes, or Attila, but which would have passed through their wild myriads as the cannon-ball through the air. With half a million of the finest troops that ever marched to play the game of ambition

he broke over the Russian frontier, and was himself undone.

But, the narrative of that stupendous contest—of French daring and rapine, of the stubborn heroism of the Russian armies, of cities stormed and in conflagration, of provinces desolated; and of the retribution from a higher hand, the rage of a Russian winter let loose, and covering a march of six hundred miles with the French dead; must not be humiliated by the sketch which alone could be given of it here.

Napoleon's defeat was measureless; of the multitudes which had followed him across the Niemen scarcely a man returned. But he again found armies in the populousness of France; within a few months rushed to the field; fought the bloody battles of Bautzen and Lutzen; was again maddened with pride, until he roused the continent against him; and finally at Leipsic was overwhelmed once more. The remnant of his army was hunted across the Rhine, was hunted through France, was hunted into the gates of the capital; and then, when victory had flung Napoleon on the ground,

diplomatic folly came to set him on his feet again. To extinguish his ambition, he was suffered to retain the imperial title; to destroy his connexion with the French military, he was suffered to retain his flag, his staff, and a portion of his guard; and to prevent the possibility of his renewing disturbances in France or Italy, he was fixed on an island almost within sight of both! The consequences were foreseen by all mankind—except the emperors, the diplomatists, and the Bourbons.

Within one year, while the whole pomp of European diplomacy was busied in congress at Vienna, and every day saw some new experiment of power, a monarchy mutilated, a river given to one potentate, or the humbler donative of a million of souls and bodies made over to another; while allegiance and national feelings were measured off by strips of the map; and provinces, with all their old native interests, and recollections, were distributed by the inch-rule and scissors;—Napoleon's system, without Napoleon's plea; predatory peace and amicable violence; rapine reduced to rule; tyranny usurping the place of that deference to human

feelings for which alone legislators were made ; —the lash came, which rebuked those arbitrary follies. www.libtool.com.cn

While the princes and envoys at this showy conclave were thus twisting their rope of sand, the news arrived—that their prisoner had escaped,—that he was at the head of an army, —that he was on the throne of the Tuileries !

They felt themselves so completely outwitted, that the first impulse was actually a general burst of laughter ; the grand charlatan had out-tricked the little ones. “ *Voilà le Congrès dissout !* ” had been Napoleon’s pithy remark, as he set his foot on the French shore. His words were realized : the Congress broke up in confusion. Diplomacy vanished, and its place was filled up by the manlier, more honest, and more *merciful* shape of war. Europe was in arms once more ; and England, trusting no longer to the slippery faith of foreign courts, boldly took that lead in the contest which became her rank, and finished the battle at a blow.

Napoleon’s narrative of the day of Waterloo is one of the most characteristic documents in history. It is full of traits of the man ; the mili-

tary decision, the tone of authority, the calculation, familiar to one who always spoke of a battle as a game of chess. It discloses, too, his extreme anxiety to vindicate his defeat, by the dexterous mode in which he labours to attribute it to fortune. It has the further interest of being probably the longest and most carefully studied composition that ever came from the pen of this most extraordinary of soldiers and sovereigns.

WATERLOO.

“*Sixth Observation.*”—1st. The French army manœuvred on the right of the Sambre on the 13th and 14th. On the night of the latter day, it encamped within half a league of the Prussian advanced posts. Marshal Blucher had, however, no information of what was passing; and on the morning of the 15th, when the account reached his head-quarters, that the emperor had entered Charleroi, the Prusso-Saxon army was still cantoned over an extent of thirty leagues of the country, and it required two days to assemble his forces. He ought to have advanced his

* “Memoirs relative to the year 1815,” written by Napoleon, at St. Helena.

head quarters to Fleurus on the 15th, to have concentrated the cantonments of his army within a radius of eight leagues, with advanced guards on the *débouches* of the Meuse and the Sambre. His army would then have been collected at Ligny on the 15th, at noon, there to await the attack of the French army, or to march against it in the evening of that day, and drive it into the Sambre.

“2nd. But Marshal Blucher, though surprised, persisted in assembling his army on the heights of Ligny, behind Fleurus; thus braving the chance of being attacked before his troops could be brought up to that position. On the morning of the 16th, he had got together only two corps, and the French army was already at Fleurus. The third corps joined during the day; but the fourth, under the command of General Bulow, could not come up in time to take part in the battle. Marshal Blucher, as soon as he knew that the French were at Charleroi, ought not to have fixed for the rallying point of his army either Fleurus or Ligny, which was already under the cannon of his enemy, but Wavres, whither the French could not arrive

until the 17th. He would thus, besides, have had all the day and the night of the 16th to collect the whole of his army.

“3rd. After losing the battle of Ligny, the Prussian general, instead of making his retreat on Wavres, should have effected it on the army of the Duke of Wellington, either on Quatre Bras, as that position was maintained, or on Waterloo. The retreat of Marshal Blucher, on the morning of the 17th, was altogether absurd, since the two armies, which were, on the evening of the 16th, only 3000 toises distant from each other, with the communication of an excellent high road, by which they might consider themselves as united, became, on the evening of the 17th, more than 10,000 toises distant, and were separated by defiles and impracticable roads.

“The Prussian general violated the three great principles of war: 1. To approximate his cantonments; 2. To assign, as the rallying point, a place at which all his troops could arrive before the enemy; 3. To operate his retreat on his reinforcements.

“ *Seventh Observation.*—1st. The Duke of Wellington was surprised in his cantonments. He ought to have concentrated them on the 15th, at eight leagues around Brussels, placing advanced guards on the *débouches* of Flanders. The French army had manœuvred for three days before he advanced, and twenty-four hours had expired since it commenced hostilities. Its head-quarters had been for twelve hours at Charleroi, while the English general remained ignorant of all this at Brussels, and the cantonments of his army still occupied, in full security, an extent of twenty leagues.

“ 2nd. The Prince of Saxe-Weimar, whose corps formed part of the Anglo-Dutch army, was, on the 15th, at four in the evening, in position in front of Frasne, and knew that the French army was at Charleroi. Had he immediately sent off an aid-de-camp to Brussels, he might have arrived there by six in the evening; and yet the Duke of Wellington was not informed of the French army being at Charleroi until eleven o'clock. Thus he lost five hours, when his situation, and the man opposed to

him, rendered the loss of a single hour of great importance.

“3rd. The infantry, the cavalry, and the artillery of that army being separately cantoned, the infantry was engaged at Quatre Bras without either cavalry or artillery; those troops had thus to sustain a great loss, as they were obliged to keep in close column to make head against the charges of the cuirassiers, under a fire of fifty pieces of cannon. Those brave men were, therefore, slaughtered, without cavalry to protect them, and without artillery to avenge them. As the three kinds of military force cannot for a moment dispense with the support of each other, they ought always to be so cantoned and posted as to afford reciprocal assistance.

“The English general, though surprised, assigned Quatre Bras for the rallying point of his army, though that position had been for twenty-four hours in the possession of the French. He exposed his troops to be partially defeated, in proportion as they might arrive. The danger to which he exposed them was even still more serious, since he made them advance without

artillery, and cavalry; he delivered up his infantry in fragments, unsupported by the other two weapons of war, to its enemy. The point for assembling his army should have been Waterloo. He would thus have had all the 16th, and the night of that day to the 17th, which would have been sufficient for collecting the whole of his army—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The French could not arrive till the 17th, and would then have found all his army in position.

“*Eighth Observation.*—On the 18th, the English general gave battle at Waterloo. This conduct was contrary to the interests of his nation, to the general plan of the war adopted by the allies; and he violated all the rules of war. It was not the interest of England, which needs so many men to recruit her armies in India, her American colonies, and her other vast establishments, to run wantonly into a murderous contest, which might occasion the loss of her only army, or at least cause her best blood to be shed. The plan of the allies was to act in mass, and not to engage in any partial affair. Nothing was more contrary to their

interest and their plan than to expose the success of their cause to the chances of a battle, with nearly equal forces, where all the probabilities were against them. Had the Anglo-Dutch army been destroyed at Waterloo, what advantage could the allies have derived from their numerous armies, which were preparing to pass the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees?

“2nd. The English general, in preparing to fight the battle of Waterloo, founded his resolution only on the co-operation of the Prussians; but that co-operation could not take place until the afternoon. Accordingly, he remained exposed singly, from four in the morning till five in the evening; that is to say, during thirteen hours. A battle does not usually last more than six hours. This co-operation was, therefore, illusory.

“But, in reckoning on the co-operation of the Prussians, he must have supposed that the whole of the French army was opposed to him; in that case, he expected to defend his field of battle for thirteen hours with 90,000 troops, of different nations, against 104,000

French. This calculation was clearly erroneous. He could not have maintained his position three hours; ~~everything~~ would have been decided by eight in the morning, and the Prussians would have arrived only to fall into the snare. In one day, both armies would have been destroyed.

“If he calculated that a part of the French army had, according to the rules of war, followed the Prussian army, it must then have been evident to him that he could have no assistance from it; and that the Prussians, after being beaten at Ligny, with the loss of from 25,000 to 30,000 men, and with 20,000 of them dispersed, and pursued by between 30,000 and 40,000 victorious French, could scarcely be expected to maintain themselves. In this case, the Anglo-Dutch army alone would have had to sustain the attack of 69,000 French during the whole of the 18th: and there is no Englishman but will admit that the result of such a contest could not be doubtful, and that their army was not so constituted as to withstand the shock of the imperial army for four hours.

“During the night of the 17th, the weather

was extremely bad, which rendered the ground impracticable till nine in the morning. The loss of six hours from daybreak was all to the advantage of the enemy; but could the general make the fate of such a contest depend on the weather of that night? Marshal Grouchy, with 34,000 men and 108 pieces of cannon, discovered the secret which seemed to be undiscoverable: not to be, on the 18th, either on the field of battle of Mont St. Jean, or at Wavres. But had the English general the conviction that this marshal would wander out of his way in this manner? The conduct of Marshal Grouchy was as impossible to be foreseen as if upon the road his army had experienced an earthquake that swallowed it up.

“*Recapitulation.*—If Marshal Grouchy had been on the field of battle at Mont St. Jean, as the English and the Prussian generals believed, during the whole of the night of the 17th and the morning of the 18th; and if the weather had permitted the French army to be drawn up in battle array at four in the morning; before seven o'clock the Anglo-Dutch army would have been cut to pieces, dispersed, and entirely destroyed.

If the weather had only permitted the French army to range itself in order of battle at ten o'clock, the Anglo-Dutch army would have been undone. Its remains would have been driven beyond the forest, or in the direction of Halle, and we should have had time in the evening to encounter Marshal Blucher, and to inflict upon him a similar fate. If Marshal Grouchy had encamped before Wavres on the night of the 17th, the Prussian army could have sent no detachment to save the English army, and the latter would have been completely beaten by the 69,000 French opposed to it.

“3rd. The position of Mont St. Jean was badly chosen. The first condition of a field of battle is to have no defiles in the rear. During the battle, the English general could derive no aid from his numerous cavalry. He did not believe that he would be, or could be, attacked on the left. He imagined that he would be attacked on the right. In spite of the diversion made in his favour by the 30,000 Prussians under Bulow, he would have twice made his retreat during the day, had it been possible; thus, in fact, by a strange caprice of human

affairs, the bad choice of the field of battle, which rendered his retreat impossible, was the cause of his success.

“*Ninth Observation.*—It will be asked, what then ought the English general to have done after the battle of Ligny, and the engagement at Quatre Bras? Posterity will not form true opinions. He should have traversed, in the night of the 17th, the forest of Soignes, on the high road of Charleroi; the Prussian army should, in the same manner, have passed along that of Wavres. The two armies should have united at daybreak at Brussels; should have left the rear-guard to defend the forest; should have gained some days to allow time to the Prussians, who were dispersed after the battle of Ligny, to rejoin their army; should have procured the reinforcement of the fourteen English regiments that garrisoned the fortresses of Belgium, and had landed at Ostend on their return from America; and should have allowed the Emperor of the French to manœuvre as he pleased.

Would he, with an army of 100,000 men, have traversed the forest of Soignes, to attack, at its *débouches*, the two united armies, more than

200,000 strong, and in position? This certainly would have been the most advantageous course for the allies. Would he have been contented to take up a position himself? In that case, his inactivity could not have been long, as 300,000 Russians, Austrians, Bavarians, &c., had arrived on the Rhine, who would soon have been on the Maine, and obliged him to retreat for the defence of the capital. Then the Anglo-Prussian army should have marched and joined the allies before Paris. It would have run no hazard; it would have experienced no loss; it would have acted conformably to the English nation, to the general plan adopted by the allies, and to the rules of the art of war. From the 15th to the 18th, the Duke of Wellington constantly manœuvred as his enemy desired, and did nothing as it was feared he would do. The English infantry was *firm and solid*; the cavalry might have acted better. The Anglo-Dutch army was twice saved on the 18th by the Prussians; first, by the arrival of General Bulow, before three o'clock, with 30,000 men; and secondly, by the arrival of Marshal Blucher, with 31,000 men. On that day, 69,000 French-

men beat 120,000 men. The victory was snatched from them between eight and nine o'clock, but it was by 150,000 men.

“ Let any one imagine the looks of the people of London at the moment when they should have heard the catastrophe of their army, and learned that they lavished their purest blood to support the cause of kings against nations,—of privileges against equality,—of oligarchs against liberals,—of the principles of the holy alliance against those of the sovereignty of the people.”

(To this striking paper there is one answer, equivalent to all,—that its writer was beaten; and beaten in the fairest competition of bravery and skill perhaps ever furnished by an European field! Napoleon had begun the battle at his own time, with his chosen army, and with the most perfect conviction that he would rout his adversary. The battle was not one of those brief encounters in which fortune may have a share. It was a firm struggle of eight hours, from eleven in the forenoon until seven in the evening; and in that time, the whole power of

spite of all the evening his force

France had made no effectual impression on the English line. The Prussians had no share in this portion of the conflict, and the final charge of the enemy was repelled, and returned with decisive defeat, before the Prussians had come in contact with their line. The battle was fought, and gained by *the English* and *their general*. But the presence of the Prussians on the field was necessary to make the success available; and while their bravery and ardour are acknowledged, and their services in the pursuit unquestionable, they must be refused any larger portion in the glories of this great day.

The composition of the rival armies, too, is not to be forgotten. The French was formed of the picked troops of the country, all French, all connecting their fame, and many their existence, with their general's victory. The Duke of Wellington had a miscellaneous army of foreigners, mixed with scarcely more than 25,000 English; the former, chiefly *new* subjects of the allies; and the latter, chiefly recruits from the militia. It is to his high honour as a soldier that, with this embarrassing force, he was able to sustain the shock of the longest

battle of the war against the most practised and desperate army of Europe, and against a general, who will be renowned while military genius glitters in the eye of man.

The personal interest which the French soldiery took in this war was unequalled. Many of them had been prisoners, more had been dismissed from the army by the Bourbons, and all had felt their self-glory deeply tarnished by the successes of the allies. Many of the regiments, which marched through Paris on their way to Belgium, had their standards covered with crape, "never to be taken off, but on the day of final victory." Many of them had pledged themselves never to give or take quarter. The army had sworn peculiar vengeance against the English and Prussians; and bade farewell to Paris, "never to return, until they had swept the enemy from the face of the earth."

In Napoleon's statement of the battle, he praises the firmness of the English infantry: and they deserved more than his panegyric. They were as solid as adamant. A curious anecdote of the opinion of one of the enemy has been told.

It was an etiquette that the commandants of the towns through which the French emperor passed at any time should attend him to a certain distance on his journey. One of those officers, on the frontier, had thus attended him to the scene of the campaign, and was present at the battle of Quatre Bras. On returning to his garrison at the close of the day, his officers crowded round him at supper, and were warm in their anticipations of victory.—“The emperor was there. The result was inevitable,—the whole was a matter of calculation. The enemy’s corps must be beaten in detail. The Prussians must be cut in pieces. A few of the English might take shelter in Brussels, or reach their ships. But the business was settled—the emperor was there.”

The commandant suffered them to indulge in this national verbiage, and proceeded in his supper without a word. At length, one, more systematic in his style than the rest, observed, “that it would be proper to keep the garrison on the alert during the next day for the reception of the aides-de-camp, who would be passing to Paris with the news of the victory, and

that the guns should be ready for a *feu-de-joie*."

The opinion was received with high approbation by all but the commandant, who, setting down his glass, gravely said, "Messieurs, I have the highest opinion of the emperor's genius, and the invincible courage of our brave army; but, Messieurs, I was beside Marshal Ney this day for four hours; and brave as we all know he is, and at the head of forty thousand of the best troops of France, he had as much as he could do."

The observation had its effect; but the listeners soon rallied, and said, that, of course, the marshal could not be expected to do more than keep the enemy in check, and that he would have been wrong to press the whole British army. "Messieurs," said the general, in the same grave tone, "the marshal had *not* the whole British army before him. He had, with some Dutch and Germans, but *six* British regiments. I am told that Wellington has thirty regiments, and if they are of the same stuff that I saw fighting to-day, I shall wait for

an order from the emperor before I load my guns.”

Ney, always remarkable for intrepidity, that *cœur-de-lion* valour which seemed to delight in danger, acknowledged afterwards, that he had no idea of the fire of musketry until he saw that of the British. He had at least one close opportunity of observing its effect. Among the anecdotes of Waterloo, it is said that Ney, having had his horse shot under him in the last advance of the imperial guard, just as he was disengaging himself from the animal, was recognised by an officer commanding a British company. The officer, in his eagerness, calling out, “There is the marshal—there is Ney!” the whole company fired a volley full on the struggling marshal. He escaped, by little short of miracle; but afterwards declared, that “he had never been in such an explosion in his life! it was a whirlwind of bullets and sulphur; a furnace—a volcano!”

The battle of Waterloo was long considered by the French as the most formidable of all their calamities; while it was obviously the most sin-

gular instance of their good fortune ; for it had put an end to the war in a week, and thus saved France from the invasion of a million one hundred and ten thousand ! of the allied troops, who were waiting but the signal to march, and who were to be followed by as many more. A war on this scale must have trampled the country into a mire of blood. But the defeat rendered still higher services. If Napoleon had remained the conqueror, he would have remained the tyrant. His overthrow was the birth of the French constitution.

Yet the people, stung with the immediate sense of failure, could not be reconciled to the name of Waterloo. The feeling exhibited itself on all occasions. During the occupation of France by the allies ; one evening, in the chateau of a seigneur, where some British officers were quartered, the conversation happened to turn upon the war. The politeness of the seigneur to his guests was uniformly such, that all topics were discussed in the most amicable manner. " I acknowledge," said the Frenchman, that Napoleon played the fool, in his de-

terminated hostility to England; that his commercial decrees were cruel and useless; and that his threats of invasion could never have produced anything but his own ruin,—at least, while you had your fleet.”

“No,” said one of the officers; “nor if *he* had our fleet; recollect the population, the army.”

“True,” was the reply; “yet, if Napoleon could have found a bridge to Dover, rely upon it, he would have found a road to London.”

“The French troops march too slow,” calmly observed the officer.

“Slow! why, they are the quickest marchers in the world,” exclaimed the astonished Frenchman.

“Pardon me, my dear sir,” said the officer; “London is a great way off. Now, it is not quite five leagues from Mont St. Jean to Brussels; yet I saw the French army set out to march from Mont St. Jean to Brussels six months ago, and it has not yet got further than —Waterloo.”

The error of sending Napoleon to Elba was

not repeated ; St. Helena was chosen as the spot in which he could enjoy the largest portion of personal liberty without hazarding an escape, which might inflame France again : and in that island he continued until he died. (Much as this fate of so memorable a man must be regretted, it was indispensable to the peace of Europe.) Napoleon at large would have been a firebrand ; and the lives of thousands, or of millions, might have paid the forfeit of a second display of clemency. In St. Helena he lingered out six dreary years, in indolent restlessness and impatient resignation ; talking loftily of his scorn for all things human, and quarrelling with Sir Hudson Lowe upon every subject under heaven ; sometimes writing memoirs, which he generally burned ; sometimes rearing cabbages, and shooting the buffaloes that intruded on his crop ; sometimes taking obvious pleasure in the homage naturally paid to him by the visitors to the island ; and at others, shutting himself up in imperial solitude, and declaring, that he would not be “made a wild beast of,” to please the “barbarian English :” at intervals, reviving the

recollections of his high estate, and speaking with all his former intensesness and brilliancy; then silent for days together; constant in nothing but his hatred of Sir Hudson Lowe, his wrath against Marmont, and his contempt for every being that bore the name of Bourbon.

Those caprices were the natural results of a change so total; from the most active and engrossing career of man, to the most shapeless and monotonous inaction. In the beginning of 1821, the last year of his life, he complained of some inward distemper; for which his physicians found every name, and administered every remedy, but the right one. He tried to direct them to it, by saying that his father had died of an ulcerated stomach, and that the complaint had probably descended to himself. But the physicians persevered, steady in the wrong, until their patient refused to take their medicines any longer. From the 17th of March his illness confined him to his room. He had an habitual contempt for medicine. "Our body is a watch," said he, "intended to go for a given time. The doctor is a watchmaker, who can-

not open the watch ; he must therefore work by accident ; and for once that he mends it with his crooked instruments, ten times he injures it, until he destroys it altogether." In April, his Italian physician, Antommarchi, called in Dr. Arnot, an Englishman. Still his patient said, with the Turk, "What is written is written ; man's hours are marked. None can live beyond their time."

In this absurd prejudice, which might have proceeded from the growing feebleness of his mind in the progress of his disease, he continued to refuse the alleviation which the skill of his English attendant might have afforded ; for cure was now impossible. He drew up his will, and directed that his body should be opened, and its state described to his son. "Of all my organs," he affirmed, "the stomach is the most diseased. I believe that the disease is scirrhus of the pylorus. The physicians at Montpellier predicted that it would be hereditary in our family." Tumultuous and violent as his life had been, he died with some sentiments of religion. He had sent for two Italian

priests some time before, and calmly desired that the usual ceremonies of the Romish church should be complied with. In his last hours he made this summary confession of his faith:—"I am neither *physicien* nor *philosophe*.* I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. I was born a catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of that church, and receive the assistance which she administers."

His hours were now numbered. His complaint was cancer of the stomach. From the 3rd of May, he seemed to lie in a continued heavy sleep. The fifth was a day of unexampled tempest in the island; trees were everywhere torn up by the roots, the sea lashed and rent the shores, the clouds poured down torrents, the wind burst through the hills with the loudness of thunder. In this roar of the elements, Napoleon perhaps heard the old echoes of battle; the last words on his lips were of war; "*tête d'armée*" was uttered in his dream; and he died. The fiery spirit passed away, like Cromwell's, in storm!

* Infidels.

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No history of the ancients exhibits mightier events or more singular vicissitudes ever crowded into the life of conqueror or king.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

1769—*August* 15, born at Ajaccio, in Corsica.

1779—Placed at the military school of Brienne.

1793—An officer of artillery at the siege of Toulon, and appointed general of brigade.

1794—Commands the conventional troops, and defeats the Parisians.

1796—Appointed to the command of the army of Italy—Battle of Lodi—Battle of Castiglione—Battle of Arcola.

1797—Surrender of Mantua and Trieste. *April* 18. Preliminaries with Austria signed at Leoben—French take possession of Venice—Treaty of Campo Formio, with Austria.

1798—Sails for Egypt—Battle of Embade, or the Pyramids.

1799—*May*. Siege of Acre—Sails to France. *Oct.* 7. Lands at Frejus. *Nov.* 9. Dissolves the conventional government. *Nov.* 10. Declared first consul.

1800—Peace made with the Chouans—Crosses Mont St. Bernard. *June* 16. Battle of Marengo—Preliminaries with

Austria signed at Paris. *Dec. 24.* Explosion of the infernal machine.

1801—Treaty of Luneville with Austria—Preliminaries signed with England.

1802—The Cisalpine republic placed under his jurisdiction. *March 27.* Definitive treaty with England—Legion of Honour instituted. *August 2.* Declared consul for life—Swiss form of government changed by him.

1803—*May 18.* English declaration of war. *June 5.* Hanover conquered.

1804—*Feb.* Moreau arrested. *March 20.* Death of the Duc d'Enghien—Pichegru dies in prison. *May 18.* He is declared Emperor. *Nov. 19.* Crowned by the pope.

1805—Writes a pacific letter to the King of England. *April 11.* Treaty of Petersburg, between England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden—He is declared King of Italy—Mack's army surrenders at Ulm—French enter Vienna—Battle of Austerlitz—Treaty of Vienna with Prussia—and of Presburg with Austria.

1806—*March 30.* Joseph Bonaparte declared King of Naples. *June 5.* Louis Bonaparte declared King of Holland—Confederation of the Rhine—Marches against Prussia—Battle of Auerstadt or Jena—Enters Berlin. *Nov. 19.* Hamburg taken.

1807—Battle of Eylau—of Friedland—Treaty of Tilsit.

1808—*July 7.* Joseph Bonaparte declared King of Spain—*20.* Surrender of Dupont's army at Baylen—*29.* Joseph evacuates Madrid. *Aug. 21.* Battle of Vimiera. *Nov. 5.* Bonaparte arrives at Vittoria. *Dec. 4.* Surrender of Madrid.

1809—*January.* Battle of Corunna—Returns to Paris.

April. War declared by Austria—Heads his army against Austria. *May 10.* French enter Vienna—Battle of Asperne. *July 5.* Battle of Wagram—Flushing taken by the English—Treaty of Vienna with Austria. *December.* Lucien Bonaparte arrives in England—Marriage with Josephine dissolved—Walcheren evacuated by the English.

1810—*March.* Marries Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis II. *July.* Holland and the Hanse Towns annexed to the French empire. *August.* Bernadotte elected Crown Prince of Sweden.

1811—*January 1.* Hamburg annexed to the empire. *April 20.* The empress delivered of a son, who is styled King of Rome.

1812—*January.* Swedish Pomerania seized by France. *May.* Heads the army against Russia. *June 11.* Arrives at Konigsberg.—28. Enters Wilna. *Aug. 18.* Smolensko taken. *Sept. 7.* Battle of the Moskwa, or Borodino.—14. French enter Moscow. *Oct. 22.* Evacuate it. *Nov. 9.* Arrives at Smolensko. *Dec. 5.* Quits the army.—18. Arrives at Paris.

1813—*April.* Takes the command of the army on the Elbe. *May 1.* Battle of Lutzen—20. Of Bautzen. *June 4.* Armistice agreed on.—21. Battle of Vittoria. *Aug. 17.* Hostilities recommence.—28. Battle of Dresden. *Sept. 7.* English enter France.—28. French evacuate Dresden. *Oct. 18.* Battle of Leipsic. *Nov. 15.* Revolution in Holland. *Dec. 8.* English army crosses the Nieve.

1814—*Jan. 4.* Allies cross the Rhine. *March 30.* Battle of Mont-Martre.—31. Allies enter Paris. *April 11.* Napoleon abdicates the throne. *May 8.* Arrives at Elba.

1815—*March* 1. Re-lands in France, at Cannes.—20. Resumes the throne. *June* 1. Holds the *Champ de Mai*.—11. Leaves Paris for Belgium.—15. Attacks the Prussians on the Sambre.—16. Attacks Blucher at Ligny—and Wellington at Quatre Bras.—18. Defeated at Waterloo.—22. Resigns the throne, finishing the *hundred days*.—29. Leaves Malmaison. *July* 15. Received on board the *Bellerophon*.—24. At Torbay. *Aug.* 8. Sails in the *Northumberland* for St. Helena. *Oct.* 15. Lands at St. Helena.

1821—*March* 17. Confined by illness. *May* 5. Dies.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE REIGN.

IN his earlier years the king had never passed the limits of England. Etiquette and financial reasons were the cause. But he suffered little by the restriction. He spoke with sufficient ease all the foreign languages required at court; and if he lost some indulgence of rational curiosity, and some knowledge of the actual aspect of the continent, he gained much more than an equivalent in escaping those foreign follies which are so irreconcilably repulsive to the tastes of England. The hussar-passion was not strong upon him; and, though commanding a cavalry regiment, and fond of the allowable decoration of the soldier, it was to more travelled propensities that we owed the frippery,

which, for so many years, turned some of the finest portions of the British service into a pitiful imitation of the worst of the foreign; which disguised brave men in the trappings of mountebanks, and made a British parade a triumph of tailors. He never appeared before his people disfigured with the German barbarism of the pipe in the mouth, nor with the human face metamorphosed into the bear's or the baboon's. He was an English gentleman; and, conscious that the character placed him above the vulgarities of foreign indulgences, or the fopperies of foreign costumes, he adhered to the manners of his country.

But, immediately on his accession to the throne, he visited Ireland,* Hanover,† and Scotland,‡ and in them all was received with the strongest marks of popular affection. While in Scotland, the intelligence of the Marquess of Londonderry's death reached him. The marquess had died by his own hand! The fatigues of public business, added to some domestic

* August, 1821.

† September, 1821.

‡ August, 1822.

vexations, had disordered his brain, and, after a brief period of despondency, he put an end to his existence. England regretted him as a high-minded statesman; but Ireland had no sorrow for the perpetrator of the Union.

From the close of the French war, England had remained in peace for ten years. In 1816, she was involved in war with the Algerines, but a war of one day. Those barbarians had massacred a crowd of unfortunate Italians trading and fishing at Bona, under the British flag. The insult could not be passed over: and a fleet of ten sail were instantly despatched to demand satisfaction for this act of barbarity. The Dey scoffed at the demand; and the fleet, under Lord Exmouth, seconded by a Dutch squadron, under Admiral Von der Capellen, tore his massive fortifications to pieces in six hours' fire. The Dey was forced to make the humblest apology, to beg pardon of the British consul, and, by a more gratifying result of victory, to deliver up all his Christian captives, and pledge himself to abolish piracy in his dominions. The latter condition, with the usual faith of barba-

rians, he violated as soon as the British fleet were under sail. But Lord Exmouth had the high honour of sending to Italy, where they marched in solemn thanksgiving to their churches, five hundred human beings; who, but for his success, would probably have finished their miserable lives in chains.

This was the boldest action ever fought with batteries alone, and the most bloody to both the victors and the vanquished. The Algerines were continually reinforced during the day, and their loss was computed at 4000 men killed and wounded. A comparison with the battles of the line makes the loss in the fleet the severest ever known, in proportion to the numbers engaged.

In the action of the 1st of June there were 26 sail of the line (including the *Audacious*) in action, with about 17,000 men; of those 281 were killed, and 797 wounded. Total, 1078.

In Lord Bridport's action, 23rd June, 1795, there were 14 sail, with about 10,000 men; of whom only 31 were killed, and 113 wounded. Total, 144.

In the action off Cape St. Vincent, there

were 15 sail of the line, with about 10,000 men ; of whom were killed 73, and wounded 227. Total, 300. www.libtool.com.cn

In Lord Duncan's action, 11th Oct. 1797, there were 16 sail of the line (including two 50's) engaged, with about 8,000 men ; of whom 191 were killed, and 560 wounded. Total, 751.

In the battle of the Nile, 1st Aug. 1798, there were 14 sail of the line engaged, with about 8,000 men ; of whom 218 were killed, and 677 wounded. Total, 895.

In Lord Nelson's attack on Copenhagen, 2nd April, 1801, there were 11 sail of the line and 5 frigates engaged, with about 7,000 men ; of whom 234 were killed, and 641 wounded. Total, 875.

In the battle of Trafalgar, 21st Oct. 1805, there were 27 sail of the line engaged, with about 17,000 men ; of whom 412 were killed, and 1112 wounded. Total, 1524.

In the attack on Algiers, there were but 5 sail of the line and 5 frigates engaged, the crews of which may be computed at 5000 men ; of whom 128 were killed, and 690 wounded. Total, 818.—If the Dutch frigates were added,

their crews may be taken at 1500 ; of whom 13 were killed, and 32 wounded ; so that the totals would be, of 6500 men, 141 killed, and 722 wounded. Total, 863.

The Dey paid the Turkish penalty of defeat ; he was strangled in a few months after. A successor was easily found ; piracy flourished again, and Algiers luxuriated in its old system of strangling its governors, and robbing on the high seas ; until the French expedition extinguished the dynasty.

In the meantime, the chief territorial changes, on the basis of the treaty of Paris,* proceeded. The imperial conquests were lopped away from France, and she was reduced to her possessions in 1792. The celebrated Confederation of the Rhine, which Napoleon had considered the master-stroke of his policy, and which made the whole of the minor German principalities but an outwork of France, was demolished by a touch of the pen, and a new league created in its room, from which French influence was totally excluded. Switzerland was left to her

* March 30, 1814.

old governments; but Italy was given over to the unpopular yoke of Austria. Some of her West Indian Islands were restored to France; Java was given to the Dutch; but England retained the true prizes of the war, Malta, the Cape, and the Ionian Islands.

In the same memorable year a close had been put to the American war,—a war of frigates, idly begun, and willingly concluded on both sides. America took some of the British cruisers, ill-manned and ill-provided; balancing her success by a series of foolish expeditions into Canada, in all of which she was beaten; the war being totally unprovoked and totally unproductive, and costing her enormous sums of money, with the imminent hazard of a separation between her northern and southern states, the total stoppage of her commerce, and the loss of many thousand lives. England, with rival absurdity, closed her exploits by an attack on New Orleans, which her expedition fortunately failed to take. The country was a swamp, the city was a regular place of pestilence, where even the natives perish in yearly swarms by contagion; and what must be the

mortality of the British soldier? Had we not already sufficient fevers in the West Indies to carry off the superfluity of our soldiery? The possession of this deplorable place would have been a perpetual source of irritation to America, and would have cost the lives of a thousand men a-year, until it involved us in a new quarrel, which might cost the lives of tens of thousands.

Our next trial was to be one of finance. From London to the Andes on one side, and from London to the wall of China on the other, the cessation of the war had produced a languor scarcely less fatal than the sword. Bankruptcy spread, like a vast fog, over England, America, France, and Germany, at the same moment. But the vigour of England is incalculable. No country is so perpetually tampered with by theorists, but no country can bear tampering so well; she outworks their follies. Her commerce recovered; wealth rolled in upon her in a flood. Theory now plumed its broadest wings again: even the grimness of ministerial finance was lost in the general intoxication; and the speech of the Chancellor

of the Exchequer* gave the sanction of government to the national dream. (But the language was scarcely spoken, when the vision vanished, the rejoicing was dumb, the wealth was paper; the princes of the modern Tyre were outcasts, fugitives, beggars. Seventy-five banks broke in as many days. Two hundred and fifty joint-stock companies, which, but the week before, would have contracted to throw a bridge across the Atlantic, or make a railway round the globe, were in the gazette, without a solvent subscriber, or an available shilling.

The joint-stock companies deserve a historian of their own. The loftiest exploits of speculation hid their diminished heads before this colossal first-born of the nineteenth century of Swindling. To this, Law's scheme, tontines, lotteries, loans, all the old contrivances for breathing the national veins; even the South Sea bubble, were but the feeble knavery of our speculative childhood. The joint-stocks were the consummate chicanery, the grand national temple to Mammon, the work of our matured

* 1825.

skill in bewildering the monied mind, the last labour of the genius of over-reaching,—another Babel in its erection, in its fall, and in the dispersion of its builders to every corner of the earth where a debtor might elude a creditor.

Yet, what can exhaust the elasticity of England? Within a year, this catastrophe, which would have left the continent loaded with irremovable ruin, was all but forgotten. The ground was cleared. Commerce, like the giant refreshed, was again stretching out its hundred hands to grasp the wealth of earth and ocean; discovering new powers, and provinces unknown before; forcing its way through Europe, against all the barriers of allies, who repaid us for restoring their thrones by excommunicating our trade; through America, against tariffs, tribunals, and the angry recollections of the war; through India, in defiance of the severer hostility of our fellow-subjects, the Company; and through the ends of the earth, against the ignorance, jealousy, and warfare of barbarism. Such are the miracles wrought by giving the unrestricted use of his faculties to man,—the miracles of freedom! And while England has

this noble monopoly in her own hands, she may laugh all others to scorn: she holds the key of the world's wealth, whoever may stand at the gate of the treasure-chamber. While she remains the freest of nations, she is sovereign of the talisman by which she can create opulence and strength at a word, turn the sands of the desert into gold, and, with a more illustrious necromancy, throng the wilderness with the noblest shapes of civilization and power.

1827.—Early in this year Lord Liverpool was seized with a paralytic affection, which disabled him from public business.* The premiership had for twelve years been a bed of slumber. It now fell into the hands of one who made it a bed of feverish wakefulness—George Canning, the first debater, the most dexterous politician, and the happiest wit, of the house; but the most perplexed, unhappy, and disappointed of ministers.

His first step decided all the rest, for it was the first step down a precipice. He had called the whigs to his side. It must be acknow-

* He lingered till December, 1828, when he died.

ledged that, in this ominous alliance, his "poverty, but not his will," was the counsellor. His whole life had been amused with laying the lash on opposition; no man had oftener plucked the lion's hide over its ears; no man had more regularly converted the solemn liftings up of its voice into tones that set the house on a roar. But his former colleagues had abjured him; and he, unhappily for his fame and for his peace, retaliated by deserting his principles. In England, this has never been done with impunity, and, until England is destined to perish, never will be done. Canning's spirit sank under his difficulties. His mind had not yet expunged away enough of its original honour to attain that base indifference to public opinion which makes the tranquillity of the base. The taunts of men, incalculably his inferiors in intellect, vexed his graceful faculties, exhausted his sparkling animation, and, after a brief period, clouded by the increasing embarrassments of useless allies and indignant adversaries, by painful consciousness, and the discovery that he had toiled for a shadow after all, tormented him out of the world.

Thus perished, after a four months' premiership, a minister of whom the nation had once formed the highest hopes; the protégé of Sheridan, and with no slight share of his genius; the pupil of Pitt, and the most chosen depository of his principles; a man of refined scholarship, the happiest dexterity of conversation, and the most pleasing yet pungent eloquence in the legislature.

Some suspicions were thrown on Canning's religion; from the circumstance that, in his last illness, he was not attended by a clergyman. But if this be not directly attributable to the rapidity of his disease, or the oversight of those around him, we cannot suffer ourselves to conceive that Christianity was either unknown or unfelt by the man who could write the following epitaph—one of the most pathetic and natural, in the language:—

“ TO THE MEMORY OF

“ *George Charles Canning, eldest Son of the Right Honourable George Canning and Joan Scott his Wife; born April 25, 1801—died March 31, 1820.*

“ Though short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,
Which made that shorten'd span one long disease,

Yet merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
 For mild, redeeming virtues,—faith and hope,
 Meek resignation, pious charity ;
 And, since this world was not the world for thee,
 Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
 Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare ;
 Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
 And fixed on Heaven thine unaverted eye !

“ O ! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies !
 In youth, with more than learning's wisdom, wise !
 As sainted martyrs, patient to endure !
 Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure !
 Pure from all stain, (save that of human clay, ✓ 2
 Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away !)
 By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
 Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destin'd rest !
 While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
 Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.”

*The King is buried, and the Queen
 is crowned*

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CHAPTER IX.

THE ROMAN-CATHOLIC QUESTION.

“THIS light (the light of Christianity in the apostolic day) was soon put down by its own ministers; and on its extinction, a beastly and pompous priesthood ascended: *political potentates*, not Christian pastors, full of *false zeal*, full of *worldly pride*, and full of *gluttony*; *empty of the true religion*. To their flock oppressive, to their inferior clergy brutal, to their king abject, and to their God impudent and familiar. They stood on the altar as a *stepping-stool to the throne*, glozing in the ear of princes, whom they poisoned with crooked principles and heated advice; and were a *faction against their king* when they were not *his slaves*.”

“Their power went down; it burst of its own

plethory, when a poor REFORMER, with the Gospel in his hand, and with the inspired spirit of poverty, *restored the Christian religion.*"

This was the celebrated Grattan's opinion of popery, when he surveyed it in his capacity as a philosopher.*

The statutes against popery in England and Ireland were the restrictions, not of a religious faith, but of a political feud; enacted not against dissidents from the church of England, but against partisans of the house of Stuart. The question had been one, not of the liturgy, but of the sword. The Stuarts lost the day. They were exiled; and the soldiers whom they left behind were disabled by the provisions of law from again stirring up rebellion under pretext of conscience, and again shedding the blood of freemen in the cause of tyrants and slaves.

But the decline of the exiled dynasty had no sooner made the relaxation of those penalties possible, than they were relaxed. The oath of allegiance, † leases for 999 years, ‡ the purchase

* Speech on Tithe, July 14, 1788.

† 13th and 14th Geo. III., cap. 35.

‡ 17th and 18th Geo. III., cap. 49.

of landed property, the extinction of all disabilities relative to education, and the unrestrained public exercise of their religious rites,* elevated the sons of that soldiery, from the condition natural to a defeated army, to privileges never possessed by protestants under a popish government. The question was then laid aside. It slept from 1782 to 1792, ten years of peace and singular prosperity to Ireland.

But in 1789, France had begun to disturb the world. The manufacturing districts in the north of Ireland, much connected with America by trade, rapidly conceived the idea of emulating the American revolt, while England was in the first perplexities of an approaching war. The religionist of the north still scorned the religionist of the south; but all that could embarrass government must be tried. Three millions of popish peasantry in tumult would form an important diversion; and the agents of a faction that owned neither a king nor a God were sent out to bewail to the Roman catholic the injury of being ex-

* By the act of 1782.

cluded from the favour of his king, and restricted in the supremacy of his religion!

The topic adopted by the republican in the streets to overthrow the government was adopted by opposition to overthrow the minister. It failed of a revolution; but it produced a rebellion. Having thus shewn its efficiency, it was transmitted for the benefit of opposition in England.

The purpose of these pages is, not to discuss the point of theology, but to give a glance at the progress of the question. After some years of vague contest, it was brought into the cabinet by Mr. Canning. In his reluctant exile from office, he had taken it as the common burden of party, and he bore it back with him. It now formed the endless taunt of his late colleagues: "Will you repeal the Test Act, and overthrow the establishment? Will you bring in the Roman catholic to legislate for the protestant, and overthrow the constitution?" But, Canning left the question as Fox had left it.

It is remarkable that, in the cessation of immediate war, all the great questions of England turn on the church. The Roman-catholic ques-

tion had been the toil of every session, for successive parliaments, until the legislature had become weary of the topic; and the appeals of the Roman catholics to their loyalty for a hundred years past, had produced an apparent indifference in the great body of the nation. The activity of the sectarians, renewed by the prospect of success, now gave a powerful impulse to their cause; and the first step was, to repeal the Test Act, a boon demanded equally by both, and an essential preliminary to the attack on the protestant constitution. But this dangerous deed was left to the hands of opposition, certainly the fittest for the work of overthrow; and the sinister honour of pulling down the constitution was given to a descendant of that Russell who had cemented the establishment with his blood.

Party frivolously saw in this formidable change but a parliamentary triumph. But the sectarian and the Roman catholic had a deeper sense of its results. They alike felt in it that the first stone of their temple of confusion was laid. The churchman, bewildered by the suddenness of the blow, and confiding, with his habitual loyalty,

in the protection of the laws and the pledges of the ruler, still hoped the best, yielded, and thus only gave the opening for another and a heavier blow.

On the 5th of February, 1829, the king's speech declared that the time was come for the admission of Roman catholics into the British legislature! The measure was instantly and strongly protested against by the people. Petitions signed by hundreds of thousands were sent to parliament, expressing their alarms for the church and the constitution; their utter distrust of popery, derived from the experience of their ancestors; and their principled resistance to a system which in politics they pronounced to be tyranny, and in religion, superstition.

Parliament and ministers were firmly told, that if their object was either to give security to the protestant, or satisfaction to the Roman catholic, they would alike fail; (that popery never required anything but power, and had no other use of it, than to break down protestantism, and with it accomplish the inevitable fall of liberty, and the empire.)

The arguments were true; and their truth

has been fatally proved by time. But the weak surprise which had suffered the repeal of the Test Act to be effected, almost without resistance in the house, or remonstrance from the people, encouraged the advocates of the measure to persevere. It was finally carried; and thus Roman catholics were made members of that legislature, which popery brands as impious and heretical; protectors of that people, whom popery pronounces to be incapable of civil rights or religious safety; arbiters of that temporal and spiritual freedom, which it is the first object of popery to extinguish in all kingdoms; and councillors of that sovereign whom Rome delivers over to anathema as a rebel to its rights and its religion.

Since that day, England has never known a safe hour. Popery has assumed an influence in the legislature which, sometimes paralysing, and sometimes terrifying, the government; has in all instances driven it from its natural course. Alternately abetting the cabinet and the populace, professing boundless allegiance to the throne, and utter contempt for the administration of the

indisposition were rumoured from the beginning of the year; but on the 15th of April a bulletin was issued, stating, that he suffered under a bilious attack, accompanied by embarrassment in his breathing. He partially recovered, and transacted public business; in which, however, from feebleness, he was obliged to delegate the sign-manual to commissioners. But, for nearly a month before his death, he was fully aware of his situation; and, though not without hopes of life, he yet felt the necessity of preparing for the great change. About the middle of June, his physicians were said to have intimated that medicine could do no more; an announcement which he received with manly and decorous resignation, uttering the words, "God's will be done!"

On the 24th of June, his majesty became still more exhausted, and remained chiefly in a kind of slumber for the next forty-eight hours. On the 26th, at three in the morning, his attendants were startled by his suddenly rising from his bed, and expressing strong inward pain: a fit of coughing came on while he was in the physician's

arms: he ejaculated, "O God! I am dying;" in a few seconds after, he said, "This is death;" and, at a quarter past three, he expired.

HIS MAJESTY KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

William the Fourth, third son of King George the Third, was born August the 21st, 1765, and was baptized by the names of William Henry. At an early age he was destined by his royal father for the naval service of his country. At fourteen, he was entered as a midshipman on board the Prince George, of ninety-eight guns, (recently built, and called after the Prince of Wales, his brother,) commanded by Admiral Digby. In this ship he served in the engagement between the English fleet, under the command of Admiral Rodney, and the Spanish fleet, commanded by Admiral Don Juan de Langara; when the English gained a complete victory, the Spaniards, however, fighting bravely. The admiral in his despatches oddly mentioned that "he had called a captured Spanish man-of-war the Prince William, in consequence

of her having had *the honour* to be taken in presence of his royal highness!"

A striking trait of conduct is thus described by a midshipman, in a letter to his family, dated "Port Royal Harbour, April, 1783.—The last time Lord Hood's fleet was here, a court-martial was held on Mr. Benjamin Lee, midshipman, for disrespect to a superior officer; at which Lord Hood sat as president. The determination of the court was fatal to the prisoner, and he was condemned to death. Deeply affected as the whole body of midshipmen were at this dreadful sentence, they knew not how to obtain a mitigation of it, since Mr. Lee was ordered for execution; while they had not time to make an appeal to the Admiralty, and despaired of a petition to Admiral Rowley. However, his royal highness generously stepped forth, drew up a petition, to which he was the first to set his name, and solicited the rest of the midshipmen in port to follow his example. He then himself carried the petition to Admiral Rowley, and, in the most pressing and urgent manner, begged the life of an unhappy brother; in which he succeeded, and Mr. Lee

is reprieved. We all acknowledge our warmest and most grateful thanks to our humane, our brave, and worthy prince, who has so nobly exerted himself in preserving the life of his brother sailor."

The war ceased in 1782, before the prince's service as a midshipman was completed. He, however, was determined to qualify himself for command, and continued in active service; and in 1783, visited Cape François and the Havannah. Another opportunity was here afforded him of exercising his humanity in the deliverance of the unfortunate. Some of his countrymen, having been taken in Florida by the Spaniards, were in danger of suffering under sentence of death. His royal highness interceded with effect—they were pardoned and liberated. The following letter, written by his royal highness to Don Galvez, the governor of Louisiana, did equal honour to his talents and the goodness of his heart:—

"SIR,—I want words to express to your excellency my just sense of your polite letter, of the delicate manner in which you caused it to be delivered, and of your generous conduct towards

the unfortunate in your power. Their pardon, which you have been pleased to grant on my account, is ~~the most agreeable~~ present you could have offered me, and is strongly characteristic of the bravery and gallantry of the Spanish nation. This instance increases, if possible, my opinion of your excellency's humanity, which has appeared on so many occasions in the course of the late war. Admiral Rowley is to despatch a vessel to Louisiana for the prisoners. I am convinced they will ever think of your excellency's clemency with gratitude: and I have sent a copy of your letter to the king, my father, who will be fully sensible of your excellency's attention to me. I request my compliments to Madame Galvez, and that you will be assured that actions so noble as those of your excellency will ever be remembered by yours, sincerely,

WILLIAM P."

His royal highness having served his full time as midshipman was promoted in due course to the rank of lieutenant and captain; commanded for a considerable time the Pegasus frigate; and in 1790, was appointed rear-admiral of the blue.

On the 20th of May, 1789, he was created Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew's, and Earl of Munster; and on the breaking out of hostilities with France took a prominent part in the debates in the House of Lords in support of the war.

As his royal brother, the Duke of York, was amongst the first who left our shores to face the enemy on the continent, some surprise was excited that the Duke of Clarence had not obtained a command in the navy. He made repeated and earnest applications to the king to be allowed to hoist his flag and relieve Lord Collingwood, then in a declining state of health, in the command of the Mediterranean fleet. About the same period, a letter, addressed by the duke to Commodore Owen, appeared in the public papers, which thus describes his solicitude to share the dangers of war in common with his countrymen:—"When I shall have the honour to hoist my flag I cannot be certain; but I am very much inclined to think that, eventually, I shall have the honour and happiness of commanding those fine fellows whom I saw in the spring in the Downs and at Portsmouth. My short stay at Admiral Campbell's had

impressed me with very favourable ideas of the improved state of the navy ; but my residence at Portsmouth has afforded me ample opportunity of examining, and, consequently, of having a perfect judgment of the high and correct discipline now established in the king's service."

He had met Nelson in the West Indies, and continued on the most intimate terms with that great warrior till he fell.

"Nothing is wanting, sir," said Nelson to Prince William Henry, in 1787, in one of his letters, "to make you the darling of the English nation, but truth. Sorry I am to say, much to the contrary has been dispersed. More able friends than myself your royal highness may easily find, and of more consequence in the state ; but one more attached and affectionate is not so easily met with. Princes seldom, very seldom, find a disinterested person to communicate with. I do not pretend to be that person ; but of this be assured, by a man who, I trust, never did a dishonourable act, that I am interested only that your royal highness should be the greatest and best man this country has produced."

When Nelson married Mrs. Nisbett, in

March, 1787, in the West Indies, the Duke of Clarence, then Prince William Henry, who had gone out to that station in the preceding winter, was present, by his own desire, to give away the bride.

On the 11th of July, 1818, the royal duke married the Princess Adelaide Louisa Theresa, of Saxe Meinengen, endeared by her many virtues to the nation; and since not less honoured in her widowhood than on the throne. He next received his appointment to the office of lord high admiral, an office long thought to be too great to be entrusted to any individual, and accordingly executed by commissioners since the death of Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne. The whole transaction was singular.

On the appointment of Mr. Canning to the rank of prime minister, several of his colleagues had resigned, on the ground of his being a supporter of Roman-catholic emancipation, which had been opposed by Lord Liverpool. Lord Melville, the first lord of the admiralty, though a supporter of those claims, resigned also. The object of the resignations was presumed to be, that of driving Mr. Canning

from power. To enable him to counteract that object the resignation of the first lord of the admiralty was most opportune. He boldly revived the office of lord high admiral in the person of the next heir to the crown; and, by that prompt and unlooked for exercise of the prerogative, at once confounded the seceders, and strengthened his administration.

The manner in which his royal highness executed the duties during his short period of office cannot be forgotten by the navy. He visited every naval depot; conversed on friendly terms with every officer; and made promotions without regard to anything but merit and service, disregarding parliamentary influence to an unusual degree; and if every wish could not be gratified, at least every one was satisfied that his royal highness was anxious to render him service. He also exercised a princely hospitality. With such qualities it was impossible that he should not be esteemed. Mr. Canning, however, soon ceased to rule, and to live. The Duke of Wellington became his successor, and Lord Melville was restored to the office. The popularity which his royal highness acquired, as chief of

the navy, was considered as a presage of the manner in which he was to discharge the higher duties of sovereign of a great and loyal people.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

The Queen Dowager is the daughter of George Frederick Charles, Duke of Saxe-Coburg Meinengen, by Louisa Eleanora, a daughter of Christian Albert Lewis, Prince of Hohenloe-Laugenburg. Her majesty was born on the 13th of August, 1792, and baptized by the names of Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia. In 1803, she lost her father, who died at the early age of 42; and with her only brother, the present Duke of Saxe Meinengen, and her sister, Ida, Duchess of Saxe Weimar Eisenach, was left under the guardianship of her mother, the duchess, who, by her husband's last will, was appointed regent of the duchy and guardian of his children. Under this able and amiable woman the children were educated in great retirement at Meinengen, the capital of the principality, and with a care that does high credit to her character.

The late Queen Charlotte had long kept up an intercourse with the family of Meinengen ; and the virtues and accomplishments of the elder daughter of the princely house pointed her out as a fitting bride for the Duke of Clarence. The choice was understood to be highly agreeable to the queen-mother, and the princess was received in England with great distinction.

After the marriage ceremony the Duke and Duchess proceeded to Hanover, where they remained during the winter of 1818. An infant was born, which unhappily died. After some residence at Bushy, the royal pair revisited Germany ; and, with restored health, the happy prospect was again given of an heir to the throne. In 1819, an infant princess was born, named, by the desire of George the Fourth, Elizabeth Adelaide ; but within three months this hope of the country, too, died. Ten years followed, in which the duke and duchess lived in comparative seclusion, yet a seclusion distinguished by the exercise of great charity in the neighbourhood of their residence, and growing respect and esteem among all classes of the

nation. The death of George the Fourth called the princess only to a more exalted opportunity of displaying her character; and on the 28th of June, 1830, William and Adelaide were proclaimed king and queen of the British empire.

The successor of George the Fourth had the good fortune to reign during a period of external peace. But no sovereignty, for a hundred years, had been marked by more feverish political struggle. It witnessed the extinction of the two great parties which, under the names of whig and tory, had divided the power of the state between them since the Revolution of 1688; and their substitution, by the two still more active, important, and hostile parties of the radicals and conservatives. The nature of the public contests also assumed a more earnest and more substantial character. The place, the purpose, and the instruments of political struggle were changed. The former triumphs of whig and tory had found their natural display in parliament, their object in the possession of court honours and offices, and their instruments in the accomplished and graceful abilities of men formed by nature and education to take the

lead in intellectual displays. The constitution remained unassailed, whoever was the victor. The spirit of the combat less resembled a battle than a tournament, less a determined encounter for solid possession than a glittering feat of arms. But the strife is now for political existence, and almost for personal safety. The questions of the day strike to the depths of the national frame. The lighter weapons of the legislature are abandoned; bitterness, vindictiveness, and thirst of power, are brought from the old armory of revolution into the field of popular supremacy. Another figure has lately come between them, more subtle than either, and desirous only of embroiling both; animated by profounder hatred, and contemplating a more consummate and angry success. What is to be the result rests still in the hands of a higher disposer than man; but it is palpable that the period has arrived, when politicians must learn to be something more than dexterous lecturers on state metaphysics; when patriots must come into public with a severer sense of responsibility; and when statesmen must feel that they have other trials than the manage-

ment of majorities in parliament, and other duties than the distribution of offices and emoluments to their friends.

This change had been but commencing in the reign of William the Fourth. Seven years are still but a brief period for the ripening of a great public crisis. The king's sincerity of intention deserved to relieve him from the presence of the day of danger; and though too much disposed to trust to the promises of party, and too fond of peace within his privy council, for the monarch of a great people, continually tried by political difficulties; he lived with the esteem and died* with the regret of the empire.

The details which have been already given of the life of George the Fourth prevent the necessity of making any immediate remarks on his character. Some statements of those early errors into which he was drawn by the strong temptations that beset a prince, and some traits of the individuals who rendered themselves disgracefully conspicuous by administering to those

* June 20, 1837.

errors, have been intentionally omitted. Their insertion here would be repulsive to the feelings of the writer, and of no advantage to the reader.

The progress of the arts, of which his majesty was a liberal patron,—the improvements of London, chiefly due to his taste,—and the general intellectual progress of the empire during his reign—though all topics of interest, are necessarily restricted by the limits of the volume.

In the personal opinions delivered in these pages, the writer has had no other object than the strictness of truth; and, not feeling disposed to shrink from its avowal, nor to stoop to arts unbecoming to himself, he has told the truth with the plainness that suits a subject of England. To any remarks which may be made on such plainness from one of his profession, he gives the *unanswerable* reply—that it is *his* profession which ought to take the lead in all truth; that if it have ever suffered its sacred brow to be humbled by honours ignobly won, or its free limbs to be entangled in the cloak of the hireling, it owes a duty to itself to shew

that this baseness is against its nature. But it owes the still higher duty to its religion to shew, that a churchman may be in earnest, when, with the Scriptures in his hand, he declares, that there are higher objects for the immortal spirit than the mixed and vulgar temptations of our corrupted state of society; that, "being content with food and raiment," the Christian should leave personal and public meanness to their reward; and that, beyond all, the minister of the gospel should disdain the degrading elevation which is to be gained only by leaving conscience behind, and seek no honours but those which are alike above human passion and human change.

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SUPPLEMENT.

A CONSIDERABLE number of anecdotes of George the Fourth appeared after his death in the newspapers, the principal of which have been extracted here. They are given merely on the authority, and *in the words of those journals*. However miscellaneous or trivial they may be in some instances, they throw light on character, and as such are worth retaining.

ANECDOTES, ETC.

From the moment of the Prince of Wales's birth he became an object of the strongest national interest. He was a remarkably fine infant; and his birth, and the queen's safety, so much de-

lighted the king (George the Third), that he immediately presented 500*l.* to the messenger who brought him the tidings. A scene of universal joy ensued. Every town in England had its gala, and every village its bonfire.

The ladies who called at the palace were admitted into the queen's bed-room to see the child, about forty at a time; the part containing the bed being screened off by a sort of lattice-work. The royal infant lay in a most splendid cradle of velvet and Brussels lace, adorned with gold, whilst two young ladies of the court, in maiden white, stood to rock the cradle; and the nurse at its head sat with a crimson velvet cushion, occasionally to receive the child and present it to its mother. The cradle was placed on a small elevation, under a canopy of state. The head and the sides, which came no higher than the bed, were covered with crimson velvet, and lined with white satin. From the head rose an ornament of carved work, gilt, with the coronet in the middle. The upper sheet was covered with very broad, beautiful Brussels lace, turning

over the top, upon a magnificent quilt of crimson velvet and gold lace, the whole length of the Brussels lace appearing also along the sides, and hanging down from underneath.

The children were reared in the homely English manner most conducive to health. The account of a visitor was:—"The royal children rise early, generally at six, breakfast at eight, live on the simplest food, and are much in the open air. I have been several evenings in the queen's lodge, with no other company than the family. They sit round a large table, on which are books, work, pencils, and paper. While the younger part of the family are drawing and working, the beautiful babe Amelia is sometimes in the lap of one of her sisters, and sometimes playing with the king on the carpet."—"All the princesses and princes had a common table."—"I seldom miss going to early prayers at the king's chapel, at eight o'clock, where I never fail of seeing their majesties and all the royal family."—"In the evening every one is employed with pencil, needle, or knitting; between the pieces of music the conversation is easy and pleasant, and the king

plays at back-gammon with one of his equerries."—"Their majesties rise at six, and enjoy the two succeeding hours, which they call their own; at eight, the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburg, &c., are brought from their several houses to Kew, to breakfast with their parents. At nine, the younger children are brought in; and whilst the five elder are closely applying to their books, the little ones pass the whole morning in Richmond gardens. The king and queen frequently sit in the room whilst the children dine; and in the evening all the children again pay their duty at Kew-house before they retire to bed."

About 1769, party fury raged throughout the land, and the queen wished to conciliate the public mind by exhibiting the endearments of domestic life. The juvenile *fêtes* at the palace were numerous; and the infant Prince of Wales (seven years old) was always dressed in scarlet and gold, with the insignia of the Garter; whilst the Duke of York (five years old), as Bishop of Osnaburg, was in blue and gold, with the insignia of the Bath. His royal highness had been elected Bishop of Osnaburg on

the 27th of February, 1764; and having been born on the 16th of August, 1763, he was exactly six months and ten days old when he became a bishop!* He received the order of the Bath on the 30th of December, 1767, and was installed in Henry the Eighth's chapel, June 15th, 1772; and, as principal companion of the Garter, was installed at Windsor on the 25th of the same month.

In this year, 1769, his majesty caused a drawing-room to be held by the Prince of Wales, and the novelty excited much attention.

The king had a natural dislike to Wilkes and the "No. 45." The Prince of Wales, in his ninth year, having been punished for some fault, he took a laughable mode of revenge. Going to the king's bed-room door, before he was up, he kept beating on the panels, and roaring out, "Wilkes for ever!—No. 45 for ever!" until the king burst into laughter, and had him removed.

* A nominal title, belonging to a German estate.

The system of discipline now established was close; and the prince was excluded from the society of youth of his own age, and subjected to a mechanical precision of habits. Eight hours every day were devoted to hard study at his desk. He rose at six and breakfasted at eight. He and the Duke of York had a farm in Kew park, which they cultivated under the guidance of Mr. Arthur Young. They ploughed and sowed the land, reaped the corn, and went through every process with their own hands, up to the making of the bread. A private purse of limited extent was given to the youth, and his expenditure of the money was strictly scrutinized, and attended with either praise or censure.

Some idea may be formed of George the Third's notions of discipline and manners by the fact that, it having been reported to his majesty, in 1772, that Archbishop Cornwallis had frequent convivial parties at his palace, the monarch immediately addressed to him the following admonitory letter:—

“MY GOOD LORD PRIMATE,—I could not

delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which my breast was affected at receiving authentic information that routs have made their way into your palace. At the same time, I must signify to you my sentiments on this subject, which hold these levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence; I add, in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned. From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties, not to speak in harsher terms, and in still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately, so that I may not have occasion to shew any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your grace into his almighty protection! I remain, my lord primate, your gracious friend. G. R."

The following paragraph appeared in the

London newspapers in the month of May, 1771, relative to a circumstance which excited some interest about the court at St. James's:—"The following are the particulars relative to the improper behaviour of the person who struck his royal highness Prince William Henry, (William the Fourth.) The Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburg, Prince William Henry, &c., were at play in one of the apartments, and the head of one of their drums being out, the young gentlemen prevailed on the attendant to get into the drum hoop that they might draw her about. Prince William happened to offend her, when she, in her foolish resentment, flung him against the wainscot. The king was told of it, who ordered her to go to St. James's, and remain there till Lady Charlotte Finch came to town, as his majesty did not choose to interfere in such matters. On Lady Charlotte's arrival, she examined into the particulars, when another of the attendants said, that the person accused did not strike the prince. The Prince of Wales (George the Fourth) being present, said, 'Pray, Mrs. —, do not assert any such thing; you know she did strike my brother; but you

are both Scotch women, and will say anything to protect 'each other.' His royal highness's answer occasioned much diversion."

The prince was remarkably good-natured; and from the numerous anecdotes that have transpired since his death, we can fully believe Colonel M'Mahon's dying character of him, as "one of the kindest-hearted men alive." There were intervals when, in the various vexations of his perplexed career, he may have given way to anger; but they were few, and always momentary. The slight incidents that follow are proofs that kindness was the natural temperament of his mind.

"Nearly forty years ago, his late majesty, then Prince of Wales, was so exceedingly urgent to have 800*l.* at an hour, on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On inquiry he was informed, that the moment the money arrived the prince drew on a pair of boots, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, slipped on a plain morning frock without a star, and

turning his hair on the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity; and with some trouble the gentleman discovered the object of the prince's mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America, with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that, to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his commission, to the utter ruin of his family. The prince, by accident, overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier from suffering, he procured the money; and, that no mistake might happen, he carried it himself. On asking, at an obscure lodging-house, in a court near Covent-garden, for the lodger, he was shewn up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, living in — street, and give some account of himself in future; saying which, he departed, without the family's knowing to whom they were obliged."

Some years since, an artist being at Carlton Palace, observed to the late Mr.——, one of the royal establishment, “How I should like to see the council-table prepared for the council!” “Your wish shall be gratified,” said his friend. It happened that a council was to be held that very day. They proceeded to the apartment: when there, the artist, smiling, observed, “Now, if I were to judge of your royal master only by what I see, I should conclude that he was very little-minded.” “And why so?” inquired Mr.——. “Because I perceive, first and foremost, that all the chairs for the council are exactly equi-distant; secondly, that there are so many sheets of foolscap, and so many sheets of post, and a long new pen laid diagonally on each, and all at measured mathematical distances; and thirdly, that the very *fold* of the green cloth”—fine broad cloth, which covered the long table—“is exactly in the centre of the table.” “You are a keen observer,” said the officer of the household. “Would I could put on the invisible cap,” resumed the gentleman, “that I might see and hear what passes when the regent is seated in that golden

chair.”* “Perhaps you might be disappointed in your expectations; but,” added his friend, in a low voice, “if, sir, you could *see* and *hear* what I have seen and heard, and what will probably occur again after this day’s council, you might feel little disposed to relate what you had seen with levity.” The officer of the household then took a sheet of paper from the table, walked to the fire-side, placed his right arm on the marble chimney-piece, while he held the paper in his left hand, and looking the artist in the face, said: “Sir, fancy him this day, after the breaking-up of the council, standing thus, and the recorder of London standing in your place, bearing the list of the miserable culprits doomed to death by the sentence of the law. How little do they, or the world, know that the most powerful pleader for a remission of their punishment is the prince!—whilst, one by one, he inquires the nature of the offence in all its bearings, the measure of the guilt of the offender, and whether the law absolutely demands the

* The council was held in the throne room; but his royal highness, then regent, sat at the head of the table in a high-backed, gilt chair.

life of the criminal, palliating the offence by all the arguments becoming him, who, as the ruler of the nation, is the fountain of mercy. Yes, sir, nearly two hours have I known the prince plead thus, in the presence of the minister of justice, for those who had no other counsellor.”

THE LATE KING AND HIS SERVANTS.

Among almost innumerable instances of the feeling of the sovereign, may be here related one which occurred many years ago, while he was Prince of Wales. Being at Brighton, and going rather earlier than usual to visit his stud, he inquired of a groom, “Where is Tom Cross? * is he unwell?—I have missed him for some days.” “Please your royal highness, he is gone away.” “Gone away!—what for?” “Please your royal highness (hesitating), I believe—for—Mr.— can inform your royal highness.” “I desire to know, sir, of you—what has he done?” “I believe—your royal highness—something—

* This name is assumed.

not—quite correct—something about the oats.” “Where is Mr.——?—send him to me immediately.” The prince appeared much disturbed at the discovery. The absentee, quite a youth, had been employed in the stable, and was the son of an old groom who had died in the prince’s service. The officer of the stable appeared before the prince. “Where is Tom Cross?—what has become of him?” “I do not know, your royal highness.” “What has he been doing?” “Purloining the oats, your royal highness; and I discharged him.” “What, sir! send him away without acquainting me!—not know whither he is gone!—a fatherless boy, driven into the world from my service with a blighted character! Why, the poor fellow will be destroyed: Mr. ——! I did not expect this from you! Seek him out, sir, and let me not see you till you have discovered him.” Tom was found, and brought before his royal master. He hung down his head, while the tears trickled from his eyes. After looking steadfastly at him for some moments, “Tom, Tom,” said the

* A superior of the stable department.

prince, "what have you been doing? Happy it is for your poor father that he is gone; it would have broken his heart to see you in such a situation. I hope this is your first offence?" The youth wept bitterly. "Ah, Tom; I am glad to see that you are penitent. Your father was an honest man; I had a great regard for him; so I should have for you, if you were a good lad, for his sake. Now, if I desire Mr. — to take you into the stable again, do you think that I may trust you?" Tom wept still more vehemently, implored forgiveness, and promised reformation. "Well, then," said the gracious prince, "you shall be restored. Avoid evil company: go, and recover your character: be diligent, be honest, and make me your friend; and—hark ye, Tom—I will take care that no one shall ever taunt you with what is past."

Some years since, a gentleman, whilst copying a picture in one of the state apartments at Carlton-house, overheard the following conversation between an elderly woman, one of the housemaids, then employed in cleaning a stove-

grate, and a glazier, who was supplying a broken pane of glass:—"Have you heard how the prince is to-day?" said he, (his royal highness had been confined by illness.) "Much better," was the reply. "I suppose," said the glazier, "you are glad of that;" subjoining, "though, to be sure, it *can't* concern *you* much." "It *does* concern *me*," replied the housemaid; for I have never been ill but his royal highness has *concerned* himself about me, and has always been pleased, on my coming to work, to say, 'I am glad to see you about again; I hope you have been taken good care of; do not exert yourself too much, lest you should be ill again.' If I did not rejoice at his royal highness's recovery, ay, and every one who eats his bread, we should be ungrateful indeed!"

PREDICTION.

"I remember," says the Margravine of Anspach, in her Life, "a singular anecdote, related to me by Mr. Wyndham, (a man totally devoid of superstition,) and which brings to

my mind a story told to me by the Prince of Wales. At the end of the last century, Sir William Wyndham being on his travels, and at Venice, observed, accidentally, as he was passing through St. Mark's Place in his cabriolet, a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. On stopping, he found it was a mountebank who had occasioned it, and who was pretending to tell fortunes, conveying his predictions to the people by means of a long narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required. Sir William, among others, held up a piece of money, on which the charlatan immediately directed his tube to his cabriolet, and said to him, very distinctly, in Italian, 'Signor Inglese, cavete il bianco cavallo.'

“This circumstance made a very forcible impression upon him, from the recollection that some few years before, when very young, having been out at a stag hunt, in returning home from the sport he found several of the servants at his father's gate standing round a fortune-teller, who either was, or pretended to be, both deaf

and dumb, and for a small remuneration wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a piece of chalk, answers to such questions as the servants put to him by the same method. As Sir William rode by, the man made signs to him that he was willing to tell him his fortune as well as the rest, and in good humour he would have complied; but, as he could not recollect any particular question to ask, the man took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back, with these words written legibly, 'Beware of a white horse.' Sir William smiled at the absurdity, and totally forgot the circumstance, till the coincidence at Venice reminded him of it. He immediately and naturally imagined that the English fortune-teller had made his way over to the continent, where he had found his speech; and he was now curious to know the truth of the circumstance. Upon inquiry, however, he felt assured that the fellow had never been out of Italy, nor understood any other language than his own.

“Sir William Wyndham had a great share in the transactions of government during the last

four years of Queen Anne's reign, in which a design to restore the son of James II. to the British throne, which his father had forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted; and on the arrival of George I. many persons were punished, by being put into prison or sent into banishment. Among the former of those who had entered into this combination was Sir William Wyndham, who, in 1715, was committed as a prisoner to the Tower. Over the inner gate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was then some alteration to be made in consequence of the succession of the house of Brunswick; and as Sir William's chariot was passing through, conveying him to his prison, the painter was at work adding the white horse, which formed the arms of the Elector of Hanover. It struck Sir William forcibly. He immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the lieutenant of the Tower, then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who came to see him there during his confinement; and although, probably, not inclined to superstition, he looked upon it as a prophecy which

was fully accomplished. But in this instance he was mistaken : yet many years after, being out hunting, he had the misfortune to be thrown whilst leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horse.

“The Prince of Wales, who delighted in this kind of stories, told me that, one day at Brighton, riding in company with Sir John Lade, and unattended, (which they frequently were,) they had prolonged their ride across the downs further than they had intended. An unexpected shower of rain coming on, they made the best of their way to a neighbouring house, which proved to be that of a miller. His royal highness dismounting quickly, Sir John took hold of the horse’s bridle till some one should make his appearance. A boy came up and relieved Sir John of his charge. The rain soon abating, the prince, on the point of remounting his horse, observed that the boy who held the bridle had two thumbs upon his hand, and inquiring who he was, was informed by him that he was the miller’s son. It brought immediately to his recollection that old prophecy of Mother Shipton,

that ‘when the prince’s bridle should be held by a miller’s son with two thumbs on one hand, there would be great convulsions in the kingdom.’ The circumstance was laughable, and his royal highness was much amused at its singularity.”

PORTRAITS OF THE KING.

It is well known that the queen, from the infancy of the Prince of Wales, was through life much attached to him. Soon after his birth, her majesty had a whole-length portrait of his royal highness modelled in wax. He was represented naked. This figure was half-a-span long, lying upon a crimson cushion, and it was covered by a bell-glass: her majesty had it constantly on her toilette at Buckingham House; and there it was seen by the visitors after her majesty’s decease. The likeness was still palpable, though the original had outlived the date of the fairy model more than half a century. Few years passed, it is believed, without her majesty’s having his portrait, in miniature,

enamel, *silhouette*, modelled in marble or wax, or in some other style of art.

In one of the state apartments at Windsor there is a family piece representing the queen seated with, as it would appear, two of the royal children; one on the lap, a few months old, exceedingly fair; the other a sturdy infant, aged apparently about two years. Those are described as the Prince of Wales and Duke of York.

Some years since, his late majesty going round the collection, and shewing the pictures to a foreigner of distinction, stopped at this family piece. Mr. Legg, the principal *cicerone*, had just described it, as usual, to the party, when the condescending monarch observed, "You must alter your history, Mr. Legg." Then, smiling, and addressing himself not only to the foreign gentleman, but to the whole party, he observed, "That picture was painted by the ingenious Mr. Allan Ramsay, son of the celebrated author of 'The Gentle Shepherd.' Now, Mr. Ramsay, having, like his father, become celebrated too, fell into the

common fault of portrait-painters—undertaking more than he could perform. He engaged to paint, within a given time, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, then an infant in arms, as you perceive. He completed the likeness of the mother, *who might have waited*; but the artist neglected to finish the child, until he had grown into the sturdy boy you see standing before her.” So that, in fact, it is two portraits of the same child, though in that short space more dissimilar to each other than perhaps at any subsequent period.

Dibdin, in his “Musical Tour,” relates the following anecdote of the Prince of Wales:—

“By his royal highness’s appointment, I had the honour to sing to his royal highness, at the house of a friend, twenty songs, all of which received perfect approbation. The prince remained two hours, even though Marchesi had, during the interval, made his first appearance at the King’s Theatre. His royal highness, upon my singing the ‘High-mettled Racer,’ informed

the company that he had fortunately, about a fortnight before, rescued a poor, old, half-blind race-horse from the galling shafts of a hackney post-chaise."

George IV. must, no doubt, have often heard, from his early whig associates, that every person who sets foot on British ground becomes free; and that it matters not, as regards the point of freedom, whether a man is white, black, brown, olive, or yellow. His majesty had all the antipathy of a Virginia negro-driver to blacks. Among other instances, Cramer, his favourite musician, nearly lost his situation of leader of the royal band by a piece of imprudence of this kind. He was bent on having a black man to beat the kettle drum; but aware of his majesty's antipathy to the sable tribe, he was in despair of ever being able to accomplish his wishes; when he met by chance with an Englishman of so dark a hue that, at a short distance, he might easily be mistaken for an importation from the coast of Guinea. Cramer

had the man forthwith installed in the office of kettle-drummer: and now came the trying scene of his introduction to the royal presence. On the king's entering the music-room he started and seemed much displeased; but after approaching a little nearer, and applying his glass to his eye, he called Cramer to him;—"I see, sir," said the king, "you wish to accustom me to a black drummer by degrees."

When Prince of Wales he patronized many of the eminent actors. To Jack Johnstone he was particularly kind. Meeting him one day on the Steyne, his royal highness invited him to dinner; and while Johnstone was making his reply, the late Mr. Lewis came near, whom he took leave to introduce to his royal highness. When Lewis had withdrawn, some remarks were made on his talents; and Johnstone said, "he has now a son going out to India: a single word from the Prince of Wales would be the making of him. If your royal highness would condescend to favour him with a letter it would serve him immensely." The prince looked at

the actor for some moments, but made no reply. Johnstone feared he had given offence. "I beg your royal highness's pardon," said he, "I fear I have taken too great a liberty." "No, Johnstone," replied the prince, "that is not it; but I am considering whether a letter from my brother Frederick would not be likely to serve the young gentleman more." A day or two afterwards, Johnstone received, under cover from the prince, two letters—one from himself and one from the Duke of York.

The prince allowed Kelly 100*l.* a-year, or rather insisted upon his having a *free* benefit at the Opera House annually for the remainder of his life, and on each of those occasions the king gave him 100*l.*

In Liquorpond Street lived the once well-known Leader, the coachmaker, whom the prince patronized, and thus made him, for a considerable period, the most fashionable coachmaker in London; by which means he accumulated a very handsome fortune. The prince, when in town, was frequently in the habit of going to Leader's shop, sometimes driving him-

self in a phæton and four, and sometimes driven by an attendant.

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When the late Lord Erskine was attorney-general to the Prince of Wales he was retained by Thomas Paine to defend him on his trial for publishing the second part of his "Rights of Man;" but it was soon intimated to him by high authority that such advocacy was considered to be incompatible with his official situation; and the prince himself, in the most friendly manner, acquainted him that it was highly displeasing to the king, and that he ought to endeavour to explain his conduct. This Mr. Erskine immediately did in a letter to his majesty himself, in which, after expressing his sincere attachment to his person, and to that constitution which was attacked in the work to be defended, he took the liberty to claim, as an invaluable part of that very constitution, the unquestionable right of the subject to make his defence by any counsel of his own free choice, if not previously retained, or engaged by office from the crown; and that there was no other way of deciding

whether that was, or was not, consistent with his situation as attorney-general to the prince than by referring, according to custom, the question to the bar, which he was perfectly willing, and even desirous, to do. In a few days afterwards, Mr. Erskine received, through the late Admiral Payne, a most friendly message from the prince; yet expressing his regret in feeling himself obliged to accept Mr. Erskine's resignation; which was accordingly sent. A few years afterwards, however, his royal highness sent for Mr. Erskine to Carlton-house, whilst he was still in bed under a severe illness, and, taking him good humouredly by the hand, said to him, that though he was not at all qualified to judge of retainers, nor to appreciate the correctness or incorrectness of his conduct in the instance that had separated them; yet that, being convinced he had acted from the purest motives, he wished most publicly to manifest that opinion, and therefore directed him to go immediately to Somerset House, and to bring with him, for his signature, the patent of chancellor to his royal highness; which, he said, he had always designed for Mr. Erskine.

The king was particularly fond of anatomical and medical pursuits; and Mr. Carpue had the honour of demonstrating to his majesty, when prince, the general structure of the human body, in which he took great interest. His majesty prided himself upon his medical information, and had always near him men distinguished for their successful researches in the sciences of anatomy and medicine. Weiss, the instrument-maker, used, for many years, to submit to his majesty's inspection every new surgical instrument that came out, invented by himself or others; and we have heard that, in one instance, he was indebted to his majesty for the suggestion of a very valuable improvement.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE KING, WHEN PRINCE
OF WALES, TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

How little you know *me*, ever dear duchess, and how much have you misconceived the object of this day's dinner, which has succeeded

beyond my most sanguine expectations! It has almost, if not *entirely*, annihilated every coolness that has for a short time past appeared to exist between the Duke of Norfolk and his old friends, and brought Erskine back also. Ask only the Duke of Leinster and Guilford what passed. I believe you never heard a stronger eulogium pronounced from the lips of man than I this day pronounced upon Fox, in complete refutation of all the absurd doctrines and foolish distinctions which they have grounded their late conduct upon. This was most honourably, distinctly, and zealously supported by Sheridan, by which they were completely driven to the wall, and positively pledged themselves hereafter to follow no other line of politics than that which Fox and myself would hold out to them; and this with a certain degree of contrition expressed by them, at their ever having ventured to express a doubt respecting either Charles or myself. Harry Howard, who never has varied in his sentiments, was overjoyed, and said, he never knew anything so well done, or so well timed; and that he should to-

night retire to his bed the happiest of men, as his mind was now at ease, which it had not been for some time past. In short, what fell from both Sheridan as well as myself was received with rapture by the company; and I consider *this* as one of the luckiest and most useful days I have spent. As to particulars, I must ask your patience till to-morrow, when I will relate every incident, with which I am confident you will be most completely satisfied. Pray, my ever dear duchess, whenever you bestow a thought upon me, have rather a better opinion of *my steadiness and firmness*. I really think, without being very romantic, I may claim this of you; at the same time, I am most grateful to you for your candour, and the affectionate warmth, if I may be allowed so to call it, which dictates the contents of your letter: you may depend upon its being seen by no one but myself. Depend upon my coming to you to-morrow. I am delighted with your goodness to me, and ever

Most devotedly yours, G. P.

Carlton House, Friday Night.

On the death of his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and in that character his royal highness presided at the subsequent anniversary dinner, consisting of the members of all the inaugurated lodges of masons in London. The meeting was held at Freemasons' Tavern, and nearly five hundred persons were present. On this occasion the prince exhibited, in various speeches, powers which surprised the audience; and whilst he expatiated upon the character and virtues of his recently deceased relative and predecessor in office, many were in tears. This, we believe, was the only great public occasion in which the oratorical powers of the Prince of Wales were exhibited for three or four hours together. Lord Moira occupied a place on the right hand of the prince, who appointed him Deputy Grand Master, which, by the death of the Duke of Manchester, had become vacant.

George the Fourth was an accomplished musician; he performed well on the violon-

cello, and sang with great taste and judgment : his voice was a bass of fine quality, mixing harmoniously with other voices in glees &c. When Mazzinghi conducted the evening concerts which used to take place at the residences of persons of rank some thirty or forty years ago, the Prince of Wales played the principal bass with Crosdill.

The king had left a will, which, as soon as his majesty's decease was announced, was placed in the hands of the Duke of Wellington, who handed it to his successor, by whom it was opened. The individuals named as executors were the Duke of Wellington, the late Lord Gifford, and Sir William Knighton. The will was dated some years back.

A valuable miniature likeness of Oliver Cromwell, painted from life, having been accidentally found, the possessor had the honour of shewing it to the king, who humorously exclaimed,

“ How much would Charles I. have honoured the man who had brought him Oliver Cromwell’s head !”

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The king’s taste in plate was superb: he had a very plain set in common use; but before his last illness, when the cabinet ministers held a council at Windsor, and dined with him, his rich service was produced, and was the object of great attraction. The king had provided a sumptuous sideboard for its display, which was made of very dark and beautifully polished mahogany, inlaid with gold, and lined with looking-glass: but, when put up, it was found entirely to overpower the effect of the other furniture and decorations of the apartment. The obvious course to pursue would have been its removal; instead of which, however, the magnificently decorated arch, which the lower part of the sideboard supported, was cut away, and the remainder left for use. The apartments are spacious and well constructed; they have, however, from the nature of the building,

only one principal light, and there is too much gold paneling in them for elegance.

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So averse was the king to be seen during his rides in the parks at Windsor for the last two or three years, that outriders were always despatched while his pony-chaise was preparing, to whichever of the gates he intended to pass, across the Frogmore road, driving from one park into the other ; and if any person was seen loitering near either gate, the course of the ride was instantly altered, to escape even the passing glance of a casual observer. His majesty seldom drove across to the long walk from the castle, because he was there more likely to be met by the Windsor people. His more private way was through a small gate in the park wall, opposite another small gate in the wall of the grounds at Frogmore, at the Datchet side. He there crossed the road in a moment, and had rides so arranged between Frogmore and Virginia Water that he had between twenty and thirty miles of neatly planted avenues, from

which the public were wholly excluded. At certain points of these rides, which opened towards the public thoroughfares of the park, there were always servants stationed on those occasions, to prevent the intrusion of strangers upon the king's privacy.

The plantations have been so carefully nourished for seclusion around the royal lodge, that only the chimneys of the building can be now seen from the space near the top of the long walk. The king, while engaged in fishing, caused the same rigid exclusion from his grotesque building at Virginia Water to be enforced; and also when visiting the various temples which he had erected on the grounds. A great deal of money was laid out on these edifices; but it was only by stealth and the connivance of servants that they were at any time to be seen.

His majesty was so little aware that the fatal result of his indisposition was near at hand, that, up to a very late period of his sufferings, he occupied himself considerably with the progress of some additions which he was making to the

royal lodge. He was particularly anxious to have a new dining-room finished by his birth-day, on the 12th of August; not thinking that a month before that day his remains would be gathered to the tomb. He was also, up to the same late period, occupied by the improvements in Windsor Castle, and used to have himself rolled through the apartments in a chair, which was constructed for his majesty's use. Notwithstanding those anticipations, it is known that the king's health had been declining for nearly two years. His old sufferings from the gout had given way to an occasional "embarrassment of breathing," (the expressive phrase of the bulletins,) and at times to great depression of spirits. His majesty was often found apparently lost in abstraction, and relieved only by shedding tears. At other times, however, he took a great interest in the works which were carrying on in the lodge and the castle of Windsor, particularly those which he intended for his private use; and spoke of a long enjoyment of them.

It is said, that for some time before Sir Henry Halford and Sir M. Tierney were last called in,

his majesty was under the domestic medical treatment of two gentlemen who were of his household. The king had for a long time evinced a great indisposition to exercise of any kind—the least exertion was attended with faintness, and his usual remedy was a glass of some *liqueur*. He had a particular kind of cherry brandy which he thought to be of medical use when he felt these symptoms of debility; and to which he resorted up to a late period of his life. Until the bursting of the blood-vessel on the day before his death he did not think his case absolutely hopeless; and even then, the slight refreshment of sleep rallied his spirits a little.

George IV., for many years, had been scarcely ever free from some symptom which indicated the presence, more or less severe, of gout in the extremities; but in January, during the existence of the catarrhal affection, the extremities became entirely free from every sign of gout. At the latter end of February, and even in the beginning of March, his majesty was well enough to take his customary rides in an open carriage,

and occasionally visited the different parts of the royal demesne in which his various improvements and alterations were going forward. On Monday, the 12th of April, he rode in the parks for the last time, and passed an hour in the menagerie, a place in which he took great delight. But, while there, he complained of pain and faintness, and inquired of the keeper if he had any brandy in the house. The man, an old servant of the Duke of York, said, he had something which he thought his majesty would like better than brandy. "What is that?" said his majesty. "Cherry gin," was the reply: "it was made by my old woman, sir." The king seemed much pleased by this mark of attention, and expressed a wish to taste "the old girl's cordial." On its being handed to his majesty he appeared to relish exceedingly the (to him novel) compound, and finished the remainder of the bottle.

The harassing dry cough and wheezing respiration still continued, notwithstanding the remedies that were employed. It was on the 28th of the month (March), that Mr Wardrop, on visiting the king, first called the attention

of Sir W. Knighton to the existence of an alarming disease going on in his majesty's heart. From the examination of the circulating and respiratory organs, which Mr. Wardrop then made by means of the stethoscope, it was quite evident that the "embarrassment" in the king's breathing arose from a disordered state of the heart's action, the blood not being propelled with its natural regularity and velocity through the lungs.

The *râle*, or wheezing sound, was attributed to a diseased, suffused state of the mucous membrane lining the air-cells, and independent of that disturbance of the respiration produced by the irregularity in the action of the heart. The circumstance of the extremities, which had been so long affected by gout, being now entirely free from every symptom of that disease, and the well-known, strongly-marked gouty constitution of his majesty, indicated the precise character of the disease which existed in the cavity of the thorax; and led to the hope that, by an effort of nature, or by the aid of art, a revulsion or translation of the gout from the chest to the extremities might remove the more

dangerous inflammatory affection of the vital organs. The result, however, has shewn that this salutary termination of his majesty's disorder was not to be realized. Like many persons subject to gout, his majesty had occasionally, and more particularly before a paroxysm, an intermittent pulse and a corresponding irregularity of the heart's action.

ROYAL AMATEURS.

His majesty inherited a musical temperament on the side of both father and mother. George III., as is well known, possessed a German taste for the organ, and was, it is said, a good performer; his queen (who had doubtless profited by one of the family of the Bachs, long a music-master at court) was a singer, had been accompanied by Mozart, and favourably mentioned as a player on the harpsichord in the diary of Haydn. The testimony of the old composer may be relied on: for it came to light only among other private memoranda, years after his death; but when everything connected with Haydn had become matter of public interest,

and his opinions upon art the property of posterity. Haydn's note is, "the queen played *pretty well*;" a cautious phrase, but one more complimentary to her acquirements than the loose epithets of praise which are generally dealt out upon any exhibition of royal cleverness. The patronage which George III. bestowed upon the solid style of the ancient masters grew out of his early intimacy and admiration of the works of Handel; and the particular favour which he testified towards this author's compositions was, in part, the conscientious fulfilment of a promise. Our authority for the following anecdote is good, and the circumstance is not too romantic to be true.

After one of the concerts at court, at which George III., then a child, had been an auditor, Handel patted the little boy on the head, saying, "You will take care of my music when I am dead." This pathetic injunction of the composer, the king, to his honour, never forgot. How it may be in other arts we know not, but in music it is seldom that the taste changes after an individual has arrived at manhood

in the admiration of a certain *beau ideal*. This is particularly the case where people have strong feeling, yet with little science; it is science alone which, in opening to us the possible advantages of new discoveries, renders music progressive. Although the great revolution in music which had been anticipated by C. P. E. Bach, and which was carried through by Haydn and Mozart, took place during the reign of George III., and although the king was visited by both the latter composers, and was partly sensible of their merits, he still preferred Handel. With his successor, music was less a passion than with George III., but he possessed refinement of taste. Though a *dilettante* performer on the violoncello, on which instrument he was the pupil of Crossdill, he was more celebrated for his encouragement of clever professors than for admiration of his own successes, or desire to enchant the lords and ladies in waiting by the royal *tours de force*. A youth, the son of one of the persons of his household, having manifested an inclination for music, the king despatched him to Vienna, to receive the best cultivation which

the care of Mozart could bestow upon his talent : the object of this right princely patronage was Attwood. He ever manifested a particular regard for Lindley and J. B. Cramer ; and we have heard it mentioned, that some of the finest exhibitions of piano-forte playing ever given were by the latter at the Pavilion at Brighton, a few years back. So well known among professors was the partiality of the king to Lindley, that he was named as the most probable successor of Shield in the mastership of the royal band of musicians. This post was, however, otherwise disposed of.

The first score of the opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, known in this country, was obtained from the library at Carlton House, and, as a signal favour from the prince to Mrs. Billington, was lent for her benefit. How worthy that extraordinary woman was of the distinction she soon displayed, in presence of the admiring orchestra and vocal *corps* of the Opera House, by sitting down to the score, playing the whole opera through, and singing the part of *Vitellia*, at sight !

The prince once received a letter by the two-penny post, which he is said to have kept as a curiosity. It was sent by Griesbach, the German oboe-player, with a simplicity characteristic of the man, to request payment for attendance at some private concerts. This original mode of application caused much diversion to the party addressed, but procured the money instantly. Church music his majesty did not encourage so much as might have been beneficial. If Handel had, in the preceding reign, found favour to the exclusion of other masters, and, consequently, to the narrowing of the public taste; in the succeeding one, fashion hardly gave him a chance. Under the natural influence of neglect in the highest quarters; and suffering, too, from the introduction of the modern sacred compositions of the continent, seductive through the effects of light and shade, and the rich and varied employment of instruments; Handel was fast sinking into neglect. The enthusiasm which Germany and France now manifest for the works of this author, the public admiration which Beethoven expressed of him, and the lately published

testimonies of Haydn and Mozart, have had their effect upon this country, and the ancient taste is reviving. The latest musical expense of the monarch was his private band of wind instruments: this was unequalled in Europe. The performers were picked with the greatest care by Cramer, the master; their allowance was liberal, and their united practice diligent and punctual. The person selected to preside in this department was one who not only knows the full scope and capacity of every instrument, but is an able harmonist, and competent to adapt a composition in its most effective manner. Not knowing whether the band exists or not under the present sovereign, we can scarcely avoid some confusion of tenses in writing about it. We hope, however, her present majesty has too much taste to dispense with a set of performers that would be an ornament to any court in Europe.

ROYAL OBSEQUIES.

The royal mausoleum was built by George the Third, under Cardinal Wolsey's magnificent

tomb-house, which had reverted to the crown upon the disgrace of that magnificent minister. The present tenants of this gloomy mansion are, George the Third and his Queen, the Princesses Charlotte and Amelia, and the Dukes of Kent and York, together with the infant Princes Octavius and Alfred. There are stone stands for twelve coffins in the centre of the tomb, which are reserved for sovereigns. The coffins of the other members of the royal family are deposited on shelves at each side. The entrance is in the choir of St. George's Chapel, from which a subterraneous passage leads to the tomb. The first coffin of the royal founder's family (that of his daughter Princess Amelia) was deposited here on the 4th of November, 1810.

The king's coffin had been exhibited to the public in a room belonging to the manufactory, which was hung round with black. The coffin was covered on the outside with purple velvet, and lined on the inside with white satin; the

nails placed in double rows around either side and at the head and foot; and the sides divided into three compartments by double rows of nails; a scroll frame placed in each of these compartments; and at the ends, and within the frame, a handle highly burnished and gilt. The corner plates in the compartments had a coronet engraved on them, surrounded with chased palm branches, and the engraved letters, G. IV. R.; the lid of the coffin similarly lined and ornamented with nails, and divided into three compartments. In the centre was fixed the plate of inscription; at the head, the royal arms; and at the foot, a shield, supported by a lion, and surrounded with a wreath of laurel. The plate, ornaments, handles, and nails, were composed of metal richly gilt.

The following was the inscription issued from the College of Arms, to be engraved on the silver plate which is soldered on the leaden coffin, and also on the plate which is placed on the state coffin:—

DEPOSITUM
 SERENISSIMI POTENTISSIMI ET EXCELLENTISSIMI
 MONARCHÆ
 GEORGII QUARTI
 DEI GRATIA BRITANNIARUM REGIS
 FIDEI DEFENSORIS
 REGIS HANOVERÆ AC BRUNSVICI ET LUNEBURGI DUCIS
 OBIIT XXVI. DIE JUNII
 ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXXX.
 ÆTATIS SUÆ LXVIII.
 REGNIQUE SUI XI.

The state coffin is larger than any that are usually made, measuring across the shoulders three feet one inch and a half. The plate, on which the "depositum" is engraved, is of a size proportionate to that of the coffin,—it is nineteen inches and a half in length, seventeen inches and a half in width at the top, and fourteen inches and a quarter at the bottom.

After the king's funeral, the Duke of Cumberland remained behind; and, when the chapel was entirely cleared, his royal highness, attended by the deputy surveyor-general, and a few workmen, descended into the royal vault. He passed from coffin to coffin until he came to that which

encloses the remains of the late Duke of York; when, suddenly turning to the deputy surveyor-general, he feelingly observed, "My poor brother York's coffin seems much more mildewed than any of its predecessors!" The velvet covering of the Duke of York's coffin is much discoloured; whilst those of George III. and his queen, the Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Kent, and even that of the Princess Amelia, remain as fresh in appearance as when first placed within the sepulchre. The surveyor explained, that, in all probability, the discoloration of the velvet was the consequence of the wood of which the coffin was formed not having been so well seasoned as the others. His royal highness made no further comment; but, laying his hand on the coffin of his late majesty, and pondering on the inscription for a moment or two, he ascended from the vault, and in silence returned to his apartments in the Castle.

The churches throughout the metropolis were hung with black cloth on occasion of the death of his majesty. The name of "our most gra-

cious sovereign William" was substituted for that of "George" in the church service. The form of the established Liturgy provides for such substitution.

The name of Adelaide is not new in the list of queens of England. The second wife of Henry I. was Adelaide, a princess of Louvain. The mother of King Stephen, daughter of William the Conqueror, was Adela, which is, in fact, the same name.

PROCLAMATION OF WILLIAM.

Monday, June 28th, being appointed for the proclamation of his Majesty William IV., the heralds and other persons, whose duty it was to officiate on the occasion, assembled at an early hour at St. James's Palace.

In the course of the morning the court of the royal residence became crowded with carriages of the nobility and ministers of state, and the adjoining streets were filled with spectators.

The weather was extremely favourable, and a prodigious multitude thronged the streets

through which the cavalcade was expected to pass.

Shortly before ten o'clock his majesty arrived at the palace from Bushy Park. The king was attired in deep mourning, and wore a blue sash over his left shoulder. His majesty was received by the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Gloucester, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Wellington, &c.

Every avenue and situation in the neighbourhood of the palace was crowded with individuals desirous of witnessing the approaching ceremony. Seldom or never has so vast a concourse been congregated in the park and immediate vicinity of St. James's.

Precisely at ten o'clock the Park and Tower guns having been fired by signal, Sir George Nayler, Garter King-at-Arms, read the proclamation, announcing the accession of his majesty.

During this ceremony, his majesty, surrounded by his illustrious relatives, and all the great officers of state, presented himself to the view of his subjects at the palace window. As

soon as he was recognised, the air was rent with acclamations. The king appeared greatly affected by this spontaneous and unanimous burst of national loyalty and attachment, and acknowledged the attentions of his people by repeatedly bowing. Those who were early enough to secure a position near the palace observed that the king was affected even to tears.

The gates of the palace having been thrown open, the procession moved forward, the Life Guards who accompanied it brandishing their swords, and the ladies in the balconies and windows of the houses contiguous waving their handkerchiefs, amidst a tempest of cheers from the multitude, who took off their hats and shouted, "Long live King William IV.!"

At ten o'clock the procession began, amid the roar of the Park guns and the scarcely less loud acclamations of the multitude.

It is difficult to conceive anything more imposing than the appearance of Charing Cross and its immediate vicinity on the approach of the procession. The streets were lined with spectators in thousands, coaches and vehicles of

every description thronged the way, and the houses, from basement to roof, were crowded with persons anxious to witness, and offer the tribute of their cheer, to the passing pageant. The ringing of the church bells, the discharge of ordnance, and the shouts of the multitude, completed the excitement of the occasion. From the Opera House to Charing Cross every position that afforded the chance of a view of the cavalcade was occupied by clusters of human beings; and the whole scene presented an extremely animated appearance, the gay dresses of the females not having been as yet superseded by the sombre garb of mourning.

The procession having halted, the following proclamation was read:—

“Whereas, it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy our late Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, of blessed memory, by whose decease the imperial crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince William, Duke of Clarence; we, there-

fore, the lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here assisted with those of his late majesty's privy council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the lord mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim, that the high and mighty Prince William, Duke of Clarence, is now, by the death of the late sovereign, of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord William the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, (and so forth.) To whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the royal prince, William the Fourth, with long and happy years to reign over us.

“ Given, &c. GOD SAVE THE KING !”

At the conclusion, the air was rent by cries of “ Long live King William !” and hats and handkerchiefs were waved in the most loyal and enthusiastic manner.

The procession then moved slowly along the Strand towards Temple Bar, the gates of which were closed, according to custom. On a herald's demanding admission in the name of King William IV., the gates were opened by the city marshal, who conducted the herald where the lord mayor, attended by the sheriffs, and other municipal authorities, awaited in their carriages the approach of the cavalcade. At the end of Chancery Lane the proclamation was again repeated, and the dwellers east of Temple Bar afforded satisfactory evidence that their lungs and loyalty were as strong as those of the inhabitants of the court-end of the metropolis.

At Wood-street, Cheapside, the proclamation was also read, and again at the Royal Exchange, under circumstances precisely similar to those already described. The last proclamation took place at Aldgate. At the conclusion of each proclamation, "God save the King!" was played by the state band, and the assemblage displayed the utmost enthusiasm.

Throughout the whole of the line of road, the windows and tops of the houses were filled with spectators: every spot that commanded a

bird's-eye view of the procession was crowded, and the streets presented an immense mass of living loyalty. The procession was splendid, without being gorgeous or extravagant. The assemblage attracted by it was immense; the Strand, from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, presenting the appearance of a sea of heads; and we may say, that few public ceremonies within the memory of the present generation have been received with more distinguished marks of ardour and interest.

Mrs. Chapone, who was niece of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, formerly preceptor to George III., and who used to spend much of her time at her uncle's residence at Farnham Castle, relates the following anecdote of the young Duke of Clarence:—"I was pleased with all the princes, but particularly with Prince William, who is little of his age, but so sensible and engaging, that he won the bishop's heart; to whom he particularly attached himself, and would stay with him while all the rest ran about the house. His conversation was surprisingly

manly and clever for his age; yet with the young Bullers he was quite the boy; and said to John Buller, by way of encouraging him to talk, 'Come, we are both boys, you know.' All of them shewed affectionate respect to the bishop."

THE END.

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