

# JOHN ASHTON

ENGLISH CARICATURE  
AND SATIRE ON  
NAPOLEON I. VOLUME II  
(OF 2)

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on Napoleon I. Volume II (of 2)**

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**Ashton J.**

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## English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I. Volume II (of 2)

### CHAPTER XXXVIII

#### INVASION SQUIBS – CADOU DAL’S CONSPIRACY – EXECUTION OF THE DUC D’ENGHIEN – CAPTAIN WRIGHT

The Volunteer movement was well shown in a print by A. M., November 1803: ‘Boney attacking the English Hives, or the Corsican caught at last in the Island.’ There are many hives, the chief of which has a royal crown on its top, and is labelled ‘Royal London Hive. Threadneedle Street Honey’ – which Napoleon is attacking, sword in hand. George the Third, as Bee Master, stands behind the hives, and says, ‘What! what! you plundering little Corsican Villain, have you come to rob my industrious Bees of their Honey? I won’t trust to your oath. Sting, Sting the Viper to the heart my good Bees, let Buz, Buz be the Word in the Island.’ The bees duly obey their master’s request, and come in clouds over Napoleon, who has to succumb, and pray, kneeling, ‘Curse those Bees they sting like Scorpions. I did not think this Nation of Shopkeepers could sting so sharp. Pray good Master of the Bees, do call them off, and I will swear by all the three creeds which I profess, Mahometan, Infidel, and Christian, that I will never disturb your Bees again.’

‘Selling the Skin before the Bear is caught, or cutting up the Bull before he is killed,’ is by I. Cruikshank (December 21, 1803), and represents a Bull reposing calmly on the English shore, whilst on the opposite or French coast is Bonaparte, Talleyrand, and several Generals. Bonaparte, pointing to the Bull, says: ‘I shall take the Middle part, because it contains the Heart and Vitals – Talley, you may take the head, because you have been accustomed to take the Bull by the horns.’ Britannia stands, fully armed, behind the Bull, by an ‘alarm post,’ on which hangs a bell, ‘British Valor,’ which she is preparing to ring: ‘When these Mounseers have settled their plan, I will just rouse the Bull, and then see who will be cut up first.’

‘New Bellman’s Verses for Christmas 1803!’ is an extremely inartistic work of an unknown man (December 1803); the only thing worth quoting about it are these verses: —

This little Boney says he’ll come  
At Merry Christmas time,  
But that I say is all a hum,  
Or I no more will rhyme.

Some say in wooden house he’ll glide,  
Some say in air Balloon,  
E’en those who airy schemes deride,  
Agree his coming soon.

Now honest people list to me,  
Though Income is but small,  
I’ll bet my Wig to one Pen – ney,  
He does not come at all.

‘More than expected, or too many for Boney’ (artist unknown, December 1803), shows him as an Ass, on whose back is John Bull, Russia, Prussia, and Germany. Says Russia, ‘We all depend upon you Mr. Bull – give him a little more spurring, and we’ll soon make him feel the Rowels.’ John mildly expostulates with his quadruped: ‘Come – come, don’t be sulky – if you won’t go in a snaffle, you must be forced to go in a curb.’

Dean Swift’s immortal book did yeoman’s service to the caricaturists, and we find it again employed in a print by West, December 1803: ‘The Brobdingnag Watchman preventing Gulliver’s landing.’ It is very feeble, and merely consists of George the Third as a watchman turning the light of the ‘Constitutional Lanthorn’ upon Bonaparte and his companions, who are attempting a landing.

Another print, by West (December 1803), shows ‘Mr. and Mrs. Bull giving Buonaparte a Christmas Treat!’ The latter is bound to a post in sight of, but beyond reach of, the national fare of this festival. John Bull says, holding up a piece of beef, in derision, ‘Yes, yes – the Beef is very good, so is the pudding too – but the deuce a morsel do you get of either, Master Boney.’ Mrs. Bull too, who is drinking from a frothing tankard, says: ‘Your health Master Boney, wishing you a merry Christmas,’ but offers him none.

An unknown artist gives an undated picture of ‘a Cock and Bull Story.’ Napoleon, as the Gallic Cock, on his side of the Channel, sings

Cock a dudle doo, I shall come over to you.  
I’ll fight true game, and crow my Fame,  
And make you all look blue.

John Bull, who is peacefully reposing in his pastures rejoins: —

You impertinent Cock, I’ll have you to know  
On this side the Brook, you never shall Crow,  
And if you’re not quick, and give up your jaw,  
I’ll teach you the nature of English Club Law.

In 1803 was published an amusing squib, in which the names of various plays are very ingeniously made into a patriotic address: —

## THE GREEN ROOM OPINION

### OF THE

### Threatened Invasion

Should the Modern *Tamerlane* revive the tragedy of *England Invaded*, and, in the progress of his *Wild goose Chase*, escape the *Tempest*, he will find that, with us, it is *Humours of the Age* to be *Volunteers*. He will prove that we have many a *Plain Dealer*, who will tear off *the Mask*, under which *the Hypocrite*, this *Fool of Fortune*, this *Choleric man*, has abused a credulous world. Should he, to a *Wonder*, attempt a *Trip to Scarborough*, to set them *all alive at Portsmouth*, or to get *on both sides of the gutter*, he will assuredly meet a *Chapter of Accidents* on his *Road to Ruin*; for

*Britannia and the Gods are in Council*, to make him a *Castle Spectre*: he will, too late, discover *the Secret of Who's the Dupe*; and that it is *the Custom of the Country of John Bull*, to shew *the Devil to pay* to any *Busybody*, who seeks to enforce on us *Reformation*.

This *Double Dealer*, who has excited dismay *Abroad and at Home*, and gained *Notoriety* by the magnitude of the mischiefs he has achieved, still presumes, by *the Wheel of Fortune*, like another *Pizarro*, to satiate his *Revenge*, and to learn *How to grow Rich*, by renewing the distressing scenes of *the Siege of Damascus*; until amongst the desolated ruins of our City, he should establish himself like a *London Hermit*. That *he Would if he Could*, is past all doubt; but if he will take a *Word to the Wise*, from a *Man of the World*, he will believe *He's much to blame*, and *All in the Wrong*; for *the Doctor and the Apothecary* are in *the Committee*; and by good *Management*, are forward in *the Rehearsal* of the lively Comedy of *the Way to keep Him under Lock and Key*. They may not be able to produce for him a *Cure for the Heartache*, or for *the Vapourish Man*, but they will shew him at least *Cheap Living*, and prove that he has sown his *Wild Oats*, in a *Comedy of Errors*.

*The Poor Soldier*, whose generous heart expands to render *Love for Love*, is like the gallant and gay *Lothario*, armed for either field, and prepared to give *Measure for Measure*; and to convert the *Agreeable Surprize*, which the *Acre Runaway* anticipates in *the Camp*, from *the Beaux Stratagem* into a *Tale of Mystery*. *Appearances are against him*, as well as *the Chances*; but he is a desperate *Gamester*; and although his schemes of *Conquest* will end in *Much ado about Nothing*, like a *Midsummer's night's Dream*, or a *Winter's Tale*, yet he is *Heir at Law* to our hate; and *Every one has his Fault*, if he does not unite to revive the splendid scenes of *Edward the Black Prince*, and *Henry the Fifth*, when France trembled beneath our arms at *Cressy* and *Agincourt*; and give to this unprincipled *Bajazet* an exit corresponding with his crimes.

## A NEW SONG OF OLD SAYINGS

Bonaparte the Bully resolved to come over,  
With flat-bottomed Wherries, from Calais to Dover;  
No perils to him in the billows are found,  
'For if born to be hang'd, he can never be drown'd.'

From a Corsican dunghill this fungus did spring,  
He was soon made a Captain and would be a King;  
But the higher he rises the more he does evil,  
'For a Beggar, on horseback, will ride to the Devil.'

To seize all that we have and then clap us in jail,  
To devour our victuals, and drink all our ale,  
And to grind us to dust is the Corsican's will —  
'For we know all is grist that e'er comes to his mill.'

To stay quiet, at home, the First Consul can't bear  
Or, mayhap, 'he would have other fish to fry there';

So, as fish of that sort does not suit his desire,  
*'He leaps out of the frying pan, into the fire.'*

He builds barges and cock boats, and craft without end  
And numbers the boats which to England he'll send;  
But in spite of his craft, and his barges and boats  
*'He still reckons, I think, without one of his hosts.'*

He rides upon France and he tramples on Spain,  
And holds Holland and Italy tight in a Chain;  
These he hazards for more, though I can't understand,  
*'How one bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.'*

He trusts that his luck will all danger expel,  
*'But the pitcher is broke that goes oft to the well';*  
And when our brave soldiers this Bully surround,  
*'Though he's thought Penny Wise, he'll be foolish in Pound.'*

France can never forget that our fathers of yore,  
Used to pepper and baste her at sea and at shore;  
And we'll speedily prove to this mock-Alexander,  
*'What was sauce for the goose, will be sauce for the Gander.'*

I have heard and have read in a great many books,  
Half the Frenchmen are Tailors, and t'other half Cooks; —  
We've fine Trimmings in store for the Knights of the Cloth,  
*'And the Cooks that come here, will but spoil their own broth.'*

It is said that the French are a numerous race,  
And perhaps it is true – for *'ill weeds grow apace'*;  
But come when they will, and as many as dare,  
*'I expect they'll arive a day after the fair.'*

To invade us more safely these warriors boast  
They will wait till a storm drives our fleet from the Coast,  
That 'twill be an *'ill wind,'* will be soon understood,  
For a wind *that blows* Frenchmen, *'blows nobody good.'*

They would treat Britain worse than they've treated Mynheer,  
But they'll find *'they have got the wrong sow by the ear.'*  
Let them come then in swarms, by this Corsican lead,  
And I warrant *'we'll hit the right nail on the head.'*

The year 1804 was a most eventful one for Napoleon. With all his hatred of England, and his wish for her invasion, he was powerless in that matter, and had plenty to employ him at home. The English had got used to their bugbear the flotilla, and the caricaturist had a rest. Napoleon had his hands full. First and foremost was that conspiracy against his life and government, in which Georges Cadoudal, Moreau, and Pichegru figure so prominently, and which entailed the execution of the Duc d'Enghien.

The Bourbon house he so detested,  
He had the Duke d'Enghien arrested;  
A sort of trial then took place,  
And sentence passed – the usual case.  
'Tis said that Boney chose a spot,  
To see the gallant fellow shot.

Whatever may have been Napoleon's conduct in this affair, these two last lines are undoubtedly false. The duke had been residing at Ettenheim, in the duchy of Baden, and was thought to be there in readiness to head the Royalists in case of need, that his hunting was but a pretext to cover flying visits to Paris, and that he was the person whom Georges Cadoudal and his fellow conspirators always received bareheaded. He was seized, brought to Paris, and lodged in the Château de Vincennes. A few hours' rest, and he was roused at midnight to go before his judges. It was in vain he pleaded the innocence of his occupations, and begged to have an interview with the First Consul; yet he declared he had borne arms against France, and his wish to serve in the war on the English side against France; and owned that he received a pension of one hundred and fifty guineas a month from England. He was found guilty and condemned to death, and two hours afterwards was led out into the ditch of the fortress, and there shot, a priest being refused him. O'Meara, describing a conversation with Napoleon on this subject, says: 'I now asked if it were true that Talleyrand had retained a letter written by the Duc d'Enghien to him until two days after the duke's execution? Napoleon's reply was, "It is true; the duke had written a letter offering his services, and asking a command in the Army from me, which that *scelerato*, Talleyrand, did not make known until two days after his execution." I observed that Talleyrand, by his culpable concealment of the letter, was virtually guilty of the death of the duke. "Talleyrand," replied Napoleon, "is a *briccone*, capable of any crime. I," continued he, "caused the Duc d'Enghien to be arrested in consequence of the Bourbons having landed assassins in France to murder me. I was resolved to let them see that the blood of one of their princes should pay for their attempts, and he was accordingly tried for having borne arms against the republic, found guilty, and shot, according to the existing laws against such a crime.'"

Ansell (June 2, 1804) gives us 'The Cold Blooded Murderer, or the Assassination of the Duc d'Enghien,' in which the duke is represented as being bound to a tree, a soldier on either side holding a torch, whilst Napoleon is running his sword into his heart. D'Enghien bravely cries out, 'Assassin! your Banditti need not cover my Eyes, I fear not Death, tho' perhaps a guiltless countenance may appall your bloodthirsty soul.' Napoleon, whilst stabbing his victim, says: 'Now de whole World shall know de courage of de first grand Consul, dat I can kill my enemies in de Dark, as well as de light, by Night as well as by Day, – dare – and dare I had him – hark, vat noise was dat? ah! 'tis only de Wind – dare again, and dare – Now I shall certainly be made Emperor of de Gulls.'<sup>1</sup> Devils are rejoicing over the deed, and are bearing a crown. They say: 'This glorious deed does well deserve a Crown, thus let us feed his wild ambition, untill some bold avenging hand shall make him all our own.'

A Captain Wright figures in this plot; and, as he was an Englishman, and his name is frequent both in the caricature and satire of the day, some notice of him must be given. He was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and somehow got mixed up with this conspiracy. He took Georges Cadoudal and others on board either at Deal or Hastings, and crossed over to Beville, where there was a smuggler's rope let down from an otherwise inaccessible cliff. By means of this they were drawn up, and went secretly to Paris. The plot failed, and they were thrown into prison, Wright being afterwards captured at sea. Cadoudal went to the scaffold, Pichegru was found strangled in his cell; and Wright, the

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<sup>1</sup> Gauls.

English said, after being tortured in prison, to compel him to give evidence against his companions, was assassinated by order of Napoleon.

The latter, however, always indignantly denied it, saying that Captain Wright committed suicide. In O'Meara's book he denies it several times, and an extract or two will be worth noting. 'In different nights of August, September, and December 1803 and January 1804, Wright landed Georges, Pichegru, Rivière, Costa, St. Victor, La Haye, St. Hilaire, and others at Beville. The four last named had been accomplices in the former attempt to assassinate me by means of the infernal machine, and most of the rest were well known to be chiefs of the Chouans,' &c. 'There was something glorious in Wright's death. He preferred taking away his own life, to compromising his government.' 'Napoleon in very good spirits. Asked many questions about the horses that had won at the races, and the manner in which we trained them; how much I had won or lost; and about the ladies, &c. "You had a large party yesterday," continued he. "How many bottles of wine? Drink, your eyes look like drink," which he expressed in English. "Who dined with you?" I mentioned Captain Wallis amongst others. "What! is that the lieutenant who was with Wright?" I replied in the affirmative. "What does he say about Wright's death?" I said, "He states his belief that Wright was murdered by orders of Fouché, for the purpose of ingratiating himself with you. That six or seven weeks previous, Wright had told him that he expected to be murdered like Pichegru, and begged of him never to believe that he would commit suicide; that he had received a letter from Wright, about four or five weeks before his death, in which he stated that he was better treated, allowed to subscribe to a library, and to receive newspapers." Napoleon replied, "I will never allow that Wright was put to death by Fouché's orders. If he was put to death privately, it must have been by my orders, and not by those of Fouché. Fouché knew me too well. He was aware that I would have had him hanged directly, if he attempted it. By this officer's own words, Wright was not *au secret*, as he says he saw him some weeks before his death, and that he was allowed books and newspapers. Now, if it had been in contemplation to make away with him, he would have been put *au secret* for months before, in order that people might not be accustomed to see him for some time previous, as I thought this \* \* \* intended to do in November last. Why not examine the gaolers and turnkeys? The Bourbons have every opportunity of proving it, if such really took place. But your ministers themselves do not believe it. The idea I have of what was my opinion at that time about Wright, is faint; but, as well as I can recollect, it was that he ought to have been brought before a military commission, for having landed spies and assassins, and the sentence executed within forty-eight hours. What dissuaded me from doing so, I cannot clearly recollect. Were I in France at this moment, and a similar occurrence took place, the above would be my opinion, and I would write to the English Government: 'Such an officer of yours has been tried for landing brigands and assassins on my territories. I have caused him to be tried by a military commission. He has been condemned to death. The sentence has been carried into execution. If any of my officers in your prisons have been guilty of the same, try, and execute them. You have my full permission and acquiescence. Or, if you find, hereafter, any of my officers landing assassins on your shores, shoot them instantly.'"

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### NAPOLEON PROCLAIMED EMPEROR – THE FLOTILLA – INVASION SQUIBS

The most important event of the year to Napoleon himself, was his being made Emperor. Although First Consul for life, with power to appoint his successor, it did not satisfy his ambition. He would fain be Emperor, and that strong will, which brooked no thwarting, took measures to promote that result. In the Senate M. Curée moved, ‘that the First Consul be invested with the hereditary power, under the title of Emperor,’ and this motion was but feebly fought against by a few members, so that at last an address was drawn up, beseeching Napoleon to yield to the wishes of the nation. A *plébiscite* was taken on the subject, with the result that over three millions and a half people voted for it, and only about two thousand against it. On May 18, Cambacérès, at the head of the Senate, waited upon Napoleon, at St. Cloud, with an address detailing the feelings and wishes of the nation. It is needless to say that Napoleon ‘accepted the Empire, in order that he might labour for the happiness of the French.’

The brave First Consul now began  
To set on foot his fav’rite plan;  
The Senate, when the door was clos’d,  
As Emperor of France, propos’d  
Brave Boney, and his heirs, and then  
They call’d him worthiest of men;  
So much accusom’d down to cram a lie,  
They prais’d, too, his *illustrious* family.  
What *sweet* addresses, what *kind* answers,  
A proof mankind, too, oft in France errs;  
All these were equally prepared  
In Boney’s closet, ’tis declared.  
Addresses from the army came,  
Which were in tendency the same.  
Nap manag’d matters with facility,  
Such was the people’s instability.  
A deputation waited on him,  
And by *solicitation* won him;  
In a fine sentimental speech,  
Began they Boney to beseech,  
That he would graciously agree  
The Emperor of France to be;  
Elected by the general voice,  
They said he was the people’s Choice,  
And begg’d the title to confer  
On one who was not *prone to err*.  
Nap much humility pretended,  
But to accept it *condescended*.  
The business settled thus, *nem. con.*

He put th' imperial purple on,  
More gay appear'd his lovely wife,  
Than e'er she did in all her life;  
It was enough to make her grin,  
As she was Empress Josephine.  
Nap now sent letters by the dozens,  
To the French Bishops, his new *cousins*,  
Informing them that Heav'n, indeed,  
His elevation had decreed;  
And, trusting for the same, that they  
Wou'd order a thanksgiving day.  
As Nap – 'twas wise we must allow —  
A Roman Catholic was now;  
A prayer had been, to this intent,  
By the Pope's legate to them sent.  
Moreover, all the Christian Nations,  
Received the same notifications.  
Soon made they every preparation  
For a most brilliant Coronation.

The flotilla, on the other side of the Channel, was still looked upon with uneasiness, and watched with jealous care. Still, we find that it was only at the commencement of the year that it was caricatured, Napoleon's being made Emperor proving a more favourite subject; and, besides, a feeling sprung up that there was not much mischief in it.

One of the most singular caricatures, in connection with the projected invasion, that I have met with is by Ansell, January 6, 1804. 'The Coffin Expedition, or Boney's Invincible Armada Half seas over.' The flotilla is here represented as gunboats, in the shape of coffins: all the crews, naval and military, wearing shrouds; whilst at the masthead of each vessel is a skull with *bonnet rouge*. It is needless to say they are represented as all foundering, one man exclaiming, 'Oh de Corsican Bougre was make dese Gun boats on purpose for our Funeral.' Some British vessels are in the mid distance, and two tars converse thus: 'I say Messmate, if we dont bear up quickly, there will be nothing left for us to do.' 'Right, Tom, and I take them there things at the Masthead to be Boney's Crest, a skull without brains.'

'Dutch Embarkation; or Needs must when the Devil drives!!' (artist unknown, January 1804) represents Bonaparte, with drawn sword, driving fat, solid Dutchmen each into a gun-boat about as big as a walnut-shell. One remonstrates: 'D – n such Liberty, and D – n such a Flotilla!! I tell you we might as well embark in Walnut Shells.' But Bonaparte replies: 'Come, come, Sir, no grumbling, I insist on your embarking and destroying the modern Carthage – don't you consider the liberty you enjoy – and the grand flotilla that is to carry you over!'

As good a one as any of Gillray's caricatures is the King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver, February 10, 1804 – scene, 'Gulliver manœuvring with his little boat in the cistern.' The king and queen (excellent likenesses) and two princesses are looking on at Bonaparte sailing, whilst the young princes are blowing, to make a wind for him. Lord Salisbury stands behind the royal chair, and beefeaters and ladies of the court complete the scene. This, however, is specially described as 'designed by an amateur, etched by Gillray.'

'A French Alarmist, or John Bull looking out for the Grand Flotilla!!' (West, March 1804.) He is on the coast, accompanied by his bull-dog, and armed with a sword, looking through a telescope. Behind him is a Frenchman, who is saying, 'Ah! Ah! Monsieur Bull, – dere you see our Grande flotilla – de grande gon boats – ma foi – dere you see em sailing for de grand attack on your nation – dere you

see de Bombs and de Cannons – Dere you see de Grande Consul himself at de head of his Legions. Dere you see – ’ But John Bull replies, ‘Mounseer, all this I cannot see – because ’tis not in sight.’

We now come to the caricatures relating to the Empire.

A print, attributed to Rowlandson (May 1804?), shows ‘A Great Man on his Hobby Horse, a design for an Intended Statue on the Place la Liberté at Paris.’ Napoleon is riding *the high horse* ‘Power,’ which prances on a Globe.

‘A new French Phantasmagoria’ is by an unknown artist (May 1804). John Bull cannot realise the fact of Napoleon being Emperor, but stares at him through an enormous pair of spectacles. ‘Bless me, what comes here – its time to put on my large spectacles, and tuck up my trowsers. Why, surely, it can’t be – it is Bonny too, for all that. Why what game be’st thee at now? acting a play mayhap. What hast thee got on thy head there? always at some new freak or other.’ Bonaparte, in imperial robes, and with crown and sceptre, holds out his hand, and says: ‘What! my old Friend, Mr. Bull, don’t you know me?’

Ansell gives us (May 28, 1804) ‘The Frog and the Ox, or The Emperor of the *Gulls* in his stolen gear.’ Napoleon, very small, is depicted as capering about in imperial robes, with an enormous crown made of coins, daggers, and a cup of poison; his sceptre has for its top a guillotine. George the Third is regarding him through his glass. Napoleon says, ‘There Brother! there! I shall soon be as Big as you, it’s a real Crown, but it’s cursed heavy, my Head begins to ache already. I say Can’t we have a grand meeting like Henry the 8th and Francis the 1st?’ King George cannot quite make out the mannikin. ‘What have we got here, eh? A fellow that has stolen some Dollars, and made a Crown of them, eh? and then wants to pass them off for Sterling; it won’t go, it won’t pass Fellow.’ Beside the King is a bull, and behind Napoleon is a frog, who is trying to swell to the bull’s proportions, whilst John Bull laughingly remarks, ‘Dang it, why a looks as tho a’d burst: a’l nerr be zo big as one of our Oxen tho.’

‘Injecting blood Royal, or Phlebotomy at St. Cloud,’ shews Napoleon, in his new phase of power, having the blood of a Royal Tiger infused into his veins. He says, ‘It’s a delightful operation! I feel the Citizenship oozing out at my fingers’ ends. – let all the family be plentifully supplied! Carry up a Bucket full to the Empress immediately!!!’

In June 1804 I. Cruikshank drew a picture called ‘the Right Owner.’ Louis the Eighteenth appears to Napoleon, and, pointing to his crown, says, ‘That’s Mine.’ Napoleon, who is seated on his throne, armed with sword, pistols, and dagger, shrinks back in violent alarm, exclaiming, ‘Angels and Ministers of Grace defend me.’

‘A Proposal from the New Emperor’ is a caricature by Ansell (July 9, 1804). He comes, cap, or rather crown, in hand, to John Bull, saying, ‘My Dear Cousin Bull – I have a request to make you – the good people whom I govern, have been so lavish of their favors towards me – that they have exhausted every title in the Empire – therefore, in addition, I wish you to make me a Knight of Malta.’ John Bull replies, ‘I’ll see you d – d first!! You know I told you so before.’

‘The Imperial Coronation’ is a very inartistic sketch by an unknown artist (July 31, 1804). Napoleon is being crowned by the Pope, who says, ‘In a little time you shall see him, and in a little time you shall not see him,’ and then lets down the crown, with cruel force, by a rope and pulley from the gibbet from which it has been suspended. Its weight crushes him through the platform on which he has been sitting, and he exclaims, ‘My dear Talleyrand, save me; My throne is giving way. I am afraid the foundation is rotten, and wants a deal of mending.’ Talleyrand sympathisingly answers, ‘Oh, Master, Master, the Crown is too heavy for you.’

I. Cruikshank drew ‘Harlequin’s last Skip’ (August 23, 1804). Bonaparte is represented in a harlequin’s suit, enormous cocked hat, boots, and a blackened face. His sword is broken, and, with upraised hands, in a supplicating attitude, he exclaims, ‘O Sacre Dieu! John Bull is de very Devil.’ John Bull, with upraised cudgel, says: ‘Mr. Boney Party, you have changed Characters pretty often and famously well, and skipped about at a precious rate. But this Invasion hop is your last – we have got you snug – the devil a trap to get through here – Your conjuration sword has lost its Power; you

have lied till you are black in the face, and there is no believing a word you say – so now you shall carry John Bull's mark about with you, as every swaggerer should.'

'British men of war towing in the Invader's Fleet,' artist unknown (September 25, 1804), shows a number of English sailors seated on the necks of French and Dutch men, whom they are guiding over the sea to England. One sailor, evidently a Scotchman, is pulling his opponent's ears; the poor Frenchman cries out, 'Oh Morbleu! de salt water make me sick; O mine pauvre Ears!' but his ruthless conqueror has no pity, 'Deil tak your soul, ye lubberly Loon, gin ye dinna mak aw sail, I'll twist off your lugs.' An English sailor rides the redoubtable Boney, and pulls his nose: 'Steady Master Emperor, if you regard your Imperial Nose. Remember a British Tar has you in tow – No more of this wonderful, this great and mighty nation who frighten all the world with their buggabo invasion.' But Boney pleads, 'Oh! mercy, take me back, me will make you all Emperors; it will be Boney here, Boney there, and Boney everywhere, and me wish to my heart me was dead.' An Irish sailor on a Dutchman yells out, 'By Jasus, my Jewel, these bum boats are quizzical toys and sure – heave ahead, you bog trotting spalpeen, or I shall be after keel hauling you. Huzza, Huzza, Huzza, my boys, Huzza! 'Tis Britannia boys, Britannia rules the waves.' Another Dutchman complains, 'O Mynheer Jan English you vill break my back.' But the relentless sailor who bestrides him takes out his tobacco-box, and says, 'Now for a quid of comfort! pretty gig for Jack Tars. Good bye to your bombast, we're going to Dover, Was ever poor Boney, so fairly done over.'

A most remarkable caricature by Ansell (October 25, 1804) shows to what length party spirit will lead men – making truth entirely subservient to party purposes. It probably paid to vilify Napoleon, and consequently this picture was produced. It is called 'Boney's Inquisition. Another Specimen of his Humanity on the person of Madame Toussaint.' Whatever may be our opinion of his treatment of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the only record we have in history (and I have expended much time and trouble in trying to find out the truth of the matter) is that his family, who were brought to France at the same time as himself, took up their residence at Agen, where his wife died in 1816. His eldest son, Isaac, died at Bordeaux in 1850. Now to describe the picture. Madame l'Ouverture is depicted as being bound to a stretcher nearly naked, whilst three Frenchmen are tearing her breasts with red-hot pincers. Another is pulling out her finger-nails with a similar instrument. She exclaims: 'Oh Justice! Oh Humanity, Oh Deceitfull Villain, in vain you try to blot the Character of the English: 'tis their magnanimity which harrasses your dastard soul.' One of the torturers says: 'Eh! Diable! Why you no confess noting?' Napoleon is seated on his throne, watching the scene with evident delight, chuckling to himself, 'This is Luxury. Jaffa, Acre, Toulon and D'Enghien was nothing to it. Slave, those pincers are not half hot, save those nails for my Cabinet, and if she dies, we can make a confession for her.'

'The Genius of France nursing her darling' is by a new hand, T. B. d – lle (November 26, 1804). 'France, whilst dandling her darling, and amusing him with a rattle, sings —

There's a little King Pippin  
He shall have a Rattle and Crown;  
Bless thy five Wits,<sup>2</sup> my Baby,  
Mind it don't throw itself down!  
Hey my Kitten, my Kitten, &c.

An unknown artist (December 11, 1804) gives us 'The death of Madame Republique.' Madame lies a corpse on her bed. Sieyès, as nurse, dandles the new emperor. John Bull, spectacles on nose, inquires, 'Pray Mr. Abbé Sayes – what was the cause of the poor lady's Death? She seem'd at one

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<sup>2</sup> False of Heart, light of Ear, bloody of Hand, Fox in Stealth, Wolf in Greediness, Dog in Madness, Lion in Prey; – bless thy five Wits. King Lear, act iii. scene 4.

time in a tolerable thriving way.' Sieyès replies, 'She died in Child bed, Mr. Bull, after giving birth to this little Emperor.'

'The Loyalist's Alphabet, an Original Effusion,' by James Bisset (September 3, 1804), consists of twenty-four small engravings, each in a lozenge.

'A, stands for Albion's Isle,' – Britannia seated.

'B, for brave Britons renown'd.' – A soldier and sailor shaking hands.

'C, for a Corsican tyrant,' – Napoleon, with a skull, the guillotine, &c., in the background.

'D, his dread downfall must sound.' – Being hurled from his throne by lightning.

'E, for embattl'd we stand,' – A troop of soldiers.

'F, 'gainst the French our proud Foes,' – shews England guarded by her ships, and the flotilla coming over.

'G, for our glorious Gunners,' – Three artillerymen, and a cannon.

'H, for Heroical blows,' – shews a ship being blown up.

'I, for Invasion once stood,' – Some soldiers carousing. The English flag above the tricolour.

'J, proves 'twas all a mere Joke.' – A soldier laughing heartily, and holding his sides.

'K, for a favorite King, to deal against Knaves a great stroke. – Medallion of George the Third.

'L, stands for Liberties' laws,' – A cap of liberty, mitre, pastoral staff, crown, and open book.

'M, Magna Charta's strong chain.' – A soldier, sailor, Highlander, and civilian, joining hands.

'N, Noble Nelson, whom Neptune, near Nile crown'd the Lord of the Main,' – is a portrait of the Hero.

'O, stands for Britain's fam'd Oak,' – which is duly portrayed.

'P, for each brave British Prince.' – The three feathers show the Prince of Wales, in volunteer uniform.

'Q, never once made a Question, Respecting the Deeds they'd evince,' – is an officer drawing his sword.

'If R, for our Rights takes the field,' – is a yeomanry volunteer.

'Or S, should a signal display,' – The British Standard.

'They'd each call with T for the Trumpet. To Horse my brave boys and away.' – A mounted Trumpeter.

'U, for United, we stand, V for our bold Volunteers,' – represents one of the latter.

'Whom W welcomes in War, and joins loyal X in three Cheers.' – A soldier and sailor, with hands clasped, cheering.

'With Y all our Youths sally forth, the standards of Freedom advance,' – is a cannon between two standards.

'With Z proving Englishmen's Zeal, to humble the Zany of France,' – shews Napoleon with a fool's cap on, chained to the wall in a cell.

## CHAPTER XL

### NAPOLEON'S CORONATION

Napoleon's coronation was the great event of the year; but some time before it was consummated the English caricaturist took advantage of it, and J. B. (West), in September 1804, produced a 'Design for an Imperial Crown to be used at the Coronation of the New Emperor.' A perusal of the foregoing pages will render any explanation unnecessary.

Napoleon omitted no ceremony which could enhance the pageant of his coronation. The Pope must be present: no meaner ecclesiastic should hallow this rite, and he was gently *invited* to come to Paris for this purpose. Poor Pius VII. had very little option in the matter. His master wanted him, and he must needs go; but Napoleon gilded the chain which drew him. During the whole of his journey he was received with the greatest reverence, and could hardly have failed to have been impressed with the great care and attention paid to him. For instance, the dangerous places in the passage of the Alps were protected by parapets, so that his Holiness should incur no danger. On his arrival at Paris he was lodged in the Tuileries, and a very delicate attention was paid him – his bedchamber was fitted as a counterpart of his own in the palace of Monte-Cavallo, at Rome.

The eventful 2nd of December came at last; but, before we note the ceremony itself, we must pause awhile to see how the English caricaturist treated the procession.

Hardly any one of Gillray's caricatures (January 1, 1805) is as effective as 'The Grand Coronation Procession of Napoleone the 1st, Emperor of France, from the Church of Notre Dame, Dec. 2nd, 1804. Redeunt Satania regna, Iam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto!' Huge bodies of troops form the background, whose different banners are – a comet setting the world ablaze; an Imperial crown and the letters SPQN; un Dieu, un Napoleon; a serpent biting its tail, surrounding a crowned N. and a Sun, 'Napoleone ye 1st le Soleil de la Constitution.'

The procession is headed by 'His Imperial Highness Prince Louis Buonaparte Marbœuf' (a delicate hint as to his paternity), 'High Constable of the Empire,' who, theatrically dressed, struts, carrying a drum-major's staff fashioned like a sceptre. Behind him come 'The Three Imperial Graces, viz. their Imp. High. Princess Borghese, Princess Louis (cher amie of ye Emperor) & Princess Joseph Bonaparte.' These ladies are clad in a most diaphanous costume, which leaves little of their forms to the imagination, and they occupy themselves by scattering flowers as they pass along.

After them comes 'Madame Talleyrand (ci-devant Mrs. Halhead the Prophetess),' a stout, Jewish-looking woman, who is 'Conducting the Heir Apparent in ye Path of Glory' – and a most precocious little imp it looks. After them hobbles 'Talleyrand Perigord, Prime Minister and King at Arms, bearing the Emperor's Genealogy,' which begins with 'Buone Butcher,' goes on with 'Bonny Cuckold,' till it reaches the apex of 'Boney Emperor.' Pope Pius VII. follows, and under his cope is the devil disguised as an acolyte, bearing a candle; Cardinal Fesch is by, and acts as thurifer. The incense is in clouds: 'Les Adresses des Municipalités de Paris – Les Adorations des Badauds – Les Hommages des Canailles – Les Admirations des Fous – Les Congratulations des Grenouilles – Les Humilités des Poltrons.'

Then comes the central figures of the pageant, 'His Imperial Majesty Napoleone ye 1st and the Empress Josephine,' the former scowling ferociously, the latter looking blowsy, and fearfully stout. Three harridans, 'ci-devant Poissardes,' support her train, whilst that of Napoleon is borne by a Spanish don, an Austrian hussar, and a Dutchman, whose tattered breeches testify to his poverty. These are styled 'Puissant Continental Powers – Train Bearers to the Emperor.' Following them come 'Berthier, Bernadotte, Angerou, and all the brave Train of Republican Generals;' but they are

handcuffed, and their faces display, unmistakably, the scorn in which they hold their old comrade. Behind them poses a short corpulent figure, 'Senator Fouché, Intendant General of ye Police, bearing the Sword of Justice.' But Fouché is not content with this weapon. His other hand grasps an assassin's dagger, and both it, and the sword, are well imbrued in blood. The rear of the procession is made up of a 'Garde d'Honneur,' which consists of a gaoler with the keys of the *Temple* and a set of fetters; a *mouchard* with his report, 'Espionnage de Paris;' *Monsieur de Paris*, the executioner, bears a coil of rope with a noose, and a banner with a representation of the guillotine – and a prisoner, holding aloft two bottles respectively labelled Arsenic and Opium. More banners and more soldiers fill up the background.

What a sight that must have been on the morning of the 2nd of December! Visitors from all parts of France were there; and the cathedral of Notre-Dame must have presented a gorgeous *coup d'œil*, with its splendid ecclesiastical vestments, its magnificent uniforms, and the beautiful dresses and jewels of the ladies. It can hardly be imagined, so had better be described in the words of an eyewitness, Madame Junot.<sup>3</sup>

'Who that saw Notre-Dame on that memorable day, can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating in splendour to the *coup d'œil* exhibited at Napoleon's Coronation. The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar. Along the ancient walls of tapestry were ranged, according to their rank, the different bodies of the State, the deputies from every City; in short, the representatives of all France assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the Senators, Counsellors of State, and Tribunes; the splendid uniforms of the military; the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp; and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is only seen in Paris; – altogether presented a picture which has, perhaps, rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled.

'The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of his entering the Cathedral, the anthem *Tu es Petrus* was commenced. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long, the firing of cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early hour in the morning the weather had been exceedingly unfavourable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined it. But, as if by the especial favour of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the Cathedral, enjoyed the sight of the procession, without being, as they had anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

'On his arrival at Notre-Dame, Napoleon ascended the throne, which was erected in front of the grand altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe. Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with the view of discovering whether his heart beat more highly beneath the imperial trappings, than under the uniform of the guards; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was at the distance of only ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did everything he was required to do, and did it with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on his head and both hands, I fancied, from the direction of his eyes, that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of anything else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance, that I have no hesitation in saying that was

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<sup>3</sup> *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 345.

really the thought that crossed his mind at that moment. During the ceremony of anointing, the Holy Father delivered that impressive prayer which concluded with these words: – “Diffuse, O Lord, by my hands, the treasures of your grace and benediction on your servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, *we this day anoint Emperor, in your name.*” Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion; but just as the Pope was about to take the crown, called the *Crown of Charlemagne*, from the altar, Napoleon seized it, and placed it on his own head. At that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression, of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was, perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on, rendered him perfectly handsome.

‘When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the throne and advanced towards the altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of Court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and Louis. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head; indeed, her deportment, altogether, was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honour of being presented to many *real princesses*, to use the phrase of the Faubourg St. – Germain, but I never saw one who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty. In Napoleon’s countenance, I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down – when the tears, which she could not repress, fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to Heaven, or rather to Napoleon – both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity, which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a lustrum of years. The Emperor performed, with peculiar grace, every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable: after receiving the small crown, surmounted by the Cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the Empress. When the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman, whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine’s tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly.’

It is almost painful, after reading this vivid and soul-stirring description, to have to descend to the level of the caricaturist descanting on the same subject; it is a kind of moral douche bath, giving all one’s nerves a shock.

Soon made they every preparation  
For a most brilliant coronation:  
’Twas on, as must each bard remember,  
The nineteenth day of *dark* November<sup>4</sup>  
When all the streets were strew’d with sand,  
T’ exhibit a procession grand;  
And the Cathedral, lately scorn’d,  
With sumptuous frippery adorn’d.  
Brave Bonaparte and Josephine,  
Preceded by the Pope, walked in;  
His Holiness the crown anointed,  
And Boney Emperor appointed.  
Then Corsica’s impatient son,

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<sup>4</sup> Coombe evidently did not think chronological accuracy of any importance, for Napoleon’s coronation was on December 2, even if reckoning old style.

Snatch'd up the Crown, and put it on.  
The Crown was decked with French frippery,  
And with the oil, was rendered slippery;  
Nap kept it on, tho', without dread,  
To let them know *he had a head*.  
And as to dally he was loth,  
He rapidly pronounc'd the oath —  
As soon as he the oath had swallow'd,  
Another Coronation follow'd —  
Fair Josephine advanced, and lo!  
Nap put on her a crown also.  
'Ah me!' thought she, 'there's something wrong,  
I fear it will drop off 'ere long.'  
Of holy oil, it seems, the fair  
Had got too plentiful a share.  
This pantomimic business o'er,  
Now marched they grandly as before;  
For, tinsell'd pageantry united  
With an equestrian troop, delighted  
The new-made Emperor of Paris,  
As much as Covent Garden Harris;  
And all the people, for this wise end,  
Were in the finest garments dizen'd;  
They finish'd with illuminations,  
Songs, music, dancing and orations.  
The white wine, which in fountains flow'd,  
Considerable mirth bestow'd.  
The folks enjoy'd, free of expence,  
The glare of lights, which was immense:  
And the new Emperor, with glee,  
Drank, till no longer he could see.

Authentic news of the coronation did not reach England for nearly a fortnight, and it was not till December 15 that the 'Times' was able to give its readers a full account of the ceremony. 'The Thunderer' waxed very wroth about it, as may be seen by the following extract from its leader of that date: —

'The "Moniteur" merely insinuates that the sun miraculously penetrated through a thick fog, to be present at it: a compliment which is a little diminished by a subsequent assertion, that the lamps were afterwards able to supply his place by giving a noon-day brilliancy to the night. Then follows a disgusting hypocritical panegyric upon the union of civil and religious acts and ceremonies, the sublime representation of all that human and divine affairs could assemble to strike the mind – the venerable Apostolic virtues of the poor Pope, and the most astonishing genius of Buonaparte crowned by the most astonishing destiny!

'The public will find these details, under their proper head, in this paper. To us, we confess, all that appears worthy of remark or memory in that opprobrious day is, that amongst all the Royalists and Republicans of France, it was able to produce neither a Brutus nor a Chœreas!

'The day subsequent to the coronation, the people of Paris were entertained upon the bridges, boulevards, and public places, with popular sports, dancing, and other pastimes and diversions.

‘Upon the Place de Concorde, still stained with the blood of the lawful sovereign of France, were erected saloons and pavilions for dancing *waltzes*. Medals were given away to the populace; illuminations, artificial fireworks, pantomimes, and buffoons, musicians, temporary theatres, everything was represented and administered that could intoxicate and divert this vain and wicked people from contemplating the crime they were committing. To the profanation of the preceding day, it seems that all the orgies of wantonness and corruption succeeded in the most curious and careful rotation, and that all the skill and science of the Davids and Cheniers has been exhausted to keep them for four and twenty hours from thinking upon what they had done.’

But not only in leaders did the ‘Times’ pour forth its wrath; it published little jokelets occasionally, which were meant to be very stinging, as, for instance: Monsieur Napoleon has distributed his Eagles by thousands. What his *talents* might be doubtful of accomplishing, he expects from his *talons*.’

The ‘Daily Advertiser’, too, of December 15 contains some pretty sentiments on the coronation, such as, ‘If Modern Europe will, after such fair notice, and a notice so often repeated, by the French Government, still remain in sluggish inaction, in stupid astonishment, at the success of that Ruffian, who now wields the sceptre of Charlemagne, and has dragooned the Pope to his Coronation, it is evident that nations so besotted are only fit to be enslaved.’

## CHAPTER XLI

### **NAPOLEON'S LETTER TO GEORGE THE THIRD – NAVAL VICTORIES – CROWNED KING OF ITALY – ALLIANCE OF EUROPE – WITHDRAWAL OF THE 'ARMY OF ENGLAND.'**

Very shortly after his coronation, and with the commencement of the year 1805, Napoleon wrote a letter to George the Third, intimating how beneficial peace would be to both countries. The text of this letter, and its answer, are as follow: —

Sire, my brother, – Called to the throne by Providence, and the suffrages of the Senate, the people, and the army, my first feeling was the desire for peace. France and England abuse their prosperity: they may continue their strife for ages; but will their governments, in so doing, fulfil the most sacred of the duties which they owe to their people? And how will they answer to their consciences for so much blood uselessly shed, and without the prospect of any good whatever to their subjects? I am not ashamed to make the first advances. I have, I flatter myself, sufficiently proved to the world that I fear none of the chances of war. It presents nothing which I have occasion to fear. Peace is the wish of my heart; but war has never been adverse to my glory. I conjure your Majesty, therefore, not to refuse yourself the satisfaction of giving peace to the world. Never was an occasion more favourable for calming the passions, and giving ear only to the sentiments of humanity and reason. If that opportunity be lost, what limit can be assigned to a war which all my efforts have been unable to terminate? Your Majesty has gained more during the last ten years than the whole extent of Europe in riches and territory: your subjects are in the very highest state of prosperity: what can you expect from a war? To form a Coalition of the Continental powers? Be assured the Coalition will remain at peace. A coalition will only increase the strength and preponderance of the French Empire. To renew our intestine divisions? The times are no longer the same. To destroy our finances? Finances founded on a flourishing agriculture can never be destroyed. To wrest from France her Colonies? They are to her only a secondary consideration; and your Majesty has already enough and to spare of these possessions. Upon reflection, you must, I am persuaded, yourself arrive at the conclusion, that the war is maintained without an object; and what a melancholy prospect, for two great nations to combat merely for the sake of fighting! The world is surely large enough for both to live in; and reason has still sufficient power to find the means of reconciliation, if the inclination only is not wanting. I have now, at least, discharged a duty dear to my heart. May your Majesty trust to the sincerity of the sentiments which I have now expressed, and the reality of my desire to give the most convincing proofs of it.

George the Third could not, constitutionally, personally reply to this letter, so Lord Mulgrave answered it, under date of January 14, and addressed it to Talleyrand. It ran thus:

His Britannic Majesty has received the letter addressed to him by the Chief of the French Government There is nothing which his Majesty has more at heart, than to seize the first opportunity of restoring to his subjects the blessings of peace, provided it is founded upon a basis not incompatible with the permanent interests, and security, of his dominions. His Majesty is persuaded that that object cannot

be attained but by arrangements, which may at the same time provide for the future peace, and security, of Europe, and prevent a renewal of the dangers, and misfortunes, by which it is now overwhelmed. In conformity with these sentiments, his Majesty feels that he cannot give a more specific answer to the overture which he has received until he has had time to communicate with the Continental powers to whom he is united in the most confidential manner, and particularly the Emperor of Russia, who has given the strongest proofs of the wisdom, and elevation, of the sentiments by which he is animated, and of the lively interest which he takes in the security and independence of Europe.

Apropos of this pacific overture, there is a very badly drawn picture by Woodward (February 1, 1805), 'A New Phantasmagoria for John Bull.' Napoleon is seated on the French coast, directing his magic lantern towards John Bull, exclaiming, 'Begar de brave Galanté shew for Jonny Bull.' The magic lantern slide shows Napoleon coming over on a visit, with a tricoloured flag in one hand, the other leading the Empress Josephine, whose dress is *semée* with bees. 'Here we come Johnny – A flag of Truce Johnny – something like a Piece! all decked out in Bees, and stars, and a crown on her head; not such a patched up piece as the last.' The Russian bear is on one rock, John Bull on another – the latter having his sword drawn. He says: 'You may be d – d, and your piece too! I suppose you thought I was off the watch – I tell you, I'll say nothing to you till I have consulted Brother Bruin, and I hear him growling terribly in the offing.'

So we see that there was no hope of peace, as yet, and the war goes on. I can hardly localise the following caricature: —

Argus (January 24, 1805) drew 'The glorious Pursuit of Ten against Seventeen.

God like his Courage seem'd, whom nor Delight  
Could soften, nor the Face of Death affright.'

The French and Spaniards are in full flight, calling out, 'By Gar dare be dat tam Nelson dat Salamander dat do love to live in de fire, by Gar we make haste out of his way, or he blow us all up.' Nelson leads on nine old sea dogs, encouraging them thus: 'The Enemy are flying before you my brave fellows, *Seventeen* against *Ten* of us. Crowd all the Sail you can, and then for George, Old England — *Death or Victory!!!*' His followers utter such sentences as the following: 'My Noble Commander, we'll follow you the world over, and shiver my Timbers but we shall soon bring up our lee way, and then, as sure as my name is Tom Grog, we'll give them another touch of the Battle of the Nile' – 'May I never hope to see Poll again, if I would not give a whole month's flip if these lubberly Parly vous would but just stop one half watch,' &c. &c.

The style in which our sailors worked is very aptly illustrated in a letter from an officer on board the *Fisgard*, off Cape St. Vincent, dated November 28, 1804.<sup>5</sup> We must remember that war was not officially declared against Spain until January 11, 1805; but this gentleman writes: 'We cannot desire a better station; we heard of hostilities with Spain on October the 15th, and on that very day we captured two Ships. Lord Nelson received from us the first intelligence – we have already taken twelve ships and entertain hopes of as many more. Yesterday we fell in with the *Donegal*, Capt. Sir R. Strachan, who has taken a large Spanish Frigate, the *Amphitrite*, after a chase of 46 hours, and 15 minutes' action, in which the Spanish Captain was killed; the prize was from Cadiz, with despatches for *Teneriffe* and the *Havana*, laden with stores. The *Amphitrite* Frigate, of 42 Guns, was one of the finest Frigates in the Spanish Navy. The *Donegal* chased the *Amphitrite* for several hours, sometimes gaining upon her, and sometimes losing; at length the *Amphitrite* carried away her mizen top mast, which enabled the *Donegal* to come up with her. A Boat was then despatched by Sir Richard for the purpose of bringing

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<sup>5</sup> *The Naval Chronicle*, 1805.

the Spanish Captain on board. Some difficulty arose from neither party understanding the language of the other; at length Sir Richard acquainted the Spanish Captain, that in compliance with the Orders he had received from his Admiral, he was under the necessity of conducting the *Amphitrite* back again to Cadiz, and he allowed the Spanish Captain three minutes to determine whether he would comply without compelling him to have recourse to force. After waiting six minutes in vain for a favourable answer, the *Donegal* fired into the *Amphitrite*, which was immediately answered with a broadside. An engagement then ensued, which lasted about eight minutes, when the *Amphitrite* struck her colours. During this short engagement the Spanish Captain was unfortunately killed by a musket ball. The *Donegal* has also captured another Spanish ship, supposed the richest that ever sailed from Cadiz, her cargo reported worth 200,000*l.*'

Another letter, dated November 29, adds, 'We have this day taken a large Ship from the River de la Plata.'

They had captured the following ships previous to December 3: —

Nostra Signora del Rosario	value	£10,000
Il Fortuna	"	5,000
St. Joseph	"	12,000
La Virgine Assumpto	"	4,000
Apollo	"	14,000
Signora del Purificazione	"	40,000
Fawket	"	1,500
Gustavus Adolphus	"	1,000
A Settee	"	500
A Ship with Naval Stores	"	40,000

On February 26, 1805, Gillray published 'The Plumb Pudding in danger; or State Epicures taking un Petit Souper – ' the great globe itself, and all which it inherits, 'is too small to satisfy such insatiable appetites.' Napoleon is taking all Europe, whilst Pitt is calmly appropriating all the ocean to himself.

There is now almost a total cessation of caricature until the autumn; and it probably was in this wise. Napoleon did not actively bother this country; his thoughts were, for the time, elsewhere. On March 17 a deputation from the Italian Republic waited upon him, stating that it was the desire of their countrymen that he should be their monarch, and accordingly on April 2 he and Josephine left Paris for Milan.

Another project fill'd his head,  
 For vanity must still be fed;  
 A second Charlemagne to prove,  
 Our hero resolutely strove.  
 Addresses manufactured he,  
 All which were sent to Italy;  
 To get additional renown,  
 He to restore the iron crown  
 Of Italy resolved, – by which  
 He hoped his pockets to enrich.  
 T' obtain, was certainly his aim,  
 O'er the Peninsula, a claim.  
 Now, Nap, while filling out his wine,  
 Told Josephine his bold design —  
 'My dear,' said he, and kiss'd her lip,

To Italy, we'll take a trip.  
To bring about this great event,  
The Emperor and Empress went.  
When in Milan they both arrived,  
To coax the people Nap contrived;  
And being a great Saint believed,  
With adulation was receiv'd;  
He, by his condescension, proved  
How dearly he *his children* loved.  
And on the Twenty Sixth of May  
Began our hero to display  
Another Coronation splendid,  
While on a throne he sat attended.  
Now highly honor'd and rever'd,  
The diadem of France appear'd  
On his right hand, and *inter alia*,  
All its magnificent regalia.  
Whilst on his left hand, to the sight,  
The crown of iron sparkled bright;  
Tho' iron, this they used to call,  
The cross was iron, that was all.<sup>6</sup>  
The rest was diamonds and pure gold,  
And very lovely to behold.  
The Cardinal Archbishop then  
Began the ceremony – when  
Nap was Italian King protested,  
And with th' insignia too invested;  
The altar steps he hasten'd soon up,  
And taking quick the precious boon up,  
He placed the Crown upon his head,  
And in a voice of thunder said  
'Since heav'n has giv'n to me this Crown,  
Who dares to touch it, I'll knock him down.'<sup>7</sup>

An amateur drew, and Gillray etched (August 2, 1805), 'St. George and the Dragon, a Design for an Equestrian Statue from the Original in Windsor Castle.' Napoleon (a most ferocious dragon) has seized upon poor Britannia, who, dropping her spear and shield, her hair dishevelled, and her dress disordered, with upraised arm, attempts to avert her fate; but St. George (George the Third) on horseback, comes to the rescue, and, smiting that dragon, cleaves his crown.

As a practical illustration of the servile adulation with which he was treated, take the following etching by Woodward (September 15, 1805): 'Napoleon's Apotheosis Anticipated, or the Wise Men of Leipsic sending Boney to Heaven before his time!!! At the German University of Leipsic, it was decreed that the Constellation called Orion's Belt should hereafter be named Napoleon in Honor of that Hero. – Query – Did the Wise men of Leipsic mean it as an honor, or a reflection on the turbulent

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<sup>6</sup> As a matter of fact, the crown is a broad circle of gold, set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue and gold enamel. The reason of its being called the 'Iron Crown' is that, running round the centre of the *interior* of the circle is a thin and narrow band of iron, which is supposed to be manufactured from one of the nails used in the Crucifixion of our Saviour, and given by St. Helena to her son Constantine as a talisman to protect him in battle.

<sup>7</sup> Free translation for 'God has given it me – let him beware who would touch it,' the usual form of words when this crown was used.

spirit of Boney, as the rising of Orion is generally accompanied with Storms and Tempests, for which reason he has the Sword in his hand.’ Orion has his belt round Napoleon’s neck, and is hoisting him up to heaven thereby; Napoleon is kicking and struggling, and exclaims, ‘What are you about – I tell you I would rather stay where I was.’ The German *savants* are watching him through their telescopes, saying, ‘He mounts finely’ – ‘I think we have now made ourselves immortal’ – ‘It was a sublime idea’ – ‘Orion seems to receive him better than I expected.’ This is confirmed in ‘Scot’s Magazine,’ 1807<sup>8</sup>: ‘The University of Leipzig has resolved henceforth to call by the name of Napoleon that group of stars which lies between the girdle and the sword of Orion; and a numerous deputation of the University was appointed to present the “Conqueror” with a map of the group so named!’

Napoleon hardly reckoned on Austria taking up arms against him without a formal declaration of war, and was rather put to it to find men to oppose the Allies, whose forces were reckoned at 250,000 men; whilst France, though with 275,000 men at her disposal, had 180,000 of them locked up in the so-called ‘Army of England.’ We can imagine his chagrin in having to forego his cherished plan of invasion, and being compelled to withdraw his troops from the French shores.

The ‘Times’ (how different a paper it was in those days to what it is now!) is jubilant thereupon.<sup>9</sup> ‘The *Scene* that now opens upon the soldiers of France, by being obliged to leave the coast and march eastwards, is sadly different from that *Land of Promise*, which, for two years, has been held out to them, in all sorts of gay delusions. After all the efforts of the *Imperial Boat-BUILDER*, instead of sailing over the *Channel*, they will have to cross the *Rhine*. The bleak *forests* of Suabia will make but a sorry exchange for the promised spoils of our *Docks* and *Warehouses*. They will not find any equivalent for the *plunder* of the *Bank* in another bloody passage through “*the Valley of Hell*”; but they seem to have forgotten the magnificent promise of the *Milliard*.’

The French papers affected to make light of this death-blow to their hopes; one of them, quoted in the ‘Times’ of September 13, says: ‘Whilst the German Papers, with much noise, make more troops march than all the Powers together possess, France, which needs not to augment her forces in order to display them in an imposing manner, detaches a few thousand troops from the Army of England to cover her frontiers, which are menaced by the imprudent conduct of Austria.’

The caricaturist, of course, made capital out of it, and Rowlandson (October 1, 1805) designed ‘The departure from the Coast or the End of the Farce of Invasion.’ Napoleon, seated on a sorry ass, is sadly returning, inland, homeward, to the intense delight of some French monkeys. His Iron Crown is tottering off his head, and his steed is loaded with the Boulogne Encampment, the Army of England, and Excuses for non-performance. The British Lion on the English cliffs lifts his leg and gives Boney a parting salute. The latter exclaims, ‘Bless me, what a shower! I shall be wet through before I reach the Rhine.’

The action of the Allies is shown by the caricature, ‘Tom Thumb at Bay, or the Sovereigns of the Forest roused at last,’ by Ansell (October 1805), which shows the Lilliputian Emperor, who has thrown away his crown and sceptre, being fiercely pursued by a double-headed eagle, a bear, and a boar, and is rushing into the open jaws of a ferocious lion. ‘Which way shall I escape? If I fly from the Bear and the Eagle, I fall into the jaws of the Lion!!’ Holland, Spain, and Italy, all have yokes round their necks – but, seeing Bonaparte’s condition, Holland takes his off and lays it on the ground. The Spaniard, surprised, exclaims, ‘Why! Mynheer, you have got your yoke off!’ And the Italian, who is preparing to remove his, says, ‘I think Mynheer’s right, and now’s the time, Don, to get ours off.’ An army of rats is labelled, ‘Co-Estates ready to assist.’

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<sup>8</sup> Vol. xlix. p. 763.

<sup>9</sup> September 11, 1805.

## CHAPTER XLII

### SURRENDER OF ULM – BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR – PROPOSALS FOR PEACE – DANIEL LAMBERT

Meantime the Austrians were in a very awkward position. General Mack was, from October 13, closely invested in Ulm, and Napoleon had almost need to restrain his troops, who were flushed with victory and eager for the assault. The carnage on both sides would, in such a case, have been awful; but Napoleon clearly pointed out to Mack his position: how that, in eight days, he would be forced to capitulate for want of food: that the Russians were yet far off, having scarcely reached Bohemia; that no other aid was nigh: – and on October 20, the gates of Ulm were opened, and 36,000 Austrian troops slowly defiled therefrom. Sixteen generals surrendered with Mack, and Napoleon treated them generously. All the officers were allowed to go home, their parole, not to fight against France until there had been a general exchange of prisoners, only being required; and Napoleon sent 50,000 prisoners into France, distributing them throughout the agricultural districts.

Gillray drew (November 6, 1805) ‘The Surrender of Ulm, or Buonaparte and Genl Mack coming to a right understanding – Intended as a Specimen of French Victories —*i. e.* Conquering without Bloodshed!!!’ It shows a little Napoleon, seated on a drum, whilst Mack and some other generals are grovelling on all fours, delivering up their swords, banners, and the keys of Ulm, to the conqueror. Napoleon, pointing to three large sacks of money, borne by as many soldiers, exclaims: ‘There’s your Price! There’s Ten Millions – Twenty!! It is not in my Army alone that my resources of Conquering consists!! I hate victory obtain’d by effusion of blood.’ ‘And so do I,’ says the crawling Mack; ‘What signifies Fighting when we can settle it in a safer way.’ On the ground is a scroll of ‘Articles to be deliver’d up. 1 Field Marshal. 8 Generals in Chief. 7 Lieutenant Generals. 36 Thousand Soldiers. 80 pieces of Cannon. 50 Stand of Colours. 100,000 Pounds of Powder. 4,00 °Cannon Balls.’

This subject also attracted the pencil of I. Cruikshank (November 19, 1805): ‘Boney beating Mack – and Nelson giving him a Whack!! or the British Tars giving Boney his Hearts desire, Ships, Colonies and Commerce.’ Mack is kneeling in a suppliant manner before Bonaparte, who stamps upon his captive’s sword, addressing him: ‘I want not your Forts, your Cities, nor your territories! Sir, I only want Ships, Colonies and Commerce’ – a very slight variation from the real text of his address to the vanquished Austrian officers: ‘I desire nothing further upon the Continent. I want ships, colonies, and commerce; and it is as much your interest, as mine, that I should have them.’ During this peroration military messengers are arriving. One calls out, ‘May it please your King’s Majesty’s Emperor. That Dam Nelson take all your ships. Twenty at a time. Begar, if you no come back directly they vill not leave you vone boat to go over in.’ Another runs along crying, ‘Run, ma foi, anoder Dam Nelson take ever so many more ships.’ This is an allusion to the battle of Trafalgar (October 21, 1805),<sup>10</sup> where Nelson paid for his victory with his life. This is further illustrated in another portion of the engraving, by Nelson, who is towing the captured vessels, kneeling at Britannia’s feet, saying: ‘At thy feet, O Goddess of the seas, I resign my life in the service of my country.’ Britannia replies: ‘My Son, thy Name shall be recorded in the page of History on tablets of the brightest Gold.’

Rowlandson (November 13, 1805) further alludes to the surrender of Ulm and the battle of Trafalgar: ‘Nap Buonaparte in a fever on receiving the Extraordinary Gazette of Nelson’s Victory over the combined Fleets.’ Boney is very sick and miserable, the combined effects of the news which he has read in the paper which falls from his trembling hands – the ‘Extraordinary Gazette. 19 Sail

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<sup>10</sup> The news of the victory at Trafalgar was only published on November 6.

of the line taken by Lord Nelson.’ He appeals to four doctors, who are in consultation on his case: ‘My dear Doctors! those Sacré Anglois have play’d the Devil vid my Constitution. Pray tell me what is the matter with me. I felt the first symptoms when I told Genl Mack I wanted Ships, Colonies and Commerce. Oh dear! oh dear! I shall want more ships now – this is a cursed sensation – Oh I am very qualmish.’ One doctor opines it is ‘a desperate case,’ another that he is ‘Irrecoverable.’ One recommends bleeding; but one has thoroughly investigated the case, and found out the cause: ‘Begar, me have found it out, *your heart be in your breeches!*’

Now with such fury they push’d on,  
Meggeng the French Army won,  
And by the treachery of Mack,  
Ulm surrendered in a crack —  
Soon after the capitulation,  
The Austrians with consternation  
Laid down their arms, and to their shame,  
Napoleon’s prisoners became —

There were no caricatures of the battle of Trafalgar – the victory was purchased at too great a cost; but Gillray executed a serious etching in memory of Nelson, published on December 29, 1805, the funeral of the hero taking place on the subsequent 9th of January.

The following caricature shows the quality of news supplied to our forefathers: —

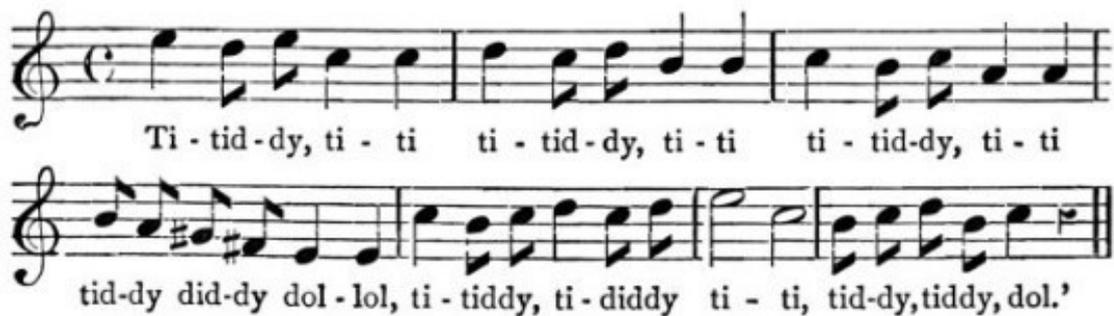
‘John Bull exchanging News with the Continent’ is by Woodward, December 11, 1805, and represents Napoleon and a French newsboy on a rock called *Falsehood*, disseminating news the reverse of true. The ‘Journal de l’Empire’ says that Archduke Charles is dead with fatigue; the ‘Journal de Spectacle’ that England is invaded. The ‘Gazette de France’ informs us that the English fleet is dispersed, and the ‘Publicité’ follows it with the news that the combined fleets are sent in pursuit. False bulletins are being scattered broadcast. These, however, have but little effect on John Bull, who, attired as a newsboy, stands on the rock of Truth, flourishing a paper, ‘Trafalgar London Gazette extraordinary,’ and bellowing through his horn, ‘Total defeat of the Combin’d Fleets of France and Spain,’ which is vividly depicted in the background.

‘Tiddy doll, the great French Gingerbread Baker, drawing out a new Batch of Kings – his man Hopping Talley mixing up the Dough,’ is a somewhat elaborate etching by Gillray (January 23, 1806). The celebrated gingerbread maker has, on a ‘peel,’ three kings, duly gilt – Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden – which he is just introducing into the ‘New French Oven for Imperial Gingerbread.’ On a chest of three drawers, relatively labelled Kings and Queens, Crowns and Sceptres, and Suns and Moons, are a quantity of ‘Little Dough Viceroyes, intended for the next batch.’ Under the oven is an ‘Ash hole for broken Gingerbread,’ and a broom – ‘the Corsican Besom of Destruction’ – has swept therein La République Française, Italy, Austria, Spain, Netherlands, Switzerland, Holland, and Venice. On the ground is a fool’s cap and bells, which acts as a cornucopia (labelled ‘Hot Spiced Gingerbread, all hot; Come, who dips in my lucky bag’), which disgorges stars and orders, principalities, dukedoms, crowns, sceptres, cardinals’ hats, and bishops’ mitres; and a baker’s basket is full of ‘True Corsican Kinglings for Home Consumption and Exportation.’

Talleyrand – with a mitre on his head, and beads and cross round his waist, to show his ecclesiastical status; with a pen in his mouth, and ink-pot slung to his side, to denote his diplomatic functions – is hard at work at the ‘Political Kneading Trough,’ mixing up Hungary, Poland, Turkey, &c., whilst an eagle (Prussia) is pecking at a piece of dough (Hanover).

To thoroughly understand this caricature, we must first of all know something about *Tiddy Doll*. He was a seller of gingerbread, and was as famous in his time as was *Colly Molly Puff* in the time of Steele and Addison. He had a refrain, all his own, like a man well known to dwellers in Brighton

and the West End of London – ‘*Brandy balls.*’ Hone<sup>11</sup> gives the best account of him that I know. Discoursing on *May fair*, he says: ‘Here, too, was *Tiddy-doll*; this celebrated vendor of gingerbread, from his eccentricity of character and extensive dealings in his way, was always hailed as the king of itinerant tradesmen.<sup>12</sup> In his person he was tall, well made, and his features handsome. He affected to dress like a person of rank: white, gold-laced, suit of clothes, laced ruffled shirt, laced hat and feather, white silk stockings, with the addition of a fine white apron. Among his harangues to gain customers, take this as a specimen: “Mary, Mary, where are you *now*, Mary? I live, when at home, at the second house in little Ball Street, two steps under ground, with a wiscum, riscum, and a why not. Walk in ladies and gentlemen; my shop is on the second floor backwards, with a brass knocker at the door. Here is your nice gingerbread, your spice gingerbread; it will melt in your mouth like a redhot brickbat, and rumble in your inside like Punch and his wheelbarrow.” He always finished his address by singing this fag end of some popular ballad.



Ti – tid – dy, ti – ti ti – tid – dy, ti – ti ti – tid - dy, ti – ti  
tid - dy did - dy dol – lol, ti – tiddy, ti – diddy ti – ti, tid - dy, tiddy, dol.’

Pitt died on January 23, 1806, and Fox succeeded him. It is probable that Napoleon reckoned somewhat on Fox’s friendship, and hence the following caricature: —

‘*Boney and the Great Secretary*’ (Argus, February 1806) gives a good portrait of Fox. Napoleon wishes to be friendly: ‘How do you do, Master Charley, why you are so fine, I scarcely knew ye – don’t you remember me, why I am little Boney the Corsican – him that you came to see at Paris, and very civil I was to you, I’m sure. If you come my way I shall be glad to see you, so will my wife and family. They are a little changed in their dress, as well as you. We shall be very happy to take a little *peace* soup with you, whenever you are inclined, Master Charley.’ But Fox shakes his fist at him: ‘Why, you little Corsican Reptile! how dare you come so near the person of the Right Honble C – J – F – one of his M – principal Secretaries of State, Member of the P.C. &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c. – go to see You!!! Arrogant little Man, Mr. Boney – if you do not instantly vanish from my sight – I’ll break every bone in your body – learn to behave yourself in a *peaceable* manner, nor dare to set your foot on this happy land without My leave.’

Of ‘*Pacific Overtures, or a Flight from St. Cloud, “over the Water to Charley,” a new Dramatic Peace now rehearsing*’ (Gillray, April 5, 1806), only a portion is given in the accompanying illustration, but quite sufficient to explain the negotiations for peace then in progress.

This caricature is far too elaborate to reproduce the whole, and the allusions therein are extremely intricate and, nowadays, uninteresting. A theatrical stage is represented, with Napoleon descending in clouds, pointing to Terms of Peace, which are being displayed by Talleyrand, and

<sup>11</sup> *Everyday Book*, vol. i. p. 575.

<sup>12</sup> He was a constant attendant in the crowd on Lord Mayor’s show.

saying, 'There's my terms.' These are as follow: 'Acknowledge me as Emperor; dismantle your fleet; reduce your army; abandon Malta and Gibraltar; renounce all Continental connexion; your Colonies I will take at a valuation; engage to pay to the Great Nation, for seven years annually, £1,000,000; and place in my hands as hostages, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, with ten of the late administration, whom I shall name.'

King George has stepped from his box on to the stage, and is surveying this vision through his glass, exclaiming: 'Very amusing terms indeed, and might do vastly well with some of the new made little gingerbread kings<sup>13</sup>; but we are not in the habit of giving up either "ships, or commerce, or colonies" merely because little Boney is in a pet to have them!!!'

Ansell (April 1806) drew 'Roast Beef and French Soup. The English Lamb \* \* \* and the French Tiger,' and it seems merely designed for the purpose of introducing Daniel Lambert, who was then on exhibition – 'Daniel Lambert who at the age of 36 weighed above 50 Stone, 14 Pounds to the Stone, measured 3 yards 4 inches round the Body, and 1 yard 1 inch round the leg. 5 feet 11 inches high.' It shows the redoubtable fat man seated on a couch, carving a round of beef, which is accompanied by a large mustard-pot, a huge loaf, and a foaming pot of stout. Napoleon, seated on a similar couch, on the opposite side of the table, is taking soup – then an unaccustomed article of food with Englishmen – and looks with horror at the other's size and manner of feeding.

Daniel Lambert was like Mr. Dick in 'David Copperfield,' who would persist in putting King Charles the First's head into his Memorial; he could hardly be kept out of the caricatures. Ansell produced one (May 1806) – 'Two Wonders of the World, or a Specimen of a new troop of Leicestershire Light Horse. – Mr. Daniel Lambert, who at the age of 36 weighed above 50 Stone, 14 Pounds to the Stone, measured 3 yards 4 inches round the body and 1 yard 1 inch round the leg, 5 feet 11 inches high. The famous horse Monarch, the largest in the World is upwards of 21 hands high, (above 7 foot)<sup>14</sup> and only 6 Years old.' Lambert is mounted on this extraordinary quadruped, and sword in hand, is riding at poor little Boney, who exclaims in horror, 'Parbleu! if dis be de specimen of de English light Horse, vat vill de Heavy Horse be? Oh, by Gar, I vill put off de Invasion for anoder time.'

Yet once more are these two brought into juxtaposition, in an engraving by Knight (April 15, 1806), 'Bone and Flesh, or John Bull in moderate Condition.' Napoleon is looking at this prodigy, and saying, 'I contemplate this Wonder of the World, and regret that all my Conquered Domains cannot match this Man. Pray, Sir, are you not a descendant from the great Joss of China?' Lambert replies, 'No Sir, I am a true born Englishman, from the County of Leicester. A quiet mind, and good Constitution, nourished by the free Air of Great Britain, makes every Englishman thrive.'

Another of Gillray's caricatures into which Napoleon is introduced, but in which he plays a secondary part, is called 'Comforts of a Bed of Roses; vide Charley's elucidation of Lord C – stl – r – gh's speech! Nightly Scene near Cleveland row.' This is founded on a speech of Lord Castlereagh's, in which he congratulated the Ministry as having 'a bed of roses.' But Fox, in reply, recounted his difficulties and miseries, and said: 'Really, it is insulting to tell me I am on a bed of roses, when I feel myself torn, and stung, by brambles, and nettles, whichever way I turn.'

Fox and Mrs. Fox are shown as sleeping on a bed of roses, some of which peep out from underneath the rose-coloured counterpane, but which display far more of thorns than of roses. There is the *India rose*, the Emancipation rose, the French rose, the Coalition rose, and the Volunteer rose. Fox's slumbers are terribly disturbed; his *bonnet rouge*, which he wears as night-cap, has tumbled off; his night-shirt is seized at the neck, on one side by the ghost of Pitt, who exclaims: 'Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!' The other side is fiercely clutched by Napoleon, who, drawn sword in hand, has

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<sup>13</sup> On March 31 Joseph Bonaparte was made King of Naples, and Murat Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves. A few months subsequently, Louis Bonaparte was made King of Holland, and the following year Jerome King of Westphalia.

<sup>14</sup> A 'hand,' as a measure in horse-flesh, is four inches.

just stepped on to the bed from a cannon labelled 'Pour subjuguier le monde.' Amidst a background of smoke appear spears, and a banner entitled 'Horrors of Invasion.' The Prussian eagle is preparing to swoop down upon him, and, from under the bed, crawls out a skeleton holding an hour-glass, whilst round its fleshless arm is entwined a serpent 'Intemperance, Dropsy, Dissolution.' John Bull, as a bull-dog, is trying to seize Napoleon.

'John Bull threatened by Insects from all Quarters' is by an unknown artist (April 1806). John Bull is on 'The tight little Island,' and seated on a cask of grog. With one hand he flourishes a cutlass, and the other grasps a pistol, of which weapon two more lie on the ground. With these he defies the insects, which come in swarms. There are Westphalian mites, American hornets, Dutch bluebottles, Italian butterflies, Turkish wasps, Danish gnats, and, worst of all, a French dragon-fly, in the shape of Napoleon. John Bull is saying: 'Come on my Lads – give me but good sea room, and I don't care for any of you – Why all your attacks is no more than a gnat stinging an Elephant, or a flea devouring Mr. Lambert of Leicester.'

A very clever caricature is by Knight (June 26, 1806) of 'Jupiter Bouney granting unto the Dutch Frogs a King. The Frogs sent their deputies to petition Jupiter again for a King. He sent them a Stork, who eat them up, vide Æsop's fables.' The discontented Dutch spurn their King Log, and pray, 'We present ourselves before the throne of your Majesty. We pray that you will grant us, as the supreme Chief of our Republic, Prince Louis.' Napoleon, as Jupiter, seated on an eagle (which is made to look as much like a devil as possible), says: 'I agree to the request. I proclaim Prince Louis, King of Holland. You Prince! reign over this People.' And the stork is duly despatched on its mission. Talleyrand, as Ganymede, supplies Jupiter with *a cup of comfort for the discontented*.

## CHAPTER XLIII

### NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE – DEATH OF FOX – NAPOLEON’S VICTORIOUS CAREER – HIS PROCLAMATION OF A BLOCKADE OF ENGLAND

Apropos of the negotiations for peace, there is a picture of Woodward’s (July 1806), in which Fox is just closing the door behind a messenger laden with despatches. John Bull, whose pockets are stuffed with *Omnium* and *Speculation on Peace*, entreats him with clasped hands: ‘Now do Charley, my dear good boy, open the door a little bit farther, just to enable me to take in a few of my friends at the Stock Exchange.’ But Fox remonstrates: ‘Really, Mr. Bull, you are too inquisitive – don’t you see the door for Negotiation is opened? don’t you see the back of a Messenger? don’t you see he has got despatches under his arm? what would you desire more?’

‘Experiments at Dover, or Master Charley’s Magic Lanthorn,’ is by Rowlandson (July 21, 1806), and shows Fox seated on the seashore, projecting images on to the opposite coast. The slide he is passing through the lantern begins with a ‘Messenger from Boulogne,’ then a ‘Messenger to Paris,’ then ‘More Dispatches’; and he is now showing Bonaparte as a newsboy, with his horn, calling out ‘Preliminaries of Peace.’ The next, and final, picture to come is a man waving his hat and shouting ‘Huzza.’ Fox is saying: ‘There, Master Bull, what do you think of that – I told you I would surprize you. Preliminaries of Peace! Huzza!’ But John Bull is not quite satisfied with his conduct, and fancies there has been something kept from him. ‘Why yes, it be all very foine, if it be true. But I can’t forget that d – d *Omnium* last week – they be always one way or other in contradictions! I tell thee what, Charley, since thee hast become a great man – I think in my heart thee beest always conjuring.’

‘The Pleasing and Instructive Game of *Messengers*– or Summer Amusement for John Bull,’ by Ansell (August 1806), shows us the Channel, on both sides of which a lively game is being kept up by means of racket bats, a constant supply of balls, in the shape of messengers, between the two countries, being kept in the air. Their messages are Peace, Hope, Despair, No peace, Passports, Peace to a Certainty, No peace, Credentials, Despatches, &c. On the French side, Napoleon and Talleyrand keep the game alive, ‘Begar Talley, dis be ver amusant – Keep it up as long as you can, that we may have time for our project.’ Sheridan, Fox, and others play on the English side; John Bull being merely a spectator, not too much amused, as a paper, protruding from his pocket, shows: ‘Very shy at the Stock Exchange.’ Sheridan calls out: ‘That’s right my lads, bang ’em about. John Bull seems quite puzzled.’ Fox asks: ‘Is not it a pretty game Johnny?’ Johnny, however, says: ‘Pretty enough as to that, they do fly about monstrous quick to be sure: but you don’t get any more money out of my pocket for all that!’

Gillray gives us a veritable caricature in ‘News from Calabria! Capture of Buenos Ayres! i.e. the Comforts of an Imperial Dejeune at St. Clouds’ (September 13, 1806), a portion only of which is given in illustration. Boney is here, terrific in his wrath; poor Talleyrand, who has brought the news, is receiving grievous punishment from his Imperial master. Not only is his ear pulled (a favourite trick of Napoleon’s), but he is being belaboured with the tea-urn, which is made in the form of the world: his master crying out: ‘Out on ye Owl, noting but song of Death!!’ Napoleon has kicked over the breakfast-table, and the scalding contents of the tea-urn are being deposited in the lap of Josephine, who screams with agony and terror. The maids of honour and courtiers, though refraining from open demonstration, look aghast at the imperial violence, which is not diminished by the presence of a number of messengers, whose news is particularly unwelcome: ‘Spain in despair for the loss of her Colonies.’ ‘All Germany rising, and arming *en Masse*.’ ‘Holland starving, and ripe for a revolt.’ ‘St. Petersburg: refusal to ratify the French Treaty.’ ‘Prussia rousing from the Trance of Death.’ ‘Swedish

defiance. Charles XII. redivivus.’ ‘Switzerland cursing the French yoke.’ ‘Italy shaking off her Chains.’ ‘La Vendée again in motion.’ ‘Portugal true to the last gasp.’ ‘Sicily firing like Etna.’ ‘Denmark waiting for an opportunity.’ ‘Turkey invoking Mahomet.’ Naturally, all this bad news contributes towards making it a ‘hard time’ for Talleyrand.

Argus gives us (September 1806) ‘The Continental Shaving Shop. Boney beats Jemmy Wright, who shaved as well as any man, almost, not quite’ (September 1806). As a barber, he is going to shave the Grand Turk, and, flourishing an enormous razor of Corsican steel, seizes his beard. This the Turk naturally objects to, saying: ‘By the Holy Prophet, I must not part with my beard, why, my people will not acknowledge me for the grand Signor again at Constantinople.’ Talleyrand, as assistant, is lathering the Turk’s face, persuading him, ‘Come, come, don’t make such a fuss, my Master *will* cut away when he catches anybody in his shop.’ Boney calls out: ‘Lather away Talley. I’ll soon ease him of his superfluities and make him look like my Christian customers.’

The sort of treatment they are likely to get is clearly set forth in an announcement on the wall. ‘Nap Boney, shaver general to most of the Sovereigns on the Continent, shaves expeditiously, and clean, a few gashes excepted; is ready to undertake any new Customer who is willing to submit to the above.’ His treatment is exemplified by the appearance of Austria, whose gashed face and head is ornamented with strips of court-plaster. He is talking to John Bull, who looks in at a window: ‘Come, Johnny, come in and be shaved, don’t be frightened at the size of the razor, it cuts very clean, I assure you.’ His reply is, ‘By Godes so it seems, and leaves a dom’d sight of gashes behoid, as you and Mynheer can testify!!’ Poor Holland is in even a worse plight than Austria, and is talking to Prussia, who is sitting in a chair, ready lathered for shaving. Says he to the Dutchman: ‘I hope he don’t mean to shave me as he has you, and my neighbour Austria there? I should not sit here so quietly with my face lathered.’ Holland replies: ‘Yaw Mynheer very close shaver, its nix my doll when you are used to it.’

‘Political Quadrille’ is by Ansell (October 1806), and represents two sets playing that game of cards. One set is composed of George the Third, Russia, Spain, and Prussia. The other consists of Napoleon, Italy, Holland, and Austria. George the Third says: ‘I never had luck when the Curse of Scotland<sup>15</sup> was in my hand – however I have now discarded it – Ay this will do – I have now a strong suit, without a *knave* among them.’ Russia observes: ‘I never had such luck since I have been a Russian, compleatly bested off the board – but that I must endeavour to forget, and try to play better in future.’ Spain says: ‘I was obliged to play, tho’ it was *forced Spadille*. My Queen deceived me – but however I must not now give myself *Ayres*, as I have lost all my Dollars.’ Prussia remarks: ‘Shall I play or not? If I play, I fear I shall be bested, and if not, they will call me *Prussian Cake*.’

In the other set of players, Napoleon says: ‘I begin to fancy I can play alone – No, I can call a *King* when I please, I am strong in my suits – besides I know how to finesse my Cards.’ Austria says: ‘For the present I fear the game is up with me, so I *pass*.’ Italy says: ‘I fear it is nearly over with poor *Ponto*.’ Holland reflects: ‘I have got a *King* without calling one – but I have no *Trump* now, and I fear I shall lose all my fish.’

Fox died in September 1806, and was buried, October 10, in Westminster Abbey, close to the remains of his rival Pitt. With him were buried the last hopes of a peace with France, and, in October, finding all negotiations unsuccessful (Great Britain requiring Russia to be made a party to the Treaty, which France refused), Lord Lauderdale demanded his passports, and left for England.

Meanwhile, Napoleon marched on from victory to victory. The battle of Jena, the occupation of Erfurth, Greissen, Hall, Leipzig, Ascherleben, Bemburg, Spandau, Potsdam, and, lastly, of Berlin, were all in his triumphal march.

A public entry having made,  
At Berlin he his airs display’d;

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<sup>15</sup> The nine of diamonds.

A Court day absolutely held,  
And due attendance there compell'd.  
Of Prussia's King he made a scoff,  
And all his little taunts play'd off.  
And here he issued a decree,  
The most invet'rate that could be,  
In hopes t'annoy Great Britain's trade,  
All Commerce with her he forbade.  
The Capture he ordain'd, 'tis true,  
Of British ships – the seizure, too,  
Of letters, if in English written,  
Or if directed to Great Britain;  
And this he styled – a strange romance!  
The fundamental law of France.

The decree is dated from Berlin, November 21, 1806, and, after a preamble, states: – '1. The British Islands are declared in a state of blockade. 2. All trade and intercourse with the British Islands is prohibited; consequently letters or packets addressed to England, or written in the English language, will not be conveyed by post, and will be seized. 3. Every native of England, whatever his rank and condition, who may be found in the countries occupied by our troops, or by those of our allies, shall be made prisoners of war. 4. Every warehouse, and all merchandise and property of any description whatever, belonging to an English subject, or the produce of English manufactures or colonies, is declared good prize. 5. Trade in English merchandise is prohibited, and all merchandise belonging to England, or the produce of her manufactures, and colonies, is declared good prize. 6. One half of the produce of the confiscation of the merchandise, and property, declared good prize by the preceding articles, will be appropriated to the indemnification of the merchants, for losses they have sustained, through the capture of trading vessels, by English cruisers. 7. No vessel coming directly from England, or her colonies, or having been there since the publication of the present decree, will be received in any port. 8. Any vessel which, by means of a false declaration, shall contravene the above article, shall be seized, and the Ship and Cargo shall be confiscated as if they were English property,' &c.

The *Times*, of December 8, commenting on this proclamation, says: – 'If our orders of Council, and our Navy are not competent to seal up the ports of France, we should be glad to know how Buonaparte, who can scarce venture to *steal* a ship to sea, is to retaliate with effect upon this country. We believe none of the nations, which are yet free to trade with us, will be deterred by a Decree emitted at Berlin, from sending their produce to the markets of Britain. Of all the follies that have ever escaped from Buonaparte, in the extravagance, and intoxication, of his ambition, and success, this we consider as one of the greatest. He, in fact, pledges himself to that which he has no adequate means whatever of carrying into effect. His Decree will have as little influence upon the trade of England, as his Navy has.'

Ansell designed (December 1806) 'Jack Tars conversing with Boney on the Blockade of Old England.' Napoleon is vapouring about behind his fortifications, flourishing his sword, 'The Terror of the Continent,' and saying: 'Begar by my Imperial decree, *England* is in a State of Blockade.' Two sailors are in a small boat called the *Nelson*, and one says: 'Why what do you mean by that, you whipper snapper – Heres Tom Pipes, and I, in this little cock boat, will Blockade you so that you dare not bring out a single vessel – Blockade, indeed! you are a pretty fellow to talk of blockading!' His companion contemptuously adds: 'I wonder, Jack, you throw away your precious time in talking to such a lubber.' John Bull, pipe in hand, stands on the cliffs of Albion, roaring with laughter. 'I cannot help laughing at the whimsical conceit.'

Souley (December 1806) drew 'Bonaparte blockading John Bull.'

Boney for want of proper Sail,  
By threats bombastic would prevail.

Boney and his army are crossing the Channel in their cocked hats; he, presenting sword and pistol at John Bull, says: 'I'll Blockade ye, ye English Scoundrel. 'Tis you thwart all my designs – 'Tis you and you only who dare oppose MY WILL. But I'll Blockade ye – and not one of your rascally Craft shall stir.' John Bull, convulsed with laughter, is dancing, and saying: 'Shiver my timbers, here's a go! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Why Master Boney you look like Neptune crossing the *Line*. I suppose next you will be blockading the moon.'

And so ends the year 1806.

## CHAPTER XLIV

### NAPOLEON'S POLISH CAMPAIGN – BATTLE OF EYLAU – MEETING OF THE EMPERORS AT TILSIT – CAPTURE OF THE DANISH FLEET

1807 commences with 'John Bull playing on the Base Villain' (artist unknown, January 1, 1807), in which we see that revered personage playing 'Britains Strike home' on poor Boney, with a sword in lieu of a bow, and grasping him tightly round the neck.

In November 1806, Napoleon, with his army, had entered Poland, and, on December 18 of the same year, he entered Warsaw.

An unknown artist (January 1807) depicts 'The Entrance into Poland or another Bonne Bouche for Boney.' On their knees are the Polish magnates, who exclaim: 'What a happy day for Poland!' The foremost is kissing the toe of Napoleon, who says: 'Rise up *free* and *independent* Polanders, depend upon it you shall have a King, and I'll be Vice Roy *over him*.' Behind, a standard-bearer carries a flag, on which is shown a pair of shackles, a guillotine, and two crossed swords, with the legend, 'Comfort for the Poles.' Beside him, another French soldier is emptying a sack of fetters.

The Russians withdrew for a time, but only to return in force, and Napoleon had to change his tactics to meet them; he therefore proposed to concentrate his forces, and compel the Russians to give battle, with the Vistula in their rear, and he himself between them and Russia. His despatches, however, were intercepted, and the battle was precipitated. Augereau's division lost its way, and was cut up by the Russians; and Bernadotte did not come, as the despatches, bidding him do so, had been captured. The fight in the snow at Preuss Eylau was fearful, and the carnage, especially in the churchyard, was horrible. Four thousand men died there. The French put down their loss in this battle as 2,000 killed, 6,000 wounded; while the loss of the Russians was 7,000 dead, 16,000 wounded, 12,000 prisoners, and 45 cannon taken.

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