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FAMOUS SHIPS OF THE BRITISH NAVY.







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See THE STORY OF THE 'QUEEN CHARLOTTE.'—Page 168.

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THIS VOLUME  
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STORIES OF THE  
ENTERPRISE AND DARING OF BRITISH SEAMEN

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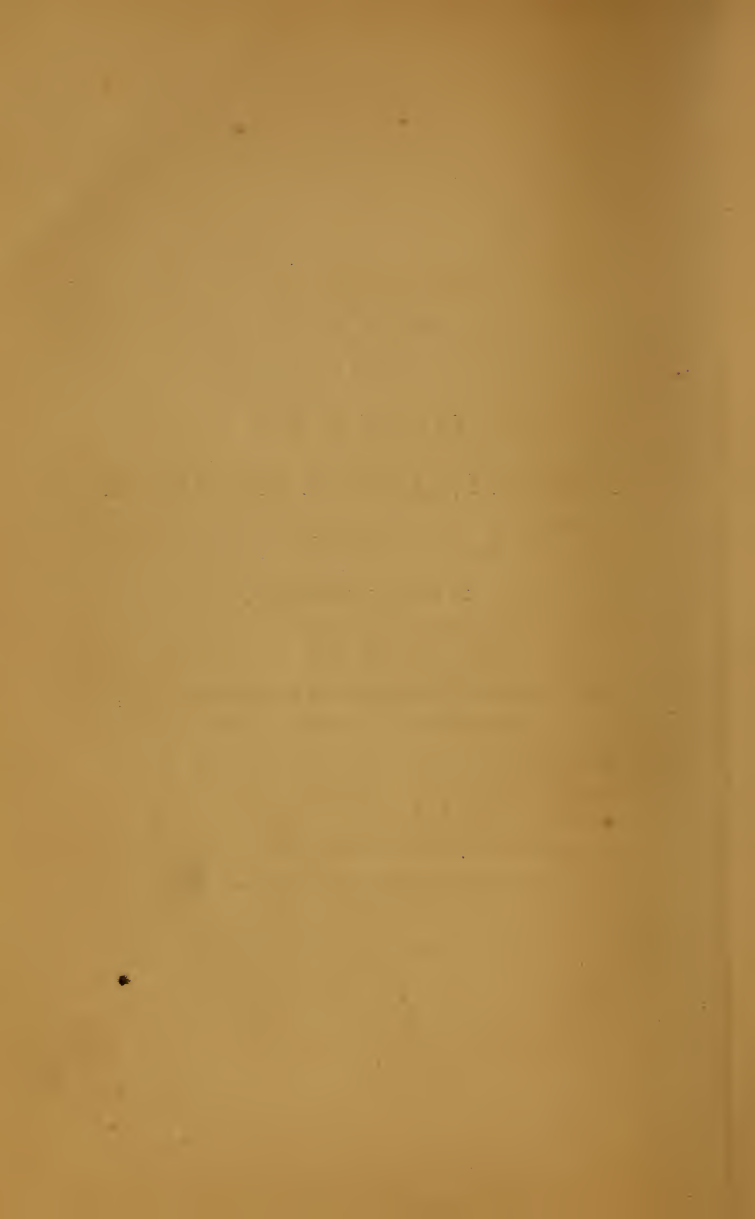
TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SOMERSET, K.G.,

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, ETC., ETC.

IN RESPECTFUL RECOGNITION OF HIS GRACE'S ZEALOUS  
ENDEAVOURS TO MAINTAIN THE EFFICIENCY OF  
ENGLAND'S BEST DEFENCE, AND ADAPT IT  
TO THE NEEDS OF THE FUTURE.

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN the following pages are condensed the histories of some of those famous Ships which, commanded by gallant officers and manned by "hearts of oak," have done so much to illustrate the annals and perpetuate the fame of the British Navy.

These stirring narratives have been compiled from authentic sources, and are purposely presented without verbal exaggeration or picturesque colouring. The deeds of British sailors require no adventitious adjuncts to merit the respect, and command the admiration, of their countrymen.

At a time when the "wooden walls" of England seem virtually abolished, and the gallant vessel which walked the waters like "a thing of life" is fast being converted into an iron tortoise, or armour-clad hulk, whose chief characteristic will be its invulnerability; at a time, when the manœuvres of ships and the tactics of great fleets are undergoing a complete revolution; the reader may not be displeased to refresh his memory with the achievements of our old men-of-war,—those

*Queen Charlottes, Bellerophons, and Victories*, which bore the flags of our famous Sea-kings in a score of glorious triumphs, and asserted in every sea the supremacy of the "Red Cross."

The old forms, however, may change; but the spirit will still live. Whether the Fleet of the Future be modelled after the *Warrior*, the *Achilles*, the *Monitor*, or the *Royal Sovereign*, I doubt not that it will be led by officers as heroic as Nelson, as gentle as Collingwood, and manned by no unworthy successors of the gallant "tars" who bled at Camperdown, Trafalgar, and the Nile. And if they need an inspiration, they will find it in such romantic narratives as this little volume is designed to preserve:—

"In our halls is hung  
Armour of the invincible knights of old.  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakspeare spoke; the faith and morals hold  
That Milton held; in everything have sprung  
From earth's best blood, have titles manifold!"—*Wordsworth.*

W. H. D. A.

*Norwood, February 1863.*

# CONTENTS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### RISE OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| The "Henrye Grace à Dieu"—The "Sovereign of the Seas"—Ships first classified—Sloops and Yachts introduced—Explanation of the word "frigate"—Growth of the British Navy . | 15   |

## CHAPTER II.

### THE STORY OF THE "MARY ROSE."

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Henry VIII.—Portsmouth as it was—French Fleet under D'Annebault—Engagement between English and French—Loss of the "Mary Rose"—French Invasion of the Isle of Wight—Quotation from Froude . . . . . | 20 |
|--|----|

## CHAPTER III.

### THE STORY OF THE "GOLDEN HIND," AND DRAKE'S CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE WORLD.

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Enterprise against the Spanish Colonies in North America—Drake's Flotilla—Thomas Doughty—Old Books of Travel—The Patagonians—A Skirmish—Port St. Julian—Execution of Doughty—Drake's Ships separate—Discovery of Cape Horn—The Sleeping Spaniard—Rifles the Cacafuego—Sails along the North-West Coast—Extreme Cold of the Climate—New Albion—Port San Francisco—Islands of Thieves—The Philippines—The Moluccas—Interview with the King of Ternate—A Narrow Escape—Arrival at Plymouth—Honours bestowed upon Drake—The "Golden Hind" at Deptford—Cowley's Verses—A Latin Eulogium . . . . . | 27 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF BLAKE'S FLAG-SHIPS :—

*The "Triumph"—the "Swiftsure"—the "St. George."*

PAGE

The "TRIUMPH :"—Blake and Van Tromp—The two Fleets in Sight—A Storm—Blake gains the Weather-gage—The "Triumph" begins the Engagement—It is desperately contested—Victory of the English—Remissness of the Parliament—Danger of Blake—Movements of the Dutch—The 18th of February 1653—The two Fleets engage—Heroism of De Ruyter—Close of the First Day's Battle—The Dutch off Weymouth—Second Day's Battle—Dutch retreat during the Night—Third Day's Battle—Defeat of the Dutch—Blake sails for the Scotch Coast—Monk and Deane in the Downs—The 2nd of June—Van Tromp's Armada—Attacks the English—Death of Deane—Night comes on—Renewal of the Battle on the Second Day—Arrival of Blake—A Pierce Contest—Destruction of the "Brederode"—Total Defeat of the Dutch . . . . . 43

The "SWIFTSURE :"—Before Cadiz—Blockade of the Port—Blake visits Algiers, and relieves Tangier—The Peru Treasure Fleet—Takes Refuge in Santa Cruz—Blake resolves to attack it—Preparations for Resistance—Movements of the English—A Prudent Dutchman—Attack upon Santa Cruz—Gallantry of Captain Stayner—Total Destruction of the Spanish Vessels—Eulogium of Lord Clarendon—Cromwell's Letter to Blake—After-career of the "Swiftsure" . . . . 56

The "ST. GEORGE :"—Expedition against the Barbary States—Sails from the Solent—Obtains Compensation from the Grand Duke of Tuscany—Appears off Tunis—Is defied by the Dey—Attacks Tunis—Destruction of the Tunisian Fleet and Batteries—Visits Tripoli and Algiers—Illness of Blake—Steers for Home—Gradual Decline—Arrives off Plymouth—Quotation from Hepworth Dixon—Blake's Public Funeral—His Character—After-career of the "St. George". 63

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF THE "ROYAL CHARLES."

Launched as the "Naseby"—Shares in the Sea-fights of the Dutch—Selected as the Flag-ship of Blake and Montagu—Narrow Escape—The Restoration of 1660—The "Naseby" re-christened as the "Royal Charles"—Embarks Charles II. at Scheveling—Quotation from Dryden—The Dutch War of 1665—Flag-ship of the Duke of York—Battle of the 3rd of



|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| June—Defeat of the Dutch—Singular Conduct of the Duke—Treachery or Cowardice of Brouncker—Quotation from Sir John Denham—Glorious Victory of June 1, 1666—Quotation from Dryden—The Dutch in the Medway—Destruction of the “Royal Charles”. . . . . | 72   |

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE STORY OF THE “CENTURION.”

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Romantic Character of Old Books of Travel—Associations of Childhood—Anson’s Famous Voyage—Fleet fitted out in 1740 against Manilla, the Capital of the Philippines—Badly manned and improperly equipped—Sails from Spithead—Fever breaks out—The Fleet reaches the Brazilian Coast—Patagonia and the Patagonians—The Isle of Fire—The Straits of Lemaire—A Storm—The “Centurion” makes for Juan Fernandez—Arrives there, and lands her Crew—An Island—Settlement—Arrival of the “Gloucester”—Sad Tidings—Recovery of the Crew—The Expedition again puts to Sea—Bold Attack upon Paita—A Night-masquerade—Cruises off Acapulco—Quotation from Captain Basil Hall—Loss of the “Gloucester”—The “Centurion” at Tinian—An Alarm—Sails for China—Arrival at Macao—Cruises in Search of the Panama Treasure-ship—A Prudent Cook—Capture of the Great Galleon—Alarm of Fire—The “Centurion” and her Prize arrive at Spithead . . . . . | 82 |
|---|----|

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE STORY OF A MUTINY.

#### *The “Bounty.”*

Dampier’s Description of the Bread-fruit—The English Government resolve to plant it in the West Indies—The “Bounty” sails for the South Seas—Arrives at Tahiti—Reception by the Tahitians—Friendly Intercourse—A Heivah, or Tahitian Dance—Tahitian Plants—A Supply obtained—The “Bounty” sails for Anamooka—Begins her Homeward Voyage—The Mutiny breaks out—Captain Bligh’s Account—The Boat-voyage—Bligh’s Character—Real Causes of the Mutiny—Narrative by an Eye-witness—The Mutineers return to Tahiti—Obtains Supplies—Discussions take place—Christian and his Adherents sail from Tahiti, and fall in with Pitcairn’s Isle—An Extraordinary Colony—Its History

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| detailed—Visited by Captain Sir Thomas Staines and Captain Beechey—Captain Beechey's Interesting Account—Removal of the Colonists to Norfolk Island—Bligh and his Companions—The Boat-voyage—Severe Privations—Arrive at Timor—Departure for England—Voyage of the "Pandora"—Seizes the Mutineers at Tahiti—Harsh Conduct of Captain Edwards—Wreck of the "Pandora"—Boat-voyage—Conclusion of the Eventful Story . . . . . | 97   |

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE STORY OF THE "ARETHUSA."

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Dibdin's Popular Ballad—Narrative of the Engagement which it celebrates between the "Arethusa" and "La Belle Poule"—Admiral Keppel and the French off Ushant—Indecisive Battle—Political Feeling. . . . . | 131 |
|---|-----|

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE STORY OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Cowper's Celebrated Ballad—Sir Edward Hawke's Fleet in 1759—Hoists his Flag on Board the "Royal George"—Engagement with the French in Quiberon Bay—A Great Victory—Falconer the Poet—Rear-Admiral Kempenfeldt—The "Royal George" at Spithead—Narrative of her Loss—The Extent of the Catastrophe—Graves on the Duver, at Ryde—The Wreck of the "George"—Removal by Colonel Pasley . . . . . | 137 |
|---|-----|

## CHAPTER X.

### THE STORY OF THE "BELLEROPHON."

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| War with France—Lord Howe's Victory of the 1st of June—Share of the "Bellerophon" on the 29th of May—Attacks "La Révolutionnaire"—Renewal of the Engagement—Manœuvres of the two Fleets—The 1st of June—Heroism of Rear-Admiral Pasley—A Complete Victory—Anecdotes of the 1st of June—The Battle of Trafalgar—The "Bellerophon" captures the "Monarca"—Cruises in the Basque Roads—Fall of Napoleon—The Emperor goes on Board the "Bellerophon"—Sails for Plymouth—Removed to the "Northumberland"—St. Helena . . . . . | 145 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY OF THE "QUEEN CHARLOTTE."

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Outbreak of the Revolutionary War—The Channel Fleet—A Cruise—The French in sight—A Vain Pursuit—Lord Howe's Fleet in 1794—The Enemy sails from Brest—Battle of the 28th of May—Battle of the 29th—The "Glorious First of June"—A fierce Engagement—A complete Victory—Honours for the Victors—A Storm, and a Cruise—Lord Bridport off Belle-Isle—Behaviour of the "Queen Charlotte"—Mutiny at Spithead—Concessions of the Admiralty—Influence of Earl Howe—The "Queen Charlotte" in the Mediterranean—Off Genoa—Alarm of Fire—Loss of the "Queen Charlotte" . . . . . | 163  |

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORY OF THE "LEANDER."

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Gallant Engagement with a French 74—At Santa Cruz with Nelson—Nelson's Pursuit of the French Fleet—Discovers it at anchor in the Bay of Aboukir—Aboukir Island—Nelson's movements—Commencement of the Battle—Manceuvres of the English—Explosion of the "Orient"—Casa-Bianca and his Son—Total Defeat of the French—The "Leander" sails for Cadiz—Engagement with the "Généreux"—A Desperate Resistance—Her Capture—Restored to England by the Emperor of Russia—Captures the "Ville-de-Milan" and "Cleopatra" . . . . . | 181 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORY OF THE "DREADNOUGHT."

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Flag-ship of Admiral Cornwallis—Collingwood hoists his Flag on board of her in 1805—Shares in the Battle of Trafalgar—Captures the "San Juan de Nepomuceno"—Gallant Boat-action at Ushant—Employed as a Hospital-ship—Statistics—Concluding remarks . . . . . | 199 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORY OF THE "SHANNON."

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Causes of the War with America in 1812—Successes of the Americans—Captain Philip Broke—The "Shannon" off |  |
|--|--|

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Boston—Challenges the “Chesapeake”—Captain Broke’s Remarkable Letter—Relative Force of the two Vessels—The Battle—Complete Victory of the English—Interesting Details . . . . . | 204  |

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE STORY OF THE “VICTORY.”

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Built in 1765—Lord Hood’s Flag-ship in 1793—Siege of Toulon—Capture of Corsica—Sir John Jervis succeeds to the command of the Mediterranean Fleet—Hoists his Flag in the “Victory”—She shares in the Battle off Cape St. Vincent—Details of the Battle—Defeat of the Spanish—Becomes Nelson’s Flag-ship in 1803—Pursuit of the French and Spanish Fleets—Preparations for Battle—Anecdotes of Nelson—Battle of Trafalgar—General Details—Wound of Nelson—His Last Moments—His Death, and Character—A Glorious Victory—Nelson’s Funeral—After-career of the “Victory” . . . . . | 217 |
|--|-----|

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

#### *The “Alceste.”*

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Her Early Career—Gallant Encounter with the “Pomone”—Embassy to China—Begins her Homeward Voyage—The Wreck—Island of Pulo Leat—A Strange Colony—Appearance of the Malay Pirates—Preparations for Defence—Arrival of Relief—Captain Maxwell and the Emperor Napoleon—Conclusion . . . . . | 267 |
|--|-----|

## APPENDIX.

### IRON-CLAD SHIPS.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| The “Warrior”—The “Black Prince”—General Principles on which an Iron-clad Fleet should be constructed—Plans of the British Admiralty—The Navy of the Future . . . . . | 278 |
| <i>Chronological Table of Actions at Sea</i> . . . . .  | 297 |
| <i>Description of a Ship’s Rigging, Sails, &amp;c.</i> . . . . .  | 303 |
| <i>Glossary of Naval Terms</i> . . . . .  | 312 |

# FAMOUS SHIPS OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE RISE OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

“Thus we command  
The empire of the sea.”—*Shakspeare.*

THOUGH naval victories had been achieved by England in the stormy reigns of the Plantagenets—and notably at Sluys by Edward III.—the Royal Navy, strictly speaking, had no existence until Henry VII. caused to be constructed, in 1488, a three-masted ship which he called *The Great Harry*, and which is said to have been accidentally burnt at Woolwich in 1553. Previously, the English kings, when carrying on a maritime war, hired their ships of the great merchants, or relied upon the quota of vessels which every Cinque Port, and the sea-ports generally, were bound to supply at the sovereign's demand. These small craft resembled in size and burden the fishing-boats which now hover about our coasts; one-decked, one-masted vessels, carrying small guns which were fired, not through port-holes, but over the ship's bulwarks. Port-holes were the invention of one Descharges, a French builder at Brest, and in England appear to have been first introduced in the *second* famous ship of the Royal Navy—the *Henrye Grace-a-Dieu*, built at Erith, or, according to some authorities, at Woolwich, in 1515.

The *Henrye Grace-a-Dieu* was then considered the tenth Wonder of the World. Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador at the court of Henry VIII., seems to have

been amazed at her extraordinary size: she was, he says, "a galeas of unusual magnitude," whose numerous heavy guns would doubtlessly overpower "any fortress, however strong." She cost 6,478*l.* 8*s.* 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*,—a large sum, when the value of money at that time is taken into consideration. Her burthen was, it is said, 1000 tons, but we have no means of ascertaining in what way the Tudor shipbuilders computed tonnage. She carried two tiers of guns, and platforms—or short decks—both at stem and stern, presenting, indeed, a very fantastic and unwieldy appearance. Her armament consisted of 80 pieces—cannon-royal, cannon-serpentine, bastard-cannon, demi-cannon, and cannon-petro—54 of which were fired through port-holes, the remainder mounted on the after-part of the forecastle. She had three decks and four masts.

This memorable vessel was launched at Erith, October 1515, in the presence of King Henry and his queen, and wellnigh all "the lords and prelates of the kingdom, who all dined on board at the king's charge." We hear of her, afterwards, in 1552, as the *Edward*,—her name having been changed, perhaps, in compliment to Edward VI.,—and from that date lose all trace of her existence.

A vessel of 900 tons, named after Queen Elizabeth, was launched at Woolwich in her royal presence, in 1559; but the next great ship of the British navy,—which, under Henry VIII., had received its first formal organization,—was the *Sovereign-of-the-Seas*, built at Woolwich dockyard, in 1637, from the designs of Phineas Pett. Fuller speaks of her as "a liegir-ship of state, the greatest ship our island ever saw." Her sides were richly adorned with emblems and mottoes in gold, so that the Dutch, in whose naval defeats she played a conspicuous part, called her the "Golden Devil." Her decorator, Thomas Heywood, thus describes her:—"She has three flush-deckes, and a fore-castle, an half-decke, a quarter-decke, and a round-house. Her lower tyre (tier) hath 30 ports, which are

to be furnished with demi-cannon and whole cannon throughout, being able to beare with them. Her middle tyre hath also 30 ports, for demi-culverin and whole culverin. Her third tyre hath 26 ports for other ordnance. Her forecastle hath 12 ports, and her halfe-decke hath 14 ports. She hath 13 or 14 ports more within-board for *murdering pieces* [*i. e.*, guns mounted on the after part of the forecastle], besides a great many loop-holes out of the cabins for musket-shot. She carried, moreover, ten pieces of chase-ordnance in her right forward, and ten right aft, that is, according to land service, in the front and the reare." Her burthen is variously stated at 1141, 1637, 1543, and 1683 tons, and her armament numbered, in all, 100 guns.

The ships of the Royal Navy appear to have been first classified into "rates" in 1626, when was issued, by order of Charles I., "the New Rates for Seamen's Monthly Wages, confirmed by the Commissioners of His Majesty's Navy, according to His Majesty's several rates of ships, and degrees of officers." These rates were then, as they are now, six in number, but, of course, in every other respect, differed materially from the present arrangement. A "first-rate" of to-day is a vessel as infinitely superior to the "first-rate" of King Charles's time as the *Great Eastern* to one of the Chelsea steamers.

About 1670 the description of vessel known as "sloops" was added to the Royal Navy. Bombs, invented by N. Reyneau, were introduced in 1688; fire-ships and yachts, between 1660 and 1675. The word "yacht" is from the Dutch, and the first yacht ever seen in England was *The Mary*, a present from the Dutch government to Charles II. At a much earlier date our builders had become acquainted with the light swift vessel of war called "frigate." The word is apparently Italian, and indicates swiftness of sailing: it derives its origin, says the *Dictionnaire de la Marine*, from the Mediterranean, where all long ships, built both for

sail and oar, are named "frigates." The side, which is higher than that of a galley, has openings, like port-holes, for the oars to pass through. From the Italians they were adopted by the French, and from the French by the English, who called almost all their merchant ships frigates. Sir Francis Drake, among the ships which he led against the (misnamed) Invincible Armada, had a "frigate" called the *Elizabeth Founes*, of 80 tons, and manned by 50 men. The first frigate, however, as the moderns understand the term, was built by the ingenious Sir Robert Dudley, afterwards Duke of Northumberland: it measured 160 ft. in length, and 24 ft. in breadth, and carried a tier of guns on a single whole deck, besides other guns on the quarter-deck and fore-castle. Thus the English appear to have been the first to have introduced the *armed* frigate, and to have converted into a ship of war the fast-sailing merchant-vessel, though Fuller asserts that we "fetched the first model and pattern of our friggets from the Dunkirks,\* when, in the days of the Duke of Buckingham, then admiral, we took some friggets from them, two of which still survive in His Majesty's navy (Charles II.), by the names of the *Providence* and *Expedition*." On the other hand, Pepys asserts that "the *Constant Warwick* was the first frigate built in England. She was built in 1649, by Mr. Peter Pett, for a privateer for the Earl of Warwick, and was sold by him to the States. Mr. Pett took his model of a frigate from a French frigate which he had seen in the Thames; as his son, Sir Phineas Pett, acknowledged to me."

For centuries the British navy was composed of ships inferior in point of sailing qualities to those of

\* Dunkirk was, for centuries, a famous nursery for seamen: hence, the importance which Cromwell attached to its possession by England, and the indignation with which the English regarded its surrender to France by Charles II. The Dunkirk rovers did no small damage to English commerce as late as the Revolutionary War.



other maritime nations, and its numerous victories were won by the superior discipline and courage of its seamen. Their great fault, says Mr. James, in his invaluable *Naval History*, was—"their insufficient size in reference to the guns they were forced to carry. Hence, their lower batteries could seldom be used in blowing weather; and they sailed and worked heavily. But even this had its advantages; for the British generally recaptured their ships, whenever they formed part of an enemy's chased fleet; and it is remarkable that, of the Comte de Forbin's fleet, which, in 1708, attempted a descent on Scotland, the only ships which perished in the gale that happened were such as had been taken from the English." For years, indeed, the best and swiftest vessels in the Royal Navy were those which had been captured from the French; but the application of steam power to men-of-war, and the improved science of our shipbuilders, has happily removed from us this long-enduring reproach, and we now construct in the royal dockyards ships of a strength, beauty, and speed which no nation can surpass.

These desultory remarks may fittingly be closed with a comparison of the number and strength of the British Royal Navy at different dates. In 1677, it included 41 ships, mounting 2,344 guns, and manned by 14,665 men. In 1793, it numbered (in commission, in ordinary, &c.) 411 ships, whose total tonnage was 402,555, carrying 45,000 seamen and marines. In 1796, it numbered 592 ships with 530,423 tons. In 1800, 757 ships with 629,211 tons. In 1810, at the climax of the great French Revolutionary War, 1,048 ships, with 860,990 tons, of which 664 sail were cruisers. In 1820, it had decreased to 613 ships, with 605,527 tons, but only 113 ships were in commission. In 1861, it included nearly 1,000 steamers and sailing vessels; but the introduction of iron-clad ships has so completely altered the character of our marine, that it is difficult to furnish any correct view of its actual condition.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE STORY OF THE "MARY ROSE."

[Period of Service : Reign of Henry VIII., 1539-1544.  
Strength : 60 guns, 500 men.]

"Ye ocean warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow."—*Campbell.*

HENRY VIII. was the first of our sovereigns who rightly comprehended the importance to England of a considerable marine, and it was the energy of his genius and the decisive resolution of his character which sowed the seeds of our surpassing maritime power. With that administrative ability which he so eminently possessed he introduced a complete system and a satisfactory organization into his infant navy, and placed his arsenals and dockyards upon an important footing. Portsmouth, under his care, became the principal naval depôt of England; and yet how weak and rude were these beginnings as compared with the splendid results now so conspicuous to our eyes, may easily be inferred by our young readers from Leland's quaint description of that famous seaport. Leland visited Portsmouth in 1548, and thus records his observations:—

"The land here," he writes, "on the east side of Portsmouth haven, runs further by a great way straight into the sea, by the south-east from the haven-mouth, than it does on the west point. There is, at the point of the haven, Portsmouth town, and a great round tower, almost double in quantity and strength to that on the west side of the haven right against it, and here

is a mighty chain of iron to draw from tower to tower. About a quarter of a mile above this tower there is a great dock for ships, and in this dock lies the ribs of the *Henry Grace de Dieu*, one of the biggest ships that has been made within the memory of man. There are above this dock creaks in this part of the haven. The town of Portsmouth is murid [walled] from the east tower a furlong's length, with a mud wall armed with brass ordnance, and this piece of the wall having a ditch without it, runs so far flat south-south-east, and is the place most apt to defend the town, there open on the haven. There runs a ditch almost flat east for a space, and within it is a wall of mud like to the other, and then goes on round about the town for the circuit of a mile. There is a gate of timber at the north-east end of the town, and by it there is cast up a hill of earth ditched, whereon be guns to defend the entry into the town by land. There is much vacant ground within the town wall, and there is one fair street in the town west to north-east."

Such was Portsmouth in the reign of Henry VIII., and as such it excited the jealousy and apprehension of our "natural enemies"—for so our wise ancestors considered them!—the French. Accordingly, when war broke out between Henry VIII. and Francis I., in 1544, their first blows were aimed at Portsmouth, and thither was despatched a formidable fleet under the command of the gallant D'Annebault, Admiral of France. It consisted of 150 large ships, 25 galleys, and 50 small vessels and transports, which, having securely crossed the Channel, were off the back of the Isle of Wight on the 18th of July.

The English fleet, having just been reviewed by Henry VIII., lay at Portsmouth, under the command of the chivalrous Lord Lisle. It was far inferior in force to the French armada, but its vessels were of larger build, and manned by better seamen. Chief among these was the *Mary Rose*—so named partly in honour of the Virgin Mary, and partly in allusion to the Tudor

cognizance of the rose. She was a new ship of 600 tons, recently built at Woolwich, and armed with 60 pieces of heavy ordnance. Her captain was the gallant Sir George Carew, but she was unfortunately manned with a crew who were said, all of them, "to be fitter, in their own conceit, to order than obey, and to be incompetent for ordinary work"—very worshipful gentlemen and brave soldiers, but by no means well-disciplined seamen.

D'Annebault's armada steadily progressed round the Isle of Wight, piloted by boats with sounding lines which carefully indicated the proper depth of water. They passed the lofty cliffs now crowned by the glittering villas of Ventnor and Bonchurch, while the bale-fires shooting up their spires of flame on every conspicuous height, warned the islanders that an enemy was at hand. Soon they rounded the picturesque headland of St. Helen's Point, and fell into position in a formidable line which extended nearly four miles in length—from Brading Harbour to the then little fishing village of Ryde. Fourteen English ships were despatched by Lord Lisle to reconnoitre the array, but D'Annebault bringing up his galleys to meet them, after a few dropping shot, they retired, and night silently encompassed the hostile fleets.

Let us now adopt Mr. Froude's picturesque narrative:—

"The morning which followed," he says, "was breathlessly calm. Lisle's fleet lay all inside the Spit [a large sand-bank, whence the name *Spit-head*], the heavy sails hanging motionless on the yards, the smoke from the chimneys of the cottages on shore rising in blue columns straight up into the air. It was a morning beautiful with the beauty of an English summer and an English sea; but, for the work before him, Lord Lisle would have gladly heard the west wind among his shrouds. At this time he had not a galley to oppose to the five-and-twenty which D'Annebault had brought

with him; and in such weather the galleys had all the advantages of the modern gunboats. From the single long gun which each of them carried in the bow they poured shot for an hour into the tall stationary hulls of the line-of-battleships; and, keeping in constant motion, they were themselves in perfect security. According to the French account of the action, the *Great Harry* suffered so severely as almost to be sunk at her anchorage; and had the calm continued, they believed that they could have destroyed the entire fleet. As the morning drew on, however, the off-shore breeze sprung up suddenly, the large ships began to glide through the water, a number of frigates—long, narrow vessels—so swift, the French said, they could outsail their fastest shallops—came out ‘with incredible swiftness;’ and the fortune of the day was changed. The enemy were afraid to turn lest they should be run over; and if they attempted to escape into the wind, they would be cut off from their own fleet. The main line advanced barely in time to save them, and the English, whose object was to draw the enemy into action under the guns of their own fortresses and among the shoals at the Spit, retired to the old ground. The loss on both sides had been insignificant; but the occasion was rendered memorable by a misfortune.”

This misfortune was the total loss of the *Mary Rose*; a misfortune the more remarkable that it occurred nearly in the same spot, and through a very similar cause, as, at a later period, the loss of the *Royal George*. It appears that her ports were open for the action; her guns were run out; but, misled by the calm which prevailed, the crew had insufficiently secured them. The wind came up with a sudden sweep, and as the *Mary Rose* was slightly heeled on one side, her windward tier of guns broke loose, rolled across the deck, and with their weight and momentum so depressed her leeward side, that the water rushed in at the open ports, filled the ship, and sunk her, with every soul on board!

Such was the fate of the *Mary Rose*, on the very first occasion that she bore the red cross of England in sight of an enemy. Her loss was probably owing to the unwieldiness of her construction as much as to the inefficiency and inexperience of her crew. To the heart of her royal master, who may be said to have been an eye-witness of the catastrophe, her loss was a grievous blow. It may have proved some consolation to him, however, that the French experienced a similar misfortune. The French treasure-ship, *La Maîtresse*, had suffered severe straining in her passage across the Channel, and the recoil of her own guns developed and completed the mischief. The crew were saved, and they succeeded in bringing off the money-chest; but they were compelled to tow their vessel into Brading Haven, and run her ashore.

The action, however, was not terminated by these casualties—"the first result of the meeting of the two largest navies which had encountered each other for centuries"—and, as the details of this French invasion have an interest for all time, we feel persuaded our young readers will permit us to include them in the "Story of the *Mary Rose*." We continue our quotations from Mr. Froude's animated pages:—

"The day had as yet lost but a few hours, and D'Annebault, hearing that the king was a spectator of the scene, believed that he might taunt him out of his caution by landing troops in the Isle of Wight. The sight of the enemy taking possession of English territory, and the blaze of English villages, scarcely two cannon-shot distance from him, would provoke his patience, and the fleet would again advance. Detachments were set on shore at three different points. Pierre Strozzi, an Italian, attacked a fort, perhaps near Sea View,\* which had annoyed the galleys in the morning. The garrison abandoned it as he approached,

\* Mr. Froude is probably right in his conjecture. In several old maps the headland at Sea View is named *Old Fort*.

and it was destroyed. M. de Thais, landing without resistance, advanced into the island to reconnoitre. He went forward till he had entangled his party in a glen surrounded by thickets; and here he was checked by a shower of arrows from invisible hands. The English, few in number, but on their own ground, hovered about him, giving way when attacked, but hanging on his skirts, and pouring death into his ranks from their silent bows, till prudence warned him to withdraw to the open sands. The third detachment was the most considerable; it was composed of picked men, and was led by two of the most distinguished commanders of the galleys. These must have landed close to Bembridge [probably at Sandown Bay]. They were no sooner on shore than they were charged by a body of cavalry. There was sharp fighting; and the soldiers in the nearest ships, excited at the spectacle of the skirmish and the rattle of the carbines, became unmanageable, seized the boats, and went off without their officers to join. The English, being now outnumbered, withdrew; the French straggled after them in loose order, till they came out upon the downs sloping up towards the Culver Cliffs; and here, being scattered in twos and threes, they were again charged with fatal effect. Many were cut in pieces; the rest fled, the English pursuing and sabreing them down to the shore; and but few would have escaped, but that the disaster was perceived from the fleet, large masses of men were sent in, under shelter of the guns, to relieve the fugitives; and the English, being badly pressed in return, drew off, still fighting as they retreated, till they reached a stream [the Eastern Yar?], which they crossed, and broke down the bridge behind them."

Evening had now come on, and D'Annebault held a council of war to decide whether an attack should be made upon Portsmouth, or a formidable force landed in the Isle of Wight, to hold it permanently. On board his transports were 7000 pioneers and soldiers, whose

labours might be employed in the construction of fortresses at Newport, Cowes, St. Helen's, and other suitable points. For unknown reasons, D'Annebault decided upon carrying fire and sword to some other part of the English coast; and after three days' fruitless parade, weighed anchor, and sailed for the Sussex shore.

“ But his misfortunes in the Isle of Wight were not yet over. The ships were in want of fresh water; and on leaving St. Helen's he went round into Shanklin Bay (July 21), where he sent his boats to fill their casks at the rivulet which runs down the Chine. The stream was small, the task was tedious, and the Chevalier D'Eulx, who, with a few companies, was appointed to guard the watering-parties, seeing no signs of danger, wandered inland, attended by some of his men, to the top of the high down adjoining. The English, who had been engaged with the other detachments two days before, had kept on the hills, watching the motions of the fleet. The Chevalier was caught in an ambuscade, and, after defending himself like a hero, he was killed, with most of his followers.”—(*Froude*, vol. iv.)

D'Annebault's next foray was made upon Brighton,— a fishing village of inconsiderable pretensions, which, at that time, gave no indication of the prosperity and repute it would enjoy as “ London-super-Mare,”—and, at one or two other points, he committed depredations worthy of a freebooter, it is true, but not of the chief of a great armament. Having accomplished these doughty deeds, the French Armada betook itself once more to its native ports, covered rather with ridicule for the little it had effected than with glory for what it had undertaken to perform. The greatest loss experienced by the English, throughout the imposing demonstration, was that of the unfortunate *Mary Rose*.



## CHAPTER III.

THE "GOLDEN HIND:" AND DRAKE'S CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF  
THE WORLD.

[Period of Service : Reign of Queen Elizabeth.  
Strength : 100 tons, and about 70 men.]

"No English keel hath yet that ocean plough'd.  
If prophecy from me may be allow'd,  
Renownèd Drake, Heaven does decree  
That happy enterprise to thee :  
For thou of all the Britons art the first  
That boldly durst  
This Western World invade :  
And as thou now art made  
The first to whom that ocean will be shown,  
So to thy Isle thou first shall make it known."

*Sir William Davenant.*

"FIVE years"—says the author of the *Britannia*—  
"after his return from a former voyage, to wit, in the  
year 1572, when Drake had gotten a pretty store of  
money, by playing the seaman and the pirate, he, to lick  
himself whole of the damage he had received from the  
Spaniards (which a divine belonging to the fleet had  
easily persuaded him to be lawful), set sail again for  
America."

The enterprise now undertaken by the heroic Devon-  
shire Sea-king was secretly favoured by Queen Eliza-  
beth, and excited a lively interest in the breast of every  
English adventurer. And though his vessel was not  
furnished from the small quota which then composed  
the Royal Marine, yet shall we take leave to include her  
among the "Famous Ships of the British Navy," since  
she sailed on her daring voyage under the direct  
auspices of the English sovereign.

The little squadron with which Captain Francis Drake proposed to attack—wherever and whenever he could—his old enemies, the Spaniards, and to carry the flag of England into unknown seas, was composed of five vessels, manned by only 164 seamen, and of a burthen of 275 tons. These were—the *Pelican*, Drake's own ship, of 100 tons; the *Elizabeth*, 80 tons, Capt. John Winter; the *Marigold*, 30 tons, Capt. John Thomas; the *Swan*, 50 tons, Capt. John Chester; and the *Christopher*, pinnace, 15 tons, Capt. Thomas Moone. The *Pelican* was a good stout ship, "well-found" and appointed, and fitted up with some degree of luxury, for the purpose of impressing the minds of any strange people whom she might fall in with. Provision, indeed, was made in her "for ornament and delight," and Drake, with this object in view, carried with him "expert musicians, rich furniture (all the vessels for his table, yea, many belonging to the cook-room, being of pure silver), with divers shows of all sorts of curious workmanship, whereby the civility and magnificence of his native country might, among all nations whither he should come, be the more admired."

The expedition sailed from Plymouth on the 15th of November 1577, but was encountered by a severe storm, which drove Drake into Falmouth, and afterwards compelled him to return to Plymouth to refit. He set sail again, under more favourable auspices, on the 13th of December, and went gaily onward until, on the 27th, the ships anchored off Mogadore, on the Barbary coast, and took on board a supply of fowls, sheep, and other provisions. Coasting southwards, they fell in, at Cape Blanco, with three Spanish caravels, two of which Drake restored to their owners, and for the third, a craft of 40 tons, he exchanged the *Christopher* pinnace. The Cape de Verde Islands were next visited, and off St. Jago two Portuguese vessels were seized. One he detained, and placed on board of her a crew of 28 men, under the command of his friend, a gentleman volun-

teer, named Thomas Doughty. Out of this circumstance, however, arose a series of misunderstandings which finally resulted in a deplorable catastrophe. The beginning was in this wise: Not long after Doughty had taken command of the prize, "he was charged," says Fletcher (Drake's chaplain), "by John Brewer, Edward Bright, and some others of their friends, to have purloined to his proper (*i. e.* his own) use things of great value, and therefore was not to be put in trust any longer, lest he might rob the voyage and deprive the company of their hope, and her Majesty and other adventurers of their benefit, to enrich himself and make himself greater to the overthrow of all others. In regard whereof, the general speedily went on board the prize to examine the matter, who finding certain pairs of Portugal gloves, some few pieces of money of a strange coin, and a small ring, all which one of the Portugals gave him out of his chest in hope of favour, all of them being not worth the speaking of. These things being found with him, not purloined but only given him, received in the sight of all men, the general, in his discretion, deposed him from his place, and yet sent him in his own stead to the Admiral (*i. e.*, to the Admiral's ship) as commander of that company for the time, in his absence, and placed Thomas Drake, his brother, in the prize, Captain, in the room of Thomas Doughty, but remained there himself till he had discharged the Portugals.

"In the mean time the said Thomas Doughty being aboard the Admiral was thought to be too peremptory, and exceeded his authority, taking upon him too great a command, by reason whereof such as had him in dislike took advantage against him to complain a second time. The general [all naval commanders of expeditions were termed in those days of semi-military semi-naval warfare 'generals and admirals'] came aboard the Admiral, and upon the second complaint, removed the said Doughty a prisoner into the *Swan* with utter disgrace."

One of the pleasantest things in the old books of travel, and one which specially endears to us the quaint narratives of the early voyagers, is the romance which colours every page and informs every line; the romance of adventure, and daring, and wild chivalrous courage; the romance of strange islands clasped round by "forlorn seas;" the romance of shadowy groves and musical waters; the romance, in a word, of Nature as Nature seemed to the eyes of men before the electric wire had put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, or the Genius of Steam brought the farthest shores within our constant and almost indifferent recognition. Thus, when the *Pelican* lay off the island of Brava, the mariners hastened to become acquainted with its secrets, and we are told in enthusiastic language of its trees, countless in number and always garlanded with the greenest foliage; of its ripe figs, and milky cocoas, its luscious oranges and nutritious plantains; nor are pictures wanting of sinuous streams winding their trails of silver through the pleasant shade.

The squadron passed the Equator on the 17th February, and soon afterwards got becalmed, lying idly like painted ships upon a painted sea for five-and-fifty days. Then a wind arose which bore Drake and his fortunes to the coast of Brazil, where a large number of seals were killed and stored up for future use. In keeping to the southward the *Swan* and the Portuguese caravel, which they had named the *Mary*, separated from the rest of Drake's flotilla. A harbour on the Patagonian coast was next made, and the English seamen gazed for the first time upon the Patagonian natives, exaggerating their stature into that of giants by some strange freak of fancy. "Magellan," says the historian of Drake's voyage, "was not altogether deceived in calling them giants, for they generally differ from the common sort of men, both in stature, bigness, and strength of body, as also in the hideousness of their voice; but yet they are nothing so monstrous or giant-like as they were re-

ported, there being some Englishmen as tall as the highest of any we could see; but, peradventure, the Spaniards did not think that ever any Englishman could come thither to reprove them; and thereupon might presume the more boldly to lie: the name *Pentagones*, five cubits, namely  $7\frac{1}{2}$  ft., describing the full height (if not somewhat more) of the highest of them." It is now, however, satisfactorily established by the testimony of recent voyagers that though the Patagonians are strong-limbed and robust, their stature does not exceed the ordinary standard.

On the 20th of June, being rejoined by the missing ships, the whole expedition anchored in Port St. Julian, which was destined to be the scene of two melancholy catastrophes. Drake had landed his men to exercise them in a trial of archery, when Robert Winter, an able seaman, pulling the string of his bow with too much vehemence broke it. Whether the natives supposed that he had intended to menace them is uncertain, but while the Englishman was re-stringing his bow, they suddenly discharged a storm of arrows upon him, and he fell to the ground, wounded in his lungs and shoulder. Oliver, the gunner, immediately took aim at the savages with his musket, but it missed fire, and he was shot dead by an arrow. Drake hereupon drew up his men in regular array, and skilfully directed a succession of quick movements which baffled the enemy's aim. He also ordered his men to fend off the arrows with their shields, and then to pick them up and break them, which they did so diligently, that the Patagonians were soon in want of missiles. This the general observing, he loaded his fowling-piece with care, and discharged it with such effect at the savage who had wounded Winter that he set up as "hideous and terrible a roar, as if ten bulls had joined together in roaring." Drake and his men then regained their ships in safety. Winter died, after a two days' struggle; and both he and the gunner were buried, with martial honours, in one grave, "as they

both were partakers of one manner of death, and ended their lives together by one and the self-same kind of accident."

The second disaster that overshadowed Port St. Julian with mournful memories was the death of Thomas Doughty, the gentleman-volunteer of whom we have already had occasion to speak. Doughty was a man of superior parts: "a sweet orator, a pregnant philosopher, a good gift for the Greek tongue, and a reasonable taste of Hebrew; a sufficient secretary to a noble personage of great place, an approved soldier, and not behind many in the study of the law for his time." He had long been associated with Drake on the terms of an intimate friendship; a circumstance which still further obscures the remarkable and mysterious incident of his sudden trial and execution. It is probable, however, that his rare mental gifts were not tempered with discretion, nor accompanied by the faculty of obedience to his official superiors; and that, inflated with vanity and excited by ambition, he was led to contemplate the mad adventure of usurping Drake's power and position.

The narrator, whose chronicle is included in Hakluyt's Collection, gives the following account of this singular transaction: "In this port," he says, "our General began to inquire diligently of the actions of Mr. Thomas Doughty, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather to contention of mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby (without redress) the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded; whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found partly by Mr. Doughty's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true: which, when our General saw, although his private affection to Mr. Doughty (as he then in presence of all sacredly protested) was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation

of her Majesty, and of the honour of his country, did more touch him (as indeed it ought) than the private respect of one man; so that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order, as near as might be to the course of our laws in England, it was concluded that Mr. Doughty should receive punishment according to the quality of his offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Mr. Fletcher, the minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action; which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he having embraced our General, and taken his leave of all the company, with prayer for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life." From other sources we learn that he was tried before a jury of twelve men; and that after taking the communion with Drake, both judge and prisoner sat down at the same table together, "as cheerfully in sobriety, as ever in their lives they had done aforesaid, each cheering up the other, and taking their leave, by drinking each to other, as if some journey only had been in hand." His body was interred in a grave dug near that of the two seamen, which was long marked out by a stone, engraved with their names and date of burial, and erected by the pious hands of Fletcher the chaplain.

The squadron, now reduced to the *Pelican*, the *Elizabeth*, and the *Marigold*, gladly sailed away from the ill-omened and blood-stained shores of Port St. Julian; and on the 20th of August, descried the mouth of the famous Straits discovered a few years previously by the Spanish navigator, Magellan. Here topsails were duly struck in honour of Queen Elizabeth, and the name of the *Pelican* was changed to the *Golden Hind*, in remembrance of Drake's "honourable friend and favourer," Sir Christopher Hatton, who bore a hart as his device. Then they entered the narrow, winding, and rock-bound

channel, passing in the shadow of mountains whose crests are covered with eternal snow, and buffeting with violent storms, until, after sixteen days' weary toil, they happily glided into the Great South Sea.

Their reception by its waters at first belied the truth of the epithet which the Spanish navigators had bestowed upon them. It was no longer a Pacific, but a Stormy Ocean, and in the violent gales which ensued, Drake's ships were again separated. Driven to the south of Cape Horn, the English adventurers beheld, as it were, the commingling of the Atlantic and Pacific. Then, while beating to the north, the *Marigold* was lost sight of, and tidings of her never again reached human ears. In the wild waste of waters she must have foundered, and her ill-fated crew have found a silent grave in the "great deep." The *Golden Hind*, accompanied by the *Elizabeth*, continued her adventurous course, and on the 7th of October, endeavoured to take refuge from the driving winds and stormy seas in a bay near the western mouth of Magellan's Straits; but shortly after anchoring, the cable of the *Golden Hind* gave way, and she drifted out to sea. The *Elizabeth* made no effort to follow her, but the next day sailed into the Straits, put into an open bay, and (it is said) lit up great fires upon the shore in the hope that Drake might see them. After a decent interval, as no signs of the *Golden Hind* could be discerned, Winter, the captain of the *Elizabeth*, who was not made of the same stern stuff as his admiral, put about ship, and bore away for England, much to the discontent, however, of his men.

The *Golden Hind*, meanwhile, was the sport of the storms of the Pacific, and after many days' weary tossing to and fro, was once more driven to the south of Cape Horn, of which Drake was thus the discoverer. A favourable change in the wind enabled him, on the 30th of October, to turn his prow to the north, and after a fruitless search for the *Elizabeth*, he sailed away merrily to the



island of Macho. Here he had hoped to obtain a supply of fresh water, but the Englishmen were suddenly beset by the Indians, and every man of the watering party was wounded in the conflict, Drake himself being smitten under the right eye, by an arrow which nearly penetrated into the brain. Happily, no lives were lost, and the voyage being resumed, on the 30th of November he came to an anchor in St. Philip's Bay, on the coast of the American mainland. Here they fell in with an Indian, and an amicable feeling was established between the natives and the English; so much so, that one of their chiefs undertook to conduct them to the Spanish port of Volpariza, where they not only obtained a supply of provisions and wine, but captured a Spanish ship, heavily laden with valuable stores.

In a skirmish with the Spaniards at Cyppo (19 Dec.) Drake lost one of his men. At Tarapaca a Spaniard was found asleep, with a burden of 13 silver bars, valued at nearly 4,000 ducats, by his side. The treasure was removed, and the Spaniard left to muse when he awoke on the mutability of human affairs. Another Spaniard was driving eight llamas, each loaded with a cwt. of silver. He was speedily relieved from his toil, and the llamas were found equally obedient by English drivers. At Callao, the harbour of the wealthy city of Lima, Drake arrived on the 15th of February, 1579. No eagle "in a dove-cote" ever produced more consternation than the little *Golden Hind* among the ships of Callao, and such was the supine terror of the Spaniards that they suffered Drake to plunder seventeen richly-loaded vessels, without offering let or hindrance.

At Callao he obtained tidings of the departure for Panama of a famous treasure-ship, the *Cacafuego*, termed, from her size and value, the "Great Glory of the South Sea." He immediately crowded on all sail in pursuit, and had the satisfaction of overtaking her, near Cape St. Francis, or some 500 miles from Panama. Drake

and his men were not to be denied by her crew. She was speedily boarded and taken possession of. Her treasures, estimated at 360,000 pieces of eight, or nearly 90,000*l.* at the then value of money, were removed to the *Golden Hind*—now, appropriately so named—and the *Cacafuego* was then permitted to convey to her Spanish masters the sad story of her shame.

We find the *Golden Hind*—stout barque that she was!—at Acapulco on the 15th of April, taking in supplies of bread and other provisions, and not forgetting to devour such small stores of gold and jewels as fell in her way. She was here, moreover, thoroughly refitted, in order to prepare her for the long and daring voyage which her captain's bold spirit meditated. He had discovered the union of the oceans at the southern extremity of South America, and the passage by Cape Horn from the Atlantic into the Pacific. He now aimed at becoming the discoverer of a similar passage in the Northern seas, by which the Eastern might communicate with the Western hemisphere without the long and dreary voyage round the Cape of Good Hope. He, therefore, turned his prow to the northward, and sailed along the western coast of North America. That he failed in accomplishing a part of his design is mainly to be attributed to the extraordinary severity of the weather, in a latitude where usually prevails a genial and delightful climate.

Between April the 16th and June the 3rd the *Golden Hind* traversed 1,400 leagues, and suddenly, in N. lat. 42°, passed, as it were, into a region of Arctic cold. "Our meat," says Fletcher, the chaplain, "as soon as it was removed from the fire, would presently in a manner be frozen up; and our ropes and tacklings in a few days were grown to that stiffness, that what three men before were able with them to perform, now six men, with their best strength and utmost endeavours, were hardly able to accomplish; whereby a sudden and great dis-

couragement seized upon the minds of our men, and they were possessed with a great mislike and doubting of any good to be done that way; yet would not our General be discouraged; but as well by comfortable speeches of the Divine Providence, and of God's loving care over his children, out of the Scriptures, as also by other good and profitable persuasions, adding thereto his own cheerful example, he so stirred them up to put on a good courage, and to acquit themselves like men, to endure some short extremity to have the speedier comfort, and a little trouble to obtain the greater glory; that every man was thoroughly armed with willingness, and resolved to see the uttermost, if it were possible, of what good was to be done that way.

“The land, in that part of America, bearing farther out into the west than we had before imagined, we were nearer on it than we were aware, and yet the nearer still we came unto it, the more extremity of cold did seize upon us. The 5th day of June we were forced by contrary winds to run in with the shore which we then first descried, and to cast anchor in a bad bay, the best road we could for the present meet with, where we were not without some danger by reason of the many extreme gusts and flaws that beat upon us; which if they ceased and were still at any time, immediately upon their intermission there followed most vile, thick, and stinking fogs, against which the sea prevailed nothing, till the gusts of wind again removed them, which brought with them such extremity and violence when they came, that there was no dealing [with] or resisting against them.”

Drake was, therefore, compelled to discontinue his onward course, and bear away for the south. Discovering a secure haven in lat.  $38^{\circ} 30' N.$ , in an inhabited country, there the *Golden Hind* dropped anchor on the 17th of June. The crew were landed; tents erected; a rude block-house was constructed for their defence; the ship lightened of her cargo, brought in-shore, and

subjected to a complete repair. Meanwhile, an amicable intercourse sprung up between the natives and the seamen, — the latter compassionating the inferiority of the “heathen Indians;” the Indians (we are told) regarding the sea-wanderers as “gods.” These Indians are described as people of “a tractable, free, and loving nature, without guile or treachery.” Their weapons were frail and almost harmless, but the men who bore them were “so strong of body, that what two or three of our people could scarcely bear, one of them would take upon his back, and, without grudging, carry it up hill and down hill, an English mile together. The women were very obedient and serviceable to their husbands.”

These simple people entertained their strange visitors with songs, and dances, and with a grand ceremonial, which Drake was willing to interpret as a formal submission of themselves and their country to the English Queen. He was by no means tardy in accepting this fancied submission. The country, from the whiteness of its cliffs, he named New Albion, and in token that it henceforth belonged to the *other* Albion, he set up, as a memorial, a post upon the shore, and affixed to it a plate of brass which was engraved with his sovereign’s name and titles, and the date of the arrival of the English on that part of the American coast.

After a residence of thirty-six days, and much to the regret of the natives, whose good will his tact and kindly management had secured, the English Sea-king set sail from the harbour which he had named the *Port of Drake*, but which now is known to all the world as the rendezvous of the Californian gold-ships, Port San Francisco.

On the 23rd of July the *Golden Hind* finally abandoned the American coast, and commenced her passage across the Pacific Ocean to the sunny shores of the barbaric East. For sixty-eight days no land was sighted. On the 30th of September some islands were

fallen in with, and an attempt was made to trade with their inhabitants, but such was their incorrigible dishonesty that Drake was compelled to relinquish the idea, and with a discharge of small shot, turned away from the "Islands of Thieves," supposed by modern geographers to be identical with the Pellew Isles.

The Philippines were made on the 16th of October, and at Mindanao, the largest and most fertile of this beautiful group, a supply of fresh water was obtained. On the 3rd of the ensuing month, the *Golden Hind* sighted the Moluccas.

Drake applied to the prince or king of Ternate—then the chief city of the Moluccas—for permission to purchase provisions. The chief in reply paid him a formal visit, which was followed by an abundant supply of rare fruits, rice, poultry, and odorous spices. Some of Drake's most trusty officers having been commissioned to return the royal courtesy, were received with an imposing amount of elaborate pomp.

On the 9th of November, Drake quitted the hospitable capital of the Moluccas, and on the 11th put into a small and uninhabited island, near the E. coast of Celebes; landed his crew; and set to work to repair his little bark. Here the English were much delighted with the swarms of fire-flies which, by night, like "fiery worms flying through the air," hovered from tree to tree. In this place also were discovered bats as big as large hens, and an abundance of cray-fishes, of such exceeding bigness, that one was "very good and restoring meat" for no less than "four hungry stomachs at a dinner."

From this strange and "romancy" island of bats, cray-fish, and fire-flies, the *Golden Hind* departed on the 12th of December, standing away to the southward in order to get into the open sea. But while running before the breeze, with all sail set, during the night of January 9th 1580, she drove upon a hidden rock with such force that she was soon set fast completely. An

anchor was got out, but would not heave her off the reef. The crew then betook themselves to prayers, and afterwards began to lighten the ship of her heavier stores, throwing overboard three tons of cloves, eight guns, a stock of beans and meal, but by no means meddling with the gold, the silver, or the precious stones. These efforts were unavailing, but happily the wind changed, and at low water the *Golden Hind*, sliding off the ledge, once more resumed her homeward voyage. A few days (March 14—26) were spent at Java, and the supplies that were needed taken on board. But the Cape of Good Hope did not detain our wanderers, and at Sierra Leone they only paused two days for a supply of water, and to regale themselves upon fresh fruit and luscious oysters.

On Monday, September 26, 1580, the *Golden Hind* safely arrived at Plymouth, "after we had spent," says the historian, "two years, ten months, and some odd days besides, in seeing the wonders of the Lord in the deep, in discerning so many admirable things, in going through with so many strange adventures, in escaping out of so many dangers, and overcoming so many difficulties, in this our encompassing of this nether globe, and passing round about the world, which we have related :—

"Soli rerum maximarum Effectori,  
Soli totius mundi Gubernatori,  
Soli suorum Conservatori,  
Soli Deo sit semper gloria."

Which may thus be paraphrased :—

To Him, sole Author of all works immense ;  
To Him, sole Ruler of earth, air, and sea ;  
To Him, of all his own the great Defence ;  
To God alone, let all the glory be !—*W. H. D. A.*

Merrily rang out the silver bells of Plymouth, as the *Golden Hind* sailed steadily into the depths of its capacious harbour. Drake, when he disembarked, was splendidly received upon "the Hoe" by the mayor and





DRAKE.



members of the corporation, and the remainder of the day was honestly devoted to the wine-cup and the well-spread board. The next day he visited the early residence of his parents, near Tavistock; and after a brief interval of feasting and rejoicing, set sail for Deptford, where he moored his ship in the river Thames. He found at first the Queen much changed, Drake's enemies having poisoned her ears against him; but after a while she learnt how to value so able and daring a servant, and paid him the unusual honour of visiting him on board his weather-beaten bark. "On the 4th of April 1581," says the honest chronicler, Stow, "Her Majesty dining at Deptford, after dinner entered the ship which Captain Drake had so happily guided round about the world, and being there, a bridge which Her Majesty had passed over, brake, being upon the same more than two hundred persons, and no one hurt by the fall; and there she did make Captain Drake knight, in the same ship, for reward of his service: his arms were given him, a ship on the world, which ship, by Her Majesty's commandment, is lodged in a dock at Deptford, for a monument to all posterity."

The *Golden Hind*, after all her hair-breadth 'scapes and perilous ocean-wanderings, found at Deptford a secure haven of rest, and to the Englishmen of that day became as interesting a spectacle as the *Victory* to the Englishmen of ours. Her cabin was altered into a species of refreshment saloon for the accommodation of her numerous visitors. Gradually she sank into decay, and out of the solid timber still remaining a chair was quaintly carved, which the authorities presented to the University of Oxford, and Cowley celebrated in decasyllabic verse:—

"To this great ship which round the world has run,  
 And match'd in race the chariot of the sun;  
 This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim,  
 Without presumption; so deserv'd a name),  
 By knowledge once, and transformation now,  
 In her new shape this secret post allow.

Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate  
 An happier station or more blest estate.  
 For lo! a seat of endless rest is given  
 To her in Oxford, and to him in Heaven."

The young *alumni* of Winchester School did honour to the famous ship in choice Latin hexameters and pentameters, which were affixed in seemly show to her mainmast. They ran as follow:—

"Plus ultra, Herculeis inscribas, Drace, columnis,  
 Et magno dicas Hercule major ero.  
 Drace, pererrati novit quem terminus orbis,  
 Quemque semel mundi vidit uterque Polus,  
 "Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum ;  
 Sol nescit Comitis non memor esse sui.  
 Digna ratis quæ stet radiantibus inclyta stellis ;  
 Supremo cœli verticè digna ratis."

Which we would venture to paraphrase thus loosely:—

Beyond the Herculean columns thou,  
 O Drake, dost guide the all-adventurous prow,  
 And Alcides himself dost thou excel !  
 Captain ! whom e'en the farthest earth hath known,  
 And either pole hath seen, the stars alone—  
 If men were dumb—should of thy daring tell,  
 And Sol himself his fellow-trav'ler claim !  
 So 'mongst the luminous stars thy Ship of Fame  
 Splendid shall shine ; worthy of highest show ;  
 Where the bright wonders of the zenith glow !—*W. H. D. A.*

And here we terminate our brief chronicle of the wanderings of the *Golden Hind*, which first, of all English ships, accomplished the circumnavigation of the world, and surprised the shores of the Pacific with the "meteor-flag of England."

## CHAPTER IV.

## BLAKE'S FLAG-SHIPS.

THE "TRIUMPH,"—THE "SWIFTSURE,"—AND THE "ST. GEORGE."

[Period of Service : The Commonwealth, and reign of Charles II.

Strength : The *Triumph*, 60 guns, 350 men, 850 tons.

The *Swiftsure*, 64 guns, 380 men, 898 tons.

The *St. George*, 60 guns, 350 men.]

"They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,  
Are to their ports by our bold fleets confin'd,  
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,  
Riding without a rival on the sea!"—*Edmund Waller*.

## 1. THE "TRIUMPH."—A.D. 1653-1657.

AFTER that discomfiture of the Dutch fleet, under De Witt and De Ruyter, which took place on the 28th of September 1652, off the mouth of the Texel, the government of the English commonwealth had incautiously considered the naval campaign as virtually concluded for the year, and consequently reduced the fleet under "Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea," then lying in Dover Roads, to about forty vessels. The States of Holland, however, smarting under the disgrace which had been inflicted on their flag, lost no time in effectively, but silently preparing for sea such an armada as should reassert for them their long-undisputed supremacy. They selected for its commander-in-chief their gallant and able seaman, Admiral Van Tromp, whose active spirit soon infused a corresponding energy into every department of the Dutch marine, and a large and powerful fleet was equipped with admirable rapidity. A winter campaign was, in those days, little

relished by either generals or admirals, but Van Tromp, aware of the false security in which the English government reposed, was all unwilling to be deterred by stormy skies or boisterous seas from dealing his country's most dangerous foe a deadly and an unexpected stroke.

Blake, in his new flag-ship, the *Triumph*, a man-of-war of sixty guns, was lying in the Dover Roads, when his scouts discovered the approach of Van Tromp's mighty armament, a hundred sail of the line, frigates, and fire-ships, bearing down the Channel under a press of sail. The Dutch admiral's design was to crush Blake by his immense preponderance of force, and then, alarming the entire southern coast of England with fire and sword, to compel the Commonwealth into the acceptance of such terms as the States might choose to impose. His strength exceeded that of the English in the proportion of three to one; and a heart less resolute than that of Puritan Blake's—a genius less self-reliant and heroic—would undoubtedly have quailed before so unequal a foe. But Blake was not apt to trouble himself about the rule of proportion. He was made of the same stuff as the Ironsides who thundered irresistibly over the red field of Naseby, and having summoned a council of war, announced to his captains his intention to dispute the passage of the enemy.

A dark, drear, and gusty morn was that of the 29th of November, when the stately war-ships of the Hollanders came in sight of the weak and badly-manned fleet of England. The winds blew so fiercely that no battle was possible on that day, and the two Admirals were occupied in skilful manœuvres to obtain the weather-gage. Towards night the gale increased. \* The ships were compelled to take in all sail, and to ride out the storm under bare poles. On the morning of the 30th, both fleets were driving westward, and renewed the manœuvres of the preceding day. About three o'clock, when off the pitch of the Ness,—a headland on the





BLAKE.

See THE STORY OF BLAKE'S FLAG-SHIPS.—Page 45.

Essex coast,—an impatient movement of the Dutch admiral gave Blake the required advantage, and sweeping under the Hollander's bow, he gained the weather-gage, delivering and receiving a broadside as he passed. The *Garland*, closely following in the wake of the gallant *Triumph*, came into such violent collision with Van Tromp's ship, the *Brederode*, as to lose her bowsprit and catheads in the shock. Assisted by the *Bonadventure*, an armed trader of 30 guns, she engaged her leviathan enemy, and with such fury and constancy of courage that the Dutch admiral was like to have lost his honour had not Evertz, his third in command, bore up to the rescue. Against such overpowering opponents the fight, nevertheless, was hotly contested for more than an hour, when the *Garland*, out of 200 men having lost 60 killed and a great number wounded, was compelled to strike her colours. And the *Bonadventure* having suffered almost as severely was also taken possession of by the triumphant Dutch. Throughout the day the brunt of the battle was endured by the *Triumph*, the *Victory*, and the *Vanguard*, which at one time boldly exchanged broadsides with not less than twenty of the enemy.

Night was already darkening upon the waters when Blake was apprised of the surrender of the *Garland* and *Bonadventure*, and though his ship had been sorely crippled, and his men were weary with the fight, he bore up to the *Brederode* to attempt the recapture of the prizes. But the enemy closed around him; thrice was his ship most daringly boarded; thrice were the boarders most gallantly repulsed. The *Triumph* lay upon the waters a very wreck, with shattered rigging, shot-beaten hull, and wounded masts; and only the constancy of the *Sapphire* and the *Vanguard*, which stood by their Admiral to the last, saved him from destruction. The unequal fight could endure no longer, and, under cover of a foggy and tempestuous night, Blake withdrew his ships towards Dover Roads, after suffering "a defeat

which was only less glorious than a victory." The Dutch were indisposed to follow him; but they did not forget to congratulate themselves on their success, and Van Tromp cruised along the coast from Harwich to the Isle of Wight, with a broom at his masthead, to indicate that he had swept the English from the seas!

But neither the people nor the government of England were much affected by this disaster, nor did they cease to place their whole and loyal trust in the great Puritan Sea-king. Unceasing exertions were made to reinforce and equip the fleet. Those officers who in the late engagement had displayed but little vigour were summarily cashiered. Generals Deane and Monk were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to share the command of the new armada with Blake, and the effective marine force was raised to 30,000 men. Ample stores of provisions and munitions of war, of timber, hemp, tar, and pitch were got together, and it was resolved that a winter campaign should be attempted, in order to wrest from Van Tromp the supremacy he had so laboriously acquired. Bounties and an increase of wages were offered to the seamen; and so much energy was displayed on every side that, by the 18th of February, Blake saw assembled under his command no less than 60 men-of-war, fully manned and admirably equipped.

Meanwhile, Van Tromp rode to-and fro in the Channel, with the broom still exalted to its post of honour, and the Dutch government boasted loudly of their resolve to subjugate the haughty islanders, and the jesters of Amsterdam made what capital they could out of the recent engagement. "Ballads, by-words and scurrilous caricatures delighted the ears and eyes of the excited populace. The names of the vessels captured in the fight afforded Dutch wits a theme for abuse: they had carried off the *Garland*, they said, from the islanders; and there were squibs and jokes about the *Bonadventure* having realized the prophecy of its name in falling into their hands." A



report that Van Tromp meditated a descent upon the Channel Islands had, however, more effect than Dutch sarcasms upon the English administration, and hastened their preparations.

Blake, in company with Monk and Deane, and having 1,200 soldiers on board his fleet, sailed from Queensborough, with a fleet of 60 ships, on the 8th of February. Penn was vice-admiral; and Lawson rear-admiral. In the Dover Straits the fleet was augmented by a squadron of 20 sail from Portsmouth, and, encouraged by this opportune reinforcement, Blake resolved to give his enemy battle, whenever he could meet him, or whatever might be his strength. He knew that every man on board burned with a hot desire to vindicate the national honour, and avenge upon the Dutch the disgrace recently inflicted upon the national flag. He immediately bore away for Portland, and stretched his fleet across the Channel—"a wooden wall against which no enemy would rashly dash himself"—prepared to intercept Van Tromp on his return from his jubilant cruise. A distasteful surprise for the Dutch Admiral, truly! who had by no means expected to meet so soon with another English fleet.

Van Tromp had sailed southward in obedience to orders, to meet a large fleet of merchantmen off Rochelle, and convoy them into the ports of Holland. Learning that Blake, with 60 ships, was about to sail from the Thames, he had made haste to gain the river mouth that he might there shut up his enemy, and prevent him from effecting a junction with the Portsmouth squadron. But his movements had been outstripped by the English Admiral, and off Portland, on the morning of the 18th of February 1653, a glorious sunshine revealed to his astonished eyes the vanguard of the English armament.

The three flags of the Commonwealth admirals—Blake, Penn, and Lawson—floated side by side, and about seventeen other men-of-war were closing up around them, but Monk and the main body of the fleet were

still some miles astern. Van Tromp, with a skilful eye, perceived his advantage. He might, it is true,—the wind being in his favour,—have carried his rich convoy securely into the Scheldt, but he loved glory with a hero's passion, and he wanted victory for himself as well as safety for his traders. These he ordered to beat to windward, to slacken sail, and partake as spectators in the coming triumph. Then, with his fleet of nearly eighty powerful ships of war, commanded by such men as Evertz, De Ruyter, Floretz, and De Wilde, he bore down, in line abreast, (or, according to some authorities, with his vessels disposed in the form of a half-moon), upon the English van.

The *Triumph*, with Blake and Deane on board, was the first to meet the onset. Van Tromp, in the *Brederode*, favoured by the wind, swept down upon her, and as she passed, poured into her crashing sides a storm of shot. Then, suddenly tacking, and bringing up under her lee, she smote her with another terrible broadside, shivering her masts into splinters, and crowding her deck with dead and wounded. At this moment the *Speaker* (Vice-Admiral Penn) and some other vessels dashed into the fight, and drew off from the *Triumph* a portion of the fire that was pouring into her. The fight grew general, and was fiercely contested. About noon Monk came up with the main body of the fleet, and the battle was renewed, but on more equal terms. A Dutch man-of-war was blown up with a terrible explosion; several were set on fire; others went down with all on board; scarce a ship in either fleet but its rigging was shattered, and its spars splintered into fragments. Along both shores of the Channel for many a league echoed the thunder of the cannon. The Dutch fought with tenacious courage. De Ruyter laid himself alongside of the *Prosperous*, a hired merchantman armed with 40 guns. The contest lasted so long that De Ruyter grew impatient, and called for boarders. They leapt on the English deck, sword and pistol in hand, but were

gallantly driven back, and Captain Barker prepared to return the compliment. But the Dutch admiral cried out, "Come, my lads, that was nothing—at them again!" The second onset was so furious that Barker and his scanty crew succumbed before it, and were made prisoners. At this moment the *Triumph* drove into the press of the battle. The English ship was soon recovered, and De Ruyter in his turn was threatened. Then the Dutch came up to his rescue, and the night, closing tranquilly over the grim and bloody scene, put an end to the engagement. Tromp, before this crisis, having observed that his convoy was menaced by some frigates and fast-sailing ships which Blake had despatched, had fallen back with a great part of his fleet for their protection. Some of his captains, however, chose to misconstrue his movements, and taking advantage of the growing darkness, sailed as fast as might be out of the way of the courageous islanders.

The results of this first day's battle were in favour of Blake. Eight Dutch men-of-war had been either taken or destroyed. Their loss in men could not be ascertained, but it was known that several vessels had been entirely cleared, and their weakened crews distributed among the fleet, while "the decks and guns of the captured ships were so spattered with blood, as to sicken and appal the most callous of the victors." Blake had lost one ship,—the *Sampson*; for her captain, and nearly all the crew having been slain, he had taken out the few remaining men, and suffered the ship to drift away. In the course of the action the enemy had captured the *Prosperous*, the *Oak*, and the *Assistance*; but all three had afterwards been recovered.

During the night Blake sent on shore his wounded men, but though himself severely stricken in the thigh, set to work with indefatigable spirit to prepare for a renewal of the engagement on the following day. Guns were cleaned; leaks were stopped; sails were refitted, and masts repaired; and the ships whose damages were

such as to render them unfit to keep the sea despatched to the nearest ports.

The next morning showed the Dutch fleet seven leagues off Weymouth. It was drawn up in the form of a crescent, the convex side presented to the enemy, and in the hollow were gathered two hundred merchantmen,—the whole standing up the Channel, under a heavy press of sail, with a light wind in their favour. Blake followed them closely, and about twelve o'clock the *Triumph* came within gunshot of the rear-most ships. About two nearly all his fleet closed with them off Dungeness. "Compelled to fight against his will, Tromp ordered the merchants to make sail for the nearest Dutch port, keeping close under the French shore between Calais and Dunkirk for protection, and then turned like a panther on his pursuer. On both sides the battle was renewed with fury. De Ruyter gave fresh proofs of his skill and courage; but the fortune of war was still against him. After some hours of this second engagement his vessel became unmanageable, and would have fallen into Blake's hands had not Tromp seen his danger and sent Captain Duin to bring him out of the fight. With great difficulty he was extricated from his position, and carried away. An hour or so later Tromp also began to fall slowly back towards Boulogne, still, however, contesting every wave, and the mingled roar and battle lasted until night again separated the hostile hosts."

In this second day's encounter the Dutch had lost five men-of-war, either captured or destroyed, and were so demoralised by their defeat that several captains lost heart and declared to their admiral that the English could no longer be resisted. Van Tromp sent these cravens away to take up a position to the windward, begging them to assume at least such a warlike aspect as might deter the English frigates from attacking the convoy. But when the day dawned Blake

easily interpreted the Admiral's intention, and despatching in pursuit of them a squadron of fast-sailing ships, again bore down upon the foe with the main body of his fleet. The result of the third day's battle we shall give in the picturesque words of Hepworth Dixon:—

“Tromp fought, as usual, with the most desperate courage: but he had now little hope, with his broken and divided power, of doing more than occupy Blake's attention until his richly-laden merchants could run into the nearest port. Even this was doubtful. After the first shock he sent Captain Van Ness to the merchants, with orders for them to crowd sail and make for Calais Road, as he found himself unable to promise them more than a few hours' protection. As the fight grew fiercer, he sent his Treasurer to urge them to press on faster, or the English frigates would soon be amongst them. But the wind was then blowing from the French coast, and notwithstanding his energetic attempts, Van Ness was unable to carry such a number of disorganised ships sufficiently near land to be out of danger. More than half the Dutch frigates and men-of-war had now been taken, sunk, or scattered; and considering it a species of insanity in Tromp to continue the engagement until they were all destroyed, the other captains, contrary to their express orders, retreated on the flying traders. Confusion then reached its height. Some of the English frigates came up; and the merchants, in their alarm and disorder, ran foul of each other, knocked themselves to pieces or fell blindly into their enemy's power. Still fighting with the retreating men-of-war, Blake arrived in the midst of this wild scene late in the afternoon, and finding several ships run against him, as if desirous of being captured, it occurred to him that this was a device of his wily adversary to stay the victorious pursuit, and give time to rally some part of the discomfited fleet,—and he issued strict and instant commands that every war-ship still in a condition to

follow and fight the enemy should press on with all its force against the main body, leaving the traders in their rear to be watched and seized by the frigates already assigned to that service, or driven into ports whence it would be easy to recover them should the Dutch fleet be swept from the Channel. Darkness alone put an end to the exciting chase. Tromp ran in under the French shore, about four miles from Calais, where he anchored the remnant of his once mighty fleet—now reduced to less than half the former number of masts, and these damaged in every part. Blake consulted pilots and others well acquainted with the coast, as to what Tromp could do in his new position; and the general opinion of these men being that the Dutch could not weather the coast of Artois, as the wind and tide then lay, and would be compelled to come out to sea in order to get home, he cast anchors and sat down to repair his damages. The night was unusually dark, with a high gale blowing, so that the enemy's lights could not be seen; and when day again dawned the sea was quite clear in that direction, Tromp having slipped away and tided towards Dunkirk, whence he got off into the harbours of Zealand. By twelve o'clock in the morning Blake was ready to give chase, but no enemy being then visible, and seeing how useless it would be to follow the runaways into the flats and shallows of their own coast, he stood over towards England, and the gale still rising, carried his fleet and prizes into Stokes Bay, in the Isle of Wight, whence he and his colleagues in command wrote to inform the House of their success.”\*

In these glorious Three Days the Dutch were very heavy sufferers: they lost 17 or 18 men-of-war, and between 50 and 60 richly laden merchant-vessels. Three Dutch captains were taken; seven were slain. The number of killed and wounded is not accurately known, but certainly was not less than 1,500 killed and

\* Hephworth Dixon's Life of Robert Blake.

4,000 wounded, while 700 were taken prisoners. The English had one ship sunk, the *Sampson*; and three captains killed. Blake and Lawson were sorely wounded, and the loss of life on board some of the English ships was severe. The *Triumph*, whose name would seem to have been of happy augury to the English, had no less than 100 killed in the first day's battle.

In April 1653, Blake, having the Hollanders shut up in their strongly-fortified harbours, sailed with a small squadron to watch the Scottish coast, while Monk and Deane remained in command in the Downs with eighty sail. The Dutch admirals, burning to avenge their late disaster, and encouraged by a belief that the recent seizure of the supreme power by Cromwell had bred serious disaffection and excited important divisions in the English fleets, hastily collected an immense force, and with 120 ships, poured into Dover Road, captured a few prizes, and insulted the town with their destroying guns. At this time the English fleet, largely reinforced through the exertions of the government, was lying in Yarmouth Roads. The red division, under Monk and Deane, in the *Resolution*, numbered 38 sail, carrying 1,440 guns and 6,169 men. The white, under Penn, consisted of 33 sail, with 1,189 guns, and 5,085 men; and the blue, under Lawson, of 34 ships, with an armament of 1,189 guns, and a complement of 5,015 men. The total consisted of—

|            | Ships. | Guns. | Men.   |
|------------|--------|-------|--------|
| Red . . .  | 38     | 1,440 | 6,169  |
| White. . . | 33     | 1,189 | 5,085  |
| Blue . . . | 34     | 1,189 | 5,015  |
|            | <hr/>  | <hr/> | <hr/>  |
|            | 105    | 3,818 | 16,269 |
|            | <hr/>  | <hr/> | <hr/>  |

105 ships, carrying 3,818 guns, and 16,269 men; a force formidable enough in numbers, but really of less strength than our present Mediterranean or North American

squadrons, so small were the ships, and of such slight calibre the guns.

The English admirals, having received information of the disgrace inflicted upon Dover, immediately weighed anchor and bore down to engage the enemy. Similar tidings despatched to Blake awoke all the earnestness of his patriotism, and he streamed down the north coast under a press of sail, ardent to vindicate his country's wounded honour.\* Monk and Deane sighted the enemy about three leagues off the Gable, early on the morning of the 2nd of June, when the relative strength of the two fleets, whose *personnel* had undergone some slight changes, was—English, 95 men-of-war, and 5 fire-ships; Dutch, 98 men-of-war, and 6 fire-ships. Van Tromp held supreme command in the Dutch fleet, supported by De Ruyter and De Witt. We have already specified the English commanders.

Thus, then, these two formidable armadas swept into the hurricane of battle. Lawson, in advance of his comrades, drove furiously into the enemy's van, about eleven o'clock, and cut off De Ruyter's division from the main body. But Van Tromp soon came to the rescue, and Lawson, separated from his wished-for prey, fell pell-mell upon a 42-gun ship and sunk it. The *Resolution* had likewise sailed into the thick of the fight. The first broadside which crashed upon its deck slew the brave and faithful Deane, a man "who had grown from a common mariner to the reputation of a bold and excellent officer," and who was so much beloved by his men that Monk, with great presence of mind, flung his cloak over the dead body, lest at its sight they should grow discouraged.† The fight continued until darkness,—the Dutch gradually retreating before their eager opponents,—when a stout ship commanded by the Rear-Admiral Kelson blew up. This increased the panic of the Dutch; and though Tromp used every

\* Charnock's *Biographia Navalis*.

† Life of Monk, Duke of Albemarle.



method in his power to oblige his officers to do their duty, and even fired upon such ships as drew out of the line; yet it was to no purpose, but rather served to augment their alarm.

During the night the two fleets lay to and repaired damages, while the English, who had now learnt the death of their gallant admiral, anxiously looked out for the *Triumph*, and Blake's unconquerable flag. The morning came, but the Sea-king was not in sight. Some hours were spent by Van Tromp in an endeavour to obtain the weather-gage, but he was finally baffled by a sudden calm, and about noon the battle began. It was vigorously contested, and fortune at first seemed not to incline to either combatant. But at length the ships of Blake hove in sight, and the thunder of his guns proclaimed to both friend and foe that the Old Sea-king was mingling in the battle. The English now fought with redoubled energy, for their commander's name was to them a sure omen of victory, and despite Van Tromp's heroic exertions, the Hollanders sank before their rushing onset. The *Brederode*, indeed,—the Dutch admiral's flag-ship,—made a desperate effort to recover the fight. She boarded the *James*, which bore the flag of Vice-Admiral Penn, but her crew were flung back upon their own deck by the resolute English, and in their turn were themselves assaulted. The *Brederode* must have fallen into English hands, but Tromp, determined not to survive the disgrace of capture, flung a light into the powder-magazine, and straightway both victors and vanquished were hurled into destruction! By a chance little short of miraculous Tromp escaped unhurt, and having hoisted his flag in a quick-sailing frigate, passed through his fleet to convince the sailors that he was still alive, and to encourage them to fresh exertions. But the fight was lost, and as Blake in his good ship, the *Triumph*, rolled the tide of battle heavily and more heavily upon the discomfited Hollanders, the admiral, unwillingly, gave the signal of retreat. Backed

by a strong fresh wind the English pressed lustily forward. The retreat of the foe degenerated into a flight; the pursuit increased to a hot and impetuous chase. Night, which is always so merciful to the conquered, came at last to the relief of the unfortunate but heroic Tromp, and sheltered by its kindly shadows, he carried the remainder of his fleet into the Ostend Roads. On that memorable day he had lost eleven men-of-war *captured*, including a vice-admiral and two rear-admirals, —and two water-hoys, and one fly-boat. Six men-of-war had been *sunk*, two *blown up*, and one *burnt*. 1,350 captains, officers, and men had been taken prisoners. The black list of the dead and wounded was never published.

The English, on the other hand, lost not a single cockboat, though their ships suffered severely both in hulls and rigging. They counted as their slain, only 126 officers and men, including General Deane, and 236 wounded.—The victory was as complete as it was glorious !\*

## 2. THE "SWIFTSURE."—A.D. 1656-7.

After various successes against the Spanish, in which Blake's famous flag waved triumphantly from the top-masts of the *St. George*, the winter drew near; and as it was then considered impossible for heavy men-of-war to keep the sea in the storms and gales of the closing year, Blake despatched his ships to various home-ports, and took up a blockading position before Cadiz with a squadron of twenty fast-sailing frigates. The great

\* The *Triumph* afterwards figured as the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Myngs, in the great battle with the Dutch fought on the 29th of March, 1665, of which we shall speak hereafter; and again in the action of June 3rd, 1666, and 28th May, 1672, when her captain, Willoughby Harman, was mortally wounded. She was also, we believe, engaged in the three actions of May 28th, June 4th, and August 11th, 1673. As we do not meet with her name again we suspect that she was soon afterwards broken up, having gloriously served in no less than eight great naval battles.

admiral's flag was accordingly hoisted on board the *Swiftsure*, a vessel of 898 tons burthen, carrying 64 guns and 380 men. The duties he proposed to discharge with his small squadron were of no slight importance :— to shut the Straits of Gibraltar against the enemy ; to destroy, as far as possible, the commerce of Spain with her colonial possessions ; to check the depredations of the Barbary rovers ; and to intercept, if fortune favoured, Spain's anxiously-expected fleet of galleons laden with the treasures of her Peruvian mines. Admirably were these duties discharged by the great Seaking of the Commonwealth ; by him who, even in the long list of the Naval Heroes of England, has had no equals but Nelson and Dundonald. The Spaniards affected not to believe that the English frigates would dare the tempestuous seas of winter, but as the months passed away, and still, in spite of storms that often scattered the gallant little squadron, the Red Cross floated persistently off the harbour of Cadiz, incredulity gave way to apprehension, and apprehension gradually deepened into absolute terror. The year 1657 opened, and Blake still remained master of the seas. Early in February the *Swiftsure* bore him to Algiers, and he obtained certain concessions from its terrified Dey. Next he appeared off Tangier, where the Portuguese were sore beset by the Moors, and, with keen sympathy for Christian interests, relieved the beleaguered garrison, and drove the besiegers from their works. Yet all this time the great admiral laboured under a dangerous illness, and the vessels of his squadron were badly found and inadequately manned.

The close of his career, indeed, drew nigh ; but it was to be illustrated by an achievement of no ordinary character, just as the setting sun often goes down in a splendour which equals or surpasses its meridian glory. Blake received intelligence that the Peru treasure-fleet, consisting of six royal galleons and sixteen other great ships, had put into one of the Canary Islands, in whole-

some fear of the squadron with which he blockaded Cadiz. With characteristic daring he resolved upon an attempt to capture it. Accordingly, having gathered together his scattered force, now recruited to 25 ships and frigates, he set sail, on the 13th of April, for the Canary Islands. Tidings of his movements had, by some means, reached Don Diego Diagues, the Spanish admiral at Santa Cruz, and all that his skill and science could suggest was done to improve the defences of that strongly-fortified port, which was then esteemed one of the most formidable naval positions in the world. "The harbour, shaped like a horseshoe, was defended at the north side of the entrance by a regular castle, mounted with the heaviest ordnance and well garrisoned; along the inner line of the bay seven powerful forts were disposed; and connecting these forts with each other and with the castle was a line of earthworks, which served to cover the gunners and musketeers from the fire of an enemy. Sufficiently formidable of themselves to appal the stoutest heart, these works were now strengthened by the whole force of the Silver Fleet. The precious metals, pearls, and jewels were carried on shore into the town; but the usual freightage, hides, sugar, spices, and cochineal, remained on board, Don Diego having no fears for their safety. The royal galleons were then stationed on each side the narrow entrance of the Bay; their anchors dropped out, and their broadsides turned towards the sea. The other armed vessels were moored in a semicircle round the inner line, with openings between them, so as to allow full play to the batteries on shore in case of necessity. Large bodies of musketeers were placed on the earthworks uniting the more solid fortifications; and in this admirable arrangement of his means of resistance Diagues waited with confidence the appearance of his English assailants."\*

\* Hepworth Dixon's Life of Blake.

The *Swiftsure*, and her companions, were about three leagues off Santa Cruz, and bearing down upon it, with all their canvas set, on the morning of Monday, April 20th.

Their coming was descried, and their errand understood, by the captain of a Dutch vessel then lying in the roadstead, who knew something of the sort of blows dealt at his enemies by Admiral Robert Blake. He therefore besought of the Spanish admiral his permission to withdraw from the coming fray. Diagues endeavoured to re-assure him by pointing out the strength of his defences, his strongly-armed galleons, his imposing batteries. "Nevertheless," said the Dutchman, "I am very sure that Blake will soon be in among you." "Well," rejoined the Spaniard, "go, if thou wilt, and let Blake come, if he dare." Both the Dutchman and Blake availed themselves of the haughty Don's permission.

For, at early dawn, a frigate despatched by Blake on the look out had returned to the English admiral, with the welcome intelligence that the rich Peru fleet lay in the harbour of Santa Cruz. Aroused from his sick bed by the portents of the coming battle, Blake summoned a council of war, and proposed to break into that seemingly impregnable harbour, and, as the breeze coming off the land would render it impossible to bring out the great galleons, to destroy them where they rode in all their defiant majesty. Some of his captains thought the attempt must prove fruitless, but the majority had long sailed under Blake's flag, and had more faith in their commander's fortune and capacity. It was resolved to carry out Blake's bold design. About half-past six prayers were publicly read on board every ship in the fleet, and breakfast was duly served. A division of the best ships, under brave Rear-admiral Stayner, a man of proved courage and experience, was then ordered to ride into the port and attack the Spanish galleons; while Blake, with the remainder of

the fleet, hurled a deadly fire against the land-defences. Bravely did the rear-admiral's ship, the *Speaker*, foremost of his division, steer forward into the storm of fire which belched out from the castle and batteries on the shore, and from the heavy galleons in his face. Then Blake, in the *Swiftsure*, followed by the main body of his fleet, rode forward against the land batteries, and diverted their cannonade from his rear-admiral's flank. For several hours the hot fight lasted; the Spaniards never flinching from the defence, until, one by one, their batteries were smitten into silence by the terrible cannonade of the English. It was scarcely noon when the fire of the whole line of earthworks was so far subdued that Blake could leave a few frigates to complete the work, while he himself moved to the help of Stayner, who had for hours supported a contest with a greatly superior force. Twice sixty minutes more of crashing shot and devouring flame, and the Red Cross was triumphant! Two galleons had gone down into the deeps, and every vessel in the harbour was on fire! "Miles and miles round the scene of action, the lurid and fatal lights could be seen, throbbing and burning against the dull sky. The fire had done its work swiftly and awfully. Not a sail, not a single spar was left above water. The charred keels floated hither and thither. Some of them filled and sank. Others were thrown upon the strand. Here and there the stump of a burnt mast projected from the surface; but not a single ship—not a single cargo—escaped destruction. All went down together in the tremendous calamity."

Blake, having accomplished his work, had now to get his conquering fleet out of the harbour; a task of no little difficulty, as the guns of the fortifications, plied by fresh artillerymen, kept up a terrible cannonade. But Fortune is ever the handmaid of Valour. The wind now suddenly veering towards the south-west, soon bore the English ships out of the range of shot. By seven o'clock in the evening the entire fleet was safely

at sea,—several ships, indeed, rendered unfit for further service,—but still all floating securely with the Red Cross at their mast-heads. About 50 killed and 150 wounded made up the small loss sustained by the English on this wonderful day of deeds and daring.\*

Blake's contemporaries, whether Royalist or Round-head, could not fail in admiration of this noble enterprise. "The whole action," writes Lord Chancellor Clarendon, "was so miraculous that all men who knew the place concluded that no sober man, with what courage soever endued, would ever undertake it; whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils and not men who had destroyed them in such a manner. And it can hardly be imagined how small loss the English sustained in this unparalleled action; no one ship being left behind, and the killed and wounded not exceeding two hundred men, when the slaughter on board the Spanish ships and on the shore was incredible."

The hero then at the head of the English Commonwealth was prompt in his recognition of his great sea-chieftain; and addressed to him a noble letter of gratitude:—

*Cromwell's Letter to Blake.*

"SIR,

"I HAVE received yours of the '20th of April last;' and thereby the account of the good success it hath pleased God to give you at the Canaries, in your attempt upon the King of Spain's Ships in the Bay of Santa Cruz.

"The mercy therein, to us and this Commonwealth, is very signal; both in the loss the Enemy hath received, and also in the preservation of our ships and men;—which indeed was very wonderful; and according to the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord, where-with His People hath been followed in all these late

\* Burton, vol. ii., p. 142. Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell*, iii.

revolutions; and call for on our part, That we should fear before Him, and still hope in His mercy.

"We cannot but take notice also, how eminently it hath pleased God to make use of you in this service; assisting you with wisdom in the conduct, and courage in the execution;—and have sent you a small Jewel, as a testimony of our own and the Parliament's good acceptance of your carriage in this Action. We are also informed that the Officers of the Fleet, and the Seamen, carried themselves with much honesty and courage; and we are considering of a way to shew our acceptance thereof. In the meantime, we desire you to return our hearty thanks and acknowledgements to them.

"Thus, beseeching the Lord to continue His presence with you, I remain, your very affectionate friend,

"OLIVER P."\*

Meanwhile, the good *Swiftsure*, with her Admiral on board, lying already—though his officers and men were slow and unwilling to believe it—in the very arms of death, had borne the Red Cross off the pirate-settlement of Sallee, and by the terror of Blake's name, had compelled the Moorish buccaneers to yield up the Christians they had taken prisoners in their piratical expeditions, and to agree upon terms of peace. Then, leaving a squadron of frigates in the Bay of Cadiz, for the protection of English interests, he removed his flag from the *Swiftsure*, hoisted it on board the *St. George*, and very anxious to see "home" before he died, pressed on all sail for his beloved England.

[The *Swiftsure*, after Blake's removal, appears to have remained with the Cadiz squadron. The mission of the good ship was not yet accomplished, and in other ocean-battles she was to assert the honour of the English Navy. In the memorable action with the Dutch, June 3, 1665, she was commanded by the rear-admiral

\* Carlyle's Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, iii., 304. Thurloe, vi., 342.



of the red squadron, the gallant Sir William Berkeley, and during the early part of the engagement bore almost alone the brunt of the battle. In the great fight of June 1, 1666, between the English under Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and Van Tromp and the Dutch, Sir William Berkeley was killed, with the greater portion of his crew, and the *Swiftsure* captured.]

### 3. THE "ST. GEORGE."

The *St. George* was a fine new ship of 60 guns and 360 men, in which Blake hoisted his victorious flag in 1654. The Protector's government had determined to send an expedition against the rovers of the Barbary states, who had captured and plundered many English merchant ships, and flung their crews into slavery. Blake was appointed to its command. [The ships of which his expedition was mainly composed were 20 in number, carrying 794 guns, and 3,870 men; together with five smaller vessels; which brought up the total force to 4,100 men and 874 guns.

It was late in the year 1654 when Blake's squadron sailed from the Solent, and steered past Brest into the Bay of Biscay. The European powers, not less than the people of England, were sorely anxious to learn its destination or its object. Events, as the days rolled on, told their own lesson. Early in December the *St. George* and her comrades sailed into the Cadiz Roads. A Dutch fleet was lying there; whose admiral prudently did homage to the "haughty islanders"—the Puritan Sea-kings—by lowering his flag. "One of our tenders, parting from the fleet, fell in with a Brest admiral, on his way with seven ships-of-war to join the Toulon fleet; but on learning that it belonged to the English squadron then at Cadiz, the Frenchman sent for the captain into his cabin, told him he was at liberty to return, invited him to drink Blake's health in a cup of Burgundy, and ordered a salute of five guns to be fired in his honour. The renown of Blake's exploits

had gone before him to the warlike ports and towns of Barbary; and some Algerine cruisers, having a number of English captives on board, brought them as presents to appease his wrath. Every prince and people in the south who had insulted or outraged the Commonwealth learned to tremble at his approach. In imagination the Grand Duke of Tuscany already heard the thunder of his cannon booming across the waters of Leghorn. The terrified Pope gave orders for a solemn procession, and the sacred Host was exposed for forty hours, to avert the threatening calamity from the dominions of the Church."\*

Now it happened that the royalist freebooters, the Princes Rupert and Maurice, had, during the war maintained by the Commonwealth against Charles I., piratically seized upon various English vessels lying in the harbours of the Duke of Tuscany, and sold them for what money they would fetch. As these outrages had been connived at by the Grand Duke, Blake was instructed by Cromwell to demand a suitable compensation, fixed in pecuniary value at the sum of 60,000*l.* In due time the *St. George* and her sister ships appeared off Leghorn, and with threatening broadsides Blake demanded payment of the money. The Duke was loth to part with it, but at last consented to yield up a portion of the sum, if allowed to take the advice of his venerable friend and ally, the Pope of Rome, with respect to the remainder. Inflexible Blake could not discern what the Pope had to do with a matter so simple, and would hear of no part payment. The Grand Duke accordingly found himself constrained to send on board the *St. George* the amount demanded, in 35,000 Spanish and 25,000 Italian pistoles; and at the same time, anxious (we suppose) that his "friend and ally," the Pope, should share in his misfortunes, he informed Blake that several English ships had been

\* Dixon's Robert Blake.

sold by the marauding Rupert in Roman ports. The English admiral immediately sent off a messenger to Alexander VII. demanding a suitable reparation, and despite of the protestations, prayers, equivocations, and entreaties of the Father of the Church, he was compelled to disburse to the heretic Blake the sum of 20,000 pistoles—"probably," says Mr. Dixon, "the only money ever brought from Roman coffers to enrich the public treasury of England."

Our bold seaman next turned his attention to the punishment of the Barbary pirates, who, for many years, and with comparative impunity, had preyed upon English commerce, made prize of English merchant-vessels, and thrown their Christian crews into slavery. On the 8th of February 1655, Blake's squadron anchored off the Bay of Tunis. The Dey of Tunis had had news of his intended visit, and made formidable preparations to receive him. His ships were drawn in shore under the great guns of his famous castles of Goletta and Porto Ferino. The entire circuit of the bay bristled with defensive works, and a camp of several thousand horse and foot occupied an imposing position. The English Admiral's ships, on the other hand, had been much injured by foul weather. Their crews were weakened with the diseases then so common to a sea-faring life. They had but fourteen days' bread and five days' drink on board. In these circumstances it was deemed advisable that a formal demand should be made for the restitution of the English ships seized by the Tunisian pirates, and the release of their crews from slavery. The Dey, with many professions of the respect in which, for the future, he would hold the English flag, very plainly refused compliance with the English Admiral's prayer. Blake then withdrew, with the body of his fleet, to Cagliari, to refit and obtain provisions; while Captain Stayner, with six ships, remained "on guard" off the port of Tunis. Frigates were despatched to the various harbours of Northern

Italy and the Spanish coast to purchase supplies, and a sufficient store having been got together after great exertions, Blake and the *St. George* once more appeared, on the 8th of March, within sight of Porto Ferino. An officer was sent on shore to communicate with the Dey, that peace, if possible, might be concluded without bloodshed. But the Dey was confident in his own strength, and contemptuous of what he supposed to be the weakness of the English. He not only treated the message of the Admiral with disdain, but refused to allow his ships to supply themselves with fresh water. "Tell the Dey," exclaimed Blake, "that God has given the benefit of water to all his creatures; and for men to deny it to each other is equally insolent and wicked." The Dey replied:—"Here are our castles of Goletta and Porto Ferino: do your worst; and do not think to brave us with the sight of your great fleet."\*

Marvellous was his surprise, nevertheless, when that great fleet, instead of opening its fire upon his castles and batteries, suddenly bent sails, and stood out to sea. As one by one, the stately vessels of the English disappeared in the hazy distance, his surprise changed into contempt, and he began to think that his one hundred and fifty guns had terrified the hearts of the English sea-dogs. He was greatly mistaken. When the watchfulness of the Tunisians, as Blake had conjectured, relaxed in the face of apparent security, the Red Cross once more burst upon the eyes of the dismayed corsairs, and early on the 4th of April 1655, the English squadron sailed steadily into the harbour, and dropped anchor within half musket-range of its formidable batteries. The *Newcastle* frigate led the van; followed by the *Taunton*, the *Foresight*, the *Amity*, the *Mermaid*, and the *Merlin*. Then came the heavy ships, of which the *St. Andrew*, the *Plymouth*, and the *St. George* were the foremost. Anchoring as close as might be under the cannon of Porto Ferino and the batteries,

\* Lediard's Naval History.

the terrible contest' was begun by the English. A tempest of crashing shot fell down upon Blake's bold vessels, which replied with a more terrible hurricane, and drove ashore a very whirlwind of flame and smoke. The wind blew from the sea, and beat the sulphurous clouds into the faces of the Tunis gunners; while every ball from the English ordnance made its mark in killed and wounded. When the battle was at its height, the long boats were lowered from each ship, and under the command of John Stokes, the gallant captain of the *St. George*, were despatched on a perilous expedition. It was for them to row alongside the pirate-vessels, and fling upon their decks a quantity of torches and flaming brands. In the face of a dreadful cannonade from the shore, this perilous errand was successfully accomplished, and the whole of the corsair-fleet,—nine large ships of war,—were speedily devoured by fire. The spectacle was so grand and yet so terrible, that for a moment it silenced the din of battle, while the encroaching tongues of flame greedily consumed every mast, and yard, and spar, and, with a hissing sound, dipped deep into each scarred and blackened hull. The walls of Goletta and Porto Ferino had, meanwhile, crumbled beneath Blake's vigorous broadsides; and his work thus done—and done with the loss of only 25 men killed and 48 wounded—the victorious admiral bore up for another pirate settlement, that of Tripoli.

The Dey of Tripoli, however, had comprehended the value of the lesson which Blake's guns had preached at Tunis, and was very willing to salute the English flag in honour, and to conclude an amicable arrangement with the English government. After a brief trip to Venice, Blake now paid a second visit to Tunis, to find its Dey also willing to concede all that Cromwell had demanded. At Algiers too the sovereign was wonderfully courteous. Thus the shores of the Mediterranean echoed with the fame of Blake, and with the power and glory of the ruler of England; and the Red Cross

swept over the seas—a terror to all enemies and evil-doers!

After a long but glorious cruise the Admiral, towards the end of 1655, returned to England, and struck his flag on board the *St. George*. Illness was undermining his vital powers, and he longed for peace and repose in the hope of recruiting his shattered frame. But England could not long dispense with his valuable services, and we find him again afloat, in “the *Naseby*,” early in 1656. In the *Naseby* he cruised off Cadiz until October, when he removed his flag to the *Swiftsure*, whose share in the glorious attack on Santa Cruz we have already related (pp. 59, 60).

It was after that memorable exploit that the old Seaking again hoisted his flag on board of his old flagship, the *St. George*, and steered for Home. He was slowly dying. “A life of shocks,” daring, and deeds—of continuous action and marvellous endurance—had worn out his once stalwart frame, and Blake was reduced to the very extremity of feebleness. His death-voyage has been described with eloquent simplicity by Hepworth Dixon:—“While the ships rolled,” he writes, “through the tempestuous Bay of Biscay, he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as he approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold once more the swelling downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. But he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favourite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and forecastle, eagerly examining every speck and line on the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard

was announced. Shortly afterwards the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying sailor. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid them farewell; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the wooded heights of Mount Edgecombe, the low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steeps at the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of that magnificent harbour rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had yearned to behold this scene once more, were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the *St. George* rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came within view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St. Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome,—he, in this silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God.

“The mournful news soon spread through the fleet and in the town. The melancholy enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, and the national love and admiration expressed itself in the solemn splendour of his funeral rites. The day of his death the corpse was left untouched in its cabin, as something sacred; but next morning skilful embalmers were employed to open it; and, in presence of all the great officers of the fleet and port, the bowels were taken out and placed in an urn, to be buried in the great church in Plymouth. The body, embalmed and wrapt in lead, was then put on board again and carried round by sea to Greenwich, where it lay in state several days, on the spot since

consecrated to the noblest hospital for seamen in the world."

On the 4th of September, it was borne, in grand procession, up the river from Greenwich to Westminster, —the trumpets pealing forth a solemn dirge, and artillery filling the resonant skies with a dull drear thunder. At Westminster Stairs the procession was re-marshalled by the heralds, and conducted through Palace Yard into the old historic Abbey, where, in a vault in Henry the Seventh's gorgeous chapel, was laid the dust of Robert Blake, "Admiral and General at Sea."

The Puritan hero's character as a seaman has been faithfully drawn by the royalist historian, Clarendon :

"He was the first man that declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science might be attained in less time than was imagined; and despised those rules which had long been in practice, to keep his ship and his men out of danger, which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circumspection, as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come home safe again. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water; and though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that drew the copy of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievement."

[We have now to indicate briefly the future career of the *St. George*. Blake's flag-ship was commanded by the gallant Joseph Jordan, a Commonwealth seaman, in the sea-fight of the 3rd of June 1665, and she held her own, in a manner not unworthy of her former commander, in the actions with the Dutch in the two succeeding years. In the Earl of Sandwich's memorable action with De Ruyter, off Solebay, on the 28th May 1672, the *St. George* was hotly engaged, and lost her



gallant captain, Geoffrey Pearce, as well as a large proportion of her crew in killed and wounded. In the following year she was in the thick of the battle between the English, under Prince Rupert and Sir Edward Spragge, and the Dutch, under De Ruyter and Banequert (August 11, 1673). The English, on this occasion, were disgracefully deserted by their pretended allies, the French, and being consequently outnumbered by the Dutch, retreated slowly towards their own coast, while maintaining a spirited running fire. Spragge, at first, had his flag hoisted in the *Royal Prince*, which, after a severe fight of three hours' duration, with Van Tromp, in the *Golden Lion*,—a far more powerful ship,—was so shattered, that the English seaman was compelled to remove his flag to the *St. George*. The Dutch Admiral, at the same time, hoisted his on board the *Comet*, and the two chiefs again renewed the fight. After a fierce engagement, the *St. George* lost her main-mast. Spragge, with a resolution worthy of an English sea-king, again took to his barge to go on board the *Royal Charles*, but had scarcely quitted the *St. George*, when a chance shot sunk his boat, and the gallant seaman and most of his boat's crew were drowned. This appears to have been the last action in which the *St. George* bore the English flag.]

## CHAPTER V.

## THE "ROYAL CHARLES" (OR, "NASEBY").

[Period of Service: The Protectorate, and Reign of Charles II. to A.D. 1667.

Strength: 78 guns, 558 men.]

"The *Naseby*, now no longer England's shame,  
But better to be lost in Charles's name,  
Receives her lord."—*Dryden, Astræa Redux.*

THE *Naseby*, a fine first-rate of 80 guns, with a complement of 558 men, was named in commemoration of the great fight which, in 1646, finally shattered the prospects of the Royal cause, and gave the sovereignty of England into the hands of the Parliament. She was one of the noble vessels built by the orders of Sir Henry Vane, while that able administrator presided over the naval affairs of the Commonwealth, and was launched at Deptford about 1652. In the English navy, as that navy was then constituted, she was justly regarded as a triumph of marine architecture, and well fitted to bear the Red Cross in honour before any of England's foes; but both in size and swiftness, it may here be remarked, she was excelled by the *Sovereign*, which carried 1,100 men and 88 guns, of which twenty were heavy 40-pounders.

In the memorable ocean-battles of the Commonwealth the *Naseby* bore herself as became a vessel so proudly named; but of these we have already spoken, and it was not until March 1656 that she was honoured with an Admiral's flag. Robert Blake and the gallant Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, then selected her as their flag-ship, when they received the joint command of the fleet destined to chastise the insolence of

Spain. From "aboard the *Naseby* in St. Helen's Road," March 16, 1656, we find Blake writing to the Secretary Thurlow,—“we are now getting an anchor aboard, making ready to sail, although there be little wind, or none at all.” The *Naseby* and the fleet soon afterwards got under weigh, and in the first week of June anchored in Cascaes Road at the mouth of the Tagus. The sight of their terrible broadsides soon menaced King John of Portugal, hitherto well inclined to side with Spain, into compliance with the Protector's demands, and into pecuniary compensation for the damages he had wrongfully inflicted upon English commerce. The two admirals next sailed for Cadiz, and while riding in that capacious bay, the *Naseby* narrowly escaped destruction in a fearful tempest. About one hour past midnight, when she was safely riding at anchor and defying the violence of the gale, Captain Vallis's ship, the *Taunton*, with rent canvas and unshipped rudder, was seen to be driving directly down upon her, threatening to strike her right amidships. Lights were hung out, and loud voices shouted an order to her captain to get up a new sail; but, at first, it seemed that no efforts could avert a fatal collision. Blake, as a last chance, had ordered his cables to be cut adrift, when, on a sudden, it pleased God in very mercy that the *Taunton* let slip, and “getting a sail open with much ado steered clear off us, else one or both of us, in all likelihood, had immediately gone to the bottom.” Soon afterwards the *Naseby*, and most of the great ships, returned to England, and Blake, hoisting his flag in the *Swiftsure*, went forward to his last, and, perhaps, his greatest triumph.

When the reins of power slipped from the feeble hands of Richard Cromwell, and the silent and astute Monk effected the restoration of Charles II. to the throne his vices afterwards blackened with a foul disgrace, the *Naseby* formed one of the squadron of escort despatched to Breda to bring home the royal profligate. That her name might bring back to his recollection no use-

ful lesson, nor convey a signal warning to his thoughtless mind, she was formally re-christened as the *Royal Charles*—a dishonour of which, perhaps, her old Commonwealth sailors, if such were still retained among her crew, would be keenly sensible. On the 23rd of May 1660, while flags streamed gaily to the wind, and cannon thundered out their noisy welcome, Charles II. embarked on board her at Scheveling, escorted by Admiral Montagu, and a noble squadron of those famous vessels which had asserted the supremacy of the Red Cross in many a fiery battle. On the 25th he landed at Dover; to be received with a storm of enthusiastic adulation.

This memorable royal voyage has been described by the poet Dryden in lines of spirited exaggeration.—“Oh, had you seen,” he cries,—

“Oh, had you seen from Scheveling's barren shore,  
 (Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)  
 Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring  
 True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!  
 While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,  
 And willing winds to their lowered sails denied.  
 The wavering streamers, flags, and standards out,  
 The merry seamen's rude but cheerful shout;  
 And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies,  
 And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,  
 At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.  
 The *Naseby*, now no longer England's shame,  
 But better to be lost in *Charles's* name,  
 (Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets,)  
 Receives her lord: the joyful *London* meets  
 The princely York, himself alone a freight;  
 The *Swiftsure* groans beneath great *Gloster's* weight:  
 Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with these,  
 He that was born to drown could cross the seas.”

Such is the poet's picture of the royal voyage. In equally glowing phrase he depicts the King's landing at Dover:—

“Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,  
 Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,  
 Choked up the beach with their still-growing store,  
 And made a wilder torrent on the shore:

While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,  
 Those, who had seen you, court a second sight;  
 Preventing still your steps, and making haste  
 To meet you often, wheresoe'er you pass'd.  
 How shall I speak of that triumphant day,  
 When you renewed th' expiring pomp of May!"

But from the sweet music of "Apollo's lute" we must now be fain to turn our ears to the stormier echoes of "Bellona's strains." The *Royal Charles* was no vessel for holiday pomp alone, and as one of the finest men-of-war in the English navy was selected, in 1665, for the flag-ship of James Duke of York, then placed in chief command of the immense fleet fitted out against the Dutch.

For nearly four years a chronic state of warfare had existed between England and the States, and acts had been committed on each side which assuredly the present age would not consider in accordance with the principles of International Law. Proclamation of war, however, was not openly made until 1665, when the Dutch declared hostilities in January, and England in the succeeding month. Great exertions were made by both combatants to prepare for the desperate struggle. The English fleet was composed of 110 ships of war, carrying 4,537 guns, and 22,206 men,—exclusive of fire-ships, bombs, and ketches.

The Dutch fleet, of 121 sail, including 11 fire-ships, and 7 yachts, was commanded by Admirals Opdam, Cortenaer, John and Cornelius Van Evertzen, Schram, and Cornelius Tromp. "Admiral Opdam was one of the best seamen the States could boast, but his policy was of a Fabian character. Knowing the unfortunate results which had attended all their sea-fights with the English, he wished to avoid a general engagement, and to harass and ruin their commerce by pouncing upon single ships, convoys, or fleets of merchantmen. But the Prince of Orange having ordered him, at all hazards, to fight the English, he, to avoid the impu-

tations which might otherwise be cast upon his conduct, with this order resolved to comply. He called a council of war, but found his officers averse to an engagement. 'Your sentiments are mine,' he exclaimed, 'but here are my orders. To-morrow my head shall be bound with laurel or with cypress!'"\*

The Dutch fleet hove in sight of the English coast, at noon, on the first of June, and the Duke of York immediately put to sea. After a series of wearisome manœuvres, a change of wind,—early on the morning of the 3rd,—gave the advantage of the weather-gage to the English, who immediately bore down upon the enemy, in a formidable line which extended many miles; Prince Rupert leading the van, the Duke of York the centre, and the Earl of Sandwich the rear. The centre of the Dutch line was led by the gallant Opdam, the van by Cornelius Tromp. An attack upon the English centre commenced about three o'clock in the morning, and both fleets were soon driving into the press of the terrible *mêlée*. Soon after six A.M. the Dutch, finding themselves unable to penetrate the English line, bore up and passed to leeward; a movement frustrated by the English rear tacking in obedience to signal from the *Royal Charles* and closing with the enemy;—Sir John Lawson, in the *Royal Oak*, sweeping into the heart of the fire, followed at a short interval by the Duke of York himself. Soon afterwards the Dutch fleet was completely cut into two divisions by the fury of the English onset, and the battle raged with a terrible degree of earnestness. The deadly character of the fight told fearfully both on the English and their foe. On board the *Royal Charles* four gallant young volunteers—the Earls of Portland and Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and the Honourable Mr. Boyle—were smitten to death by one shot. Rear-Admiral Sansum fell on board the *Resolution*; the Earl of Marlborough, on board the *Royal James*; brave Sir John Lawson received a wound

\* Adams's Sea-Kings of England.

in the knee of which he afterwards died; and three other captains fell in the battle. The total number of killed was 250, and of wounded, 340.

The Dutch lost two fine men-of-war, blown up; four, destroyed by an English fire-ship; three which fouled and were burnt by another fire-ship; and in sunk, captured, burnt or blown up, in all, four and twenty vessels. Their crews fought obstinately: so that the slain and wounded are said to have numbered 6,000, and about 2,500 were taken prisoners. The *Royal Charles* engaged Opdam's ship—the *Concord*, of 84 guns—with such persistent fury, that in less than an hour, the latter caught fire, and blew up with her admiral and all on board. The van of the Dutch fleet, suddenly stricken with a panic discouragement, bore off for the Texel, followed, as quickly as might be, by such ships of the other division as could escape the death-grapple of the English.

But though the victory remained so decidedly with the English it was not followed up with the energy which had secured it. Whether this mishap arose from state reasons which have never been revealed, or from the timidity or folly of one Henry Brouncker, the Duke of York's gentleman of the bedchamber, is now an historical mystery impenetrable to the keenest wit and most eager curiosity. It appears that when night closed in, over the vanquished and the vanquisher, a council of war was held on board of the *Royal Charles*, whereat the immediate attendants and friends of the Duke distinguished themselves by their affected solicitude for the safety of the royal person, entreating him to remain content with the success already gained. James, however, had undoubtedly an Englishman's bravery, and persisted in giving orders to set all sail in pursuit of the Dutch fleet. When they should heave in sight of the enemy he directed his attendants to arouse him. In the course of the night, however, Brouncker suddenly appeared on deck, and directed Sir William Penn,

as if from the Admiral, to slacken sail. The gallant old seaman, though highly inflamed by the receipt of such a message, could not dare to disobey it. But when the Duke's sleep was ended, "he, upon his waking, went out on the quarter-deck, and seemed amazed to see the sails slackened, and that thereby all hope of overtaking the Dutch was lost. He questioned Penn upon it; Penn put it upon Brouncker, who said nothing. The Duke denied that he had given any such order; but he neither punished Brouncker for carrying it, nor Penn for obeying it." And in this impenetrable mystery the whole transaction is still overshadowed. The poet, Sir John Denham, in his "Directions to a Painter," a clever piece of satirical ruggedness, has a happy allusion to the incident:—

"Now all conspire unto the Dutchman's loss;  
 The wind, the fire, we they themselves do cross;  
 When a sweet sleep began the Duke to drown,  
 And with soft diadems his temples crown;  
 And first he orders all the crew to watch,  
 And they the foe, while he a nap doth catch.  
 But lo, Brouncker, by a secret instinct,  
 Slept not, nor needed;—*he all day had winkt.*  
 The Duke in bed, he then first draws his steel,  
 Whose virtue makes the misled compass wheel;  
 So, e'er he waked, both fleets were innocent;  
 But Brouncker Member is of Parliament."

Had this victory been more complete, nor frustrated in its consequences by the timidity or treachery of this Bedchamber parasite, it is possible that an earlier termination might have been put to the Dutch war, and England have saved much treasure, many valuable lives, and some amount of reputation. But neither combatant as yet had tasted sufficient blood, and in 1666, the narrow seas were once more alive with hostile vessels. Unhappily, the English fleet now suffered from the perils of a divided command. Between Prince Rupert and Monk, Duke of Albemarle—both brave



men; the former a dashing seaman, and the latter an approved general—a bad feeling had long existed, and neither was sufficiently the patriot to prefer the interests of his country to the indulgence of a private feud.

On the 1st of June 1666, Monk found himself with his division of 60 ships in sight of the Dutch fleet, at anchor, in very superior force, off the Goodwins. Hoping to be speedily joined by Prince Rupert's squadron, the Duke, with characteristic courage, bore down upon them, and a fierce conflict ensued; in which, despite all the steady valour and unflinching endurance of the English, superiority of numbers carried the day. Sir William Berkeley was killed, and his ship, and two others were captured, and many of the English vessels so shattered as to be scarcely able to keep the sea. The battle was continued on the following day with doubtful fortune. On the 3rd the Dutch were reinforced by 16 fresh ships,—a plenitude of strength with which Monk felt it was impossible to contend. He, therefore, bore up in search of his dilatory comrade, Prince Rupert, who, with his 20 ships, was at last fallen in with, towards night. On the 6th, the battle was resumed under these new conditions; but the Dutch still possessed such a preponderance of force that, though the English fought with desperate bravery, they were eventually compelled to retire with severe loss.

In these sanguinary actions the *Royal Charles* bore no inconsiderable share, and she was again present in the great victory off the North Foreland, fought on July 25th. The English fleet was still commanded by Rupert and Albemarle, and consisted of 89 men-of-war and 18 fire-ships. The Dutch mustered an equal force, under De Ruyter, Cornelius Tromp, and Evertzen. After a hotly contested action the Dutch fell back, in fierce haste, upon their own dull coast, with a loss of 20 ships, and 4,000 killed and wounded.

This decisive victory has been nobly celebrated in

the *Annus Mirabilis*, and with the poet's splendid picture we cannot refrain from adorning our pages:—

- “ Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,  
 The midmost battles hasting up behind :  
 Who view far off the storm of falling sleet,  
 And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.
- “ At length the adverse admirals appear ;  
 The two bold champions of each country's right :  
 Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,  
 And draw the lines of death before they fight.
- “ Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side,  
 For honour, which they seldom sought before :  
 But now they by their own vain boasts were tied,  
 And forced, at least in show, to prize it more.
- “ But sharp remembrance on the English part,  
 And shame of being matched by such a foe,  
 Rouse conscious virtue up in every heart,  
 And seeming to be stronger makes them so.
- “ Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,  
 Which did two generals' fates and Cæsar's bear :  
 Each several ship a victory did gain,  
 As Rupert or as Albermarle were there.”—*Dryden*.

To us it seems the most fitting death for a hero,—for a soldier whose laurel is red with the flames of a thousand fights, or a seaman whose ocean-triumphs have resounded on every shore,—to die in the flush of his greatest success. “The most triumphant death,” says Southey, “is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory.” And so it would seem that a gallant war-ship, whose tall masts have borne in honour the meteor-flag of England through the depths of the battle, and from whose threatening sides a hundred guns have told of England's might and majesty, should sink to rest in the waters she has so proudly ridden, or yield up her life, as it were, in the heart of the triumphant flames. To rot in the black mud of the Medway, or the rank ooze of Portsmouth Harbour, or to end her career as a grimy and loathsome “convict

hulk " seems but a poor destiny for the stately vessel which has been distinguished by the flag of a Hawke, a Nelson, or a Collingwood.

No such destiny, indeed, but even a more inglorious fate, was reserved for the *Royal Charles*;—the noble ship which had borne no dishonourable part in the great Dutch wars of the Commonwealth, and had been chosen to convey to English shores her "restored monarch." She was lying at Chatham for repair, when, in June 1667, a Dutch fleet appeared in the Thames, and owing to the criminal neglect of the king and his ministers, sailed unopposed up the river Medway, ascending as high as Upnor Castle, in the very face of English forts and guns! Everything was in dire confusion: batteries were inadequately mounted, or not mounted at all. Ammunition could not be found for the gunners. There was no guiding spirit to rally the men of Kent against the invaders, and so the insolent thunder of the Dutch artillery rolled up the valley of the Thames, and sounded even in the luxurious seraglio of the dissolute Charles. Meanwhile, the *Loyal London*, considered the finest ship of the time,—the *Great James*,—and the *Royal Oak*, all first-rates of great size and strength, were destroyed by fire, but the *Royal Charles*,—as if in greater mockery of the English sovereign,—the Dutch bore away as a trophy of their triumph.

In a few days after this signal disgrace,—which was keenly felt by the English people, if disregarded by the English court,—peace was concluded between England and Holland, and the Dutch fleet retired from the Thames.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE STORY OF THE "CENTURION."

[Period of Service : Reign of George II.  
Strength : 60 guns, 400 men.]

"I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,  
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."—*Shakspeare.*

LIVES there a lad of Saxon growth whose imagination has not been fired by the tales of wild adventure and the legends of daring enterprise, which inform, with the very spirit of romance, the lives of our early Seakings? Is there an English lad, who having once dipped into the enchanted pages of Hakluyt or Purchas,—who having once perused the stirring record of the wonderful exploits of Drake, and Cavendish, Oxenham, and Sir Henry Morgan,—but straightway dreams for himself the bravest dreams of deeds to be done on the haunted shores of the Spanish Main, of fresh Panamas to be sacked by a handful of gallant Englishmen, of newly laden galleons to be captured by the tiniest English cockboats imaginable? What boy but imagines for himself a Juan Fernandez where, monarch of all he surveys, he will fortify himself in his lonely, wave-beaten island? Oh, those old Voyages! Those preciously quaint narratives of wanderings in unknown seas and visits to shores never before trodden by European foot! What a wonderful freshness breathes in every page! As one reads, there seems to ring in one's ears the music of the "mysterious main," and there comes from afar the perfume of strange flowers, and one

moves, as it were, in a world of wild enchantment, where wealthy Spaniards, and bead-counting priests, and generous Indians flit to and fro like phantoms. Who does not envy Balboa his first glimpse of the Pacific, when he stood

“ Silent, upon a peak in Darien ?”

Who would not have been with Ponce de Leon in his romantic quest after the Fountain of Eternal Youth? Who would not have wished to sail with Drake in the *Golden Hind*? Even into our later life penetrates the wild romantic truth of these adventurous pages, mingling with the sombre tide of our everyday existence a current of brighter aspect, and lifting us up from that worldliness in which our hearts would otherwise be eternally steeped into a fresher and purer atmosphere.

With us, in our early days, a favourite book was the dusty, thin, and somewhat mouldy quarto which told of the gallant Anson's circumnavigation of the world in his good ship the *Centurion*. How we devoured its pages! How we sympathized with the intrepid chief when he sought to cheer his scurvy-stricken crew! How we lingered over the pleasant picture of the tents at Juan Fernandez, and enjoyed the brightness of the streams which rolled down on either side of the Commodore's canvas-palace! And, finally, how we rejoiced when the *Centurion*, after many months of weary watching, came in sight of the great Spanish treasure-ship and compelled her to strike her flag, and how grand it seemed to us that Spain which, in the days of Elizabeth, arrogantly pretended to the sovereignty of the world, was at last beaten down on her knees, and compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of the Red Cross! *Eheu, non sum qualis eram*, but we have still a secret affection for the bold tales of the buccaneers and the history of the matchless valour of our English Sea-kings!

The *Centurion* was not a new vessel when Anson hoisted his Commodore's pennant on board her in July

1740, but her antecedents are not of sufficient importance to require any detailed notice in these pages. She was an ordinary 60-gun ship, carrying as her full complement 400 men, and is said to have been much in want of repair when ordered to form one of the expedition destined against the opulent city of Manilla,—the capital and “queen” of the Philippine Islands. Her consorts were in almost as bad a condition as herself, and none of them were adequately manned. Indeed, it would seem as if the English ministry, upon whom the war with Spain had been forced by popular clamour, had beforehand determined on the ill-success of the expedition. The total strength of Anson's little squadron may be seen in the following table :—

| Ships.                       | Guns. | Men. |   |
|------------------------------|-------|------|---|
| The <i>Centurion</i> . . .   | 60    | 400  | Commodore George Anson.                                     |
| The <i>Gloucester</i> . . .  | 50    | 300  | { Captain Richard Norris.<br>(Afterwards Captain Mitchell.) |
| The <i>Severn</i> . . . .    | 50    | 300  | Captain Edward Legg.  |
| The <i>Pearl</i> . . . .     | 40    | 250  | { Captain Matthew Mitchell.<br>(Afterwards Captain Kidd.)   |
| The <i>Wager</i> . . . .     | 28    | 160  | { Captain Kidd.<br>(Afterwards Captain Murray.)             |
| The <i>Trial Sloop</i> . . . | 8     | 100  | { Hon. John Murray.<br>(Afterwards Lieut. Cheap.)           |

This small force was attended by two transports of 400 and 200 tons respectively, and had on board a military quota, considerably composed of “aged and decrepit invalids.” Such was the expedition intended to operate against one of the most important colonies of Spain!

After many tedious delays Anson's squadron left Spithead, on the 18th of September, and, as if to indicate its future disasters, was no less than 40 days on its voyage to Madeira. While refitting at this pleasant isle Capt. Norris resigned the command of the *Gloucester*, on the plea of ill-health, and Capt. Mitchell was promoted to the vacancy. The squadron then bore away for the Brazils, making a long and tedious passage against contrary winds and heavy seas, while sickness

broke out with fatal effect upon the ill-found and badly-manned ships. In due time they made the Island of St. Catherine, on the coast of Brazil, and here Anson landed his invalids (to the number of 80 from the *Centurion* alone), of whom nearly one-fifth speedily succumbed to their mortal maladies. After a brief interval of repose the expedition gladly made sail from that sad isle of graves (18th January 1741), and commenced a southward course. To refit the *Trial* Sloop, which leaked terribly and was almost unseaworthy, the Commodore put into the Bay of St. Julian, on the coast of Patagonia, where Magellan's fleet had wintered in 1520, and Drake passed the summer in 1578. The gibbet on which the unfortunate Doughty was hung here attracted the attention of the adventurers.

The wild bleak scenery of Patagonia does not appear to have commended itself to Anson's men, who gazed with surprise upon its cloud-piled mountain-peaks and broad tracts of sterile country, never enlivened by the freshness of verdure or the varying colours of a thousand flowers. The puma and the wolf, the wild emu and the quaint armadillo inhabit its desolate plains, and seem to contend for their occupancy with the scanty tribes of the native Patagonians and their numerous herds of wild shaggy horses. These rude and inhospitable savages, whom the early voyagers described as a nation of giants, are in reality a people of more than ordinary stature and strength—muscular, athletic men, averaging six feet in height. Very different, indeed, the inhabitants of the wave-beaten Isle of Fire,—the mountainous Tierra del Fuego,—which Anson's ships sighted early in the month of March. These are a puny, weak, and diminutive race, whose chief sustenance is derived from fishing. An American explorer (Capt. Wilkes) confirms, and enlarges upon, the accounts of earlier navigators:—"The natives of these islands," he says, "are not more than five feet high, of a light copper colour, which is much concealed by smut and dirt, particularly on their

faces, which they mark vertically with charcoal. They have short faces, narrow foreheads, and high cheek-bones. Their eyes are small, and usually black, the upper lids in the inner corner overlapping the under one, and bear a strong resemblance to those of the Chinese. The nose is broad and flat, with wide-spread nostrils, mouth large, teeth white, large, and regular. The hair is long, lank, and black, hanging over the face, and covered with white ashes, which gives them a hideous appearance. The whole face is compressed. Their bodies are remarkable from the great development of the chest, shoulders, and vertebral column; their arms are long and out of proportion; their legs small, and ill-made. There is, in fact, little difference between the size of the ankle and leg; and, when standing, the skin at the knee hangs in a large, loose fold. In some, the muscles of the leg appear almost wanting, and possess very little strength. The want of development of the muscles of the legs is owing to their constant sitting posture, both in their huts and canoes. Their skin is sensibly colder than ours. It is impossible to fancy anything in human nature more filthy. They are an ill-shapen and ugly race." For the convenience of fishing they build their huts as close to the shore as possible,—constructing them of boughs or small trees fastened in the earth, with a roof of matted grass or woven bark. Their form is that of a circle, with a diameter of seven or eight feet; height, about five feet.

Between Staten Island and Tierra del Fuego roll the stormy waters of the Straits of Lemaire. Scarcely had Anson's squadron weathered the dangerous passage (7th of March 1741) ere "the lurid cloud-drifts came scudding up the horizon: the winds gathered; the waters heaved with tumultuous throes; snow and sleet fell blindingly around them; the storm-tost vessels were hurled from side to side with so dread a violence that many men were flung about the decks, and killed outright. An affecting incident occurred at this conjunc-



ture. A sailor belonging to the *Centurion* fell overboard. He swam well; he swam bravely and stoutly, still keeping his face towards the vessel, and straining his aching eyes for the relief his comrades could not afford him. Such was the fury of the storm the ship could not be put about, and it sped away with terrible swiftness from the drowning mariner—

‘Who still renewed the strife  
Upheld by buoyant hope and love of life’—

but was at length outworn by the wrestling waters, and compelled to yield the unequal struggle.”

A tempest of even more terrible violence visited the ill-fated expedition on the 4th of April, and in the height of the gale the *Wager* was driven so far away to leeward that she was unable to rejoin the squadron. The tale of her buffetings to and fro for many a weary month, and of the sufferings of her crew, has a wild weird interest of its own; but we must be content to follow the *Centurion*, which, in a series of tropical gales, successively lost all her consorts, and was compelled to make for Juan Fernandez, alone, in the hope that there she might recover them. On her voyage thither the scurvy broke out on board with fearful violence, no less than 43 of her crew falling victims to it in one month. For in those days sanitary philosophy was little studied ashore or afloat, and the brave seamen of England were cooped up without remorse in badly-ventilated and ill-found ships which, at the present time, we should deem unfitting receptacles for the worst classes of our convicts.

During the month of May the *Centurion* lost seventy more of her inadequate complement; and before she dropped anchor off Juan Fernandez, on the 9th of June, there had perished, we are told, upwards of 250. It is easy, therefore, to understand with what delight both the intrepid Anson and his gallant crew gazed upon the green and pleasant shores of that romantic island. How

they loved to linger in its shadowy valleys,—to roam across its broad and open leas,—to climb its pine-crested hills,—and track the winding course of its rippling rivulets! The men were quickly landed, and tents were erected in the most attractive spots, that their frames might be the more speedily restored by the wholesome influence of Nature upon the reinvigorated mind. The Commodore's tent was placed at the head of a grassy slope which stretched between overshadowing woods to the very margin of the sea, and commanded a noble prospect of the distant bay. An amphitheatre of myrtles reared its wondrous verdure in the background, and, beyond all, and against the encircling skies, towered the lofty and woody hills. Over the declivity flowed two streams of bright and wholesome water. Strange flowers flung their odours abroad upon the wind. Strange birds made the air musical with their songs. When reading the glowing description of this “summer isle of Eden,” given in his Narrative of the Voyage by the chaplain of the *Centurion*, we are forcibly reminded of the words of Barry Cornwall:—

“I tread amongst a thousand sweets unseen,  
 Born of the flowery slopes, and woods, and meadows green.  
 How fresh the daisied grass! I hear and bless  
 The tiny people in each cool recess:  
 I scent the south-wind through the woodbines blowing:  
 I see the river-waters rippling,—flowing,—  
 Flashing along the valley to the sea.”\*

Soon after Anson had placed his men “under can-

\* Juan Fernandez was the residence for years of the solitary Alexander Selkirk, the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Anson refers to this circumstance, and adds:—“Selkirk tells us, among other things, that, as he often caught more goats than he wanted, he sometimes marked their ears and let them go. This was about thirty-two years before our arrival at the island. Now it happened that the first goat that was killed by our people had his ears slit; whence we concluded that he had doubtless been formerly under the power of Selkirk. He was an animal of a most venerable aspect, dignified with an exceeding majestic beard, and with many other symptoms of antiquity.”



ANSON.

See THE STORY OF THE 'CENTURION.'—Page 88.



vas" the *Trial* arrived, and on the 21st of June the *Gloucester* hove in sight, but was again driven off to windward. When, five days later, she reappeared, Anson despatched his boats to her assistance, laden with fish, fresh water, and vegetables. The rescue came but in time. The ill-fated vessel was a very lazarus-ship,—a floating hospital,—having lost two-thirds of her crew, while those who survived were so wan and weak that their appearance struck terror into the hearts of their comrades. The boats returned to the island for additional supplies, but meanwhile the unfortunate *Gloucester* again drove out to sea, and when, for the third time,—on the 23rd of July,—she made the island, she bore within her loathsome walls few others but the dead or dying! Out of 961 soldiers who had left England in the *Gloucester*, the *Centurion*, and the *Trial*, only 335 reached Juan Fernandez alive, and the mortality among the seamen was in equal proportion.

For upwards of three months Anson refreshed his men at Juan Fernandez, and again put to sea on the 19th of September, with a Spanish prize, named the *Monte Carmelo*, captured by the *Centurion* a few days previously, and fitted out as a cruiser. A Spanish merchant-ship was shortly afterwards taken by the *Trial*, and as the latter was found unfit to contend with the storms of the Pacific, her crew was removed on board the prize, and the *Trial* destroyed.

Tidings of Anson's appearance on the coast had by this time spread through the neighbouring Spanish settlements, and from a trading-vessel captured on the 11th of November, the Commodore learned that the governor of Paita, in anticipation of an unwelcome visit, was removing the stores and treasures of that town into the interior. He decided, therefore, upon seizing Paita by a *coup de main*; and selecting a picked body of 60 volunteers, despatched the boats at midnight to capture a town protected by a battery and defended by 300 soldiers. They stole softly into the bay, covered

by the deep darkness, and reached the mouth of the haven without discovery. Then the look-outs of a trading-ship lying at anchor in the stream caught sight of the advancing boats, and instantly leaping into their skiff, rowed hastily towards the fort, crying, "Los Ingleses! Los Ingleses!" But English seamen have nervous arms, and bending to their oars with a will, shot into the harbour with such rapidity that they anticipated the Spaniards in their would-be defensive preparations. They leaped upon the shore, and with loud exultant shouts pushed forward into the centre of the market-place, so that the enemy, in sore affright, retreated before their waving cutlasses, and yielded up to them both town and battery.

Then Jack Tar, with his wonted grim humour, begun to attire himself in such apparel as he could seize upon;—plumed sombreros and richly-embroidered jackets harmonizing but sadly with the loose trousers and long thick pigtails of the true English seaman. Many there were who figured in loose mantillas and waving petticoats—the habiliments of some dark Southern beauty—so that the town of Paita, in the gray twilight of the early morning, seemed the scene of a grotesque and weird masquerade. Meanwhile, the Spaniards collected themselves on a gentle ascent which rose behind the town, and endeavoured to scare away their conquerors by the beat of drums and the flutter of many flags. Anson's men, however, were made of no such quaking stuff, and did not retire until they had loaded their boats with plunder, and given up the town to the flames.

For some time Anson had resolved that, with his scanty force, an attack upon the opulent and populous city of Manilla would be an act of inexcusable desperation; and he now determined upon cruising in the Spanish seas, in the hope of intercepting the great galleon, the golden Treasure-Ship, which yearly sailed between Manilla and Acapulco. Having been informed that she was

expected to leave Acapulco on the 3rd of March 1742, Anson's squadron immediately beat towards that port, and on the 1st of the month arrived off the swelling heights quaintly named the "Paps of Acapulco." At about 15 leagues from the shore he disposed his ships in the form of a crescent, so that they included a sweep of sea of not much less than 80 miles in breadth.

Acapulco was then a rich and prosperous town, whose commodious harbour rendered it the western port of Mexico, and the principal commercial emporium on the shore of the Pacific. "It is familiar," says Captain Basil Hall, "to the memory of most people, from its being the port whence the rich Spanish galleons of former days took their departure, to spread the wealth of the Western over the Eastern world. It is celebrated, also, in Anson's delightful voyage, and occupied a conspicuous place in the very interesting accounts of the Buccaneers; to a sailor, therefore, it is classic ground in every sense. I cannot express the universal professional admiration excited by a sight of this celebrated port, which is, moreover, the very *beau-idéal* of a harbour. It is easy of access; very capacious; the water not too deep; the holding-ground good; quite free from hidden dangers; and as secure as the basin in Portsmouth dockyard. From the interior of the harbour the sea cannot be discovered; and a stranger, coming to the spot by land, would imagine he was looking over a sequestered mountain-lake." The Governor of Acapulco, however, had obtained information of Anson's cruise, so that in vain every eye was bent upon Acapulco from morn to night in the hope of first descrying "the tall masts of the stately treasure-ship." She remained securely anchored in the harbour, until Anson's ships falling sadly in want of water the Commodore was forced to quit his unavailing watch, and bear away for China. Deep in his heart, however, he still nourished the hope of falling in with the galleon before she could reach Manilla.

In a severe tempest, which broke out on the 26th of

July the *Gloucester* sprang a leak, and was soon reduced to so complete a wreck that it became necessary to remove her crew on board the *Centurion*. Here, the insufficient food and loathsome malaria reproduced the scurvy, and it seemed as if the plague was about to burst forth with its old violence; but happily the ship shortly hove in sight of the island of Tinian, one of the Ladrone group, and reaching it on the 27th of August, began to disembark her invalids.

An incident now occurred which, as novelists say, might have been attended with fatal consequences. It is thus related by the present writer in his little volume, *The Sea-Kings of England*:—"One night (22 September), while the Commodore—who was himself afflicted with disease—was ashore, a violent storm came on. The *Centurion*, the only ship remaining of Anson's squadron, was driven from her moorings, and forced out to sea. So terrible was the gale that her signals of distress were not observed by those on the island, and great, therefore, was their consternation when the morning broke and no ship was to be seen! They paced the shore in silent dismay. No doubt could be entertained but that the *Centurion* had foundered, and that they were doomed to spend their lives on a solitary island, never again to revisit their homes, or greet the 'old, familiar faces.' In this hour of trial, Anson's calmness of mind and nobility of heart were splendidly conspicuous, and he evinced that resolute temper which had alone borne up his men under the successive disasters they had experienced. He reasoned away their fears, and encouraged them to hopeful exertion. He directed the construction of a vessel which should be stout enough to bear them to China. For this purpose, a Spanish bark which had been captured, and had escaped the storm from its proximity to the shore, was hauled up on land, and sawn asunder that she might be suitably lengthened. The carpenters of the ship were among those left on the island, and as they had their



tools with them, all hands set to work with sailor-like heartiness and considerable success.

“ But it happened that on the morning of the 11th of October, one of the men had ascended a hill, and looking out upon the sparkling sea, discovered the *Centurion* in the offing. He was not long in rejoining his comrades, exclaiming, almost breathless with joy, ‘ The ship ! The ship ! ’ The commodore was at work upon the Spanish boat, but hearing the gladsome news, flung down his axe, and gave expression to feelings which his followers had little thought he entertained. The *Centurion* came to anchor in the evening, and on the 21st of October, bore away from Tinian for Macao, on the coast of China.”

China was then to Europeans a mysterious Terra Incognita,—a vast territory of cloud and shadow into which even Saxon enterprise had been unable to penetrate. The only European settlement was that which the Portuguese had been permitted to establish at Macao, in 1556, as a reward for the services they had rendered in sweeping the pirates and Malayan sea-rovers from the neighbouring coasts. This colony occupied the southern peninsula of the small island of Macao, at the mouth of the great estuary of the Canton river,—a breezy healthy acclivity, now dotted with white villas and large “ factories.” Here lies the dust of Camoens, the unfortunate poet of *The Lusiad*.

At twilight, on the 5th of November 1742, the *Centurion* swiftly rode into the Canton river ; and an English man-of-war was then so unusual a sight in the busy waters where the Union Jack now waves all proudly and defiantly, that in the course of a few hours nearly 5,000 fishing-boats had gathered round her. Macao was reached on the 12th, and here Anson, who had determined upon making one more effort to capture the Acapulco treasure-ship, remained until the 19th of April 1743, occupying that long interval in replenishing his stores of provisions, and recruiting the strength of his

crew. Nor was he himself less in want of repose than his men,—his energies having been sorely shattered by the many disasters of his singular expedition. The *Centurion*, too, stood in great need of repair, and busy were the hammer and chisel of the carpenter during her stay in the waters of Macao.

When the Commodore was fairly out at sea, with a fresh breeze filling his sails, he called his men together on the quarter-deck, and announced to them his resolution to make another attempt upon the Spanish galleon. As he held out glowing prospects both of “a brush with the Dons” and an ample amount of doubloons and moidores as prize-money, his men greeted their commander with enthusiastic cheers, and immediately, with the natural confidence of British seamen, began to regard the rich treasure-ship as already their own. So assured were they of victory in the coming struggle that when, one day, the Commodore, knowing his supply was not exhausted, inquired why no mutton had recently appeared on his table, the cook replied,—“Certainly, your honour, there are still two sheep left in the galley, but I thought your honour would wish them kept for the dinners of the Spaniard captain, whom your honour is going to take prisoner!”

The *Centurion* reached the waters of the Philippine Islands on the last day of May, and cruised off Cape Espiritu Santo without success for nearly three weeks. But early on the morning of the 20th of June, the lookout man descried her tall masts in the offing, and immediately, crowding on every stitch of canvas she could carry, the *Centurion* bore down upon her long-expected foe. Nor did the stately Spaniard seem anxious to decline the contest. Probably aware that Anson had scarce 200 men and 30 boys on board, she hoisted the standard of Spain at her main-top-gallant-masthead, and lay to in haughty defiance of the English man-of-war. About one o'clock the battle commenced, Anson laying his ship across the bows of the galleon,

and sweeping her decks with a destructive and incessant fire, which proved the proficiency in gunnery his crew had acquired through constant exercise. The Spaniards defended themselves gallantly, but were no match for the resolute valour of the English. After a two hours' hotly contested engagement, they struck their colours, having lost 67 men killed and 84 wounded, while Anson had but 2 men killed, and 17 wounded, all of whom, with one exception, recovered. With so slight a loss was effected the capture of a vessel of 44 guns and 500 men, carrying a cargo valued at 313,000*l.*—one of the most costly prizes which ever surrendered to an English ship!

Just in the moment of victory, however, arose a peril which threatened the loss of everything. One of his officers approached Anson, and whispered to him the appalling intelligence that the ship was on fire. During the engagement some cartridges had accidentally exploded, and ignited a quantity of oakum lying near the magazine. As the galleon had fallen aboard the *Centurion*, the destruction of both vessels seemed inevitable; but Anson did not lose his presence of mind, calmly gave the necessary orders, maintained by his own coolness the coolness of his men, and had the satisfaction of seeing the fire extinguished without any material damage.

Both the *Centurion* and her valuable prize now returned to Macao, and having refitted and taken on board a supply of provisions, sailed for England, on the 15th of December. The homeward voyage was as prosperous as the outward had been disastrous; and Anson and his treasure-ship actually sailed, in the thick of a dense fog, through the hostile French fleet, then cruising in the chops of the Channel. On the 15th of June 1744, the *Centurion* safely cast anchor at Spithead, after a voyage round the world of nearly four years' duration; a voyage almost unexampled for the variety and wonderful character of its incidents.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the *Centurion* was no longer fit for service. Her timbers were rotten; her masts and spars disabled; her rigging and canvas worn and tattered; and the weather-beaten ship, racked by the storms of many a sea, little resembled the gallant men-of-war which lay at Spithead in readiness for the "shock of battle." She was, therefore, sent into dock, and in time received a thorough repair,—becoming, in fact, a new ship with an old name. Commissioned by Captain Denis, she shared in Vice-Admiral Anson's action with the French fleet, off Cape Finisterre, May 3, 1747, and bore herself right gallantly, contributing in no slight degree to the enemy's defeat. The French, on this occasion, though superior in force, lost six men-of-war (a 74, a 66, a 56, two 52's, and a 44-gun ship). Anson received a peerage for this eminent service.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE STORY OF A MUTINY.

*The "Bounty."*

[Period of Service: Reign of George III. 1787-9.  
Strength: 215 tons, 43 men.]

"The boat is lower'd with all the haste of hate,  
With its slight plank between thee and thy fate;  
Her only cargo such a scant supply  
As promises the death their hands deny;  
And just enough of water and of bread  
To keep, some days, the dying from the dead . . .

The launch is crowded with the faithful few  
That wait their chief—a melancholy crew:  
But some remained reluctant on the deck  
Of that proud vessel, now a moral wreck—  
And viewed their captain's fate with piteous eyes;  
While others scoff'd his augur'd miseries,  
Sneer'd at the prospect of his pigmy sail,  
And the slight bark, so laden and so frail."—*Byron.*

DAMPIER, the brave old navigator, who saw so much and told in such manly language of what he saw, thus describes the famous Bread-Fruit plant:—"The bread-fruit, as we call it," he says, "grows on a large tree, as big and high as our largest apple-trees; it hath a spreading head, full of branches and dark leaves. The fruit grows on the boughs like apples: it is as big as a penny-loaf, when wheat is at five shillings the bushel; it is of a round shape, and hath a thick, tough rind; when the fruit is ripe, it is yellow and soft, and the taste is sweet and pleasant. The natives of Guam use it for bread. They gather it, when full-grown, while it is green and hard; then they bake it in an oven, which scorseth the rind and makes it black; but they scrape off the outside black crust, and there remains a tender,

thin crust; and the inside is soft, tender, and white, like the crumb of a penny loaf. There is neither seed nor stone in the inside, but all is of a pure substance like bread. It must be eaten new; for if it is kept above 24 hours, it grows harsh and choaky, but is very pleasant before it is too stale. This fruit lasts in season eight months in the year, during which the natives eat no other sort of food of bread kind. I did never see of this fruit anywhere but here (the island of Tahiti, or Otaheite). The natives told us that there is plenty of this fruit growing on the rest of the Ladrone Islands; and I did never hear of it anywhere else."

In the year 1787, the West India merchants resident in London represented to the Government the advantages to be derived from the introduction of so useful a plant into the West India islands, and it was accordingly determined that an expedition for this purpose should be fitted out. Its organisation was intrusted to Sir Joseph Banks, who was himself acquainted with Tahiti and the invaluable properties of the bread fruit, and every care was taken to insure complete success. A vessel was purchased by Government at Deptford, and enrolled in the Royal Navy by the significant name of the *Bounty*. Her burthen was 215 tons, and from her build and draught she was peculiarly adapted for an exploring voyage. Lieutenant William Bligh, one of Captain Cook's companions in his famous circumnavigations, was appointed to the command, and a complement of one master, three warrant-officers, one surgeon, two master's mates, two midshipmen, and thirty-four petty officers and seamen was allotted to her. Two persons were also appointed to take charge of the plants that might be collected,—

"The bread-tree which, without the ploughshare, yields  
The unreap'd harvest of unfurrow'd fields,  
And bakes its unadulterated loaves  
Without a furnace in unpurchas'd groves,"—

and all those comforts and necessaries were abundantly

supplied which could tend to secure the health and happiness of the crew and commander of the good ship *Bounty*.

She sailed from Spithead on the 23rd of December 1787. As if ominous of her future fortunes she met, on the 26th, with a terrible storm which endured until the 29th, and inflicted considerable damage; so that Lieutenant Bligh judged it prudent to put into Teneriffe to refit and obtain additional stores. The rock-isle of Teneriffe was reached on the 5th and quitted on the 10th of January 1788. And now the commander organised his little crew into three watches, of which the third was given in charge to an officer, who will play a prominent part in our narrative,—Fletcher Christian, one of the master's mates. "I have always considered this," writes Bligh, "a desirable regulation when circumstances will admit of it; and I am persuaded that unbroken rest not only contributes much towards the health of the ship's company, but enables them more readily to exert themselves in cases of sudden emergency."

Towards the close of March the *Bounty* was off Cape Horn, tossing to and fro in a tempestuous sea, baffled by contrary winds, and pursued by storms of hail and sleet. For nine days she braved this weather, and then her commander despairing of effecting, at so unfavourable a season of the year, the passage of the Horn, bore away for the Cape of Good Hope, "to the great joy of every person on board." The Cape was reached on the 23rd of May; and there the weary mariners remained for eight and thirty days, refitting the ship, and taking on board a fresh supply of provisions. They sailed again on the 1st of July, and anchored in Adventure Bay, Van Diemen's Land, for wood and water, on the 20th of August. On the evening of the 25th of October they came in sight of the green hills, the prolific meadows, and wooded shores of beautiful Tahiti—the queen-island of the Polynesian seas—

“ Where all partake the earth without dispute,  
And bread itself is gather'd as a fruit ;  
Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams.  
The goldless age, where gold disturbs no dreams,  
Inhabits or inhabited the shore,  
Till Europe taught them better than before,  
Bestow'd her customs, and amended theirs,  
But left her vices also to their heirs.”—*Byron.*

On the following day the *Bounty* glided into the secure anchorage of Matavai Bay, having sailed over 27,086 miles, at an average progress of 108 miles daily.

Tahiti was then the Sailor's Paradise; the Fortunate Isle in whose abundant pleasures he compensated himself for the toil and weariness of his long sea-wanderings. Its inhabitants were hospitable, generous, and warm-hearted. Its groves were shadowy; its hills were pleasant; the climate, tempered by cool ocean-winds, was genial and healthy. Cocoa-nuts, and shaddocks, plantains and bread-trees, were among the natural luxuries the island profusely afforded. No marvel that to the English sailor Tahiti seemed a joyous Eden, a delightful isle of bowers and gardens, where all the women were beautiful, and all the men frank, hospitable, and true.

The new-comers were received by the Tahitians with their wonted courtesy. “ As soon as the ship was secured,” we are told, “ Lieutenant Bligh went on shore with the chief, Poeno, passing through a walk delightfully shaded with bread-fruit trees, to his own house, where his wife and her sister were busily employed staining a piece of cloth red. They desired him to sit down on a mat, and with great kindness offered him refreshments.” He was then introduced to several strangers, who all behaved with that decorous gravity and natural politeness so often the characteristics of the so-called savage. When the lieutenant bade them adieu, the ladies rose from their seats, and taking some of their finest cloth and a mat, attired the lieutenant in true Tahitian style, and accompanied him to the



water-side. On another occasion, having exposed himself too much in the sun, "I was taken ill," says Bligh, "on which all the powerful people, both men and women, collected round us, offering their assistance. For this short illness I was made ample amends by the pleasure I received from the attention and appearance of affection in these kind people."

Equally hospitable was the reception accorded to Bligh's officers and crew. In the course of two or three days, there was scarcely a man in the ship who had not secured his *tayo*, or friend, and who did not live in the undisturbed enjoyment of the luxuries of ease, indolence, and female companionship. Every house was free to the footsteps of every Englishman; and it would seem that the Tahitians must have conspired to render the residence of Bligh and his companions in their beautiful island an uninterrupted holiday.

The lieutenant, in his published *Journal*, gives a glowing description both of Tahiti and the Tahitians. The former he speaks of as a perfect Arcadia,—

"A summer-isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea,"—

and luxuriates in its hills and groves, its clear fresh streams, its bowery hollows, its plantations of bread-fruit and cocoa-trees. The inhabitants he liberally endows with almost every virtue: "There is," he says, "a candour and sincerity about them quite delightful." Their manners were easy without being familiar, and dignified without being formal. Some of them, indeed, were given to petty thefts, chiefly of ironwork and buttons, but the majority were as honest as they were hospitable, and as frank as they were generous. Their life would seem to have been a round of innocent amusements. The children indulged in flying kites, in swinging in ropes suspended from the boughs of trees, in walking on stilts, in wrestling, and playing "all manner of antic tricks, such as are common to boys in England." The girls—as is usual with girls—chiefly

affected their dances, or *heivaahs*. "On an evening, just before sunset, the whole beach abreast the ship is described as being like a parade, crowded with men, women, and children, who go on with their sports and amusements until nearly dark, when every one peaceably returns to his home. At such times, we are told, from 300 to 400 people are assembled together, and all happily diverted, good-humoured, and affectionate to one another, without a single quarrel having ever happened to disturb the harmony that existed among these amiable people. Both boys and girls are said to be handsome and very sprightly."

This semi-Elysian life could not, however, be prolonged beyond certain limits. The *Bounty* had arrived at Otaheite on the 26th of October 1788. Her departure was fixed for the 4th of April 1789. In these intervening weeks Lieutenant Bligh had collected a vast number of healthy and vigorous bread-trees, which were placed in 724 pots, 39 tubs, and 24 boxes. "The number of bread-fruit plants was one thousand and fifteen; besides which, we had collected a number of other plants: the *avee*, which is one of the finest-flavoured fruits in the world; the *ayyah*, which is a fruit not so rich, but of a fine flavour and very refreshing; the *rattah*, not much unlike a chestnut, which grows on a large tree in great quantities; they are found singly in large pods, from one to two inches broad, and may be eaten raw, or boiled in the same manner as Windsor beans, and so dressed are equally good; the *orai-ab*, which is a very superior kind of plantain. All these I was particularly recommended to collect, by my worthy friend Sir Joseph Banks."

After winding among various islets of this island-crowded sea, the *Bounty* anchored at Anamooka on the 23rd of April. Here Bligh landed to procure some bread-fruit plants in the place of those that were dead or dying, and made various purchases of yams, and fowls, and dogs, and shaddocks. Then the *Bounty*

turned her prow towards the north, favoured by light winds and a smooth sea. On the morning of the 28th of April she sailed past Tofoa, the north-westernmost of the Friendly Islands,—the ship “in perfect order,” the crew and officers in excellent health, the plants “in a most flourishing condition,” and everything apparently promising a happy conclusion to a fortunate voyage. The great obstacle, however, to such a consummation, was Lieutenant Bligh himself, whose notions of discipline were rigid, and his capacities for command few, while his temper was harsh and his manner overbearing. At an unexpected moment, these faults produced an unexpected catastrophe, distinguished in the maritime history of England as *The Mutiny of the Bounty*.

The particulars of this curious outbreak may first be given in Lieutenant Bligh’s own words. The corrections we shall derive from the narratives of other actors in, or witnesses of, the deplorable drama.

“In the morning of the 28th April,” says Bligh, “I made the north-westernmost of the Friendly Islands, called Tofoa, bearing north-east, and was steering to the westward with a ship in most perfect order, all my plants in a most flourishing condition, all my men and officers in good health; and, in short, everything to flatter and ensure my most sanguine expectations. On leaving the deck I gave directions for the course to be steered during the night. The master had the first watch; the gunner, the middle watch; and Mr. Christian, the morning watch. This was the turn of duty for the night.

“Just before sun-rising on Tuesday the 28th, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, officer of the watch, Charles Churchill, ship’s corporal, John Mills, gunner’s mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I called, however, as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but they had already

secured the officers, who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin-door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands behind my back, held by Fletcher Christian, and Charles Churchill, with a bayonet at my breast, and two men, Alexander Smith and Thomas Burkitt, behind me, with loaded muskets cocked, and bayonets fixed. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, Mr. Elphinstone, the master's mate, and Nelson, were kept confined below; and the fore-hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also Mr. Samuel, the clerk, were allowed to come upon deck, where they saw me standing abaft the mizen-mast, with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their head. The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself.

“When the boat was out, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, were ordered into it. I demanded what their intention was in giving this order, and endeavoured to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect—‘Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant,’ was constantly repeated to me.

“The master by this time had sent to request that he might come on deck, which was permitted; but he was soon ordered back again to his cabin. When I exerted myself in speaking loud, to try if I could rally any with a sense of duty in them, I was saluted with oaths, and an order to ‘blow his brains out;’ while Christian was threatening me with instant death, if I did not hold my tongue.

“ I continued my endeavours to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian changed the cutlass which he had in his hand, for a bayonet that was brought to him, and, holding me with a strong gripe by the cord that tied my hands, he threatened, with many oaths, to kill me immediately, if I would not be quiet; the villains round me had their pieces cocked, and bayonets fixed. Particular persons were called on to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side; whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift. I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out.

“ The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the boat, were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, an eight-and-twenty gallon cask of water; and Mr. Samuel got 150 lbs. of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine, also a quadrant and compass; but was forbidden, on pain of death, to touch either map, ephemeris, book of astronomical observations, sextant, time-keeper, or any of my surveys or drawings.

“ The mutineers having forced those of the seamen whom they meant to get rid of into the boat, Christian directed a dram to be served to each of his own crew. I then unhappily saw that nothing could be done to effect the recovery of the ship; there was no one to assist me, and every endeavour on my part was answered with threats of death.

“ The officers were next called upon deck, and forced over the side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one, abaft the mizen-mast; Christian, armed with a bayonet, holding me by the baggage that secured my hands. The guard round me had their pieces cocked; but on my daring the ungrateful creatures to fire, they uncocked them.

“ Isaac Martin, one of the guard over me, I saw had an inclination to assist me, and, as he fed me with shaddock, (my lips being quite parched,) we explained our

wishes to each other by our looks; but this being observed, Martin was removed from me. He then attempted to leave the ship, for which purpose he got into the boat; but with many threats they obliged him to return.

“The armourer, Joseph Coleman, and two of the carpenters, M'Intosh and Norman, were also kept contrary to their inclination; and they begged of me, after I was astern in the boat, to remember that they declared they had no hand in the transaction. Michael Byrne, I am told, likewise wanted to leave the ship.

“It is of no moment for me to recount my endeavours to bring back the offenders to a sense of their duty; all I could do was by speaking to them in general; but it was to no purpose, for I was kept securely bound, and no one except the guard suffered to come near me.

“To Mr. Samuel (clerk) I am indebted for securing my journals and commission, with some material ship papers. Without these I had nothing to certify what I had done, and my honour and character might have been suspected, without my possessing a proper document to have defended them. All this he did with great resolution, though guarded and strictly watched. He attempted to save the time-keeper, and a box with my surveys, drawings, and remarks, for 15 years past, which were numerous; when he was hurried away with an oath, and the exclamation, ‘You are well off to get what you have.’

“It appeared to me that Christian was some time in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates: at length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, but not without some opposition, to take his tool-chest.

“Much altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the whole business: some swore, and said, ‘he will find his way home, if he gets anything with him;’ and when the carpenter's chest was carrying

away, 'The fellow will have a vessel built in a month;' while others laughed at the helpless situation of the boat, being very deep, and so little room for those who were in her. As for Christian, he seemed as if meditating destruction on himself and every one else.

"I asked for arms; but they laughed at me, and said I was well acquainted with the people among whom I was going, and therefore did not want them; four cutlasses, however, were thrown into the boat, after we were veered astern.

"The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master-at-arms informed Christian; who then said,—'Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death;' and, without further ceremony, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side, when they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, and some clothes, also the cutlasses I have already mentioned; and it was then that the armourer and carpenters called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept for some time to make sport for these unfeeling wretches, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean.

"I had with me in the boat 18 persons, and there remained in the *Bounty* 25 seamen, who were the most able of the ship's company.

"Christian, the chief of the mutineers, is of a respectable family in the north of England. This was the third voyage he had made with me; and as I found it necessary to keep my ship's company at three watches, I had given him an order to take charge of the third, his abilities being thoroughly equal to the task, and by this means the master and gunner were not at watch and watch.

“ Heywood [midshipman] is also of a respectable family in the north of England, and a young man of abilities as well as Christian. These two had been objects of my particular regard and attention, and I had taken great pains to instruct them, having entertained hopes that, as professional men, they would have become a credit to their country.

“ Young [midshipman] was well recommended, and had the look of an able, stout seaman; he, however, fell short of what his appearance promised. Stewart [midshipman] was a young man of creditable parents in the Orkneys; at which place, on the return of the *Resolution* from the South Seas, in 1780, we received so many civilities, that, on that account only, I should gladly have taken him with me; but, independent of this recommendation, he was a seaman, and had always borne a good character.

“ Notwithstanding the roughness with which I was treated, the remembrance of past kindnesses produced some signs of remorse in Christian. When they were forcing me out of the ship, I asked him if this treatment was a proper return for the many instances he had received of my friendship? He appeared disturbed at my question, and answered, with much emotion, ‘That, Captain Bligh, that is the thing;—I am in hell,—I am in hell!’

“ As soon as I had time to reflect, I felt an inward satisfaction which prevented any depression of my spirits: conscious of my integrity and anxious solicitude for the good of the service in which I had been engaged, I found my mind wonderfully supported, and I began to conceive hopes, notwithstanding so heavy a calamity, that I should one day be able to account to my king and country for the misfortune. A few hours before, my situation had been peculiarly flattering. I had a ship in the most perfect order, and well stored with every necessary both for service and health; by early attention to those particulars, I had, as much as lay in



my power, provided against any accident in case I could not get through Endeavour Straits, as well as against what might befall me in them; add to this, the plants had been successfully preserved in the most flourishing state: so that, upon the whole, the voyage was two-thirds completed, and the remaining part, to all appearance, in a very promising way; every person on board being in perfect health, to establish which was ever amongst the principal objects of my attention.

“ It will very naturally be asked, What could be the reason for such a revolt? In answer to which I can only conjecture, that the mutineers had flattered themselves with the hopes of a more happy life among the Otaheitans than they could possibly enjoy in England; and this, joined to some female connexions, most probably occasioned the whole transaction. The ship, indeed, while within our sight, steered to the W.N.W., but I considered this only as a feint; for when we were sent away, ‘ Huzza for Otaheite!’ was frequently heard among the mutineers.

“ The women of Otaheite are handsome, mild and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these and many other attendant circumstances, equally desirable, it is now, perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connexions, should be led away; especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on one of the finest islands in the world, where they need not labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived. The utmost, however, that any commander could have supposed to have hap-

pened is, that some of the people would have been tempted to desert. But if it should be asserted that a commander is to guard against an act of mutiny and piracy in his own ship, more than by the common rules of service, it is as much as to say that he must sleep locked up, and, when awake, be girded with pistols.

“ Desertions have happened, more or less, from most of the ships that have been at the Society Islands; but it has always been in the commander’s power to make the chiefs return their people: the knowledge, therefore, that it was unsafe to desert, perhaps led mine to consider with what ease so small a ship might be surprised, and that so favourable an opportunity would never offer to them again.

“ The secrecy of this mutiny is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party, who were with me, had always lived forward among the seamen; yet neither they, nor the messmates of Christian, Stewart, Heywood, and Young, had ever observed any circumstance that made them in the least suspect what was going on. To such a close-planned act of villany, my mind being entirely free from any suspicion, it is not wonderful that I fell a sacrifice. Perhaps if there had been marines on board, a sentinel at my cabin door might have prevented it; for I slept with the door always open, that the officer of the watch might have access to me on all occasions, the possibility of such a conspiracy being ever the farthest from my thoughts. Had their mutiny been occasioned by any grievances, either real or imaginary, I must have discovered symptoms of their discontent, which would have put me on my guard; but the case was far otherwise. Christian, in particular, I was on the most friendly terms with: that very day he was engaged to have dined with me; and the preceding night he excused himself from supping with me, on pretence of being unwell; for which I felt concerned, having no suspicion of his integrity and honour.”

We have thus given *in extenso* the published *Narrative*

by which Lieutenant Bligh endeavoured to account for this remarkable mutiny. A comparison of it with statements from other sources will show that he was not altogether justified in the conclusions he formed, or the assertions he hazarded.

He endeavours to represent the mutiny as the deliberate result of a long-meditated design; but, on the contrary, it arose from the sudden impulse of a wounded and excited spirit. Lieutenant Bligh was an excellent seaman and a rigid disciplinarian, but he was neither a good officer nor a courteous gentleman. Indeed, it would appear, that at a very early period of the voyage, a feeling of discontent was aroused in the minds of his crew and officers. He stinted them in their provisions, and (as he was purser as well as commander) too often supplied those provisions of a very inferior quality. Thus, on one occasion, when the men were unwilling to make their repast upon some decayed pumpkins which he had purchased at Teneriffe, he went upon deck, in an excess of rage, turned the hands up, and ordered the first man in each mess to be called by name, exclaiming,—“I’ll see who will dare to refuse the pumpkin, or anything else I may order to be served out,” adding, “You scoundrels, I’ll make you eat grass, or anything you can catch, before I have done with you.” To Fletcher Christian, a young man of considerable talent and impetuous disposition, he appears to have behaved with special harshness. On the 23rd April 1789 the good ship *Bounty* anchored off Annamooka, and water and wood being required, a party was sent on shore, under the command of Mr. Christian, to procure a supply. The inhabitants proved very troublesome, and threatened the watering party with their clubs and spears. “As it was Lieutenant Bligh’s orders that no person should affront them on any occasion, they were emboldened by meeting with no check to their insolence. They at length became so troublesome that Mr. Christian found it difficult to carry on his duty; but on

acquainting Lieutenant Bligh with their behaviour, he received a volley of abuse, was censured as a cowardly rascal, and asked if he were afraid of naked savages whilst he had weapons in his hand? To this he replied in a respectful manner, 'The arms are of no effect, sir, while your orders prohibit their use.' "

The Mutiny itself seems to have arisen from the following incident which significantly illustrates Bligh's fury of temper and coarseness of manner. We give it in the words of an eye-witness: "In the afternoon of the 27th, Lieutenant Bligh came upon deck, and missing some of the cocoa-nuts, which had been piled up between the guns, said they had been stolen, and could not have been taken away without the knowledge of the officers, all of whom were sent for and questioned on the subject. On their declaring that they had not seen any of the people touch them, he exclaimed, 'Then you must have taken them yourselves;' and proceeded to inquire of them separately, how many they had purchased. On coming to Mr. Christian, that gentleman answered, 'I do not know, sir, but I hope you do not think me so mean as to be guilty of stealing yours.' Mr. Bligh replied, 'Yes, I do;—you must have stolen them from me, or you would be able to give a better account of them;' then turning to the other officers, he said, 'You are all thieves alike, and combine with the men to rob me: I suppose you will steal my yams next; but I'll sweat you for it, you rascals;—I'll make half of you jump overboard before you get through Endeavour Straits.' This threat was followed by an order to the clerk 'to stop the villains' grog, and give them but half a pound of yams to-morrow; if they steal them, I'll reduce them to a quarter.' " One may easily understand, when a commander insults his officers with such gross insinuations and violent language, the meaning of Christian's reply to Lieutenant Bligh,— "That, that is the thing—I am in hell, I have been in hell for a fortnight."

The authority we have just quoted—Morrison, the boatswain's mate—also informs us that when Bligh was convinced he must really go into the boat, he implored Christian to relent, saying, "I'll pawn my honour, I'll give my bond, Mr. Christian, never to think of this, if you'll desist," and spoke of the misery which might result to his wife and children. Christian replied, "No, Captain Bligh, if you had any honour, things had not come to this; and if you had any regard for your wife and family, you should have thought on them before, and not behaved so much like a villain." The boatswain also made an effort to promote an amicable arrangement, but Christian replied, "It is too late; I have been in hell for this fortnight past, and am determined to bear it no longer; and you know, Mr. Cole, that I have been used like a dog all the voyage."

With one more extract from Morrison's account of these transactions we may conclude our account of the Mutiny. From that account, which is amply confirmed by other evidence, it will appear that Christian's design was as suddenly conceived as it was boldly carried out, and that, at least, his crime if a great one was not premeditated. Morrison affirms that Christian himself gave the following narrative of the transactions in which he played so unhappy a part:—"Finding himself much hurt by the treatment he had received from Lieutenant Bligh, he had determined to quit the ship the preceding evening, and had informed the boatswain, carpenter, and two midshipmen (Stewart and Hayward) of his intention to do so; that by them he was supplied with part of a roasted pig, some nails, beads, and other articles of trade, which he put into a bag that was given him by the last-named gentleman; that he put this bag into the clue of Robert Tinkler's hammock, where it was discovered by that young gentleman when going to bed at night; but the business was smothered, and passed off without any further notice. He said he had

fastened some staves to a stout plank, with which he intended to make his escape; but finding he could not effect it during the first and second watches, as the ship had no way through the water, and the people were all moving about, he laid down to rest about half-past three in the morning; that when Mr. Stewart called him to relieve the deck at four o'clock he had just fallen asleep, and was much out of order; upon observing which, Mr. Stewart strenuously advised him to abandon his intention; that as soon as he had taken charge of the deck, he saw Mr. Hayward, the mate of his watch, lie down on the arm-chest to take a nap; and finding that Mr. Hallet, the other midshipman, did not make his appearance, he suddenly formed the resolution of seizing the ship. Disclosing his intention to Matthew Quintal and Isaac Martin, both of whom had been flogged by Lieutenant Bligh, they called up Charles Churchill, who had also tasted the cat, and Matthew Thompson, both of whom readily joined in the plot. That Alexander Smith (*alias* John Adams), John Williams, and William M'Koy evinced equal willingness, and went with Churchill to the armourer, of whom they obtained the keys of the arm-chest, under pretence of wanting a musket to fire at a shark, then alongside; that finding Mr. Hallet asleep on an arm-chest in the main hatchway, they roused and sent him on deck. Charles Norman, unconscious of their proceedings, had, in the meantime, awaked Mr. Hayward, and directed his attention to the shark whose movements he was watching at the moment that Mr. Christian and his confederates came up the fore-hatchway, after having placed arms in the hands of several men who were not aware of their design. One man, Matthew Thompson, was left in charge of the chest, and he served out arms to Thomas Burkitt and Robert Lamb. Mr. Christian said he then proceeded to secure Lieutenant Bligh, the master, gunner, and botanist."

Such, then, are the principal details of this singular

Mutiny, which, in many respects, stands alone in the history of the English Navy. We have now a twofold story to tell: (I.) to trace the fortunes of the *Bounty* and the mutineers who held possession of her, and (II.) the wanderings of Bligh and his companions, whose fate it was in a small and feeble boat to dare the perils of the pathless seas.

(I.) In the first instance Christian and his crew made for the pleasant island of Toobooai, in lat.  $20^{\circ} 13' S.$ , long.  $149^{\circ} 35' W.$ , where the *Bounty* anchored on the 25th May 1789. Here they had designed to form an establishment; but the natives were found to be unfavourable, and the mutineers were divided among themselves, so that a removal to Tahiti was finally decided upon. At that Calypso's Isle the *Bounty* arrived on the 6th of June. The chiefs and principal natives of the island eagerly inquired for Lieutenant Bligh and the remainder of the crew of the vessel. Christian was ready with an ingenious evasion. They had met, he said, on their voyage Captain Cook, at the recently-discovered island of Whytoolakee, where that great navigator designed to found a colony, and naturalize the prolific bread-tree. That Captain Bligh and a large portion of his crew were assisting Captain Cook—that Mr. Christian had been appointed commander of the *Bounty*, and had returned to Tahiti to obtain an additional supply of the vegetables and fruits peculiar to the Polynesian Islands. The islanders willingly accepted this explanation; and delighted to find that their beloved Captain Cook was living, and about to settle himself in their own vicinity, eagerly made haste to prepare the stores they understood he required; so that, in a week or two, there were put on board the *Bounty*, 312 hogs, 38 goats, eight dozen fowls, a bull and a cow, and liberal supplies of bread-fruit, bananas, yams, plantains, and cocoas. Eight men, nine women, and seven boys also embarked with the mutineers, and the ship,

hus loaded, sailed from Tahiti on the 19th of June, and anchored off Toobooui on the 26th. She was then warped up the harbour; the live stock were landed, and working parties were sent ashore to erect a block house, or timber fort, about fifty yards square.

But Christian soon found that the natives of Toobooui were neither to be menaced nor cajoled into an amiable disposition, and that if he persisted in effecting a settlement there, he would have to live in a state of constant warfare. It was, therefore, proposed to start for Tahiti, and the proposition was carried by a majority of voices. They anchored again in Matavai Bay on the 22nd September, and Stewart and Heywood, accompanied by 14 others, who repented the crime of which they had been guilty, went ashore, with the determination of abandoning the *Bounty*. Christian was thus enabled to carry out his original design of exploring the Polynesian seas until he should reach some hitherto undiscovered island, or one out of the ordinary track of commerce. He took with him, besides his eight associates—Edward Young, Alexander Smith (*alias* John Adams), William M'Koy, Matthew Quintal, John Williams, Isaac Martin, John Mills, and William Brown—six men and twelve women, natives of Toobooui and Tahiti. After a few days' sail he fell in with Pitcairn's Island, which was then incorrectly designated in the Admiralty Charts, and of which Christian doubtlessly considered himself the discoverer. It was, however, originally discovered in Captain Carteret's voyage (A.D. 1767), by one of his midshipmen, "son to Major Pitcairn of the marines," after whom it was named. It lies in  $24^{\circ} 40'$  S. lat., and  $130^{\circ} 24'$  W. long., and rises from the ocean—a pyramidal mass of lofty green hills, fenced in against the stormy waters of the Pacific by a steep and iron-bound coast, which constantly echoes with the clang and clash of surfy breakers.

There being no harbour wherein a vessel could be safely moored, the *Bounty* was run ashore, and speedily



broken up by Christian and his assistants. Christian then divided the island, which is about four miles long and two to three broad, into nine equal portions, one of which he appropriated to each European. In like manner he apportioned the hogs, goats, and poultry which he had brought from Tahiti. Houses were then built; the land was tilled; and such preparations for a permanent settlement were made as suggested themselves to Christian.

At first it would appear that the affairs of this singular colony progressed peacefully and prosperously; and except the occasional outbursts of Christian's temper, rendered gloomy and morose by brooding upon the evil he had done, a hazy tranquillity prevailed in the rock-bound ocean-fastness of Pitcairn's Isle. By degrees fear for his safety overtook Christian's mind, and he made himself a place of concealment in a cave at the extremity of the lofty ridge of hills which traverses the island. Here he always kept a supply of provisions, and near it, in the heart of some thick-branching trees, constructed a hut as a look-out station. "So difficult was the approach to this cave," says Captain Beechey, "that even if a party were successful in crossing the ridge, he might have bid defiance, as long as his ammunition lasted, to any force."

The good terms which at first existed between the mutineers and their Tahitian allies were interrupted, about two years after the destruction of the *Bounty*, by the misconduct of the armourer Williams, who, having lost his wife by a fall from a rock, insisted upon taking away by force the companion of one of the Tahitians. The islanders, exasperated by this foul deed, secretly determined to revenge themselves by murdering all the Europeans, but the Tahitian women proved faithful to their white companions, and revealed the conspiracy against them by singing a song, whose burden was—"Why does black man sharp axe? To kill white man." The husband who had been wronged, and

another Tahitian whom Christian had fired at, betook themselves to the woods, where they were treacherously murdered by their own countrymen.

No fresh outbreak occurred until about October 1793, when the Tahitians were driven into another murderous plot by the oppressive treatment they received at the hands of the mutineers. They now fixed upon a particular day for killing the English tyrants while labouring in their respective plantations. The plot was to a great extent successful. Williams, who had acted as armourer, was first shot. The next victim was Christian, who was working amongst his yams; the third Mills; and Martin and Brown the fourth and fifth. Adams (Alexander Smith) was slightly wounded in the shoulder, but having contrived to make terms with the Tahitians, was removed to Christian's house, where also Young, who was much esteemed by the women, was safely conveyed. M'Koy and Quintal escaped to the hills, though of all the mutineers they least deserved their security. Thus out of nine Englishmen only four were spared by the revengeful Tahitians.

A quarrel speedily arose amongst the islanders regarding the disposal of the wives of the murdered Englishmen, and Young and Adams found in these very women their best allies. One of the Tahitian murderers was shot to death by Young, the others were killed in the night by the Tahitian women. The settlement, now reduced to four men and ten women, enjoyed tolerable peace until 1798, when an outbreak occurred on the part of M'Koy and Quintal. The former had at one time been engaged in a Scotch distillery, and the knowledge there acquired he turned to evil account by distilling, with Quintal's help, an intoxicating liquor from a plant called the *tee-root* (or *Dracæna terminalis*). From the moment of this discovery the two men were constantly intoxicated, until M'Koy in a fit of *delirium tremens* flung himself off a cliff and was dashed to pieces. Soon afterwards Quintal revived his demand for a wife,

selecting as the object of his desire one of the wives of his companions, and when they rejected his proposal, vowing their destruction. In self-preservation, therefore, Adams and Young were compelled to put him to death.

The two survivors now endeavoured to establish in their little settlement the recognized code of morality and the laws of a pure religion. The Church Service was read regularly every Sunday; family prayers were celebrated every morning and evening; and instruction was duly given to the nineteen children who had been born upon the island. Young died about a year after Quintal's death; but Adams continued these earnest endeavours to educate the community in a thorough knowledge of their duties both to God and man, and so far succeeded that an Eden-like purity characterized the youthful sons and daughters of Pitcairn's Island.

Their peaceful ocean-solitude was at length broken in upon. The American ship *Topaz*, of Boston, commanded by a Captain Folger, chanced to fall in with Pitcairn's Island in September 1808, and communicated the interesting particulars of his discovery to the British Admiralty. No notice, however, was taken of the existence of a surviving participator in the Mutiny of the *Bounty* by the government. In 1814, the frigates *Briton*, Sir Thomas Staines, and *Tagus*, Captain Pipon, were cruising in the Pacific, and they, too, happened upon the Mutineers' Isle. Captain Sir Thomas Staines' official account, addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty, may here be quoted:—

“*Briton*, Valparaiso, 18th October, 1814.

“ I have the honour to inform you that on my passage from the Marquesas Islands to this port, on the morning of the 17th September, I fell in with an island where none is laid down in the Admiralty or other charts, according to the several chronometers of the

*Briton* and *Tagus*. I therefore hove to, until daylight, and then closed to ascertain whether it was inhabited, which I soon discovered it to be, and, to my great astonishment, found that every individual on the island (forty in number) spoke very good English. They proved to be the descendants of the deluded crew of the *Bounty*, who, from Otaheite, proceeded to the above-mentioned island, where the ship was burnt.

“ Christian appeared to have been the leader and sole cause of the mutiny in that ship. A venerable old man, named John Adams, is the only surviving Englishman of those who last quitted Otaheite in her, and whose exemplary conduct, and fatherly care of the whole of the little colony, could not but command admiration. The pious manner in which all those born on the island have been reared, the correct sense of religion which has been instilled into their young minds by this old man, has given him the pre-eminence over the whole of them, to whom they look up as the father of one and the whole family.

“ A son of Christian was the first born on the island, now about twenty-five years of age, named Thursday October Christian: the elder Christian fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of an Otaheitan man, within three or four years after their arrival on the island. The mutineers were accompanied thither by six Otaheitan men and twelve women; the former were all swept away by desperate contentions between them and the Englishmen, and five of the latter died at different periods, leaving at present only one man (Adams) and seven women of the original settlers.

“ The island must undoubtedly be that called Pitcairn, although erroneously laid down in the charts. We had the altitude of the meridian sun close to it, which gave us  $25^{\circ} 4'$  S. latitude, and  $130^{\circ} 25'$  W. longitude, by the chronometers of the *Briton* and *Tagus*.

“ It produces in abundance yams, plantains, hogs, goats, and fowls; but the coast affords no shelter for a

ship or vessel of any description; neither could a ship water there without great difficulty.

“ During the whole of the time they have been on the island, only one ship has ever communicated with them, which took place about six years since; and this was the American ship *Topaz*, of Boston, Mayhew Folger, master.

“ The island is completely iron-bound with rocky shores, and the landing in boats must be at all times difficult, although the island may be safely approached within a short distance by a ship.

(Signed) “ T. STAINES.”

Young Christian, whose singular names — Thursday October—indicated his birth on a *Thursday* in the month of *October*, was at this time a tall athletic youth, full six feet high, with hair nearly jet black in colour, a frank open countenance, and a ruddy-brown complexion. He wore no clothes but a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw hat, which was adorned with black cock's feathers. His companion, George Young, the son of Young the midshipman, was “ a fine handsome youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age.” The colony numbered forty-six persons in all, mostly grown-up young people, with a few infants. The young men, all born on the island, were finely formed, athletic, and handsome; their countenances, open and pleasing, indicated much benevolence and goodness of heart; but the young women were particularly objects of attraction, being tall, robust, and beautifully formed, their faces beaming with smiles, and glowing with unruffled good humour; while their manners and demeanour exhibited a degree of modesty and bashfulness that would have done honour to the most virtuous circles of English society. Their teeth are described as beautifully white, like the finest ivory, and perfectly regular, without a single exception; and all of them, both male and female, had the marked expression of English features, though

not exactly the clear red and white that distinguish English skins,—their complexion having the general hue of what is called the brunette. The little village of Pitcairn is spoken of as forming a neat square; the house of John Adams, with its out-houses, occupying the upper corner, near a spreading banian tree, and that of Thursday October Christian the lower corner, opposite to it. The central space was a broad open lawn, where the poultry wandered, fenced round so as to prevent the intrusion of hogs and goats. It was obviously visible, from the manner in which the grounds were laid out, and the plantations formed, that in this little establishment, the labour and ingenuity of European hands had been employed. In their houses the islanders possessed a good deal of decent furniture, consisting of beds and bedsteads, with suitable coverings. They had also tables and large chests for their clothing. Their linen was made from the bark of a certain tree, and its manufacture formed the chief employment of the elderly portion of the women. The bark was first soaked, then beaten with square pieces of wood, of the breadth of one's hand, hollowed out into grooves, and the labour continued until the cloth was brought to the required breadth.

The attention of the English Government, however, could not yet be stimulated into any degree of interest in the settlers on Pitcairn's Island. This was not effected until Captain (afterwards Rear-Admiral) Beechey's visit, in 1825, during his exploring voyage in the *Blossom*. Meanwhile, the islanders had received an important accession to their number in a person, named John Buffet, left among them by a whaling vessel. In him they had found both an able and willing instructor of the young, and a moderate and sincere guide in their religious duties.

Captain Beechey's account of his visit is of high interest; and although we have already loaded our pages with quotations, we cannot refrain from dipping into

his graphic pages for a few agreeable details. It was several hours after the *Blossom* had been descried by the male inhabitants of the island before she approached the shore. Then Captain Beechey and his party were landed in a whale boat belonging to the colony, after a difficult passage through the rocks and breakers which are the island's effectual and natural defence. But the difficulty of landing (says the Captain) was more than repaid by the friendly reception accorded to the strangers by Hannah Young, a very interesting young woman, the daughter of John Adams. "In her eagerness to greet her father [who had rowed aboard the *Blossom* when she first appeared in the offing], she had outrun her female companions, for whose delay she thought it necessary, in the first place, to apologise, by saying they had all been over the hill in company with John Buffet to look at the ship, and were not yet returned. It appeared that John Buffet, who was a seafaring man, had ascertained that the ship was a man-of-war, and, without knowing exactly why, became so alarmed for the safety of Adams, that he either could not or would not answer any of the interrogatories which were put to him. This mysterious silence set all the party in tears, as they feared he had discovered something adverse to their patriarch. At length his obduracy yielded to their entreaties; but before he explained the cause of his conduct, the boats were seen to put off from the ship, and Hannah immediately hurried to the beach to kiss the old man's cheek, which she did with a fervency demonstrative of the warmest affection. Her apology for her companions was rendered unnecessary by their appearance on the steep and circuitous path down the mountain, who, as they arrived on the beach, successively welcomed us to their island, with a simplicity and sincerity which left no doubt of the truth of their professions."

Captain Beechey describes the village as consisting of five houses, which crested a cleared piece of ground

sloping boldly towards the sea. When the voyagers had arrived there, the island women began their preparations for supper, using—as a stove—stones heated in a pit or hollow made in the ground. Plates, knives, and forks showed the English origin of the male settlers. Before the meal commenced, John Buffet said grace with remarkable fervour,—a custom which was never neglected even if the person saying it had but a piece of bread or a biscuit before him. On one occasion, when Captain Beechey and Adams were intent in conversation, Adams incautiously took a mouthful without the usual preface. Before he had swallowed it, he recollected his error,—and, as if he had been guilty of some great crime, immediately removed the obnoxious portion from his mouth, and commenced his prayer.

A curious illustration is given by Captain Beechey of the innocence and simplicity of the island women. The captain and his companions had slept in the hut on one occasion. When they awoke they found that by their bedside had already been placed some ripe fruits; and their hats were adorned with garlands of the *nono*, or flower-tree (*Morinda citrifolia*), all bespangled with the diamond drops of the morning dew. “On looking round the apartment,” says the captain, “though it contained several beds, we found no partition, curtain, or screens; they had not yet been considered necessary. So far, indeed, from concealment being thought of, when we were about to get up, the women, anxious to show their attention, assembled to wish us good morning, and to inquire in what way they could best contribute to our comforts, and to present us with some little gift, which the produce of the island afforded. Many persons would have felt awkward at rising and dressing before so many pretty black-eyed damsels, assembled in the centre of a spacious room; but by a little habit we overcame this embarrassment, and found the benefit of their services in fetching water as we required it, and in substituting clean linen for such as we pulled off.”



On his return to England, Captain Beechey made a report to the Government of the condition of the Pitcairn Islanders, and it was determined to send them a supply of certain necessaries which they were much in need of. So many years had elapsed since their crime was committed that if any of the mutineers of the *Bounty* had survived, no English administration, under the circumstances, would have cared to render them amenable to the law; but John Adams, the last survivor and the patriarch of Pitcairn's Island, had died in 1829, and no other of the inhabitants knew aught of the Mutiny but by tradition. A supply, for sixty persons, of sailors' jackets and trousers, flannel waistcoats, stockings, women's clothing, boots, agricultural implements, &c., was accordingly despatched in the *Seringapatam* (Hon. Captain Waldegrave), which arrived at Pitcairn's Island in March 1830, and found the little colony as prosperous, as peaceful, and as happy as of yore.

From that date its numbers so largely increased, that the island could no longer provide for their support, and the British Government, therefore, upon the abandonment of Norfolk Island as a penal settlement, removed to that more suitable and extended area the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* (A.D. 1856), numbering 199 in all, of whom the oldest woman was eighty, and the oldest man sixty years of age.

#### (II.) BLIGH AND HIS COMPANIONS: THE BOAT VOYAGE.

Having traced the fortunes of those members of the original crew of the *Bounty* who, acting under the leadership of Christian, established themselves upon Pitcairn's "rock-bound isle," let us now—very briefly—sketch the adventures of Lieutenant Bligh and his companions, exposed to dare the perils of the sea in a frail and ill-provided boat.

The provisions supplied for the Lieutenant and his eighteen followers consisted of 150 lbs. of bread, 32 lbs.

of pork, 6 bottles of wine, 6 quarts of rum, 28 gallons of water, and 4 empty casks. To increase this scanty store Bligh, in the first place, made for the island of Tofoa in search of cocoa-nuts and plantains. Of these he obtained but a small supply, which served, however, to recruit the spirits of his men: "every countenance appeared to have a degree of cheerfulness, and they all seemed determined to do their best." From Tofoa they were speedily driven away by an attack from the natives, in which Norton, the quartermaster, was unfortunately killed; and Bligh now determined to attempt the voyage to Timor—a distance of nearly four thousand miles—where he hoped to fall in with some European vessel bound for England. To accomplish so prolonged a passage it was evident their small store of provisions must be managed with the utmost parsimony; and Bligh informed his men that he could only allow them daily an ounce of bread and a quarter of a pint of water. To this arrangement every man consented; and at about eight o'clock at night on the 2nd of June, in a small boat only twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, Bligh and his seventeen companions bore away across the pathless seas.

The dangers to which the adventurers were exposed, and the hardships they suffered, are almost indescribable. They were buffeted by storms, and drenched with violent rains,—their only extra comfort, in these cases, being the occasional allowance of a tea-spoonful of rum. An ounce and a half of pork was each man's daily share of meat. Very few of the crew but, from exposure and insufficient food, fell ill with violent pain in the bowels and rheumatic affections of the limbs. After the sea broke over the boat so much that two men had to be constantly employed in baling,—“I could look no way,” says Bligh, “but I caught the eye of some one in distress. Extreme hunger was now too evident; but no one suffered from thirst, nor had we much inclination to drink, that desire perhaps being satisfied

through the skin. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water, and we constantly awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones." On the 25th, the capture of a bird called the *noddy*—about the size of a chicken—was hailed by everybody as an incident of rare good fortune. It was divided into eighteen portions, and regarded as a valuable addition to the usual allowance. Others were caught on succeeding days, and their capture infinitely relieved the spirits of the men by breaking the monotony of their daily life.

On the 28th, the launch glided into smooth water off the coast of New Holland, and in the evening a party who landed having discovered a quantity of oysters and fresh water, the wanderers enjoyed a feast which seemed to them of unusual sumptuousness. The change of diet and scene proved of great sanitary benefit; and on the 30th, Bligh and his companions bore away from Restoration Island—as they named the little sandy islet where they had rested—in renewed hope and with increased vigour.

On the 31st they landed on another Australian island, to which was given the name of "Sunday." "I sent out two parties," writes the Lieutenant, "one to the northward and the other to the southward, to seek for supplies, and others I ordered to stay by the boat. On this occasion fatigue and weakness so far got the better of their sense of duty, that some of the people expressed their discontent at having worked harder than their companions, and declared that they would rather be without their dinner than go in search of it. One person, in particular, went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself. It was not possible for one to judge where this might have an end, if not stopped in time. To prevent, therefore, such disputes in future, I determined either to preserve my command or die in the attempt; and, seizing a cutlass, I ordered him to lay hold of another and defend himself; on which he called out that I was going to

kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet."

On the 3rd of June the voyagers cleared the last headland on the Australian coast, and once more sailed away upon the open ocean. Some bad weather was now encountered; and Ledward the surgeon, and Le-bogue a seaman, fell into so grievous a condition of ill health as to excite alarm. No remedy, however, could be administered to them but an occasional tea-spoonful of wine.

"In the morning of the 10th," continues the Lieutenant, "after a very comfortless night, there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people, which gave me great apprehensions. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of an approaching dissolution. The surgeon and Lebogue, in particular, were most miserable objects: I occasionally gave them a few tea-spoonfuls of wine, out of the little that remained, which greatly assisted them. The hope of being able to accomplish the voyage was our principal support."

The melancholy condition and the sufferings of these brave and uncomplaining navigators—true sons of the sea, like the Norsemen of old—has been graphically pictured by the poet:—

"'Tis mine (he says) to tell their tale of grief,  
 Their constant peril and their scant relief;  
 Their days of danger, and their nights of pain;  
 Their manly courage, even when deem'd in vain;  
 The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son  
 Known to his mother in the skeleton;  
 The ills that lessen'd still their little store,  
 And starved even Hunger till he wrung no more;  
 The varying frowns and favours of the deep,  
 That now almost engulfs, then leaves to creep  
 With crazy oar and shatter'd strength along  
 The tide, that yields reluctant to the strong;

Th' incessant fever of that arid thirst  
 Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that burst  
 Above their naked bones, and feel delight  
 In the cold drenching of the stormy night,  
 And from the outspread canvas gladly wrings  
 A drop to moisten Life's all-gasping springs;  
 The savage foe escap'd, to seek again  
 More hospitable shelter from the main;  
 The ghastly spectres, which were doom'd at last  
 To tell as true a tale of dangers past,  
 As ever the dark annals of the deep  
 Disclos'd for man to dread or woman weep."

But the end of these perilous wanderings was happily at hand. On the 12th of June, the island of Timor was discovered at only a distance of two leagues from the shore, and never probably did the cry of "Land!" fall upon more grateful ears. In an open boat, and inadequately provided with stores, Bligh and his companions had safely accomplished a voyage of 3,618 nautical miles in 41 days, and that, happily, without any loss of life.

Their condition, when they landed in Coupang Bay, might have been depicted by the horror-loving pencil of a mediæval artist. Their bodies were "nothing but skin and bones," their limbs festered with sores, and their habiliments reduced to rags.

For upwards of two months they remained there, to recruit their strength, and then, on the 28th of August, set sail in a schooner which had been bought and armed for the purpose, arriving in the Batavia Roads on the 1st of October. Here, Lieutenant Bligh embarked for England in a Dutch packet, which landed him on the Isle of Wight on the 14th of March 1790, about two years and four months from the departure of the *Bounty* on her fatal voyage. Eleven of his companions speedily followed him in the Dutch East Indiamen. The remainder must be thus accounted for:—Nelson, the botanist, died at Coupang; Elphinstone, master's mate, Linklater and Hall, seamen, at Batavia; Robert Lamb, seaman, on his passage to England; and of Led-

ward, the surgeon, who was left behind at Coupang, no tidings were ever afterwards obtained.

When the particulars of the Mutiny had been communicated by Bligh to the British Government, steps were immediately taken to bring the mutineers to justice. The *Pandora* frigate, Captain Edwards, was accordingly despatched to secure the persons of the criminals. The *Pandora* anchored in Matavai Bay on the 23rd March 1791. Joseph Coleman, the armourer of the *Bounty*, immediately went on board, and was followed by the two midshipmen, who voluntarily surrendered. The other mutineers were soon secured, and the persons thus confined on board the *Pandora* included,—Heywood and Stewart, midshipmen; Morrison, boatswain's mate; Norman, carpenter's mate; M'Intosh, carpenter's crew; Coleman, armourer; Skinner, Ellison, Hillbrant, Burkitt, Millward, Sumner, Muspratt, and Byrne, seamen.

They were immediately loaded with irons and confined in a small unwholesome round-house on the after-part of the quarter-deck. In fact, Captain Edwards behaved to them with studied barbarity throughout their long and dangerous voyage. The frigate was wrecked on the Barrier Reef, off the coast of New Holland, on the 29th of August, when four of the mutineers, and about seventy seamen, were drowned.

The survivors were distributed in four boats, and after a tedious voyage of nearly 1000 miles, arrived at Coupang on the 13th of September. A court-martial was held upon the arrival of the mutineers in England, which adjudged to suffer death Heywood, Morrison, Ellison, Burkitt, Millward, and Muspratt, and acquitted Norman, Coleman, M'Intosh, and Byrne. A free pardon was subsequently awarded to Heywood, Morrison, and Muspratt; and the only victims were Ellison, Millward, and Burkitt.

Thus ended the story of the "Mutiny of the *Bounty*."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE STORY OF THE "ARETHUSA."

[Period of Service : Reign of George III.  
Strength : 32 guns, 220 men, 850 tons.]

"Come all ye jolly sailors bold,  
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,  
While English glory I unfold,  
Hurra for the *Arethusa!*"—*Charles Dibdin.*

DURING that protracted war with Revolutionary and Imperial France which England for twenty years carried on, almost unaided, the spirit of an ardent patriotism glowed so warmly in English breasts that any additional incentive or extraneous stimulant seemed unnecessary. But if those "hearts of oak" who so nobly maintained the honour of our flag and preserved our shores inviolate had required such an inspiration, they might have found it in the bold and dashing sea-lyrics of Charles Dibdin. Fletcher of Saltoun said that if he had the making of the ballads of a nation, he cared not who made its laws; and probably the influence of Dibdin's songs upon our seamen was as great as any rewards proposed by the British legislature.

One of the most famous of these was the ballad of *The Arethusa*.\* It has now a smack of antiquity about it; a flavour of days that are past, and of things that can never be again. Yet there is a life and fervour in its rude rough strains which will rescue them from oblivion as long as Englishmen respect the traditions of their naval supremacy.

\* It is set to a very beautiful melody by Shield.

## THE "ARETHUSA."

COME all ye jolly sailors bold,  
 Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,  
 While English glory I unfold,  
     Hurra for the *Arethusa*!  
 She is a frigate tight and brave  
 As ever stemm'd the dashing wave,  
 The men are staunch to their favourite launch,  
     And when the foe shall meet our fire,  
     Sooner than strike we'll all expire  
     On board of the *Arethusa*!

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,  
 The English Channel to cruise about,  
 When four French sail in show so stout  
     Bore down on the *Arethusa*!  
 The fam'd *Belle Poule* in sight did lie,  
 The *Arethusa* seem'd to fly,  
 Not a sheet or a track or a brace did she slack,  
     Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff,  
     But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,  
     On board of the *Arethusa*.

On deck five hundred men did dance,  
 The stoutest they could find in France;  
 We with two hundred did advance  
     On board of the *Arethusa*:  
 Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!  
 The Frenchman then cried out, hallo!  
 "Bear down, d'ye see, to our Admiral's lee,"—  
     "No, no," said the Frenchman, "that can't be;"  
     "Then I must lug you along with me,"  
     Says the saucy *Arethusa*!

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,  
 We forc'd them back upon their strand,  
 For we fought till not a stick would stand  
     Of the gallant *Arethusa*;  
 And now we've driven the foe ashore,  
 Never to fight with Britons more,  
 Let each fill a glass to his favourite lass,  
     A health to the captain and officers true,  
     And all that belong to the jovial crew  
     On board of the *Arethusa*!

Dibdin's spirited lyric, which, during the last naval war, was very popular with our British tars, was



founded on an incident which will be described in the following narrative.

The *Arethusa* was a fine French frigate of 32 guns, captured by the frigates *Thames* and *Venus*, in Audierno Bay, on the 18th of May 1759, and added to the British Navy under the same name. Peace being concluded in 1762, and hostilities with France not being recommenced until she displayed her open sympathy with our revolted colonies, she was not commissioned for active service until 1778. She was then attached to Admiral Keppel's fleet intended to operate against the French in Brest.

On the 12th of June, the Admiral put to sea, with twenty sail of the line, three frigates, and a fire-ship. When off the Lizard, on the 17th, two frigates and a schooner were discovered, which Keppel ordered the *Arethusa* and *Milford* to pursue.

The *Arethusa* was then commanded by Captain Samuel Marshall, a gallant and experienced officer, who crowded on all sail, and towards night came up with one of the French fugitives, which proved to be the 40-gun frigate *Belle Poule*. Notwithstanding his great inferiority of force, Captain Marshall hailed, and no formal declaration of war having yet taken place between France and England, at first contented himself with requesting the captain of the *Belle Poule* to bear up in his company for the British admiral. The *Belle Poule* refused, and the *Arethusa* then fired a shot across her bows to compel her to bring to. The French frigate replied with a broadside. A terrible action commenced, and was continued at close quarters, and without intermission for two hours, when in consequence of the disabled condition of the *Arethusa*, the *Belle Poule* contrived to make sail, and succeeded in getting under the land. So well, however, had the *Arethusa* handled her guns, that the *Belle Poule* lost no less than 4 officers and 44 men killed, and 50 wounded. The *Arethusa* counted only 8 killed and 36 wounded;

but her sails and rigging were so cut up, and her yards and spars so knocked to pieces, that she required towing back to the fleet.

Meanwhile, the *Milford* and the 74-gun ship *Hector* had quickly compelled the other French frigate, *La Licorne*, of 32 guns, to surrender. The French schooner, which proved to be *Le Courier*, of ten guns, was overtaken by the English *Alert*, of about equal force. Having refused to answer the summons of the *Alert*, Captain Fairfax laid his schooner alongside of her, and after a gallantly contested action, had the satisfaction of hauling down the French colours. The *Alert* had two of her men mortally, and two severely wounded; the *Courier*, out of a much more numerous crew, lost five killed, and had seven wounded mortally.

On the 18th of June, the French 32-gun frigate *Pallas* was taken by the British, and sent into Plymouth. From this ship Admiral Keppel obtained intelligence that the French Channel fleet contained no less than 32 sail of the line, and he accordingly returned to Spithead to obtain a reinforcement.

Admiral Keppel sailed from Spithead on the 11th of July, with a fleet composed of 30 sail of the line, and 6 frigates:—The *Victory*, 100 guns; *Queen*, 90; *Formidable*, 90; *Duke*, *Sandwich*, *Prince George*, and *Ocean*, 90's; *Foudroyant*, 80; *Courageux*, *Thunderer*, *Valiant*, *Terrible*, *Vengeance*, *Monarch*, *Hector*, *Centaur*, *Shrewsbury*, *Cumberland*, *Berwick*, *Elizabeth*, *Robust*, *Egmont*, *Ramillies*, 74's; *Exeter*, *Stirling Castle*, *Bienfaisant*, *Vigilant*, *Worcester*, *Defiance*, *America*, 64's:—in the aggregate, 2,470 guns.

The French, under the Comte d'Orvilliers, had one ship of 110 guns, one of 92, three of 80, thirteen of 74, twelve of 64, one of 50, and thirteen frigates: in all, mounting (including the frigates) 2,638 guns. The French guns carried heavier metal, and their ships were manned by larger crews, than the English. The Comte d'Orvillier's flag flew on board the 110-gun ship,

the *Bretagne* : Admiral Keppel hoisted his on board the *Victory* ; Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Harland, on board the *Queen* ; and Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, on board the *Formidable*. The *Foudroyant* was commanded by Captain John Jervis (afterwards Earl St. Vincent).

These two mighty armadas came in sight of each other off Ushant on the 23rd of July, but the French having the advantage of the wind, declined the general engagement sought by the British. On the 27th, the British fleet was much scattered through the variability of the wind and the activity of the chase, but the weather moderating, Admiral Keppel was enabled to bear up for the enemy. Desirous of bringing his ships together, he then signalled several of Sir Hugh Palliser's division to chase to windward. At about a quarter to twelve, a succession of manœuvres brought the two fleets within gunshot range,—the French in an irregularly formed column attempting to pass along the British line to windward. In executing this movement the *Bretagne* was the van ship, and the first engaged by the *Victory*, which afterwards exchanged broadsides with each vessel of the enemy as she passed. The British van suffered, in this curious engagement, but little damage ; but the wind dropping, the French passed along the rear division much more slowly, and their heavy cannonading inflicted considerable loss.

The Comte d'Orvilliers having thus "run the gauntlet" of the whole British line, Admiral Keppel, at half-past one, signalled for his fleet to wear and follow the enemy, and the *Victory* and other ships of his division obeyed the signal ; but in consequence of some grievous misapprehension on Sir Hugh Palliser's part, his ships did not close in the chase, and the action, therefore, was not renewed. "This has been attributed to the bad code of signals in use at the time, which caused much delay in sending messages by frigates." From whatever cause so lamentable a failure arose, it naturally

produced much dissatisfaction in the popular mind. Admiral Keppel accused Palliser, and Palliser recriminated upon Keppel. Courts-martial were held upon both officers,—that of Keppel on the 7th of January. The Admiral was acquitted; pronounced a brave and experienced officer, and to have rendered essential service to the state. Palliser was also acquitted, but censured for not having acquainted his commander-in-chief with the disabled condition of his ships, which was the alleged cause of his disobedience of the signal to renew the action with the enemy.

The popular feeling was decidedly in favour of Keppel, and his acquittal was celebrated by great rejoicing. General illuminations prevailed in London and Westminster; and the mob burnt Palliser in effigy and sacked his house. The Common Council voted the thanks of the city to Keppel for his patriotic services, and presented him with its “freedom” in a box of heart of oak.

The loss of the British in this most inglorious action was 133 killed and 373 wounded, against a French loss of 163 killed and 519 wounded. The frigates bore no share in the engagement, and the *Arethusa* had no opportunity of again distinguishing herself under British colours.

In 1779 she was commissioned by Captain Everitt as a Channel cruiser; and on the 18th of March, catching sight of a French frigate, made all sail in pursuit. When off Brest, however, a French line-of-battle ship, lying in the outer road, was despatched to her comrade's assistance; and the *Arethusa*, endeavouring to escape from so powerful an enemy, struck in the night upon a reef of rocks, near Molines, and went to pieces. All on board were saved, but with the exception of one boat's crew, whose escape was not effected without great labour and privation, made prisoners. Such was the unhappy end of Dibdin's saucy *Arethusa*; but her name was long preserved in the British Navy.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE STORY OF THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

[Time of Service : Reign of George III., 1759-1782.  
Strength : 108 guns, 850 men, 2,200 tons.]

"Plangimus fortes. Perière fortes,  
Patrium propter perièrè littus  
Bis quatèr centum ; subitò sub alto  
Æquore mersi.

"Navis, innitens lateri, jacebat,  
Malus ad summas trepidabat undas,  
Cum levis, funes quatèns, ad inum  
Depulit aura."—*Cowper*.

THE loss of the *Royal George*, off Spithead, is one of the best-known occurrences in the annals of the British Navy. For this general fame it is perhaps largely indebted to the poet Cowper, who has recorded the catastrophe in simple but effective verse, as well as to the singularity of the event,—taking place, as it did, in the calm of a summer day and in the waters of a sheltered anchorage. Cowper's popular ballad runs as follows :—

"Toll for the brave !  
The brave that are no more !  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore !  
"Eight hundred of the brave,  
Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel,  
And laid her on her side.  
"A land-breeze shook the shrouds,  
And she was upset ;  
Down went the *Royal George*,  
With all her crew complete.

- "Toll for the brave!  
 Brave Kempenfeldt is gone  
 His last sea-fight is fought,  
 His work of glory done.
- "It was not in the battle;  
 No tempest gave the shock;  
 She sprang no fatal leak;  
 She ran upon no rock.
- "His sword was in its sheath;  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfeldt went down,  
 With twice four hundred men.
- "Weigh the vessel up,  
 Once dreaded by our foes!  
 And mingle with our cup  
 The tear that England owes.
- "Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again,  
 Full-charged with England's thunder,  
 And plough the distant main.
- "But Kempenfeldt is gone,  
 His victories are o'er;  
 And he, and his eight hundred,  
 Shall plough the wave no more."

The *Royal George* was a 100-gun ship of great size and excellent construction, which was justly regarded as the finest and most powerful vessel in the Royal Navy.

She was quite a new ship when, in 1759, Admiral Sir Edward Hawke hoisted his flag (Blue) on board of her, and proceeded with a powerful fleet to blockade Brest. Her consorts were as follow:—

|                               |   |
|-------------------------------|---|
| The <i>Union</i> , of 90 guns | } Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Hardy.<br>} Captain Evans. |
| <i>Mars</i> , 74 . . .        |   |
| <i>Duke</i> , 90 . . .        | Capt. Graves.   |
| <i>Namur</i> , 90 . . .       | " M. Buckle.  |
| <i>Warspite</i> , 74 . . .    | " Sir J. Bentley.                                     |
| <i>Hercules</i> , 74 . . .    | " W. Fortescue.                                       |
| <i>Torbay</i> , 74 . . .      | " Hon. A. Keppel.                                     |
| <i>Magnanime</i> , 74 . . .   | " Lord Howe.  |

|                               |                     |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| <i>Resolution</i> , 74 . . .  | Capt. H. Speke.     |
| <i>Hero</i> , 74 . . .        | ” Hon. G. Edgcumbe. |
| <i>Swiftsure</i> , 70 . . .   | ” Sir T. Stanhope.  |
| <i>Dorsetshire</i> , 70 . . . | ” P. Dennis.        |
| <i>Burford</i> , 70 . . .     | ” S. Gambier.       |
| <i>Chichester</i> , 70 . . .  | ” S. W. Willett.    |
| <i>Temple</i> , 70 . . .      | ” Hon. W. Shirley.  |
| <i>Revenge</i> , 64 . . .     | ” J. Storr.         |
| <i>Essex</i> , 64 . . .       | ” L. O’Brien.       |
| <i>Kingston</i> , 60 . . .    | ” T. Shirley.       |
| <i>Intrepid</i> , 60 . . .    | ” J. Maplesdon.     |
| <i>Montagu</i> , 60 . . .     | ” J. Rowley.        |
| <i>Dunkirk</i> , 60 . . .     | ” R. Digby.         |
| <i>Defiance</i> , 60 . . .    | ” P. Baird.         |

On the other hand, the French fleet in the harbour of Brest consisted of:—

*Le Soleil Royal*, 80; *Tomant*, 80; *Formidable*, 80; *Orient*, 80; *L’Intépide*, 74; *Glorieux*, 74; *Thésée*, 74; *L’Héros*, 74; *Magnifique*, 74; *Juste*, 70; *Superbe*, 70; *Dauphin Royal*, 70; *Dragon*, *Northumberland*, *Sphynx*, *Solitaire*, *Brilliant*, *L’Eveillé*, *Bizarre*, *L’Inflexible*, all 64’s; and five frigates, *Hebe*, *Vestale*, *L’Aigrette*, *Calypso*, and *Prince Noir*.

We may, therefore, assume that the English fleet, under Hawke, mounted 1,726 guns; the French, under M. de Conflans, a good and intrepid seaman, about 1,600. The French guns, however, were generally of heavier calibre than the English; but, on the other hand, M. de Conflans had no ship equal to the *Royal George*.

After showing his formidable broadsides to the blockaded foe for several weeks, Hawke was driven off his station by a violent gale, and constrained to put into Torbay. On the very same day the alert De Conflans slipped out of Brest, and proceeded in search of a small English squadron (four 50-gun ships and six frigates), under Commodore Duff, which he supposed to be stationed in Quiberon Bay, and intended to overpower before Hawke could come to its relief. But the English Admiral, when he learnt of his escape from Brest, immediately conjectured his design, and signalled to his fleet to weigh anchor and keep down Channel under press of sail. A strong south-east wind, however, prevented his

arrival off Belle-Isle until the morning of the 20th, when at half-past eight, the French fleet hove in sight. A cold thick mist closed in the dreary horizon, and a strong gale came up from the north-west. Signal was made for the ships to form in line abreast, and soon afterwards, the haze clearing away, the French were discovered in precipitate flight.

Hawke now ordered the seven nearest line-of-battle ships to make all sail in chase, and the gale still freshening, the whole fleet was soon sweeping down upon the retreating foe with as much canvas as the masts could carry. Two hours after noon, the *Warspite* and the *Dorsetshire* came up with the French rear, and commenced the action, and soon afterwards the deadly game was joined in by the *Magnanime*, most gallantly fought by Lord Howe, the *Revenge*, *Torbay*, and others of the English van. The 80-gun ship *Formidable*, bearing a rear-admiral's flag, was so closely prest by the English that it lost 200 men killed in about an hour, and at 4 P.M., struck to the *Resolution*. Meanwhile the *Magnanime* having completely disabled the *Thésée*, fell upon the *Héros*, and compelled her to surrender. The *Thésée*, having fallen astern, flung a dropping fire from its lower deck ports at the *Torbay*, as she came into action, but a sudden squall overtook her, her ports filled, and she sunk with a loss of 780 men out of a crew of 800. The *Superbe* overset from a similar cause.

Hawke had now come up in the *Royal George*, and brought her heavy guns to bear upon the fortunes of the fight, but the weather grew so fearfully violent, and the chase had brought his fleet so near the French coast, that he signalled for his ships to anchor, dropping his own anchor in 15 fathoms water. Unfortunately the *Resolution* misunderstood the signal, and drifting ashore, became a total wreck. . . The next day the *Héros* and *Soleil Royal*, the two prizes, were set on fire, and these, with the *Superbe* and *Thésée*, made up the list of the French losses in the action of the 20th November.



This was the only great sea-fight in which the *Royal George* bore a part, though by successive admirals she was often selected as a flag ship. But it may be mentioned as an interesting incident in her history that, in 1762-3, William Falconer, the poet of *The Shipwreck*, served on board of her as a midshipman.

Early in 1782 she hoisted the flag of Rear-Admiral Kempenfeldt, a brave seaman and an experienced tactician, who was held, both at home and abroad, to be one of the best naval officers of his time. "He was the son of a Swedish gentleman who, coming early into the English service, generously followed the ruined fortunes of his master, James II., but who, after the death of that monarch, was recalled by Queen Anne, and who has been portrayed by Addison in his excellent sketch of Captain Sentry (in No. 2 of the *Spectator*)." With a squadron of nine ships he joined the fleet under Admiral Lord Howe, despatched to convoy to Jamaica the great West Indian armada. This duty successfully performed, Lord Howe was ordered to take command of a vast expedition, then fitting out at Portsmouth, for the relief of Gibraltar, which was beleaguered by the combined French and Spanish fleets.

The *Royal George* was destined to bear Rear-Admiral Kempenfeldt's flag as third in command under Lord Howe. But as she was on the point of sailing—while she lay at Spithead with her admiral, officers, and crew all on board, and only awaiting her final orders—a slight leak was discovered near the keel. It was deemed, however, of so little importance as to render unnecessary her return into Portsmouth Harbour to be docked, and the carpenters in order to repair it laid the vessel slightly on her side. So little risk was supposed to attend the operation that the officers and crew remained on board, and also that heterogeneous assemblage of wives, sweethearts, "bumboat women," and children which usually congregates on the decks of a vessel ordered on foreign service.

It was on the morning of the 29th of August, when Kempenfeldt was writing in his cabin, and most of the crew and visitors were engaged between decks, that the work commenced. The carpenters, eager to get at the leak that the ship might not be detained at Spithead, appear, in their anxiety, to have laid her more on her broadside than was originally intended, or than her officers were aware of. About ten o'clock a sudden gale of wind arose in the north-west, threw the *Royal George* upon her side, and her lower deck ports being open, she immediately filled with water, and in three minutes went down! A victualler, which lay alongside, was swallowed up in the terrible vortex created by the sudden plunge of so huge a vessel, and several small craft, at a greater distance, were placed in imminent peril.

The catastrophe was so sudden, so unexpected, so terrible, that those on shore who were accidentally spectators of it, could not for a space recover the power of action. Then, indeed, every boat and wherry at Portsmouth put off to the assistance of the drowning; but as most of the crew and their friends were between decks when the disaster occurred, comparatively few were saved. Kempenfeldt himself was among those who perished. About 300 were rescued, chiefly sailors who could swim, or had been able to catch hold of a stout spar or plank, and among them were Lieutenant, afterwards Admiral Sir Philip Durham, and Captain Martin Waghorn. The number of those who were drowned or suffocated has been variously computed at between 700 and 1000. The full complement of the *Royal George* was nearly 900, and allowing 300 women, children, and other strangers to have been aboard her at the moment she went down, we may reasonably place the total loss at nearly 1000 souls!

A catastrophe so singular, arising from such an apparently trifling cause, involving so much misery, and lamentation over the numerous dead, and occurring in a secure roadstead—within sight of a populous and busy

seaport—naturally excited considerable attention, and few events in our naval annals are better known than the “Loss of the *Royal George*.” Some of her timbers drifted ashore, and from these a variety of relics was fashioned, whose rapid sale suggested to speculators a profitable mode of business, not yet utterly extinct in the streets of Portsmouth. As many snuff-boxes, wooden cannons, card-cases, models, and other *souvenirs* have been sold with the guarantee that they were manufactured from the wreck of the *Royal George* as would provide timber for the construction of half a dozen of our largest men-of-war! Not long ago, in a shop in Portsmouth, we saw ticketed for sale as made from the aforesaid wreck a many-bladed knife of palpable Sheffield manufacture!

The visitor to Ryde, that charming seaside resort of “fashion” and “gentility,” invalids and yachtsmen, will doubtless be familiar with certain handsome streets of villas and cottages, opening upon the shore, known as “Dover Street” and “The Strand.” These streets cover an area formerly occupied by marsh-plants and seaweeds, and known as “the Duver,”—that is, land once overflowed by the sea. Here were buried in large numbers the hapless dead, which the sea cast up from the wreck of the *Royal George*. The grassy mounds which indicated their last resting-places were visible as late as 1804, when Sir Henry Englefield penned his elaborate account of the Isle of Wight. Not a trace, not a memorial of them now exists. The builders have made free havoc with the graves of the dead. Surely it would be a graceful act if the proper authorities raised in the neighbourhood of this desecrated “Aceldama” some simple stone, or pillar, to record the great catastrophe of August 29, 1782, and to consecrate the memory of its victims.

From the position of the vast wreck of the *Royal George* in the very midst of a much-frequented roadstead, great obstruction was caused to shipping, and several

accidents arose which attracted the attention of the Admiralty to the necessity of its removal. Certain attempts were made at intervals to effect this desirable object, but very little resulted from them. In the summer of 1839, however, Colonel (afterwards General) Pasley, an officer of great scientific attainments, undertook the task, and in the course of six seasons (1839-1844) completed it,—much to the renown of that famous corps, the Royal Sappers and Miners, by a detachment of whom his directions were courageously and perseveringly carried out. The divers were sometimes 6 to 8 hours a day under water, at a depth of from 10 to 12 fathoms; and by long experience had learned so skilfully to economise time and save labour, that all sent up their bundles of staves, casks, or timber, “as closely packed together as a woodman would make up his faggots in the open air.” In one haul a certain Corporal Jones sent up 58 such pieces lashed together, and a certain Corporal Harris 91. Large copper cylinders were closely filled with gunpowder, and placed in suitable parts of the wreck. They were then connected by wires with a powerful Voltaic battery, which was fixed in a barge moored near the spot. The divers having retired, the battery was fired, and the explosion of the cylinders separated the timbers of the submerged vessel. In 1844 these operations were concluded; cannon having been recovered valued at upwards of 5,000*l.*, as well as a vast quantity of iron-work, planks, beams, spars, and general stores.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE STORY OF THE "BELLEROPHON."

[Time of Service : Reign of George III.  
Strength, &c. : 74 guns, 1,901 tons ; a two-decker, 3rd rate.]

"Blow, favouring gales, in her answering sails!  
Blow steadily and free!  
Rejoicing, strong,  
Singing a song,  
Her rigging and her spars among,  
And waft the vessel in pride along!"—*C. Mackay.*

WE shall commence our history of the *Bellerophon* when bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Thomas Pasley in the Channel Fleet which Admiral Earl Howe commanded in 1794.\*

She was then a comparatively new ship : a fine two-decker, (third rate,) of 1,900 tons burthen, carrying 74 guns, and about 650 men. The British tars made sad havoc with her mythological name, but she was nevertheless very popular among them as the "Billy Ruffian," and is celebrated in many of the old sea songs of the French Revolutionary War. That she deserved poetical panegyrics a brief epitome of her career will abundantly illustrate.

At this time—February 1794, the second year of the great War with Revolutionary France—there lay in the well-fortified harbour of Brest a powerful French fleet, under the command of Rear-Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse, a young *chef de division* of considerable merit. The British Channel Fleet, meanwhile, was anchored

\* In the previous year, however, she had been attached to the Channel Fleet, and well-handled by Captain Pasley, though not engaged in any general action.

at Portsmouth and Plymouth, in readiness to put to sea the moment the departure of the hostile armament was ascertained. But as the spring advanced two important objects compelled the English Admiral to weigh anchor. One was to protect the Newfoundland and West India convoy, amounting to 100 sail, until clear of the Channel, the other, to intercept a Franco-American convoy of, it was said, 350 ships, returning to famishing France with provisions and stores obtained in North America and the West Indies.

The West India convoy having assembled at St. Helen's, off the Isle of Wight, weighed anchor early on the 2nd of May, escorted by a fleet of 49 ships of war, of which 34 were ships of the line. On the 4th, Lord Howe and his valuable charge,—a complete naval and commercial armada,—arrived off the Lizard, and here the convoy parted company, and proceeded on its voyage escorted by a suitable force. The fleet under Lord Howe was therefore reduced to the following complement, which we give *in extenso* for the benefit of our young naval students:—

#### ADMIRAL LORD HOWE'S FLEET.

##### Ships of the Line—26.

*Queen Charlotte*, 100 guns, Admiral Richard Earl Howe, Captains Sir Roger Curtis, and Sir A. Snape Douglas. *Royal George*, 100, Vice-Admiral (Red) Sir Alex. Hood, K.B., Captain W. Domett. *Royal Sovereign*, 100, Vice-Admiral (Red) Thomas Graves, Captain H. Nichols. *Barfleur*, 98, Rear-Admiral (White) G. Bowyer, Captain C. Collingwood. *Impregnable*, 98, Rear-Admiral (White) B. Caldwell, Captain G. B. Westcott. *Queen*, 98, Rear-Admiral (White) Alan Gardner, Captain J. Hutt. *Glory*, 98, Captain J. Elphinstone. *Gibraltar*, 80, Captain T. Mackenzie. *Cæsar*, 80, Captain A. Molloy. *Bellerophon*, 74, Rear-Admiral (White) T. Pasley, Captain W. Hope. *Montagu*, 74, Captain J. Montagu. *Tremendous*, 74, Captain J. Pigott. *Valiant*, 74, Captain T. Pringle. *Ramillies*, 74, Captain H. Harvey. *Audacious*, 74, Captain W. Parker. *Brunswick*, 74, Captain J. Harvey. *Alfred*, 74, Captain Bazely. *Defence*, 74, Captain S. Gambier. *Leviathan*, 74, Captain H. Seymour. *Majestic*, 74, Captain C. Cotton. *Invincible*, 74, Captain Hon. T. Pakenham. *Arion*, 74, Captain S. T. Duckworth. *Russel*, 74, Captain S. W.

Payne. *Marlborough*, 74, Captain Hon. G. C. Berkeley. *Thunderer*, 74, Captain A. Bertie. *Culloden*, 74, Captain Schomberg.

Frigates—7.

*Phaëton*, 38, Captain W. Bentinck. *Latona*, 38, Captain E. Thornborough. *Niger*, 32, Captain Hon. A. K. Legge. *Southampton*, 32, Captain Hon. R. Forbes. *Venus*, 32, Captain W. Brown. *Aquilon*, 32, Captain Hon. R. Stopford. *Pegasus*, 28, Captain R. Barlow.

[The British ships of the line (26 in number) mounted 1,087 broad-side guns, which threw a weight of metal equal to 22,976 lbs. Their crews may be computed at 17,421 men and boys. Tonnage, 46,962.]

Let us now look at the strength of the French fleet, with which Lord Howe was so soon to cope:—

FRENCH FLEET: UNDER M. VILLARET-JOYEUSE.

Ships of the Line—26.

*Montagne*, 120, Rear-Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse. *Terrible*, 110, Captain Longer. *Révolutionnaire*, 110, Captain Vandangel. *Républicain*, 110, Rear-Admiral Bouvet. *Indomptable*, 80, Captain Lamel. *Jacobin*, 80, Captain Gassin. *Juste*, 80, Captain Blavet. *Scipion*, 80, Captain Huguët. *Achille*, 74, Captain La Villegris. *Amérique*, 74, Captain L'Héritier. *Conception*, 74, Captain Allary. *Entreprenant*, 74, Captain Le Franc. *Eole*, 74, Captain Keranguin. *Gasparin*, 74, Captain Tardy. *Jemappes*, 74, Captain Desmartis. *Impétueux*, 74, Captain Douville. *Montagnard*, 74, Captain Bompart. *Mont Blanc*, 74, Captain Thévenard. *Mucius*, 74, Captain Larrégny. *Neptune*, 74, Captain Tiphaine. *Northumberland*, 74, Captain Etienne. *Pelletier*, Captain Berard. *Tourville*, 74, Captain Langlois. *Tyrannicide*, Captain Dordelin. *Vengeur*, 74, Captain Renaudin. *Patriote*, 74, Captain . . . .

Frigates and corvettes—16 in number.

[The 26 French ships of the line mounted 1,107 broadside guns, throwing a total weight of shot of 28,126 lbs. Their crews numbered 19,989 men. Aggregate tonnage, 52,010. That is to say, the French had 20 broadside guns more than the English, throwing heavier shot by no less than 5,150 lbs., and worked by 2,748 more men.]

It was early on the morning of the 28th of May that these two great fleets came in sight of each other, the wind blowing freshly from the south-west, and the waters of the Channel rolling to and fro with an almost

tempestuous motion. The crews on board Lord Howe's ships were mostly inexperienced recruits, but they possessed the true and steady courage of British sailors, and ardently longed for a brush with "the Mounseers." A long series of successes had taught them the habit of victory, and hence they entered into battle with a confidence which was in itself a guarantee of triumph. Their leader, too, was a tried and able veteran—a man of seventy years, most of which had been passed on the seas, and in the service of his country.

On the other hand, the French government had resorted to every artifice to raise the spirit and excite the courage of their sailors, and had placed in joint command with M. Villaret-Joyeuse, a conspicuous member of the National Convention, Citizen Jean Bon Saint-André, whose presence, it was supposed, would act as a surprising stimulus. "Never before," according to a French writer, "did France send forth a fleet so formidable and well-disciplined. Unanimity and discipline reigned among officers and men; and all burned with desire to fight the enemies of their country, and to pursue them to the very banks of the Thames, under the very walls of London."

In obedience to a signal from the Admiral, the *Belle-rouphon*, at a quarter past eight A.M. stood towards the French fleet to reconnoitre, and having discharged this duty, was ordered to shorten sail as the enemy's force developed itself. Together with the *Russel*, *Marlborough*, and *Thunderer*, she kept in advance of the main body of the fleet, which Lord Howe had formed in two columns, and about half-past one, got near enough to the foe to harass his rear with a quick and rattling fire. As the French seemed to dislike their reception, and gave indications of a desire to avoid an engagement, Lord Howe ordered a general chase, and signalled for each ship to engage the enemy on coming up with him.

After various manœuvres, whose detailed description



would only interest a professional reader, the *Bellerophon*, by skilfully tacking at the right moment, came up with the French 110-gun ship, *La Révolutionnaire*, and despite the disparity of force, gallantly engaged her. She maintained the fight alone, for upwards of an hour and a quarter, until compelled, by the wounded state of her mainmast, to bear up. Her antagonist, having suffered even more severely from the *Bellerophon's* steady fire, also put before the wind, but was grappled by the *Leviathan*, and engaged by her until the *Audacious* came up. Then, indeed, the fight grew warm. The *Audacious* plied her great antagonist so hotly that she was glad to strike her colours, having lost 400 killed and wounded. But owing to the disabled state of the rigging of the English ship, which, however, had lost but 3 killed and 19 wounded, she could not be taken possession of, and being relieved by the French frigate *Audacieux*, was towed into Rochefort. Night had now come on, and a thick rain increased the ocean-mists. The *Audacious*, unable to regain Lord Howe's fleet, ran for home, and reached Plymouth Sound in safety on the 3rd of June.

Meanwhile, the *Bellerophon* and her consort had been recalled to the main body of the fleet, which, through the drear and misty night, with lights shimmering at every masthead, steered under press of sail, in close companionship with the enemy. He was discovered, when the morning dawned (29th May), about six miles off, and Lord Howe immediately manœuvred to obtain the weather-gage. About 8 o'clock the British van, having hoisted the glorious red ensign, opened fire in passing upon the enemy's rear, and the French admiral bringing up the body of his fleet in support, several ships became closely engaged.

Soon after noon Lord Howe, in the *Queen Charlotte*, finding that his van ship, the *Cæsar*, was inattentive to his repeated signals ("to engage, and cut through the enemy's line"), boldly stretched to windward of the

culprit, and running the gauntlet of half a dozen of the French ships, fell upon the *Eole*, and giving her two heavy broadsides, broke through into the enemy's rear. In this daring movement she was immediately followed by the *Bellerophon* and the *Leviathan*, both ships suffering from a heavy fire as they passed through the line. A similar manœuvre, however, on the part of the French admiral, and the want of support from the body of the British fleet, prevented Lord Howe from reaping much profit from his daring movements, and as it was impossible to bring M. Villaret-Joyeuse and Citizen Jean Bon Saint-André to a general engagement, the action of the 29th of May closed soon after five o'clock without any decisive results. In the day's skirmishing the British loss was 67 killed and 128 wounded, but the French suffered still more severely. It must, however, be mentioned to the discredit of several of the best ships in Lord Howe's fleet that they were manœuvred badly and fought indifferently. Had all behaved like the flag-ship—the *Bellerophon*—the *Queen*—the *Russel*—the *Leviathan*, a heavy blow would have been dealt the enemy, and the victory of the 1st of June rendered more complete.

The 30th passed in comparative inaction, owing to a heavy fog, but the ships of both fleets were occupied in repairing damages. M. Villaret-Joyeuse, moreover, was reinforced by several fresh ships of the line, the *Trente-un-Mai*, 74, the *Sans-pareil*, *Trajan*, and *Téméraire*, which took the places of the *Montagnard*, *Indomptable*, *Mont Blanc*, and *Révolutionnaire*, thus leaving the French admiral with 26 ships comparatively uninjured, to contend with the British, weakened by two days' fighting.

The 31st was a day of manœuvres, which prepared the way for the decisive action Lord Howe was resolved should illustrate the following day—the “glorious First of June”—the day famous for the first of the great naval victories of the French War.

“Howe made the Frenchmen dance a tune,  
 An admiral great and glorious;  
 Witness for that the First of June,—  
 Lord! how he was victorious!”

Or as a graver poet sings,—

“When Howe, upon the First of June, met the Jacobins in fight,  
 And with Old England’s loud huzzas broke down their godless  
 might!”

At daybreak, on the 1st of June, in lat.  $47^{\circ} 48' N.$  and long.  $18^{\circ} 30' W.$ , “the wind a moderate breeze from south by west, and the sea tolerably smooth,” the French were discovered about six miles to starboard of the British fleet, and steering in line of battle under heavy canvas. After the British crews had breakfasted, Lord Howe’s fleet, about a quarter past eight, set all sail, and bore down on the enemy—signal flying for each ship to engage with any enemy’s ship she fell across. The British force was thus arranged:—*Cæsar* (van-ship), *Bellerophon*, *Leviathan*, *Russel*, *Royal Sovereign*, *Marlborough*, *Defence*, *Impregnable*, *Tremendous*, *Barfleur*, *Invincible*, *Culloden*, *Gibraltar*, *Queen Charlotte*, *Brunswick*, *Valiant*, *Orion*, *Queen*, *Ramillies*, *Alfred*, *Montagu*, *Royal George*, *Majestic*, *Glory*, *Thunderer* = (25). These were formed in line abreast. The French were drawn up in close head-and-stern line, east to west; and were thus arrayed:—W.—*Trajan*, *Eole*, *Amérique*, *Téméraire*, *Terrible*, *Impétueux*, *Mucius*, *Tourville*, *Gasparin*, *Convention*, *Trente-un-Mai*, *Tyrannicide*, *Juste*, *Montagne*, *Jacobin*, *Achille*, *Vengeur*, *Patriote*, *Northumberland*, *Entrepreneur*, *Jemappes*, *Neptune*, *Pelletier*, *Républicain*, *Sanspareil*, *Scipion*—E. = (26). The frigates attached to both fleets were stationed as usual in the rear.

Lord Howe’s design was, that each ship should cut through the French line *astern* of her opponent, and engage her to leeward, but the bad management of several of his captains prevented the complete success of this well-conceived manœuvre. The *Queen Charlotte*, however, gallantly advanced “to the fore;” was the

first ship through the enemy's line; and after receiving and returning, *en passant*, the fire of the *Achille* and the *Vengeur*, swept close under the poop of the *Montagne*, and hurled a crashing broadside into her which shook her from stem to stern. The *Jacobin* had now got abreast of the *Montagne* to leeward—that is, in the very position Lord Howe had marked out for his own ship,—but by putting the helm of the *Queen Charlotte* hard a-starboard, he drove her in between the two French vessels, and fought them on each broadside with admirable success. The *Montagne*, in less than an hour, lost upwards of 100 killed and 200 wounded, and not relishing so terrible “a pounding,” both she and the *Jacobin* made sail, and shot ahead out of range of the *Queen Charlotte's* fatal fire.

Meanwhile, where was our heroine, the *Bellerophon*? Not loth, we may be sure, to plunge into the thick of the fight. With the signal for close action flying at her mast-head, she ran down to the enemy's line, and opened her broadside upon the *Eole* as early as a quarter to nine; receiving, as she fell upon her antagonist, the fire of the three headmost French vessels—the *Trajan*, *Eole*, and *Amérique*. From want of adequate support she had to contend single-handed with both the *Eole* and the *Trajan*, but her crew were animated by a noble courage, and inspired by the example of their gallant chief, Rear-Admiral Pasley. At ten minutes to eleven, the Rear-Admiral lost his leg, and was removed below; the command devolving upon Captain Hope, who carried on the contest with unflinching vigour. For three hours the hot fight lasted, and then the *Eole* made off as best she could, under shelter of the *Trajan's* fire. Still keeping up the battle with both opponents as they passed, she lost her main-topmast and fore-topmast, and at a little before noon, having suffered severely in the unequal contest, signalled for the *Latona* to come to her assistance. Of her crew four were killed, and 27 wounded during the four hours' fight.

It is not our province, in these pages, to relate every movement of Lord Howe's fleet, and it will be enough to afford a brief general view of the different aspects of the battle. We take it from Mr. James's elaborate and impartial Naval History:—

“ Between a quarter and half-past 9 A.M., the French van opened its fire upon the British van. In about a quarter of an hour the fire of the French became general, and Lord Howe and his divisional flag-officers, bearing the signal for close action at their mast-heads, commenced a heavy fire in return. A few of the British ships cut through the French line, and engaged their opponents to leeward; the remainder hauled up to windward, and opened their fire, some at a long, others at a shorter and more effectual distance. At 10.10 A.M., when the action was at its height, the French admiral, in the *Montagne*, made sail ahead, followed by his second astern, and afterwards by such other of his ships as, like the *Montagne*, had suffered little in their rigging and sails. At about 11.30 A.M., the heat of the action was over, and the British were left with 11, the French with 12 more or less dismasted ships. None of the French ships had, at this time, struck their colours; or, if they had struck, had since re-hoisted them: they, for the most part, were striving to escape, under a sprit-sail, or some small sail set on the tallest stump left to them, and continued to fire at every British ship that passed within gun-shot.”

The vessels which most distinguished themselves in this great victory were the *Queen Charlotte*, the *Belle-rophon*, the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Queen*, the *Brunswick*, the *Marlborough*, the *Glory*, and the *Defence*. The British loss amounted to 290 killed, and 858 wounded; including among the killed Captain Montagu; and among the wounded, Admiral Bowyer, Rear-Admiral Pasley, Captain Hutt (who lost a leg), and Captain John Harvey (mortally), with the loss of an arm.

The total loss of the French in killed, wounded, and

prisoners is computed at 7,000. Six ships of the line were captured—the *Sans-Pareil*, *Juste*, *Amérique*, *Impétueux*, *Northumberland*, and *Achille*, and one sunk—the *Vengeur*. On board the six prizes 690 were killed, and 580 wounded.

Having refitted his own ships, and put into as seaworthy a condition as might be, his six prizes,—a task which was not completed until the morning of the 3rd of June,—Lord Howe made all sail for the north-east, and at 11 A.M. on the 13th, anchored in triumph at Spithead. The veteran warrior was received with a national welcome; visited on board the *Queen Charlotte* by the royal family; and loaded with honours by a grateful country. Rear-Admiral Pasley, of the *Bellerophon*, was created a baronet, and received a yearly pension of 1,000*l.* in consideration of his wounds. The services of Rear-Admiral Bowyer were recognized in a similar manner, and baronetcies were also conferred upon Rear-Admirals Gardner and Curtis. Vice-Admiral Graves was created Lord Graves, and Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Hood Viscount Bridport. The moral effect of Lord Howe's victory was important. It inspired the nation to persevere in the great struggle it had commenced, and taught British seamen confidence in their own invincibility which induced them, on any occasion, to attack with all the energy of success a largely superior force. Finally, the "First of June" was the first of those great naval victories which illustrated our annals during the Revolutionary War, and culminated at Trafalgar in the establishment of the supremacy of England "at sea."

Several interesting anecdotes of the "First of June" have been preserved by Sir John Barrow, in his *Life of Earl Howe*, and by other writers. While the *Marlborough* was hotly engaged with the *Impétueux*, one of her seamen boldly leaped on board the latter to "pay the Mounseers a visit," and when asked to take a sword

for his defence, replied, "I'll find one where I am going." He fulfilled his promise, for he returned in safety with two French cutlasses in his hand.

"A cock released from its coop by a stray shot, perched, in the heat of the action and when the hearts of the men were failing, on the stump of the mainmast, flapping his wings and crowing loudly—much to the encouragement of the seamen, who, with three ringing cheers, regarded it as an omen of victory, and fought with renewed vigour."

Captain Harvey, of the *Brunswick*, displayed throughout the engagement a heroism worthy of a British seaman. Knocked down by a splinter, and seriously injured, he leaped again to his feet, and refused to quit the deck. A chain-shot afterwards shattered his right arm, but as he was removed below, he cried out to his men,—“Persevere, my brave lads, in your duty. Continue the action with spirit, for the honour of our king and country; and remember my last words—the colours of the *Brunswick* shall never be struck!” The figure-head of this well-fought ship represented the Duke of Brunswick, wearing a regulation “cocked hat.” In the action, it was carried off by a chance shot. The crew immediately went aft, and petitioned the captain to give them another “out of respect to the Duke,” and receiving one of his own cocked hats, they persuaded the carpenter to nail it on the vacant figure-head, where it remained throughout the engagement.

A young midshipman serving on board the *Queen Charlotte*—Lord Howe's own flag-ship—was placed in a position of so much danger that the admiral, out of compassion for his extreme youth, commanded him to descend between decks. The young hero looked up in his chief's face, with all the modesty of true courage, and respectfully replied, “What, my lord, would my father say were I not on deck during the action?”

After the fight was done, and the victory assured, the seamen of the *Charlotte* requested the admiral to permit

them to thank him for having led them to so glorious a triumph. He received them on the quarter-deck; but in reply to their hearty congratulations, his feelings would only suffer him to falter—"No, no, I—I thank you, my lads; it is you, not I, that have conquered."

The *Bellerophon*,\* under Captain Cooke, was engaged in the great battle off Cape Trafalgar, of which in a succeeding chapter we shall furnish a full account. She formed one of the lee division, led by the gallant Collingwood, and early in the contest found herself engaging both the Spanish *Monarca*, 74 guns, and the French *Aigle*, also a 74. Seeing her thus embarrassed, the French *Swiftsure*, the *Montanez*, and *Bahama* also brought their guns to bear upon her, and to so terrible a cannonade was she exposed that in ten minutes' time both her main and mizen topmasts fell over her starboard side, setting her sails on fire from the explosion of her guns, and the flashes of the hand-grenades hurled from the *Aigle's* tops. At 5 minutes past 1, or a quarter of an hour after discharging her first broadside, her master was killed; and at 11 minutes past 1, her gallant commander, Captain Cooke. The command was then assumed by Lieutenant Pryce Carnby, who fought her with determined courage. The *Colossus* now came up, and drew off the fire of the French *Swiftsure* and the *Bahama*, while the *Montanez* dropped astern out of range. A furious attempt was made by the crew of the *Aigle* to board her; but though her decks were strewn with the dead and dying, the men of the *Bellerophon* soon repulsed the audacious boarders; and at 40 minutes past 1, the *Aigle*, having had enough of it, sheered off from her staunch opponent, receiving, as she dropped astern, a parting broadside both from her and from the *Revenge*.

\* The *Bellerophon* also shared in the victory of the Nile, of which an account will be found in Chapter xii., and was one of the ships in Vice-Admiral Cornwallis's small squadron which, in June 1795, made so masterly a retreat before a largely superior French force, reaching port uninjured.



The *Bellerophon* now flung a few scattered shot into the *Monarca*, which, deprived of her consorts, instantly hauled down her colours, and was taken possession of. Her loss was found to have been very severe. The *Bellerophon* herself had 27 killed, and 123 wounded. "A great proportion of this heavy loss unquestionably arose from the explosion of a quantity of loose powder spilt about the decks from the cartridges; and which, but for the water that lay around the entrance of the magazine, must have destroyed the ship and all on board of her." Her main and mizen topmasts were shot away; her foretopmast, all three lower masts, and most of her yards, badly wounded; her hull was much injured; and her rigging nearly cut to pieces.

In July 1815, the *Bellerophon*, under Captain Frederick Lewis Maitland, was cruising in the Basque Roads. Fortune had reserved for her an event which has done more to make her name historic than even her glorious share in the victories of the 1st of June and Trafalgar.<sup>1</sup>

After Napoleon's second abdication of the throne of France, the provisional government which, for a time, directed the affairs of the empire, thought it advisable that the fallen potentate should withdraw from Paris, where his presence stimulated new intrigues and threatened fresh convulsions. He accordingly retired, on the 25th of June, to Malmaison, and finding that all hope of regaining his lost power had vanished, he determined on repairing from thence to Rochfort, with the intention of sailing for the United States of America. He left Malmaison on the 29th of June, accompanied by Generals Montholon, Resigny, Planat, and the two Las Casas, and arrived at Rochfort on the 3rd of July. The next day he was joined there by his brother Joseph. On the 8th, he embarked, and reached the island of Aix, but as the *Bellerophon* was lying in the Basque Roads, he deemed it advisable to send Las Casas and Savary on board of her, to ascertain whether

her captain had received any orders to oppose his passage. Captain Maitland, as yet, had received no instructions from the British Government, and he accordingly contented himself with replying that he would refer the Emperor's inquiry to the Admiral in command on that station. On the 14th, Napoleon was still at Aix, and having received no further communication, he again despatched Las Casas, accompanied by Lallemand, to the commander of the *Bellerophon*. Captain Maitland could but repeat his former answer, offering, at the same time, to receive the Emperor on board his vessel, and convey him to England, assuring him that the safety of his person would be carefully considered.

Napoleon, indeed, had no other alternative. Before him was a powerful man-of-war, with which he could not hope to contend, nor whose watchfulness could he expect to elude. Behind him was the land of France, which the return of the Bourbons and the presence of the Allied armies rendered no secure asylum. He resolved, therefore, to confide himself to the custody of Captain Maitland, and addressed the following letter to the Prince Regent, invoking the protection of England:—

“ ROYAL HIGHNESS,—

“ Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the greatest powers of Europe, I have closed my political career. I come, like Themistocles, to seek the hospitality of the British Nation. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

(Signed)

“ NAPOLEON.”

This epistle was placed in Captain Maitland's hands by Generals Las Casas and Gourgaud, and on the following morning, the 15th of July, at daybreak, the

brig *Epervier* conveyed the hero of a hundred fields on board of the *Bellerophon*. As he placed his foot upon her deck, he said to her captain,—“I come on board your ship to place myself under the protection of the laws of England.” He was immediately conducted to his cabin, with every respectful ceremonial, and the *Bellerophon* then bore up to communicate with the Admiral, the gallant Hotham. The Admiral, next day, conducted his illustrious prisoner over his own flagship, the *Superb*, and displayed so much tact and courtesy throughout the interview as to win from Las Casas, in his narrative, the candid eulogium that he evinced “all the grace and refinement of a man of rank and education.” The Emperor then returned to the *Bellerophon*, which immediately set sail for England.

On board the English man-of-war Napoleon showed himself specially anxious to secure the good will and esteem of his involuntary captors. He treated the officers with marked courtesy, and frequently jested and conversed with the men in that attractive and persuasive manner which he could easily assume when needed. He inquired much about the different details of the ship, and often discussed English manners and customs, the events of the war, and the characters of the leading European potentates. It is not to be wondered at that the glamour of his comprehensive genius and the splendour of his fame should have exercised a powerful influence upon those with whom he came in such immediate contact. “He had not been long,” says Las Casas, “among his most inveterate enemies, those who had been continually nourished with rumours no less absurd than irritating, before he acquired all the influence over them which belongs to glory. The captain, officers, and crew soon adopted the etiquette of his suite, showing him exactly the same attention and respect; the captain addressed him either as Sire, or Your Majesty; when he appeared on deck, every one took off his hat, and remained uncovered while he was

present. This was not the case at first. There was no entering his cabin, except by passing the attendants; no persons but those who were invited appeared at his table. Napoleon was, in fact, Emperor on board the *Bellerophon*."

He arrived at Torbay on the 24th of July, and Captain Maitland despatched a messenger for instructions to the commander-in-chief, Lord Keith, who desired him to repair without delay to Plymouth.

The *Bellerophon* anchored in the Sound on the 26th; and the news that she brought to the shores of England their most powerful and dangerous enemy, having rapidly spread abroad, the beautiful expanse of that famous harbour was soon alive with crowded boats, and thousands hastened to gaze—not with unseemly exultation, but with respectful curiosity—on the fallen conqueror, who, for fifteen years, had been the virtual ruler of trembling Europe.

"The Desolator desolate!  
The Victor overthrown!  
The Arbiter of others' fate  
A Suppliant for his own!"

The British government, now responsible to its allies for the safety of their great enemy, found it necessary to place a cordon of armed boats around the *Bellerophon* to prevent the development of any fresh intrigue. Meanwhile, they entered into communications with the European Powers, by which it was finally determined that the Hero of Austerlitz should be retained in safe custody by the British government, in some colonial possession which should offer a secure asylum, and preclude all hope of escape. The Island of St. Helena, a breezy healthy rock in the Atlantic Ocean, was, therefore, selected as Napoleon's place of confinement, that he might never again disturb the peace of Europe by the daring conceptions of his vast and insatiable ambition.

It was late in the month of July when Sir Charles

Bunbury, as the representative of the English government, appeared on board the *Bellerophon*, and announced to Napoleon the decision of the Allies. The fallen conqueror burst out in a torrent of indignation,—“I am the guest of England, and not her prisoner: I came of my own accord to place myself under the protection of her laws; the most sacred rites of hospitality are violated in my person. I will never voluntarily accede to the outrage inflicted upon me: violence alone shall compel me to do so.” But what right had the despot, who, in his flush of power, had trampled down without scruple the rights of humanity and the obligations of honour, to appeal to the protection of laws which he had never ceased to violate? Or how could he expect that the English government would again cast abroad upon society the firebrand which had scathed all Europe with the blackness of desolation?

The *Bellerophon* left Plymouth on the 4th of August, and sailed up the Channel to transfer her illustrious prisoner on board the *Northumberland*, the man-of-war appointed to convey him to the Atlantic isle. Ere he quitted her, he addressed the following Protest to the British government:—

“PROTEST.

“I hereby solemnly protest, in the face of heaven and mankind, against the violence that is done me; against the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of my person and liberty. I voluntarily came on board the *Bellerophon*; I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England. I came at the instigation of the Captain himself, who said he had orders from the Government to receive and convey me to England, together with my suite, if agreeable to me.\*

“I came forward with confidence to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. When

\* It is almost unnecessary to say that this is not a correct version of the facts,

once on board the *Bellerophon*, I was entitled to the hospitality of the British people. If the Government, in giving the captain of the *Bellerophon* orders to receive me and my followers, only wished to lay a snare, it has forfeited its honour and disgraced its flag.

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

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

(Signed)

“ NAPOLEON.”

“ *Bellerophon* at Sea,  
Friday, August 4th, 1815.”

Napoleon quitted the *Bellerophon* on the 7th of August, and was conveyed on board the *Northumberland*, which bore the flag of Admiral Sir George Cockburn. On the 11th, the *Northumberland* got clear of the Channel, and on the 15th of October, anchored in the roads of St. Helena.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE STORY OF THE "QUEEN CHARLOTTE."

[Period of Service : Reign of George III.  
Strength : 100 guns, 2,281 tons, 851 men.]

"Howe made the Frenchmen dance a tune,  
An admiral great and glorious;  
Witness for that the First of June—  
Lord! how he was victorious!"—*Charles Dibdin.*

At the outbreak of the war between England and Revolutionary France, in 1793, the gallant veteran, Admiral Lord Howe, was appointed to the command-in-chief of the Channel fleet, and on the 14th of July set sail from St. Helen's with fifteen sail of the line, besides a few frigates and sloops. On the 23rd he anchored in Torbay; but receiving information that a French fleet of seventeen sail of the line had put to sea, and had been descried off Belle-Isle, Lord Howe again made sail on the 25th, and having received a reinforcement of two sail of the line proceeded in search of the enemy. But a succession of adverse gales compelled him to desist from the pursuit, and after an ineffectual attempt to reconnoitre Brest, he returned to his anchorage in Torbay.

On the 23rd, Lord Howe's fleet again weighed, and sailed to the westward, under orders to escort the Newfoundland ships out of the narrow seas, and to protect the homeward-bound West India convoy, which was daily expected. These objects accomplished, the admiral cruised for nearly a fortnight to the north-west of the Scilly Isles, and then re-anchored in Torbay. On the 27th of October he once more put to sea, to cruise in the Bay of Biscay, his flag flying in the noble 100-gun

ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, and his fleet augmented to twenty-two sail of the line, besides frigates.

On the 18th of November he came in sight of a French squadron of six 74-gun ships and two frigates, under Rear-Admiral Vanstabel, on a cruise in Cancale Bay. Vanstabel probably mistook the English fleet for a convoy of wealthy merchantmen, and bore down upon them under a press of sail, until their hulls could be plainly seen from the decks of the British ships. Five of the latter, in obedience to the commander-in-chief's signal, now made sail in pursuit; and the French, discovering the formidable character of their expected prize, crowded on all the canvas their masts would bear in order to effect their escape. The whole British fleet now joined in the pursuit; but the advantage of the wind was with their enemy, and Lord Howe finding the chase ineffectual, and that many of his ships had carried away important spars, bore up for the Channel. Here he continued to cruise until towards the middle of December, when, neither French fleet nor squadron making its appearance, he returned to Spithead.

During the winter months Lord Howe's fleet received considerable reinforcements, and having been thoroughly repaired and refitted, was ready for service early in the spring, or as soon as it might be ascertained that the enemy had put to sea. For the latter, however, the admiral found himself unable to wait, as the East and West India outward-bound merchantmen and the Newfoundland traders required his protection until they got clear of the Channel, and information was received of a valuable French convoy of (it was said) 350 sail, laden with American produce and provisions, intended for the French ports, and then on its homeward route, which he was directed, if possible, to intercept.

Accordingly, on the 2nd of May 1794, with a fleet of 34 ships of the line and 15 frigates, having under his protection about 100 richly-burdened traders, the veteran admiral set sail from St. Helen's, his flag still flying on



board the *Queen Charlotte*. On the 4th, when off the Lizard, he dismissed the merchantmen on their different routes, detaching Rear-Admiral Montagu, with six 74's and two frigates, to escort them as far as Cape Finisterre; and Captain Rainier, with a 74, a 64, and five frigates, to protect them for the remainder of their voyage.

Lord Howe's fleet was thus reduced to twenty-six sail of the line and seven frigates, besides two fireships, a sloop, and two cutters; and with this still imposing force he made for his old cruising ground between Ushant and Brest Harbour. His reconnoitring frigates discovered the enemy at anchor in Brest Roads, and in order to entice him from his security Howe made sail at once for the latitude in which it was probable the great American convoy would be met with. He rightly concluded that the French admiral would endeavour to prevent a prize so valuable from quietly slipping into his grasp. But having, for several days, covered the Bay of Biscay with his ships, without descrying a hostile sail, he returned on the 19th off Ushant, and once more sent out his frigates to observe the enemy's position. The roadstead was found empty, and intelligence was obtained that the French fleet had escaped from Brest some days before.

It was, indeed, on the 16th of May that the "grand fleet of France," consisting of 26 ships of the line, and 16 frigates and corvettes, under the joint command of Rear-Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse and the fierce Republican deputy, Citizen Jean-Bon Saint André, had made all sail from Brest, with a fair wind from the north-east filling its canvas. On the 17th, during a thick fog, it came so near the track of the English fleet that the clashing bells and rolling drums of the latter were distinctly heard, but on the morrow the two enemies were so wide apart that not a sail could be discovered.

The further movements of the two fleets will hardly

interest our readers, until the pursuers and the pursued draw near together. It was not, however, until the 28th, at about half-past six in the morning, the wind coming up freshly from the south-west, and a heavy swell cresting the waves with foam, that Lord Howe's look-out frigates came in sight of Villaret-Joyeuse and Citizen Jean-Bon Saint André. At about nine, the hostile fleet was seen, with topgallants set, gallantly bearing down upon the British, and Lord Howe accordingly made the signal so dear to British tars—"Prepare for battle," and recalled his reconnoitring frigates. One hour later, and the French fleet, consisting of 26 sail of the line and 5 frigates, having approached within three leagues of its enemy, "hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, and lay to," after which they formed "an indifferent line ahead." The British fleet now wore round in succession, and gathering in two columns, with four line-of-battle ships ahead as a flying squadron, made all sail to windward, eager to grapple with their antagonists.

Some movements among the French vessels inducing Lord Howe to apprehend that they declined an engagement, he threw out the signal for a general chase, and for the British to engage the enemy as they came up with him. The first fire was exchanged between the *Bellerophon* and the *Révolutionnaire* (110 guns) at six P.M., and about twenty minutes later the *Marlborough*, *Russel*, and *Thunderer* mingled in the strife.

The further movements of both fleets we have sketched in our narrative of the *Bellerophon*, and we may here confine ourselves to a statement of the doings of the *Queen Charlotte*. She bore no very conspicuous part in the actions of the 28th and 29th, though, of course, her signals directed the operations and controlled the manœuvres of the British fleet. On the 30th the ships of both fleets were occupied in repairing damages. The 31st was a day of manœuvres, it being Lord Howe's object to prevent the French from wea-

thering him, and so effecting their escape; and during the night every British ship carried a press of sail in order to keep up with the foe. At daybreak, on the 1st of June,—the “glorious First of June,”—the sea was rolling with a gentle swell, and the wind came up from the south-west with a moderate breeze; and the French fleet was discovered, with all canvas set, in lat.  $47^{\circ} 48'$  N., and longitude  $18^{\circ} 30'$  W., at about two leagues on the starboard bow. From the *Queen Charlotte* it soon became easy to examine the French line of battle, formed of 26 men-of-war,—13 ahead, and 12 astern of the French admiral,—and 6 frigates and corvettes. At about a quarter past seven, Lord Howe made signal that he should attack the centre of the enemy, and ten minutes later, that he should break through his line and engage him to leeward. He then hove-to, and allowed his crews to breakfast, and at twelve minutes past eight filled and bore down on the enemy,—each ship, by signal, steering for the vessel opposed to her in the French line, which she was independently to engage.

It was Lord Howe's intention that each of his ships should break through the French ranks *astern* of her opponent, wear, and engage her to leeward; but the complete success of his well-conceived plan was defeated by the misconduct of some of his captains, and the same cause interfered to prevent his victory from assuming its full proportions.

At half-past nine the *Queen Charlotte*, with the signal for close action flying at her masthead, was so near the enemy that the *Vengeur*, the third ship in the French admiral's rear, opened fire upon her. She passed it unnoticed, for the veteran Howe's design was to be first to break the hostile line, and to expedite her progress the *Queen Charlotte* set topgallant sails, let fall her foresail, and with a rush and a surge swept through the bounding billows. Thus she broke away from the *Vengeur*, exchanged broadsides with the *Achille*, and passing close under the stern of the *Montagne*, a 120-gun ship, crashed

into her sides a terrific broadside, which made her reel from stem to stern. The *Jacobin* (80) had now got nearly abreast of her comrade, the *Montagne*, to leeward,—that is, in the very position Lord Howe had marked out for the *Queen Charlotte*,—but a dexterous movement, suggested by Mr. Bowen, the master, drove her in between the two French line-of-battle ships, fighting one with her larboard and the other with her starboard guns. In about twenty minutes the *Jacobin* gladly dropped astern, flinging a few shot at the British admiral with such guns as she could bring to bear, while the *Montagne*, having received a fearful “punishment,” losing not less than 100 killed and 200 wounded, made what sail she could to escape from the *feu d'enfer* that hurtled over her.

The example of the French admiral was not lost upon his ships, and several made ready to effect their escape; whereupon Lord Howe, at 10h. 13m. A.M., threw out the signal for a general chase, while he now directed his resistless broadsides upon the 80-gun ship, *La Juste*. The latter lost all her masts, and soon afterwards the *Queen Charlotte* dropped her maintopmast, which, with the shattered state of her spars and rigging, rendered her almost unmanageable. Having silenced the *Juste*, however, she contrived to wear, and proceeded to the relief of the *Queen*, which was menaced by the approach of the French admiral, and eleven fresh line-of-battle ships in his wake, and had already suffered severely in the fierce fight. The *Barfleur*, *Leviathan*, *Valiant*, *Thunderer*, and *Royal Sovereign* came up, by signal, to her rescue, and Villaret-Joyeuse, unwilling to cope with such an accession of force, stretched away to protect five of his own disabled vessels towing towards him in the east, and which, but for neglect of duty on the part of some of the British captains, ought long ago to have been taken possession of as prizes. These—the *Républicain*, *Mucius*, *Scipion*, *Terrible*, and *Jemappes*,—the French chief succeeded in recovering.

The result of the action, indecisive as it may be considered, could not but add to the glory of the British navy, and to the claims which the veteran Howe's long and gallant career already advanced to the gratitude of his country. Six French line-of-battle ships were captured, —*La Juste*, *L'Amérique*, *Le Sans-Pareil*, *L'Impétueux*, *Le Northumberland*, and *L'Achille*,—and a seventh was so terribly shattered (*Le Vengeur*) that about ten minutes after she had been taken possession of she went down, with upwards of 200 of her crew on board. But had Lord Howe been equally well supported by all his captains; had every ship imitated the example so nobly set by the *Queen Charlotte*, and so brilliantly followed by the *Queen*, the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Bellerophon*, the *Marlborough*, and the *Defence*; not less than twelve or thirteen trophies would have attested the completeness of the victory of the glorious First of June.

Villaret-Joyeuse and Citizen Jean-Bon Saint André having effected their escape, leaving six men-of-war in the hands of their victorious opponents, Lord Howe repaired his crippled ships and refitted his prizes, and on the 3rd made sail for the north-east. The *Queen Charlotte* anchored at Spithead on the morning of the 13th. On his arrival the gallant septuagenarian—who, to the experience of age, proved, on the 1st of June, that he added the fire of youth,—was received with such a welcome as enthusiastic England, when in earnest, knows so well how to give her heroes! On the 26th of the month the royal family visited Portsmouth, and the king went aboard the *Queen Charlotte*, accompanied by the sovereign lady after whom the vessel was named, and by a brilliant *suite*. There he held a *levée*, and presented the veteran chief with a diamond-hilted sword, valued at 3000 guineas, and threw a costly chain upon his shoulders. The royal visitors afterwards partook of dinner in the admiral's state-room, and returned to Portsmouth in the evening.

Medals were struck to celebrate this important victory,

but some of Lord Howe's ships were not considered to deserve the recognition. The vessels thus marked with dishonour were the *Cæsar*, *Impregnable*, *Tremendous*, *Culloden*, *Gibraltar*, *Alfred*, *Majestic*, and *Thunderer*. We have elsewhere alluded to the rewards which a grateful nation poured out upon those who had done their duty.

On the 7th of September, Lord Howe, in the *Queen Charlotte*, having repaired his damages and made up his crew to the full complement, sets sail from Torbay with a fleet of 34 sail of the line, and cruised along the French coast, and off Ushant. He then stood down Channel to afford protection to the homeward bound convoys, and cruised for about eight days "with pleasant easterly weather." Then a strong breeze sprang up from the south-west, and, veering to the north-west, increased to a terrible gale. Howe was neither daunted by hurricanes nor French broadsides, and persevered in riding through the storm, although his ships were compelled to lie to with almost bare poles. But the damages suffered by some of the men-of-war compelled him at last to return to Torbay (on the 21st), whence he did not again sail until the first week in November. For the remainder of the year, with occasional visits to a British port, the *Queen Charlotte* and her consort cruised in the Channel and the Bay of Biscay; much to the discomfiture of the French fleet, which durst not venture from under the guns of the batteries of Brest.

On the 14th of February 1795, Lord Howe, suffering neither age nor sickness to damp his zeal in his country's service, again hoisted his flag on board the *Queen Charlotte*, and put to sea with a formidable armada of not less than 42 sail of the line, and nearly as many sloops, corvettes, and frigates. Having convoyed the East and West India merchantmen out of the Channel, and dismissed the squadrons designed to escort them to their respective destinations, the admiral returned to Spithead. Soon afterwards, his illness having assumed a serious character, the veteran hero hauled down his

stainless flag, and Lord Bridport was appointed to the command-in-chief of the Channel fleet, selecting for his flag-ship the noble 100-gun ship *Royal George*. The *Queen Charlotte*, however, still formed a portion of the fleet, under Captain Sir Andrew Snape Douglas.

Lord Bridport sailed from Spithead on the 12th of June, and having escorted for some days an expedition under Sir John Borlase Warren, destined for Quiberon Bay, stood off Belle-Isle to intercept the Brest fleet. On the 22nd he came in sight of the enemy, consisting of 12 sail of the line and 14 frigates, distant about fourteen leagues from Belle-Isle. Lord Bridport's own force consisted of 14 sail of the line, five frigates, and a 20-gun ship.

Perceiving that the French admiral—our old friend Villaret-Joyeuse—had an insuperable objection to a close engagement, and was edging off the wind, Lord Bridport, at half-past six in the morning, ordered his fastest sailers (the *Sans-Pareil*, *Colossus*, *Irresistible*, *Orion*, *Russel*, and *Valiant*) to chase, and a few minutes later the whole fleet crowded on all sail in pursuit. They soon gained upon the French, and though retarded during the night by a calm, were within three miles of the four rearmost ships of the enemy at daybreak on the 23rd.

In advance of the whole British line was the *Queen Charlotte*, having been most admirably handled by her gallant captain. The *Irresistible* was within hail, and four other line-of-battle ships at some distance astern. At about six in the morning, the *Irresistible* and the *Orion* opened fire upon the sluggish *Alexandre*, while the *Queen Charlotte*, as if still inspired with the ardour of the veteran Howe, swept majestically onwards, and at about a quarter past six sent her broadsides crashing in among the spars and rigging, and tearing up the decks of the French 74-gun ship *Formidable*. The *Sans-Pareil* came up in fifteen minutes, and also directed her guns against her; but she was already so shattered

by the destructive cannonade of the English three-decker that she was glad to strike her colours and surrender.

The action now became more general, but much of the fire of the rearmost French ships having been concentrated on the *Queen Charlotte*, the latter suffered so severely in rigging and spars as to become almost unmanageable. She, therefore, dropped astern, and being annoyed by the fire of one of the enemy's ships, drove her crashing broadsides full upon her, compelling her in a very few minutes to haul down her tricolor. She proved to be *L'Alexandre*, and had already suffered much from the guns of the *Orion* and the *Irresistible*.

Lord Bridport soon afterwards came up in the *Royal George*, and, from some unaccountable want of energy, signalled his advanced ships to discontinue the action, at a time when the victory was decidedly with the English. Instead of three prizes, had the battle continued an hour or two longer, not less than eight or nine would have crowned the efforts of his gallant followers. As it was, the honour of the victory mainly rested with the *Queen Charlotte* and her brave captain, Sir Andrew Douglas; though when the nation distributed its rewards he was unaccountably neglected. The *Colossus*, *Orion*, and *Sans-Pareil* were also commanded by men who "deserved well of their country."

In this indecisive engagement the total loss on the part of the conquerors was 31 killed and 131 wounded; out of which the *Queen Charlotte* had 4 killed and 32 wounded. On board the three French prizes alone were 670 killed and wounded, and the total loss of the French fleet must have exceeded 1000.

During the year 1796 the *Queen Charlotte* remained attached to that portion of the Channel fleet which, under Lord Bridport, lay at Spithead, ready to act if the Brest fleet ventured out of harbour.

In 1797, she had the misfortune to share in the Mutiny at Spithead—one of the darkest and most de-



plorable chapters in the history of the British Navy. It is said that, under Lord Howe, who, though a skilful officer and a brave man, was not a very strict disciplinarian, her crew had fallen into a very lax and subordinate condition, and that the revolt, which at one time threatened such serious consequences, commenced on board the *Queen Charlotte*. It is only just to say, however, that British seamen in the year 1797 had, indeed, not unreasonable causes for disaffection, and that the grievances of which they complained were substantial ones. The seamen of to-day can little imagine how ill-fed, ill-paid, and ill-treated were those gallant "Jack tars" who fought so heroically at Camperdown, the Nile, and Trafalgar. Badly-ventilated ships, coarse and unwholesome food, low wages, a stern and arbitrary discipline—such were the real sources of the Mutiny, which first at Spithead, and afterwards at the Nore, menaced the very existence of England as a free and prosperous empire.

Towards the close of February 1797, Lord Howe, while sick on shore, received several petitions purporting to come from the seamen at Portsmouth, requiring an advance of wages. As they were all in the same handwriting, Lord Howe concluded they were forged by some incendiary spirit, and declined to forward them to the Admiralty; but soon afterwards he instructed Rear-Admiral Seymour to ascertain whether any disaffection was really fermenting in the fleet. From the representations made by the rear-admiral, Lord Howe was confirmed in his previous impression, and with a comment to that effect placed the petitions in Earl Spencer's hands. The seamen, ignorant of the light in which their representations were regarded, ascribed Lord Howe's silence to a contemptuous disregard of their complaints, and with embittered minds concerted together the best mode of compelling the Admiralty to do them justice.

On the 15th of April, while matters, unknown to the

authorities, were in this serious state, Lord Bridport, in command of the Channel fleet, threw out the signal to prepare for sea. Whereupon the seamen of the *Royal George*, instead of weighing anchor, swarmed up the rigging, and gave three mighty cheers—cheers which were loudly echoed on board every man-of-war then lying at Spithead. They rang with a fatal sound in the ears of the officers of the fleet, for they were the assured and unmistakable indications of the greatest danger which can threaten a ship's captain—*mutiny*. A vain attempt was made to induce the men to return to their duty, but their resentment was too keen, and the organization too complete.

The next day, the 16th of April, every ship's company elected two of their number to act as their delegates, whose council-chamber was the state-room of the *Queen Charlotte*, where, after the victory of the 1st of June, Lord Howe had entertained his sovereign. On the 17th, an oath of loyalty to the cause was administered to every seaman in the fleet, and, as a significant hint to officers who had made themselves unpopular by their arbitrary conduct, ropes were reeved at the fore yard-arms of each vessel. The more unpopular, however, were soon afterwards sent on shore uninjured; and it must be remembered to the credit of English sailors that, while thus the virtual masters of "the situation," they spilt no blood, nor revenged themselves upon the men who had formerly oppressed them with an unrelenting tyranny.

The delegates now drew up two respectfully-worded petitions, one to Parliament, the other to the Admiralty, in which they required that the seamen's wages should be increased; their provisions weighed with the legal allowance of sixteen (and not fourteen) ounces to the pound; that they should be of a better quality; that vegetables, instead of flour, should be served out with fresh beef; that the sick should receive a more careful tendance, and their necessaries not be embezzled; and

that the men, on returning from a long voyage, might be allowed a short furlough to visit their families.

On the 18th a committee of the Board of Admiralty arrived at Portsmouth, and promised the seamen an increase of wages; but the increase was neither as large as the seamen demanded nor was any attention paid to the other grievances of which they had complained. They, therefore, declared that until their complaints were fully redressed, and an Act of Indemnity passed for those who had been concerned in the Mutiny, they would not lift an anchor.

There was no help for it but to yield; and on the next day, the Admiralty committee addressed a letter to the delegates, granting the increase of wages demanded, the full weight and measure of provisions, and promising an unconditional pardon. The seamen returned a moderate and gratefully-worded reply, acknowledging these important concessions, but declaring they would not weigh anchor—unless the enemy put to sea—until their stipulations relative to an increase of pension, and a supply of vegetables when in port, should be complied with.

On the 21st, with the view of effecting a peaceable arrangement, Vice-Admirals Alan Gardner and Colpoys, and Rear-Admiral Pole, had a conference with the delegates on board the *Queen Charlotte*. The latter were respectful in their behaviour, and courteous in their tone, but they were equally firm and decided, and showed themselves conscious of their power. They declared that the fleet would be fully satisfied with no arrangement which was not openly sanctioned by the Parliament and the King. Enraged at such bold plain-speaking, Admiral Gardner grasped one of them by the collar, and swore he would hang every one of them, and every fifth man in the fleet.

The delegates returned in great wrath to their respective ships, and those on board the *Royal George* immediately hoisted the ominous signal of the red, or

bloody flag. The officers then hauled down Lord Bridport's flag, that the two might not wave together—the one, the token of an honourable career, and the other the signal of mutiny and disaffection. Guns were now loaded, powder brought on deck, watches appointed, and the same preparations made as if the fleet were in the presence of an enemy. No officers were allowed to go on shore, but otherwise their personal liberty was not infringed. The greatest order and decorum everywhere prevailed, and it was evident that the organization of the Mutiny had been developed by men of no ordinary powers of mind as well as of conspicuous influence over their fellows.

After a day or two's reflection, the indignation excited by Admiral Gardner's imprudence subsided, and two letters were addressed by the delegates to the Admiralty and Lord Bridport respectively, in which they explained the reasons of their conduct, and hailed Lord Bridport as their "friend and father," whom they were unwilling to insult by any intentional offence. The admiral, therefore, on the following day (the 23rd), went on board the *Royal George*, whose crew immediately rehoisted his flag, and lowered the mutinous blood-red signal. He then summoned them upon the quarter-deck, and harangued them in a hearty, manly speech, which was received with a burst of earnest cheering. He informed them that all their grievances had been redressed, and that the King had graciously pardoned every offender; whereupon the men declared themselves satisfied, and returned in a spirit of good-will to the regular performance of their duties.

It was now supposed that this unhappy affair was settled, but unfortunately the ships were detained at St. Helen's by a foul wind until the 7th of May, and busy tongues being at work to persuade the seamen that their grievances would not be redressed, and that promises had been freely lavished only to answer a temporary purpose, disaffection again broke out. When Lord

Bridport made the signal to weigh and put to sea, every ship again disobeyed.

In this difficulty the Government found a *Deus ex machinâ* in the veteran Earl Howe, who was deservedly popular with the seamen both on account of his skill, courage, success, and benevolence. On the 14th he arrived at Portsmouth, bringing with him the King's proclamation of pardon, and an Act of Parliament which granted the seamen all they had demanded. Lord Howe was received with enthusiasm. He visited every ship at St. Helen's and Spithead, and restored discipline and subordination on board of each. On re-landing at Portsmouth, the delegates bore him triumphantly, on their shoulders, to the Governor's house, and took leave of the aged hero, whose last service to his country was scarcely less important than those which had distinguished his previous career, with an outburst of excited and enthusiastic cheering.

The *Queen Charlotte* and her companions weighed anchor on the 17th, stood over to Brest, and finding the French fleet lying there in a most inglorious safety, continued their cruise to the westward. They remained at sea during the entire summer, occasionally returning to port to revictual and refit, but the enemy "made no sign," and Lord Bridport was unable to gain any fresh laurels.

On the 12th of April, 1798, the Channel fleet, of which the *Queen Charlotte* was still a member, recommenced its annual cruise; but as the Brest squadron yet remained shut up in port, we have no occurrences of any interest to detail.

In 1799 Rear-Admiral Whitshed hoisted his flag on board our famous three-decker, and proceeded in May to reinforce Earl St. Vincent's fleet in the Mediterranean. The hero of the victory of Cape St. Vincent having now 21 line-of-battle ships under his command, steered for the coast of Spain, and, descriing there not a single French pennon, cruised towards the north-east. On

the 2nd of June the Earl, finding his health give way, set out for England in the *Ville-de-Paris*, and Vice-Admiral Lord Keith assumed the command-in-chief. He then proceeded in search of the French fleet, which had escaped from Toulon, visiting Vado Bay, the Genoese coast, and the Balearic Islands without success, for the French had got into Cadiz, and afterwards succeeded in effecting a safe passage to Brest. When it is remembered that the French numbered 40 sail of the line, besides 19 frigates, and that Lord Keith had but 31 sail of the line and 4 frigates, we must own that the British admiral, in his hot and eager, though misdirected pursuit, evinced a noble confidence in the superior prowess and skill of British seamen.

Lord Keith, whose flag was now flying in the *Queen Charlotte*, continued to cruise in the Mediterranean for the remainder of the year, and though no general action ensued, an opportunity was offered to the "*Queen Charlottes*" of showing of what mettle they were made. While she lay in the Bay of Gibraltar—on the evening of the 21st of December—the British 10-gun cutter *Lady Nelson*, when off Cabrita Point, was suddenly pounced upon by three French privateers and some gun-boats. Lord Keith immediately ordered the boats of the *Queen Charlotte* to her assistance; but before they could get up with her, the *Lady Nelson* had been captured, and taken in tow by two of the privateers. Despite these odds, Lieut. Bainbridge, in the *Queen Charlotte's* barge, supported but by sixteen men, drove alongside the *Lady Nelson*, flung himself on her deck, and he and his little band of heroes, sword in hand, actually recaptured her, slaying six or seven of the Frenchmen, and taking prisoners 34 others. Meanwhile, the *Queen Charlotte's* cutter, led by the gallant Lord Cochrane (afterwards Earl of Dundonald), made after the two privateers, who had cut the tow-ropes, and were crowding on all sail to escape into Algesiras. Owing to the singular hesitation of Lord Cochrane's

crew, the attempt failed, but the "*Queen Charlottes*" had the satisfaction of returning to the flag-ship with the *Lady Nelson* as a trophy of their most ardent courage.

Lord Keith and his fleet were now engaged in a blockade of the island of Malta, and in various desultory operations on the Italian coast, which occupied the winter months. On the 16th of March 1800, he landed at Leghorn to communicate with the Austrian authorities, leaving instructions with Captain Todd to get the flag-ship under weigh, and reconnoitre the island of Capraia, where then fluttered the French tricolor. On the following morning the *Queen Charlotte* was about ten or eleven miles from Leghorn. The wind was gentle, and the sea curled with a light swell. Suddenly arose the cry—the most fearful that can arise on board ship, and one that may well startle the bravest from his propriety—the cry of "Fire!" The perilous condition of the flag-ship was speedily discerned ashore, and boats were immediately despatched to her assistance; but many were prevented from approaching by the discharge of her cannon, which were all ready shotted, and, when heated by the fire, cast destruction on every side.

The best narrative of this disaster is that by Mr. Baird, the carpenter of the *Queen Charlotte*, preserved in Schomberg's *Naval History*:—"At about twenty minutes after six in the morning," he says, "as I was dressing myself, I heard throughout the ship a cry of *fire!* I immediately ran up the fore-ladder to get upon deck, and found the whole half-deck, the front bulk-head of the admiral's cabin, the coat of the mainmast, and the boats' covering on the booms, all in flames; which, from every report and probability, I apprehend was occasioned by some hay, that was lying under the half-deck, having been set on fire by a match in a tub, which was usually kept there for signal guns. The mainsail at this time was set, and almost instantly caught fire, the people not being able, on account of the flames, to come to the clue-garnets.

"I immediately went to the fore-castle, and found Lieutenant Dundas and the boatswain encouraging the people to get water to extinguish the fire. I applied to Mr. Dundas, seeing no other officer in the fore-part of the ship (and being unable to see any on the quarter-deck from the flames and smoke between them), to give me assistance to drown the lower decks, and secure the hatches, to prevent the fire from falling down."

"At about nine o'clock," continues Mr. Baird, "finding it impossible to remain any longer below, Lieutenant Dundas and myself went out at the foremost lower-deck port, and got upon the fore-castle; on which, I apprehend, there were then about 150 of the people drawing water, and throwing it as far aft as possible upon the fire. I continued about an hour on the fore-castle, till, finding all efforts to extinguish the flames unavailing, I jumped from the jib-boom and swam to an American boat approaching the ship; by which boat I was picked up and put into a tartan, then in charge of Lieutenant Stewart, who had come off to the assistance of the ship."

Captain Todd, and the first lieutenant, Mr. Bainbridge, remained upon deck to the last, and, utterly regardless of their own safety, directed all their thoughts to the best means of saving the lives of as many as possible of the crew. They perished on board, dying in the service of their country as certainly, and let us say as gloriously, as if they had fallen in the hour of victorious battle.

No less than 673 officers, seamen, marines, and boys perished by this terrible catastrophe. 167 were saved from the burning wreck by the boats that put off to their assistance. 11 chanced to be on shore at Leghorn. And not only did England lose these valuable and lamented lives, but a noble vessel—one of the largest and finest in her navy—well found and fully equipped—and hallowed, so to speak, by her associations with one of England's greatest victories at sea!



## CHAPTER XII.

## THE STORY OF THE "LEANDER."

[Period of Service : 1798—1804.

Strength : 52 guns, 1052 tons, 338 men.]

" But the might of England flush'd  
 To anticipate the scene ;  
 And her van the fleeter rush'd  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 ' Hearts of oak ! ' our captain cried, when each gun  
 From its adamantine lips  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane-eclipse  
 Of the sun."—*Thomas Campbell.*

WE first meet with the *Leander* on a cruise in the West Indies, during the war with France which arose from her support of the United States in their rebellion against the crown of England. At midnight, on the 18th of January 1783, while under the command of Captain John Willet Payne, she fell in with the French 74-gun ship *Pluton*, Capitaine d'Albert de Remis, and boldly engaged her formidable opponent, despite the great disparity of force. The *Pluton*, however, had received some damage in a gale of wind, and the little English two-decker was accordingly able to take up a position on her starboard bow, which enabled her to pour in a destructive raking fire. The contest lasted for two hours, when the French 74 was well content to make sail from her pestilent little antagonist, with a loss of 5 men killed and 11 wounded. The *Leander*, in this spirited but unequal action, lost 11 killed and 2 wounded.

Peace soon afterwards ensued, and we hear but little

of the *Leander* until 1797, four years after the outbreak of the Revolutionary War; when, on the 24th of July, she joined Rear-Admiral Nelson's squadron off the island of Teneriffe, and joined in his gallant but unsuccessful attack on Santa Cruz. In this desperate service her officers and men distinguished themselves highly. In the following year she was again attached to the squadron under Nelson's command, and it thus became her fortune to share in the glorious victory of the Nile.

Nelson's fleet was not very formidable in numbers or strength. He had under his orders but thirteen 74-gun ships, one 50-gun ship, and a sloop—not even a frigate or a three-decker. His instructions were to proceed “in quest of the armament preparing by the enemy at Toulon and Genoa; the object whereof appears to be either an attack upon Naples or Sicily, the conveyance of an army to some part of the coast of Spain for the purpose of marching towards Portugal, or to pass through the Straits, with a view of proceeding to Ireland,” and he was directed to pursue the enemy to “any part of the Mediterranean, Adriatic, Morea, Archipelago, or even into the Black Sea.” Nelson carried out these orders with characteristic energy. He first steered for the island of Corsica, and, on the 12th, lay-to off the Isle of Elba, while the *Mutine* was despatched to Civita Vecchia to obtain intelligence. It was his intention, if he came up with the French fleet, to fight it with his own ships drawn up in three divisions, thus;—

|                        |  |                        |                               |
|------------------------|--|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 74, <i>Vanguard</i> .  | { The Flag-ship, Captain Edward Berry. | 74, <i>Zealous</i> . . | { Capt. Samuel Hood.          |
| 74, <i>Minotaur</i> .  | Capt. Thomas Louis.                    | 74, <i>Orion</i> . . . | { Capt. Sir James Saumarez.   |
| 50, <i>Leander</i> .   | Capt. Thos Thompson.                   | 74, <i>Goliath</i> . . | { Capt. Thomas Foley.         |
| 74, <i>Audacious</i> . | Capt. Davidge Gould.                   | 74, <i>Majestic</i> .  | { Capt. G. Westcott.          |
| 74, <i>Defence</i> .   | Capt. John Peyton.                     | 74, <i>Bellerophon</i> | { Capt. Henry Darby.          |
|                        | 74, <i>Culloden</i> . .                |                        | { Capt. Thomas Troubridge.    |
|                        | 74, <i>Theseus</i> . .                 |                        | { Capt. Ralph Willett Miller. |
|                        | 74, <i>Alexander</i> .                 |                        | { Capt. Alexander John Ball.  |
|                        | 74, <i>Swiftsure</i> .                 |                        | { Capt. Benjamin Hallowell.   |

The two stronger divisions were to engage the enemy's

line-of-battle ships, and the third to attack and destroy the transports. A daring scheme! for against Nelson's nine 74's and one 50, would have been opposed a 120-gun ship, and twelve 80's and 74's, four or five of which were the largest two-deckers in the world.

On the morning of the 17th the British fleet sailed into the Bay of Naples, and learned that the French had coasted the island of Sardinia, and probably steered for Malta. Thither steered the indefatigable Nelson, though somewhat retarded by failing winds, so that it was the 20th before he entered the Straits of Messina. At the latter port he was apprised of the capture by the French of Malta and Gozo, and accordingly, towards Malta he continued his course, a fresh north-westerly breeze filling his swelling canvas. At daybreak on the 20th, when to the south-east of Cape Passaro, the *Mutine* learnt from a Ragusan brig that the French had quitted Malta. Instinctively deciding that their object now was Egypt, the English admiral crowded on all sail for Alexandria—the famous city which remains as the sole memorial of the conquests of the Macedonian hero—and arrived off its harbours on the 28th. During this weary pursuit the spirits of the men were cheered, and their efficiency in the hour of battle increased, by daily exercise at the great guns and with small arms. But in the Alexandrian ports there only fluttered the crescent of the Turks, and no sign of the tricolor had been descried.

Nelson accordingly resolved on retracing his steps, but in consequence of the prevalence of north-westerly winds it was the 4th of July before his ships made the coast of Natolia, and until the 16th they continued to beat to windward. A favourable breeze then filled their sails, and at daybreak on the 18th Cape Passaro was sighted. The next day, being in need of water and provisions, they stood towards Syracuse; and, though the entrance to the harbour is exceedingly difficult, and no one in the fleet had ever passed through it, yet such

was the seamanship of Nelson's captains, and the efficiency of their crews, that every vessel effected the passage with rapidity, and in complete security.

Through the influence of Lady Hamilton, the Neapolitan court, though professing neutrality, was induced to hasten the supplies of which Nelson stood in need. "Thanks to your exertions," he wrote to that Circe-like enchantress, "we have victualled and watered; and surely, watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze; and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress." As early as the 24th,—that is, in five days,—the fleet was revictualled and refitted, and on that day the indefatigable Nelson once more put to sea. As the French had been discovered neither in the Adriatic nor the Archipelago, and had not gone down the Mediterranean, he concluded that their object was, and must be, Egypt; and when off Coron he obtained information which confirmed him in the conclusion, namely, that Admiral Brueys' fleet had been seen, some four weeks previously, steering to the south-east from Candia. The British speedily followed in their track, with a fresh breeze and a heavy sea bearing them rapidly towards "the crown of victory."

They arrived off Alexandria on the 1st of August, and the forest of masts in its harbours, and the tricolor waving from its towers and minarets, immediately assured them that they were at length in the presence of their enemy.\* It was some disappointment when the look-out ships signalled that of all the sail crowded in the two ports only eight were line-of-battle ships; but the spirits of the British revived when the *Zealous*, on her nearer approach, indicated that in Aboukir Bay (on her larboard bow) lay seventeen ships of war, fourteen of which

\* The two fleets had actually crossed each other's track on the night of the 22nd of June; but a thick haze prevailed—it was in the widest part of the Mediterranean—and Nelson had no frigates to detach as look-out vessels. Hence, the French passed unperceived.

were formed in line of battle. There Brueys reposed in fancied security, believing that the dreaded Nelson was on his way to Europe, or, at all events, confident that the strength of his position would insure him from attack. The British admiral's excitement, as he neared the foe, grew intense, and he exclaimed,—“Before this time to-morrow, I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey!”

Aboukir Bay commences about twenty miles to the north-east of Alexandria, and stretches with a semicircular sweep from the Castle of Aboukir to the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. The two horns of the crescent, however, are not more than six miles apart. There is no depth of water for line-of-battle ships within a league from the shore, on account of a sand-bank, which extends that distance, and on which there are not more than four fathoms' soundings. On the north-west side lies a little island, about two miles from the point which the castle crowns, and connected with it by a chain of rocks and sand-banks. This is almost the only shelter which the bay possesses.

The French fleet was disposed, outside of the shoal we have spoken of, in a curved line which extended rather more than a mile and a half in length. Its flank was protected by a battery of four twelve-pounders, some light guns, and two mortars, which had been constructed upon Aboukir Island. The ships were formed in line ahead, in the following order:—*Guerrier*, 74; *Conquérant*, 74; *Spartiate*, 74; *Aquilon*, 74; *Peuple-Souverain*, 74; *Franklin*, 80; *L'Orient*, 120; *Tonnant*, 80; *Heureux*, 74; *Mercure*, 74; *Guillaume-Tell*, 80; *Généreux*, 74; *Timoléon*, 74; and in an inner line, midway between the outer line and the shoal, lay the *Sérieuse* frigate, 36; the *Artémise*, 36; and the *Diana*, 40. There were also two brigs, several gun-boats, and three fire-ships. The chief in command, Vice-Admiral Brueys, with Captain Honoré Ganteaume and Commodore Casa-Bianca as his seconds, had his flag flying in *L'Orient*; Rear-Admiral Blanquet,

in *Le Franklin*; and Rear-Admiral Villeneuve in *Le Guillaume Tell*.

The comparative strength of the two fleets may be estimated as follows:—

*British*, 1012 guns and 8068 men;

*French*, 1196 guns and 11,280 men;

but the disparity would be still greater if the superior calibre of the French guns was taken into the account.

When the British arrived off Aboukir Bay the French ships were lying at single anchor, without springs on their cables, and with a great proportion of their crews on shore obtaining a supply of water. Brueys immediately recalled them; and further to strengthen the complements of his line-of-battle ships, drew some men from his frigates. He also detached a couple of brigs to lure, if possible, the van ships of the British upon the shoal of Aboukir Island, and made the signal to prepare for battle. But observing that these hove-to, he came to the not unnatural conclusion that Nelson would make no attack until the following morning, and signalled to remain at anchor, intending during the darkness of the night to follow out Napoleon's instructions, and put to sea in order to effect his escape.

But he little understood the spirit which inspired the British Sea-king. Nelson had determined to fight the French whenever and wherever he found them, and he was not the man to swerve an iota from his fixed resolve. The British fleet still continued to bear down upon its enemy, and Brueys accordingly ordered each of his ships to lay out an anchor in the S.S.E., and "to send a stream-cable to the ship next astern to her, making a hawser fast to it," in such a manner as to bring her broadside full upon her antagonist. Thus prepared, the French fleet waited the attack.

Meanwhile, various manœuvres had occupied the attention of the British, and at half-past five their ships were nearly abreast of the extremity of the Aboukir shoal. Nelson now signalled for them to form in line

of battle ahead and astern of the flag-ship, and hailed the *Zealous*, to know if Captain Hood thought there was sufficient depth of water for the British ships between the enemy and the shore. "I don't know, sir," replied Hood; "but, with your permission, *I will stand in and try.*" For it had been Nelson's object to keep on the outer side of the French line, and place his ships, one on the outer bow, another on the outer quarter, of each of the enemy's. He had explained his intentions to his flag-captain, Berry, who exclaimed, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied Nelson; "that we shall *succeed*, is certain: who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

The *Zealous*, taking careful soundings, now rounded the shoal, with the *Goliath* a little ahead on her larboard bow. The remainder of the fleet followed in the order indicated by Nelson's signals,—*Orion*, *Audacious*, *The-seus*, *Vanguard*, *Minotaur*, *Defence*, *Bellerophon*, *Majestic*, and *Leander*; while, at some distance to the northward, the *Culloden*, and farther away to the westward, the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, were crowding on all sail to overtake their companions. Soon after these arrangements were completed the British ships hoisted their colours, while from several points of their rigging waved the immortal union-jack—

"The flag that's braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze."

At twenty minutes past six, as the rosy light began to wane from the cloudless Eastern sky, the French ships hoisted the tricolor, and the *Conquérant* and the *Guerrier* commenced the battle by a distant cannonade at the *Goliath* and *Zealous*, then in line close to each other, but in advance of the body of their fleet. Ten minutes later and the *Goliath*, pressing ahead of the *Guerrier*, which she raked as she passed with a crashing broadside, bore up for that ship's inner bow; but her

anchor not dropping soon enough, was unable to bring up until abreast of the larboard quarter of the second vessel of the enemy's line, the *Conquérant*. With this position Captain Foley was obliged to content himself, and accordingly opened a vigorous fire upon his opponent; while the *Zealous* took up the place Captain Foley had designed for the *Goliath*, under the larboard bow of the *Guerrier*, in only five fathoms water. The first broadside from the *Zealous* brought down the Frenchman's foremast,—an omen of success which was greeted with three enthusiastic cheers by the whole British fleet.

Leaving the two vessels thus engaged, we turn to observe the movements of the *Orion*, the third in the British line. As she passed the *Guerrier* she poured in her broadside, rounded the stern of the *Zealous*, passed both that vessel and the *Goliath*, and made for the *Aquilon*, the fourth from the French van. But as she bore down with stately steadiness the frigate *Sérieuse* opened fire upon her,—an insolence which the *Orion* answered with her starboard guns; and so terrible was their precision and effect that the French frigate was speedily dismasted, her hull shattered, and, drifting upon the shoal, she filled and partially went down,—her upper quarters alone remaining above water. The *Orion* then dropped anchor, and brought up abreast the *Peuple-Souverain*, with her aftermost guns trained to bear upon the bows of the *Franklin*.

Meanwhile the *Audacious* and the *Theseus* took up their places,—the former bringing up within about seventy yards of the bows of the *Conquérant*, and the latter anchoring by the stern about 300 yards from the *Spartiate*. The *Vanguard*, Nelson's own ship, in pursuance of his plan to overwhelm the French van before he attacked the rear, edged away towards the outer side of the French line, and anchored within eighty yards of the *Spartiate's* starboard beam. The *Minotaur* next grappled with the *Aquilon*, and the *Defence* brought up



abreast of the *Peuple-Souverain*. Soon afterwards the *Bellerophon*, with an excess of courage, laid herself alongside the mighty French three-decker, the *Orient*, while the *Majestic* attacked the *Tonnant* with thorough good-will.

The British ships, in order to recognize one another, now hoisted at their mizen-peak four lights horizontally, while they also went into action with the white or St. George's ensign flying, "the red cross in the centre of which rendered it easily distinguishable, in the darkest night, from the tri-coloured flag of the enemy."

Having thus detailed the opening movements of the battle, and placed the different vessels of the British fleet in the position which British seamen best love—alongside their enemy, we proceed to sketch the fortunes of the fight.

The *Guerrier* soon found in the *Zealous* a most unwelcome companion. The British fire was so well-directed that she was dismasted in ten minutes, while from the peculiarity of her position, and the unprepared state of her larboard broadside, she was able to bring but a few guns to bear in return. "After pouring several more unrequited broadsides into his dismasted antagonist, Captain Hood hailed again and again to know if she would surrender. No answer being returned, the work of slaughter went on. . . . At a few minutes past nine P.M., tired of killing men in this way, Captain Hood sent his first-lieutenant on board the French ship, to ask leave to hoist a light and haul it down, as a signal of submission. This was done, and the *Guerrier* became the prize of the *Zealous*." She was found to have suffered terribly. Her deck was crowded with the dead and dying, her sides were shattered, and her masts brought down by the board. Her loss in killed and wounded was estimated at from 350 to 400, or more than half her complement. The *Zealous* had but seven men wounded.

The *Conquérant*, in about ten minutes' engagement with the *Goliath* and *Audacious*, lost her fore and mizen

masts, and 300 killed and wounded. Utterly disabled, and incapable of a longer defence, she struck her colours; but not until she had inflicted considerable damage upon her opponents. The *Spartiate* lost some men by the fire of the *Theseus*, and afterwards found herself opposed by Nelson, in the *Vanguard*. The *Audacious* also rained in shot upon her larboard bow. At first she was gallantly supported by the *Aquilon*, but the latter soon found enough to do in returning the artillery of the *Minotaur*, and the *Spartiate*, after losing her three masts, was constrained to haul down her colours.

The *Vanguard*, however, had not come off scot-free from her powerful antagonist. Her loss was 30 killed and 76 wounded, and among the latter was Nelson himself, who received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot. "Captain Berry," says Southey, "caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal: Nelson himself thought so: a large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye; and the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When the surgeon came in due time to examine his wound (for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner), the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was merely superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger. The surgeon requested, and, as far as he could, ordered him to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded; and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral, that he was unable to write. The chaplain was then sent for; but, before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained."

At half-past nine, the *Aquilon*, after a fierce engagement, dismasted and shattered, surrendered to the *Mino-taur*. The *Peuple-Souverain*, harassed by the broadsides of the *Orion* and the close fire of, the *Defence*, and having lost both her fore and main masts, parted her cable, and dropped down abreast of the *Orient*,—her captain and a large portion of her crew already upon her death-roll. To counterbalance these disasters the French could only boast that the overwhelming fire of their 120-gun ship, *L'Orient*, had proved too much for her daring antagonist, the *Bellerophon*. The latter lost all her masts, and cutting her cable, after an hour and a half's heroic struggle, wore clear of the French admiral's fire, with a loss of 49 men killed and 148 wounded. Meanwhile the *Majestic*, after suffering severely from the *Tonnant's* fire, had brought up on the larboard quarter of the *Heureux*, where, for the present, we must leave her.

The *Culloden*, in endeavouring to get up in time to share in the action, unfortunately ran upon the Aboukir shoal, and not all the skill of her captain, or the exertions of her men, could get her off. Her signals, however, saved the *Alexander* and the *Swiftsure* from a similar disaster, and these two ships crowded on all sail to the assistance of their comrades.

The *Swiftsure*, at about half-past eight, clewed up her sails, and opened a heavy fire upon the French admiral at not more than 200 yards' distance; while the *Leander*, at almost the same time, took up a position upon the larboard bow of the *Franklin*, and in spite of her comparative weakness shook the French two-decker from stem to stern with her sweeping broadsides. The *Alexander* now came up swiftly, under a press of sail, and stationed herself on the *Orient's* larboard quarter, but she had scarcely opened her fire when an event occurred which made the boldest hold their breath for a time, and smote into a sudden silence the artillery of both fleets.

It was at a few minutes after nine P.M. that the people of the *Swiftsure* first perceived a fire in the mizen

chains of the *Orient*, and brought as many of their guns as they could to bear upon the flaming deck. Their effect was deadly. The flames crept along the deck, shot up the masts and yards, and wreathed about the rigging, throwing a fearful lurid gleam upon the clouds of battle, and lighting up every ship, both of friend and foe, so as to bring into a strange and even terrible relief their respective colours. At about ten the fire reached the magazines, and the unfortunate three-decker blew up with a startling explosion, which shook the neighbouring ships to their keelsons, and menaced them with a similar fate, from the burning beams and flaming timbers which hurtled on every side.

This terrible catastrophe produced a pause in the battle, and for full ten minutes not a gun was fired on either side. Then the fierce cannonade recommenced, the *Defence* and *Swiftsure* falling heavily upon the *Franklin*, silencing her guns, bringing down her masts, and covering her deck with the dead and wounded. She was soon compelled to strike. At four o'clock, just as the morning was slowly breaking over the vast plains of Egypt, the French frigate *Artémise* hauled down her colours. The *Heureux* and the *Mercure* soon afterwards surrendered; and we may here state, that of the whole French fleet only two line-of-battle ships and two frigates escaped, the *Tonnant*, dismasted and shattered, being taken possession of by a boat from the *Theseus* on the morning of the 3rd, and the *Timoléon* being set on fire by her crew.

Such was the battle of the Nile; one of the most decisive in its results which history records. "It ruined all our hopes," writes a French officer of celebrity; "it prevented our army from receiving the remainder of the forces destined for it; it left the field free for the English to persuade the Porte into hostilities against France; it rekindled the war with the Emperor of Germany, which was hardly extinguished; it opened the Mediterranean to the Russians, and planted them on our fron-

tiers ; it occasioned the loss of Italy, and the invaluable possessions in the Adriatic, which we owed to the successful campaigns of Bonaparte ; and, finally, it rendered abortive at once all our projects, since it was no longer possible for us to dream of giving the English any uneasiness in India."

The loss sustained by the British in this most memorable battle was necessarily severe. The *Goliath*, out of a complement of 584 men and boys, had 21 killed and 41 wounded ; the *Zealous*, 1 killed, 7 wounded ; the *Orion*, 13 killed, 29 wounded ; the *Audacious*, 1 killed, 35 wounded ; the *Theseus*, 5 killed, 30 wounded ; the *Vanguard* (out of 589 men), 30 killed, 76 wounded ; the *Minotaur* (634 men), 23 killed, 64 wounded ; the *Defence* (584 men), 4 killed, 11 wounded ; the *Bellerophon*, 49 killed, 148 wounded ; the *Majestic*, 50 killed, 143 wounded ; the *Swiftsure*, 7 killed, 22 wounded ; the *Alexander*, 14 killed, 58 wounded ; and the *Leander* (338 men), 14 wounded. In all, 218 killed and 678 wounded.

The amount of the French loss is uncertain, but it could not have been less than 2,500 killed and wounded. Amongst the slain were the French commander-in-chief, Vice-Admiral Brueys, who, about eight P.M., received a shot that almost cut him in two. He desired not to be taken below, exclaiming in a firm voice, "Un amiral Français doit mourir sur son banc de quart," and survived the wound only a quarter of an hour. Commodore Casa-Bianca, who was also severely wounded, perished with his gallant son, a lad of only ten years of age, in the explosion of the *Orient*.\*

\* It is supposed that he was below, having his wound dressed, when the catastrophe occurred, and that his son was attending him. A more romantic death for the young Casa-Bianca has, however, been imagined by the poetess, Mrs. Hemans :—

"The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but he had fled ;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

\* \* \*

Honours, rewards, and congratulations were liberally poured out upon the Sea-king whose genius had won so splendid a triumph. The Sultan presented him with a pelisse of sables and an *aigrette* of diamonds,—the two valued at 23,000 dollars. The Czar of Russia, the King of Sardinia, and the mother of the Sultan, rewarded him with gold boxes, set with diamonds. A Turkish Order of the Crescent was instituted, and the English admiral was its first knight. The East India Company voted him a sum of 10,000*l.* The King created him Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, and settled a pension of 3000*l.* per annum upon him and his two next heirs. A new and honourable coat-of-arms was granted to him, bearing the famous motto, "*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*" Both Houses of Parliament voted their thanks to him, his officers, and men. Medals were coined, bonfires were lighted, and the streets of every English city blazed with "festal pomp." The victory of the Nile, or, as the French call it, of Aboukir, was justly considered the greatest success which England had won at sea since the days of Blake.

We have shown that the *Leander*—which in the interest of our theme we have almost forgotten, although professing to devote this chapter to a narrative of her career—did good service at the Nile. She was now selected by Nelson to carry Captain Berry, his

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"The flames roll'd on—he would not go  
Without his father's word;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

\* \* \*

"There came a burst of thunder sound ·  
The boy—ah! where was he?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea!

"With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had done their part;  
But the noblest thing that perish'd there  
Was that young and faithful heart!"

flag-captain, with despatches for Earl St. Vincent, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet, then stationed off Cadiz, and quitted Aboukir Bay on the 6th of August. On the 18th, when lying becalmed within two leagues of the west end of Goza di Candia, she discovered, bearing up from the south-east, with a favourable breeze, an enemy's line-of-battle ship. Being 80 men short of her complement, and having on board a number of the wounded from Nelson's fleet, Captain Thompson was desirous to avoid, if possible, an engagement with an antagonist of such evidently preponderating force; but the *Leander* sailed so badly that he had no alternative but to make the best arrangements he could to receive the enemy. That enemy was one of the two men-of-war that had escaped from the disasters of the Nile; her name was *Le Généreux*, and she mounted no less than 80 heavy guns, throwing a broadside of 1024 lbs. weight. She measured 1926 tons, and was manned by a crew of 936 men. The *Leander*, on the other hand, had but 52 guns, and her broadside weighed only 432 lbs.; her burthen was 1052 tons, and her crew numbered 282 men and boys, including 14 wounded!

At 9 A.M. the *Généreux* had got within half gunshot, and fired a gun ahead of the *Leander*, to which the latter boldly replied with a well-directed broadside. A fierce cannonade now commenced, the two ships still nearing each other, and the *Leander* firing with a precision and an effect which the weakness of her crew rendered the more surprising. At half-past 10, the *Généreux* showed a wish to board her gallant little antagonist, that she might avail herself of her numerical superiority, and the spars and rigging of the latter were so damaged that she was unable to avoid the blow. It fell upon her larboard bow with a crash that "bent double several of the *Leander's* lower-deck ports," and the two ships lay alongside for some time.

But the men of the *Leander* were not disposed to

suffer the masses of the *Généreux* to overwhelm them. The marines on the poop, and the seamen on the quarter-deck, kept up so vigorous a discharge of musketry as to repel every boarding party that attempted to carry the English vessel, while the great guns were still plied with a noble energy. A breeze now arose which enabled the *Généreux* to press ahead of her antagonist, who lay with her mizenmast over the starboard quarter, her foretopmast over the larboard bow, and her rigging cut to pieces. But as the *Généreux* came up in the wind, on the starboard tack, the *Leander*, by a skilful manoeuvre, luffed under her stern, and coolly brought to bear upon her every gun that was not disabled.

Although a large proportion of her crew were now either killed or wounded, the *Leander* continued the unequal struggle with a heroism of which even the naval annals of England afford but few examples. At half-past 3, however, the *Généreux* took advantage of the light winds which sprang up, to place herself on her antagonist's starboard bow, where most of the guns had been rendered unserviceable by the wreck of the fallen spars, and hailed to know whether she had surrendered. Captain Thompson felt that to prolong the contest was but to increase an useless slaughter. His ship was now ungovernable; her hull cut to pieces; her blood bedabbled decks piled with the bodies of the dead or dying. There was no hope of victory over so superior a force, and no chance of escape now that the *Leander* was completely disabled. A pike, with a French jack fluttering from it, was accordingly held out as a token of surrender, and the *Généreux* took possession of her hard-won prize.

In this splendidly-fought action—and one more glorious does not illustrate the history of the British Navy—the *Leander*, out of her 268 serviceable men and boys, lost 35 killed, and 57 wounded. Among the latter were her captain, severely, and Captain Berry,



slightly injured. Altogether, one-third of her crew were put *hors de combat*. The *Généreux* suffered terribly, having between 90 and 100 slain, and 188 wounded; a significant proof of the obstinacy with which this action was fought by the British. It may have been a feeling of soreness at the heavy loss inflicted by so insignificant an opponent that induced the officers, and even the captain of the *Généreux*, to treat their prisoners with brutal harshness. They robbed them of almost all their effects; and it was with difficulty they could be brought to consent that their surgeon should dress Captain Thompson's severe wounds. This ill-treatment continued even after the *Généreux* and her prize had arrived at Corfu, where several of "the Leanders" were detained after the rest had received their parole. When, at a later period, the *Généreux* was blockaded there by a Turco-Russian squadron, her captain, Lejoille, endeavoured to persuade them to assist him in cutting his way through the blockading ships. "No, you French rascal!" cried one of the maintop men; "give us back our little ship, and we'll fight you again till we sink."

After enduring much brutal oppression, Captains Thompson and Berry, with most of their officers, were allowed to return to England on parole. A court-martial was held on the 17th of December, at Sheerness, to inquire into the circumstances attending the capture of the *Leander*. The sentence could but bear one character, and accordingly, it declared that "the gallant and almost unprecedented defence of Captain Thompson, of His Majesty's late ship *Leander*, against so superior a force as that of the *Généreux*, is deserving of every praise his country and this court can give; and that his conduct, with that of the officers and men under his command, reflects not only the highest honour on himself and them, but on their country at large." Captain Thompson soon afterwards received, what he so justly merited, the honour of knighthood from his sovereign.

In the following year, on the 3rd of March, Corfu

surrendered to a Turco-Russian squadron, and the *Leander* falling into the hands of the Emperor of Russia, was by him restored to England.

With one more incident in the *Leander's* career we may close our story.

On the 16th of February 1805, when in lat. 28° N., long. 67° W., the British 12-pounder 32-gun frigate *Cleopatra*, Captain Sir Robert Laurie, Bart., gave chase to the French *Ville-de-Milan*, a frigate of 46 guns, and brought her to action about noon on the 17th. Notwithstanding the preponderance in favour of the *Ville-de-Milan*, the *Cleopatra* fought her with the most determined bravery, nor did she surrender until a fourth of her crew was disabled, her sails and rigging shattered, her masts wounded, and she lay an almost defenceless hulk at the mercy of her opponent. The gallantry of the defence, which lasted upwards of three hours, will be best understood from the following comparison of the relative strength of the two ships:—*Cleopatra*, 19 broadside guns, throwing 282 lbs. weight of shot,—200 men and boys,—689 tons: *Ville-de-Milan*, 23 broadside guns, throwing 340 lbs. weight of metal,—350 men and boys,—and 1097 tons. The *Cleopatra* had 22 killed, and 36 wounded.

The French frigate and her prize now made the best of their way for a French port; but on the 23rd the *Leander* hove in sight, and instantly made sail in pursuit. The *Cleopatra* received a shot from one of the maindeck guns, and then hauled down her colours; the *Ville-de-Milan* did not even wait for a single shot, but surrendered on the approach of the *Leander*, who, with her two prizes, then sailed for England, where she arrived in safety.

This is one of those heroic actions which, as surely as a great victory or successful enterprise, reflect undying lustre upon the annals of the British Navy. Such a defeat is more honourable than many a victory, and is as worthy of a nation's gratitude.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE STORY OF THE "DREADNOUGHT."

[Time of Service : From 1803 to 1860.

Strength : 2,119 tons, 98 guns, and 750 men.]

"An order is blown from ship to ship ;  
All round and round it rings ;  
And each sailor is stirred  
By the warlike word,  
And his jacket he downwards flings.

"What follows?—a puff, and a flash of light,  
And the booming of a gun ;  
And a scream, that shoots  
To the heart's red roots,  
And we know that a fight's begun."—*Barry Cornwall.*

ON the 17th of May 1803, Admiral the Honourable William Cornwallis, having his flag on board the new 98-gun ship *Dreadnought*, sailed from Cawsand Bay, with a fleet of ten men-of-war and frigates, to cruise off Ushant, and observe the movements of the French ships lying in Brest Harbour. On the 9th of July the admiral shifted his flag to the 112-gun ship *Ville-de-Paris*, but the *Dreadnought* still continued to form a part of the blockading squadron, and such was the vigilance of the English admiral that summer waned into autumn, and autumn died away into winter, and yet the French fleet durst make no attempt to put to sea. One Christmas-day, however, the violent south-west winds, which with but few short intervals had blown for several weeks, had increased to such a hurricane that the blockading ships were constrained to withdraw from their posts of observation, and retire for safety into their various ports.

In 1805 the *Dreadnought* was selected by Vice-Admiral Collingwood as his flag-ship, and with two other sail of the line cruised for many months in the vicinity of Cadiz and Gibraltar. On the 20th of August, Collingwood was driven from his cruising-ground by the arrival of the Franco-Spanish fleet of 29 sail of the line, under Vice-Admiral Villeneuve; but being joined at midnight by the 70-gun ship *Mars*, he gallantly resumed his station off Cadiz, though in that famous harbour lay Villeneuve's fleet, and six other Spanish ships previously at anchor there.

On the 22nd of August Collingwood was reinforced by four sail of the line under Rear-Admiral Bickerton, whose ill health, however, constrained him to return immediately to England. On the 30th, Sir Robert Calder joined with eighteen line-of-battle ships, and thus reinforced Collingwood continued to blockade Villeneuve in Cadiz Harbour, until the evening of the 28th of September, when Lord Nelson arrived to assume the chief command. He brought with him the *Victory*, *Ajax*, and *Thunderer*, which, with five sail of the line under Rear-Admiral Louis, augmented the British fleet to 27 men-of-war. On the 7th of October, the *Defiance* arrived, and on the 8th the *Leviathan*; but Rear-Admiral Louis and his squadron having been despatched by Nelson to Gibraltar for provisions and water, the British fleet was now reduced to 24 ships. Between the 9th and 13th it was increased to 29 by the arrival of the *Royal Sovereign*, *Belleisle*, *Africa*, and *Agamemnon*; and again reduced to 27 by the departure of Sir Robert Calder in the *Prince of Wales* for England, and the *Donegal* for Gibraltar. Collingwood now shifted his flag from the *Dreadnought*, which was a remarkably dull sailer, to the 100-gun ship *Royal Sovereign*, taking with him Captain Rotherham, whose place on board the *Dreadnought* was filled by Captain John Conn, a gallant and zealous officer.

The particulars of the great victory of Trafalgar we

have already narrated, and we have here only to concern ourselves with the share which the *Dreadnought* bore in that memorable battle. Owing to her slow rate of sailing, she did not get into action until about two P.M., or nearly two hours after the *Royal Sovereign* had fired her first broadside, and she then engaged the *San Juan Nepomuceno*, a Spanish 74, then surrounded by the *Principe-de-Asturias*, *San Justo*, and the French 80-gun ship *Indomptable*. The *San Juan* had already been engaged by the *Defiance*, *Tonnant*, and *Bellerophon*, and was ill able to contend for any length of time with the powerful English three-decker. After a few terrific broadsides, the *Dreadnought* ran aboard of her, and in fifteen minutes' time the Spanish flag was struck, and the union-jack flung out its victorious folds. The *Dreadnought* then pushed ahead to grapple with the *Principe-de-Asturias*, a Spanish 112-gun ship, and opened fire upon her; but after exchanging two or three broadsides, in the course of which the Spanish Admiral Gravina lost his left arm, the *Principe* crowded on all sail, and contrived to effect her escape from her dangerous opponent.

In these engagements the *Dreadnought* had her masts riddled with shot, but none cut away. She lost 6 seamen and 1 marine killed; a lieutenant, 2 midshipmen, 19 seamen, and 4 marines wounded. Her prize, the *San Juan*, was dismasted, and terribly shattered in the hull, and her loss in killed and wounded amounted to nearly 300. The *Principe-de-Asturias*, in her contest with the *Dreadnought*, and other British ships, had her masts so damaged that the next gale carried away both the main and mizen, and she lost 40 men killed and 107 badly wounded. Admiral Gravina's arm was amputated, but he speedily sank under his sufferings.

In September 1810, the *Dreadnought* was cruising off the coast of France, under the flag of Rear-Admiral Sotheby, when she received intelligence (on the 7th) that a ship was among the rocks on the west side of Ushant. Making all sail to the eastward, she dis-

covered, at dusk, on the following day, a vessel lying at anchor in a small creek; and Rear-Admiral Sotheby determined upon cutting her out with his boats as soon as morning dawned.

At daybreak, therefore, on the 9th, seven boats, well armed and fully manned, were despatched under the orders of Lieutenant Thomas Pettmann. On approaching within gunshot of the shore, they were met with a heavy fire of musketry from a body of troops lying *perdu* among the rocks, and two 4-pounder field-pieces mounted on the beach. But the sight of the French soldiers, and the rattle of their guns, served but to lend fresh energy to the British, who bent to their oars with a will, and pulled, in face of the swift and crashing fire, towards the ship, up whose sides they swarmed in a moment, flung themselves on her deck, overpowered her crew, and hauled down her colours. Immediately, from a precipice which almost overhung the ship, swept the fire of 600 soldiers, pouring into the boats and rattling along the vessel's deck, while the British could but reply with the ineffectual shot of an 18-pounder carronade. Two of the boats drifted ashore, but the British still held possession of their prize, and got her out of the creek, though with a loss of not less than 6 killed, 31 wounded, and 6 missing. She proved to be a Spanish merchant-ship, the *Maria Antonia*, who had been captured by a French privateer but a few days previously. The latter lay, "an apparently unconcerned spectator" of the recapture, in another creek, at about a mile apart, but we do not find that Rear-Admiral Sotheby made any attempt upon her.

In 1821, the *Dreadnought* was converted into a hospital-ship for seamen of all nations, and moored in the river Thames off Greenwich. She fulfilled this service for upwards of thirty years, when her place was taken by the *Caledonia*, but the old name is still preserved. The arrangements on board this floating hospital are admirably adapted to secure the comfort, and





COLLINGWOOD.

See THE STORY OF THE 'DREADNOUGHT.'—Page 202.



promote the convalescence, of her inmates; and separate wards are provided for fever cases and accidents, for the officers, the resident medical men, and attendants. Supported by voluntary subscriptions, several foreign sovereigns contribute to its funds, which, it must be remembered, are administered for the benefit of seamen of *all* nations. Upwards of 80,000 sailors have been relieved on board since its establishment. Between 2,500 and 3,000 are admitted every year, while medical advice and drugs are also placed at the disposal of about 2,000 out-patients. From 180 to 200 are generally on board at one time; and, from their varieties of race and language, they render a visit to the Floating Hospital an incident of no ordinary interest. Nor can the imagination fail to be impressed by this curious transformation of a vessel of war into an asylum for the diseased and feeble. The ports no longer frown with "fatal ordnance," but, neatly glazed and framed, admit the light of heaven upon the couch of the invalid or the convalescent. The deck is no longer trodden by the busy feet of armed men, but echoes beneath the faltering tread of the enfeebled seaman. No magazine of shot and shell and powder now occupies the hold. The only stores are provisions and drugs, and comforts and even luxuries, for the unfortunates whom she shelters. The war-ship, which in the old battle-time spoke from peak and stern and frowning broadside a message of defiance, now calmly lies on the gliding Thames to fulfil a mission of love and mercy; and beneath her union-jack the Lascar, and the Malay, and the Chinese, shuddering in the bleak freshness of our English climate, as well as the shrewd Greek of the Levant or the hardy sailor of the Northern Seas, find help in their need, and relief in their anguish. Therefore, let all true English boys, as they pass in the shadow of the noble vessel, exclaim, with earnest hearts, "God speed the *Dreadnought!*"

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE STORY OF THE "SHANNON."

[Period of Service : Reign of George III.  
Strength : 38 guns, 306 men, and 1,066 tons.]

"And, as the war they did provoke,  
We'll pay them with our cannon;  
The first to do it will be Broke,  
In the gallant ship the *Shannon*."—*Naval Chronicle*.

OF all contentions the strife which arises between father and child, or sister and brother, — between those of the same blood,—between hearts and minds linked together by the indissoluble ties of Nature, —has ever been regarded by mankind with the utmost horror. Against household treason or domestic enmity the soul instinctively rebels, and we feel as if our common humanity were outraged by crimes so unholy and unnatural. And so, too, civil war is of all warfare the most detestable, because it sets face to face in deadly array those who should be united by a community of language, religion, law, and sentiment.

All thinking men, therefore, witnessed with regret the hostilities which broke out in 1812 between England and the United States. The apparent cause of quarrel was trivial. England, waging a desperate struggle for her very existence with armed Europe, whose resources were directed against her by the genius of Napoleon, was not able to be very delicate in the measures which she devised to protect her coasts and maintain her supremacy at sea. She, therefore, claimed the right to search American ships, and to take from them English sailors who had deserted from the Royal Navy. But as

the marine of the United States, then as now, was largely composed of English seamen, the "right of search" threatened, if resolutely carried out, to deal its prosperity a heavy blow. The American government, consequently, resolved to dispute it; and selected, with happy shrewdness, the moment when the energies of her opponent were almost wholly absorbed in her desperate struggle with Imperial France. But they had another object, a richer prize, in view,—that prosperous and loyal Canada, upon which the American Eagle has always fixed so hungry an eye. No concessions which the British Government could honourably offer were able to appease the hostile spirit of the United States. They were determined to flesh their maiden sword against their mother-country, and trusted to aggrandise themselves at the expense of the great empire which had bred and nurtured them. War was, therefore, declared against "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" on the 18th of June 1812.

England had so long regarded her naval supremacy as indisputable, and had been rendered so confident by a long series of ocean-victories, that at first she treated the American war with undisguised contempt. On the other hand, the Americans introduced into their military operations the same "smartness" which characterised their commercial dealings, and aware of the importance of damaging the world's belief in English invincibility, they quickly put to sea several powerful men-of-war, heavily armed, and fully manned, which they nevertheless designated "frigates" and "sloops." It was, then, with a burst of indignation, wrath, and wonder that England heard of disgrace after disgrace, disaster upon disaster,—of English frigates captured by American frigates, and English sloops by American sloops, until it seemed as if the boasted prowess of our sailors had suddenly disappeared, and the knell of England's power was to be rung by her youthful and aggressive offspring. The war-spirit which had hitherto slumbered

in the Saxon heart shot up into a sudden flame, and from north to south, and east to west, went forth the cry that the honour of England must be avenged. It was while public feeling was thus unnaturally excited that a single ship restored the old and just belief in our maritime renown. That ship was the frigate *Shannon*, whose gallant encounter with the *Chesapeake* is one of the most stirring episodes in all our naval history.

The *Shannon* was a fine frigate, of 38 guns, and 1,066 tons, commissioned in September 1806 by Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke,—an officer of acknowledged merit, and not only of dauntless courage but of great experience. Battles are not won by mere valour alone. The arms win little, if the brain does not direct. And Captain Broke, from the day he entered on the command of the *Shannon*, was not content to trust only to the undoubted pluck of English sailors, but by constant exercise and steady discipline he rendered them effective gunners and skilful swordsmen.

After several years' service in the Channel and Mediterranean the *Shannon*, in August 1811, was ordered to the North American station. She was there when the war broke out; and as the news of successive captures of English ships reached her gallant captain's ears, ardently did he long for an opportunity of proving what English seamen could do, if the terms were not too unequal, and they were efficiently led. No opportunity, however, presented itself for many months.

On the 21st March 1813, Captain Broke sailed from Halifax in company with a frigate of the same size, the *Tenedos*, commanded by an equally zealous officer, Captain Hyde Parker. Looking into Boston Harbour, the two British captains saw to their great delight the two heavily-armed United States' frigates, the *President* and the *Congress*, ready for sea. Notwithstanding the disparity of force they resolved if possible to engage the Americans, and took up a station off the harbour to

intercept their escape. Meanwhile, by another channel, the American 36-gun frigate *Chesapeake* had run into port.

During a thick fog, on the 1st of May, the two Americans contrived to elude the vigilance of their sentinels and put out to sea; and the English captains had the mortification of finding only the *Chesapeake* left in harbour. They were too brave to think of opposing their united strength to a single frigate, and, moreover, it was evident that the *Chesapeake* would hardly venture from her place of shelter to encounter two British ships of war. Captain Broke, therefore, as senior officer, ordered the *Tenedos* to proceed on a cruise, with instructions not to rejoin him until the 14th of June.

Let us now compare the relative strength of the two frigates—the watcher and the watched. We take our details from the admirable Naval History of Mr. James:—

## COMPARATIVE FORCE OF THE TWO FRIGATES.

|                       | <i>Shannon</i> , English,<br>Captain P. V. Broke. | <i>Chesapeake</i> , American,<br>Captain Lawrence. |
|-----------------------|---|--|
| Broadside guns . . .  | 25  | 25   |
| Weight of metal . . . | 538 lbs.  | 590 lbs.   |
| Crew (men only) . . . | 306   | 376  |
| Size, in tons . . .   | 1,066   | 1,135  |

The superiority, therefore, such as it was, decidedly rested with the American vessel, which not only threw a heavier broadside but made use of star, and chain shot, and other missiles, to which the English never resorted. Of the American crew it may be added, eleven-twelfths—an unusual proportion—were native Americans.

The *Shannon* continued cruising in Boston Roads during the month of May, her gallant captain receiving no answer to the numerous verbal challenges he had despatched to Captain Lawrence. On the first of June he resolved to send a message in writing, apprehending

that the verbal messages had miscarried. He accordingly addressed the following remarkable letter to the captain of the *Chesapeake* :—

“ On board the *Shannon*, June 1, 1813.

“ SIR,

“ As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags.

“ The *Shannon* mounts 24 guns upon her broadside, and one light boat gun,—18-pounders upon her main deck, and 32-pound carronades on her quarter-deck and fore-castle,—and is manned with a complement of 300 men and boys, besides 30 seamen, boys, and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake*, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both noble motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combats* that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect.

“ Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay longer here.

“ PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE.”

“ To Captain James Lawrence, U.S.N.,  
of the *Chesapeake*.”

This letter was intrusted to one Captain Slocum, a discharged prisoner, but it never reached Captain Lawrence, for shortly after he had quitted the *Shannon*,—

which, with colours flying, stood in close to Boston lighthouse, and lay to,—the *Chesapeake* was observed to get under way, and sail out of the harbour with a fair wind, accompanied by numerous pleasure-boats, whose occupants anticipated the luxury of seeing a British frigate captured. The captain of the *Chesapeake*, Captain Lawrence, was a good sailor and a gallant man, and had already distinguished himself while in command of the *Hornet* by capturing the British 18-gun brig *Peacock*. His crew was composed of picked men, who had sailed together for upwards of two years; and consequently the good people of Boston looked upon an easy triumph as certain, and prepared to celebrate their victory by illuminations and bonfires.

From noon to five o'clock P.M. was occupied in various manœuvres, which brought the two ships out at sea. Boston lighthouse bearing west, distant about six leagues. The *Shannon* now hauled up, with her head to the southward and eastward, and lay-to, under light sail, for the *Chesapeake* to come within range. She carried at the fore a union-jack, "an old rusty blue ensign at the mizen peak," and, in case either of these should be shot away, an ensign on the main stay and another in the main rigging, all rolled up and stopped, in readiness to be cast loose. The *Chesapeake* was very gay with bunting: she had three ensigns flying, at the mizen royal mast-head, at the peak, and in the main rigging, while at the fore she displayed a large white flag, inscribed "Sailors' Rights and Free Trade,"—a commercial motto which the Americans deemed sufficient to shake the allegiance of British seamen.

At forty minutes past five, Captain Lawrence brought his frigate within about fifty yards of the *Shannon's* star-board quarter, squared his mainyard, and gave three cheers. At fifty minutes, the action begun, the first shot being fired from the *Shannon*, followed by a dropping fire, until at the thirteenth gun, the *Chesapeake* took up the dreadful game, and both ships poured in

their broadsides with a fearful crash. The efficiency of the *Shannon's* crew, in gunnery, now amply rewarded Captain Broke for the labour he had bestowed upon their instruction. Every shot made its mark, and the steersmen of the *Chesapeake* being killed, she fell so sharp to the wind as completely to lay her open to the sweep of the *Shannon's* fire. The shot poured along her unprotected deck, crashing in her stern ports, and driving the men from their quarters.

At this stage of the battle it seemed as if the *Chesapeake* was attempting to haul off from her dangerous opponent, whom she found a more difficult morsel to digest than she had anticipated. To prevent this manœuvre, Captain Broke luffed up nearer to her, but losing the jib-stay was unable to wear round, and consequently the two ships fell aboard one another. This occurred at six o'clock P.M.

“ Captain Broke ”—to use the words of the historian James—“ now ran forward; and observing the *Chesapeake's* men deserting the quarter-deck guns, he ordered the two ships to be lashed together, the great guns to cease firing, the main-deck boarders to be called, and Lieutenant Watt, then first lieutenant, to bring up the quarter-deck men, who were all boarders. While zealously employed outside the bulwark of the *Shannon*, making the *Chesapeake* fast to her, the veteran boatswain, Mr. Stevens (he had fought in Rodney's action), had his left arm hacked off with repeated sabre cuts, and was mortally wounded by musketry. The midshipman commanding on the forecastle was also mortally wounded.” Accompanied by the remaining forecastle party, about twenty in number, Captain Broke, at 6 h. 2 m. P.M., leaped upon the quarter-deck of the United States' frigate.

Neither officer nor seaman was met with upon the quarter-deck, but in the gangways about thirty Americans were collected, who offered a slight resistance. These were soon driven by the British cutlasses towards the





BROKE.

See THE STORY OF THE 'SHANNON.'—Page 210.



forecastle. Some attempted to escape down the fore-hatchway, several fled over the bow, and others leaped into the sea. The remainder gave up their arms, and acknowledged themselves prisoners.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Watt and Lieutenant Falkiner, with a party of marines and seamen, had followed Captain Broke in his daring adventure. Just as Lieutenant Watt stepped on the *Chesapeake's* taffrail he was shot in the foot, but quickly recovering himself, he ordered Lieutenant Johns, of the Marines, to point one of the *Shannon's* nine-pounders at the enemy's top. Lieutenant Falkiner, with his marines, during this incident, had rushed forward to keep back those of the Americans, who were attempting to force a passage by the main hatchway; while another party replied to the destructive musketry which was falling upon them from the *Chesapeake's* main and mizen tops. But two of the *Shannon's* midshipmen, with five topmen, soon drove the enemy from those advantageous positions.

After the Americans upon the fore-castle had surrendered, Captain Broke placed a sentry over them, and despatched the rest of his men aft, where a contest was still being maintained. While giving some necessary orders, the sentry cried out to him to be on his guard, and the Captain, turning round, discovered that three of the Americans had treacherously armed themselves afresh, and were preparing to attack him. He parried the pike of one of them, and dealt him a wound in the face, but another struck him a blow with the butt-end of a musket, which bared his skull, and nearly stunned him. The third took advantage of his defencelessness to cut him down with his broadsword, but was himself cut down and slain, immediately afterwards, by Mindham, one of the *Shannon's* seamen. Mr. Smith, a midshipman, Mindham, and another now helped their commander on his legs, and Mindham, while binding round his bleeding head a handkerchief, pointed aft, and cried, "Hurrah, sir, hurrah! Yonder goes up the

brave old ensign over the Yankee colours!" Yes: the *Chesapeake* was the prize of the English frigate *Shannon*.

It is singular that this act of victory, the hoisting of the British over the American colours, should have proved fatal to the *Shannon's* lieutenant, and at the hands of his own countrymen! Lieutenant Watt, after recovering from the sudden shock of his wound, hailed the *Shannon*, and directed her to level a nine-pounder at the American frigate's mizen-top. He then called for an English ensign, and hauling down the American colours, bent the English flag *below* instead of *above* it, the halliards being tangled. When the *Shannon's* crew observed the Stripes and Stars ascending first, they naturally re-opened their fire, and aiming their guns "with their accustomed precision," unfortunately killed the gallant Watt, and four or five of their comrades. The mistake was soon rectified, but this grievous loss could not be repaired.

The final incidents of this famous fight are thus recorded by Mr. James:—

"An unexpected fire of musketry," he says, "opened by the Americans who had fled to the hold, killed a fine young marine, William Young. On this, Lieutenant Falkiner, who was sitting on the booms, very properly directed three or four muskets, that were ready, to be fired down. Captain Broke, from his seat upon a caronade-slide, told Lieutenant Falkiner to summon the Americans in the hold to surrender, if they desired quarter. The lieutenant did so. The Americans replied, 'We surrender;' and all hostilities ceased. The *Shannon* was now about one hundred yards astern of the *Chesapeake*, or rather upon her larboard quarter. To enable the *Shannon* to close, Captain Broke ordered the *Chesapeake's* main-yard to be braced flat aback, and her foresail to be hauled close up. Almost immediately afterwards Captain Broke's senses failed him from loss of blood; and the *Shannon's* jolly-boat just then arriving

with a fresh supply of men, he was conveyed on board his own ship."

This action was fought in about twenty minutes, and from the first the chances were all in favour of the English frigate, which was skilfully as well as gallantly handled by Captain Broke. Captain Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*, was mortally wounded at the very commencement, and the loss in killed and wounded sustained by the Americans in so short an action was terrible. Out of a crew of 386 men and boys, she lost, according to the American account, 47 killed, besides her first and fourth lieutenants and her captain and 11 others, mortally wounded; and 99 wounded, though the total that reported themselves more or less injured to the *Shannon's* surgeon were actually 115. Altogether, 160 to 170, or more than three-eighths of her crew, were placed *hors de combat*. The *Shannon's* aggregate was 83, or one-fourth, put *hors de combat* out of a crew of 330 men and boys; that is, 24 killed and 59 wounded.

The Americans were well aware that most of the successes of the British against foreign vessels of a superior force had been obtained by their alacrity and *élan* in boarding. To prevent such a catastrophe (which, after all, took place) on board the *Chesapeake*, a barrel of unslacked lime with the head open was stationed on the forecastle, that the Americans might fling it by handfuls in the faces of their antagonists. But, by a just retribution, one of the first shot fired by the *Shannon* struck the cask, and hurled its contents "over the faces and into the eyes" of the projectors of this nefarious contrivance.

Having repaired the damages done to both vessels, the English frigate and her prize made sail for Halifax, whose noble harbour they entered on the 6th, with colours flying, and amid the hearty cheers of the inhabitants. Here Captain Lawrence was buried with all the honours so gallant a seaman deserved; but a few weeks later, the body was removed, by permission of

the British government, to be interred in its native country.

The moral effect of this memorable action, both in England and America, was immense: it restored confidence to the public mind of Great Britain, while it proved to the Americans that they were by no means able to contend with English sailors when the terms were at all equal. We do not doubt but that if a parri- cidal war should again—which God forbid!—break out between the mother-country and the commonwealth nurtured of her strength and bred from her loins, our seamen would still maintain the honour of the Red Cross, and repeat, if necessary, that gallant encounter between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, which, in the stirring times of the great war, fired with patriotic ardour the hearts of our forefathers, and reasserted our sovereignty of the seas!

We condense, from Mr. James's pages, the following Summary of the principal actions fought at sea between the English and the Americans in the war of 1812-1816. It is not without a moral, if attentively considered:—

1812. June 23.—Between the *Belvidera*, English, 36 guns, 946 tons, and 230 men; and the *President*, American, 56 guns, 1540 tons, and 475 men, accompanied by the 36-gun frigate *Congress*. After a severe action, and a fifteen hours' chase, the *Belvidera* got into Halifax.

August 13.—The *Essex*, American, 46 guns, 328 men, and 827 tons, and the English 16-gun ship-sloop *Alert*, 86 men. The *Alert* was captured.

August 19.—The *Guerrière*, 48 guns, English, and the American frigate *Constitution*. The *Guerrière* was captured. Here is a table of the comparative force of the combatants:—

|                           | <i>Guerrière.</i> | <i>Constitution.</i> |
|---------------------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| Broadside guns . . . . .  | 24                | 28                   |
| Weight of metal . . . . . | 517 lbs.          | 768 lbs.             |
| Crew (men only) . . . . . | 244               | 460                  |
| Tonnage . . . . .         | 1,092             | 1,533                |

October 18.—Between the *Frolic*, English, 18-gun sloop, and the American *Wasp*, 18 gun sloop. The *Frolic* was captured, after severe fighting. Relative force, as follows :—

|                         | <u><i>Frolic.</i></u> | <u><i>Wasp.</i></u> |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Broadside guns . . . .  | 9                     | 9                   |
| Weight of metal . . . . | 262 lbs.              | 268 lbs.            |
| Crew . . . . .          | 92                    | 138                 |
| Tonnage . . . . .       | 384                   | 434                 |

After the action the 74-gun ship *Poictiers*, English, hove in sight, recaptured the *Frolic*, and captured the *Wasp*.

October 12.—The American frigate *United States*, 56 guns, and the British *Macedonian*, 48 guns. After a desperate action, in which the *Macedonian* lost 36 killed and 68 wounded, she was compelled to surrender to her powerful opponent, which, though called a frigate, was in reality a formidable man-of-war. Relative force :—

|                         | <u><i>Macedonian.</i></u> | <u><i>United States.</i></u> |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| Broadside guns . . . .  | 24                        | 28                           |
| Weight of metal . . . . | 528 lbs.                  | 864 lbs.                     |
| Crew . . . . .          | 254                       | 474                          |
| Tonnage . . . . .       | 1,081                     | 1,533                        |

December 29.—The English 46-gun frigate *Java*, and the American *Constitution*, 56 guns. The *Java* had a crew of 397 men and boys, mostly inexperienced landsmen, who had never before been at sea. The *Constitution* was manned by 460 able seamen. The *Java* was captured.

1813. February 14.—Between the American *Hornet* and British *Peacock*. The latter was sunk. Relative force :—

|                         | <u><i>Peacock.</i></u> | <u><i>Hornet.</i></u> |
|-------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Broadside guns . . . .  | 9                      | 10                    |
| Weight of metal . . . . | 192 lbs.               | 297 lbs.              |
| Crew . . . . .          | 110                    | 162                   |
| Tonnage . . . . .       | 386                    | 460                   |

June 1.—Between the English *Shannon*, and American *Chesapeake*, as already detailed.

August 12.—Between the British *Pelican*, 18 guns, and the American *Argus*, 20 guns. Crew of the former, 101 men and 12 boys; of the latter, 122 men and 3 boys. The American was captured.

September 5.—Between the English 14-gun brig-sloop *Boxer*, and the American 16-gun brig *Enterprise*; the former was captured. The English crew consisted of only 60 men and 6 boys; the American, 120 men.

1814. March 28.—Between the American 32-gun frigate *Essex*, and the British 36-gun frigate *Phoebe*. The *Essex* was captured.

April 29.—Between the British 18-gun brig-sloop *Epervier*, and the American 22-gun ship-sloop *Peacock*. The *Epervier* had but 101 men on board, including blacks and foreigners; the *Peacock* had a crew of 185 picked seamen. The *Epervier* was captured.

June 28th.—Between the British 18-gun brig-sloop *Reindeer*, and the American 22-gun ship-sloop *Wasp*. After a most heroic defence, the *Reindeer* was captured.

September 1.—Between the British 18-gun brig-sloop *Avon*, and the American 22-gun ship-sloop *Wasp*. The *Avon* had but 104 men on board. She was sunk in the action, but her crew saved by the British 18-gun brig-sloop *Castilian*, on whose arrival on the scene the *Wasp* made all sail in escape.

February 23.—Between the 46-gun frigate *Pique*, with a crew of 284 men, and the American *Constitution*, 56 guns, and 480 men. The *Constitution* escaped.

1815. January 15.—Between the American frigate *President* and the English *Endymion*, accompanied by the *Pomone* and *Tenedos*. The action was fought by the *Endymion*, but the *President* surrendered to the *Pomone*. The *President's* broadside-guns were 28, throwing metal of the weight of 852 lbs.; and her crew consisted of 465 men. The *Endymion's* 24 broadside-guns only threw 664 lbs., and she had but 319 men.



## CHAPTER XV.

## THE STORY OF THE "VICTORY."

[Period of Service : 1765 to 1863.

Strength : 102 guns, 2164 tons, and 841 men.]

"Heav'n that hath plac'd this island to give law,  
To balance Europe, and its states to awe,  
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,  
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle."—*Waller*.

THE *Victory*, a three-decker, nominally carrying 100, but really 102 guns, and of 2,164 tons burthen, was launched in 1765; but we shall commence our story of her career in 1793, when Vice-Admiral Lord Hood hoisted his flag on board of her in command of a powerful fleet destined to act in the Mediterranean. This fleet consisted of two 100-gun ships (the *Victory* and the *Britannia*), three 98's, twelve 74's, and four 64's, besides frigates and sloops. It was more immediately destined against Toulon, where the authorities of Revolutionary France had got ready for sea an armada of seventeen sail of the line (one 120-gun ship, one 80, and fifteen 74's), besides corvettes, frigates, and brigs; and where, it was known, four sail of the line (a 120, an 80, and two 74's) were refitting, two 80's and seven 74's repairing, and two or three others building. But the British Government were aware that in Toulon itself there existed a strong feeling of loyalty towards the exiled Bourbons, that the chief in command of the French fleet was a monarchist, and that the crews of several ships were influenced by anti-republican sympathies. This division of parties encouraged the Government to furnish Lord Hood with full powers for the

occupation of Toulon, and the effectual assistance of the Bourbonist faction.

After some preliminary negotiations, the French fleet was handed over to the British admiral, and Toulon occupied by British troops, who were speedily reinforced by detachments of Royalist emigrants, Spaniards, Sardinians, and Neapolitans. The French Republic, however, was indisposed to permit so opulent a city and so important a harbour to remain in the possession of the Allies, and soon assembled, for their recapture, a powerful force, whose artillery was under the direction of a young officer, as yet unknown to France herself, but soon to be feared and wondered at by all Europe, Napoleon Bonaparte. The besieging army, under General Dugommier, numbered not less than 45,000 men. The English and their allies could scarcely muster 13,000, and these had to be distributed over a line of defence exceeding fifteen miles in length. After various disasters, an attack in force, made by the French on the night of the 17th, forced the British to retire towards the shore, and it soon became evident that Toulon was no longer tenable. Lord Hood, and his colleagues, accordingly determined upon its evacuation, which was effected without loss, — 14,877 Toulonese (men, women, and children) being received on board the British ships for removal to England. The magazines, storehouses, and shipping were destroyed by fire—a dangerous service skilfully performed by the heroic Sir Sidney Smith—and fifteen ships of war, of different dimensions, were carried away as trophies by the British.

After the evacuation of Toulon, the *Victory* and the rest of the fleet lay in the Bay of Hyères, taking on board supplies of wine and provisions. While remaining in this anchorage, Lord Hood received information which induced him to believe that Corsica might easily be recovered from the French Republicans; and as the harbour of San Fiorenzo was one of great value as a point of rendezvous for British squadrons in the Mediterra-

nean, Lord Hood and Major-General Dundas determined, with the troops on board the fleet, to attempt the enterprise. It was known that a powerful party in Corsica, headed by General Paoli, would receive the British with an enthusiastic welcome; and accordingly, on the 24th of January 1794, the fleet, consisting of sixty sail, including transports, weighed anchor and steered for the Bay of San Fiorenzo.

On the 25th they encountered a violent storm, in which the *Victory*, and several of her companions, were seriously damaged, and, on the 29th, contrived to make the harbour of Porto Ferrajo, in the island of Elba. Three 74's, with the transports and two frigates, were then despatched to the west coast of Corsica. The troops, under Major-General Dundas, were landed, and after some fierce fighting the town of San Fiorenzo surrendered to the British; thus rendering available for the British fleet one of the finest harbours in the Mediterranean.

Elate with this success, Lord Hood endeavoured to persuade Major-General Dundas to lay siege to Bastia, the principal city of Corsica; but the design seeming impracticable to that pedantic pigtail, resolved upon making the attempt with the fleet alone. On the 4th, he appeared off Bastia, and landed his marines and some other troops, and a detachment of seamen, under Captain Horatio Nelson, numbering in all 1,248 officers and men, besides an equal force of Corsican Royalists, under General Paoli. On the 11th the British batteries opened fire. On the 21st of May, after a siege of forty-one days, the town and citadel, and the intrenchments on the neighbouring heights, surrendered, with a loss to the English of only 14 killed and 40 wounded or missing. "I am all astonishment," wrote Nelson, "when I reflect on what we have achieved. 1,000 regulars, 1,500 national guards, and a large body of Corsican troops, 4,000 in all, laying down their arms to 1,200 soldiers, marines, and seamen! I was always

of opinion, have ever acted up to it, and never had any reason to repent it, that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen. Had this been an English town, I am sure it would not have been taken by them."

The capture of Calvi followed, where Nelson lost his eye. Corsica was united by a vote of its National Assembly to the crown of England, and Sir Gilbert Elliott took upon himself the government as His Majesty's viceroy. Meanwhile, Lord Hood, having received intelligence that the Toulon fleet had put to sea, left Corsica with thirteen sail of the line and four frigates in swift pursuit (June 5th), intrusting the conduct of the operations on the Corsican coast to Nelson. Hood gained sight of the French on the 10th, and signalled for the British fleet to make all sail in chase, but the enemy succeeded in getting into Gourjean Bay, where the British were prevented from following him by a succession of calms and adverse winds. Finding that he could neither get at the enemy, nor draw him from his shelter, Lord Hood left there a blockading force of nine line-of-battle ships and four frigates, and with the *Victory*, the *Princess Royal*, and two 74's, returned to Calvi. There he was afterwards joined by Vice-Admiral Hotham,—the French squadron having eluded his vigilance, owing to the stormy state of the weather,—and early in November he returned home in the *Victory*, broken with the fatigues of a long and exhausting cruise.

In the spring of the year 1795, the *Victory*, Captain Knight, was despatched with several other line-of-battle ships to augment the fleet, under Vice-Admiral Hotham, in the Mediterranean. They joined on the 14th of June, under the orders of Rear-Admiral Mann, who was then on board the *Cumberland*, 74, but shifted his flag to the *Victory* on the 8th of July, when the whole British fleet made sail in pursuit of the French, under Vice-Admiral Martin. The latter had under his orders one 120-gun

ship, two 80's, fourteen 74's, six frigates, and two corvettes: Hotham, two 100's, four 98's, one 80, fourteen 74's, two 64's, three frigates, and three sloops—a decided preponderance of force, which ought to have secured the most decisive results. Hotham was “a good man,” as Nelson said, but “took things too coolly.” He had neither energy nor enterprise, and lacked that special qualification without which no man can become a hero, *the courage to dare*.

On the 13th, the French fleet was sighted off the Hyères, endeavouring to escape under a press of sail. Admiral Hotham accordingly made the signal for a general chase, and for his ships to take up suitable positions for their mutual support, and engage the enemy as they came up with him in succession. British captains are never slow to obey these well-known signals, and soon every vessel was reeling under all the canvas she could possibly carry. But they sailed so loosely that nearly six miles intervened between the van-ship and the rearmost.

At half-past twelve, the three French war-ships and the three most advanced of the British (the *Victory*, the *Culloden*, and the *Cumberland*) opened fire; and the *Cumberland*, getting alongside of the *Alcide*, soon compelled her to surrender. The British ships, meanwhile, were rapidly coming up, when to the surprise, ay, and to the disgust of their commanders, the admiral threw out the signal to discontinue the action. The *Cumberland*, who was now in the thick of the fight, would not see it, and twice it had to be repeated by the *Victory* before she unwillingly obeyed it. In this “miserable action” the *Victory* lost five men killed and fifteen wounded. Nor did the British fleet bear away even a single trophy, for the *Alcide*, after she had struck, caught fire, and blew up, with the loss of fully half her crew. Had Nelson been commander-in-chief on this occasion, who doubts but that almost every ship of the enemy would have hauled down her colours

to the British? For twenty-three British line-of-battle ships to suffer seventeen French to escape them was a disgrace of which the nation did not fail to show itself keenly sensible. Vice-Admiral Hotham was recalled, and struck his flag on the 1st of November, being immediately succeeded in his command by Vice-Admiral Sir Hyde Parker. On the 20th, the fleet anchored in San Fiorenzo Bay, and on the 30th the *Lively* frigate arrived from England with Admiral Sir John Jervis on board as commander-in-chief on the Mediterranean station. Sir John shifted his flag to the *Victory* on the 3rd of December, and on the 13th sailed with his fleet for Toulon. During the remainder of the year he continued to cruise between that port and the Isle of Minorca.

The year 1796 opened in cloud and shadow. The fires of war were rapidly embracing the whole civilized world in their fatal circle; and England found herself called upon to make the most strenuous efforts if she would secure her own independence, and prevent half Europe from falling under the despotism of Republican France. Happily, she was well served by those in whom she put her trust, and by none better than by Sir John Jervis, who had already disciplined his fleet into a surprising and unwonted efficiency.

“The day,” says Mons. Jurien de la Gravière, “on which Admiral Jervis hoisted his flag on board the *Victory* must ever be held memorable by the British navy as the starting-point whence its fleets commenced their career of conquest. Already illustrated by the combat of the *Foudroyant* and *Pegase*, Sir John Jervis had passed his sixtieth year when he found himself in command of the Mediterranean fleet: still young in mind and in constitution, he had conceived the great project of an entire naval reform, and was firmly bent upon carrying out, on a large scale, the new principles that he had practised successfully towards the end of

the American war, in the *Foudroyant*. The English navy has not forgotten with what feelings of deferential fear the young officers of that period, anxious to study a model so celebrated for order and discipline, were accustomed to present themselves on board that magnificent vessel, and encounter the severe and scrutinizing eye of the stern baronet. To see all his captains emulating himself, and their ships on a par with the *Foudroyant*, was the ambition of Admiral Jervis when called to take the command in the Mediterranean."

At the commencement of the year 1796, Sir John Jervis's fleet amounted to 18 sail of the line, 24 frigates, and numerous corvettes, brigs, and transports. The French had in Toulon 15 line-of-battle ships, besides three building; and the Spanish at Carthagena, seven, which, as a hostile feeling towards England notoriously existed on the part of the Spanish government, required a squadron of observation. Seven ships, therefore, cruised off Cadiz, under Rear-Admiral Mann; Nelson, in the 74-gun ship, *Captain*, with three frigates and two corvettes, was stationed in the Gulf of Genoa. Other detachments were away on special service, so that when Jervis sailed for Toulon his flag was followed by only thirteen vessels (January 7, 1796).

In August of this year the *rapprochement* between France and Spain, which had long been conspicuous, ripened into a formal treaty of alliance, by which Spain augmented her new ally's maritime power with 15 sail of the line and 10 heavy frigates and corvettes. On the 5th of October, Spain entirely threw off the mask that had so ill concealed her designs, and declared war against England.

The British government, apprehensive that the combined fleets of France and Spain might crush Sir John Jervis's comparatively feeble squadron, sent out orders to their admiral to evacuate Corsica, and abandon the Mediterranean—a measure, to say the least, of doubtful policy. The evacuation of Corsica was effected

under the able superintendence of Commodore Nelson ; and, on the 2nd of November, Sir John Jervis, with a fleet of fifteen sail of the line and some frigates, having on board the troops and stores embarked at Bastia, set sail from Mortella Bay, and on the 11th of the following month was riding in security under the guns of Gibraltar. On the 16th he steered for the Tagus, where he arrived with his effective force reduced by the departure of ships to England for repair, and on other service, to eleven sail of the line.

On the 18th of January 1797, Sir John Jervis made for the mouth of the Tagus to escort some Brazilian and Portuguese traders out of danger, and to effect a junction with a reinforcement from England appointed to rendezvous off Cape St. Vincent. In going out of the river the *St. George* ran aground, and when once more got afloat, was found to have received damages that compelled her to return to England. With his remaining ten sail the British admiral proceeded to sea.

On the 6th of February, the long-desired reinforcement joined him, and Sir John now found himself at the head of the following force:—*Victory*, 100, Admiral of the Blue Sir John Jervis, Captains Robert Calder and George Grey ; *Britannia*, 100, Vice-Admiral Thompson, Captain Foley ; *Barfleur*, 98, Vice-Admiral Waldegrave, Captain Dacres ; *Prince George*, 98, Rear-Admiral Parker, Captain Irwin ; *Blenheim*, 98, Captain Frederick ; *Namur*, 90, Captain Whitshed ; *Captain*, 74, Commodore Nelson, Captain Miller ; *Goliath*, 74, Captain Sir Charles Knowles ; *Excellent*, 74, Captain Colingwood ; *Orion*, 74, Sir James Saumarez ; *Colossus*, 74, Captain Murray ; *Egmont*, 74, Captain Sutton ; *Culloden*, 74, Captain Trowbridge ; *Irresistible*, 74, Captain Martin ; *Diadem*, 64, Captain Towry ; *Minerve*, frigate, 38, Captain Cockburn ; *Lively*, 32, Captain Lord Garlies ; *Niger*, 32, Captain Foote ; *Southampton*, 32, Captain Macnamara ;—besides two sloops and a cutter.







JERVIS (EARL ST. VINCENT).

See THE STORY OF THE 'VICTORY.'—Page 225.

Sir John and his fleet now beat up to windward, in the hope of obtaining intelligence of the Spanish fleet, which had left Carthagena on the 1st, and was steering for Cadiz. The British admiral was soon gratified in his desire, for on the evening of the 13th his van-ships came in sight of the enemy. He instantly threw out the signal to prepare for battle, and keep in close order during the night. Meanwhile the wind changed, and the Spaniards, crowding on all sail, endeavoured to get near the land.

The morning broke all dim and hazy, and the gigantic forms of the Spanish three-deckers loomed majestically through the gathering mist. It was soon perceived that Don Josef de Cordova's force consisted of no less than five-and-twenty men-of-war (one 130-gun ship, six 112's, two 80's, and sixteen 74's), exclusive of twelve 34-gun frigates and a brig-covette. It is said that as they were successively descried through the morning fogs, Captain Calder reported their numbers to his chief: "Ten sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, sir." "Fifteen sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, sir." "Twenty sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, sir." "Twenty-three sail of the line." Still the composed, "Very well, sir." Captain Calder next counted "twenty-five," and, not unnaturally, intimated that there was some danger of defeat in attacking a force so vastly superior. "Enough, sir, enough," exclaimed the admiral, with a heavy frown, "were there *fifty* sail of the line, I'd go through them all!" Captain Hallowell, a passenger on board the *Victory*, was standing at that moment beside the admiral, and, carried by his enthusiasm beyond all considerations of etiquette, he clapped his hands on the hero's shoulder, crying, "That's right, Sir John; and, by Jove, we'll give them a sound good licking!"

The British advanced in two compact lines, as steadily and stately as if forming a procession at Spithead, into such admirable order had Jervis brought the

vessels placed under his command. But, on the other hand, the Spanish, owing to their loose method of sailing, had fallen into two groups, of which one was far away to leeward. Jervis at once detected the serious blunder of such a disposition, and resolved to cut off the six detached ships, and then attack the main body. Accordingly, at eleven A.M., on the memorable 14th of February, the signal was made for the British fleet to form in line of battle ahead and astern of the *Victory* as most convenient, and to steer S.S.W.; a course that kept the enemy's lee, or detached division—consisting of one three-decker, with a vice-admiral's flag, five two-deckers, and a few frigates—upon the lee or larboard bow.

The British fleet now stood close-hauled, on the starboard tack, in the following order:—*Culloden*, *Blenheim* (rather to windward), *Prince George*, *Orion*, *Colossus* (to windward), *Irresistible*, *Victory*, *Egmont*, *Goliath*, *Barfleur*, *Britannia*, *Namur*, *Captain*, *Diadem*, and *Excellent*. The Spaniards naturally supposed that the British admiral would fall upon their detached ships, which were making every effort to come up with the main body; but such was not his design. At eight minutes past noon, having passed the sternmost of the Spanish weather ships, the *Culloden*, in obedience to signal, tacked to the larboard; a manœuvre executed in so able a manner that Sir John exclaimed, "Look, look at Trowbridge! does he not manœuvre as if all England were looking at him? Would to God all England were present to appreciate, as I do, the gallant captain of the *Culloden*!"

The *Victory*, and the other ships of the British fleet, now hoisted their colours, and tacked in succession as the admiral's signals directed. The Spanish division left to leeward, however, hoped to break through the British line ahead of its commander-in-chief, and resolutely advanced with this intention; but the *Victory* anticipated the Spanish vice-admiral's movement, and forced his three-decker, the *Principe-de-Asturias*, to tack

close under her lee, pouring into her sides, meanwhile, a terrible fire that compelled her to bear up in utter confusion. Her comrades, discouraged by so warm a reception, followed her example, and bore up, after exchanging a few distant shot with the British rear. The *Oriente* was the only ship that succeeded in joining the Spanish van.

At about one P.M., Don Josef de Cordova, finding himself opposed with only sixteen ships to the British fifteen, determined upon another effort to join his leeward division. He saw that the British van had now tacked, and was standing after his own ships, while the rear continued on the same tack, in order to fetch into the wake of the *Victory*, and then tack in succession. "The Spanish admiral," says a French professional writer, "now thought the moment arrived to pass to leeward of the enemy's line, and hoped, amidst the smoke of the battle, to conceal his movement from Jervis, and to surprise him by the rapidity of his manœuvre. Leading his line of battle, he steered for the rear of the English line; but Nelson, in the *Captain*, was the third of the rear division, and watched the fate of the day." Observing the Spanish admiral's movement, and comprehending its important consequences, Nelson at once resolved to frustrate it. He therefore directed Captain Miller to wear the *Captain*, and, passing between his sternmost ships, the *Excellent* and *Diadem*, coolly placed himself across the bows of the huge *Santissima Trinidad*, a 130-gun ship, with four decks. "He thus stopped the way against her, obliged her to haul to the wind, and forced her back upon the English advanced ships. A part of that advanced squadron then passed to leeward of the Spanish line, to prevent a further attempt like that which Nelson had defeated; and the other part, led by the *Victory*, ranged along the Spanish line to windward, and placed Cordova's rear ships between two fires. The success of Nelson's daring manœuvre was complete, but he himself, sepa-

rated from his squadron, was for some time exposed to the fire of several Spanish ships. The *Culloden*, and ships which followed Trowbridge, only covered him for a moment while passing on, and then left him to struggle with his numerous foes. He was forced to get fresh supplies of shot out of the hold, those which were at hand being exhausted by the rapid fire; and at this moment, when his fire necessarily slackened, Nelson found himself under the broadside of an 80-gun ship, the *San Nicolas*. The confusion prevailing in the Spanish line had collected three or four ships, which, having no other opponents, directed against the *Captain* all the guns which bore. The *San Josef* especially, a ship of 112 guns, placed astern of the *San Nicolas*, gave the aid of her powerful artillery." The *Excellent*, Collingwood's ship, who had already borne a noble part in the battle, now came up to Nelson's succour, and, in seeking to escape from her broadside, the *San Nicolas* fell on board the *San Josef*, partially dismasted. Nelson resolved to carry these formidable ships by boarding. How he succeeded we shall let him describe in his own characteristic language:—

"The soldiers of the 69th, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pearson, of the same regiment, were almost the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizen-chains was Captain Berry, late my first-lieutenant (Captain Miller was in the very act of going also, but I directed him to remain): he was supported from our spritsail-yard, which hooked in the mizen-rigging. A soldier of the 69th regiment having broke the upper quarter-gallery window, I jumped in myself, and was followed by others as fast as possible. I found the cabin-doors fastened: and some Spanish officers fired their pistols: but, having broken open the doors, the soldiers fired; and the Spanish brigadier (commodore with a distinguishing pendant) fell, as retreating to the quarter-deck. I pushed immediately onwards for the

quarter-deck, where I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. I passed with my people and Lieutenant Pearson, on the larboard gangway, to the fore-castle, where I met two or three Spanish officers, prisoners to my seamen: they delivered me their swords. A fire of pistols, or muskets opening from the admiral's stern gallery of the *San Josef*, I directed the soldiers to fire into her stern; and, calling to Captain Miller, ordered him to send more men into the *San Nicolas*, and directed my people to board the first-rate, which was done in an instant, Captain Berry assisting me into the main-chains. At this moment, a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail, and said they surrendered. From this most welcome intelligence it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish captain, with a bow, presented me his sword, and said the admiral was dying of his wounds. I asked him on his honour if the ship was surrendered. He declared she was: on which I gave him my hand, and desired him to call on his officers and ship's company; which he did:—and, on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of vanquished Spaniards; which, as I received, I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen; who put them, with the greatest *sang froid*, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pearson, of the 69th regiment, John Sykes, John Thompson, Francis Cooke, all old *Agamemnons*; and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers. Thus fell these ships."

The battle off Cape St. Vincent began about noon and ceased at five P.M., when four Spanish line-of-battle ships had struck their colours—the *Salvador del Mundo*, 112 guns; the *San Josef*, 112; the *San Nicolas*, 80; and the *San Ysidro*, 74. Ten other ships were severely damaged, but night coming on, and several English vessels being disabled, Sir John was forced to be content with the victory he had won, and at five P.M. threw

out the signal to discontinue the action. The Spanish lost, on board the four prizes alone, 261 killed and 342 wounded; probably, in all, 400 killed and between 500 and 600 wounded. The British had to regret but 73 killed and 227 wounded, of which the greater proportion fell on board the *Captain*, the *Excellent*, and the *Culloden*.

The moral and political consequences of the victory of St. Valentine's-day were incalculably great, and it is no marvel that England poured out her enthusiastic gratitude upon the heroes to whose skill and courage it was due. Sir John Jervis was created Earl St. Vincent, with a pension of 3,000*l.* per annum; Nelson received the Order of the Bath and the freedom of the city of London. Gold medals were distributed among the flag-officers and captains, and the whole fleet was gratified with the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. Nor has the renown of the battle of Cape St. Vincent been wholly eclipsed by the surpassing brilliancy of the victories of the Nile and Trafalgar.

Earl St. Vincent now proceeded with his fleet and prizes to Lisbon, where he was joined by a reinforcement from England, and shifted his flag from the *Victory* to the new three-decker, *Ville-de-Paris*, of 110 guns. With twenty-one sail of the line he steered for Cadiz, on the 31st of March, and twice bombarded that unfortunate city. He continued to cruise in the Mediterranean until June 1799, when ill health compelled him to resign the command into the hands of Vice-Admiral Lord Keith.

The *Victory*, in 1800, received a thorough repair, and, having shared in the glorious battle off Cape St. Vincent, was fitly to close her career of active service by taking part in the yet more glorious battle of Trafalgar.

Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board her, on the 18th of May 1803, to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. On the 20th he set sail from Spit-



head, accompanied by the *Amphion*, 32, Captain Thomas Masterman Hardy, bound in the first instance for Brest, which was then blockaded by Admiral Cornwallis. On the 23rd, Lord Nelson shifted his flag to the *Amphion*, and left the *Victory* to join the Brest blockading fleet, if Cornwallis should require her assistance; if otherwise, she was to follow him to the Mediterranean. The *Amphion* found the Mediterranean squadron, consisting of one 80-gun ship, five 74's, two 64's, and two frigates, under Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton, cruising off Toulon, where a considerable French fleet was preparing for sea. The *Victory* arrived on the evening of the 30th, and Lord Nelson immediately re-hoisted his flag on board her. He then patiently resumed his watch over the movements of the French fleet, despatching two of his own men-of-war on different services, in order to tempt the enemy to dare an engagement with an inferior force. But the French were not disposed to cope with the greatest of the British Admirals, for whose courage, genius, and activity they entertained a wholesome respect. For fourteen months Nelson kept his cruising-ground, only retiring in the winter to some securer anchorage, and then so disposing his ships that the enemy could make no movement unobserved. He called this station his home. "We are in the right fighting trim," he said; "let them come as soon as they please. I never saw a fleet altogether so well-officered and manned: would to God the ships were half as good!—The finest ones in the service would soon be destroyed by such terrible weather. I know well enough, that if I were to go into Malta, I should save the ships during this bad season; but if I am to watch the French, I must be at sea; and, if at sea, must have bad weather: and if the ships are not fit to stand bad weather, they are useless."

Still the monotony of the service terribly wearied his active spirit, and the expenses of his command pressed

heavily upon his limited pecuniary resources. "Somehow," he wrote, "my mind is not sharp enough for prize-money. Lord Keith would have made 20,000*l.*, and I have not made 6,000*l.*" He poured in complaints upon the Admiralty of the weak and inefficient condition of his ships:—"The *Superb*," he writes, "is in a very weak state, but Keats is so superior to any difficulties that I hear but little from her. The *Kent* is gone to Malta, fit only for a summer-passage. Every bit of twice-laid stuff belonging to the *Canopus* is condemned, and all the running rigging in the fleet, except the *Victory*'s. We have fitted the *Excellent* with new main and mizen rigging: it was shameful for the dock-yard to send a ship to sea with such rigging."

His health was much affected by the severity of his exertions. "A few months' rest," he writes, "I must have very soon. If I am in my grave, what are the mines of Peru to me? But to say the truth, I have no idea of killing myself. I may, with care, live yet to do good service to the state. My cough is very bad, and my side, where I was struck on the 14th of February, is very much swelled; at times a lump as large as my fist, brought on occasionally by violent coughing. But I hope and believe my lungs are yet safe." He was occasionally put in better spirits by a movement of the French fleet. "Yesterday," he writes, "a rear-admiral and seven sail of ships put their nose outside the harbour. If they go on playing this game, some day we shall lay salt upon their tails."

Towards the close of the year 1804, hostilities broke out between England and Spain, whose court and government were then completely under the influence of the French Emperor. The immediate cause of the war was the seizure by England of four Spanish frigates, loaded with treasure from Monte Video, on the ground that that treasure was destined for the purposes of the French government. For the British ministry had long been in possession of information which proved

that a close alliance had been concluded between France and Spain, and that only a favourable opportunity was waited for to launch the resources of the latter country against England.

Spain issued a formal declaration of war on the 12th of December 1804, and her fleets and armies were immediately placed at the disposal of the French Emperor. She agreed to furnish him, and supply with six months' stores, from 25 to 29 sail of the line, with from 4,000 to 5,000 Spanish troops, by the 20th or 30th of March. To these were to be added 25,000 French soldiers. Napoleon, then, calculated that with a fleet of 70 sail of the line he could so occupy the attention of the British admirals as to obtain the command of the Channel for a few days, and carry out his long-cherished design of the invasion of England. And when it is remembered that Great Britain could not muster more than 80 sea-going ships of the line, with which to protect her wide-spread dominions, we must acknowledge that Napoleon's schemes were far more feasible, and more easily practicable than some authorities are willing to confess.

On the 15th of April 1804 the Brest fleet, including 21 sail of the line, made an attempt to put to sea, but was frustrated by the activity of Lord Gardner, then in command of the English blockading squadron. Villeneuve, with the Toulon fleet, had actually escaped the watchfulness of Nelson, and it was Napoleon's design that both fleets should sail to the West Indies, should there effect a junction, plunder and ravage the English colonies, and return to the Channel, augmented on their route by the Spanish squadron at Ferrol, so as to number not less than 56 sail of the line. With so overpowering a force the command of the Channel would be secured, and the invasion of England accomplished. It was reserved for the genius and devotion of Nelson to defeat this bold conception, and assure the safety of his country.

Throughout the whole of the year 1804 that extra-

ordinary man continued his vigilant blockade of the port of Toulon, never even setting his foot upon the shore, but wholly absorbed in the performance of the solemn duty intrusted to him. The outbreak of the war with Spain rendered his task trebly more arduous, for it now became necessary to prevent the junction of the Spanish ships got ready for sea at Ferrol, Cadiz, and Carthagena, with the fleet under Admiral Villeneuve at Toulon. The Spanish in Ferrol were blockaded by Rear-Admiral Cochrane with seven sail of the line; off Cadiz was stationed a squadron of five sail under Sir John Orde; while Nelson, with ten sail, cruised off Cape San Sebastian, and occasionally looked in at Carthagena.

On the 3rd of January 1805, Nelson detached two frigates to watch Toulon, while he himself, with his fleet, repaired to Agincourt Sound, on the coast of Sardinia, to refit and provision his ships. On the 15th he was joined by the *Superb*, from Algiers. On the 17th, Villeneuve, with eleven sail of the line, seven frigates, and two brigs, having on board a body of 3,500 troops under General Lauriston, put out to sea, and on the evening of the same day his movements were descried by the British reconnoitring frigates. The welcome intelligence was conveyed to Nelson on the 19th, at 1h. 50m., and at half-past four, Lord Nelson weighed anchor with the following ships:—

*Victory*, 100; *Royal Sovereign*, 100; *Canopus*, 80; *Superb*, *Spencer*, *Swiftsure*, *Belleisle*, *Conqueror*, *Tigre*, *Leviathan*, and *Donegal*, 74's; and two frigates, *Active* and *Seahorse*.

Villeneuve's fleet included:—

*Bucentaure*, *Formidable*, *Neptune*, *Indomptable*, 80's; *Annibal*, *Mont Blanc*, *Swiftsure*, *Atlas*, *Intrépide*, *Scipion*, *Berwick*, 74's; seven frigates, *Cornélie*, *Hortense*, *Incorruptible*, *Rhin*, *Sirène*, *Thémis*, and *Uranie*; and two brigs, *Furet* and *Naiade*.

At six in the evening the British fleet rapidly streamed through the narrow strait between Biche and Sardinia;

a passage so narrow that the ships could only pass one at a time, each guided by the stern lights of the ship ahead, and the whole led by the *Victory*. From the movements of the enemy it was inferred that they must be destined for the south coast of Sardinia, and a frigate was despatched to look in at Cagliari, but no further intelligence could be obtained. On the 26th, the *Phoebe*, 36-gun frigate, joined company, with the information that she had seen a disabled French ship, the *Indomptable*, standing in for Ajaccio; and as no other tidings could be secured, Nelson made sail for the eastward, and assured of the safety of Naples and Sicily, ran under press of canvas for Egypt. His mental anxiety at this time was extreme:—"I have consulted no man," he wrote to the Admiralty, "therefore the whole blame of ignorance in forming my judgment must rest with me. I would allow no man to take from me an atom of my glory had I fallen in with the French fleet; nor do I desire any man to partake of the responsibility."

The Egyptian coast was reached early in February, but no trace of the French fleet could be discovered. Nearly maddened with disappointment and apprehension Nelson now shaped his course for Malta, and on his route, received intelligence from Naples which at last informed him of Villeneuve's actual movements. On the second day after quitting Toulon, when crossing the Gulf of Lyons, his ships had been severely damaged in a terrible gale of wind, which had driven most of them back into port. Nelson derived much consolation from this signal proof of the inferiority of French seamanship:—"These gentlemen," he said, "are not accustomed to a Gulf of Lyons' gale: we have buffeted them for one-and-twenty months, and not carried away a spar." But if he could brave, he could not control the weather, and the winds at length compelled him to anchor his battered ships in Pula Bay, in the Gulf of Cagliari. From the 21st of January up to the

27th of February each vessel had remained prepared for battle, without a bulkhead up, either by day or night.

On the 10th of March Nelson again weighed anchor, and on the 12th, discerned the hills which tower above the city and port of Toulon. But in order to deceive the enemy into a belief that he was stationed off the coast of Spain, he detached the *Leviathan* off Barcelona, and working back to eastward, reached the Gulf of Palma to re-victual and refit his ships. Here he was joined by the 32-gun frigate *Ambuscade*, and Rear-Admiral Louis, who hoisted his flag on board of the *Canopus*.

Meanwhile, Villeneuve had refitted his fleet with commendable rapidity, and taking advantage of the absence of the English, slipped out of Toulon Roads on the evening of the 29th of March. The wind failing he made, however, but little progress, and when, on the 31st, off Cape Sicie, was discovered by the British frigates *Active* and *Phœbe*, who watched his movements for a few hours, and then made all sail for the Gulf of Palma. Keeping cautiously close to the coast of Spain, Villeneuve, on the 6th of April, arrived off the port of Carthagena, and so contrived to avoid the cruisers of the English fleet. In the absence of more certain intelligence Nelson had concluded that the French meditated a design against Sicily, and bore up for Palermo, but tidings soon reached him of their passage of the Straits of Gibraltar. He was now alarmed for the safety of Ireland or the West Indies, and endeavoured to follow up the enemy with all speed. But the winds were dead against him, and spite of all his exertions, and the energy of his men, he did not reach Gibraltar until the 30th. "My good fortune," he wrote to Captain Ball, "seems to have flown away. I cannot get a fair wind, or even a side wind—dead foul! dead foul!—but my mind is fully made up what to do when I leave the Straits, supposing there is no certain information of the

enemy's destination. I believe this ill-luck will go near to kill me ; but as these are times for exertion, I must not be cast down, whatever I may feel." To Lord Melville, the First Lord of the Admiralty, he wrote,— " I am not made to despair ; what man can do shall be done. I have marked out for myself a decided line of conduct, and I shall follow it well up, although I have now before me a letter from the physician of the fleet, enforcing my return to England before the hot months. Therefore, notwithstanding I shall pursue the enemy to the East or West Indies, if I know that to have been their destination, yet, if this Mediterranean fleet joins the Channel, I shall request, with that order, permission to go on shore."

Villeneuve, having been disappointed in his hopes of effecting a junction with the Spanish fleet at Carthagena, pushed forward to Cadiz, driving off that station Vice-Admiral Orde and his five sail of the line. Here he was joined by six Spanish men-of-war and one frigate, having 1,600 troops on board, and the whole fleet, now consisting of eighteen sail of the line, seven frigates, and four corvettes, got under way for the West Indies. They anchored at Martinique on the 13th of May.

Lord Nelson and his fleet, still in ignorance of the ultimate destination of the enemy, stood through the Straits of Gibraltar on the 7th of May, and now for the first time received authentic information. His informant was Rear-Admiral Donald Campbell, a Scotchman serving in the Portuguese navy, who had formerly communicated important intelligence to Earl St. Vincent, and was now able to assure Lord Nelson that the combined fleet had certainly sailed for the West Indies. Thither, therefore, Lord Nelson determined to proceed. With but ten ships of the line and three frigates, he crowded sail to the westward, in pursuit of an enemy of double his force. " Take you a Frenchman apiece," he said to his captains, " and leave me the Spaniards :—when I haul down my colours, I expect you to do the

same,—and not till then.” The French had five-and-thirty days’ start, but Nelson calculated that he should gain eight or ten days upon them by his exertions.

During his passage to the West Indies, he drew up a plan of attack, to be adopted if the enemy’s fleet were overtaken. In a volume specially intended for those of the youth of England who contemplate the adoption of the naval profession, a document of so much importance, drawn up by so distinguished a seaman, cannot be omitted. It must be regarded as one of the best manuals for the young naval officer, who would emulate Nelson’s zeal, if he never attained Nelson’s glory.

“The business of an English commander-in-chief being first to bring an enemy’s fleet to battle, on the most advantageous terms to himself (I mean, that of laying his ships close on board those of the enemy as expeditiously as possible, and secondly, to continue them there without separating until the business is decided), I am sensible, beyond this object, it is not necessary I should say a word, being fully assured, that the admirals and captains of the fleet I have the honour to command will, knowing my precise object, that of a close and decisive battle, supply any deficiency in my not making signals, which may, if extended beyond these objects, either be misunderstood, or, if waited for, very probably, from various causes, be impossible for the commander-in-chief to make. Therefore it will only be requisite for me to state, in as few words as possible, the various modes by which it may be necessary for me to obtain my object, on which depends not only the honour and glory of our country, but possibly its safety, and, with it, that of all Europe, from French tyranny and oppression.

“If the two fleets are both willing to fight, but little manœuvring is necessary. The less the better; a day is soon lost in that business. Therefore I will only suppose that the enemy’s fleet being to leeward, standing close upon a wind on the starboard tack, and that I



am nearly ahead of them, standing on the larboard tack, of course I should weather them. The weather must be supposed to be moderate; for, if it be a gale of wind, the manœuvring of both fleets is but of little avail, and probably no decisive action would take place with the whole fleet. Two modes present themselves; one, to stand on just out of gun-shot until the van-ship of my line would be abreast of the centre ship of the enemy, then make the signal to wear together, then bear up, engage with all our force the six or five van-ships of the enemy, passing certainly, if opportunity offered, through their line. This would prevent their bearing up, and the action, from the known bravery and conduct of the admirals and captains, would be decisive; the second or third war-ships of the enemy would act as they pleased, and our ships would give a good account of them, should they persist in mixing with our ships. The other mode would be, to stand under an easy but commanding sail, directly for their headmost ship, so as to prevent the enemy from knowing whether I should pass to leeward or to windward of him. In that situation, I would make the signal to engage the enemy to leeward, and to cut through their fleet about the sixth ship from the van, passing very close; they being on a wind, you, going large, could cut their line when you please. The van-ships of the enemy would, by the time our rear came abreast of the van-ship, be severely cut up, and our van could not expect to escape damage. I would then have our rear-ships, and every ship in succession, wear, continue the action with either the van-ship or second ship, as it might appear most eligible from her crippled state; and, this mode pursued, I see nothing to prevent the capture of the five or six ships of the enemy's van. The two or three ships of the enemy's rear must either bear up or wear; and, in either case, although they would be in a better plight probably than our two van-ships (now the rear), yet they would be separated and

at a distance to leeward, so as to give our ships time to refit; and by that time, I believe, the battle would, from the judgment of the admirals and captains, be over with the rest of them. Signals from these moments are useless, when every man is disposed to do his duty. The great object is, for us to support each other, and to keep close to the enemy and to leeward of him. If the enemy are running away, then the only signals necessary will be, to engage the enemy as arriving up with them, and the other ships to pass on for the second, third, &c.; giving, if possible, a close fire into the enemy in passing, taking care to give our ships engaged notice of your intention."

The British fleet anchored in Carlisle Bay, in the island of Barbadoes, on the 4th of June, and found there Rear-Admiral Cochrane with two sail of the line, the *Northumberland* and *Spartiate*, both 74's. Nelson was now informed that the Franco-Spanish fleet had been seen from St. Lucia on the 28th, standing to the southward, and that its objects were Tobago and Trinidad. He doubted the correctness of the news, and exclaimed, "If your intelligence proves false, you lose me the French fleet," but embarked 2000 troops on board, and, the next morning, sailed for Tobago. On his voyage, some false information purposely given by the master of an American merchantman, still further misled the English Admiral, and he at length concluded that he should grapple with the enemy in the Bay of Paria, and make "the mouths of the Orinoco as famous in the annals of the British navy as those of the Nile." But not a single tricolor was there. Nelson found that he had been deceived, and was soon apprised that the terror of his name had driven back to Europe Villeneuve and his formidable armada. But if he had failed in engaging and destroying the combining fleet, he had, at last, the satisfaction of knowing that he had saved the West Indian colonies from plunder, and above 200

richly-laden traders which must otherwise have fallen a prize to the enemy. Nelson's own views on the subject were thus expressed to his captains:—"I am thankful that the enemy has been driven from the West India Islands with so little loss to our country. I had made up my mind to great sacrifices, for I had determined, notwithstanding his vast superiority, to stop his career, and to put it out of his power to do any further mischief. Yet do not imagine I am one of those hot-brained people who fight at immense disadvantage, without any adequate object. My object is partly gained. If we meet them we shall find them not less than eighteen, I rather think twenty, sail of the line; and therefore do not be surprised if I should not fall on them immediately. We won't part without a battle. I think they will be glad to let me alone, if I will let them alone; which I will do either till we approach the shores of Europe, or they give me an advantage too tempting to be resisted."

Lord Nelson quitted Antigua on the 13th of June, making all sail for Europe. On the 17th of July he came in sight of Cape St. Vincent, his wave-worn and storm-beaten ships having run 3459 miles in 34 days. On the following day, when steering for Gibraltar to re-victual his fleet, he fell in with Vice-Admiral Collingwood, with the *Dreadnought*, 98, and two other sail of the line. Collingwood, whose sagacity was equal to his courage, had interpreted correctly the real intentions of Napoleon. "I have always had an idea," he wrote to Nelson, "that Ireland alone was the object they have in view, and still believe that to be their ultimate destination. They will now liberate the Ferrol squadron from Calder, make the round of the Bay, and, taking the Rochfort squadron with them, will appear off Ushant, perhaps with 34 sail, there to be joined by 20 more. I have always considered the invasion of Ireland as the real mark and butt of all their operations. Their flight to the West Indies was to take off the naval force,

which proved the great impediment to their undertaking."

On the 19th of July the British fleet anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and on the 20th, Lord Nelson went on shore *for the first time* since June 16, 1803, and from having his foot out of the *Victory*, two years wanting ten days.

The fleet obtained water and provisions, and then bore away for Ushant, where they joined Admiral Cornwallis on the 15th of August. Leaving with him all the ships but the *Victory* and *Superb*, Nelson next proceeded homeward, and anchored on the 18th at Spithead. There he struck his flag, and went on shore, after having devoted two most arduous and anxious years to the service of his country.

Called once more to the command of the Mediterranean fleet by the unanimous voice of England, the hero of the Nile hoisted his flag on board his old ship, the *Victory*, on the 15th of September 1805. His departure was the signal for a remarkable popular manifestation:—"Having despatched his business on shore," says Southey, "he endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face: many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes; but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The

sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero—the darling hero of England!”

The *Victory* arrived off Cadiz on Nelson's birthday, the 29th of September, in company with the *Ajax*, the *Thunderer*, and *Euryalus* frigate. Nelson had previously instructed Collingwood, who was then in command of the blockading fleet, not to fire any salute or hoist any colours on his arrival. He knew the enemy would not venture out of Cadiz if they thought the British force at all approximated to their own. The station which he selected for himself was some sixty miles W. of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary's, and his ships were so disposed that the slightest movement of the enemy would be communicated to him with all possible rapidity. Meanwhile, the blockade of the port was rigorously enforced that a want of supplies might drive Villeneuve out to sea.

On the 9th of October, Nelson sent to Collingwood, his old comrade, and second in command, his plan of attack—the “Nelson-touch,” as he called it. “I send you,” he said, “my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in: but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll., have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend

“NELSON and BRONTE.”

This plan of attack, a masterpiece of naval tactics,

we shall here introduce,—premising that Nelson supposed the Brest fleet would probably effect a junction with the Cadiz fleet, and raise the enemy's strength to 54 or 55 sail, while his own, by reinforcements on their way from England, would be increased to 40 sail of the line.

#### NELSON'S PLAN OF ATTACK.

“Thinking it almost impossible to form a fleet of 40 sail of the line into a line of battle, in variable winds, thick weather, and other circumstances which must occur, without such a loss of time, that the opportunity would probably be lost of bringing the enemy to battle in such a manner as to make the business decisive; I have therefore made up my mind to keep the fleet in that position of sailing (with the exception of the first and second in command) that the order of sailing is to be the order of battle; placing the fleet in two lines of 16 ships each, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-decked ships; which will always make, if wanted, a line of 24 sail, on whichever line the commander-in-chief may direct. The second in command will, after my intentions are made known to him, have the entire direction of his line, to make the attack upon the enemy, and to follow up the blow until they are captured or destroyed.

“If the enemy's fleet should be seen to windward in line of battle, and that the two lines and the advancing squadron could fetch them, they will probably be so extended that their van could not succour their rear. I should therefore probably make the second in command's signal, to lead through about the twelfth ship from their rear, or wherever he could fetch, if not able to get so far advanced. My line would lead through about their centre; and the advanced squadron to cut two, three, or four ships ahead of their centre; so as to insure getting at their commander-in-chief (supposed to be in the centre) to the rear of their fleet. I will suppose 20 sail of the enemy's line to be untouched: it

must be some time before they could perform a manœuvre to bring their force compact to attack any part of the British fleet engaged, or to succour their own ships; which indeed would be impossible without mixing with the ships engaged. The enemy's fleet is supposed to consist of 46 sail of the line: British 40: if either is less, only a proportionate number of enemy's ships are to be cut off. British to be one-fourth superior to the enemy cut off. Something must be left to chance. Nothing is sure in a sea-fight: beyond all others, shot will carry away the masts and yards of friends as well as foes; but I look with confidence to a victory before the van of the enemy could succour their rear; and then, that the British fleet would, most of them, be ready to receive their 20 sail of the line, or to pursue them should they endeavour to make off. If the van of the enemy tack, the captured ships must run to leeward of the British fleet; if the enemy wear, the British must place themselves between the enemy and the captured, and disabled British ships; and should the enemy close, I have no fear for the result.

“The second in command will, in all possible things, direct the movements of his line, by keeping them as compact as the nature of the circumstances will admit. Captains are to look to their particular line, as their rallying point; but in case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, *no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.*

“Of the intended attack from to windward, the enemy in the line of battle ready to receive an attack:




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Enemy's Line of Battle.

“The divisions of the British fleet will be brought nearly within gunshot of the enemy's centre. The

signal will most probably then be made for the lee line to bear up together; to set all their sails, even their steering-sails, in order to get as quickly as possible to the enemy's line, and to cut through, beginning at the twelfth ship from the enemy's rear. Some ships may not get through their exact place, but they will always be at hand to assist their friends. If any are thrown round the rear of the enemy, they will effectually complete the business of 12 sail of the enemy. Should the enemy wear together, or bear up and sail large, still the 12 ships composing, in the first position, the enemy's rear, are to be the object of attack of the lee line, unless otherwise directed by the commander-in-chief: which is scarcely to be expected, as the entire management of the lee line, after the intentions of the commander-in-chief are signified, is intended to be left to the judgment of the admiral commanding that line. The remainder of the enemy's fleet, 34 sail of the line, are to be left to the management of the commander-in-chief, who will endeavour to take care that the movements of the second in command are as little interrupted as possible."

On the 19th, twelve of the Franco-Spanish fleet, and on the 20th, the remainder, weighed and put out to sea, under the command of Vice-Admiral Villeneuve (French) and Vice-Admiral Gravina (Spanish). The joyous tidings were immediately conveyed to Nelson, who ordered the signal to be made for the fleet to chase in the south-east quarter. All night they continued under press of sail. At daybreak, on the 20th, they were off the entrance to the Straits, but no tricolor was in sight. They accordingly wore, and made sail to the north-west, when the *Phœbe* frigate signalled that the enemy bore north. About five in the afternoon the *Euryalus* telegraphed that the Franco-Spanish fleet seemed determined to go to the westward—"and that," wrote the Admiral in his diary, "they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them." The *Victory*, therefore, signalled to the *Euryalus* (Captain Blackwood)



that Lord Nelson trusted to her to keep sight of the enemy during the night, and on the following morning about six o'clock, Cape Trafalgar bearing E. by S. distant about seven leagues, the *Victory* and her companions obtained a sight of Villeneuve and Gravina's fleet. At 6.40, the *Victory* signalled for the order of sailing to be formed in two columns, and to prepare for battle; and in ten minutes afterwards, to bear up. The rapid approach of the British thus rendering a general engagement unavoidable, the French admiral formed his ships in line in close order. But the manœuvre was badly executed; the line, therefore, bowed like a crescent, while the ships were mostly two, and in some cases, three deep.

While the two fleets are thus approaching the death-grapple, we may pause to examine their relative strength, and to record the names of the Famous Ships of which they were composed.

## THE BRITISH FLEET.

Under the command of Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson, K.B.  
Second in command, Vice-Admiral Cuthbert Collingwood.

| Guns. | Names of Ships.            | Captains, &c.  |
|-------|----------------------------|--|
| 100   | <i>Victory</i> . . .       | { Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson.<br>Capt. Thomas Masterman Hardy.   |
| 100   | <i>Royal Sovereign</i> .   | { Vice-Admiral Collingwood.<br>Capt. Edward Rotheram.          |
| 100   | <i>Britannia</i> . . .     | { Rear-Admiral, the Earl of Northesk.<br>Capt. Charles Bullen. |
| 98    | <i>Téméraire</i> . . .     | „ Eliab Harvey.  |
| 98    | <i>Prince</i> . . . . .    | „ Richard Grindall.  |
| 98    | <i>Neptune</i> . . . . .   | „ Thomas Francis Fremantle.                                    |
| 98    | <i>Dreadnought</i> . . .   | „ John Conn.   |
| 80    | <i>Tonnant</i> . . . . .   | „ Charles Tyler.   |
| 74    | <i>Belleisle</i> . . . . . | „ William Hargood.   |
| 74    | <i>Revenge</i> . . . . .   | „ Robert Moorsom.  |
| 74    | <i>Mars</i> . . . . .      | „ George Duff.   |
| 74    | <i>Spartiate</i> . . . . . | „ Sir Francis Laforey, Bart.                                   |
| 74    | <i>Defiance</i> . . . . .  | „ Philip Charles Durham.                                       |
| 74    | <i>Conqueror</i> . . . .   | „ Israel Pellew.   |
| 74    | <i>Defence</i> . . . . .   | „ George Hope.   |
| 74    | <i>Colossus</i> . . . . .  | „ James Nicoll Morris.   |

| Guns. | Names of Ships.                 | Captains, &c.                         |
|-------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 74    | <i>Leviathan</i> . . .          | Capt. Henry William Bayntun.          |
| 74    | <i>Achille</i> . . .            | „ Richard King.                       |
| 74    | <i>Bellerophon</i> . . .        | „ John Cooke.                         |
| 74    | <i>Minotaur</i> . . .           | „ Charles John Moore Mansfield.       |
| 74    | <i>Orion</i> . . .              | „ Edward Codrington.                  |
| 74    | <i>Swiftsure</i> . . .          | „ William George Rutherford,          |
| 74    | <i>Ajax</i> . . .               | Lieut. John Pinfold (Acting Captain). |
| 74    | <i>Thunderer</i> . . .          | „ John Stockham (Acting Captain).     |
| 64    | <i>Polyphemus</i> . . .         | Capt. Robert Redmill.                 |
| 64    | <i>Africa</i> . . .             | „ Henry Digby.                        |
| 64    | <i>Agamemnon</i> . . .          | „ Sir Edward Berry.                   |
| 36    | <i>Euryalus</i> , frigate . . . | „ Hon. Henry Blackwood.               |
| 38    | <i>Naiad</i> , „ . . .          | „ Thomas Dundas.                      |
| 36    | <i>Phœbe</i> , „ . . .          | „ Hon. Bladen Capel.                  |
| 36    | <i>Sirius</i> , „ . . .         | „ William Prowse.                     |

With the *Pickle*, schooner, and *Entreprenante*, cutter.

#### THE FRENCH AND SPANISH FLEETS.

Under the command of Vice-Admiral Villeneuve.  
Second in command, Vice-Admiral Gravina.

##### FRENCH SHIPS.

| Guns. | Names of Ships.            | Captains, &c.                            |
|-------|----------------------------|--|
| 80    | <i>Bucentaure</i> . . .    | { Vice-Admiral P. Ch. Villeneuve.        |
|       |                            | { Capt. Jean-Jacques Magendie.           |
| 80    | <i>Formidable</i> . . .    | { Rear-Admiral P. R. Dumanoir-le-Pelley. |
|       |                            | { Capt. Jean-Marie Letellier.            |
| 80    | <i>Neptune</i> . . .       | Commodore Esprit-Tranquille Maistral.    |
| 80    | <i>Indomptable</i> . . .   | „ Jean-Joseph Hubert.                    |
| 74    | <i>Algésiras</i> . . .     | { Rear-Admiral Charles Magon.            |
|       |                            | { Capt. Gabriel Bronard.                 |
| 74    | <i>Pluton</i> . . .        | Commodore Cosmas-Kerjulien.              |
| 74    | <i>Mont Blanc</i> . . .    | „ Guillaume La Villegris.                |
| 74    | <i>Intrépide</i> . . .     | „ Louis-Antoine Infernet.                |
| 74    | <i>Swiftsure</i> . . .     | Capt. L'Hospitalier-Villemadrin.         |
| 74    | <i>Aigle</i> . . .         | „ Pierre Gourrège.                       |
| 74    | <i>Scipion</i> . . .       | „ Charles Berenger.                      |
| 74    | <i>Duguay-Trouin</i> . . . | „ Claude Touffet.                        |
| 74    | <i>Berwick</i> . . .       | „ Filhol-Camas.                          |
| 74    | <i>Argonaute</i> . . .     | „ Jacques Epron.                         |
| 74    | <i>Achille</i> . . .       | „ Gabriel Denieport.                     |
| 74    | <i>Rédoubtable</i> . . .   | „ Jean-Jacques Lucas.                    |
| 74    | <i>Fougueux</i> . . .      | „ Louis-Alexis Beaudouin.                |
| 74    | <i>Héros</i> . . .         | „ Jean-Baptiste Remi Poulain.            |

Frigates :—*Cornélie*, *Hermione*, *Hortense*, *Rhin*, *Thémis*; and brigs, *Argus* and *Furet*.

## SPANISH SHIPS.

| Guns. | Names of Ships.                        | Captains, &c.   |
|-------|--|---|
| 130   | <i>Santissima Trinidad</i> . . . . .   | Rear-Admiral Don Hidalgo Cisneros.<br>Commodore Don Francisco de Uriarte.   |
| 112   | <i>Principe-de-Asturias</i> . . . . .  | Admiral Don Frederico Gravina.<br>Rear-Admiral Don Antonio Escano.<br>Vice-Admiral Don Maria de Alava.<br>Capt. Don Josef Gardoqui. |
| 112   | <i>Santa Anna</i> . . . . .            | Commodore Don Enrique Macdonel.   |
| 100   | <i>Rayo</i> . . . . .                  | Don Cayetano Valdés.  |
| 80    | <i>Neptuno</i> . . . . .               | Don Antonio Parejas.  |
| 80    | <i>Argonauta</i> . . . . .             | Capt. Don Dionisio Galiano.   |
| 74    | <i>Bahama</i> . . . . .                | Don Josef Salzedo.  |
| 74    | <i>Montanez</i> . . . . .              | Don Felipe Xado Cagigal.  |
| 74    | <i>San Augustin</i> . . . . .          | Don Josef Bargas.   |
| 74    | <i>San Ildefonso</i> . . . . .         | Don Cosme Churruca.   |
| 74    | <i>S. Juan-Nepomuceno</i> . . . . .    | Don Teodoro Argumosa.   |
| 74    | <i>Monarca</i> . . . . .               | Don Luis de Flores.   |
| 74    | <i>San Francisco-de-Asis</i> . . . . . | Don Miguel Gaston.  |
| 74    | <i>San Justo</i> . . . . .             | Don Josef Quevedo.  |
| 74    | <i>San Leandro</i> . . . . .           |   |

English Ships of the line 27, carrying 2,148 guns.  
French and Spanish do. 33, „ 2,626 „

[The British fleet was formed into two divisions,—the *Weather Division*, including the *Victory*, *Téméraire*, *Neptune*, *Leviathan*, *Conqueror*, *Britannia*, *Agamemnon*, *Africa*, *Ajax*, *Orion*, *Minotaur*, *Spartiate*, *Euryalus*, and *Naiad*; and the *Lee Division*, comprised of the *Royal Sovereign*, *Belleisle*, *Mars*, *Tonnant*, *Bellerophon*, *Colossus*, *Achille*, *Dreadnought*, *Polyphemus*, *Revenge*, *Swiftsure*, *Defiance*, *Thunderer*, *Defence*, *Prince*, *Phæbe*, and *Sirius*.]

Nelson came upon deck, shortly after daylight, on this memorable 21st of October. The day had long been regarded as a festival in his family, being the anniversary of his uncle's (Captain Suckling) gallant repulse of a French squadron of four sail of the line, and three frigates, with only the *Dreadnought* and two other men-of-war; and the hero of the Nile, "with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely ex-

empt," had often expressed his conviction that it would prove *his* day of battle also. He was gratified at seeing that his prophecy was about to be fulfilled.

The wind now came up from the west, in a fresh free breeze, and a heavy swell rolled along the deep. The British were approaching the enemy, but very slowly, for though the studding-sails were set, they did not make more than three knots an hour. Nelson occupied himself in visiting the different decks of the *Victory*, and addressing the men at their quarters, warning them not to fire a single shot without being sure of their mark. Then he retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:—

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Afterwards he drew up a memorandum by which he bequeathed to the generous care of his King and country Lady Hamilton, and his adopted daughter, and then he once more went on deck. He wore his old admiral's frock-coat, with the four "weather-tarnished and lack-lustre stars always to be seen there." His officers dreaded that so conspicuous an attire would especially indicate him to the enemy's riflemen, as it was believed that his life would be particularly aimed at; but his feelings on the subject were so well known that no one dared to remonstrate with him. On a former occasion he had exclaimed,—“In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them!”

It was about six o'clock when Captain Blackwood, of the *Euryalus*, went on board the *Victory*. He found his

chief in good spirits, but calm and grave; not glowing with the fire of inspiration as at the Nile and Copenhagen; for though he was sure of triumph, he was also confident of death. After watching for some time the manœuvres of the enemy, he asked Blackwood what he should consider a complete victory? He replied, that considering the superiority in force of the combined fleet, and the gallantry with which they offered battle, he thought it would be a triumphant issue if fourteen ships were captured. Nelson exclaimed, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

Considering that the *Victory*, both as the leading ship of the column, and as distinguished by Nelson's flag, would, on going into action, attract to herself the entire force of the enemy's fire, and knowing of how much value to England was the life of her greatest naval hero, both Blackwood and Hardy endeavoured to persuade him to allow the *Téméraire*, then close astern, to forge ahead. Lord Nelson, "smiling significantly at Captain Hardy," replied, "Oh yes, let her go ahead," and the *Téméraire* was hailed to that effect. "But at about the same time," says Mr. James, "Lieutenant John Yule, who then commanded upon the forecastle, observing that the lee or starboard lower studding-sail was improperly set, caused it to be taken in for the purpose of setting it afresh. The instant this was done, Lord Nelson ran forward, and rated the lieutenant severely for having, as he supposed, begun to shorten sail without the captain's orders. The studding-sail was quickly replaced; and the *Victory*, as the gallant chief intended, continued to lead the column." When the *Téméraire* ranged up on the *Victory's* quarter with the view of moving ahead, Lord Nelson hailed her; and speaking with his usual "slight nasal intonation," said, "I'll thank you, Captain Harvey, to keep in your proper station, which is *astern* of the *Victory*."

Captain Blackwood, having received his chief's last instructions, now took leave of him, to return on board

the *Euryalus*. Taking him by the hand, he expressed his hope that after the battle he should congratulate him on the capture of twenty prizes. Nelson replied, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again." The Admiral next directed the *Victory* to steer more to the northward, and telegraphed to Collingwood, "I intend to pass through the van of the enemy's line to prevent him from getting into Cadiz;" and as the shoals of San Pedro and Trafalgar were now under the lee of the British fleet, the *Victory* signalled for every ship to prepare to anchor at the close of day.

These preparations being completed, the Admiral observed that "he must give the fleet something by way of a fillip;" and after musing a while, remarked, "Suppose we telegraph that '*Nelson* expects every man to do his duty.'" The officer whom he addressed suggested that it would be better, "*England* expects every man to do his duty." Lord Nelson exclaimed, "Certainly, certainly!" and at about 20 minutes to 12, there flew from the *Victory's* mizen topgallant-mast-head the famous signal which so thoroughly expresses an Englishman's idea of patriotism.

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the path of glory."

The moment the purport of the signal became known throughout the fleet, it was greeted with three earnest cheers on board of every ship, and to each bold true English heart it appealed like a touch of inspiration!

It was now noon; the wind was light, but the sea heaved and rolled with a heavy swell from the westward; the sunshine lit up with a dazzling sheen the glittering sides of the long line of the combined fleets; when suddenly from the *Fougueux*, which occupied nearly the centre of the French and Spanish ships, rattled forth a heavy fire upon the *Royal Sovereign*, which had approached considerably within range. That FIRST SHOT—the opening of a great battle—the signal of a

long and deadly strife—with what an appalling sound it must fall upon the hearts of even the bravest! Of how many hopes, how many tender aspirations, how many vivid sympathies and beautiful emotions, it becomes the knell! Far into the Future must echo its fatal voice,—the voice of a fallen empire or a liberated people. Nations and realms shall be shaken by it, and to many a desolate hearth and darkened home that First Shot shall be for ever as a black and bitter memory!

Sweeping past the *Fougueux*, the *Royal Sovereign* took up a position close astern of the 112-gun ship the *Santa Anna*, and hurled upon her a broadside from double-shotted guns which killed or wounded nearly 400 of her crew. It was just at this moment that Collingwood exclaimed to his captain, “Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!” and Nelson himself remarked to those around him, “See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!”\*

But our business in these pages is more immediately with the *Victory*, and leaving the other ships of the British fleet, for the present, to drive into the press of the great battle, we must now direct our attention to the movements of their Admiral.

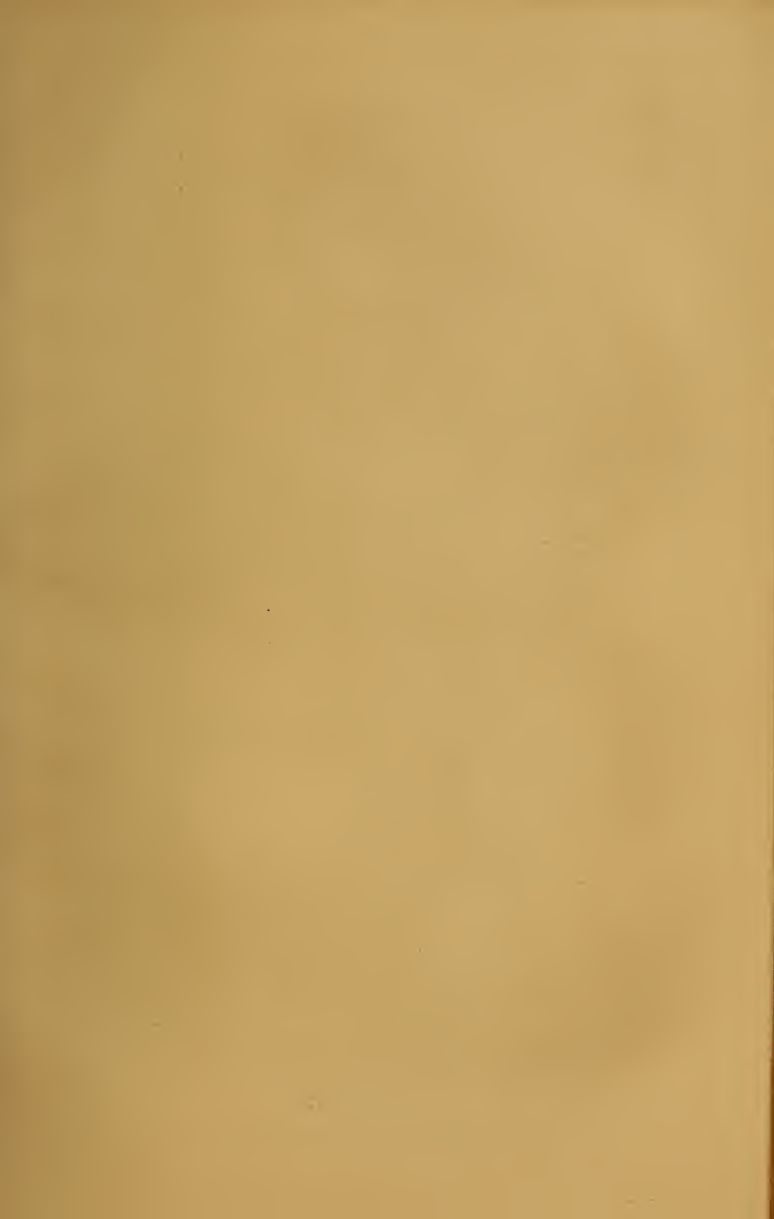
At twenty minutes past noon, the *Bucentaure* fired the first shot at the *Victory*. It fell short. A second fell alongside. A third went over the ship, and the sixth or seventh went through the maintop-gallant-sail. A pause; and then, as if by signal from the French admiral, the whole of the van of the combined line opened so fearful a fire upon her, that it seemed wonderful

\* The following anecdote of Collingwood will interest the reader (from Sir Edward Cust's *Annals of the Wars of the 19th Century*):—“He had dressed himself that morning with peculiar neatness and care, and, in conversation with some of his officers, recommended them to put on silk stockings as he had done; ‘for,’ said he, ‘if one should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable for the surgeon.’ He likewise, as Nelson had done, visited his decks before he got into action, and said to his officers: ‘Now, gentlemen, let us do something to-day which the world may talk of hereafter.’”

she did not reel under it. Mr. Scott, Lord Nelson's secretary, was killed by a cannon-ball while conversing with Captain Hardy. As he was a great favourite with the Admiral, Captain Adair, of the Marines, sought—with the help of a sailor—to remove the body out of sight; but he anxiously inquired, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and added, "Poor fellow!" Another shot struck a party of marines drawn up on the quarter-deck, and killed eight of them; whereupon Nelson desired their captain to disperse his men about the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. Presently, a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and whistled between Nelson and Hardy, bruising the left foot of the latter with a splinter. Both instantly stopped, and looked at each other inquiringly, each thinking the other wounded. The Admiral then smiled and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long," and added, that in all the battles he had seen, he had never witnessed more cool courage than on this occasion was exhibited by the *Victory's* gallant crew.

For up to this time the *Victory* had not fired a single gun. But the enemy having discovered that Nelson, like Collingwood, intended to break through their line, now closed up into an almost impenetrable wall, and Hardy pointed out that he must run on board one of their ships if a passage was to be effected. "I cannot help it," replied Nelson; "it does not signify which we run on board of. Go on board which you please." At this moment the *Victory* had lost, by the destructive fire to which she had been exposed, no less than twenty killed and thirty wounded, and her sails and rigging were severely damaged. She still moved ahead, however, and about one o'clock, poured into the cabin windows of the *Bucentaure* her first fire,—a 68-pounder carronade loaded with round shot, and a keg containing 500 musket-balls. Keeping on her way she deliberately hurled at her unfortunate antagonist every gun of the







NELSON.

See THE STORY OF THE 'VICTORY,'—Page 255.

remaining fifty upon her broadside, each double or treble shotted. So close were the two ships that their yards touched, and "had there been wind enough to blow it out, the large French ensign trailing at the *Bucentaure's* peak might, even at this early period of the action, have been a trophy in the hands of the *Victory's* crew." The French loss, according to their own account, equalled that which the *Santa Anna* sustained from the *Royal Sovereign's* fire, and the *Bucentaure* was reduced to an almost defenceless condition. The French 80-gun ship *Neptune* now took up the game, and crashed into the bows of the *Victory* with a most destructive fire. But fearing that the English three-decker intended to run on board of her, she ranged ahead, and Captain Hardy, putting his helm hard a-port, swept up against the *Redoubtable*, and the boom-iron of the *Victory* catching the leech of the fore-topsail of the latter, the two ships were closely linked together.

Almost immediately after the *Victory* had thus got hooked alongside an opponent, her boatswain cleared the French ship's gangways with the starboard 68-pounder carronade, and the guns of the middle and lower decks also rattled upon her. The *Redoubtable* returned the fire with her main-deck guns, and with musketry from her three tops harassed the *Victory's* deck. The *Victory* also kept up a constant fire at the *Santissima Trinidad*.

"Never allowing mere personal comfort," says Mr. James, "to interfere with what he considered to be the good of the service, Lord Nelson, when the *Victory* was fitting to receive his flag, ordered the large skylight over his cabin to be removed, and the space planked up, so as to afford him a walk amidships, clear of the guns and ropes. Here, along an extent of deck of about 21 feet in length, bounded abaft by the stancheon of the wheel, and forward by the combings of the cabin ladder-way, were the Admiral and Captain Hardy, during the whole of the operations we have just detailed, taking their customary promenade. At about 1 h. 25 m. P.M.,

just as the two had arrived within one pace of the regular turning spot at the cabin ladder-way, Lord Nelson, who, regardless of quarter-deck etiquette, was walking on the larboard side, suddenly faced left about. Captain Hardy, as soon as he had taken the other step, turned also, and saw the Admiral in the act of falling. He was then on his knees, with his left hand just touching the deck. The arm giving way, Lord Nelson fell on his left side, exactly upon the spot where his secretary, Mr. Scott, had breathed his last, and with whose blood his lordship's clothes were soiled."

A ball fired from the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable* had struck the fore part of his epaulet, entered the left shoulder, and, descending, had lodged in his spine. Captain Hardy immediately expressed a hope his chief was not severely wounded. Lord Nelson, with the sure prescience of a dying man, replied, "They have done for me at last, Hardy." "I hope not," said the captain. "Yes," continued Nelson, "my backbone is shot through." Sergeant Secker, of the Marines, and two seamen, who had run up on seeing the Admiral fall, now bore him to the cock-pit; and such was his coolness and presence of mind that he observed, as he was carried down the ladder, the tiller-ropes which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered new ones to be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be recognized by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and stars. The cock-pit was crowded with the wounded and dying, over whose bodies he was conveyed with difficulty, and laid upon a purser's bed. Here his wound was immediately examined by the surgeon, and found to be mortal. It was evident that he suffered great pain. "He frequently called for drink, and to be fanned with paper, making use of these words: 'Fan, fan,' and 'drink, drink.'"

In about an hour and ten minutes after he had received his wound he was gratified by a visit from Cap-

tain Hardy, for whom he had often inquired. "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" They shook hands in silence, for Hardy dared not give vent to his emotions. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," was the reply; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have, therefore, called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said his lordship, "none of our ships have struck, Hardy." "No, my lord, there is no fear of that." Lord Nelson then said: "I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon."

The captain now returned on deck; and shortly afterwards, the *Victory* opened her larboard guns upon Rear-Admiral Dumanoir's squadron, which was sailing to windward, and some of her starboard guns upon the French *Swiftsure*, then preparing to rake the *Colossus*. The firing so affected the dying Admiral that he exclaimed, "Oh, *Victory, Victory*, how you distract my poor brain!" Adding, after a moment's pause, "How dear is life to all men!"

By this time he had lost all feeling below the breast, and having made the surgeon ascertain this, he said to him, "You know I am gone; I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Dr. Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that I wish I was dead. Yet," he added, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too." In the same tone, a few minutes later, he cried, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?"

About fifty minutes had elapsed since Captain Hardy's return to the deck, and he now again presented himself before his revered chief. Taking his hand, he congratulated him on having gained a glorious victory,

which, he said, was complete, though he did not know to a certainty how many of the enemy's ships had surrendered. But assuredly not less than fourteen or fifteen. Nelson answered, "That is well, but I bargained for twenty;" and then emphatically exclaimed, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!"—"I suppose, my lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs."—"Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," cried Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself. "No, do *you* anchor, Hardy." Presently, calling the captain back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw this poor carcase overboard," and expressed a desire that he might be buried by his parents, unless the King should please to order otherwise. Then, the home-feelings and the home-sympathies again woke up in his heart:—"Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. . . . Kiss me, Hardy." Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek. Nelson then said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment; then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy."

Nelson now asked to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." To the chaplain he said, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation grew very indistinct, but he was heard frequently to repeat, "Thank God, I have done my duty." They were his last words, and they summed up the lesson of his life. He expired, without a struggle or a groan, at thirty minutes past four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

"The most triumphant death," says Southey, eloquently, "is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the

hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength."

It is unnecessary for us to pronounce any eulogium upon the hero of Aboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. Such a labour would be as futile as the task of the herald who stands over the tombs of princes, and repeats the long roll of their titles and honours. Nelson's fame is part and parcel of the glory of England, who among all her illustrious Worthies never had one whom she loved so well. Others have received her gratitude, her praise, her reverence. She loaded honours and rewards upon Wellington, for he had deserved well of the commonwealth; but yet Wellington was never the people's hero. He was, so to speak, too much of an abstraction; his very virtues, his very freedom from the ordinary errors of humanity, raised him above the common crowd. But Nelson was thoroughly English in his genius, his follies, even his antipathies. His patriotism was so warm; his loyalty so ardent; his courage so audacious; there was in that weak and diminutive body such a soul of fire; that everybody was irresistibly attracted to him, and inspired by the impulses which inspired himself. The people did not love him the less for his errors,—they served by their contrast to heighten and exalt his virtues. He was *their* Nelson; not the Nelson of the court or the aristocracy, but the Nelson of the people of England. How they rejoiced in his victories! How they mourned over his death!

Nelson was no common man. He was not simply a brave and dashing seaman; he was a consummate naval tactician; and never before or since has England produced an officer who so thoroughly understood the

management of great fleets. He was the Napoleon of the British navy, and revolutionised the tactics and administration of our marine. All his victories were gained over considerably superior forces, and in the face of obstacles which would have seemed insuperable to a man of inferior genius. Though greedy of glory he was incapable of selfishness, and delighted in duly acknowledging the services of those who fought under him, and who owed so much to his splendid example. Though a strict disciplinarian, he never wearied his men with useless minutiae or unwise restraints, and accordingly received their entire confidence and devoted love. No admiral, except Earl St. Vincent, ever equalled him in the successful formation of a school of intelligent officers. Men bred up under the eye of Nelson were fit to go anywhere, and do anything; they were capable of the greatest achievements, for insensibly they had become imbued with his own spirit, and learned the great lessons which his career was continually teaching. His daring, his intrepidity, his presence of mind, his firmness of purpose, they could all understand and imitate; it was only the originality of his genius and the comprehensiveness of his intellect which they could not hope to rival.

The hero's body was conveyed to England in the *Victory*, and on the 6th of January 1806, after lying for some days in state at Greenwich Hospital, was interred with elaborate pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral; a vast and sorrowing multitude attending the solemn obsequies. The leaden coffin in which his remains were brought home was cut in pieces, and these were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson—so the gunner of the *Victory* called him;—and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into his tomb, the seamen who were present—as if with one accord, and at a given signal—rent it into fragments, that each might preserve the memorial while he lived.

Statues and monuments were voted by most of our



principal cities, and notably the tall column in London, which still, to our dishonour, remains unfinished. His brother was created an earl, with a grant of 6000*l.* per annum; 10,000*l.* were voted to each of his sisters; and 100,000*l.* for the purchase of an estate.

Having thus brought to a close our narrative of Nelson's death, we intend to trace, very briefly, the share of the *Victory* in this famous battle, which virtually annihilated the navies of France and Spain, and freed the shores of England from all apprehension of invasion. But, first, we may extract from Mr. James's elaborate Naval History a general view of the engagement, and its immediate results:—

“Soon after the first four ships of the British lee-division had cut through between the centre and rear of the Franco-Spanish line, the remainder successively, as they came up, pierced the mass (for it could no longer be called line) of enemy's ships, in various directions, and found opponents as they could. Meanwhile the leading ships of the weather-division had begun to engage in a similar manner, a little ahead of the centre. The action, which had commenced at noon, arrived at its height about 1.30 P.M. At 3 P.M. the firing began to slacken, and, at about 5 P.M., wholly ceased. Of the fourteen van-ships of the combined line, reckoning to the *Redoubtable* inclusive, three only were captured in their places. The remaining eleven wore out of the line. Of these eleven, three were captured, and eight escaped; four by hauling to windward, and four by running for Cadiz. Of the nineteen rear-ships, twelve, including one burnt, were taken, and seven escaped into Cadiz; making, as the result of the first day's proceedings, nine French (including one burnt), and nine Spanish sail of the line captured, total eighteen; and nine French, and six Spanish sail of the line escaped, total fifteen: of which latter number four French ships got away to the southward [and were captured by Sir Richard Strachan], and eleven, five of them French and six Spanish, and most of the

ships much shattered, with all the frigates and brigs, reached the bay of Cadiz."

After Lord Nelson had been removed below, the fire from the *Redoubtable's* tops was kept up with such terrible effect that, in a few minutes, several officers and about forty men, nearly the whole of them upon the upper deck, were killed or wounded. The few effective men who escaped the enemy's musketry were employed in removing their wounded comrades below, and the quarter-deck and poop being thus comparatively empty, the officers and crew of the *Redoubtable* seized the opportunity, and made a gallant attempt to board. A party of the *Victory's* officers and men, however, soon sprang up the stairs from the lower decks, and after a quick sharp interchange of firing, repulsed the French, but not without a considerable loss. Captain Adair and eighteen men were killed, and two officers and twenty men wounded.

The hand-grenades flung from the tops of the *Redoubtable* did far less mischief to her antagonists than herself, for some of them falling among her larboard fore-chains and starboard fore-shrouds, set them on fire. The flames quickly caught the foresail of her antagonist, the "brave old *Téméraire*," but her energetic crew extinguished them before they became serious. The *Victory's* men, after having put out a fire that had spread itself among some ropes and canvas on the booms, also lent their aid to extinguish the fire on board the *Redoubtable*, and flung bucketsful of water from the gangway upon her chains and fore-castle.

The *Redoubtable* now ceased hostilities, and became the prize of the *Victory*. Her other antagonist, the *Téméraire*, was now grappling with the *Fougueux*. She poured in a terrible broadside, which crashed through every timber of the French vessel, and the latter, reeling under the shock, and running foul of the *Téméraire*, was immediately lashed fast by her fore rigging. She

was then boarded by Lieut. Kennedy, and twenty-eight gallant fellows, and in ten minutes was in the possession of the English. The *Victory* now disengaged herself from the shattered spars and rigging of the *Redoubtable*, and the *Téméraire* sent a prize crew on board the latter.

The damages sustained by the *Victory* were necessarily very great; her mizen topmast was shot away; her hull much damaged; not a yard or spar that was not wounded; the rigging was literally cut to pieces; and some shots had been received between wind and water. Her roll of killed and wounded also illustrated the glorious part she had borne in the victory of Trafalgar. Besides Lord Nelson and his secretary, she had her captain of marines, one lieutenant, two midshipmen, the captain's clerk, 32 seamen and 18 marines, *killed*; two lieutenants, two lieutenants of marines, three midshipmen, and 95 seamen and marines, *wounded*. It was by such sacrifices as these that our forefathers maintained the freedom and asserted the honour of the "inviolate isle!"

Before closing our sketches of this memorable battle, we shall briefly indicate what was accomplished in it by each British ship. We have already spoken of the *Téméraire*, which had 47 killed and 76 wounded. The *Royal Sovereign* (Collingwood's flag-ship) first engaged the *Santa Anna*, and in one hour and five minutes compelled her to surrender, after a desperate and well-contested action. She lost 47 killed, and 94 wounded.

The *Belleisle*, on entering into action, sustained a tremendous fire from the rear of the combined line; exchanged broadsides with the *Monarca* and *Santa Anna*; engaged the *San Juan Nepomuceno*, and was also beset by the *Fougueux*, which, on the coming up of the *Mars*, dropped astern. She was afterwards surrounded by the *Achille*, the *Aigle*, the *San Justo*, and *San Leandro*, and reduced to a perilous extremity. At half-past two the

French *Neptune* placed herself across her starboard bow, and it was high time that relief arrived. Fortunately the *Polyphemus* and *Defiance* now came up, and soon afterwards the *Swiftsure* engaged the *Achille*. "As the *Swiftsure* passed close under the *Belleisle's* stern the two ships cheered each other; and to signify that, notwithstanding her dismasted and shattered state, the *Belleisle* remained unconquered, a union-jack was suspended at the end of a pike and held up to view, while an ensign was being made fast to the stump of her mizenmast." Killed, 33; wounded, 93.

The *Mars* was chiefly engaged with the *Pluton*, but had also to contend with a heavy fire from the *Fougueux*. Captain Duff was killed about 1h. 15m. P.M. Killed, 29; wounded, 69.

The *Tonnant*, after relieving the *Mars* from two Spanish ships, engaged the *Monarca*, and compelled her to haul down her colours. Next she ran aboard of the *Algésiras*, and fought her gallantly for upwards of an hour. The *Algésiras* then surrendered, and was taken possession of. The *San Juan* also struck her colours to the *Tonnant*. Killed, 26; wounded, 50.

Of the *Bellerophon* we have spoken in another part of our little volume. She took possession of both the *Monarca* and the *Bahama*,—the latter, however, having struck to the *Colossus*. Killed, 27; wounded, 123.

The *Colossus* suffered more severely in her aggregate of killed and wounded than any other British ship. She was closely engaged with the *Argonaute*, which she silenced; and afterwards with the *Bahama*, and the French *Swiftsure*. After a hot contest, both surrendered. Killed, 40; wounded, 160.

The *Achille* (English) engaged the *Montanez*, which in fifteen minutes was glad to sheer off, and then proceeded to the relief of the *Belleisle*. In doing so she was met by the *Argonaute*, and a warm engagement ensued. The *Berwick* now came up, and the Spanish ship dropped to

leeward. After an hour's action the *Berwick* surrendered. Killed, 13; wounded, 59.

The *Leviathan* first directed her attention to the *Bucentaure*, and afterwards to the French *Neptune*, and the *San Augustin*, which she carried by boarding. Killed, 4; wounded, 22.

The *Conqueror* engaged the *Bucentaure*, which had previously been shattered by the *Victory's* terrible broadside (see p. 254), and took possession of her. Killed, 3; wounded, 9.

The *Neptune* had also a brush with the *Bucentaure*, and afterwards engaged the *Santissima Trinidad*. Being joined by the *Africa*, she silenced the great Spanish three-decker, which, at the close of the action, was boarded and taken in tow by the *Prince*. The *Neptune* had 10 killed, and 34 wounded; the *Africa*, 18 killed, and 44 wounded.

The *Orion* attacked the *Intrépide* with so heavy a cannonade that in ten to fifteen minutes she surrendered, having lost, in killed and wounded, nearly 200 of her crew. Killed, 1; wounded, 23.

The *Britannia* was engaged, first, with the *San Francisco*, and, second, with the *Rayo*, three-decker. Killed, 10; wounded, 42.

The *Agamemnon* exchanged broadsides with several of the French and Spanish ships. Killed, 2; wounded, 8.

The *Ajax* sustained but little damage. Killed, 2; wounded, 9.

The *Minotaur* and *Spartiate* did not get into action until late, when they pounced upon the Spanish *Neptuno*, which was compelled to surrender. The *Minotaur* had 3 killed, and 22 wounded; the *Spartiate* 3 killed, and 20 wounded.

The *Dreadnought* engaged and captured the *San Juan*. She then attacked Admiral Gravina's ship, the *Principe-de-Asturias*; but the Spaniard, after two or three broadsides, made sail and escaped. Killed, 7; wounded, 26.

The English *Swiftsure* engaged the *Achille*, which found afterwards a second antagonist in the *Polyphemus*. The *Achille* was soon silenced. The *Swiftsure* had 9 killed and 8 wounded; the *Polyphemus*, 2 killed and 4 wounded.

The *Defence*, after an hour's engagement, compelled the *San Ildefonso* to strike her colours. Killed, 7; wounded, 29.

The *Thunderer* assisted the *Dreadnought* in her attack upon the *Principe-de-Asturias*, and was afterwards engaged by the French *Neptune*. Killed, 4; wounded, 12.

The *Defiance*, after a brisk brush with the *Principe*, ran alongside of the *Aigle*, "boarded her with little resistance, got possession of the poop and quarter-deck, hauled down the French colours, and hoisted the English in their stead; when, suddenly, so destructive a fire of musketry was opened upon the boarders from the fore-castle, waist, and tops of the *Aigle*, that the British were glad to quit her, and escape back to their ship." The *Defiance*, therefore, recommenced her cannonading, and in twenty-five minutes the Frenchman surrendered. Killed, 17; wounded, 53.

The total loss in the English fleet amounted to 449 killed, and 1241 wounded.

Every English lad must know that the *Victory*, since the day of Trafalgar, has been carefully preserved in Portsmouth Harbour,—the best of all monuments to her great Admiral's fame. She has been so frequently repaired that very little of Nelson's ship remains; but the spot on the deck where he fell is still pointed out, and the corner in the cockpit where he expired. On the anniversary of Trafalgar, October 21st, she is gaily decorated with wreaths of evergreen; and no stranger, for the first time in Portsmouth Harbour, fails to visit the historic vessel which, in the most decisive naval battle of the century, bore the flag of England's most illustrious naval hero. *Esto perpetua!* May her name never pass away from the records of the British Navy!

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

## "THE ALCESTE."

[Period of Service : Reign of George III.  
Strength : 46 guns, 218 men, 900 tons.]

"The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,  
And girt by formidable waves ; but they  
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,  
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay :  
A reef between them also now began  
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,  
But finding no place for a landing better,  
They ran the boat for shore."—*Byron*.

IN the preceding chapters we have sketched the careers of some of the most famous ships of the British navy, and recorded many of those deeds of brilliant courage and resolute intrepidity which have won for the British sailor so exalted a character. Before closing our little volume, and bidding farewell to those kind readers who have followed thus far our simple narratives, we propose also to show him under circumstances of peculiar peril and privation, as we have shown him in the flush of victory and the glow of success, and to tell, as concisely as possible, the spirit-stirring Story of the Wreck of the *Alceste*. We shall preface it, however, with a few details of her earlier adventures.

The *Alceste* was a fine 46-gun frigate, commissioned in 1806 by Captain Murray Maxwell, an officer who had previously distinguished himself by his skill, discretion, and courage.

On the 4th of April 1808, she lay at anchor about three miles from Cadiz, in company with the 28-gun frigate *Mercury*, and 18-gun brig *Grasshopper*. A large convoy, protected by about twenty gun-boats, and a numerous train of flying artillery, which moved along the beach, was observed creeping along the coast from the northward. Captain Maxwell immediately determined to cut them off, and the squadron weighing stood in shore. The *Alceste* and *Mercury* flung their fire upon the gun-boats, while the *Grasshopper* from her light draught of water got nearer in, and engaged the batteries. She soon drove the Spanish from their guns, and so ably directed was all her movements, that Captain Maxwell, in his account of the action, says—"It was a general cry in both ships, 'Only look how nobly the brig behaves!'"

The boats of the *Alceste* and *Mercury*, under their respective lieutenants, now pushed off, and made a gallant dash upon the convoy, bringing off, from under the very guns of the enemy, whose forces by this time had been considerably augmented, seven loaded "tartans." Two of the gun-boats, meanwhile, were destroyed by the cannonades of the English frigates, and several driven on shore; and this spirited and successful affair was thus happily concluded with the loss of only one man mortally and two severely wounded.

The *Alceste* was next employed as a cruiser upon the coast of Italy; and in 1811 we find her in the "stormy Adriatic," in company with the frigates *Active* and *Unité*.

On the 28th of November, at early dawn, while lying in Port St. George, in the Island of Lissa, the appearance of three suspicious sail in the south was telegraphed. Captain Maxwell immediately concluded they were French; unmoored; and began warping out of harbour against a strong head wind; and such were the strenuous exertions of both officers and men that by the evening all three frigates were at sea, and crowding on



every stitch of canvas they could carry in pursuit of the enemy. They came up with them about eleven o'clock the next morning, and discovered them to be the 40 gun frigates *Pauline* and *Pomone*, and the frigate-built store-ship *Persanne*, of 26 guns, on their way to join the French squadron at Trieste. The French, finding themselves discovered, hung out all their sails, and endeavoured to escape, but the *Alceste* soon gained upon the *Pomone*, and the *Unité* overhauled the *Persanne*.

The *Alceste* got engaged with the *Pomone* about a quarter past one, but, giving and receiving a broadside, pushed ahead to fight the *Pauline*, the Commodore's ship. At this moment a shot from the *Pomone* carried away her maintopmast, and as it fell over her side, cheers from both the French frigates of "Vive l'Empéreur" were lustily raised. "They thought the day their own," says Captain Maxwell, "not aware of what a second I had in my gallant friend Captain Gordon, who pushed the *Active* up under every sail."

The *Active* brought the *Pomone* to close action about two, and soon afterwards the French commodore engaged the *Alceste*. But seeing that his companion stood no chance against the *Active*, he suddenly set all sail, and stood to the westward. The *Alceste* now bore up, and directed her fire at the *Pomone*, which,—her main and mizen masts coming down by the board,—hoisted a union-jack as a signal of surrender. The *Pauline* escaped, owing to the disabled condition of the British frigates; but the *Persanne* struck her colours to the *Unité*.

According to naval etiquette Captain Maxwell, as senior officer, was entitled to the sword of the captain of the *Pomone*, but with the generosity of a noble spirit, no sooner did he receive it than he presented it to Captain Gordon, considering the *Pomone* to be fairly the prize of the *Active*.

In this brilliant affair the *Alceste*, out of a crew of only 218 men and boys, had 7 killed and 13 wounded. The

*Active* lost 8 killed, and 27 wounded. Captain Gordon lost his leg, a 36-pound shot striking him on the knee-joint,—“carrying all off as if it had been done with a knife, and leaving the leg hanging by the tendons.”

Captain Maxwell was shortly afterwards removed to the *Dædalus*, 38-gun frigate, ordered on a cruise in the Indian seas, but had the misfortune to be wrecked, upon a reef of rocks, off the island of Ceylon. Fortunately all the crew were saved. (July 2nd, 1813.)

Towards the close of the year 1815, the English Government determined to send an embassy to the court of Peking, with the view of inducing the Chinese government to remove some of the restrictions which impeded commercial enterprise and pressed heavily upon European traders. This delicate and important mission was intrusted to Lord Amherst; and the 46-gun frigate, the *Alceste*, was commissioned by Captain Murray Maxwell for the reception of the ambassador and his suite.

The *Alceste* sailed from Spithead on the 9th of February 1816, and arrived in the Chinese seas in the July following. Lord Amherst duly carried out the objects of his embassy, and having satisfactorily concluded his negotiations with the court of Peking, left China on his return to England on the 9th of January 1817. The *Alceste* arrived at Manilla on the 3rd of February, and finally sailed for home on the 9th.

At that time of the year the passage through the Straits of Gaspar is considered preferable to that of the Straits of Banca, from its greater width and depth of water. Thither, therefore, Captain Maxwell directed the *Alceste*; and on the morning of the 18th of February she made Gaspar Island, and soon afterwards came in sight of Pulo Leat, or Middle Island. A gentle wind was blowing from the north-west; the sea was smooth and tranquil; but as the waters were much discoloured by a quantity of fish-spawn, great care was used in steering the frigate to prevent her running on any

hidden rock. Captain Maxwell, the master, and his officers were all on deck, and there seemed no cause for apprehension, as the soundings corresponded exactly with the charts, when the ship, about half-past seven, struck with a terrible crash on a sunken reef, and remained immoveable!

All hands were set to work at the pumps; but it soon became evident that no exertions could keep the water under, and in a very few minutes it rose above the orlop deck. The boats were therefore hoisted out, and Captain Maxwell attended to the safety of Lord Amherst and his suite, who, with a guard of marines for their protection, were despatched as quickly as possible to the Island of Pulo Leat, then distant between three and four miles. There it was hoped a supply of fresh water and tropical fruits might be procured.

Meanwhile, Captain Maxwell and his men were strenuously exerting themselves to obtain from the submerged hold a supply of provisions; but experienced no slight difficulty in the attempt from the force and depth of the water. The boats returned from Pulo Leat in the afternoon, but their report was a gloomy one; there were no signs of food or water on the island, and the approach to the shore was much impeded by the mangrove trees, which grew out to a considerable distance. No other resource, however, presented itself, and by eight o'clock that evening, all the crew were landed but one division, who, with the captain, first-lieutenant, and some other officers, remained that night on board the wreck. And a perilous and stormy night it proved! Happily the ship remained stationary on the reef, and the wind moderating towards morning, no catastrophe occurred. About six o'clock, the boats returned, and Captain Maxwell pushed off to Pulo Leat to consult with Lord Amherst upon his future movements. Mr. Hick, the first-lieutenant, remained in charge of the wreck, and a boat was stationed there to receive him and his men if any danger arose.

Captain Maxwell arrived at the island near noon, and found the ambassador, his suite, and the officers and crew of the *Alceste* in a position of considerable discomfort. They had landed on a most noxious salt water marsh, whence the tropic sun drew up a cloud of pestilential vapour. Few of the party—not even the ambassador himself—had on other attire than a shirt and a pair of trousers, while all around, and on the neighbouring trees, fluttered a curiously heterogeneous assemblage of mandarin robes, gay Chinese shawls, court dresses, tarry shirts, canvas trousers, and check shirts!

Captain Maxwell's primary object was to insure Lord Amherst's safety; and he therefore determined, with his lordship's assent, to send the members of the embassy to Batavia in the barge and cutter, under escort of a party of marines, to protect the boats from the piratical Malays. It was arranged that on their arrival at Batavia, Mr. Ellis, the ambassador's secretary, should charter a vessel, and return to the island for the crew and officers of the *Alceste*.

"A small quantity of provisions," says Mr. Gilly, whose concise account we have closely followed, "and nine gallons of water, was all that could be spared from their very scanty store; but at sunset every heart was exhilarated by hope and sympathetic courage, on seeing the ambassador strip, and wade off to the boats with as much cheerfulness as if he had stepped into them under a salute. At seven o'clock, the barge, under the charge of Lieutenant Hoppner, and the cutter, commanded by Mr. Mayne, the master, containing in all 47 persons, took their departure for Batavia, accompanied by the anxious thoughts and good wishes of their fellow-sufferers, who were left to encounter new dangers."

A party was now told off to dig for water. But a small supply had been obtained from the wreck, and each man, for the last two days, had been limited to a pint apiece. Another was set to work to cut a path to the summit of the hill, where Captain Maxwell resolved

to establish his encampment; and a third was employed to remove thither the scanty stock of provisions. These labourers under a tropic sun, half fed and half clothed, suffered severely from thirst. But about midnight descended a heavy shower, affording a delightful relief. The men caught it by spreading out their table-cloths and garments, and when these were thoroughly wetted, wrung their delicious contents into their parched mouths. Shortly afterwards, the well-diggers announced that they had found water; an announcement which was received with enthusiastic cheers. During the following day it supplied each person with a pint of water, and as it savoured something of a milky taste, the men added a little rum, and then declared that it formed most delectable milk-punch.

On Friday, the 21st, the party engaged in rescuing from the wreck what stores they could get at, descried a number of armed Malay proas, bearing down upon them. Unprovided with weapons they could only leap into their boats, and push off with all speed to Pulo Leat. The pirates closely pursued them, until two boats put out to sea to the assistance of their comrades. The Malays then returned to the wreck, and took possession of it.

These circumstances instantly aroused the whole settlement to action. "The order was given," says Mr. M'Leod, "for every man to arm himself in the best manner he could, and it was obeyed with the utmost promptitude and alacrity. Rude pike-staves were formed by cutting down young trees; small swords, dirks, knives, chisels, and even large spike-nails sharpened, were firmly fixed to the ends of these poles, and those who could find nothing better hardened the end of the wood in the fire, and bringing it to a sharp point, formed a tolerable weapon. There were, perhaps, a dozen cutlasses; the marines had about thirty muskets and bayonets; but we could muster no more than seventy-five ball cartridges among the whole party.

“ We had fortunately preserved some loose powder, drawn from the upper deck guns after the ship had struck (for the magazines were under water in five minutes), and the marines, by hammering their buttons round, and by rolling up pieces of broken bottles in cartridges, did their best to supply themselves with a sort of shot that would have some effect at close quarters, and strict orders were given not to throw away a single discharge until sure of their aim.

“ Mr. Cheffy, the carpenter, and his crew, under the direction of the captain, were busied in forming a sort of abattis by felling trees, and enclosing in a circular shape the ground we occupied; and by interweaving loose branches with the stakes driven in among these, a breastwork was constructed, which afforded us some cover, and must naturally impede the progress of any enemy unsupplied with artillery.

“ Even the boys managed to make fast table-knives on the end of sticks for their defence. One of them, who had been severely bruised by the falling of the masts, and was slung in his hammock between two trees, had been observed carefully fixing, with two sticks and a rope-yarn, the blade of an old razor. On being asked what he meant to do with it, he replied, ‘ You know I cannot stand, but if any of these fellows come within reach of my hammock, *I’ll* mark them!’ ”

The officers and men were divided into companies; sentries were stationed at suitable points, and regularly relieved; the boats hauled up to the landing-place, and a guard appointed; and other defensive measures concerted and adopted.

An attempt was made, on the 22nd, to enter into a peaceable arrangement with the Malays, and at first they seemed to respond to the overtures of the English. This favourable disposition did not last. Mr. Hay, the second-lieutenant, was, therefore, ordered to proceed to the ship with three of the boats, and drive off the pirates by force. When they saw the boats approach the *Alceste*

they quickly abandoned it; but not before they had set fire to the wreck. This act, however, proved of advantage to the English, for the upper works and decks burning down to the water's edge, everything buoyant floated up, and was easily laid hold of.

During the night an incident occurred which may amuse the reader, though it startled its hero. "A sentry surprised by the approach of a very suspicious looking personage, who was making towards him, levelled his musket and fired. In an instant the whole camp was alive with excitement, supposing that they were attacked by the savages, when, behold, the enemy turned out to be a large baboon, one of a race that abounded in the island. These creatures became very troublesome: they were most audacious thieves, and even carried away several ducks which had been saved from the wreck; till at last the poor birds were so frightened that they left their little enclosure and voluntarily sought for safety and protection amongst the people."

From Sunday morning, the 23rd, till Wednesday, the 26th, the men were engaged in rescuing what stores and provisions they could from the hull of the wreck; and it was with no ordinary pleasure they secured between fifty and sixty boarding-pikes, and eighteen muskets, all of which would be serviceable against their piratical foes. But as provisions began to fail, and no succours had yet arrived from Batavia, Captain Maxwell ordered the launch to be repaired, and a raft to be constructed, that his people might quit the island before reduced to the extremities of famine.

The Malays now began to make preparations for an intended attack. They occupied a small islet, about two miles distant, and every day brought them reinforcements. On Sunday, the 2nd of March, their demonstrations were so formidable that Captain Maxwell kept all his men under arms, and believing that an attack would be made during the night, he addressed them in a spirited harangue. "I do not wish to deceive you,"

he said, "as to the means of resistance in our power. When we were first thrown together on shore we were almost defenceless. Seventy-five ball-cartridges only could be mustered; we have now sixteen hundred. They cannot, I believe, send up more than five hundred men, but, with two hundred such as now stand around me, I do not fear a thousand—nay, fifteen hundred of them! I have the fullest confidence that we shall beat them. The pikemen standing firm, we can give them such a volley of musketry as they will be little prepared for, and when we find they are thrown into confusion, we'll sally out among them, chase them into the water, and ten to one but we secure their vessels. Let every man, therefore, be on the alert with his arms in his hands; and should these barbarians this night attempt our hill, I trust we shall convince them that they are dealing with Britons!" To this hearty address the crew of the *Alceste* replied with three enthusiastic cheers.

The night, however, passed in tranquillity; and the morning showed the pirates assembled to the number of six hundred. In this perilous position the men of the *Alceste* displayed all the best qualities of British seamen, and preserved as rigid a discipline as if they were on board ship. They were soon rewarded for their heroic patience. In the afternoon, an officer who had ascended one of the tallest trees, thought he descried a sail at a great distance. Closer examination proved that he was in the right, and before the day closed the brig *Ternate*, which Lord Amherst had despatched to their relief, approached near enough to communicate with the shore. The Malays immediately took to flight, but not without a farewell volley from the *Alceste's* people.

On Friday, the 7th of March, they were all embarked on board the *Ternate*, and on the 9th, they arrived at Batavia, where they were most kindly welcomed by Lord Amherst, and their comfort sedulously studied. They were afterwards sent home to England. Captain



Maxwell, on the route, touched at St. Helena, and was favoured by the Emperor Napoleon with an interview. The Emperor reminded him of the capture of the *Pomone*, and said,—“Vous étiez très méchant. Eh bien! Your government must not blame you for the loss of the *Alceste*, for did you not capture one of my frigates?”

Amongst the many narratives which testify to the calm cool courage and patient endurance of the British sailor, there is not one, we think, which more vividly illustrates those qualities than that of the Shipwreck of the *Alceste*. And with no other record could we more fitly close a volume devoted to the celebration of his daring, enterprise, and heroism.

From these pages may our youthful readers gather not only amusement, but instruction; and learn to imitate while they reverence those manly virtues which a Blake and a Nelson, a Collingwood and a Howe displayed! And, above all, may they take to their hearts the great lesson of Duty; in whatever position and under whatever circumstances; remembering the noble lines of the poet,—

“Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
 The path of duty was the way to glory:  
 He that walks it, only thirsting  
 For the right, and learns to deaden  
 Love of self, before his journey closes,  
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
 Into glossy purples, which out-redden  
 All voluptuous garden-roses.  
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
 The path of duty was the way to glory:  
 He, that ever following her commands,  
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won  
 His path upward, and prevailed,  
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
 Are close upon the shining table-lands  
 To which our God himself is moon and sun.”—*Tennyson*.

## APPENDIX.

## THE "WARRIOR," AND IRON-CLAD SHIPS.\*

"It is said that ideas produce revolutions; and truly they do—not spiritual ideas only, but even mechanical."—*Carlyle*.

IN giving a brief notice of the prominent features of the several varieties of iron-cased ships, it will be desirable to divide them into two classes, *Sea-going Ships*, and *Coast-defence Ships*.

SEA-GOING SHIPS.—Of these we have built, or are building, the following ships: *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Achilles*, *Defence*, *Resistance*, *Hector*, *Valiant*, *Northumberland*, *Minotaur*, *Agin-court*, *Royal Oak*, *Royal Alfred*, *Ocean*, *Prince Consort*, *Caledonia*, *Zealous*, *Favourite*, *Enterprise*.

The COAST-DEFENCE SHIPS are the batteries, *Glatton*, *Trusty*, *Thunder*, *Ætna*, *Terror*, *Erebus*, and *Thunderbolt*; and the Shield ships *Royal Sovereign*, and *Prince Albert*.

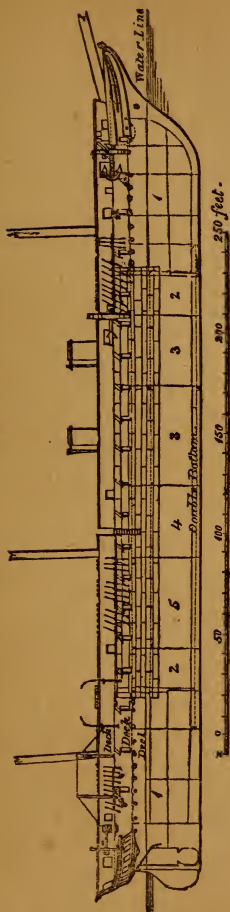
The *Warrior* (6,039 tons, 1,250 H.P.) is an iron ship of war protected by iron armour. In this respect she is like the batteries *Thunderbolt*, *Terror*, and *Erebus*.

But while these earlier ships are from their slowness and low free-board incapable of warlike operations on the open sea, the *Warrior* is in every respect an efficient man-of-war.

The main object regarded in her construction was to resist the action of shells, which had long been known to be readily capable of setting ships on fire, and to be frightfully destructive to limb and life when they exploded among the men massed on the fighting decks. It was, however, the startling illustrations of this fact which had been recently given at Sinope and Sebastopol that showed the necessity for a special means of resisting these dangerous missiles.

The mode adopted by the French architects for obtaining

\* We are indebted for this chapter to the kind assistance of Mr. N. Canaby, Member of the Institute of Naval Architects.

Fig. 1.—Sheer of *Warrior*.

Sheer Drawing of H.M.S. *Warrior*, showing the Armour-plating, the Armour Bulkheads, the Watertight Bulkheads throughout the Ship, the various Decks, &c.

1. Watertight Decks.
2. Magazines.
3. Boilers.
4. Shell Room, &c.
5. Engines.

this object, was to cover the exposed parts of the ordinary wooden ships with iron. But it was considered by English architects that, notwithstanding the rapid fouling of iron ships, and their local weakness of bottom, a great advantage might be obtained by the use of iron instead of wood in the whole of the ship. Wood is, under all circumstances, very perishable, and its liability to decay is likely to increase when inclosed within large masses of iron and perforated by numerous iron bolts.

In these ships it was particularly desirable to secure a considerable amount of durability, as they would be necessarily very costly. It was considered, further, that the heavy masses of iron required for plating the bow and stern would make the ship labour in a sea-way, and that by using iron for the construction of the hull, the necessity for armour-casing at the ends of the ship might be avoided.

Iron having for these reasons been adopted as the material for constructing the hull, all danger of destruction by fire from the action of shells was removed.

It would not have been difficult to make the whole of the plating of this hull sufficiently thick to break up common shells, without the use of thick armour at all. But iron plates of moderate thickness, while they will successfully resist such shell, are broken up into innumerable fragments by the blows of shot, which fragments fly about the decks, and do much mischief.

In an iron ship of war it is therefore necessary to protect with *shot-proof* plating all those portions of the ship in which the crew are engaged during an action.

The portion of the *Warrior* which is thus protected is shown in fig. 1 (p. 279). It is sufficiently long to enclose a battery of 26 guns, with intervals between the guns of 15 feet 6 inches from centre to centre. It has walls or bulkheads across its extremities, formed of 12 inches of timber and 4-inch iron plates, on a strong frame of iron. These walls extend from the spar deck to 8 feet below the water. The sides are strongly framed with ribs and plating, and have outside these, 18 inches of sound hard teak, and plates of hammered iron  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick: Each plate is about 15 feet long and 3 feet wide, and weighs 4 tons. Each plate is fastened by about 30 bolts, two feet long. These bolts are formed with a conical head, sunk into the plate, and a screwed point, on which there are two nuts set up inside the skin of

the ship. This side has been proved to be capable of resisting both 68-pounders fired from a 95-cwt. gun, and 150-pounders from an Armstrong 100-pounder gun, at 200 yards range, the ordinary charges of powder (16 lbs.) being employed.

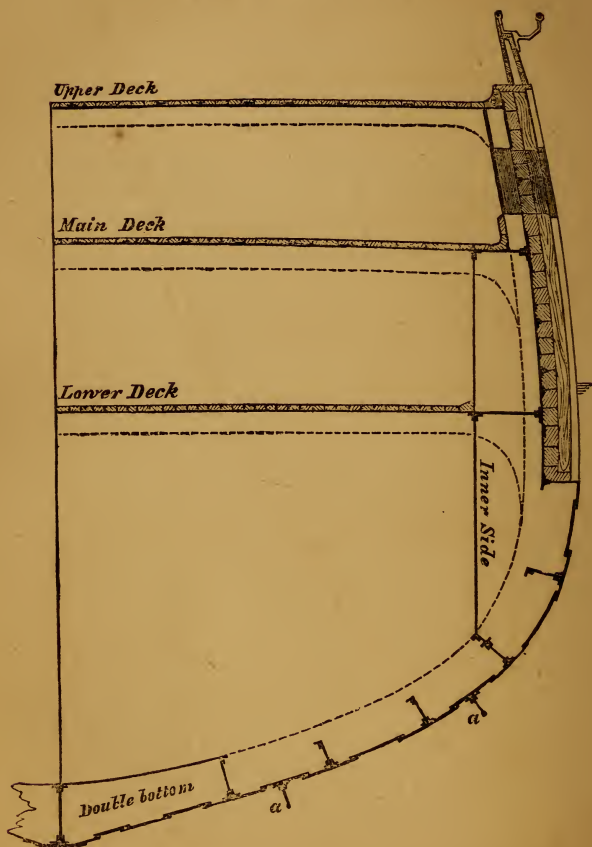
It was found further that, when a 150-lb. shot was fired from a 300-pounder gun with a charge of 50 lbs. of powder, the side was not perforated until two shots struck in the same place.

For all practical purposes the central battery of the *Warrior* may therefore be said to be impregnable, except at the ports. In order that these might be reduced in breadth from 3 feet 4 inches to 2 feet, a directing bar has been devised by the Ordnance Department which pivots in the port, and extends under the gun-carriage. By this means greater readiness and precision is obtained in training, and the guns can be made to fire over an arc of  $60^{\circ}$  through the 2-foot port. The port lids are made of thin iron, and are only musket-proof.

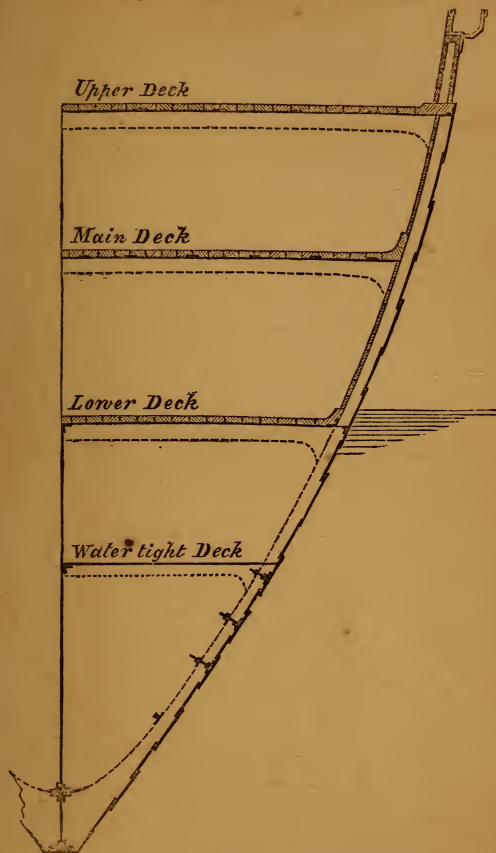
The accompanying figure (p. 282) shows the depth to which the armour extends below the water, in order to make this central tower impenetrable by shot. It shows also an inner water-tight side for additional security, in the event of the ship receiving injury below the armour by the blows of a ram, or by any other means. It has been assumed in the construction of all these ships, that shot cannot be made to penetrate a ship's side more than two or three feet below the surface of the water. This is probably the fact, and will continue to be so while the depression of the guns is limited to  $7^{\circ}$ . Shot fired at this angle have to pass through 50 feet of water in order to reach a depth of 6 feet below the surface. There is, however, nothing to prevent the construction of ships with lower port-sills, or higher carriages, and an increased height between decks, which shall be able to fire their guns at such an angle of depression as will penetrate the iron-cased ships below their armour. With guns loaded at the muzzle there might be some danger of the shot rolling out, but in breech-loading guns no such fear can be entertained.

Fig. 2 also shows an inner bottom in the middle of the ship, as a security against serious injury in the event of the ship getting aground. This inner or double bottom is 240 feet long, and terminates at each end at one of the transverse watertight bulkheads.

Fig. 3 (p. 283) is a section of the undefended part of the ship

Fig. 2.—Section of *Warrior*.

N.B.—The depth of the frames and beams is shown by dotted lines, as they only occur at intervals. The drawn lines show the actual section of the plating and framing in these intervals.

Fig. 3.—Extreme Section of *Warrior*.Section of *Warrior* before the Battery.

N.B.—The depth of the frames and beams is shown by dotted lines, as they only occur at intervals. The drawn lines show the actual section of the plating and framing in these intervals.

in which is a watertight iron deck, 8 feet below the load-water line. The portions of the foremost and after holds lying below this deck are not required for use, and it is intended that the scuttles and the man-holes leading through the deck into them should always be closed. Such being the case, it is assumed that no shot will be able to penetrate the deck, and that the holds below will always remain empty, whatever amount of damage is done to the undefended sides lying above them. The buoyancy of these lower holds, together with that of the impregnable central hull, is sufficient to float the ship, though the remaining upper portions should be completely bilged. These upper portions are divided by numerous bulkheads into a great many compartments, so that it would take a long time to pierce them all. When this is done, the loss of buoyancy will be 1000 tons, and the ship would after the loss steam at about ten knots, and with its ports 6 feet 6 inches out of water. In conjunction with this statement, we may record the facts that the *Gloire* has at her best an average speed of only 11.8 knots, and swims with her ports within 6 feet of the water.

The total weight of the *Warrior* is 8,800 tons, of which about 7,000 tons are iron. The armour, of which the greater part is hung upon the sides, weighs 1,000 tons.

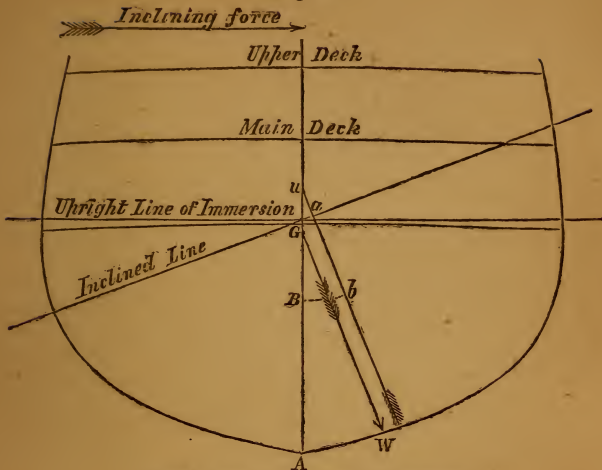
The height to which this armour rises above the sea line is so great that fear was entertained by eminent naval officers that the ship would not be able to stand up under her load. It may, therefore, be interesting to show upon what grounds her designers rested their confidence in her stableness.

In fig. 4 (p. 285) the point G marks the position of the centre of gravity of the entire ship and lading. In other words, it is the point about which the ship would balance in any position while the contents of the ship retained their places. B is the position of the centre of gravity of the mass of water displaced. In other words, it is the point about which this body of water would balance in any position if it were congealed or made solid.

If the ship, or rather an exact model of the ship, had to be supported in the upright position by a hand placed beneath it, the hand must be placed at A, and must press upwards in the direction AM, otherwise the ship would fall to one side or the other. And since the ship is supported in the upright position by the upward pressure of the fluid, we see that this fluid acts as if it were a single force equal to the



Fig. 4.

Diagram to show the stability of the *Warrior*.

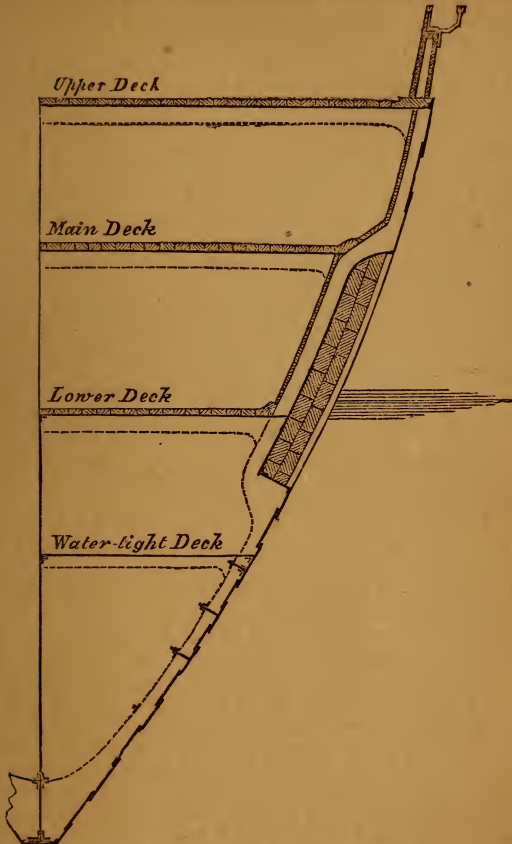
weight of the ship applied at *A*, and pressing upwards in the direction *AM*. Thus, as the ship weighs 8,800 tons, she sinks into the fluid until she fills the space previously occupied by exactly 8,800 tons of water, and she then receives that amount of support from the surrounding fluid which she requires. There is, then, 8,800 tons of weight pulling the ship downwards, and 8,800 tons of fluid resistance pushing her upwards: the consequence is that she neither rises nor falls, but floats at rest.

Now suppose the ship or model to be pushed over, immersing the right side, and raising the left side out of the water until the line of immersion is changed to that marked *inclined line*. Since the weight of the ship is unaltered, the size of the hole which she makes in the water must be the same as before, but its shape and position have undergone a change.

While the ship was upright there was the same amount of displaced fluid on both sides of the line *AM*, but now there is more on the right than on the left side of this line. There

is, therefore, an increase in the amount of fluid pressure on the right side, and a decrease in that upon the left; so that if the model were without weight, and it were required to keep it immersed at the inclined line by the pressure of a hand downwards, that hand must be placed somewhere to the right of the position which it would have occupied for this purpose had the vessel been upright, and it would press down perpendicularly to the inclined line. Supposing the exact position of the hand to be at the point  $a$ , we should conclude that the fluid forces which support the ship were all pushing upwards as though they were collected in the line  $bM$ . Having remarked this from the evidence of our senses in attempting to keep the model *immersed* by the hand, in the inclined position, we should notice further, that if the model had to be *supported* by the hand in the inclined position, the hand must be placed at the point  $W$ , and must press upwards in the direction of the line  $WG$ , because  $G$  is the centre of gravity, and it is only about this point that it will balance. From this we should reach our second conclusion, that all the weights in the ship are pushing downwards, as though they were collected in the line  $GW$ . But if all the supporting forces act as though they were collected in the line  $bM$ , and all the weights as though they were collected in  $GW$ , they will, by their joint pushing and pulling, bring the vessel into the upright position again. It is, in fact, only by the application of some other forces, such as the pressure of the wind on the sails, or the blow of a wave, that such a vessel can be made to incline. As soon as she is forced out of her upright position her very weight drags her back again.

To avoid a somewhat difficult proof, the position of the point  $a$  was assumed. Its real position is, however, to be found by discovering the point  $b$ , which is the centre of gravity of the irregular mass of fluid displaced by the ship in her inclined position, and drawing the line  $bM$  vertically upwards. The point  $M$ , where this line cuts the middle line of the ship, is for all ordinary angles of rolling practically coincident with what is called the meta-centre. If the weights in the ship were so disposed that their centre of gravity  $G$  were situated at  $M$ , then the upward and downward forces would be acting in the same line, and there would be no tendency to pull the ship upright; in other words, there would be no stability. And if the point  $G$  were above  $M$ , then, although the upward and downward forces acted in different lines,

Fig. 5.—Extreme Section of *Achilles*.Section of *Achilles* before the Battery.

N.B.—The depth of the frames and beams is shown by dotted lines, as they only occur at intervals. The drawn lines show the actual section of the plating and framing in these intervals.

they would so act as to pull her still further from the upright position until she was keel upwards. The stableness of the ship is therefore measured by the height of the point M above G. In order to keep G low, the weights must be kept down; and in order to make M high, the rate at which the point B or *b* (called the centre of buoyancy) moves towards the inclined side must be great. This may be done by increasing the breadth, or diminishing the depth of the ship. Thus, although the tendency of the armour is to raise the centre of gravity, and make the ship crank, the breadth and form of the ship may be such as will entirely counteract such tendency.

One effect of the armour, hung as it is at a great distance from the middle of the ship, is to make her roll more slowly and deeply than she otherwise would. She would also take a longer time to come to rest than ordinary ships, when rolling once commenced. To obviate this, bilge-pieces, *a a*, are fitted on the bottom as shown in fig. 2. Their object is simply to increase the friction of the bottom as it rolls through the water, and thus to aid in bringing the vessel to rest. The preceding considerations show us that crankness can in no way be remedied by their use. Stability must be obtained by other means, but they offer a most effectual check to deep and long-continued rolling.

*Black Prince* and *Achilles* (6,039 tons, 1,250 H.P.).—All that has been said of the *Warrior* applies equally to the *Black Prince*, and most of it to the *Achilles* also.

The *Achilles* will however differ from her sister ships in the following respects. She is protected by shot-proof armour, not only in the battery portion, but also in the region of the water line, throughout the entire length of the ship. There is thus a continuous belt of 4½-inch armour on 18 inches of timber extending 8 feet above the water line, and 5 feet below it, as shown in the preceding sketch, fig. 5 (p. 287).

The *Achilles* differs from her sister vessels also in having four masts, and in an altered form of head and stern. The knee and head are removed, in order to free the ship from what is considered to be a mere useless encumbrance, both when encountering a head sea, and when operating as a ram. The stern is so altered as to afford protection to the head of the rudder and stern-post, both of which are exposed in the other ships. They are, however, so massive in those ships as to promise sufficient resistance to the blows of shot.

The belt of iron employed in this ship, in conjunction with iron plating on the deck, is expected to render her hull secure against the admission of water through shot holes, so that she may go into action without fearing any loss of buoyancy or speed.

*Minotaur*, *Agincourt*, and *Northumberland* (6,621 tons, 1,350 H.P.).—These ships were designed with the view of escaping the objections which were brought by many men of position against such partial protection as that of the *Warrior*. They contended that the exposed portions of the *Warrior* would become such a wreck under fire, as to make the ship unmanageable; and they considered that the loss of sea-worthiness which would result from loading the ends of the ship with armour was a less disadvantage than that which might be apprehended from the absence of such armour.

The truth probably lies somewhere between the two positions. It is a great misfortune to have a large portion of the hull capable of being waterlogged, and perhaps a still greater misfortune to have the steering gear exposed to fire. But, on the other hand, the complete plating requires the ship to be increased in size and cost, and it is feared will prove most injurious to its sea-going qualities.

The ships of this latter class are 20 feet longer than the *Warrior*, 18 inches broader, and have 600 tons more burden. They possess a considerable advantage in the fact, that while the *Warrior* has only 26 out of her 40 guns under the protection of the armour, they have 40 guns protected. The armour in these ships is omitted from a portion of the fore-end of the top side of the ship, and an athwartship shot-proof bulkhead is erected on the forecastle.

*Resistance and Defence* (3,668 tons, 600 H.P.).—These ships were designed for coast-defence purposes, but there is nothing to prevent their forming part of the line-of-battle in any part of the world.

In comparison with the other ships they are somewhat undermasted, and have a limited supply of coal, but they will perform useful service whenever they are brought into action.

It is to these ships, rather than to the heavier and less manageable frigates, that we must look for active and useful service as rams. They are formed in such a manner as to give them extraordinary strength in the stem and bow. It is to be regretted that their bowsprits are not fitted with a view

to such services; but there can be little doubt that this would speedily be done if a war were to break out.

That the use of the ram will become general, in future naval warfare, is certain.

In a paper read before the Institution of Naval Architects by the writer of this chapter, in March, 1860, he said: "We have seen that one of the ancient modes of fighting was by the use of rams, for piercing the sides of opposing vessels. This mode continued in constant use so long as vessels of war were propelled by oars, *i. e.*, so long as the attacking vessels were perfectly under command for rapid advance in any direction, or for retreat at pleasure. Sailing vessels are not under command in this way, and therefore such a mode of fighting has been, for the last 500 years, impracticable. But steam has again given us this control over our ships, and the opinion is growing that we shall revert to this most ancient mode of warfare. Whether it would be prudent, or even practicable, to use line-of-battle ships as rams is very doubtful; but that a class of vessels for coast defence ought to be, and yet will be, constructed on this principle, I hold to be certain." "And so long as it is possible for a small vessel, at a moderate speed, to penetrate the sides of the strongest ship below the water, as it certainly is, so long will it be imprudent to build *large* ships of war." Two years after this paper was read, the *Merrimac* furnished a startling illustration of its truth.

Since it was written the *Northumberland* class has been designed, but the writer has seen no reason to change his opinions, stated at length in the paper referred to, with regard to the imprudence of building *large* ships of war.

The *Defence* and *Resistance* are armour-plated in the same partial manner as the *Warrior*, but a somewhat smaller proportion of the hull is defended.

The number of protected guns in these ships is only 14.

In the *Hector* and *Valiant* (4,063 tons, 800 H.P.), the plating extends throughout the whole length of the ship at the height of the battery. It is also nearly complete below the battery. There are a few feet left undefended at each end, and the defended part is completed by armour-plated transverse bulkheads, extending from the under side of the battery to a sufficient distance below the water. These ships are, therefore, much less exposed to damage under fire than the *Defence* and *Resistance*. They are so constructed as to be able to

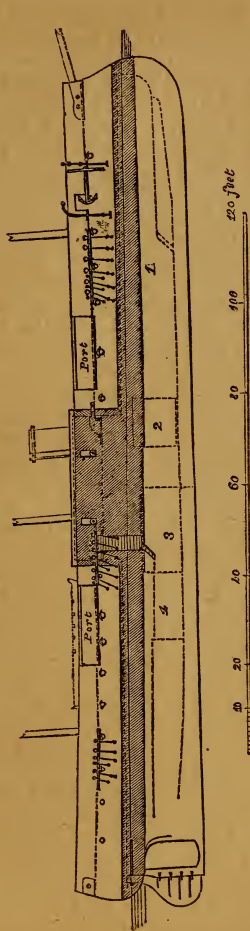
serve the purpose of rams in case of need, and their bowsprits are made to turn up, about a pivot at the inner end. But their chief advantage as compared with the *Defence* and *Resistance* lies in the increase of speed. The average speed of the latter ships will not exceed  $11\frac{1}{2}$  knots, but these may be expected to reach  $12\frac{3}{4}$  knots. They possess a further advantage in having 30 guns protected, or more than twice the number of the other ships; and they have one-fourth more men in the crew.

*Prince Consort*, *Caledonia*, and *Ocean* (4,045 tons, 1,000 H.P.); *Royal Oak* and *Royal Alfred* (4,045 tons, 800 H.P.).—Of these ships, it is only necessary to say that they are ordinary line-of-battle ships, with one deck taken off. They are plated from end to end with iron  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick, and have 32 guns on their main deck. They will be much more formidable than they would have been as line-of-battle ships, although greatly inferior to ships of the *Warrior* class.

Of all the ships we have mentioned, the smallest are the *Resistance* and *Defence*, the tonnage of which is 3,668, or nearly twice that of Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar. Such large ships are so costly that it becomes important to inquire whether it is not possible to construct smaller vessels, possessing the necessary qualities of an iron-cased ship. If the plating is to extend over the whole of the exposed surface of the ship, and to some 4 or 5 feet under water, then small ships are altogether out of the question. They are almost equally so if the *Warrior* system is adhered to. Mr. Reed therefore proposes to abandon the idea of protecting a central portion large enough to support the undefended ends after they are bilged, and to adopt instead the belt at the water line, as already shown in the *Achilles*. The central battery may then be made as short as we please, and the same measure of invulnerability may be obtained in a small vessel as in a large one. With this mode of plating, it also becomes possible, by reducing the number of guns, to use iron armour of any desired thickness without greatly increasing the size of the ship.

*Enterprise*.—In this ship the principle has been applied with such success that, with a burden of only 990 tons, we have an iron-cased sea-going ship. The great object sought by Mr. Reed in this ship was the reduction of dimensions, for which purpose every possible device has been adopted for lightening the hull without weakening the ship.

Fig. 6.—The Iron-cased Sloop-of-War *Enterprise*, of 4 Guns.



1. Central Passage through the Ship.
2. Boilers.
3. Powder and Shells.
4. Engines.

N.B.—The shaded part is covered with  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch iron. The hull above this is of thin iron.

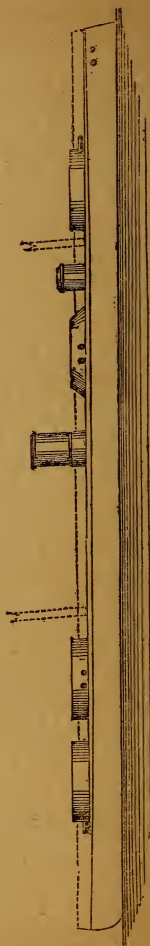


Fig. 7.—Elevation of the Shield Ship *Prince Albert*.



This vessel will carry four of the heaviest guns, and will be propelled by engines of 160 H.P., at a speed of  $9\frac{1}{2}$  knots per hour.

The transverse walls of the central tower are pierced on each side the ship, to allow the guns to fire ahead or astern, a portion of the light topside turning down for the purpose. The guns may be fired within  $10^\circ$  of the fore-and-aft line. The walls are also pierced for musketry for sweeping both the decks.

The upper portions of this ship are of iron, in order that they may be light and incombustible: when the ship is in action these portions of the ship will not be occupied. That portion of the ship's company which is not actually employed at the guns, is accommodated below the deck that is situated at the height of the top of the belt, which deck is bomb-proof. The whole of the ship below the bomb-proof deck is in communication with the battery, so that the men may readily be collected for boarding or for repelling boarders.

*Favourite* (8 guns, 400 H.P.)—The same arrangement of armour is being applied in the conversion of the corvettes of the *Favourite* class into iron-cased ships. But in them, the deck which is made shell-proof is 7 or 8 feet above the water, and the belt is considerably wider.

It will be observed that there is a very great reduction in the number of guns carried, as compared with uncased ships of similar classes. Instead of the 17 guns of the sloop we have only 4 guns, and instead of the 22 guns of the corvette only 8 guns.

This is a startling reduction in the nominal power of the ship, but the increase in the weight of the projectiles thrown goes far towards a complete compensation. And there can be no doubt that the weight and power of naval ordnance will continue to increase until, perhaps, being able to strike with the ship as easily as with the gun, and more effectually, we may dispense with guns in sea fights.

COAST-DEFENCE SHIPS.—The first iron-cased ships which were built in England were those known as the floating batteries. There are seven of them, four built of wood, and three of iron. Of the wooden ships three are of the *Trusty* class, viz., *Trusty*, *Thunder*, and *Glutton*, 14 guns. Their tonnage is 1,469 tons; and the power of the engines 150 nominal H.P., with which they obtain a speed of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knots per hour. They swim when loaded, at a draught of 8 feet 8 inches, and

with their ports 3 feet 2 inches out of the water. The average thickness of timber in the ribs and planking at the strongest part of the side is 18 inches, and the average thickness of the armour is 4 inches. The fourth wooden battery is the *Ætna*, 16 guns. Her tonnage is 1,588, and the nominal H.P. of her engines 200. The load draught of water is 8 feet 6 inches, and the height of port 4 feet 3 inches.

Those which are built of iron are the *Erebus*, *Terror*, and *Thunderbolt*, 16 guns. Their tonnage is 1,954, and H.P. of engines 200. Their mean draught of water is 8 feet 9 inches, and height of port 3 feet 10 inches. They are formed with ribs of iron 6 inches deep, on which is placed the armour and backing.

*The Shield Ships.*—The revolving shield or cupola of Captain Coles is an engineering device of considerable merit; but its use in naval warfare seems likely to be limited to vessels intended solely for coast defence.

The invention consists, really, in a novel description of gun-carriage, the merits of which are facility of training, and protection of the guns and gunners from the fire of shot and shell. These are advantages which we should suppose to be valuable in a fixed fortress; but when applied to a ship they are greatly reduced in value.

First, with regard to facility of training, it is found that by the use of this invention two 100-pounder guns may be worked by half a dozen men. But of what value is this economy of labour in a ship which must have a large crew to navigate her and defend her against boarding? Thus, the *Royal Sovereign* was a three-decked line-of-battle ship, of 3,765 tons, with a complement of 1,100 men. Instead of her former armament of 131 guns, she will probably have 8 guns in four shields. Assuming that six men are sufficient for working each shield, there will be twenty-four men employed at the guns. But she will need a crew of at least 200 men, so that only one-eighth of her men will be engaged. This is not of course a disadvantage; but it is so small an advantage as to set off very badly against the serious difficulties introduced by the shields.

Secondly, with regard to the protection which the shields afford to the gunners, it is only necessary to observe that just as much armour is required on the sides of the ship for her protection, in addition to that on the shields, as would be needed if the shields were not used. And while the two

prime advantages of the invention are thus deprived of much of their value when applied to ships, it appears also that the introduction of shields must necessarily deprive a ship of sea-going qualities.

There are several reasons why this must be so. First, the shield-guns must fire over the highest deck, and all the permanent part of the hull of the ship must lie below the line of fire. If in order to get a good free-board this deck is raised more than six or seven feet out of the water, gun-boats might lie under cover of her sides with impunity while a breach was made in the armour, or while measures were taken for capturing her. It may be said that ordinary ships of war are subject to the same mode of attack; but it must be remembered that these shield-ships have no top-side, under cover of which their own men may assemble, and no tops from which the men may be picked off at the guns of the attacking vessels. Any gun-vessels which should dare to take up a position by the side of the *Warrior* would be liable to instant capture, and it cannot be conceived possible that their crews would be able to work the guns under the fire of musketry which would be directed against them.

As the shield ships are helpless in these respects, it is indispensable to keep the free-board low. The *Royal Sovereign*, for example, is only six feet out of the water, and is on that account quite unfit for sea-going purposes.

Again, vessels fitted with shields, must either be without masts, or having masts, must dispense with shrouds to them. With the ordinary masts and rigging, the angle of training of the shield-guns would be as limited as that of guns fired through common broadside ports. Captain Coles proposes to fit tripod masts, which shall not need the support of shrouds and stays. It is not impossible that he may by some such means be able to introduce a light rig into shield-ships; but it must always be of such a character as will tend still further to render the use of shields in sea-going ships undesirable.

In the *Prince Albert* (2,529 tons, 500 H.P.), fig. 7 (p. 292), the armour and backing extend throughout the entire length of the sides. The upper deck is perfectly straight and level amidships, but slopes down at the sides to form a glacis, to allow the guns to fire with a depression of  $6^{\circ}$ . The men and officers are berthed on the lower deck, between and beyond the shields.

In this ship the water-tight bulkheads are obliged to stop

at the lower deck. This being the case, if one compartment became filled with water, the water would flow over into the adjoining compartments. In order to give greater security to the compartments, the ship is fitted throughout the greater portion of her length with a complete inner bottom and side.

We have thus described the prominent features of all the iron-cased ships now in existence, and in course of construction.

Of such ships the fleet of the future will be composed.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF ACTIONS AT SEA,  
FOUGHT BY BRITISH FLEETS.

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*June 24, 1340.*

*Off Sluys.*—The English fleet, under Edward III., the Earls of Derby, Northampton, and Arundel, defeat a superior French force, manned by Normans, Picards, and Genoese. The French loss is estimated at between 25,000 and 30,000, and the English at 4,000, killed and wounded.

*August 29, 1360.*

*Off Winchelsea.*—Between the English, under Edward III., and Spaniards, who were completely beaten, and lost 26 large ships.

*June 22, 1372.*

*Off Rochelle.*—Between the English, under the Earl of Pembroke, and a very superior force of Spaniards. Almost all the English ships were taken or destroyed.

*March 24, 1387.*

*In the Channel.*—A large Flemish fleet totally defeated by the Earl of Arundel's squadron. 80 sail were taken.

*August 15, 1416.*

*Off Harfleur.*—The English fleet, under John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford, and Sir Walter Hungerford, defeat a large number of Genoese carracks, hired by the French. The English lose 100, and the French 1,500.

*August 10, 1512.*

*Off Brest.*—A desperate engagement, but with no decisive results, between the English and French fleets:—the first action in which great guns were extensively used.

. . . . . 1513.

*Off Brest.*—Between the English and French. Sir Edward Howard, in rashly boarding a large French galley, was slain.

*July 18 and 19, 1545.*

*Off Portsmouth.*—Indecisive engagement between an immense French armada, under D'Annebault, and the English fleet, under Lord Lisle. (See Chapter II.—*The Story of the "Mary Rose."*)

*July 19 to July 28, 1588.*

*In the Channel and Straits of Dover.*—Defeat of the Spanish (mis-named the Invincible) Armada by the English under Lord Howard of Effingham, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Raleigh, Frobisher, and others.

*June 20, 1596.*

*Cadiz.*—Capture of Cadiz, and destruction of the Spanish fleet, by an expedition under the Earl of Nottingham, Earl of Essex, Raleigh, and others.

*May 18, 1652.*

*In Dover Roads.*—Between the Dutch, under Van Tromp, and the English, under Blake. The Dutch lost two ships.

*July 4, 1652.*

*On the French Coast.*—Sir George Ayscue defeats a French fleet of 40 sail, and captures or destroys 30.

*August 16, 1652.*

*Off Plymouth.*—Sir George Ayscue, with 38 ships, defeats De Ruyter, at the head of a Dutch fleet of equal force. Two Dutch ships were sunk.

*September 28, 1652.*

*Off the Goodwin Sands.*—Blake and Penn defeat the Dutch, under Admirals De Witt and De Ruyter. They capture several ships.

*November 29, 1652.*

*Off the Ness.*—A Dutch fleet, of 95 sail, under Van Tromp, attacks Blake, who has only 40 ships under his command. Two English ships were taken, after a desperate resistance, and Van Tromp cruises with a broom at his mast-head, to intimate that he would sweep all English shipping off the narrow seas.

*February 18, 19, and 20, 1653.*

*In the Channel.*—Three days' engagement between the English (70 ships), under Admirals Blake, Monk, and Deane, and the Dutch (73 ships), under Tromp, De Ruyter, and Evertzen. The Dutch lose 11 ships of war, 1,500 killed, and 700 prisoners.

*June 2 and 3, 1653.*

*Off the Gable.*—The English (105 ships) under Monk and Deane, afterwards joined by Blake, attack a Dutch fleet of equal force, under Tromp, De Witt, and De Ruyter. 20 Dutch ships were taken or destroyed.

*August 7, 1654.*

*Off the Texel.*—Between Van Tromp (who was killed in the action) and Admirals Monk, Penn, Jordan, and others. The two fleets were about equal in force. The Dutch lost 26 men-of-war, 2,700

men killed, 2,500 wounded, and 1,000 prisoners. The English lost three ships, and 1,300 killed and wounded. The Dutch now sued for peace.

1655.

*Bombardment of Tunis*, by the English fleet, under Blake.

*April 20, 1657.*

*Bombardment of Santa Cruz*, and destruction of six Spanish galleons, by the English fleet under Blake.

*June 1, 2, and 3, 1665.*

*Solebay*.—Between the English fleet, under the Duke of York, Sir William Penn, Sir John Lawson, and Sir George Ayscue (110 ships), and the Dutch (120), under Opdam, the two Evertzens, and Cornelius Tromp. After an animated action, the Dutch fled, and were pursued nearly to their own coast. They lost 24 ships taken, burnt, and sunk; and between 6,000 and 7,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners. The English lost 250 killed and 340 wounded.

*June 1 to 4, 1666.*

*Off the Goodwin*.—The Dutch, under De Ruyter, Evertzen, and Cornelius Tromp; the English, under Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and Prince Rupert. Owing to the ill-feeling which existed between the English commanders, the Dutch, after four days' severe fighting, obtained a slight advantage. The English lost 600 killed, 1,100 wounded, and 2,000 prisoners.

*July 25, 1666.*

*Off the North Foreland*.—The two fleets, under the same admirals, again met in battle, the superiority of force being with the Dutch, who, however, were totally defeated, with a loss of 20 ships and 4,000 men killed and drowned.

*May 10, 1667.*

*Off St. Christopher's, West Indies*.—Sir John Harman, with 12 frigates, defeats the Dutch and French squadrons of 22 ships, destroying several.

*May 3, 1672.*

*In Solebay*.—The French and English fleets, of nearly 140 sail, under the Duke of York and the Comte d'Estrées, are attacked by a Dutch fleet of 75 heavy ships and 40 frigates, under De Ruyter, Bancquert, and Van Ghent. The French leaving the English to bear the whole brunt of the action it ended indecisively, but the *Royal James*, a 100-gun ship, exploded, and the gallant Earl of Sandwich perished on board.

*May 28, 1673.*

*In the Channel*.—Between the English, under Prince Rupert and

Sir Edward Spragge, and the Dutch, under Tromp, who were compelled to retreat. Another action, with a similar result, occurred on June 4.

*August 11, 1673.*

*Off the Coast of Holland.*—Between the English and French (90 ships) and the Dutch (100), under De Ruyter and Banequert. The French, at the first onset, sailed away, and the English slowly retired to their own shores.

*May 1, 1689.*

*Bantry Bay.*—Between the English (19 sail of the line), under Admiral Herbert, and the French (28) under Admiral Chateau Renaud,—ending in a drawn battle.

*June 30, 1690.*

*Off Beachy Head.*—Between the English and Dutch (56 sail), under the Earl of Torrington, and the French (78 sail) under the Comte de Tourville. Neither combatant won much glory in this action.

*May 19 to 23, 1692.*

*Off Cape La Hogue.*—Admiral Russel's fleet consisted of 99 ships, English and Dutch, with 6,998 guns; the French, under De Tourville, of 105 ships, with about 5,300 guns. The French were totally defeated, and lost 16 ships.

*June 17, 1693.*

*In Lagos Bay.*—Sir George Rooke, with 23 sail of the line, and a large convoy, is attacked by a French fleet of 71 sail of the line, but saves a part of his convoy with the loss of only three men-of-war.

*August 20 to 24, 1702.*

*Off Santa Martha.*—Vice-Admiral Benbow, with seven ships, the largest a 70, falls in with the French (10) under Rear-Admiral Du Casse. Four of the British ships made no effort to join in the action, but Benbow compelled the French to retreat. He died of his wounds and of chagrin, at Jamaica, on the 4th of November. Two of his captains were afterwards shot.

*October 12, 1702.*

*At Vigo.*—The English and Dutch, under Sir George Rooke and Vice-Admiral Hopson (25 men-of-war), break into Vigo Harbour, and capture and destroy 17 French ships, carrying 960 guns, under the fire of the land batteries. Three Spanish men-of-war, and 15 galleons, were also taken or burnt.

*August 13, 1704.*

*Off Malaga.*—Between the English and Dutch, under Sir George



Rooke (59 ships, 3,700 guns, 23,200 men), and the French, under the Comte Thoulouse (58 ships, 3,689 guns, 25,181 men). The French compelled to retire, with a loss of 3,239 killed and wounded. The English lose about 2,719.

May 28, 1708.

*Near Carthagena (America).*—Commodore Wager, with three 60-gun ships, chases 17 Spanish galleons and sloops, destroys the admiral's ship, and captures the rear-admiral's.

July 31, 1718.

*Off Cape Passaro.*—The English (21 ships, carrying 1,390 guns, and 8,885 men), under Sir George Byng, attack the Spanish (29 sail, with about 900 guns, and 8,830 men); but eight ships, under Captain Walton, were despatched to pursue eight Spanish, who attempted to get inshore. Altogether the Spanish lost 10 ships taken, and three destroyed.

November 21, 1739.

*Capture of Porto Bello,* and destruction of Spanish shipping, by a squadron of three 70's, two 60's, and one 50, under Vice-Admiral Vernon.

February 11, 1744.

*Off Toulon.*—Between the English (27 ships of the line, nine of 50, and 12 of 40 guns and less, of which six 50's, two 40's, and the smaller vessels were not included in the line-of-battle), under Admiral Matthews and Vice-Admiral Lestock, and the Franco-Spanish fleet (28 sail of the line, including a 114-gun ship), under Admiral Navarro and M. de Court. One Spanish ship was captured. For this disgraceful action Admiral Matthews was cashiered.

May 3, 1747.

*Off Cape Finisterre.*—Vice-Admiral Anson's fleet (15 sail), attacked the French (38 sail), under M. de la Jonquière, and gained a complete victory, capturing six men-of-war, and four armed (French) East Indiamen.

October 14, 1747.

*Off Cape Finisterre.*—A squadron (one 61, one 70, three 64's, seven 60's, and two 50's), under Rear-Admiral Hawke, attack the French (one 80, three 74's, one 70, three 64's, two 56's, and numerous frigates), under M. de Letendeur, and capture six ships.

October 1, 1748.

*Near the Havannah.*—Between Rear-Admiral Knowles's squadron (seven ships, 926 guns) and a Spanish squadron of superior force. The Spanish were defeated, and lost one ship, but the action excited much discontent in England.

*May 20, 1756.*

*Off Minorca.*—Between Admiral Byng's fleet (15 sail, 892 guns) and the French (17 sail, 956 guns, of heavier calibre than the English), under M. de Galissonnière. The action ended indecisively, through Byng's want of resolution, and the unfortunate admiral was afterwards shot in Portsmouth Harbour, on board the *Monarch* (March 14th, 1757).

*April 29, 1758.*

*Off Negapatam.*—Indecisive action between Vice-Admiral Pocock's squadron (seven sail, 404 guns) and the French (seven sail, 380 guns), under the Comte d'Aché.

*August 18 and 19, 1759.*

*Off the Barbary Shore.*—Between Admiral Boscawen's fleet (15 sail of the line) and M. de la Clue's (seven sail—eight having parted company). Only eight British ships, however, got up with the enemy, who lost three ships taken, and two destroyed.

*September 10, 1759.*

*Off Ceylon, and the East Indian Coast.*—Between Vice-Admiral Pocock (10 sail, 536 guns) and the Comte d'Aché (11 sail, two frigates, 800 guns). Neither party gained an advantage.

*November 20, 1759.*

*Off Belle-Isle.*—Between Admiral Sir Edward Hawke (27 line-of-battle ships, and six frigates, carrying about 1,980 guns), and M. de Conflans (20 line-of-battle ships and five frigates, carrying 1,550 guns—but of much heavier calibre than the English). The French defeated with the loss of five ships.

*July 27, 1778.*

*Off Brest.*—Between Admirals Keppel and Palliser's fleet (30 men-of-war and 6 frigates) and the fleet of the Comte d'Orvillier's (31 men-of-war and 8 frigates). The action had no result, and caused a bitter feeling of discontent at home.

*July 6, 1779.*

*Off Grenada.*—Between Vice-Admiral Byron (one 90, eleven 74's, one 70, seven 64's, and a 60) and the Comte d'Estaing (two 80's, twelve 74's, eight 64's, three 50's, and 10 frigates). The French escaped, but lost 1,200 killed and 1,800 wounded, against 183 killed and 346 wounded, on the side of the British.

*January 16, 1780.*

*Off Cape St. Vincent.*—Between Admiral Rodney's fleet (21 sail of the line and 9 frigates—of which only nine sail were engaged) and 14 Spanish sail of the line, under Don Langara. Six Spanish ships (one 80, and five 70's) were taken, and one blew up.

*April 17, 1780.*

*Off Martinique.*—Between Admiral Rodney (two 90's, eleven 74's, one 70, five 64's, one 60, and six frigates) and the Comte de Guichen (two 80's, eleven 74's, ten 64's, and six frigates and corvettes), but owing to a misunderstanding on the part of Rear-Admiral Hyde Parker and others, only a partial engagement took place.

*April 29, 1781.*

*Off Martinique.*—Between Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood and the Comte de Grasse. The French had a large superiority of force, but would not come to close quarters. The British lost 36 killed and 161 wounded; the French, 119 killed and 150 wounded.

*August 5, 1781.*

*Off the Dogger Bank.*—Between Vice-Admiral Hyde Parker's fleet (seven men-of-war, with 446 guns, and five frigates) and the Dutch (seven men-of-war, with 364 guns, and six frigates), under Rear-Admiral Zoutman. The Dutch lost one ship (which sunk), and, besides her crew, 142 killed and 403 wounded; the English, 109 killed and 362 wounded.

*September 5, 1781.*

*In Lynn Haven Bay, N. America.*—Between Rear-Admiral Graves (19 line-of-battle ships, and six frigates, carrying 1,408 guns, and 11,311 men) and the Comte de Grasse (24 sail of the line, and — frigates, carrying 1,822 guns, and 18,100 men). The action was indecisive.

*January 26, 1782.*

*At St. Christopher's.*—The French (31 sail) under Comte de Grasse made three furious but ineffectual attacks on Rear-Admiral Sir S. Hood's fleet (22 sail), lying in the anchorage of Basse-Terre.

*February 17, April 12, July 5, September 3, 1782.*

*Off the Madras Coast.*—Four actions between the English (nine sail, 394 guns), under Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, and the French (11 sail, and three 40-gun frigates, in all—848 guns). The first ended indecisively. The English were then reinforced by a 74 and a 64, and the French by another man-of-war. The second and third actions were in favour of the British. Before the fourth action, the English had been augmented to 12 sail of the line and 4 frigates; the French had 15 sail of the line. The latter were beaten, but no ships were captured.

*April 12, 1782.*

*Off Martinique.*—Between Admiral Rodney (2,640 guns) and the Comte de Grasse (2,560 guns, but of heavy calibre), ending in the total defeat of the French, with the capture of five ships and one

sunk. The French lost about 3,000 killed and 5,000 wounded ; the British, 237 killed and 776 wounded. In this action the manœuvre of "breaking the line" was first definitely performed.

June 20, 1783.

*Off Pondicherry*.—Another indecisive engagement between Admiral Sir Edward Hughes (18 sail, and 12 frigates) and M. de Suffrein. The English crews were much weakened by scurvy, and not above two-thirds effective.

May 28, 29, 30, 31, and June 1, 1794.

*In the Bay of Biscay* (lat. 47° 34' N., long. 13° 39' W.)—A series of partial actions terminating in the glorious victory of the 1st of June, and the capture of six French line-of-battle ships. Earl Howe had 26 sail of the line and 7 frigates ; the French, the same number, but were superior in guns and men.

March 13 and 14, 1795.

*Off the Coast of Genoa*.—Between Admiral Hotham's fleet (14 sail of the line, and 5 frigates) and the French (15 sail of the line, and 6 frigates), under Rear-Admiral Martin. A French 80 and 74 were captured.

June 16, 1795.

*In the Bay of Biscay*.—Vice-Admiral Cornwallis, with five sail of the line, a 100, and four 74's, two frigates (38 and 32 guns) and an 18-gun brig, falls in with the fleet of M. Villaret-Joyeuse (one 120, eleven 74's, and 11 frigates), and, after a partial engagement, ably effected his escape, without losing a ship, and only 12 men wounded.

June 22, 1795.

*Off Belle-Isle*.—Between Lord Bridport (14 line-of-battle ships actually engaged, and 9 frigates) and the fleet of M. Villaret-Joyeuse. Three French ships captured, when Lord Bridport discontinued the action.

July 13, 1795.

*Off the Hyères*.—A "miserable action" between Admiral Hotham (23 sail of the line) and the French (17 sail of the line), resulting in the capture of one of the latter.

February 14, 1797.

*Off Cape St. Vincent*.—Between Admiral Sir John Jervis (15 sail of the line, and three frigates) and the Spanish (25 sail of the line, and 12 frigates). Four sail of the line were captured.

July 25, 1797.

*Attack upon Santa Cruz*,—by a squadron of three 74's, one 50 gun

ship, and three frigates, under Commodore Nelson,—proved unsuccessful owing to insufficiency of force.

October 11, 1797.

*Battle of Camperdown.*—Between the English (14 line-of-battle ships, two 50's, two frigates and a sloop,—carrying, without frigates, 1,150 guns), under Admiral Duncan, and the Dutch (11 line-of-battle ships, four 50's, and four frigates,—carrying, without frigates, 1,034 guns), ending in the capture of eight ships (two 74's, five 64's, one 50) and two frigates. The British lost 200 killed and 622 wounded = 825; the Dutch, 540 killed and 620 wounded = 1160.

August 1, 1798.

*Battle of the Nile.*—Between the English (thirteen 74's, and one 50), under Nelson, and the French (one 120, three 80's, nine 74's, two frigates of 40 guns each, and two of 36), under Vice-Admiral Brueys. Nine French ships were taken, and three destroyed.

October 12, 1798.

*Off Donegal Bay.*—Between Commodore Warren's squadron (8 ships, and 354 guns) and the French (9 ships, and 412 guns, having 3,000 troops on board), under Commodore Bompart. Four French ships captured; and the others—all but two—were taken in endeavouring to reach French ports (October 14, October 18, and October 20).

April 2, 1801.

*Bombardment of Copenhagen,* by seven 74's, three 64's, two 50's, five frigates, 13 sloops, bombs, and fire-ships, under the immediate orders of Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson, leaving Admiral Sir Hyde Parker at anchor, about 6 miles from Copenhagen, with 8 sail of the line. The attack was completely successful, and the whole Danish fleet taken or destroyed.

July 9, 1801.

*Off Cabrita Point.*—Between the English (5 line-of-battle, and a frigate), under Rear-Admiral Sir James Saumarez, and the French and Spanish (9 line-of-battle, and three frigates), under Admiral Moreno and M. Linois. Only two British men-of-war and a frigate were engaged. One of the enemy's ships was taken, and two were set on fire.

July 22, 1805.

*Off Ferrol.*—Between Sir Robert Calder's fleet (four 98's, one 80, eight 74's, two 64's, and two frigates) and the Franco-Spanish (20 line-of-battle ships, and several frigates), under Admiral Villeneuve and Admiral Gravina. Two of the enemy captured.

October 21, 1805.

*Battle of Trafalgar.*—Between the British (27 sail of the line, and four frigates,—2,148 guns), under Nelson, and the French-Spanish (33 sail of the line, and five frigates,—2,626 guns), under Villeneuve and Gravina. Nineteen men-of-war were captured. (See the “*Story of the Victory.*”) Four more surrendered to a squadron, under Sir Richard Strachan, on the 4th of November.

February 6, 1806.

*Off San Domingo.*—Between Vice-Admiral Duckworth’s squadron (five 74’s, one 80, and one 64) and the French (one 120, one 80, three 74’s, and two frigates), under Vice-Admiral Leisseigues.

September 25, 1806.

*Off Rochfort.*—An English squadron (a 98, five 74’s, and a 16-gun sloop), under Commodore Sir Samuel Hood, attacks a French squadron (four 40-gun, and one 36-gun frigates, and two brigs) and captures the four 40-gun frigates.

February 19, 1807.

*Passage of the Dardanelles,* by the English fleet (one 100, one 98, two 80’s, two 74’s, one 64, two frigates and two bombs), under Vice-Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth. A small Turkish squadron was destroyed, and Vice-Admiral Duckworth then retreated.

August 12 to October 21, 1807.

*Expedition to Copenhagen.*—The fleet, under Admiral Gambier, consisted of 25 sail of the line, 40 frigates, sloops, bombs, &c. The army, under General Lord Cathcart, numbered 27,000 troops. After three days’ bombardment, Copenhagen surrendered, and the whole Danish fleet was captured.

April 11 to 14, 1809.

*In the Basque Roads.*—The English fleet, under Admiral Lord Gambier, consisted of one 120, two 80’s, eight 74’s, seven frigates, twelve brigs and sloops, and other small vessels. The French fleet in the Roads, under Vice-Admiral Allemande, was moored under the heavy batteries of the Ile d’Aix, and consisted of 12 sail of the line, and three frigates. A strong boom, half a mile long, further protected the French. Under the direction of Lord Cochrane, the boom was broken, and fire-ships sent in upon the enemy, who cut or slipped their cables in terror, and drove ashore. Several of the French ships were destroyed, and more might have been effected had the British fleet been better acquainted with the dangerous navigation of the Basque Roads, or had Lord Gambier possessed the daring of a Nelson.

*March 13, 1811.*

*Off Lissa.*—Between four English frigates (152 guns, and 880 men), under Captain Hoste, and a Franco-Venetian squadron (300 guns and 2,500 men), under Commodore Dubourdieu. Despite the disparity of force Captain Hoste captured two frigates, and drove another ashore, with a loss of only 45 killed and 145 wounded.

*August 27, 1816.*

*Bombardment of Algiers*, by Lord Exmouth's fleet.

*October 20, 1827.*

*Battle of Navarino.*—Defeat and almost total destruction of the Turkish and Egyptian fleet of nearly 180 sail, by the British, French, and Russians (26 sail), under Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington. "Out of a fleet composed of 81 men-of-war, only one frigate and 15 smaller vessels were in a state ever to be again put to sea."

*November 2, 1840.*

*Bombardment of Acre*,—by the British fleet (14 line-of-battle ships, five frigates, three corvettes, &c., &c.), under Admiral Sir Robert Stopford,—second in command, Commodore Charles Napier.

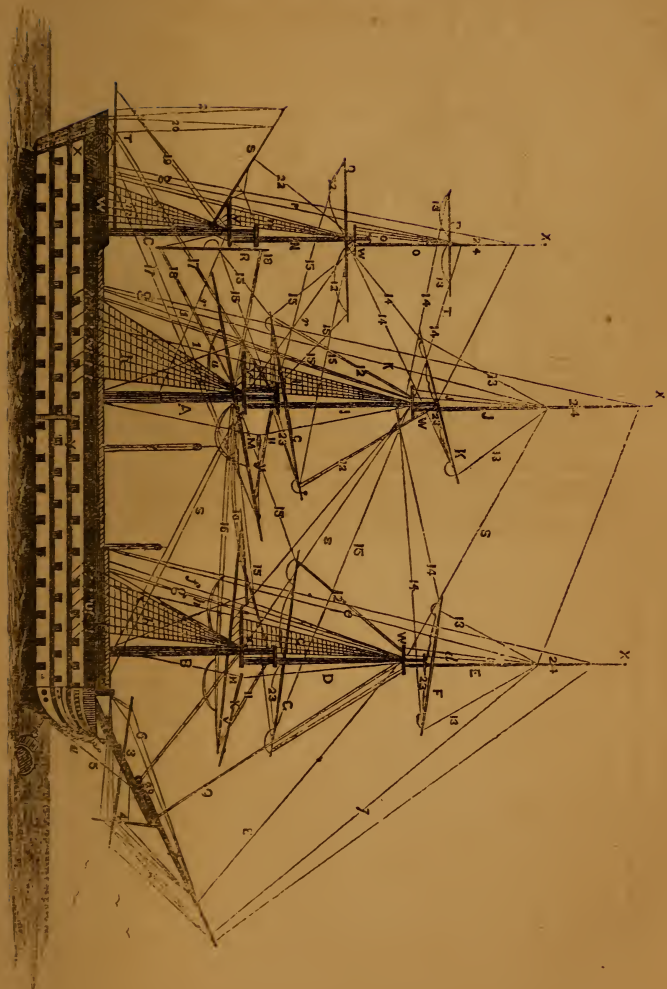
[The naval operations in the Black and Baltic seas during the Russian war were not of sufficient importance to require notice in this Chronological Summary.]

## I.—A SHIP, AND HER RIGGING.

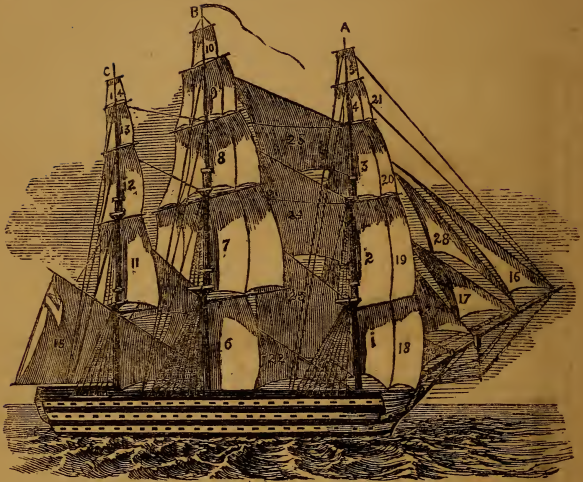
[To assist our young readers in mastering the nautical details of the preceding pages, we furnish them with the names of the various parts of the masts and rigging of a first-rate man-of-war. The letters and figures refer to the accompanying illustration (p. 309).]

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>A. The foremast.<br/>         B. The mainmast.<br/>         C. The mizenmast.<br/>         D. Foretop-mast.<br/>         E. Foretop-gallant mast.<br/>         F. Foretop-gallant yard.<br/>         G. Foretop-sail yard.<br/>         H. Fore-yard.<br/>         I. Maintop-mast.<br/>         J. Maintop-gallant mast.<br/>         K. Maintop-gallant yard.<br/>         L. Maintop-sail yard.<br/>         M. Main-yard.<br/>         N. Mizentop-mast.<br/>         O. Mizentop-gallant mast.<br/>         P. Mizentop-gallant yard.<br/>         Q. Mizentop-sail yard.<br/>         R. Cross-jack yard.<br/>         S. The gaff.<br/>         T. The spanker-boom.<br/>         U. The fore-chains.<br/>         V. The main-chains.<br/>         W. The mizen-chains.<br/>         X. The quarter galleries.<br/>         Y. The fore-chain wales.<br/>         Z. The main-chain wales.<br/>         a. Figure-head.<br/>         b. Fore-shrouds and ratlines.<br/>         c. Foretopmast-shrouds.<br/>         d. Top-gallant shrouds.<br/>         e. Top-gallant backstay.<br/>         f. Top-mast backstay.<br/>         g. Topsail shrouds.<br/>         h. Main rigging.<br/>         i. Maintop-mast rigging.<br/>         j. Maintop-gallant mast rigging.<br/>         k. Maintop-gallant backstay.<br/>         l. Maintop-mast backstay.<br/>         m. Mizen rigging.<br/>         n. Mizen-topmast rigging.<br/>         o. Mizen-topgallant mast rigging.</p> | <p>p. Mizen-topgallant backstay.<br/>         q. Mizen-topmast backstay.<br/>         r. Mizen, mizen-top, and mizen-top gallant stays.<br/>         s. Main, maintop, and maintop-gallant stays.<br/>         t. Stay tackles.<br/>         u. Fore and main-yard tackles.<br/>         v. Fore, main, and mizen tops.<br/>         w. Fore, main, and mizen crossrees.<br/>         x. Fore, main, and mizen trucks.<br/>         y. Studding-sail (stu'n'sail) booms on fore and main yards.<br/>         1. The jib-boom.<br/>         2. Bowsprit.<br/>         3. Spritsail-yard.<br/>         4. Dolphin-strikers.<br/>         5. Bobstays.<br/>         6. Jib-booms and stays.<br/>         7. Foretop-gallant stay.<br/>         8. Jib-stay.<br/>         9. Foretop-mast stay.<br/>         10. Fore-stay.<br/>         11. Lifts of the fore, main, and mizen yards.<br/>         12. Lifts of the fore, main, and mizen topsail yards.<br/>         13. Lifts of the fore, main, and mizen top-gallant yards.<br/>         14. Fore, main, and mizen top-gallant braces.<br/>         15. Fore, main &amp; mizen topsail braces<br/>         16. Fore braces<br/>         17. Main braces<br/>         18. Cross-jack-yard braces.<br/>         19. Topping-lift.<br/>         20. Vangs.<br/>         21. Signal halliards.<br/>         22. Peak or gaff halliards.<br/>         23. Foot-ropes.<br/>         24. Fore, main, and mizen royals.</p> |
|---|--|





## II.—A SHIP, AND HER SAILS.



[A Man-of-War, under a press of Sail.]

- A. Foremast.
- B. Mainmast.
- C. Mizenmast.
- 1. Foresail.
- 2. Foretop-sail.
- 3. Foretop-gallant sail.
- 4. Fore-royal.
- 5. Fore-skysail.
- 6. Mainsail.
- 7. Maintop-sail.
- 8. Maintop-gallant sail.
- 9. Main-royal.
- 10. Main-skysail.
- 11. Mizen-topsail.
- 12. Mizen-top-gallant sail.
- 13. Mizen-royal.
- 14. Mizen-skysail.

- 15. Spanker.
- 16. Flying-jib.
- 17. Jib.
- 18. Fore-studding sail.
- 19. Fore-topmast studding sail.
- 20. Foretop-gallant-studding sail.
- 21. Fore-royal studding sail.
- 22. Main-stay-sail.
- 23. Main-topmast stay-sail.
- 24. Maintop-gallant stay-sail.
- 25. Main-royal stay-sail.
- 26. Fore-topmast stay-sail.
- 27. Fore-stay-sail.
- 28. Foretop-gallant stay-sail.

} Similar sails can be set on the main and mizen masts.

## III.—A SHIP, AND HER INTERIOR.



[Longitudinal Section of a Screw Man-of-War.]

- A. Foremast.
- B. Mainmast.
- C. Mizenmast.
- D. Bowsprit.
- E. Upper deck.
- F. Main deck.
- G. Middle deck.
- H. Lower deck.
- I. Hold.

*Divisions of (E) Upper Deck.*

- 1. Captain's cabin.
- 2. The poop:
- 3. Quarter-deck.
- 4. Waist and gangway.
- 5. Forecastle.

*(F). Main Deck.*

- 6. Admiral's state cabin.
- 7. The galley, or cook's room.
- 8. The sick "bay."

*(G). Middle Deck.*

- 9. The ward-room (where the officers mess); marines' berths, ship's pumps, &c.

*(H). Lower, or Gun-Deck.*

- 10. Gun-room; mess-room for midshipmen, assistant-surgeons, &c.; berths for seamen.
- 11. The orlop deck.
- 12. The cockpit, purser's room, &c.

*(I). The Hold.*

- 13. Boatswain's and carpenter's stores.
- 14. Powder magazine.
- 15. Tanks and water-casks,
- 16. The shot-well.
- 17. The pump-well.
- 18. Provisions.
- 19. Spirit-room.
- 20. Bread-room.

[Between the bread-room and the stern-post is placed the *screw-propeller*. The *engine, boilers, &c.*, in a screw steam-ship, occupy the space of the provisions, spirit, and bread-stores, which are then placed on the orlop deck.]

## A GLOSSARY OF NAUTICAL TERMS.

---

*Aback*, the situation of the sail of a ship, when its forward surface is pressed upon by the wind.

*Abaft*, the hinder part of a ship, or some point nearer the stern than any given part, as *abaft* the fore-mast.

*Abeam*, or *Abreast*, the point at right angles with the ship's main-mast: hence, *abaft* the beam, is a position or situation between the direct line abeam and the stern, and *before* the beam, is between the beam and the head.

*Aboard*, the inside of a ship: hence, any person who enters a ship is said "to go aboard." To *fall aboard*, is to strike against another ship. To *haul aboard* the main tack, is to bring the clew of the mainsail down to the chest-tree.

*About*, the position of a ship immediately after she has tacked, or changed her course.

*Adrift*, the state of a vessel or ship broken loose from her moorings, and driven about, at the mercy of the wind, sea, or tide.

*Afore*, that part of a ship which lies forward or near the stem.

*Aft*, *After*, behind, or near the stern of a ship. See *Abaft*.

*Aloft*, up in the tops, at the mast-head, or anywhere about the yards or rigging.

*Alongside*, close to the ship.

*Amidships*, the middle of the ship, either with regard to her length or breadth; as, "the enemy boarded in the midships," *i. e.*, in the middle, between the stem and stern. "Put the helm amidships," *i. e.*, in the middle, between the two sides.

*Anchor*, *best bower* and *small bower*, the two stowed furthest forward or near to the bows; the *best bower* being the anchor on the star-board bow, the *small bower* the one on the larboard bow; the *sheet anchor* is of the same size and weight as either of the bowers; *stream anchor*, a smaller one; and *kedg anchor*, the smallest of all.

*Astern*, behind the ship.

*Athwart hawse*, the situation of a ship when she is driven by the wind, tide, or other accident, across the stem of another, whether they bear against, or are at a small distance from, each other, the transverse position of the former with the latter being principally understood.

*Bar*, a shoal across the mouth of a harbour or river.

*Barricade*, or *Bulwark*, the wooden parapet on each side of the fore-castle, quarter-deck, or poop.

*Bear up*, or *Bear away*, to change the course of a ship, in order to make her run before the wind, after she has sailed some time with a side wind, or "close-hauled;" the term appears to have been suggested by the motion of the helm, which partly produces the change, as it is then "borne up" to windward or to the weather-side of the ship. Hence *bear up* seems to have reference to the helm only; as, "Bear up the helm aweather." With respect to any other thing, it is said, *Bear away*, or *bear down*; thus, "We bore away for Plymouth;" "We bore down upon the ship, and fought her."

*Bearing*, the point of the compass on which any object appears, or the situation of any object in reference to any given part of the ship; as, "the bearing of the Cape was N.N.E."

*Beating*, the operation of making progress at sea against the direction of the wind, in a zigzag line, or "transverse."

*Belay*, to make fast.

*Bend* the sails, is to fasten them to the yards; *bend* the cable, to fasten it to the anchor, &c.

*Berth*, the place where a ship lies; a cabin on board ship.

*Bight*, any part of a rope between the ends; also a collar, or an eye, formed by a rope.

*Binnacle*, the box which contains the compass.

*Bits*, large upright pins of timber, with a cross-piece, over which the bight of the cable is put; also smaller pins to fasten ropes, &c.

*Bow*, is the rounding part of a ship's side forward, beginning where the planks arch inwards, and terminating where they close at the stem or prow. *On the bow*, means an arc of the horizon, not exceeding 45 degrees, comprehended between some distant object and that point of the compass which is right ahead, or to which the ship's stem is directed.

*Bowlines*, ropes made fast to the leeches or sides of the sails, to pull them forward.

*Box off*, is, when a ship having got up with the wind, or been taken by the wind ahead, the head yards are braced round to oppose its effect, and prevent the ship from being turned in a contrary direction.

*Braces*, ropes fastened to the yard-arms to brace them about.

*Breeching*, a stout rope fixed to the ring of a cannon and fastened to the ship's side, to prevent the gun from running too far in.

*Bring to*, to check the course of a ship by so arranging the sails as to make them counteract each other, and keep her nearly stationary; when she is said to *lie by* or *lie to*, having, according to the sea-phrase, some of her sails "aback," to oppose the force of those which are full. *To come to* is sometimes used with the same

meaning; although, more generally, it means "to let go the anchor."

*Broach to*, is when by the violence of the wind, or a heavy sea upon the quarter, the ship is forced to windward of her course in defiance of the helm.

*Bulkheads*, partitions of the cabins.

*Cable*, the large rope by which the ship is secured to the anchor.

*Cable's length*, a measure of 120 fathoms, or 240 yards.

*Cat-head*, a strong projection from the fore-castle on each bow, furnished with sheaves or strong pulleys, and to which the anchor is lifted after it has been hove up to the bow by the capstan.

*Chains*, or *Channels*, of a ship, those strong projections from the sides below the quarter-deck and fore-castle ports in large ships, but above the guns in small ones, to which the shrouds or rigging of each of the lower masts are secured, by means of wooden blocks, or *dead-eyes*, strongly chained and bolted to the ship's side.

*Chess-tree*, a piece of wood bolted perpendicularly on each side of the ship near the gangway, to confine the clew of the mainsail.

*Close-hauled*, the arrangement or trim of a ship's sails when she endeavours to advance in the nearest direction possible towards that point of the compass from which the wind blows.

*Club-hauling*, tacking by means of an anchor.

*Davit*, a piece of timber used as a crane to hoist the flukes of the anchor to the top of the bow; this is called "fishing the anchor."

*Fore-and-aft*, from stem to stern of the ship.

*Forging ahead*, to be forced ahead by the wind.

*Furl*, to wrap or roll a sail close to the yard, stay, or mast to which it belongs, and wind a gasket or cord about it to fasten it thereto.

*Gaskets*, a piece of plait to fasten the sails to the yards.

*Haul the wind*, to direct the ship's course as near as possible to that point of the compass from which the wind arises.

*Hawse*, is generally understood to imply the situation of the cables before the ship's stem, when she is moored with two anchors out from the bows; viz., one on the starboard, and the other on the larboard bow. It also denotes any small distance ahead of a ship, or between her head and the anchors by which she rides.

*Hawser*, a small cable.

*Heave to*, synonymous with *bring to*. *Heaving to* an anchor, is when all the cable is taken in until the ship is directly over her anchor, preparatory to its being weighed.

*Larboard*, a name given by seamen to the left side of the ship, when looking forward from the stern.

*Luff*, the order to the helmsman to put the tiller towards the lee-side of the ship, in order to make the ship sail nearer to the wind.

*Main sheet*, a large rope fixed to the lower corner or clew of the mainsail, by which, when set, it is hauled aft into its place.

*Main tack*, another large rope fixed to the same corner of the sail, but to haul it on board or down to the chess-tree on the fore part of the gangway; when set upon a wind, or "close-hauled," the foresail is provided with similar ropes.

*Offing*, implies "out at sea," or at a good distance from the shore.

*Pay round off*, is, when the ship is near the wind, to fall off from it against the helm, and in spite of every effort to prevent it.

*Port the helm*, the order to put the helm over to the larboard side of the ship. Used instead of larboard, on account of the resemblance in sound between the latter word and *starboard*.

*Quarter*, that part of a ship's side which lies towards the stern, or is included between the aftmost end of the main chains and the side of the stern, where it is terminated by the quarter-pieces.

*Rake a ship*, is when the broadside sweeps another's decks fore and aft, either by lying athwart her bows or her stern. *Rake* means also the inclination of the masts, bowsprit, stern, or sternpost.

*Reef*, to reduce a sail by tying a portion of it to the yards with points.

*Slipping the cable*, unsplicing it within, a buoy and buoy rope having been previously fixed to it, to show where the ship has left her anchor.

*Splicing*, the mode by which the broken strands of a rope are united.

*Spring, to anchor with a*, is, before letting go the anchor, to cause a smaller cable or hawser to be passed out of the stern or quarter-port, and taken outside of the ship forward, in order to be bent or fastened to the ring of the anchor intended to be let go, for the purpose of bringing the ship's broadside to bear in any given direction.

*Squadron*, an assemblage of ships of war in number less than ten.

*Stay, to stay a ship*, is to arrange the sails, and move the rudder, so as to bring the ship's head to the direction of the wind, in order to get her on the other tack. When she does not answer her helm she is said to be "in stays."

*Tack*, to change the course from one board to another. To turn the ship about from the starboard to the larboard tack, or *vice versâ*, in a contrary wind.

*Taut, or taunt rigged*, means when a ship is very lofty in her masts.

*All-a-tauto*, is used when a ship, having had some of her masts struck, has rehoisted them.

*Taut*, a corruption of *tight*.

*Wake* of a ship is to be immediately behind or in the track of her. It also means when a ship is hid from view by another ship.

*Warp a ship*, is to change her situation by dragging her from one part of a harbour, &c., to some other, by means of warps (ropes or hawsers), which are attached to buoys, to other ships, to anchors sunk in the bottom, or to certain stations on the shore, such as

posts, rings, trees, &c. The ship is then drawn forward to those stations, either by pulling on the warps by hand, or by the application of some purchase, as a tackle, windlass, or capstan.

*Way*, a ship is said to be *under way*, that is, to have way upon her, when she has weighed her anchor, and is exposed to the influence of the tide, current, or wind.

*Weather* a ship, headland, &c., is to sail to windward of it. The *weather-gage* implies the situation of one ship to windward of another when in action, &c.

*Wear* or *veer* ship, is to change her course from one board to the other by turning her stern to windward.

*Weigh*, is to heave up the anchor of a ship from the ground in order to prepare her for sailing.

THE END.



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