# JOHN ASHTON

## SOCIAL ENGLAND UNDER THE REGENCY, VOL. 2 (OF 2)

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# Содержание

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## CHAPTER I

### Anti-Corn Bill riots – Riots in the north – Ratification of the Treaty of Peace with America – Attempt to steal the Crown – Epithets applied to Napoleon – The Prince of Wales' debts

At home our domestic peace was seriously interrupted at this time. Doubtless, with a view to assuage the agricultural distress, a measure was proposed, prohibiting the importation of corn, except when it had reached a price considered by the great body of the consumers as exorbitant. This, having once tasted comparatively cheap bread (the quartern loaf was then about 1s.), his Majesty's lieges did not like, and meetings against it were held all over the place, and Resolutions passed, the first of which is as follows, the others all hingeing upon it: —

"1. *Resolved.* That it is the opinion of the Committee, that any sort of Foreign Corn, Meal, or Flour, which may, by law, be imported into the United Kingdom, shall, at all times, be allowed to be brought to the United Kingdom, and to be warehoused there, without payment of any duty whatever."

The Mob, in those days, were even more unthinking than they are now, and, whilst the respectable portion of the community were agitating in a legitimate manner, they *acted*, according to their lights.

On the 6th of March many groups assembled near the Houses of Parliament, about the usual time of meeting, and the Lobby and avenues of the House were so crowded, that it was necessary to increase the force of constables, who ultimately cleared them. Those ejected stood on the steps, and cheered, or groaned, at the Members as they passed in; then they took to stopping Members' carriages, making them walk through a hissing and hooting crowd, and gradually went from bad to worse.

There were no police, as we know them, in those days – that is, there was no large body of stalwart, well-drilled men – consequently, whenever there was a riot, the Military had the task assigned to them of putting it down. They drove the people away from the House, but only to go elsewhere, and, no longer having the fear of the soldiery before their eyes, they gave unlimited scope to their powers of destruction.

They began at Lord Eldon's, in Bedford Square; tore down his railings, with which they forced an entrance into his house, smashed the windows, and all the furniture they could get at. At Mr. Robinson's, who introduced the Corn Regulations, they tore up his railings, got into his house, smashed some of his furniture, throwing the rest into the street, and destroyed many valuable pictures. At Lord Darnley's, Mr. Yorke's, and Mr. Wellesley Pole's, all the windows were smashed. Lord Hardwicke's house was attacked, but little mischief was done, owing to the arrival of the Military. They went to Lord Ellenborough's, but he behaved bravely; he opened the door, and, standing before them, inquired into the meaning of it all. They yelled at him that it was "No Corn Bill! No Corn Bill!" upon which he spoke a few words to them, and they cheered, and left him. There were the Horse Guards and three regiments of Foot Guards under orders; but they were scarcely made use of, and that only in the most pacific manner.

Next day (the 7th) they met, in the same manner, near the Houses of Parliament, and, when driven thence, went forth to seek what they could devour, but the Military were abroad, parading the streets, and guarding each house that had been wrecked. The rioters paid another visit to Mr.

Robinson's, and seeing no signs of soldiers, thought they could throw stones at the shutters with impunity. They reckoned, however, without their host, for the soldiers were inside the house, from which seven shots were fired, one of the Mob falling dead, shot through the head. He was not identified, but was believed to have been a naval officer.

This was too warm to be pleasant, so they went to Baker Street, where the brave fellows smashed the doors and windows, and tore up the iron railings, at the house of Sam. Stephens, Esq., late M.P. for St. Ives, the said house being then under the solitary care of an elderly female. Then these heroes, animated by their last exploit, tried to wreck No. 38, Harley Street, the house of an inoffensive lady, named Sampson, broke the windows of two houses in Wimpole Street, and three in Mansfield Street, Portland Place. The excitement spread to the City, and a Mob collected in Finsbury, whence they valiantly marched to Chiswell Street, where they broke a few windows at Whitbread's Brewery.

The next night, the 8th, the riots were continued, but were rather worse. The Mob was charged once by the Military, and dispersed, only to form again in another place. It was time that something should be done, and *le Roi fainéant* at Carlton House woke up, and on the 9th issued a long proclamation all about the wickedness of rioting, and offering £100 reward on conviction of any of the rioters. But the thing was wearing itself out, and on this day nothing worthy the name of a riot took place, except when they broke the windows at the house of Mr. Davies Giddy, M.P. for Bodmin, who retaliated by firing on the Mob, whereby a boy was wounded in the neck. But there were more Military about this day, which may account for its comparative quiet, and Lord Sidmouth, as Home Secretary, had issued a Circular to every parish in the Metropolis, urging them to take individual action in suppressing the riots, each in its own locality. There was an attempt to get up a riot in Canterbury, but no mischief was done, except a few broken windows, and it was promptly quelled.

About the same time in March there were more serious riots occurring at the seaports at Durham and Northumberland, among the sailors employed in the Colliery trade. They wanted an increase of wages, and they did not like the introduction of machinery, fearing that it would interfere with their livelihood. Take one instance, as an example.

"March 20. A serious riot took place at Bishop Wearmouth, near Durham. It appears that Messrs. Neshams, the extensive coal-dealers of that place, have been for several years busily employed in erecting railways, and other conveniences, to save the labour of men and horses in conveying coals from the pit. The keel men, who are employed to convey the coals in boats or barges, had, it seems, taken offence at these improvements; and this afternoon, having first moored their barges opposite Messrs. Neshams' premises, they proceeded, in a riotous manner, to demolish their works. After completing the destruction of the most expensive and valuable part of the waggon road, which was the object of their animosity, they set fire to an immense pile of coals, which burned with great fury during the whole night, presenting a grand and awful spectacle for many miles round. The rioters previously overpowered all the proprietors, and their friends, who had assembled to repress the tumult. Mr. Robinson, the Collector of the Customs, Mr. Biss, and several other gentlemen of respectability, were repeatedly knocked down and bruised. It was three o'clock the next morning before the rioters were dispersed by the arrival of the military."[1]

On the Tyne, the sailors, and keel men took possession of the river, making a chain of boats right across it, and they would not allow a vessel to pass without a regular permit. The efforts of the local magistrates, and conciliatory propositions from the merchants, proving insufficient to restore obedience, whilst the sailors in other ports were also manifesting a disposition to combine for similar purposes, Government determined to interpose with effect, in order to quell this dangerous spirit. A strong force, both Naval and Military, was collected at the disturbed ports, which was so judiciously applied, that no resistance was attempted on the part of the sailors, and their coercive system was

[1] The Corn Bill passed the Commons on the 10th of March, and the Lords on the 20th.

immediately broken up. Reasonable offers were then made to them, and tranquility was restored. Not a life was lost, and only a few of the ringleaders were apprehended.

The ratification of the Treaty of Peace with America arrived in London on the 13th of March, and created no comment. The main points in this treaty are contained in Article 1, of which the following is a portion: – "… All hostilities, both on sea and land, shall cease as soon as this Treaty shall have been ratified by both parties hereinafter mentioned. All territory, places, and possessions whatsoever, taken by either party from the other during the war, or which may be taken after the signing of this Treaty, excepting only the Islands hereinafter mentioned, shall be restored without delay, and without causing any destruction, or carrying away any of the artillery, or other public property, originally captured in the said forts or places, and which shall remain therein upon the exchange of the ratification of this Treaty, or any slaves, or other private property. And all archives, records, deeds, and papers, either of a public nature, or belonging to private persons, which, in the course of the war, may have fallen into the hands of the officers of either party, shall be, as far as practicable, forthwith restored, and delivered to the proper authorities and persons to whom they respectively belong."

Article 2 provides for cessation of hostilities.

Article 3 for the exchange of prisoners.

Article 4 deals with the Islands and boundaries in dispute, and appointed two Commissioners, one on each side, to settle them.

Articles 5, 6, 7, and 8 relate to the boundaries, and powers of the Commissioners.

Article 9 relates to making peace between the Indians, on both sides.

Article 10 provides for the joint abolition of the slave trade.

Why the American prisoners were not released, on receipt of the Ratification of the Treaty, I cannot say, but that they were not is evidenced by the fact that, on the 6th of April, those confined at Dartmoor attempted to escape; having armed themselves with knives, they attacked their guards, who in self-defence fired on them, killing seven of the prisoners, and wounding thirty-five. A coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

The following story is best told by the Police Report: —

## "ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE CROWN FROM THE TOWER

"Lambeth Police Office.[2] Yesterday (*5th April*) Margaret Moore was brought before Sir Daniel Williams, and underwent a second examination, charged with an attempt to steal the King's Crown from the Tower, on Friday, the 31st March last.

"Elizabeth Eloisa Stackling, Deputy Keeper of the regalia in the Tower, deposed, that about one o'clock in the afternoon mentioned, the prisoner came, and asked to see the regalia – the usual charge for such exhibition is eighteenpence, but the prisoner, having offered her a shilling, and she, supposing her, from her appearance, to be a soldier's wife, consented to take it. She proceeded to show her the regalia in the usual way, until she came to the last article, the Crown. This is contained in a case, and is never taken out; she opened the case, and held it with both hands, on the ledge of a table, except when she was obliged to disengage one hand, and point out particular jewels. She had just been describing the *aqua-marine*, a jewel of great value, when the prisoner stared, and in an instant thrust her hand through the centre bar of the railings, or grating placed there, and, seizing hold of the centre bow of the Crown, pulled, with great violence, to draw it forth.

"Witness put her hand at the top of the bow, and bottom of the Crown, to preserve it, while the prisoner kept struggling, with still greater violence, to get it away. The struggling continued for about five minutes, and she, at length, got the Crown from her grasp. She, then, put the Crown at a

[2] Lambeth Street, Whitechapel, removed to Arbour Square, Stepney, and now called the Thames Police Office.

distance behind her, and instantly slipped the bolt of the entrance, secured the prisoner, and called for assistance. When help was obtained, she sent for the Governor, but the Ward-keeper having come in, a Constable was also sent for, who soon arrived, and took the prisoner into Custody. She was searched, and about £5 in money was found upon her; there were also some papers. In the struggle between the witness and the prisoner, there were two bows of the Crown broken from the socket; a string of pearls was also broken, which rolled upon the floor, some inside the railing, and some outside, where the prisoner was. They were subsequently picked up by the witness, assisted by the Governor.

"The prisoner, being called upon for her defence, said that she was a single woman, residing at No. 3, Union Street, Apollo Gardens; she was a milk woman, and had a girl of about thirteen years of age, her daughter, residing with her; she was a widow, her husband, who was a labouring man, had been dead about eleven years; is not acquainted with a soldier, nor was she ever in company with one, nor had she been to the Tower in her life before the day in question. Being asked by the magistrate why she came so far from home, she replied she very often went to Thames Street to buy salt herrings.

"Then, said the Magistrate, what induced you to go to the Tower?

"*A.* I went on Friday, purposely to see the lions, no one was with me – I then went to see the Crown.

"*Q.* How came you to snatch that article from the keeper?

"*A.* I thought it a pity that so valuable a thing should remain there, while half the nation was starving, for want of bread! I wished, also, at the time, to take the whole of what was there, and give it to the public!

"*Q.* Who told you to do this, or who was it put that good thought into your head?

"*A.* I had no adviser whatever.

"Jeremiah Brett, one of the Chief Constables, deposed to having taken the prisoner into custody. When he was conveying her away in the Coach, he asked her why she had made an attempt to seize, or lay hands on the Crown, and why she might not as well have laid hold of one of the lions? She replied – she was not such a fool, for she knew better than that.

"Upon being asked by the Magistrate to state a little more particularly who she was, she said she was a Welsh woman, from the county of Carmarthen, and had been brought up in the principles of the Church of England. About ten years ago she purchased some ground from Mr. Henry Hooper, of Apollo Gardens; and, about five years ago, built a small house, in which she lives, and which has already cost her £110. She was to have paid £150. Her other houses and property were stolen from her by ejectments, executions, &c., and her losses amounted, at least, to £500. She never had any idea of stealing the Crown, until she saw it, and was only impelled by the motive already stated. Does not recollect that she ever thought of providing for the poor until then.

"Mr. Swift, the Keeper of the Jewels in the Tower, was then called, but it was stated that he was out of town, and would not return before Saturday, or Monday.

"The evidence of this witness, however, being deemed necessary, the Prisoner was remanded for a final examination."

On Tuesday, April 11th, she was again examined, but a number of persons attended, who had known her for many years, and, as their unvarying testimony was that she was mentally deranged, she was discharged.

Whilst on the subject of the Regalia I may mention the following, which is taken from *The Gentleman's Magazine*, May 19, 1814: "An interesting discovery has lately been made by the Keeper of the Regalia in the Tower. In cleaning out some secret places in the Jewel Office, a Royal Sceptre was found, equalling in splendour, and in value, the others which are there exhibited. It is imagined, from the decayed state of its case, and the dust wherewith it was enveloped, that the Sceptre must have been thrown into that neglected corner, in the confusion of Blood's well-known attempt on the Crown Jewels, nearly a century and a half ago."

The war on the Continent was going on, but though it does not come within my province to narrate its progress, I may mention some *bon mots*, which being produced here, belong to the social life of the period.

## On Louis le Désiré

"The Paris folks, when I inquired
If Louis really was 'desired,'
'We had (said they), but one desire,
That Master Louis should – *retire*.'"

## A Conversation between Two Gensdarmes, modelled on *The Times*

"*First Gensdarme.* What is the news?"
"*Second Gensdarme. Ma foi!* the news is short.
*The Tiger* has broken out of his den.
*The Monster* was three days at sea.
*The Wretch* has landed at Frejus.
*The Brigand* has arrived at Grenoble.
*The Invader* has entered Lyons.
*Napoleon* slept last night at Fontainbleau.
*The Emperor* enters the Thuilleries this day."

Here are some of the names by which he was assailed by *The Times*:

The Tyrant.
The impious tyrant.
The flagitious tyrant.
The wretched tyrant.
The Corsican tyrant.
The wretch.
The impious wretch.
The Corsican.
The impious Corsican.
The rebellious Corsican.
The usurper.
The Corsican usurper.
The homicide.
The impious homicide.
The Outlaw.
The Corsican outlaw.
The infamous outlaw.
The perjured outlaw.
The impious outlaw.
The rebel.
The perjured rebel.

The traitor.
The perjured traitor.
The Brigand.
The Thief.
The Robber.
The Murderer.
The Tiger.
The Monster.
The Villain.
The Criminal.
The notorious Criminal.
The Prisoner.
The Assassin.
The Incendiary.
The Impostor.
The bloody and perjured chief, &c.

This man of many names gave us much trouble just at this time. Lulled in false security, everything was being put on a peace footing, only to be brought again to its old dimensions, and Sergeant Kite was once more abroad, and active.

A few disjointed *ana* must fill up the time until we come to the next halting stage of history – the Battle of Waterloo.

Of course London has vastly increased in population since 1815, and Visitors come by rail, or steamboat, from all parts of the earth, but the difference in the number of visitors to the British Museum in one year, is very marked. In the year ending March 25, 1815, they amounted to 33,074; in that ending Dec. 31, 1889, to 504,537, and this does not include the visitors to the Natural History Department, at South Kensington, which, although removed from the parent building, is part of the Institution, and is governed by the same trustees.

The Prince of Wales was utterly reckless in his expenditure, he put no kind of curb to his extravagance, and left no whim ungratified. The consequence was he was again fearfully in debt.

## "The Civil List

"'John Bull,' exclaims old Nick, 'pray mind,
The Civil List is now behind:'
'Good Lord!' cried John, 'why, what a bore,
It was *behind*, you know, *before*.'"

Here is a list of the Prince of Wales's debts:

| | |
|---|---|
| Debts 1787 | £161,020 |
| Debts 1795 | 640,080 |
| | — |
| | 801,100 |
| Debts paid in three years to Feb., 1815, from Extraordinary Allowances to the Prince | 150,000 |
| Sum granted for outfit Feb., 1812, and applied to debts | 100,000 |
| Paid from Droits of Admiralty, 1813 | 39,000 |
| Paid from Feb., 1815, to May, 1815, one qr of £50,000 | 12,500 |
| Paid in three years from Duchy of Cornwall to Feb., 1815 | 39,000 |
| Known to be remaining unpaid May, 1815 | 339,000 |
| | — |
| Total of debts contracted by the Prince | £1,480,600 |
| | — |

The Newspaper from which this is taken goes on to say: "The public will see, by this statement, how unavailing all engagements, and all Acts of Parliament hitherto passed, have been to prevent the system of incurring debts; but the distresses of the country now demand some effective prohibitory checks, and we trust Parliament will not separate without supplying them; although from the vote for the payment of the Russian debts, for the reduction of Guadaloupe, and the aids to Holland, there is too much reason to fear that the Senate, and the public, entertain different views as to the necessity of economy, and that the public must encounter the awful trial of a protracted system of profusion and prodigality."

"The statement of the debts was extracted from the Journals of Parliament, and when £339,000 was described as the *known* excess still due, the term *known* was certainly used to signify *avowal*, but not to embrace the *total*, for there is great reason to believe that treble £339,000, would not release the Prince Regent from his pecuniary embarrassments."

Needless to say, the satirical artists seized upon the occasion, and I reproduce one picture called "Answer to John Bull's Complaint." As may be perceived from his dress, poor John is reduced to a pitiable plight, and he has laid his case before the Regent. To him "the first Gentleman in Europe" replies, "Why! you unnatural Grumbler! after I have done all I could to get rid of your Money, you still grumble? Did I not give you a *Fête*? Did I not build you a *Bridge*? Did I not treat you to a smell of all the nice things at my *Feast*? Did I not sign the *Corn Bill*? Did I not refuse your *Address*? Have I not drunk whole Pipes of Wine, for fear it should be wasted? Have I not spent all your Money, because you should not spend it yourself? Have you not got the Income Tax to keep you sober? and, as for your Dress, the thinner the better for the summer season. So, Johnny, go home to work, 'tis all for the good of your Country."

# CHAPTER II

## News of the Battle of Waterloo – Rejoicings – After career of Napoleon – His abdication and flight – Goes on board the *Bellerophon* – Arrives at Torbay – His habits on board – Ordered to Plymouth – Crowds try to get a glimpse of him – His protest against being sent to St. Helena – Transferred to the *Northumberland* – Opinion as to the Prince Regent's conduct towards him – Sails for St. Helena

At a quarter past eleven on the night of the 21st of June, the Hon. Major Percy arrived at the office of Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State for War – bearing despatches from the Duke of Wellington dated the 19th, giving an account of the actions which had taken place since the 15th, and including the Battle of Waterloo. Earl Bathurst opened the despatches, and he and their bearer immediately waited, with them, upon the Prince Regent. The Lord Mayor had notification of the great Victory early in the morning of the 22nd, and the guns of the Tower, and St. James's Park thundered forth their salute of gratulation. The funds went up with a bound, *Omnium* vibrated between a rise of 8 to 10 per cent. and left off 81/8 per cent. higher.

The following placard was posted up: —

*"Mansion House, Thursday, June 22, 1815.*

"Notice having been given that the Public Offices will be illuminated Friday and Saturday evening next, in consequence of the late glorious Victory,

"The Lord Mayor recommends to the inhabitants of this City to defer illuminating their houses till that time."

And, accordingly, on the 23rd, all the Government, and City public offices lit up; but it does not seem to have been a very grand illumination, probably because the time for preparation was somewhat short.

After the battle of Waterloo,[3] Napoleon hastened to Paris; and, tired, and covered with dust as he was, he immediately met his Ministers, and told them the extent of his disasters. They laid the intelligence before the Houses of Legislature, and, on the morning of June 22nd, Napoleon received a deputation from the Chamber, who submitted to him, that "the state of war in which France was involved, concerned much less the nation than himself, and that the Assembly had the means at command, if he would act so disinterested a part, as to restore to it freedom of action, according as circumstances might dictate."

This was a pretty broad hint to Napoleon to abdicate, and he took it as such, and sent the following reply: —

"Frenchmen! When I began the war to uphold National Independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills, and on the co-operation of all national authorities. I was justified in anticipating success, and I braved all the declarations of the Powers against my person. Circumstances seem to be changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred against France. May your enemies prove sincere, and may it appear that they wage war against me alone! My political life is terminated. I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II.,[4] Emperor of the French. The present Ministers will form the

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[3] From this time until Napoleon sailed for St. Helena, I quote, sometimes at length, from my book, "English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I.," because I then wrote, thoroughly imbued with the subject, and with every authority at hand – I can do no more now, than to add a little to it. – J. A.

[4] This title was never recognized by the French *Nation* until the assumption of Imperial dignity by Louis – under the title of Napoleon III.

Council of the Provisional Government. The interest which I take in my son induces me to invite the Chambers to organize a Regency without delay, by a special law. Unite for the general safety, and to secure national independence.

*"Napoleon.*

"At the Palace of the Élysée, June 22, 1815."

But the Ministry did not see it in the same light, the building was rapidly crumbling, and it was *sauve qui peut* with the rats. Napoleon was politically dead, and even *The Times* must needs kick him.

"June 30. 1815… The wretch, with the blood of so many thousands on his head, seemed to carry about with him all the coolness of that apathy which is part of his physical constitution; and, so degraded and demoralized are the Parisian populace, that they could see the butcher of their race without the least emotion. He is, however, spoken of in the journals, and in the debates, without any share of that respect which was but lately attached to his name. After his former abdication he was invariably termed the 'Emperor,' but now he is called nothing but 'Napoleon.'"

Abdication is a game that cannot be played more than twice, the result, then, being considered final, so Napoleon retired to Malmaison, virtually a prisoner, for he had not been there long ere General Becker came to him, and informed him that he was appointed by the Provisional Government to command the troops detailed for his protection. Napoleon knew the meaning of this message, but even being made a prisoner by his own soldiery did not quell his spirit.

The presence of Napoleon at Malmaison embarrassed the Government, and Becker had orders to convey Napoleon, with all speed, to the Isle of Aix. Accordingly, they set out, and reached Rochefort on the 3rd of July, where he remained until the 8th, when he embarked on board the *Saale* frigate, but without any hope of getting to sea, because of the blockade of the port by the *Bellerophon* and other English men-of-war. He occasionally landed on the Isle of Aix; but all hopes of reaching America seems to have been abandoned, as Las Cases and Savary were sent on board the *Bellerophon* to inquire of Captain Maitland whether he knew anything of the passports which Napoleon expected from the British Government, and whether any opposition would be offered to his sailing to the United States. Captain Maitland replied that he knew nothing of the intentions of his Government, but he, certainly, could not allow any ship of war to leave the port, and, in the course of conversation asked, "Why not seek an asylum in England?"

The hint, thus dropped, fructified; for, after another visit of Las Cases and General Lallemand on board the *Bellerophon*, on July 14th, avowedly to repeat their various questions, the matter was openly discussed, and, on mentioning the result of their interview to the Emperor, he agreed to this course, and desired Las Cases to tell Captain Maitland to prepare to receive him, and his suite, the next day. At the same time, he entrusted General Gourgaud with an autograph letter to the Prince Regent, directing him to take it to England, and deliver it into the Prince's hands.

From the date of this letter, which was the 13th, it would seem that Napoleon had, on the previous day, made up his mind what course to pursue. The following is the text of the letter: —

"Your Royal Highness, – Exposed to the factions which divide my Country, and to the enmity of the greatest Powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career; and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British People. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

*Napoleon.*

"Rochefort, *July 13, 1815*."

On the 15th, then, Napoleon and suite went on board the *Bellerophon*, where they were received by Captain Maitland and his officers; the Emperor saying, "I have come to throw myself on the protection of your Prince and Laws." He was treated on board the *Bellerophon* with every consideration by Captain Maitland. He was still looked upon as Emperor, and dined off his own gold

plate, the dinner being ordered by his own *maître d'hôtel*; and, when he visited the *Superb*, he was received with all the honours accorded to royalty, with the exception of a salute being fired. On the 16th of July they set sail for England, and at daybreak on the 24th they were close to Dartmouth. Napoleon rose at six, and went on the poop, surveying the coast, which he much admired, exclaiming, "What a beautiful country! it very much resembles Porto Ferrajo at Elba."

About 8 a.m. they anchored at Torbay, and no sooner was it known that Napoleon was on board the *Bellerophon*, than the bay was covered with vessels and boats full of people. A neighbouring gentleman sent the Emperor a present of fruit. What a different reception from the language of *The Times*! (July 25, 1815):

"Our paper of this day will satisfy the sceptics, for such there were beginning to be, as to the capture of that bloody miscreant, who has so long tortured Europe, Napoleon Buonaparte. Savages are always found to unite the greatest degree of cunning to the ferocious part of their nature. The cruelty of this person is written in characters of blood in almost every country in Europe, and in the contiguous angles of Africa and Asia which he visited; and nothing can more strongly evince the universal conviction of his low, perfidious craft, than the opinion, which was beginning to get abroad, that, even after his capture had been officially announced, both in France and England, he might yet have found means to escape.

"However, all doubts upon this point are at an end, by his arrival off the British Coast, and, if he be not now placed beyond the possibility of again outraging the peace of Europe, England will certainly never again deserve to have heroes such as those who have fought, and bled, at Waterloo, for this, his present overthrow. The lives of the brave men who fell on that memorable day will have been absolutely thrown away by a thoughtless country, the grand object obtained by their valour will have been frustrated, and we shall do little less than insult over their remains, almost before they have ceased to bleed. But Fortune, seconding their undaunted efforts, has put it in our power to do far otherwise.

"Captain Sartorius, of the *Slaney* frigate, arrived yesterday with despatches from Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*, confirming all the antecedent accounts of Buonaparte's surrender, with various other details, and closing them by their natural catastrophe – his safe conveyance to England. He is, therefore, what we may call, here. Captain Sartorius delivered his despatches to Lord Melville, at Wimbledon, by whom their contents were communicated to Lord Liverpool, at his seat at Coombe Wood; summonses were immediately issued for a Cabinet Council to meet at 12 o'clock; what passed there was, of course, not suffered to transpire; our narrative must therefore revert to the *Slaney* frigate, and the accounts brought by her. She had been sent forward, by Captain Maitland, to Plymouth, with the despatches announcing that Buonaparte was on board the *Bellerophon*, with a numerous suite. But it was the intention of Captain Maitland himself, to proceed to Torbay, and not land his prisoners until he had received orders from Government.

"Buonaparte's suite, as it is called, consists of upwards of forty persons, among whom are Bertrand, Savary, Lallemand, Grogau,[5] and several women. He has been allowed to take on board carriages and horses, but admission was denied to about fifty cavalry, for whom he had the impudence to require accommodation. This wretch has really lived in the commission of every crime, so long, that he has lost all sight and knowledge of the difference that exists between good and evil, and hardly knows when he is doing wrong, except he be taught by proper chastisement. A creature – who ought to be greeted with a gallows as soon as he lands – to think of an attendance of fifty horsemen! He had, at first, wanted to make conditions with Captain Maitland, as to his treatment, but the British officer very properly declared that he must refer him, upon this subject, to his Government.

"When he had been some time on board, he asked the Captain what chance two large frigates, well manned, would have with a seventy-four. The answer, we understand, which he received to this

[5] General Gourgaud.

inquiry, did not give him any cause to regret that he had not risked his fortune in a naval combat, with the relative forces in question. By the way, we should not have been surprised if he had come into an action with the two frigates, and then endeavoured to escape in his own, and leave the other to her fate. It has been the constant trick of this villain, whenever he has got his companions into a scrape, to leave them in it, and seek his own safety by flight. In Egypt, in the Moscow expedition, and at Waterloo, such was his conduct.

"He likewise had the assurance to address a letter to the Prince Regent, and M. Grogau, one of his party, was put on board the *Slaney* as the bearer of it; but, when the vessel reached Plymouth, the officer on duty there, with a decision that does him credit, refused Grogau permission to land: the letter is said to have been conveyed by Captain Sartorius, and its purport was understood, on board, to be a request for passports for America. We should have supposed that he had received too many checks before, for his presumption in addressing letters to the British Government, ever to have hazarded the experiment again; but all reproofs are thrown away upon his callous heart; – not that we should object to his humbly addressing the British throne for mercy, if he has anything to urge in extenuation of his crimes; but the time has not yet come; a momentary gleam of resolution on the part of his own government, indicated by the imprisonment of Labédoyère, and others, led us to hope that his trial might have been safely entrusted to those to whom it primarily, and of natural right, belongs; but, though this hope may have proved transitory, he is not, therefore, above the criminal justice of other countries, where established law, and a regular execution of it, prevails.

"The first procedure, we trust, will be a special Commission, or the appointment of a Court Martial to try him for the murder of Captain Wright. It is nonsense to say, as some have, that Courts Martial are instituted only to try offences committed by soldiers of the country to which they belong: it was an American Court Martial that tried and shot Major André as a spy; and Buonaparte himself appointed commissions of all kinds, and in all countries, to try offences committed against himself."

In a letter from on board the *Bellerophon*, Napoleon's *personel* is thus described:

"I observed his person particularly, and can describe him thus: – He is about 5 feet 7 inches in height, very strongly made, and well proportioned; very broad and deep chest; legs and thighs proportioned with great symmetry and strength, a small, round, and handsome foot. His countenance is sallow, and, as it were, deeply tinged by hot climates; but the most commanding air I ever saw. His eyes grey, and the most piercing you can imagine. His glance, you fancy, searches into your inmost thoughts. His hair dark brown, and no appearance of grey. His features are handsome now, and when younger, he must have been a very handsome man. He is rather fat, and his belly protuberant, but he appears active, notwithstanding. His step, and demeanour altogether commanding. He looks about 45 or 46 years of age. In fact, he is very like the picture exhibited of him in the Adelphi, and also several of the prints.

"He is extremely curious, and never passes anything remarkable in the ship, without immediately demanding its use, and inquiring minutely into the manner thereof. He also stops and asks the officers divers questions relative to the time they have been in the service, what actions, &c.; and he caused all of us to be introduced to him, the first day he came on board. He also asked several questions about the marines, particularly those who appeared to have been some time in the service, and about the warrant officers, midshipmen, seamen, &c. He was but a very short time on board when he asked that the boatswain might be sent for, in order that he might look at him, and was very inquisitive as to the nature of his duty. He dresses in green uniform, with red facings and edged with red, two plain gold epaulettes, the lapels of the coat cut round and turned back, white waistcoat and breeches, and military boots and spurs, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour on his left breast. He professes his intention (if he is allowed to reside in England) to adopt the English customs and manners, and declares that he will never meddle with politics more. The Army, which left Paris, and united with others on the Loire, wanted him to rejoin them and resume his title, which he refused to

do. He declares that not another '*goutte de sang*' shall be shed on his account. Fortunate, indeed, it would have been if he had really been of this opinion some years back.

"His followers still treat him with the greatest respect, not one of them, not even the Duke of Rovigo himself, ever speaking to him, without being uncovered the whole time. He does not appear out until about half-past ten, though he rises about seven. He breakfasts in the French fashion at eleven, and dines at six. He spends most of the day alone in the after-cabin, and reads a great deal. He retires to bed about eight. He has not latterly been much upon the quarter-deck. His suite is composed of fifty people."

I give an illustration of "Bonaparte on the Quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Northumberland*, drawn during his passage to St. Helena," which fully bears out the above description.

On July 26th orders came for the *Bellerophon* to go to Plymouth, which being reached, two frigates, the *Liffey*, and *Eurotas*, were anchored, one on either side of her, and kept strict guard over her. No boat from the shore was allowed to come within a cable's length[6] of her, and ships' boats continually rowing round her, kept that space clear.

Visitors from London, and all parts of England, came to get a glimpse of him, and the sea was literally alive with boats of every description. The following is by an eye witness[7]: —

"There is nothing so dull as mere fact, you'll admit,
While you read my detail, unenlivened by wit.
My friends will believe, though they're told it in rhyme,
That I thought to return in a far shorter time.
When at once we're resolv'd, by half past on the move,
And by two, but a trio, we reach Mutton Cove;
When approaching the quay, such a rabble and rout,
That we ask, 'My good friend, what is all this about?'
'They are rowing a race, and some boats are come in,
While these people are waiting till t'others begin.'
Well aware of our folly, with risible lip,
The boatman we told to make haste to *the* ship;
On the colours of fish,[8] here by hampers-full landing,
We gaze for amuzement, while still we're kept standing;
At length to the Admiral's stairs we have got,
See his party on board, and hear tunes from his yacht.
The day is delightful, the gale just enough
For the sea to look lively, without being rough.
With those first at the ship, our sight costs the dearer,
As we've longer to wait, and not in the end, nearer;
For by land, and by water, so different the case is,
'Twas long before we were jam'd into our places;
But on further advice, we'll at present be dumb,
For half the spectators, you know, are now come.
In one boat, a bevy, all sarcenet and veil,
In the next some good fellows are toping their ale.
'Avast! here's the gun boat.' 'Aye, here it come smack.'
And the ladies cry, 'Captain, they'll drive us all back.'

[6] A measure of about one hundred fathoms. In all marine charts a Cable is deemed 607.56 feet, or one-tenth of a Sea Mile.

[7] "A Visit to Bonaparte in Plymouth Sound," by a Lady. Plymouth, 1815.

[8] Mackerel.

Then some bully our men, with 'Skull out there, skull out.'
And others check these with, 'Mind what you're about.'
Here's a crazy old boat, laded dry with a shoe,
There, a gay painted barge is forced on our view;
In this, while Don Solus is jeered by the mob,
'See that empty boat, turn it out.' 'Here's a fine job.'
Cries one, of some dozens squeezed into the next,
'I've left the pork pie, Oh dear, I'm so vex'd.'
In the long boat, that shows a profusion of oar,
From the Captain bursts forth a most terrible roar
At his men; but the anger about whom, or what,
Though they may remember, we soon had forgot.
Here, infants were crying, mothers scolding outright,
While the next party laughs at some comical sight.
Now, watches and spy-glasses make their appearance,
And Impatience, that vixen, begins interference;
To beguile her, through portholes we eagerly stare,
For the nobles on deck are all taking the air.
'Hey-dey, what a bustle!' then 'All safe, all safe.'
The crowd is return'd to its chatter and laugh.
'Pray, what was the matter?' 'From the boat, near the ship,
A woman fell over, and so got a dip.'
But a hum of applause, yes, his triumph is full,
Yet this hum of applause has betrayed our John Bull,
'What hum of applause? come, I prithee, be brief.'
Why, John was delighted to see them *ship beef*.
With a smile 'tis observed by the Briton polite,
How the glee of the crowd was improv'd, by the sight,
For the rough, honest tar, had declared from his heart,
That he thought this a sight that would beat Bonaparte.
Some, again, with composure, predict peace and war,
Others look at the great folks, and fancy a star;
But we, much fatigued, six o'clock now approaching,
And on our good nature we thought them encroaching,
When boats are made bridges, nay, tempted to think
That through some of these freedoms, not strange we should sink.
But here I must mention, when all was most merry,
As here is each size, from the long-boat to wherry,
When the crowd should disperse, I was fearful, I own,
Lest your small boats, by barges, should then be run down.
But a truce with our hopes, our predictions and fears,
For now, yes, at last, our grand object appears;
And now, every eye to the ship is directed,
Though to see Bonaparte, I no longer expected;
For between us what number of men! and aghast
We stood, as still thicker and thicker the mast. [? *mass*]
But now see Napoleon, who seems in his figure,
What we call mediocre, nor smaller, nor bigger;
For, in spite of our fears, how it was, I can't tell,

What our distance allowed of, we saw very well.
But, in this we're full right, for now, hurry scurry,
Boat rows against boat, with the madness of fury;
The show was all over, but time was out staid
By some, and by others, attempts were still made
To get round the ship, in hopes Bonaparte might
At some place yet be seen, thus to perfect their sight."

This doggerel helps us to realize the intense desire of the British public to get, at least, a glimpse at Boney, that great bugbear, who for so many years had been so great a terror to them, and whose existence, every one, from the highest to the lowest, had acutely felt in that tenderest place of our social economy – the breeches pocket. They all but carried out the threat, made twelve years previously, of putting him in *Pidcock's Menagerie*, vide the following extracts from a contemporary pamphlet[9]: —

"The desire of all ranks to see him was excessive; the guard boats were unable to prevent them from closing the ship, and it was amusement on board to look at the boats contending for places. Napoleon generally walked the quarter-deck about eleven in the forenoon and half-past six in the afternoon. He ate but two meals in the day, both alike, meat of every description, different wines, coffee, fruit, &c. Immediately after each meal, he rose first, and the others followed; he then either went on the quarter-deck, or in the after-cabin to study. The comedy of *The Poor Gentleman*[10] was performed before him. He was much pleased at it; it went off very well. The scenery was good, but somewhat better dresses were wanted for the *female midshipmen*.[11]

"The immense number of persons who daily flock from all parts of the country to take a view of the person of Napoleon, is incalculable. He generally gratified the public curiosity by making his appearance every afternoon for two hours.

"Upwards of one thousand boats were from morning to night round the *Bellerophon*. The seamen of the *Bellerophon* adopted a curious mode to give an account to the curious spectators in the boats of the movements of Napoleon. They wrote in chalk on a board, which they exhibited, a short account of his different occupations. 'At breakfast.' – 'In the cabin with Captain Maitland.' – 'Writing with his officers.' – 'Going to dinner.' – 'Coming upon deck,' &c."

Las Cases says: "It was known that he always appeared on deck towards five o'clock. A short time before this hour all the boats collected alongside of each other; there were thousands; and so closely were they connected that the water could no longer be seen between them. They looked more like a multitude assembled in a public square than anything else. When the Emperor came out, the noise and gestures of so many people presented a most striking spectacle; it was, at the same time, very easy to perceive that nothing hostile was meant, and that, if curiosity had brought them, they felt interested on going away. We could even see that the latter sentiment continued to increase; at first, people merely looked toward the ship, they ended by saluting: some remained uncovered, and, occasionally, went so far as to cheer. Even our symbols began to appear amongst them. Several individuals of both sexes came decorated with red carnations."

Napoleon knew that St. Helena had been fixed upon as the place of his future residence, and did not at all relish the idea; but it was not officially announced to him until July 30th or 31st, when Lord Keith went on board the *Bellerophon*, and presented him with the following despatch: —

"*Communication made by Lord Keith in the name of the English Ministers.*

[9] "Interesting Particulars of Napoleon's Deportation for Life to St. Helena," &c. London, 1816. Printed for W. Hone.

[10] By George Colman the Younger.

[11] *I.e.*, the midshipmen who took female parts.

"As it may, perhaps, be convenient for General Buonaparte to learn, without further delay, the intentions of the British Government with regard to him, your Lordship will communicate the following information.

"It would be inconsistent with our duty towards our country, and the Allies of his Majesty, if General Buonaparte possessed the means of again disturbing the repose of Europe. It is on this account that it becomes absolutely necessary he should be restrained in his personal liberty, so far as this is required by the foregoing important object.

"The island of St. Helena has been chosen as his future residence; its climate is healthy, and its local position will allow of his being treated with more indulgence than could be admitted in any other spot, owing to the indispensable precautions which it would be necessary to employ for the security of his person.

"General Buonaparte is allowed to select amongst those persons who accompanied him to England (with the exception of Generals Savary and Lallemand) three officers, who, together with his surgeon, will have permission to accompany him to St. Helena; these individuals will not be allowed to quit the island without the sanction of the British Government.

"Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who is named Commander-in-Chief at the Cape of Good Hope and seas adjacent, will convey General Buonaparte and his suite to St. Helena; and he will receive detailed instructions relative to the execution of this service.

"Sir G. Cockburn will, most probably, be ready to sail in a few days; for which reason it is desirable that General Buonaparte should make choice of the persons who are to accompany him without delay."

"Of this interview Las Cases says: "I was not called before the Emperor. The bearers of his sentence spoke, and understood French; they were admitted alone. I have since heard that he objected, and protested, with no less energy than logic, against the violence exercised on his person. 'He was the guest of England,' said Napoleon, 'and not its prisoner; he came of his own accord to place himself under the protection of its laws; the most sacred rights of hospitality were violated in his person; he would never submit voluntarily to the outrage they were preparing for him: violence, alone, should oblige him to do so,' &c."

That the Government was in earnest as to his departure was soon shown, for orders came on August 4th for the *Bellerophon* to weigh and join the *Northumberland*, which was the ship in which Napoleon was to take his passage to St. Helena. He issued a formal protest: —

"I hereby solemnly protest in the face of heaven and mankind against the violence that is done me; and the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of my person and liberty. I voluntarily came on board the *Bellerophon* – I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England. I came at the instigation of the Captain himself, who said he had orders from the Government to receive, and convey me to England, together with my suite, if agreeable to me. I came forward, with confidence, to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. When once on board the *Bellerophon*, I was entitled to the hospitality of the British people. If the Government, in giving the Captain of the *Bellerophon* orders to receive me and my followers, only wished to lay a snare, it has forfeited its honour, and disgraced its flag.

"If this act be consummated, it will be in vain for the English henceforth to talk of their sincerity, their laws, and liberties. British faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*.

"I appeal to History; it will say that an enemy who made war for twenty years against the English people, came spontaneously, in the hour of misfortune, to seek an asylum under their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and confidence? But how did England reply to such an act of magnanimity? It pretended to hold out a hospitable hand to this enemy; and, on giving himself up with confidence, he was immolated!

*"Napoleon.*

"*Bellerophon*, at Sea, *Friday, Aug. 4, 1815*."

This might have been good logic had it not been for the little episode of Elba, which showed that neither honour, nor treaties, could bind him, and the contiguity of England to France was far too near. His residence here would be a fruitful source of intrigue and danger to both countries. Every reason of sound policy was for his complete isolation; but, whether that sentence was carried out either humanely, or with even a show of deference to Napoleon's feelings, is another question, which needs no discussion here.

On the 6th they anchored off Start Point, and were soon joined by the *Northumberland* and two frigates, full of soldiers, who were to form the garrison of St. Helena. By order, the arms of Napoleon's suite were taken from them, but the ex-Emperor was allowed to retain his sword. All their money, diamonds, and saleable effects were put under seal, but Napoleon kept his plate, baggage, wines, and provisions. The search of his personal effects greatly exasperated him.

Between one and two o'clock p.m. of the 7th of August the transfer from the *Bellerophon* to the *Northumberland* was made, and then, as there was nothing else to wait for, "Cæsar and his fortunes" sailed from St. Helena.

There were but a very few satirical prints anent him published after his departure, and, I think, not one after the news of his safe arrival at St. Helena. There was a sense of relief that now he was powerless for mischief, and a revulsion of feeling set in. It was then the heyday of Boxing, and it was felt repugnant to all feelings of English manliness, to "hit a man when he was down." The Prince of Wales was severely remarked on for his conduct to his illustrious Captive, and the following poetry was exceedingly popular.

This illustration, which is separate from, but goes well with the song, is called "Boxiana, or the Fancy," and the poem is an "Epistle from Tom Cribb to Big Ben, containing some Foul Play in a Pugilistic Encounter," August, 1815: —

"What, Ben! my big hero, is this thy renown?
Is *this* the *new Go* – kick a man when he's down?

When the foe has *knockt under*, to tread on him then?
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, *Ben*!
*Foul! Foul!* all the *Lads of the Fancy* exclaim —
*Charley Shock* is electrified – *Belcher* spits flame —
And *Molyneux* – aye, even Blackey, cries Shame!

Time was, when *John Bull* little difference spied,
'Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side;
When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating),
His foe, like his beefsteak, the better for beating!
But this comes, Master *Ben*, of your curst foreign notions,
Your trinkets, wigs, thingambobs, gold lace, and lotions;
Your Noyeau's Curacoa's, and the Devil knows what —
(One swig of *Blue Ruin* is worth the whole lot.)
Your great and small *crosses* (my eyes! what a brood!)
A cross buttock from *me* would do some of 'em good —
Which have spoil'd you, till hardly a drop, my old porpus,
Of pure English *claret* is left in your *corpus*.
And (as *Jim* says) the only one trick, good or bad,
Of the *Fancy*, you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad!
Hence it comes, *Boxiana*, disgrace to thy page! —
Having *floor'd*, by good luck, the first *Swell* of the Age,

Having conquer'd the *prime one* that *mill'd* us all round,
You kick'd him, old *Ben*, as he gasp'd on the ground! —
Aye – just at the time to show spunk, if you'd any,
Kick'd him, and jaw'd, and *lag'd*[12] him to Botany!
Oh, shade of the Cheesemonger![13] you who, alas!
*Doubled up*, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,

On that great day of *milling*,[14] when blood lay in lakes,
When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the Stakes,
Look down upon *Ben*, see him, *Dunghill* all o'er,
Moult the fall'n foe that can harm him no more;
Out, cowardly *Spooney*! again and again.
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, *Ben*!
To show the *white feather*[15] is many men's doom,
But what of *one* feather! *Ben* boasts a whole *Plume*!!"

And so Napoleon fades away.

[12] Transported.

[13] Shaw the Lifeguardsman.

[14] Battle of Waterloo.

[15] Cowardice.

# CHAPTER III

## Effects of Napoleon's capture – The Navy in 1815 – Margate and Ramsgate – French Prisoners of war – Treaty of Peace with France – Napoleon's house – A soldier's letter – A zealous Lord Mayor – Hotels and clubs in 1815

The effect of the capture and banishment of Napoleon was felt immediately, a great strain was taken off Europe, and it was known to all, that the peace, after so long a conflict, would be enduring. On the 17th of August we read, "The impressment of seamen is directed to be discontinued at all the seaports, as also the receiving of volunteers, except for the peace establishment. Orders have been issued at the different ports to pay off the Navy; and the seamen are to be sent to their respective homes, in small vessels, to be in readiness for that purpose."

The Navy was a rough school then, and the officers mainly came from a very different class to that from which they are now recruited. What a Midshipman's berth was like then, we may learn from the following extract from a letter:

"The Midshipman, whose *Friends were not born before him*, as the phrase goes, is easily distinguished amongst his more fortunate companions in arms; you generally see him attired like the prodigal son returning from his occupation of a swineherd, than a British officer. His perforated worsted hose, shoes which have a very great resemblance to *sandals*, threadbare pantaloons which were once blue, a tattered '*uniform!*' coat, and a slouched hat, show that 'poverty, and not his will, consents.'

"A Midshipman's berth (in a dark cockpit under water) has long been proverbial for the convenience, and elegance of its comforts; a large deal table, abundantly ornamented with hieroglyphicks, a form, and some broken chairs, two beautiful brass candlesticks, well charged with grease, lights which seem to render darkness more visible, about ten plates and dishes, seven knives and forks, five pewter spoons, with cups and saucers in proportion, two old decanters without necks, and a very large stock of empty bottles, usually form the earthly stock of its utensils. To describe the valet, or attendant, would, indeed, be a difficult task; perhaps the reader can call to mind Le Sage's description of Domingo, whose vigilance prevented Gil Blas' escape from the Cavern? If so, I need not trouble you with anything further on the subject, except that the one is, generally, the counterpart of the other."

In the following, under date of October 3rd, we see the germ of our present steam navy: "We understand that a distinguished British Officer, who had an opportunity of viewing the steam frigate at New York, pronounced it to be the most formidable battery of defence ever invented (they are to be stationed at all their different seaports): and the Officer alluded to, has, we hear, strongly recommended their adoption, particularly for the Bay of Gibraltar."

Steam had already been introduced into our Mercantile marine, and we find (September), "A *Margate* hoy of large dimensions, propelled by steam, goes constantly to and fro from London to Margate. From its novelty, and the certainty of its arrival within a given time (about twelve hours), it is much thronged with passengers."

It was the fashionable month for those popular watering-places, Margate and Ramsgate, and how our grandparents took their holidays is thus described: "How very different is a watering-place from the rest of the world! In a commercial town every face you meet, carries the word 'business,' every one seems so absorbed in his own cares, as not even to be conscious of the existence of his fellow men. Life seems to have an object, you involuntarily quicken your pace, cast your eyes straight forward, and enumerate to yourself the several matters you have to transact. There is nothing of all

this at a Watering-Place, there you find the inhabitants divided into two classes, *gapers*, and *smilers*. By the gapers must be understood, those who are here to spend their money, and be amused; and, by the smilers, those who are here to gain their money, and be maintained.

"Now the employment of the gapers is to lie in bed all the fore part of the day, 'the dewy hour of prime,' to wear a great coat, brown hat, brown shoes, bathe, and ride half a mile on a donkey, with a boy behind to whip it, read the newspapers during the middle of the day, and in the evening to dine, to go to a promenade in a ballroom, where during nine-tenths of the time every one sits still; or, to the theatre, where the pure air, and pure light of heaven are shut out, to make room for otto of roses and Argand lamps. Thus the amusements of the citizen are scarcely varied by his journey, or, rather, his voyage, for the packets bring the mass of visitors to Margate. The first effort the worthy Cit makes to get rid of the foul air of London, is to stow himself and family on board the hoy; here he finds eighty or a hundred amateurs of fresh air. Then if the wind be fair, and not too strong, they proceed tolerably well, but should the wind be foul, which Heaven in its great mercy forefend, such a scene opens, such qualms, and faintings,

> 'Such revisitings,
> As make day hideous, and us poor fools of nature
> Most horribly to shake our dispositions.'"

Although there was virtually peace throughout Europe, the Definitive Treaty of Peace, between the Allied Powers and France, was not signed until the 20th of November, at Paris: consequently the prisoners of war were not released. We can well understand the irritation of the poor fellows, who knew that it was only red tape that was preventing their return to their country and homes, and are, therefore, not surprised to hear (September 13th), that "the prisoners in confinement on board the prison ships at Cowes, meditated escape on the night of the 1st instant, but their plans were fortunately detected, through the perseverance and exertions of Lieutenant Whaley, 18th Regiment of Foot, Commanding Officer on board the ships. To show the length they intended to go, if necessary, to effect their purpose, they had actually sworn themselves to secrecy, by drinking their own blood mixed with cold water."

They were rather expensive acquaintances, for I find that the cost of them, during the greater part of the war, for provisions, clothing, and superintendence, was calculated in detail, to amount to £1000 per diem – and this was exclusive of building materials used for their prisons.

The text of the Treaty arrived here on the 27th of November. London was illuminated, Peace was proclaimed, as was also a Day of Thanksgiving.

Napoleon's House and furniture were manufactured here, and were ready for shipment by the end of October. I have but space to describe the house; suffice it to say, that the furniture was fitted for the use of an opulent gentleman, rather than for the quondam ruler of Europe. "The framework for the house is nearly completed at Woolwich. The front is in the Grecian style. It is about 120 feet in length, containing fourteen windows, and a fine open corridor. The depth of the building is about 100 feet, with a back corridor, almost making the whole structure square. – It is two stories high, and will have an elegant cottage appearance. The ground-floor of the right division of the house, contains Bonaparte's apartments. In the centre of this wing is his drawing-room, which, as well as the other apartments for his accommodation, is about 30 feet in length, by a breadth of 20. This proportion runs through the whole. Next, is his dining-room, with an adjoining library, behind which, is a capacious billiard-room. His bedroom, dressing-room, and bath, are of course connected. The left division of the edifice contains apartments for the officers of his suite. The rear comprises the servants' and store rooms. The kitchen is detached from the regular building, and yet perfectly convenient to the dining-room, without communicating any offensive fumes to the principal range of rooms. This is of

no small value in a sultry climate. The Hall is plain, and merely furnished with seats. The Corridors will furnish a cool and shaded promenade."

China, stationery, and two fowling-pieces, one with percussion locks, and every necessary appertaining to them were sent out, as well as artisans to fit up the house; and the whole of this consignment, weighed nearly five hundred tons.

The following letter, which seems genuine, tells a tale of what our soldiers went through in the early part of this century: —

*"Paris in france 5th Sept. 1815.*

"Dear Mother and Sister, – I have taken the oppertunity of writing these lines to you hoping it will find you in good health, as it now leaves me at this present thank be to God for it. I am very sorry I did not anser your Letters as I had not opportunity for we was very busy fighting the french a long time every day in the Mountains in Spain and I always had good luck til one day I received two balls one hitt me right on my brest plate and knocked me downe and as soon as I got my wind agen I fired about ten rounds more and then another hitt me through my hip which was bad along time and one came through my Haversack and another throw my trowsers and shirt and that same night was very wet and no fires could be lighted and it was very cold on the Mountains but the Dockter was very good to me and after that we drove the french into their own Country and made them beg for peace and then we went into Ammerica into upper Kanndy where we had all the fighting with the Yankeys till we got a piece of them seven hundred miles up the Contrey nigh to the falls of Naygaray which you know is 1 of the 7 wonders of the world and there my Captain was so kind as to give me a pass without date and I workd for a large farmer all winter and had plenty of vittles and a good bed fit for any Gentleman and the Ridgment was then ling in Barns and when the men had to get up their hare was frose to their heads and they could not pull the Blankets from the floore and I thote myself well off and this farmer bid 100 Dollars for my discharge and we returned to Spithead and was 6 weeks on the Water which is 4 thousand 5 hundred milles and is colled a good passage[16] and wee could not get a shore after all this for we was ordered to french flanders and at last we have got to Paris and is in the Buss de bulling near to it which is a very fine place like a grove for a gateway and the french is very civil funny fellows to us now cause they know we can defend ourselves and they do not care for nothing but to get our Monney which theare is plenty way to spend and theare is shows and Montybanks every night and sundays and all and there is no Justesses or Methodys to stop them and there is all sorts of sights and Bartlemy fair is nothing to it and we are now agen commanded by brave Duke Wellington that always conqurs – and there is soldiers of all sorts here past all telling Rooshons Prooshons and Austrions and Jarmans of all kind and the Rooshons are verry good naturd cretures and will do anything for an Englishman and says their prayrs evry Morning and night and will fight their ennemis for ever for the Emperor and the Virgin Marey the same as we do for king George and old England, and the Prushons is very quiet men and smokes all day long and the Austrions is fine tall fellows and the foot is drest as handsome as our Horse Officers and all our Officers is very good Gentlemen and we think to stay in france two Years and I am very contented – dear mother I wish it was not so far off or you and Bet coud come for I have savd some Monney and I larnt a littel french in Kannday but it is not the same sort it is here give my kind love to all inquiring friends and pray God bless you all from your loving son til death," – &c. &c.

What would the modern *Patres Conscripti* of the City say if a Lord Mayor were to appear like unto this? "We are happy to state that the Lord Mayor has commenced his Office with the most commendable alacrity. His lordship visited Billingsgate market, at five o'clock on Tuesday morning; and, yesterday morning, about the same hour, perambulated the streets, and visited the different

[16] Of course, now-a-days we can hardly understand this; but the old tubs used to take their time then. – It is recorded in the "Annual Register" of 1815, as follows: "16 December. – A vessel is arrived in the Thames from New South Wales after an extraordinarily short passage of less than five months."

watch-houses in the City. From a continuation of this conduct, at uncertain periods, we anticipate the most beneficial results." I have seen no more records of these visits, and thence judge that some judicious friend had whispered in his ear, the advice of Talleyrand to a young diplomat – "Sur tout, mon ami, pas trop de zèle."

A very few more odds and ends, and I must close the Chronicle of 1815. On the 5th of December, was hanged, at Newgate, John Binstead, convicted of forgery, and at his execution, a peculiar superstition is recorded: "While on the scaffold, Binstead, in conversation with the Rev. Mr. Cotton (the ordinary of Newgate) requested that his hands might not be applied to persons who came to be rubbed for the wen."

Of the Hotels and Clubs of this time Captain Gronow writes thus: "There was a class of men, of very high rank, such as Lords Wellington, Nelson, and Collingwood, Sir John Moore, and some few others, who never frequented the Clubs. The persons to whom I refer, and amongst whom were many members of the sporting world, used to congregate at a few hotels. The Clarendon, Limmer's, Ibbetson's, Fladong's, Stephens', and Grillon's, were the fashionable hotels. The Clarendon was then kept by a French cook, Jacquiers, who contrived to amass a large sum of money in the service of Louis the Eighteenth, in England, and, subsequently, with Lord Darnley. This was the only public hotel where you could get a genuine French dinner, and, for which, you seldom paid less than three or four pounds; your bottle of champagne, or of claret, in the year 1814, costing you a guinea.

"Limmer's was the evening resort for the sporting world; in fact, it was a midnight Tattersall's, where you heard nothing but the language of the turf, and where men, with not very clean hands, used to make up their books. Limmer's was the most dirty hotel in London; but, in the gloomy, comfortless coffee-room, might be seen many members of the rich squirearchy, who visited London during the sporting season. This hotel was frequently so crowded that a bed could not be obtained for any amount of money; but you could always get a very good plain English dinner, an excellent bottle of port, and some famous gin-punch.

"Ibbetson's Hotel was chiefly patronized by the clergy and young men from the universities. The Charges there were more economical than at similar establishments. Fladong's, in Oxford Street, was chiefly frequented by naval men; for, in those days, there was no club for sailors. Stephens', in Bond Street, was a fashionable hotel, supported by officers of the army, and men about town. If a stranger asked to dine there, he was stared at by the waiters, and very solemnly assured that there was no table vacant. It was not an uncommon thing to see thirty or forty saddle horses, and tilburys, waiting outside this hotel. I recollect two of my old Welsh friends, who used, each of them, to dispose of five bottles of wine, daily, residing here in 1815, when the familiar joints, boiled fish, and fried soles, were the only eatables you could order.

"The members of the clubs of London, many years since, were persons, almost without exception, belonging exclusively to the aristocratic world. 'My tradesmen,' as King Allen used to call the bankers and the merchants, had not then invaded White's, Boodle's, Brookes', or Wattiers' in Bolton Street, Piccadilly; which, with the Guards, Arthur's, and Graham's, were the only clubs at the west end of the town. White's was decidedly the most difficult of entry; its list of members comprised nearly all the noble names of Great Britain.

"The politics of White's Club were, then, decidedly Tory. It was here that play was carried on to an extent which made many ravages in large fortunes, the traces of which have not disappeared at the present day. General Scott, the father-in-law of George Canning, and the Duke of Portland, was known to have won at White's, £200,000, thanks to his notorious sobriety, and knowledge of the game of whist. The General possessed a great advantage over his companions by avoiding those indulgences at the table which used to muddle other men's brains. He confined himself to dining off something like a boiled chicken, with toast and water; by such a regimen he came to the whist table with a clear head, and, possessing, as he did, a remarkable memory, with great coolness and judgment, he was able honestly to win the enormous sum of £200,000.

"At Brookes', for nearly half a century, the play was of a more gambling character than at White's. Faro and Macao were indulged in to an extent which enabled a man to win, or to lose a considerable fortune in one night. It was here that Charles James Fox, Selwyn, Lord Carlisle, and other great Whigs, won and lost hundreds of thousands; frequently remaining at the table for many hours without rising.

"On one occasion, Lord Robert Spencer contrived to lose the last shilling of his considerable fortune, given him by his brother, the Duke of Marlborough; General Fitzpatrick being much in the same condition, they agreed to raise a sum of money, in order that they might keep a faro bank. The members of the club made no objection, and ere long, they carried out their design. As is generally the case, the bank was a winner, and Lord Robert bagged, as his share of the proceeds £100,000. He retired, strange to say, from the fœtid atmosphere of play, with the money in his pockets, and never again gambled. George Harley Drummond, of the famous banking house, Charing Cross, only played once in his whole life at White's Club, at whist, on which occasion he lost £20,000 to Brummell. This event caused him to retire from the banking house of which he was a partner.

"Lord Carlisle was one of the most remarkable victims amongst the players at Brookes', and Charles Fox, his friend, was not more fortunate, being, subsequently, always in pecuniary difficulties. Many a time, after a long night of hard play, the loser found himself at the Israelitish establishment of Howard and Gibbs, then the fashionable, and patronized, money-lenders. These gentlemen never failed to make hard terms with the borrower, although ample security was invariably demanded.

"The Guards Club was established for the three regiments of Foot Guards, and was conducted upon a military system. Billiards and low whist were the only games indulged in. The dinner was, perhaps, better than at most clubs, and considerably cheaper. I had the honour of being a member for several years, during which time I have nothing to remember, but the most agreeable incidents. Arthur's and Graham's were less aristocratic than those I have mentioned; it was at the latter, thirty years ago, that a most painful circumstance took place. A nobleman of the highest position, and influence in society, was detected in cheating at cards, and, after a trial, which did not terminate in his favour, he died of a broken heart.

"Upon one occasion, some gentlemen of both White's and Brookes' had the honour to dine with the Prince Regent, and during the conversation, the Prince inquired what sort of dinners they got at their clubs; upon which, Sir Thomas Stepney, one of the guests, observed that their dinners were always the same, 'the eternal joints, or beefsteaks, the boiled fowl with oyster sauce, and an apple tart – this is what we have, sir, at our clubs, and very monotonous fare it is.' The Prince, without further remark, rang the bell for his cook, Wattier, and, in the presence of those who dined at the Royal table, asked him whether he would take a house, and organize a dinner club. Wattier assented, and named Madeson, the Prince's page, manager, and Labourie, the cook, from the Royal kitchen. The Club flourished only a few years, owing to high play that was carried on there. The Duke of York patronized it, and was a member. I was a member in 1816, and frequently saw his Royal Highness there. The dinners were exquisite; the best Parisian cooks could not beat Labourie. The favourite game played was Macao."

# CHAPTER IV.
# 1816

## Day of Thanksgiving – "Battle for the Standard" – Return of the troops – Frozen game brought over by Esquimaux – The Regent's practical joke – Rejection of the Prince of Orange by the Princess Charlotte, and acceptance of Prince Leopold as her husband – Her marriage – "The R – l Whiskers" – The Regent's yacht

This new year began well. The 18th of January was chosen as a solemn day of Thanksgiving to the Almighty for the blessings of Peace – a form, which one would have thought, would, out of the commonest sentiment of gratitude, have taken place six months previously, after Waterloo, and the submission of Napoleon; but, of course, gratitude to God must needs be subservient to diplomatic Red Tape; and He had to wait for the expression of the nation's thankfulness. This day was also the Queen's birthday, and the guns were fired, and the coloured lamps were lit at night, in token of the country's joy at having so gracious a person so long spared to them, so "Serve God and honour the Queen" was thoroughly, and properly, carried out at an economical rate. There was also, out of pure generosity, something thrown in. The French Colours, taken at Waterloo, two in number, were deposited in the Chapel at Whitehall. Country newspapers please copy the following: "The ceremony was conducted with perfect order; and, associated, as it was, with the duties of religious worship; the memory of the Contest in which the trophies were won, and the sight of the brave veterans who had survived its carnage, the influence it produced was not of an ordinary nature, but rather approached to a sentiment of sublimity" (*Times*). Perhaps a portion of the "sublimity" was owing to the fact that the Guards "were dressed in new clothing, with Caps on a new principle, and, as we are informed, far superior in comfort to the wearers."

This Military tailoring is a craze which seizes great minds at times. It has needed the colossal brains of the Duke of York, the Prince Regent (who, when he took to yachting, the Service prayed to be delivered from, in case he should alter their already too expensive uniform), of Albert the Good, whose hat is enshrined in the pages of *Punch*, and the Duke of Cambridge, whose attention to buttons, and facings, has won him world-wide renown – and everybody is so much better, and more efficient, from the outcome of their laborious study.

One of these Eagles was won after a stubborn fight, which would have entitled its Captor to the Victoria Cross, now-a-days. It was the metaphorical captive of the spear and bow of Sergeant Ewart, whose exploit, on his being gazetted Ensign in the 3rd Royal Veteran battalion, is thus contemporaneously chronicled. It was on the 18th of June, and on "the afternoon of that eventful day, the 92nd Regiment, reduced to two hundred, charged a column of the Enemy, from two thousand to three thousand strong; they broke into the centre of the column, and the moment they pierced it, the Scotch Greys dashed in to their support, when both these gallant Corps cheered, and huzzaed 'Scotland for ever!' The Enemy, to a man, were put to the sword, or made prisoners. The Greys, afterwards, charged the second line, which amounted to five thousand men; it was in the first that Sergeant Ewart captured the French eagle; the affair is thus modestly detailed by himself: 'I had a hard contest for it; the officer who carried it thrust for my groin; I parried it off, and cut him through the head; after which I was attacked by one of the lancers, who threw his lance at me, but missed the mark, by my throwing it off with my sword by my right side, then I cut him from the chin upwards, and went through his teeth. Next, I was attacked by a foot soldier, who, after firing, charged me with his bayonet, but I parried it off, and cut him through the head – so that finished the contest for the

eagle.'" An incident which is well commemorated by Ansdell, in his picture (1848), the "Battle for the Standard."

The Medals for Waterloo and bars for the Campaign were now being distributed, but it took about forty years to thoroughly give them to their rightful owners;[17] their distribution being about as slow as is naval prize money, or the Banda and Kirwee booty.

The troops were not too quick in coming back from Paris, which they had occupied, and the Foot Guards only returned late in the year of 1815. In fact, in January of this year, they took up their old quarters at Windsor, in presence of the Queen, princesses, and the most puissant Duke of York. They wore laurels in their Caps on this occasion. I do not think they have worn them since.

Judging from our standpoint, one can hardly realize the first importation of frozen meat; and it was duly chronicled as a curiosity: "To such a pitch is mercantile speculation for the luxurious now arrived, that we understand three poor Laplanders have come over in the last packet from Gottenburg, and are on their way to London with five sledges, laden with Lapland Game, consisting of Tjadear (Cock of the Wood), Cappercally Orrar (black cock), Suö Ripor (Ptarmigan), Hjarpar (hazel hen), except the black cock all species of the grouse, but now extinct in this country. Those birds are considered the greatest delicacies of the North, and are, we are told, in the highest state of preservation."

This was written at the end of January, and, at the beginning of February, we find that our unfortunate Northern guests had landed on a somewhat inhospitable shore, for they had to pay over £50 duty for imported game, and £10 freight from Harwich to London. But this frozen game was quite novel, and it deserves a contemporary account of what they thought of it at the time. "The state of preservation in which these birds are, is really surprising, after travelling upwards of one thousand miles. They are preserved by being hung up to freeze as soon as killed, and, afterwards, being packed in cases, lined with skin to keep out the air. This process so effectually preserves them, that when the packages are opened, the birds are frozen quite hard; and those packages which are not opened, will continue in this state for some weeks. The mode in which the small birds are dressed in Sweden, is by stewing them in cream, with a little butter in it, after being larded, which, it is said, gives them an exquisite flavour: the large ones are roasted and basted with cream, which is, afterwards, served up with sauce. These Laplanders wear a kind of great coat, made of reindeer skin, with caps and gloves of the same, which gives them a very grotesque appearance: they are very shy of appearing in the streets in this attire, on account of their attracting so many people round them."

This absurdity of charging an import duty on game was enforced, not only in the case of these poor Laplanders, but, at other times: for instance, under date of 24th of February we read: "A greengrocer of Brighton imported twenty partridges and two hares from France, and paid the importation duty on them; he was, notwithstanding, convicted of exposing the said game for sale by the Magistrates at Uckfield, and fined £110, which, being unable to pay, he was committed for three months to Lewes House of Correction."

The Esquimaux stopped all the summer and autumn in England, and were a popular exhibition. They travelled all over the country, and we hear of one of them in the *Caledonian Mercury*, September same year: "His canoe is esteemed a very great curiosity, weighing only 16lbs., he rows it by one oar or paddle, and is so very dexterous in managing it, that he far outsails any boat with six oars. He is very expert in diving, and also in throwing his darts; he is so fastened to his seat, that he cannot fall out – as a drawer, like the mouth of a purse, girds him about the loins, so that, in an instant, he may

[17] It took longer, *vide* this extract from *The Globe*, March 18, 1889: – "A Tardy Honour. – Captain Gammell is 92. It is only within the last ten days that he has received an honour which he won nearly three-quarters of a century ago. As Ensign James Gammell he was present at the sortie of Bayonne, and leaving the army shortly afterwards never applied for the medal. At last Captain Gammell has found himself decorated with two – one the Jubilee medal, accompanied by a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby on behalf of the Queen; the other the Peninsular medal, with the clasp for the Nive, forwarded by the Duke of Cambridge. It is never too late to decorate a gallant man, and Colonel Balguy, who has been active in this matter, is to be congratulated upon the success which his efforts have attained."

be seen to dive under the water, head down, and keel uppermost; again, in the twinkling of an eye, he raises himself erect out of the water, and scuds along as if nothing had happened."

On February 8th the *Alceste*, sailed from Portsmouth for China, having on board Lord Amherst, appointed Ambassador to that Country, and a numerous suite, the ships also conveying numerous presents for the Emperor. Of this expedition we shall hear more in next year's Chronicle.

The Regent was always being satirized by the publication of some of his own puerilities, or those of his suite, who, of course, took their tone from him. The *Brighton Herald* is answerable for the following: "A gallant Admiral, residing at the Pavilion, was, a few days since, presented by a certain Great Personage, with a beautiful milk-white mare, which it was stated, had just arrived from Hanover. Nothing was talked of but this fine creature; and every one seemed anxious to have her merits put to the test. The Admiral mounted, tried her in all her paces, and though he could but approve, yet he pronounced her to be greatly inferior to a favourite black mare of his own. The present, however, coming from so high a quarter, was, of course, received with every expression of duty and thankfulness. The long switching tail of the animal, not exactly suiting the Admiral's taste, he sent her to a farrier to have it cropped, – when, lo! he speedily received intelligence that it was a *false* tail, and that, beneath it, appeared a short black, one. This curious fact led to a minuter inspection, when it was at length discovered that this *beautiful white Hanoverian horse* was no other than the good-humoured Admiral's own *black mare*, which had been painted in a manner to elude his detection." Thus it was that "*le Roi s'amuse*."

But the Regent was fit for better things. On the very same date that the above was recorded, we find that he ordered, at his own expense, a splendid monument to be erected at Rome, in memory of Cardinal York, the last legitimate descendant of the Stuarts.

Another serious event was preparing for him, the marriage of his daughter. We have seen that she would have none of the Prince of Orange – it is not quite certain whether, at this time, she was dotingly fond of him who was to be her partner in life for the brief portion of time allotted her. At all events, he came over here, in February, as the suitor for her hand – arriving on the 21st, and dutifully waited upon "papa" on the 23rd. That his suit would be a prosperous one, there could hardly be a doubt, for he was received by the Duke of Clarence, Sir R. Bloomfield (the Regent's Chamberlain), Count Hardenberg, and the Nobility then residing at the Pavilion.

"Happy's the wooing, that's not long a-doing," says the old rhyme, and this was speedily brought to a conclusion. The Prince paid his devoirs to his future bride, and her "stern parent," and then gracefully retired from the scene. In those days of no Telegraphs, the news of people's happiness, or misfortunes, was longer in reaching them than now, for a King's Messenger had to go to Paris, only to find Prince Leopold gone to Berlin, and to follow him there, in order to tell him that the English Princess Royal had been graciously pleased to accept him for her husband. On the Messenger's return, the consent of the Prince Regent was officially given, and the Lord Chancellor affixed the great Seal to the Marriage Contract.

On Thursday, the 14th of March, Lord Castlereagh appeared at the bar of the House of Commons with the following message from the Prince Regent:

"The Prince Regent, acting in the name, and on the behalf of his Majesty, having given the royal consent to a marriage between his daughter, her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte Augusta, and his Serene Highness Leopold George Frederick, Prince of Cobourg of Saalfield, has thought fit to communicate the same to this House.

"His Royal Highness is fully persuaded that this alliance cannot but be acceptable to all his Majesty's faithful subjects; and the many proofs which his Highness has received of the affectionate attachment of this House to his Majesty's person and family, leave him no room to doubt of the concurrence and assistance of this House, in enabling him to make such a provision, with a view to the said marriage, as may be suitable to the honour and dignity of the Country.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.