

in the ship had been staved or knocked to atoms already.

In this horrible crisis, Anton Lundt, who was stationed on the quarter deck, stepped up to the captain, stripped to the waist, all begrimed with powder, and sprinkled with the blood of his messmates, and said: "I will leap overboard with a line, and swim ashore to that battery, and then you can bend a hawser to the line; and when we have hauled and secured it ashore, you will hoave upon it, and get the ship back to her moorings!" The captain gazed a moment at the intrepid mariner who made such a chivalrous proposal, and then, without a word of reply, snailly shook his head, and significantly pointed to the water, which was all alive with hissing balls.

"I know it, captain," rejoined the undaunted volunteer; "but there is a God above all!"—Without further parley, Anton seized a coil of small white line, and with the dexterity of a seaman, knotted the end over his neck and beneath one arm, bringing the light over his shoulder for convenience in swimming. He then slipped off his trousers—the only garment he had on—and took a few loose coils in his hand, his messmate undertaking to attend to the running out of the light after him. All was the work of a minute; and without pause, he plunged head-for-most into the sea from the taffrail, shouting, as he clave the air: "For Rosno og gainlo Danmark—hurrah!"

He rose some dozen yards or more from the ship's stern, having dived straight for his bourn, which was not more than eighty yards distant at the most. The general surface of the harbour would have been perfectly calm, had it not been for the continuous swells created by the oscillations of the Danish ships, as they locked to and fro under their heavy broadsides. Just as Anton Lundt emerged, a twenty-four pounder struck the water within a few yards of his back, but ricocheted exactly over his head, merely stunning him for a moment with the spray. He swam straight as an arrow, with the long and powerful strokes of a first-rate swimmer; and occasionally, when the graps and musket shots whistled thick as hailstones around him, he dexterously dived.—Thus swimming and diving alternately, he very quickly sped two-thirds of the perilous distance, amid the cheers of his countrymen. At length, however, the nearest English ship observed him, and probably guessed his object; for the marines on her poop fired a close volley at him, and a scream of rage and despair from his messmates arose, when they beheld him wildly throw up his left arm in unmistakable agony, and flounder in what appeared his death-flurry. Then his body rose perpendicularly, till his shoulders were a foot or more clear above the water, and he slowly fell backward, with his head pointing to the Danish battery. Contrary to expectation, he did not sink, however, but floated at full length, with nothing but a portion of his face visible. After a pause, he was observed to be propelling himself with his feet—swimming on his back, in fact—and his messmates on board the ship, and his countrymen at the battery, now cheered louder than ever. Two minutes of breathless suspense followed, and then a dozen hands were stretched forth, and he was lifted up the stony slope that led to the level of the battery. A moment he turned round, and faced towards his ship—his right arm hanging helplessly down by his side, shattered above the elbow by a ball, and his naked body streaming with blood from several wounds—then he waved his left arm in the air, and feebly hurrahing, fell senseless in the arms of the soldiers. By the order of one of their officers, he was immediately conveyed out of further danger. Meanwhile, had victory to the Danish

arms depended on poor Anton Lundt's single heroic effort, Denmark would assuredly have triumphed, for his scheme succeeded perfectly.—A hawser had been attached to the end of the line aboard the ship, the soldiers promptly hauled it ashore and secured it, and then the man-o'-war was easily hauled out of her critical position.

Let us now briefly glance at the progress of the main battle. It commenced exactly at five minutes after ten A. M., and in about an hour it was general on both sides. The Danes fought—as they ever have fought, and ever will fight—like worthy descendants of their Scandinavian forefathers, and for awhile the result seemed doubtful. As already mentioned, Sir Hyde Parker could not get to Nelson's aid; and it is related that this excellent man—who was as generously minded as brave—endured dreadful anxiety on account of Nelson and Graves. In another half-hour he could bear it no longer, and resolved to make a signal for the recall of the two subordinate admirals, remarking to his own captain, that if Nelson, whose extraordinary character he well understood, really felt himself in a position to continue the battle with a prospect of ultimate victory, he would heroically disobey the signal.

The signal of recall was accordingly hoisted, just at the time when the fire of the Danes had reached its acme, and it was yet a matter of considerable uncertainty to which side victory would incline. Nelson was swiftly pacing his quarter-deck, moving the stump of his lost arm up and down with excitement, and the balls of the foe whizzed thickly around him, stretching many a brave fellow lifeless at his feet. The splinters flew from the mainmast, which a ball perforated; and then it was that Nelson is said to have smilingly observed: "Warm work! this day may be the last to any of us at a moment! But, mark you—I would not be elsewhere for thousands!"

The lieutenant whose duty it was to attend to the signals, now informed him that No 39—"Leave off action!"—was hoisted on board the commander-in-chief. Nelson heard this unmoved, and made no reply. A second time the signal lieutenant reported it to him, and asked if he should answer it in turn. "No!" was the stern reply, "but acknowledge it." He then asked if his own signal for "close action" was duly flying, and being affirmatively responded to, said "Mind you keep it so!" Let us quote the characteristic scene that immediately ensued:—

"Do you know," said he to Mr. Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander-in-chief? No. 39!" Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant. "Why, to leave off action!" Then shrugging his shoulders, he repeated the words, "Leave off action? Now—me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to his own captain, "I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes!" and then, putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed: "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed—"The signal! keep mine flying for closer battle! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!"

The action continued with increased vigour, for Admiral Graves, probably taking his cue from Nelson, also disobeyed Sir Hyde Parker's signal. At one P. M., the fire of the Danes grew weaker, and by degrees it slackened, so that at thirty minutes past two P. M., it had ceased altogether in many parts of their shore defences, and most of their ships struck to the English, although the Crown Batteries, and a few men-o'-war ahead of Nelson's position, still

fought with desperation, and fired on the English boats sent off to secure the prizes. Some of the surrendered ships were, in fact, placed between two fires—that of friends and foes, and the unfortunate crews suffered proportionately. Nelson was both angry and grieved at this; and he immediately went into the stern-gallery, and addressed a world-renowned note to the crown prince, couched in these words:—

"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should not be the enemies, of the English."

He sealed this in an unusually formal manner, saying, that "it was no time to appear hurried" Captain Sir Frederick Theiser carried the letter ashore,\* with a flag of truce, and delivered it to the crown-prince, at the Sally Port. The latter sent to know the precise meaning of Nelson, and he replied thus, "Lord Nelson's object in sending the flag of truce was humanity; he therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore. And Lord Nelson will take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off the prizes as he shall think fit. Lord Nelson, with humble duty to his Royal Highness the Prince, will consider this the greatest victory he has ever gained, if it may be the cause of a happy union between his own most gracious sovereign and his majesty the king of Denmark."

The immediate result was a total cessation of hostilities, and a most complete victory to the English. When the contest was over, the wounded were gradually collected and removed to the hospitals and private houses of the city—to the latter when their personal friends claimed them. Many of the Danish soldiers and sailors engaged were natives of Copenhagen, or had relatives and dear friends therein, and the scenes that ensued during the afternoon, evening, and night, were heart-rending in the extreme. Parents, wives, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts, frantically ran from place to place, alike hoping and dreading to learn certain tidings of the fate of those so dear to them. All Copenhagen was a city of woe and wailing.—Every body had sustained a loss. Mothers and fathers wept for their brave sons killed, wounded, or prisoners; sisters for their brothers; girls for their lovers; the patriot for his poor conquered country and his slaughtered countrymen. Tremendous, in our estimation, was the moral responsibility of the English ministry for "letting slip the dogs of war" for a slight cause—nay, strictly speaking, for no valid cause whatever.—Our firm conviction is, that had England left Denmark to her own honourable instincts, the latter nation would never have given real occasion for an appeal to arms. Even yet more cruel and criminal was the bombardment of the city of Copenhagen itself, only six years subsequently to Nelson's raid—for it was nothing better. But they managed matters fifty years ago in a different manner from what the enlightened spirit of the age would now tolerate. No British ministry of the present day would dare or wish to act as did the ruling sachems in the early part of this century.

\* One of the grand basso relievos recently placed on the base of Nelson's Monument, in Trafalgar-square, London, represents Nelson in the act of delivering the letter to the young captain who acted as his aide-camp on the occasion. The subjects of the three other relievos are St. Vincent, The Nile, and Trafalgar.