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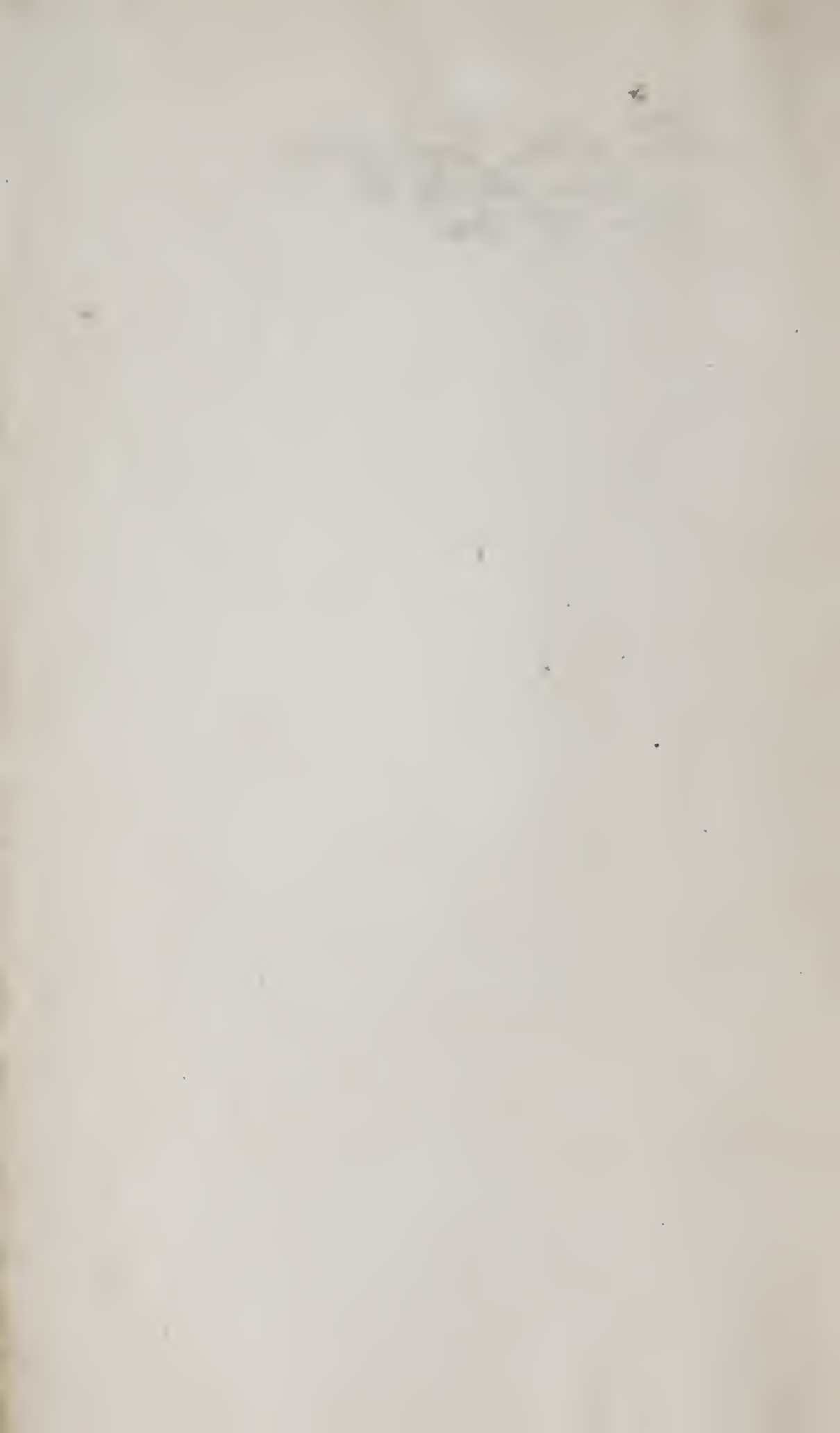
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Drake Knighted by Queen Elizabeth.—Page 30.

# NEPTUNE'S HEROES:

OR, THE

## Sea-Kings of England.

FROM SIR JOHN HAWKINS TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

BY

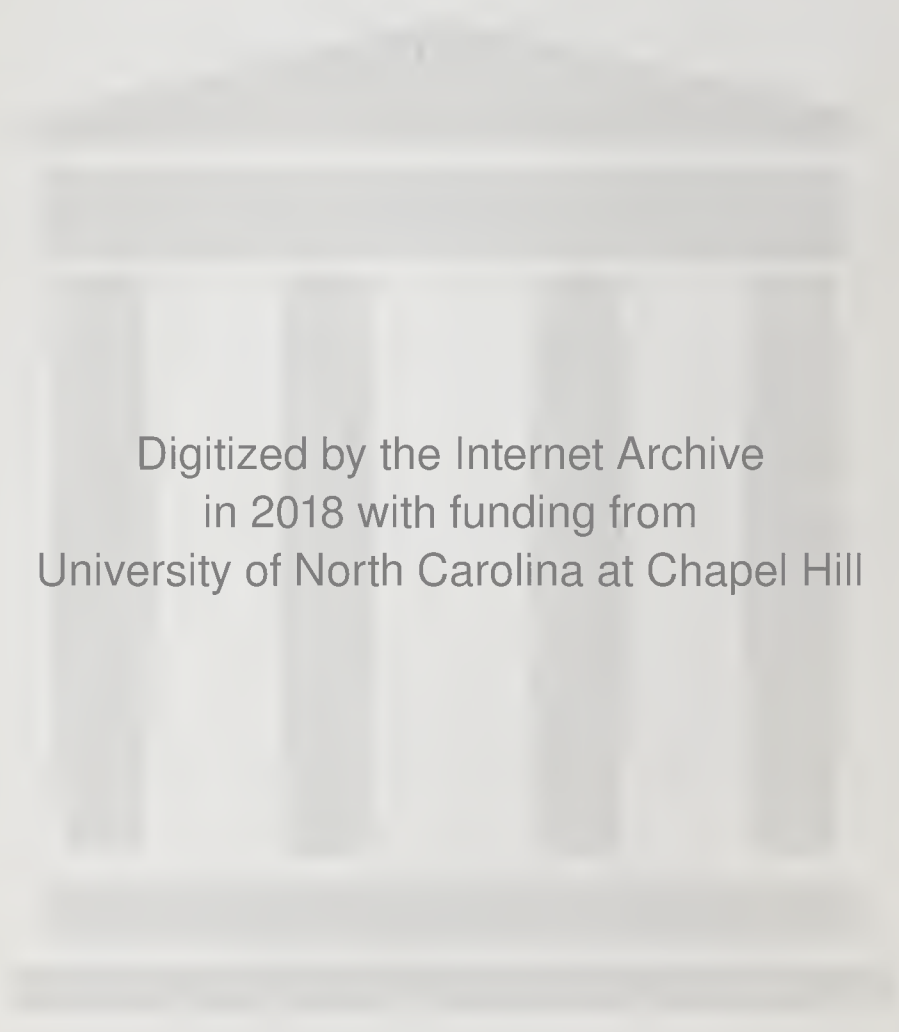
W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

Thus we command  
The empire of the sea.  
SHAKSPEARE.

With Illustrations by M. S. Morgan and John Gilbert.

LONDON:  
GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,  
(SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS)  
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.  
MDCCCLXI.





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Dedicated

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TO THE

RT. HON. SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART., M.P.

&c. &c. &c.

IN RESPECTFUL ADMIRATION OF A GENIUS WHICH HAS

ENRICHED ENGLISH LITERATURE WITH WORKS WHICH THE

WORLD WILL NOT WILLINGLY LET DIE,

AND

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A READY AND GENEROUS

PATRONAGE,

By His Obliged and Obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.

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THIS little volume is designed to supply an acknowledged want, and to furnish, in a condensed but accurate form, a series of Biographical Sketches of the most distinguished of those gallant admirals and heroic adventurers who have lent such lustre to the annals of the British Navy. A chronological arrangement has been adopted, so that our memoirs will be found to comprise a brief historical view of the progress of naval enterprise, as well as an account of the most important of those sea fights, which have maintained England's naval supremacy from the defeat of the Spanish Armada to the siege of Algiers in 1816.

Such a book as this cannot, of course, pretend to any originality. But we would, at least, venture to claim the negative merit of having brought together, within a limited compass, the information which must otherwise be sought for in volumes hardly accessible to juvenile readers, and we have been careful to rely only upon accredited authorities. To the youth who, having perused these pages, may wish at greater fulness to study their interesting subject, we may commend—

James's Naval History.

Brenton's, Burchett's, and Lediard's Naval Histories.

Hakluyt's Collection of Voyages.

Purchas's Pilgrims.

Campbell's Lives of the Admirals.  
 Thornberry's History of the Buccaneers.  
 Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier (Edin. Cab. Lib.)  
 Life and Voyages of Captain Cook.  
 Barrow's Naval Worthies of Queen Elizabeth's Reign.  
 Barrow's Life of Drake.  
 Southey's Life of Nelson.  
 Sir Harris Nicolas, Letters and Despatches of Nelson.  
 Burney's Discovery in the South Seas.  
 Charnock's Biographia Navalis.  
 Cooley's History of Maritime Discovery.  
 Hepworth Dixon's Life of Blake.  
 Osler's Life of Exmouth, &c. &c. &c.

At the present time, public attention is strongly attracted to the condition of the British Navy ; and it is therefore hoped that other than juvenile readers may also accept, with some small degree of favour, a volume which faithfully records its earlier triumphs, and presents a summary of the heroic actions of its most illustrious chiefs. Even in this meagre outline there is enough to stimulate our patriotism and excite our enthusiasm. Reflecting upon what English seamen have achieved, we may reasonably continue our faith in their courage, endurance, and heroic virtue, and believe that, in a just cause, victory will still attend

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

W. H. D. A.

*London, 1860.*

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THE  
SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

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I.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

A.D. 1520—1593.

Westward ho! with a rumbelow,  
And hurra for the Spanish Main, O!

OLD BALLAD.

IF there be one period of English History more than another to which the student and the patriot turn with peculiar eagerness, and of which they read with glowing eyes and tingling cheeks, it is that glorious period illustrated by the queenly genius of Elizabeth, and rendered famous by the deeds of the heroic men who gathered round her. Never did a people stride forward with such swiftness, and yet with such enduring vigour, as did the English in those years of triumph which we still proudly speak of as the Elizabethan era. It witnessed—that half-century—the growth of the maritime power of England; the foundation of her magnificent colonial empire; her occupation of a leading position among the European nations; the development of an original and masculine literature; the rise of a new and English architecture; the establishment of a pure and liberal religion. It saw

the Cross of St. George waving upon shores hitherto unknown to England's sons. It saw her keels ploughing the mysterious seas which the jealousy of Papal power had sought to close against them. It saw a few intrepid bands of English seamen carrying terror into the heart of an opulent empire, and humbling the pride of tall ships and well-manned and well-armed galleons. It saw the Armada crushed by the free efforts of a free people. It saw literature enriched by a Shakspeare, a Spenser, a Bacon, and a Ben Jonson ; state-policy directed by a Burleigh, a Walsingham, and a Cecil ; maritime enterprise encouraged by a Hawkins, a Drake, a Frobisher, and a Grenville—men who lifted life out of the commonplace into an atmosphere of legend and romance. It recognised the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon everywhere triumphant : in the fearful wilds of Arctic seas—in the balmy islands of the East—on the rich shores of the New World—at “ Britain's Salamis, the glorious fight of 1588.”

It is to these men, to their voyages and battles, “ their faith and their valour, their heroic lives and heroic deaths,” and to their successors—the brave Sea-kings of Old England—that these unpretending pages are devoted. These are the men who, in the main, have founded and established our country's fame, her commerce, and her wealth ; have defended her faith, and preserved her independence. What England is, what Englishmen enjoy, we owe to those heroic spirits who have constantly opened up to us new channels of enterprise—who have always fought for constitutional liberty—have dared all, and suffered all, that the freedom of their country might never be endangered, nor her power diminished. What a glorious bead-





roll of honoured names our ocean annals unfold ! Rodney, and Jervis, and Blake, and Duncan, and Nelson, and Collingwood—sons of whom England may well be proud, and whose memories she may well resolve never to let die !

To read of these heroes and their deeds, is to inspire, as it were, a purer air ; to become ennobled by the contemplation of noble actions, by learning of what great things a true and earnest man is capable. The rich odours of the perfume-bearing East, the clear winds of the icy North, the warm fragrance of the Southern seas—all gather round us while we read, and from the calm monotony of our daily lives transport us into a new and surprising world of change and adventure, where Truth assumes the aspect of Romance, and History wears the charms of Fable !

Early in the reign of “ Good Queen Bess ” there came strange tidings to England, of opulent cities founded by the Spaniards on the shores of that New World which the genius of Columbus had placed under their sway ; of the stores of precious metals and burning gems which stately carracks and tall galleons bore across the main to the mother-country ; of the wealth and picturesque beauty and “ strange devices ” of the lands won by Spanish adventurers from persecuted and plundered Indians ; so that a hot desire was begotten in the breast of many a gallant English seaman to try his fortunes in those distant and marvellous regions painted in such glowing and attractive colours. The motives which governed him were not altogether of an ignoble character ; if he desired a share of the booty of the New World, and his eyes were somewhat dazzled by the yellow gold it seemed to yield so freely,

he was not the less solicitous to assert the courage and uphold the honour of England—to humble the haughtiness and punish the perfidy of Spain—to avenge the sufferings of the unhappy Indians—and impelled, in no slight degree, by a strong religious feeling, to oppose Protestantism to Papacy, and promulgate in distant lands the doctrines of the true faith.

One of the first of these brave adventurers who, in pinnaces of sixty or seventy tons, manned by half-a-hundred men, did not fear to throw themselves against all the wealth, and power, and pride of Spain—at that time enjoying an almost undisputed maritime supremacy—was JOHN HAWKINS, the second son of Captain William Hawkins, himself a sea-rover of no small consideration in the days of “bluff King Hal.”

John was born at Plymouth about 1520. From his very childhood accustomed to a sea-faring life, and diligently applying himself to the theory as well as practice of the romantic profession he had embraced, it is no wonder that he earned, at an unusually early age, the consideration due to a bold and able seaman. Such, indeed, was his repute, that many Devonshire gentlemen—for that beautiful county in Elizabeth’s reign was the nursery of England’s best and bravest seamen—placed their sons under his charge to be instructed in the “mysterie of seamanship ;” and his nephew, afterwards Sir Richard Hawkins, the illustrious Drake, and other admirable sea-captains, first distinguished themselves under his adventurous flag.

John Hawkins, however, had but loose notions of morality ; and his, unfortunately, is the reproach of having been the first Englishman who trafficked in slaves. With a squadron of three small ships he set

sail in October, 1562, for Sierra Leone ; where, by fair means and foul, he got together a cargo of 300 Negroes. These he disposed of at an enormous profit in Hispaniola (now better known as San Domingo), and returned to England well pleased with the success of his adventure.

In 1564, he again proceeded to the African coast. His ships were the *Jesus of Lubeck* (lent to him by the Queen), of 700 tons burden ; the *Solomon*, of 140 ; the *Tiger*, of 50 ; and the *Swallow*, of 30 tons. He appears to have been but little troubled with scruples about the means employed to attain an end, and did not hesitate to make use of violence when he judged it needful. Thus, he frequently experienced severe losses. On one occasion, in attempting to secure ten Negroes, he lost seven of his ablest mariners, besides having seven-and-twenty sorely wounded by the enemy's arrows.

When he reached Hispaniola with his living cargo, he found that the authorities had received instructions from the Spanish Government to suspend their dealings with the English—the jealousy of Spain having already taken alarm at the introduction of “the thin end of the wedge”—but Hawkins proceeded to overcome their scruples with the logic most favoured by the Elizabethan sea-captains. Landing 100 well-armed men, he attacked the town of Burboroata, and soon *reasoned* the Spaniards into a commercial and pacific mood. After disposing of his wares, he sailed along the American coast, loaded his ships with cod at Newfoundland, and reached Padstow in September with a goodly store of gold, silver, pearls, jewels, and other commodities.

For these exploits, which the sterner morality of the present age would visit with severe and not undeserved reprobation, Hawkins was rewarded with a coat-of-arms representing a "demi-Moor, in his proper colour, bound with a cord;" and provided with a second squadron, partly equipped by the London merchants, and partly at his own cost. (A.D. 1567). In this new adventure he sailed in the *Jesus of Lubeck*, as Admiral, and was supported by Captain Francis Drake, in the *Judith*; by the *Minion*; the *William and John*; and two tiny barks, respectively named the *Angel* and the *Swallow*:

After enduring a great storm near Cape Finisterre, the little fleet succeeded in reaching Cape Verde, where Hawkins landed 150 men to capture Negroes, but, owing to the poisoned arrows of the natives, they secured but few. Hawkins, in his own narrative, says of the wounds which these fatal weapons produced, that although "they seemed at first to be but small hurts, yet there hardly escaped any that had blood drawn of them, but died in strange sort, with their mouths shutte some tenne dayes before they died, and after their wounds were whole; when I myself had one of the greatest wounds, yet, thanks be to God, escaped."

Hawkins proceeded on his voyage, landing at various points of the coast, and capturing about 200 prisoners, until, at a place he calls St. Jorge de Mina, he obtained a sufficient number to load his ships. Here the Negro potentate, having quarrelled with a neighbouring chief, besought the potent aid of the English, promising them, as a recompence, all the Negroes that were taken. The Elizabethan sea-captains needed but



small inducements to join in any perilous enterprise, and Hawkins accordingly landed 150 men, who marched upon a town, or village, defended by rude but strong palings, and containing 8000 inhabitants. In the assault the English lost six men killed, and forty wounded, but Hawkins having come up to their assistance, with the help of the native forces, the town was beleaguered both by sea and land, set on fire, and 200 prisoners captured.

Across the blue waters the English now merrily turned their prows, and at Hispaniola disposed of their human freight for commodities more highly prized in England. Proceeding towards Florida, they were driven, by a succession of storms, into the harbour of San Juan de Ulloa for shelter and provisions. Twelve Spanish vessels, burdened with gold and silver to the amount of £200,000, were quietly careening in this secure anchorage; but Hawkins, though he might easily have effected their capture, from motives of prudence or from higher causes, allowed them to remain unmolested. Meanwhile, the Spaniards, having mistaken his squadron for a fleet of their own which had long been expected, offered no resistance to his passage into the harbour; but on discovering their error were grievously alarmed. Feigning to be content with his assurances that he came only for provisions, they secretly despatched a messenger to the Viceroy of Mexico for instructions.

The bold sea-rover's position, therefore, grew hourly more critical. The Spanish fleet arrived, with the treasures of the American mines on board, valued at £1,800,000. If he suffered these twenty-five tall ships to enter the harbour, and join their comrades, his own



peril would be imminent. If he opposed their passage, and they were wrecked in the storm that prevailed, he would probably incur the severe displeasure of Elizabeth, who was not yet prepared for a rupture with Spain. He adopted a middle course. A new Viceroy of Mexico was on board the fleet, and Hawkins concluded with him a kind of treaty, by which it was agreed that each party should exchange hostages ; that an island, fortified with eleven brass cannon, commanding the mouth of the harbour, should be given up to the English during their stay ; and that they should be supplied with provisions upon moderate terms. The Spanish fleet was then admitted, and, after an exchange of salutes, took up a position opposite to Hawkins's puny squadron, which thus, with singular and romantic boldness, ventured to confront five-and-twenty ships of great size, well manned, and most of them well armed, in their own harbour, and under the guns of a Spanish fort. (September, 1568.)

But the bad faith of the Spanish, who had never intended to carry out the provisions of the treaty they had so solemnly sworn to observe, soon became apparent. Suspicious movements took place daily, and it was evident that some treacherous project was in contemplation. At length, a reinforcement of a thousand men having been conveyed on board the Spanish fleet, an explanation was required by the English commander. A furious assault was the only reply he received. A large vessel of 900 tons fell upon the *Minion*, but she soon got clear of her unwieldy opponent. Then, with two other ships, the Spaniard attacked the *Jesus of Lubeck*, and a fierce fight ensued in which the calm, cool courage of their brave admiral

moved his men to admiration. "Our generall," wrote one of the survivors, "courageously cheered up his soldiers and gunners, and called to Samuel, his page, for a cup of beere, who brought it him in a silver cup; and he, drinking to all his men, willed the gunners to stand by their ordinance lustily, like men. He had no sooner set the cup out of his hand but a demiculverin shot stroke away the cup, and a cooper's plane that stode by the mainemast, and ran out on the other side of the ship; which nothing dismayed our generall, for he ceased not to encourage us, saying, 'Feare nothing; for God, who hath preserved me from this shot, will also deliver us from these traitours and villaines.'"

After a gallant struggle, the *Jesus of Lubeck*, the *Minion*, and the *Judith*, crept out of the fatal port, but the *Jesus* was so shattered that the admiral was compelled to abandon her, and embark in the *Minion*. The *Angel* was sunk, and the *Swallow* taken.

During the night, the little *Judith* parted company, leaving Hawkins and his men alone upon the stormy sea in a crazy bark of scarce 200 tons! The miseries of his homeward voyage were such, that—to use the unfortunate admiral's own quaint language—"if they were to be perfectly and thoroughly written, there should need a painful man with his pen, and as great a time as he (Fox) had that wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs." "We were now left alone," he says, "with only two anchors and two cables; our ship so damaged that it was as much as we could do to keep her above water, and with very little provisions. We were, besides, divided in opinion what to do: some were for yielding to the Spaniards; others chose rather

to submit to the mercy of the savages ; and again, others thought it more eligible to keep the sea, though with so scanty an allowance of victuals as would hardly suffice to keep us alive. In this miserable plight, we ranged an unknown sea for fourteen days, till extream famine obliged us to seek for land. So great was our misery, that hides were reckoned good food ; rats, cats, mice, and dogs—none escaped us that we could lay our hands upon ; parrots and monkeys were our dainties. In this condition we came to land on the 8th of October, at the bottom of the Bay of Mexico, in  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , where we hoped to have found inhabitants of the Spaniards, relief of victuals, and a proper place to repair our ship : but we found everything just contrary to our expectation ; neither inhabitants, nor provisions, nor haven for the relief of our ship. Many of the men, nevertheless, being worn out with hunger, desired to be set on shore, to which I consented. Of about two hundred souls, which we then were, one hundred chose to seek their fortune on land, on which they were set with great difficulty ; and with the remainder, after having watered, I again submitted to the mercy of the seas, and set sail on the 16th of October.”

Hawkins and his followers reached England in January, 1569. The narrative of their sufferings through the base treachery of the Spanish, produced a powerful impression upon their countrymen, and was, it is not too much to assert, the first of a series of causes which led to the eventual extinction of the Spanish power in those fair but unhappy countries, the treasury and store-house of Spain for nearly two centuries. Henceforth the name of Spaniard was held

accursed by every honest English seaman, and it became a sort of creed that to burn and destroy Spanish cities, to capture or sink Spanish ships, whenever occasion offered, was the bounden duty of the men of England, and as meritorious as it was likely to be profitable.

Hawkins was now appointed treasurer of the navy—an important, but, in those days of disorganization and irregularity, a thankless post, which he held for many years. In 1588, he was appointed Vice-Admiral, and led one of the four divisions of the fleet sent out against the Spanish Armada. For his services, he received the honour of knighthood.

In 1593, he was associated with Drake in the command of a fleet of six ships despatched by Queen Elizabeth on a cruise against the Spanish possessions in the South Seas. Twenty-one private vessels accompanied them, and a force of seamen and soldiers amounting to 2500. The troops on board were under the command of Sir Thomas Baskerville.

The preparation of so large a force, however, could not be carried on without attracting the attention of the enemy against whom it was designed, and the Spanish had time to place their colonial settlements in a state of defence. The expedition sailed from Plymouth on August 9, 1593, having been delayed some weeks by a rumour that another Armada was being got ready for the invasion of England. The Queen's first instructions were—to proceed at once to Mexico, attack and capture Nombre di Dios, cross the Isthmus of Darien, and finally take possession of opulent and stately Panama. But while they were detained at Plymouth, information reached the English Court that, though the



wealthy Indian fleet had reached home in safety, one richly laden galleon had been disabled in a storm, and compelled to take refuge at Porto Rico. The commanders, therefore, were advised by Elizabeth's ministers to make the capture of this rich argosy their first consideration.

Instead of acting upon this wise counsel, Drake and Baskerville influenced Hawkins to consent to an attack upon the Canary Islands, which ended in the disastrous repulse of the English. A further and equally unprofitable delay took place at San Domingo, and enabled the Spanish to despatch five frigates to succour the galleon. One of these fell in with, and easily captured, the *Francis*, one of the small ships of Hawkins's squadron, and, putting its captain to the torture, obtained full information of the designs of the English. (October 30th, 1593.) This unfortunate mishap, added to the ill-omened commencement of the expedition, and the effects of the climate upon the admiral's shattered constitution, brought on a fatal malady, of which he died on the 12th November, just as his squadron came within sight of Porto Rico.

The brave old Sea-king was upwards of seventy-three years old, when his sun thus set in cloud and shadow. Forty-eight years had been passed on the sea in the service of his country, and during that lengthy period his courage was never impugned, nor his integrity suspected. The affability of his manners and his rigid sense of justice secured him the love and respect of his seamen, and his care for their welfare was shown by his establishment—in conjunction with Sir Francis Drake—of the benevolent fund known as the Chest at Chatham.



“As to his person,” says one of his biographers, “he was esteemed graceful in his youth, and of a very grave and reverend aspect when advanced in years. He was well versed in mathematical learning for those times, and understood every branch of maritime affairs thoroughly, and to the bottom. He was a man of as much personal courage as that age produced, and had a presence of mind that set him above fear, and which enabled him frequently to deliver himself and others out of the reach even of the most imminent danger.”

Hawkins, like others of his contemporaries, bold, brilliant, and determined, has been almost eclipsed by the superior fame of Sir Francis Drake, or surely posterity would oftener recognise the merits of a seaman—despite one blot upon his scutcheon—“for his experience and valour,” as Sir Walter Raleigh says, “as eminent as England ever had.”

## II.

## SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

A. D. 1545—1596.

E'en to the dullest peasant standing by,  
Who fastened still on him a wondering eye,  
He seemed the master spirit of the land.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THIS famous Sea-king—one of those English heroes whose glory we hold as a precious inheritance, and whose name is, as it were, an inspiration—owed nothing to an illustrious lineage or wealthy ancestry. The circumstances of his birth and childhood are, indeed, involved in obscurity and doubt; but it is now generally believed that he was the son of an honest mariner of Tavistock, the eldest of twelve sons, and born in the year 1545.

Most of these sturdy Devonshire lads took naturally, as it were, to the sea. Even now, the children bred upon the shores of that fair county are accustomed from their tenderest years to a sort of sea-faring education. They shape out of lumps of wood their miniature ships, rig them, and sail them in mimic races; they are always clambering over the weedy rocks, swimming or diving in the clear blue waters, and assisting the fishermen in their daily toil. They soon learn to pull an oar with no despicable skill,

and to "take in" a sail, or put a boat before the wind with all the celerity and self-confidence of practised sailors. No better nursery or "naval school" for the future seaman than the rocky coast of North Devon!

Thus accustomed to an ocean-life, Drake, at a very early age, was apprenticed to a friend of his father's, who traded between England and Biscay, France and Holland. He so won the esteem and confidence of his master that he bequeathed to the young mariner his little bark in grateful acknowledgment of his zeal, activity, and diligence. Drake continued his trading voyages for a few months, and then sold his vessel, equipping himself with the proceeds for a West India adventure, which occupied the years 1565 and 1566, and in which he suffered severely at Rio de la Hacha.

Shortly after his return to England, he joined Sir John Hawkins in a voyage to Guinea, and afterwards (A.D. 1567) embarked all his property in the great expedition which terminated so disastrously in the harbour of St. Juan de Ulloa. Drake, in his bark, the *Judith*, distinguished himself by his coolness and courage, and succeeded in bringing her home in safety; his mind inflamed against the Spaniards by the treachery he had experienced and the sufferings he had endured. His was not a nature to be content with mere murmuring; he determined to avenge himself and his companions, and make the wealthy cities of the Spanish Main afford him an ample satisfaction for his wrongs. "In sea-divinity," as it has been quaintly said, "the case was clear; the King of Spain's subjects had undone Mr. Drake, and therefore

Mr. Drake was entitled to take the best satisfaction he could on the subjects of the King of Spain."

Drake's first voyage in 1570, and his second in 1571, must be regarded as simply voyages of exploration and examination ; to reconnoitre, as it were, the scene of action on which he was to perform such illustrious deeds. They rendered him well acquainted with the Mexican coast, and supplied him with that knowledge, experience, and self-confidence, which alone could render successful the daring enterprise he meditated. Having thus prepared himself and trained his men, he set out, in 1572, on a voyage of reprisal against thickly-peopled cities and wealthy governments, with two small vessels—barely as large as the boats of the *Great Eastern*—the *Pacha*, of 70 tons, and the *Swan*, of 25, carrying, when fully manned, a complement of 200 seamen ! In the romantic history of these stirring times, nothing, indeed, is more marvellous than the confidence with which the English pitted themselves against superior forces,—often in the proportion of ten to one,—and the pusillanimity of the Spanish, who seldom offered an obstinate resistance.

Drake sailed from Plymouth, then the favourite port of the western voyagers, on the 24th of May, and two months later, on the night of the 22nd of July, his trumpets sounded and his guns were discharged in the silent streets of Nombre di Dios. He marched boldly upon the market-place, while the Spaniards, hastily seizing their weapons, set the alarm-bells a-ringing, beat their drums, and gathered round the small but intrepid band which had so suddenly startled them from their lethargy. Oxenham—one of his



trustiest followers—his brother John, and sixteen seamen, made their way to the royal treasure-house and secured several piles of silver, but were compelled by the vast superiority of the force now collected against them to retreat with precipitation to their ships. Drake received a severe wound, which at first with his wonted coolness he concealed, but fainting from loss of blood, his men hurried him off to his pinnace. And so, his daring enterprise was not crowned with the success it deserved.

He now resolved to cross the isthmus, and seize upon the convoy of mules which carried the treasure from Panama to Nombre di Dios for embarkation to the mother-country; and leaving his ships and pinnaces moored in the Sound of Darien, with a hundred men and a body of friendly Indians belonging to a tribe named the Symerons, a tribe at constant enmity with the Spaniards, he set out upon his perilous journey. He was again disappointed in his object, and lost his two brothers John and Joseph, and many of his men, by sickness. Returning towards the coast, he surprised a string of mules laden with silver, pursuing them as far as Venta Cruz, a sort of half-way station between Nombre di Dios and Panama, which he stormed and plundered. The gold, and as much of the silver as was possible, he carried off, and the remainder buried until he could undertake a voyage for its recovery. He then regained his ships in time to escape collision with a detachment of more than 300 soldiers sent in pursuit of him.

This expedition across the isthmus may be regarded as an epoch in our fatherland's history; for it first presented to English eyes that glorious Pacific Sea which



Spanish avarice had so sedulously closed to European enterprise. The old chronicler narrates this adventure in quaint language :—

“ On the twelfth day [of their journey] we came,” he says, “ to the height of the desired hill (lying east and west like a ridge between the two seas) about ten of the clock ; where the chiefest of the Symérons took our captain by the hand and prayed him to follow him. Here was that goodly and great high tree, in which they had cut and made divers steps to ascend near the top, where they had made a convenient bower, wherein ten or twelve men might easily sit ; and from thence we might see the Atlantic Ocean we came from, and the South Atlantic so much desired. South and north of this tree they had felled certain trees that the prospect might be clearer.

“ After our captain had ascended to this bower with the chief Symeron, and having, as it pleased God, at this time, by reason of the breeze, a very fair day, had seen that sea of which he had heard such golden reports, he besought of Almighty God of his goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea ; and then, calling up all the rest of our men, acquainted John Oxenham especially with this his petition and purpose, if it should please God to grant him that happiness.”\*

So with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,  
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS.

Drake sailed homeward merrily, reaching Plymouth

\* *Sir F. Drake Revived*, 1653.

on Sunday, the 9th of August, 1573. News of his return being carried to church, where the inhabitants were assembled in worship, there remained few or no people with the preacher ; “ all running out to observe the blessing of God upon the dangerous adventures of the captain, who had spent one year, two months, and some odd days in this voyage.”

Our Sea-king now prepared for the great enterprise which was to immortalize his name, and open to English keels the gleaming waters of the mighty southern sea. His reputation for skill, courage, and good fortune soon drew around him a goodly band of gallant adventurers, and certain services which in three stout frigates he had performed against the Irish rebels, secured him the patronage of the sagacious Elizabeth. Policy compelled her to affect in public a stern disapproval of her seaman's daring project, for she was not yet prepared for an open rupture with Spain. But not the less did she secretly encourage and support him ; and when he took leave of her, she presented him with a trusty sword, exclaiming, “ We do account that he who striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us.”

Under these favourable auspices, Drake set out on his circumnavigation of the world with the following fleet :—The *Pelican* (afterwards named the *Golden Hind*), of 100 tons, in which he hoisted his flag as Captain-General ; the *Elizabeth*, of 80 tons, Captain John Winter ; the *Swan*, of 50 tons, Captain John Chester ; the *Christopher*, of 15 tons, Captain Thomas Moore ; the *Marigold*, of 30 tons, Captain John Thomas ; and a pinnace of 12 tons, named the *Benedict*, accompanied the *Elizabeth*. With these frail barks,

and with crews in all amounting to 164 men, Drake proposed to dare the perils of an unknown sea and the power of a great empire ! With his usual sagacity he included among his stores a quantity of such commodities as were most esteemed by savage tribes ; and considering it good policy to dazzle them with a display of wealth and splendour, provided a luxurious equipage for his table, the cooking utensils and vessels being of silver curiously wrought. A band of musicians also embarked on board his own ship.

Drake and his squadron sailed from Plymouth on the 15th of November, 1577, but were driven back by a violent storm. After repairing and refitting his vessels he again set out for the lands of promise on the 13th of December, and touching at Mogadore, Cape Blanco, and Mayo, reached the *Isla del Fogo*, or Burning Island, early in January, 1578. Near this volcanic islet lies Brava, spoken of by the author of *The Famous Voyage*, as “a most sweet and pleasant island, the trees whereof are always green and fair to look upon. The soil is almost full of trees ; so that it is a storehouse of many fruits and commodities, as figs, always ripe, cocoas, plantains, oranges, lemons, citrons, and cotton. From the brooks into the sea do run in many places silver streams of sweet and wholesome water.” These delectable shores they quitted on the 2nd of February, and proceeding southward, reached the mouth of the Rio de la Plata on the 14th of April, and on the 17th came to an anchor in a small harbour  $47\frac{1}{2}$  lat. S. Here he employed his men in killing seals, which they found to be “good meat for the present, and provision for the future.” In the huts of the Indians they found an abundant store of dried birds,

and especially of ostriches, whose legs were as large as "reasonable legs of mutton." The inhabitants of this region excited the wonder of our voyagers from their extraordinary stature; the tallest English were but as pigmies to these giants! They were strong, well-limbed, handsome, and expert in all manly exercises. Their clothing was the skin of an animal girt about their loins, which also served as a cloak or wrapper when they lay down or slept. They painted themselves in a grotesque fashion—white suns and moons on a black ground, and *vice versâ*. Their principal food was seals, whose flesh they ate after scorching it in the flames for a few moments, and their only manufactures were bows, arrows tipped with flints, and bones curiously carved. These they exchanged with vast delight for knives, buttons, bells, and similar articles.

Drake left Seal Bay (for so he named his harbourage) on the 3rd June; and on the 20th, he anchored in Port St. Julian, where Magellan's fleet had passed the winter in 1520. During his stay, a lamentable event occurred which has thrown an undeserved shadow over the great seaman's career. High in his confidence, and holding an important position in the fleet, was a gentleman of excellent parts, one Mr. Thomas Doughty, whom Drake, of his own accord, had chosen to accompany him in his expedition. Against him, charges of conspiracy and mutiny were now advanced, and that these charges were well founded must assuredly be the conclusion of any one who carefully studies the evidence on the subject still extant. Before a jury of forty members, these charges were fully set forth. Doughty was unanimously pronounced guilty, and adjudged to have deserved death. Drake offered the unfortunate



gentleman three alternatives : to be taken back to England for examination by the lords of the Queen's Council ; to be abandoned on the coast ; or to suffer immediate execution. Doughty chose the latter, protesting that "he had deserved death—yea, many deaths ; for that he conspired, not only the overthrow of the action, but of the principal actor also."

The day after, Mr. Fletcher, the chaplain of the fleet, celebrated the sacrament of the Last Supper, and Drake received it in the company of the condemned man. Then they dined together at the same table, "as cheerfully in sobriety as ever in their lives they had done ; and taking their leaves by drinking to each other, as if some short journey only had been in hand." After which, Doughty calmly walked forth, and requesting the spectators to remember him in their prayers, gave himself up to the headsman. He was buried, with Mr. Winter and the gunner, on an islet in the harbour ; and a stone bearing their names, rudely engraven, was placed near their graves by the chaplain.

Winter and the gunner lost their lives in a rencontre with the natives. Drake and his officers, who had made many attempts to secure their confidence, were on one occasion amusing them with their skill in archery, when an Indian approached, and menaced them to be gone. Winter, offended with his churlishness, "between jest and earnest drew a shaft, partly in intimidation, but also to prove the superiority of the English bow and skill. The bow-string unfortunately snapped ; and whilst he was repairing it, a sudden shower of arrows wounded him in the shoulder and the side. Oliver, the gunner, instantly levelled his



piece ; but it missed fire, and the attempt proved the signal for his destruction. He was pierced through with an arrow, and immediately dropped." Drake, seizing his musket, fired at the gunner's assailant, and killed him ; and, quickly retreating with his men, effected their embarkation in safety, owing to the consternation produced among the savages by the deadly effect of Drake's shot. But they had to lament the loss of Winter and the gunner.

His fleet now reduced to three ships, Drake left this fatal shore on the 17th of August, and on the 20th entered the strait named after Magellan, its discoverer—a passage of extreme peril, of which the Spaniards had taken care to circulate the gloomiest rumours. Drake's vessels made but slow progress through it. On the 24th, he anchored off three small islands, where they killed 3000 penguins "fat as English geese." Early in September, he reached the western entrance, and on the 6th, the first English keels ploughed the waters of the great South Sea.

The strait is described by Drake's historian as varying in width from one to three leagues, and its length is estimated at 110 leagues. "The land on both sides was very huge and mountainous ; the lower mountains whereof, although they be very monstrous to look upon for their height, yet there are others which in height exceed them in a strange manner, reaching themselves above their followers so high that between them did appear three regions of clouds. These mountains are covered with snow at both the southerly and easterly parts of the strait. There are islands among which the sea hath his indraught into the strait even as it hath at the main entrance. The strait is extreme

cold, with frost and snow continually. The trees seem to stoop with the burden of the weather, and yet are green continually, and many good and sweet herbs do very plentifully increase and grow under them."

After clearing the straits, the gallant adventurers were exposed to a terrific gale, which endured with greater or less violence for several days; and on the 30th of September, the *Marigold* parted in the storm from the *Elizabeth*, and Drake's own ship, the *Golden Hind*, and drifted out to sea, never again to rejoin her consorts, never again to be seen by mortal eye or heard of by mortal ear, but to sink with her brave mariners in the unknown waste of mighty waters! The *Golden Hind* and the *Elizabeth* reached, on the 7th of October, a small harbour near the mouth of the strait, afterwards named "the Bay of Parting Friends." Here Drake intended to anchor until the weather moderated, but during the night his vessel was driven out to sea, and for several days he was tossed to and fro, until he found himself as far south as  $55^{\circ}$ . His comrades in the *Elizabeth* waited awhile for his return, and then, "on Capt. Winter's compulsion, and full sore against the mariners' minds," sailed back through the strait, and made their perilous way to England, reaching it in June, 1571.

We have now, therefore, to follow the fortunes of the *Golden Hind* alone. The weather moderating, Drake, on the 28th of October, came to an anchor in a harbour of the island whose southern extremity is now famous as Cape Horn. Drake landed, and advancing to the brink of the cliff, cast himself upon the ground, and reached as far as was safe over "the southernmost point of land in the world," as he himself boasted, "known or likely to be known, and farther than any

man had ever before ventured." The islands here discovered Drake christened the Elizabethides, in honour of his sovereign lady.

Over a succession of slight adventures we must pass in silence, and take up the narrative of his enterprise on the 5th December, when he boldly assailed, and easily captured, in the port of Valparaiso, a precious treasure-ship, the *Grand Captain of the South Seas*, containing a cargo of jewels and valuable goods, 1770 jars of Chili wine, and 60,000 pesos of gold (£24,000). Afterwards he plundered Valparaiso, and rifled its small church of a silver chalice, two cruets, and an altar-cloth—appropriately made over to Fletcher the chaplain, as his lawful spoil.

Meanwhile, intelligence of his presence on the Spanish coast reached Lima, and the viceroy repaired to Callao to chastise the heretic, and load him with chains. The *Golden Hind* was then off the port, and becalmed. Two vessels were accordingly got ready, and 200 armed men embarked in each; but just as they left the harbour a fresh wind sprang up, which happily bore Drake beyond the vengeance of his pursuers.

He now pressed on all sail in search of a rich galleon, the *Cacafuego*, of which he had obtained intelligence. Through the unknown seas he merrily sailed, and on the 1st of March, overtook the great ship, and captured it off Cape Francisco, after a brief but sharply contested action. A goodly prize was this tall ship of the Spaniards. It had on board 26 tons of silver, 13 chests of reals of plate, and 80lbs. of gold, besides a store of jewels: altogether valued at 360,000 pesos, or nearly £150,000.

Drake's enterprise increased in proportion to his

success, and now, instead of sailing homeward with his treasures as speedily as he might, he determined to essay the discovery of the long-dreamed-of north-west passage; a supposed channel of communication, by means of an arctic sea, between Europe and the Indies. Having refitted his ship in a secure islet on the Nicaraguan coast, and captured many small vessels of considerable value, the intrepid Sea-king, on the 16th of April, 1572, turned his prow towards the frozen main. By the 3rd of June, he had sailed 1400 leagues without sighting land, and having reached as far as  $43^{\circ}$  north latitude, began to suffer severely from the intense cold. The meat froze immediately it was taken from the fire, and the cordage became as rigid as iron bolts. At length, land was seen in latitude  $48^{\circ}$ , and terminated all Drake's hopes of discovering a north-west passage.

On the 17th of June, he anchored in a good harbour on the Californian coast. The natives immediately came down to the shore, and an ambassador put off in a canoe with a gift or tribute of a bunch of feathers, and a basket of rushes, filled with the herb now so well known to the civilized world as "tobacco." This proved the commencement of a long and amicable intercourse between the English and the aboriginals.

On the 26th, Drake was visited in great ceremony by the *Nioh*, or King, who was attended by his club-bearer, and a body-guard of 100 men clothed in skins, and wearing head-dresses made with feathers. The "commoners" followed this imposing procession, and carried gifts of tobacco, broiled fish, and edible roots. Long speeches were duly made, and a song or chant was sung, accompanied by a stately dance, in which



the King and his warriors joined. Afterwards, the chief placed one of his crowns, or cauls, upon Drake's head, and saluted him as *Nioh*. The ceremony then concluded with loud triumphant songs, much to the satisfaction of the English, who chose to regard it as a formal cession of territory, and accepted it in the Queen's name.

The old chronicler describes this interesting people as amiable in disposition, honest, trustworthy, and easily governed. The men usually went naked, but when the weather was more than ordinarily severe, wore coverings of furs and skins: the women were decked in short petticoats woven of peeled bulrushes, and flung deerskins with the hair on over their shoulders. They were excellent wives, good-tempered, industrious, and obedient. The men used rudely constructed bows and arrows for weapons, and lived on the products of the chase. Their physical strength was extraordinary; a native could lift a weight which almost overcame the powers of two English seamen. Their habitations resembled those of the early Celtic inhabitants of our own country: pits dug in the earth were roofed over with the boughs of trees, and covered with turf, while an aperture at the top answered the double purpose of door and chimney.

This hospitable people Drake and his crew quitted with great regret on the 17th of July. He previously erected a column, and affixed to it a brass plate, bearing the name and arms of Queen Elizabeth. The territory of which he had taken possession he christened *New Albion*—a name probably suggested to him by its chalky cliffs, which might naturally remind him of the white walls of his own beloved England.

The adventurers now resolved to proceed homeward by India and the Cape of Good Hope, and kept to the westward for sixty-eight days without seeing land. On the 30th of September, the *Golden Hind* arrived at a cluster of islands which its mariners named the *Islands of Thieves*, after a brief but forcible experience of the peculiar genius of their inhabitants. This interesting group now bears a better character, and is known as the Pellew Islands. On the 16th of October, they reached the Philippines, and on the 3rd of November, the balmy Moluccas. Drake was warmly welcomed by the King of Ternate as a foe of the hateful Portuguese, whom he had recently expelled from their settlements in his dominions. He paid Drake a visit on board the *Golden Hind*. Three gorgeous canoes bore the royal suite, the courtiers wearing dresses of "cloth of Calicut," and insignia of their rank and wealth. A canopy of scented matting was suspended over their heads, and each canoe was driven onwards by no less than eighty rowers, placed in tiers of galleries, as in the *triremes* of the Romans. The cymbals clashed loudly as they approached the ship, and were answered by a discharge of great guns, and a flourish of martial music from the shawms and trumpets of Drake's musicians.

The same evening the King forwarded a gift of sugar, rice, cloves, and "a sort of fruit they call sago, which is a meal made out of the tops of trees, melting in the mouth like sugar, but eating like sour curd, but yet when made into cakes will keep so as to be very fit for eating at the end of ten years."

From the Moluccas Drake again sailed westward, and on the 14th of November arrived at a small island which he called Crab Island, and which lies near

the eastern shore of Celebes. Here his ship was thoroughly re-fitted, so that she might endure her homeward voyage in safety, and Drake's men mightily refreshed themselves; for the Island was delectable enough to win the praises of sea-tossed mariners. Bats "big as hens" flew about the large, lofty, straight-stemmed trees which cast everywhere a pleasant shadow. Fire-flies lit up the leaves with a thousand gleaming sparks, and at night there came forth from their burrows vast numbers of land-crabs, "so large that one of them would dine four persons," and prove "very good meat." And there were rare flowers, and bright streams, and slopes of smoothen turf.

On the 12th December, the *Golden Hind* once more bent her sails, and turned her prow "westward ho!" On the 9th January her voyage was nearly brought to an abrupt and fatal conclusion. Bravely speeding homeward, with all her canvas set, and before a vigorous breeze, she suddenly ran upon a sunken rock, and smote so fast that not all the skill of Drake, nor the exertions of his men, could move her. In vain they threw overboard eight of her guns, three tons of cloves, and a quantity of stores,—she did not move. But Providence had willed that Drake should yet do good service for his country, and at the very moment when all hope was abandoned, she suddenly reeled on her side, her keel was loosened, and "the happy gale" bore her off into deep water, without having sprung a leak or suffered the slightest injury.

The remainder of their voyage was unmarked by any notable event. They reached Java on the 12th of March, and were hospitably received; passed the Cape of Good Hope on the 15th June; and on

Sunday, September 25th, 1580, after a voyage of two years and ten months, the *Golden Hind* triumphantly entered the secure haven of Plymouth.

Honours were quickly lavished upon Drake, who was justly regarded as the pioneer of British enterprise in the South Seas. The Queen visited him on board the *Golden Hind* (April 4th, 1581), and after partaking of a splendid banquet, bestowed upon him the distinction of knighthood, observing that his actions did him more honour than the title she conferred. She also directed that the stout vessel which had borne him so well, should be carefully preserved,\* and a copy of Latin verses indited by the scholars of Winchester, was nailed to the mainmast. Every rhymester in England essayed to sing the praises of the English *Argo*. Here is a specimen, quaint but forcible :—

The stars above will make thee known,  
If man were silent here ;  
The sun himself cannot forget  
His fellow-traveller.

In a word, all England was loud in the applause of the successful enterprise of her first Sea-king, and little regarded the complaints reiterated by the Spanish ambassador. As an illustration of the prevalent feeling we may quote the significant legend exhibited at a tavern in Deptford :—

O Nature ! to old England still  
Continue these mistakes ;  
Still give us for our King such Queen,  
And for our Dux† such Drakes.

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\* A chair, made out of its planks when they would no longer hold together, is still preserved at Oxford. It was thought by the poet Cowley not unworthy of his muse.

† A pun upon the Latin *Dux*, a leader or chieftain.



While of the mingled indignation and impertinence of the Spaniards, we find a notable example in the Latin verses audaciously addressed to Elizabeth by the Spanish ambassador. They have been thus translated :—

These to you are our commands :—  
 Send no help to the Netherlands,  
 Of the treasure took by Drake  
 Restitution you must make ;  
 And those abbeys build anew  
 Which your father overthrew.

Elizabeth replied in the following pithy couplet :—

Worthy King, know this your will  
 At Latter Lammas\* we'll fulfil.

The adventurous spirit and ready brain of Drake could not long remain content with inglorious ease, and as England was now on the brink of war with Spain, he resolved, in concert with Sir Philip Sidney, to deal the enemy a heavy blow. The Queen, however, would not permit Sir Philip to share in the expedition, as she required his services in the Netherlands ; but she placed at Drake's disposal four of her best ships. His fleet was speedily increased by volunteers to twenty vessels, manned with 2300 seamen and soldiers. Lieutenant-General Carlile commanded the troops : the celebrated navigator Martin Frobisher served as Vice-Admiral ; Francis Knollys as Rear-Admiral ; and Thomas Fenner as captain of Drake's own vessel.

They left Plymouth in September, 1585, and two months afterwards surprised and captured St Jago, an important town in the Cape Verde Islands. Afterwards they proceeded to the West Indies, and took

\* Equivalent to saying " never."

with extraordinary ease “the brave city” of San Domingo, extorting from its inhabitants a ransom of 25,000 ducats.

At Carthagena they were equally successful, and were only checked in their victorious progress by the breaking out of the terrible disease known as the *calentura*, or bilious fever, which carried off no less than 700 men. This “very burning and pestilent ague” compelled the leaders to abandon their intention of crossing the isthmus to Panama, and after coasting along Florida and destroying two towns, they sailed for England, and reached Portsmouth, without further accident, in July, 1586, with £60,000 in money, 200 brass and 40 iron cannons, as their booty.

In the following year Drake was again employed against his mortal foes. Elizabeth placed under his command four of her own ships, and twenty-six vessels equipped by the London merchants, with which he quitted Plymouth on the 2nd of April, and on the 19th of the same month, gallantly swept into the harbour of Cadiz, in defiance of the fire of its batteries and five large galleons moored under their guns. In a day and two nights, he burnt and destroyed the whole of the shipping in the roads and harbour to the extent of 10,000 tons, with but little loss to his own vessels. Returning in triumph to England, he captured near the Azores the *San Filipo*, a Portuguese carrack from the West Indies, laden with treasure, the richest prize that had ever yet been made by an English ship. These valuable services were gaily spoken of by our Sea-king, as “burning the Spanish King’s beard.”

He now enjoyed a few months’ respite from sea-toil,

and with characteristic energy occupied himself in constructing a channel, twenty miles in length, to supply Plymouth with fresh water.

Fifteen hundred and eighty-eight was the memorable year of the Great Armada, and Drake was once more called upon to serve his country. As vice-admiral, he commanded one of the divisions of the English fleet, and displayed his customary activity, zeal, and courage. Bringing his ship alongside a large galleon, commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, a grandee of rank and influence, he summoned him to surrender, and when the dreaded name of Drake was heard, the Spanish crew of 450 seamen instantly retreated from their guns and struck their flag.

In the gallant fight of the 29th of July, his vessel, the *Revenge*, received upwards of forty shot, and was always in the thickest of the fire. But of this famous victory we shall have to speak at length in another chapter.

Drake was again afloat in 1589, commanding as admiral the fleet despatched to restore Don Antonio to the throne of Portugal, while Sir John Norris commanded the land forces. Through divided councils and the incompetency of Norris, the expedition failed to accomplish its objects, and returned inglorious to England; but Drake was universally acquitted of any share in producing the lamentable failure.

The last voyage of this famous navigator was made in company with Sir John Hawkins in 1595. Here, again, the division of command was attended with disastrous consequences; and, indeed, it is noticeable in our English history, that our combined expeditions of soldiers and seamen, admirals and generals, have rarely

been attended with successful results. Hawkins died just as the English fleet arrived off Puerto Rico, and the day afterwards the town was assaulted with great fury, but with little success.

The fleet then stood for the Spanish Main, and a body of soldiers was landed under Sir Thomas Baskerville to cross the Isthmus of Panama. After having suffered severely from ambushades, and the vastly superior force of the enemy, they were compelled to return to their ships. Such a succession of misfortunes preyed upon the admiral's health; and about the 15th of January he fell ill of a lingering fever (or, as some authorities hint, of a subtle poison), which made so rapid a progress that it carried him off on the 28th of January, 1596, in his fifty-first year:—deeply to the regret of his followers, and much to the loss of his country, “he yielded up his spirit.” His body was placed in a leaden coffin and committed to the waters, while volleys of musketry and discharges of great guns proceeded from every ship in the fleet. He found a fitting grave in that solemn deep which his adventurous keel had so often and so boldly ploughed.

Sir Francis Drake was low of stature, but well proportioned and stoutly made. His chest was broad, his head round and shapely. An expressive face was animated by large quick eyes, and adorned with a full and handsome beard. His complexion was fair and fresh, his hair of a light brown. Not only was he a thorough seaman, who had completely mastered all the details of his profession, but he was a man eminently fitted to command men—enthusiastic, indefatigable, prompt in expedients, of a fertile wit and ready address, of unfailing vigour and dauntless bravery. His was a



mind of no common order ; full of generous aspirations, and quick in the conception and développement of grand ideas ; while he possessed that power of fluent and eloquent speech so useful to him who is born to sway his fellows. If his ambition was great, it was controlled by an earnest patriotism ; and if he loved to amass wealth, he delighted in distributing it with a bountiful hand. Though swift to punish, he was equally ready to pardon, and he never shed useless blood nor inflicted needless torture. In fine, of all the Sea-kings of England, Drake was not only the first, but equal to the greatest. So shall his memory survive “as long as that world lasts which he—of Englishmen—first surrounded.”

## III.

## THOMAS CAVENDISH.

A.D. 1560—1593.

They who against stiff gales laveering go,  
Must be at once resolved and skilful too.

DRYDEN.

“THOU wast indeed,” says quaint old Purchas, apostrophizing the memory of Queen Elizabeth, “the mother of English sea-greatness; and didst first (by thy generals) not salute alone, but awe and terrify the remotest East and West; stretching thy long and strong arms to India, to China, to America, to the Peruvian seas, the Californian coast, and New Albion’s sceptres. Thou madest the northern Muscovite admire thy greatness. Thou wast a mother to thy neighbours; a mirror to the remotest nations. Drake, Cavendish, John and Richard Hawkins, Raleigh, Dudley, Grenville, Lancaster, Monson, Frobisher, Davis, and other star-worthies of England’s sphere, whose planet courses we have before related, all acknowledge Eliza’s orb to be their first and highest mover.” Of these “star-worthies,” THOMAS CAVENDISH was by no means one of the least adventurous, nor one of the most successful. His career opened in sunshine, but closed abruptly and in shadow.

Thomas Cavendish, or Candish, was the son of a gentleman of ancient family and good estate, of Trinity,

in the county of Suffolk. His father died while he was yet a youth, and left to him a patrimony which, it is said, he spent "in gallantry and following the Court." Compelled by his necessities to seek a livelihood, the fame of Drake's successes—with which, at this time, all England rang—induced him to embark in a seafaring career.

His first voyage was made in 1585, when he served in Sir Richard Grenville's expedition to Virginia, gaining little profit, but a considerable amount of nautical experience. What he saw, however, and the tales he heard of wild adventure in the southern seas, determined him to pursue the career on which he had ventured.

On his return to England he built, with the ruins, so to speak, of his fortune, two goodly vessels, the *Desire*, of 100, and the *Content*, of 60 tons, and also hired a light bark of 40 tons, named the *Hugh Gallant*. On board this little squadron he placed a crew of 123 seamen and soldiers. Thus equipped, provided with a good store of maps and charts, and empowered with the Queen's commission, he set out from Plymouth on the 21st July, 1586.

He made the Straits of Magellan in February, 1587, and found there the few survivors of a colony the Spaniards had attempted to establish after Drake's daring voyage. One of them, named Hernandez, he took on board; the others he left to their fate—a slow and lingering death. San Filipo he found deserted, and re-christened it with terrible significance Port Famine. On the 24th February his ships entered the South Sea. They sailed along the richly wooded coast without adventure, until they reached the Bay of

Quintero, where they were discovered by a shepherd, who rode off and gave warning of their arrival to the nearest military post. Three armed horsemen shortly afterwards made their appearance, and Hernandez effected his escape.

The next day, a body of fifty or sixty Englishmen disembarked, and advanced seven miles inland without loss or mishap. Emboldened by their security, on the following day they again landed, but were surprised by a detachment of cavalry, who cut off twelve of them, killing three or four, and carried the others to Santiago, where six of them were cruelly hanged as pirates.

This act of barbarity stimulated Cavendish to severe reprisals, and he sailed along the coast burning and plundering nearly every town he reached. At Paita the governor and the inhabitants took to flight, and Cavendish set it on fire, though "it was well built and marvellous clean kept in every street, with a town-house in the midst, and at least two hundred houses in it." He also burnt down Puna, in an island of the same name, and destroyed several Spanish vessels.

While steering for the coast of New Spain, he fell in with a ship on board of which was a pilot named Sanchez, well acquainted with the navigation of the southern seas. This man informed him that a rich galleon was daily expected from the Philippines. Cavendish accordingly cruised off Cape Saint Lucas, the southern point of California, for about three weeks, when the goodly vessel came in sight of its eager expectants, was hotly chased, and captured after a fierce struggle of five hours' duration. She proved to be the *Santa Anna*, of 700 tons burden, with a cargo valued



at upwards of 120,000 pesos of gold. The treasure was removed on board the English ships, now reduced to two—the *Hugh Gallant* having been destroyed by Cavendish's orders—and the crew and passengers were landed on the neighbouring coast. Here the *Content* parted company, never again to be heard of. Cavendish made all sail across the Pacific to the balmy islands of the Indian seas. In the Straits of Sunda he refitted and provisioned his vessel, and again putting to sea, in nine weeks arrived at the Cape of Good Hope.

On his homeward voyage he touched at St. Helena, of whose natural advantages his historian speaks in eloquent language. "There are fig-trees which bear fruit continually and plentifully ; for on every tree you shall have blossoms, green figs, and ripe figs, all at once, and all the year long. There be also store of lemon trees, orange trees, pomegranate, pome-citron, and date trees, which bear fruit as the fig-trees do, and are planted in pleasant walks, which be overshadowed with the leaves ; and on every void place is planted parsley, sorrel, basil, fennel, aniseed, mustard-seed, radishes, and many good herbs. Then there are partridges, within a little as big as a hen ; pheasants, marvellous big and fat ; guinea-cocks, which we call turkeys ; thousands of goats, great store of swine, very wild, fat, and big." The goats and rabbits introduced by the Portuguese soon, however, converted this enchanted garden into a very waste.

Cavendish arrived at Plymouth on the 9th September, 1588, after an absence of two years and six weeks. He afterwards repaired to London, sailing up the river in great triumph, his sails made of damask, and his men clothed in silken dresses. He himself, we are told,

had amassed sufficient money to have bought "a fair earldom," but it was speedily dissipated in the wildest debaucheries, and only enough remained, at the end of three years' rioting, to enable him to equip "three tall ships and two barks" for a second expedition. These were the *Leicester*, in which he hoisted his own flag; the *Desire*, his former ship, commanded by Captain John Davis, the Arctic navigator; the *Roebuck*; the *Black Pinnace*, and a bark whose name has not been preserved. The crews altogether amounted to 400 men.

His second voyage was a terrible contrast to his first. He was beset by storms; distracted by a mutiny; embarrassed by want of provisions; and thwarted by his officers. Davis, and afterwards Cooke, parted from him; and at length the unfortunate adventurer, enfeebled by disease and broken down by misfortune, died on board the *Leicester*, off the coast of Brazil, A.D. 1593. He was still in the prime of manhood, and fell a victim to that premature decay which unexpected disasters are apt to produce in men of sanguine temperament and uncontrollable passions. His contemporaries extol his fine wit and handsome person; and speak of him as an excellent seaman, whose observations formed no unimportant contribution to maritime science, but whose impetuosity of disposition and violence of temper unfitted him for responsible commands.

## IV.

## SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

A.D. 1535—1594.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :  
Life every man holds dear : but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

SHAKSPEARE.

THIS illustrious seaman was born, it is supposed, about 1535, in or near Doncaster, though some writers have endeavoured to include him among the sons of brave and beautiful Devon. Of his early years no details are extant, and of his later life up to the date of his first Arctic expedition, little is known except that he had acquired the reputation of being an able and successful mariner.

Now it happened that early in the reign of Elizabeth "some studious heads moved with a commendable desire to discover the more remote regions of the world and the secrets of the ocean, put forward some well-moneyed men, no less desirous to reap profit by it than to find out whether there were any strait in the north part of America, through which men might sail to the rich country of Cathay, and so the wealth of the East and West might be conjoined by a mutual commerce. Herewith these moneyed men being persuaded, they

fitted out and sent Martin Frobisher with two small barks—the *Gabriel*, of 35, and the *Michael*, of 30 tons—together with a pinnace of 10 tons, on this expedition ; in addition to which he obtained the countenance and assistance of Dudley, Earl of Warwick ;” and something too of royal favour, for as the little barks gaily dropped down “ the silver Thames ” on the morning of the 8th of May, 1576, the Queen stood at the window of her palace at Greenwich, and bade them farewell with many a wave of her royal hand.

“ Away north ” proceeded the gallant adventurers, and on the 11th of July gained the shores of Friesland. Compelled by the ice to direct their course to the south-west, they reached Labrador, and again sailing northward discovered “ a great gut, bay, or passage ” to which was given the appellation of Frobisher’s Strait (63° 8’ N. lat.), and which Frobisher erroneously supposed to connect the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific. Here his wonder was excited by the appearance of some Esquimaux, who, when moving at a distance in their *kajaks*, or boats, were mistaken for porpoises or some other marvellous fish, and of whom he speaks as “ strange infidels, whose like was never seen, read, nor heard of before ”—“ with long black hair, broad faces and flat noses, and tawny in colour, wearing seal-skins, the women marked in the face with blue streaks down the cheeks and round about the eyes.” One of these creatures he conveyed to England, where he died of a cold “ which he had taken at sea.” But a seaman belonging to the crew bore homeward something more wonderful and infinitely more precious ; a stone which, his wife having thrown it into the fire, “ glittered with a bright marquesset of gold,” and when assayed by the



London gold refiners, was declared to possess a considerable quantity of that metal (October 2nd, 1576).

Sanguine hopes were now entertained that Frobisher's discovery would throw open to English enterprise the wealthy realms of Cathay; and it was therefore resolved to despatch a second expedition to complete the investigations so auspiciously commenced. The Queen lent it her open countenance and liberal support, and her council called upon the merchants of York, Hull, Newcastle, and other great trading towns to contribute towards its expenses. Thus favoured, the enterprise grew apace, and about the end of May, 1577, Frobisher sailed from Gravesend with a squadron of three ships—the *Ayde*, of 180 tons, the *Gabriel*, of 30, and the *Michael*, of the same burden—manned by crews amounting in all to ninety men. There were also on board about thirty miners, merchants, refiners, and attendants.

He directed his course to the strait discovered in his former voyage, in the hope of obtaining a goodly supply of gold. He soon got on board 200 tons of ore, and after an encounter with "the salvages" in which he received a slight wound, set sail for England on the 22nd of August.

A favourable reception was accorded him. It was generally considered that "the matter of the gold ore had appearance and made show of great riches and profit, and that the hope of the passage to Cathaia by this last voyage greatly increased."\* The Queen gave the name of *Meta Incognita* to the newly discovered country, and resolved to establish there a colony. For

\* Hakluyt.

this purpose, fifteen ships were duly equipped, and one hundred suitable persons embarked as colonists, with proper implements and stores. They were to remain in the new settlement a year, retaining three vessels ; the other twelve, when laden with gold ore, were to return to England. Of this formidable fleet Frobisher was appointed Admiral and Captain-General, and Elizabeth with her own hands placed upon his shoulders a chain of gold, as a reward for past labours and an earnest of future honours.

The fleet sailed on the 31st of May, 1578, and in three weeks arrived at Friesland, of which they took possession in the Queen's name. Steering for Frobisher's Strait, they found its entrance blocked up with huge icebergs, and the bark *Dennis*, which carried the wooden houses and stores of the colony, running against one of them, was unfortunately sunk. A terrible storm arose which separated the whole fleet : some of the vessels were driven into the strait, others drifted out to sea ; and when most of the missing vessels came together again, such was the disorder and so severe had been their losses, that it was determined to abandon the project of the colony, to load every ship with a cargo of ore, and return to England. The ill-fortune which had attended them from the outset pursued them to the last ; for a succession of storms again dispersed the fleet on their homeward voyage, and the different vessels reached different English ports about the middle of October.

From the accounts of the adventurers, examined by Mr. Michael Lok, "treasurer of the Company of Cathaia," it appears\* that the subscription for the first voyage

\* Barrow's *Naval Worthies of Queen Elizabeth's Reign*.

amounted to £875 ; for the second voyage, £5150 ; and for the third, £14,320. In the latter expedition, 1296 tons of ore were collected.

Frobisher's next service was in 1585, when he was appointed vice-admiral of the fleet despatched against the Spanish possessions in the West Indies, and zealously seconded Drake in his attacks upon San Jagó, San Domingo, and Carthagená. In 1588, he was one of the vice-admirals who led the forces of England, under the Lord High Admiral, against the Invincible Armada. His ship, the *Triumph*, was among the first which attacked the Spanish galleons, and Frobisher's gallantry well deserved the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by the High Admiral.

In 1590, a fleet of ten vessels was placed under the orders of Sir Martin Frobisher as admiral, and Sir John Hawkins as vice-admiral, and ordered on a cruise against the Spanish islands. Nothing, however, was effected by them except to prevent the departure from port of the outward-bound vessels, and to detain in the Pacific the annual treasure-ships.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1592, having obtained from the Queen the loan of two of her vessels, the *Garland* and the *Foresight*, and equipped and armed thirteen merchant ships, resolved to attempt the capture of the Spanish fleet, which, laden with costly cargoes, sailed yearly from the rich shores of the American colonies. But he had scarcely put to sea ere he was overtaken by Sir Martin Frobisher in a pinnace called the *Disdain*, with letters from the Queen recalling him to England, and instructing him to give up the command of the fleet to Frobisher and Sir John Burroughs. Dividing

his ships into two squadrons, Sir Martin, with one division, cruised off the coast of Spain and completely blockaded her commerce; while Sir John, with the other, sailed for the Azores. Off the Island of Flores Sir John had the good fortune to capture the *Madra di Dios* carrack, after a hot fight, which lasted several hours. The prize was worth £150,000, manned by 600 men, and armed with 32 guns.

Sir Martin's last voyage was made in 1594, and nobly ended the old Sea-king's illustrious career. With four ships of war, and several smaller vessels, he co-operated with Sir John Norris and a land force of 3000 soldiers, in a gallant but desperate attack upon Fort Crozon—a strong place on the coast of Brittany, at that time in the possession of a powerful Spanish garrison. The fort was captured and dismantled, and the garrison put to the sword, but this success was dearly purchased by the loss of Frobisher. A musket ball wounded him in the hip, and the surgeon, extracting it, carelessly left the wadding in the wound. Mortification ensued; and the brave old hero died, shortly after his arrival at Plymouth, to the great regret of all honest admirers of sterling courage and devoted patriotism.

The register of St. Andrew's parish\* contains the following entry:—"1594, 22nd November. Sir Martin Frobisher, knight, being wounded at the fort built against Brest by the Spaniards, deceased at Plymouth this day, whose entrails were here interred, but his corpse was carried hence to be buried in London." No other memorial records the noble fate of one who, in

\* Quoted by Mr. Barrow, in his *Naval Worthies*.



his time, did good service to the State, and whom Camden justly characterizes as “a man of undaunted courage, and inferior to none of that age in experience and conduct, or the reputation of a brave commander.”

## V.

## SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

A.D. 1535—1584.

Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest.

COLERIDGE.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT was another of those heroic sons of Devon, whose valour and genius have so splendidly immortalized Elizabeth's reign, and almost justified the rude boast of the old west country ballad, that

It was among the ways of good Queen Bess,  
 Who ruled as well as ever mortal can, sir,  
 When she was stogg'd, and the country in a mess,  
 She was wont to send for a Devon man, sir.

By his mother's second marriage, he became half-brother to Sir Walter Raleigh.

He was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied at Oxford, acquiring the reputation of being an assiduous student and a young man of remarkable abilities. From Oxford he proceeded to Ireland, where, at an unusually early age, he obtained high official employment, and where he prosecuted his favourite studies with unabated zeal—mathematical and geographical science especially commanding his attention. His chivalrous gallantry and romantic temper endeared him to his associates, and prompted many actions of a

picturesque character. His published works reflect at once the vigour of his talents and the sanguineness of his genius, and among many unsound speculations may be detected some striking truths and pregnant observations.

Upon such a man the discoveries of Drake and Frobisher, and their wild legends of fabulous wealth concealed in distant seas, naturally made a powerful impression; and it is no wonder, therefore, that in 1578 he should apply to Queen Elizabeth—the sagacious patron of maritime enterprise—for a patent authorizing him to undertake north-western discoveries, and to acquire possession of any lands not inhabited or colonized by Christian princes, or their subjects. By the terms of the patent the grant became perpetual, if acted upon within a period of six years.

In 1583, having parted with his patrimony to raise the necessary funds, he equipped a small squadron of five ships, varying in size from twenty to 200 tons, and severally named the *Delight*, the *Raleigh*, the *Golden Hind*, the *Swallow*, and the *Squirrel*. In these were embarked about 260 men, including carpenters, masons, smiths, shipwrights, and refiners, besides “mineral men,” and Stephen Parmenio, an erudite Hungarian, whose duty it would be to perpetuate in sonorous Latin all “gests and things worthy of remembrance.” While “for the solace of the crew and allurements of the savages, they were provided with music of good variety; not omitting the least toys, as morris-dancers, hobby-horses, and many like conceits to delight the savage people, whom they intended to win by all fair means possible.”

Sir Humphrey\* and his little fleet sailed from Plymouth the 11th of June, 1583, and on the 13th were shamefully abandoned by the *Raleigh*, upon the pretence of her captain's ill-health. The other vessels kept on their course until, on the 30th of July, they reached St. John's, Newfoundland. They received there a hearty welcome from the English merchants, and observed that not only their own countrymen, but also "the Portugals and French had a notable trade of fishing on the Newfoundland bank"—so early had the eager enterprise of Europe learnt to profit by the new outlets opened to it.

Sir Humphrey now took possession in the Queen's name of the harbour of St. John, and of the land round about it for 200 leagues; portioned it out in suitable allotments, and promulgated three laws, for the establishment of the English Church, the maintenance of her Majesty's rights, and the prevention and punishment of treasonable language. He then directed his attention to the discovery of the precious metals, "commanding the mineral man and the refiner especially to be diligent. This man was a Saxon, honest and religious, and his name was Daniel."

He did not, however, intend to rest content with what he had already accomplished, but embarking on board the little *Squirrel*—a bark of only ten tons burden, and, therefore, peculiarly suitable for the passage of narrow creeks and shallow streams—and taking with him the *Delight* and the *Golden Hind*,† proceeded southward on a voyage of discovery. The

\* He was knighted in 1570.

† The captain of the *Golden Hind*, Mr. Hayes, wrote the narrative of the expedition which supplies us with our details.



*Delight*, the store-vessel of the expedition, unfortunately ran ashore on the shoals near Sable Island, and of her crew of 100 men, only twelve escaped. The loss of her cargo, and of the Saxon refiner and the Hungarian historian, had a great effect upon Sir Humphrey's sanguine disposition, and he determined to return to England, with the hope, perhaps, of there preparing a second expedition.

His followers now represented to him that the *Squirrel* was in an unfit condition for so long a voyage, and besought him to embark on board the *Golden Hind*. But his noble heart rejected the proposition as unworthy of an English sea-captain, and he exclaimed,—“I will not forsake the brave and few companions with whom I have undergone so many storms and perils.” They reached the Azores in safety, but were immediately afterwards overtaken by a terrific tempest, and the little frigate—as he loved to call the *Squirrel*—was nearly overwhelmed by the huge waves. The *Golden Hind* kept as near her as was possible in so heavy a sea, and her captain tells us in his published narrative that he could observe Sir Humphrey sitting calmly in the stern, reading a book. He was heard to exclaim,—“Courage, my lads! we are as near to heaven by sea as by land.” When the night-shadows gathered over the stormy ocean, the *Squirrel* was still buffeting with the angry billows; but when the rosy morning dawned upon a tranquil sea, she was no longer to be discerned, and never again did tidings come to living ears of her gallant crew or their heroic leader.

Thus perished Sir Humphrey Gilbert, “the Father of Northern Colonization”—one of the purest minded

and noblest-hearted of the great Elizabethan ocean heroes—his death exemplifying his earnest belief in his own high maxim, that “*he is not worthy to live at all who, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country’s service or his own honour, since death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue immortal.*” \* He was a man of goodly presence ; tall beyond the ordinary stature of men ; his complexion fair and ruddy, his hair brown, his eyes ardent and lively. His spirit was high and daring, and his ambition noble, while with a romantic temperament he combined a clear and reflective intellect. “The large volume of his virtues may best be read in his noble enterprises.”

\* *Discovery of a North-west Passage.*

## VI.

## LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM,

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM AND LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.

A.D. 1536—1624.

No foreign banished wight  
 Shall anker in this port ;  
 Our realm it brooks no stranger's force,  
 Let them elsewhere resort.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, A.D. 1569.

THE year 1588 will be memorable to all time. It was the year of the *Great Armada*, of the triumph of English courage over Spanish pride, of a free people's victory over a potent despotism ; the year which saw the first fore-shadowings of England's maritime supremacy ; the year which beheld Tyranny rebuked by Liberty, the Papacy boldly met and bravely thrown by Protestantism. The defeat of the Spanish Armada is one of the most glorious epochs in our national history. The trumpet does not more surely kindle into action the war-horse, than the narrative of this stirring time excites the noble pride of Englishmen ! Never since the struggle between Greece and Persia had there been anything like it. For, whether viewed in its political consequences, or simply regarded as an unequalled ocean-battle, it illustrates the genius, courage, and earnest faith in England's future of the men who accomplished it ; and should proclaim to Englishmen to-

day "the same great message which the songs of Troy, and the Persian wars, and the trophies of Marathon and Salamis, spoke to the hearts of all true chiefs of old."

Before we sketch the fortunes of the Armada, we must, however, direct the reader's attention to the career of the illustrious chief who led against it the forces of England.

LORD CHARLES HOWARD of Effingham was the son of Lord William Howard, Baron of Effingham, Lord High Admiral in the reign of Queen Mary, and was born in the year 1536. He entered the profession of arms at an early age, and served under his father in several continental expeditions. Honours soon fell upon him in profuseness. He was sent as ambassador to France, in 1559, on the accession of Henry IV.; was elected, three years later, knight of the shire for Surrey; and, in 1569, as general of cavalry, served under the Earl of Warwick in the army despatched against the rebel Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland.

In 1570, a squadron of ships of war was placed under his command; for as naval tactics in those days were little studied, and the navigation of a vessel was entrusted to the pilot or master, and not to the captain, the office of admiral was often bestowed upon a veteran soldier, whose principal duty was to fight the enemy. Lord Howard soon distinguished himself by his zeal for the honour of England, and gallantly enforced the ancient tribute paid by foreign vessels to St. George's flag. "When the Emperor's sister, the spouse of Spain,\* with a fleet of one hundred and thirty-sail,

\* Anne of Austria married to Philip II.



stoutly and proudly passed the narrow seas, your lordship," says the old chronicler Hakluyt in his *Dedicatory Epistle*, "accompanied with ten ships only of her Majesty's Royal Navy, environed their fleet in most strange and warlike sort, enforced them to stoop-gallant [to lower their top-gallant], and to vaile their bonnets for the Queen of England; yet, after they had acknowledged their duty, your lordship, on her Majesty's behalf, conducted her safely through our English Channel, and performed all good offices of honour and humanity to that foreign princess."

Lord Howard received, in 1585, the distinguished office of Lord High Admiral of England, and found himself at the head of a small and disorganized navy, just at the time that Spain, then the greatest maritime power in Europe, was openly avowing her intention of subjugating England, and was making immense preparation by land and sea for that purpose. He straightway busied himself in getting together a respectable defensive force, and in endeavouring to introduce reforms into the general management of the navy. He felt that England must be saved *at sea*—that "no towers along the steep" would avail her in the immensity of her peril; and to his exertions in a great degree was England indebted that she was not found altogether unprepared when the death-struggle came.

After the great victory was won, and the danger over, Lord Howard did not relax in his endeavour to improve the naval administration. The seamen were ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-paid, and he was compelled to address repeated representations of their miserable condition to Walsingham and Burleigh.

In 1596 he again hoisted his flag as Lord High

Admiral, in command of one of the largest fleets England had ever fitted out. With 126 ships, carrying 6000 soldiers, 1000 volunteers, and 6772 seamen, he was despatched to attack the Spanish armaments busily preparing in the harbour of Cadiz for a second attempt, it was surmised, at the invasion of England. The command of the land forces was entrusted to the Earl of Essex, while under the Lord Admiral's flag were his son, Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Southwell, Sir Thomas Carew, and Sir Wm. Monson.

The expedition arrived off Cadiz on the 20th of June, and on the following morning, the lightest and quickest ships, under the immediate command of the admiral, and the gallant captains whom we have already particularized, swept into the harbour under a heavy fire from its forts and shipping. The Earl of Essex landed about a league from the city with 800 men, and marched towards it, while Lord Howard also landed with a body of seamen, under the protection of the guns of their fleet, and the two detachments poured into Cadiz together, overcoming all resistance. The town escaped on payment of a ransom of about 600,000 ducats; but the Lord Admiral refused to spare the shipping, and sent Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Walter Raleigh to destroy it. They captured two rich galleons, of 1500 and 1200 tons respectively; thirteen ships of war; thirteen small vessels; and eleven ships freighted with cargoes for the West Indies. About 1200 pieces of ordnance were taken or sunk, and altogether, it is computed, Spain suffered by this daring blow to the extent of 20,000,000, ducats.

The English fleet returned to England in triumph,

having effectually disappointed the Spanish sovereign in his designs of preparing a new Armada.

On the 23rd of October, 1597, the gallant Howard was created Earl of Nottingham ; the Queen, on that occasion, rehearsing in a long speech the great services which she thus rewarded.

With the closing years of the Lord Admiral's life we need not concern ourselves, inasmuch as he never again hoisted his illustrious standard, though he continued with laudable zeal to discharge the important duties of his office. In 1604, he went as ambassador to the Court of Spain, where his "grave and noble behaviour" was "highly commended." At the coronation of James I. he officiated as Lord High Steward, and he remained at the head of the navy until 1619, when he was compelled to retire in favour of the Duke of Buckingham ; receiving by way of indemnity a pension of £1000 per annum.

The Earl died, December 14th, in the 88th year of his age. His fitting epitaph might have been Elizabeth's own words—"Howard was born to serve and save his country."

The Invincible Armada—of which, in the year 1588, all Europe rang from side to side—gathered together by the Spanish sovereign with the avowed design of blotting England out of the roll of nations, consisted of 132 large vessels, averaging each 440 tons, numerous galliasses and many small barks, carrying altogether 3165 guns of iron and brass, and 21,855 soldiers, 8776 mariners, and 2888 galley slaves. To this formidable force England could only oppose the following fleet,\* equal, indeed, in the number of

\* Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*.

ships, but terribly inferior in tonnage and armament:—

Men of war belonging to her Majesty . . . . .	17
Other ships hired for this service . . . . .	12
Tenders and store-ships . . . . .	6
Furnished by the city of London (being double the number demanded), all well-manned and provided . . . . .	16
Tenders and store-ships . . . . .	4
Furnished by the city of Bristol: large and strong ships, and which did good service . . . . .	3
From Barnstaple, merchant ships converted into frigates. . . . .	3
From Exeter. . . . .	2
A tender and stout pinnace . . . . .	2
From Plymouth, stout ships equal to the men-of-war . . . . .	7
Under Lord Henry Seymour . . . . .	16
Ships furnished by the nobility, gentry, and commons of England . . . . .	43
By the Merchant Adventurers, prime ships and excellently well furnished . . . . .	10
A fly-boat and Sir W. Winter's pinnace . . . . .	2
	143

On board these vessels were embarked nearly 15,000 mariners and soldiers, animated by the noblest patriotism, and fired by that courage which exalts men into heroes when fighting in defence of their hearths and homes—*pro aris et focis*—and for the honour and freedom of their fatherland. They had leaders worthy of them in the chivalrous Effingham, Lord High Admiral; the resolute Drake; the bluff, “bull-dogish” Hawkins; and Frobisher, the pioneer of Arctic enterprise.



## THE DEFEAT OF THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

On the 19th of July, 1588, the great Spanish fleet was standing up the English Channel. Formidable, indeed, was its appearance, and well might the peasant who, standing on his native cliffs, looked out afar upon that forest of sails, feel some apprehension as to the issue of the approaching conflict. "The ships," says Lediard, "appeared like so many floating castles, and the ocean seemed to groan under the weight of their heavy burdens." They formed a line extending, from point to point, seven miles, and steered up the Channel with imposing grandeur under a press of canvas.

The tactics of the English admiral were well considered. To have dared a set battle would have been to ruin England; but acting on the suggestions of Raleigh and Drake, he resolved to avail himself of the superior skill of English seamen and the lightness of his ships, and harass the enemy by sudden and continual attacks.

On the 20th of July, Lord Howard, with fifty-four ships, stood after the Spanish fleet, and, on the following day, his fleet having been increased by reinforcements to about a hundred sail, he bore down upon it. "Sending a pinnace before, called the *Defiance*, he denounced war by discharging her ordnance; and presently approaching within musket-shot, with much thundering out of his own ship, called the *Ark Royal*, first set upon the admiral's, as he thought, of the Spaniards, but it was Alphonso de Leon's ship. Soon after, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde." Recalde, however, soon

had enough of it, and endeavoured to rejoin the main body, much disordered and injured by the vigour of the English attack. Howard then recalled his ships in order to effect a junction with forty vessels weather-bound at Plymouth. During the night a heavy storm arose, and a Spanish galleon, losing her foremast and bowsprit, was made a prize of by Sir Francis Drake, who, with the Lord High Admiral, and a few ships, had daringly followed the course of the Armada.

On the 23rd, the Spanish ventured to attack the English, endeavouring to secure the weather-gauge; but our light and well-handled vessels suffered little from their unwieldy galliasses. The day wore away in a long and desultory contest wherein neither of the combatants met with material injury. The disadvantage, however, was with the men of Spain, who lost one large vessel and several small barks.

On the 24th, there was no firing; the Lord Admiral waiting for a fresh supply of powder, and availing himself of the pause to organize his fleet. He divided it into four squadrons—one of which he himself commanded, in the *Ark Royal*; the second was led by Drake, in the *Revenge*; the third, by Sir John Hawkins, in the *Victory*; and the fourth, by Frobisher, in the *Triumph*.

The two great fleets, on the 25th, were off the chalky cliffs of the Isle of Wight, and now the English received a formidable reinforcement. From every haven on the southern coast; from Plymouth, and Falmouth, and Padstow, and the coves and creeks of Dorsetshire and Devon, came the chivalry of England in vessels equipped at their own expense; Lords Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Pallavicin, Brooke, Carew, Raleigh,

and Blunt, and many another honourable name, as to a set field where immortal fame and honour might be won. Down upon the mighty Armada bore the illustrious Howard, followed by those brave English sea-knights, all eager to measure their swords with the grandees of Spain. "With great valour and thunder of shot," says quaint old Purchas, "they encountered the Spanish admiral in the midst of his fleet, and entered a terrible combat with the English, battering each other with their broadsides, at the distance of 100 or 120 yards apart. At length, the Spaniards hoisted up their sails, and gathered themselves up into the form of a roundell, and moved off. Frobisher, on this occasion, was the last who ceased fighting, and was only drawn off by the admiral going to his assistance."

And so, with variable fortune,—to adapt the eloquent words of Mr. Kingsley—the fight thundered on the live-long afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea-fowl rose screaming up from every ledge, and spotted with their black wings the snow-white wall of chalk; and the lone shepherd hurried down the slopes above to peer over the dizzy edge, and forgot the wheat-ear fluttering in his snare, while he gazed trembling upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of sulphur-smoke which weltered far below.

On the 26th, the Lord High Admiral conferred the well-deserved honour of knighthood—an honour, in those days, not lightly won, and therefore highly prized—upon Lord Sheffield, Lord Thomas Howard, Roger Townsend, Martin Frobisher, and John Hawkins; and held a council wherein it was decided not to attack the enemy until he gained the Straits of Dover, when the



English fleet would be strengthened by Lord Henry Seymour and Sir William Winter's squadrons.

Away, therefore, past the glittering cliffs of Brighton, and the abrupt promontory of Beachy Head,—past the heights of Hastings and Dungeness, and along the smiling coast of Kent, sail the pursued and the pursuer; while men, and women, and children throng the shores, and breathe many an earnest prayer to Heaven that Victory may be with the right, and Faith and Freedom prosper in their hour of trial.

On the 27th, the Spanish fleet arrives in Calais Roads, and Lord Howard anchors his ships within gunshot, and prepares for the great struggle which, he knows, must be decisive in its results for England's weal or woe. Meanwhile, Lord Henry Seymour arrives, and brings a missive from the Queen commanding the admiral to prepare some fire-ships and despatch them against the enemy. Excellent suggestion!—most happy in its effects, and well deserving the proud boast of Elizabeth's medal, *Dux fœmina fecit*—"A woman-leader achieved it!"

And here, we shall venture to employ Mr. Kingsley's animated narrative of the final dispersion of the Armada, from the stirring pages of *Westward Ho!*

"By two o'clock on the Monday morning (July 29th), eight fire-ships 'besmeared with wild-fire, brimstone, pitch, and rosin, and all their ordnance charged with bullets and with stones,' are stealing down the wind straight for the Spanish fleet, guided by the valiant men of Devon, Young and Prowse. (Let their names live long in the land!) The ships are fired, the men of Devon steal back, and in a moment more, the heaven is red with glare from Dover cliffs to Gravelines Tower;



and weary-hearted Belgian boors far away inland, plundered and dragooned for many a hideous year, leap from their beds, and fancy (and not so far wrongly either) that the day of judgment is come at last, to end their woes, and hurl down vengeance on their tyrants.

“ And then breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics which so often follow overweening presumption ; and shrieks, oaths, prayers and reproaches, make night hideous. There are those, too, on board who recollect well enough Jenebelli's fire-ships at Antwerp three years before, and the wreck which they made of Parma's bridge across the Scheldt. If these should be like them ! And cutting all cables, hoisting any sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbour.

“ The largest of the four galliasses loses her rudder, and drifts helpless to and fro, hindering and confusing. The Duke of Medina, having (so the Spaniards say) weighed his anchor deliberately instead of leaving it behind him, runs in again after awhile, and fires a signal for return : but his truant sheep are deaf to the shepherd's pipe, and swearing and praying by turns, he runs up Channel towards Gravelines, picking up stragglers on his way, who are struggling as they best can among the flats and shallows : but Drake and Fenner have arrived as soon as he. When Monday's sun rises on the quaint old castle and muddy dykes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit ; but when the battle needs it, none can fight more fiercely among the foremost ; and there is need now, if ever. That

Armada must never be allowed to re-form. If it does, its left wing may yet keep the English at bay, while its right drives off the blockading Hollanders from Dunkirk port, and sets Parma and his flotilla free to join them, and to sail in doubled strength across to the mouth of the Thames.

“So Drake has weighed anchor, and away up Channel with all his squadron, the moment that he saw the Spanish fleet come up ; and with him Fenner, burning to redeem the honour which, indeed, he had never lost ; and ere Fenton, Beeston, Crosse, Ryman, and Lord Southwell can join them, the Devon ships have been worrying the Spaniards for full two hours into confusion worse confounded.

“Soon, on the south-west horizon, loom up larger and larger two mighty ships, and behind them sail on sail. As they near, a shout greets the *Triumph* and the *Bear* ; and on and in the Lord High Admiral glides stately into the thickest of the fight.

“True, we have still but some three-and-twenty ships which can cope at all with some ninety of the Spaniards : but we have dash, and daring, and the inspiration of utter need. Now or never must the mighty struggle be ended. We worried them off Portland : we must rend them in pieces now ; and in rushes ship after ship to smash her broadsides through and through the wooden castles ‘sometimes not a pike’s length asunder,’ and then out again to re-load, and give place meanwhile to another. The smaller are fighting with all sails set ; the few larger, who, once in, are careless about coming out again, fight with top-sails loose, and their main and fore-yards close down on deck, to prevent being boarded.”

And so, the great fight goes on—England still victorious, and Spain daily losing heart of grace, until the Armada is fain to drop its arrogant boast of invincibility, and with all sail set, its scattered ships speed along the Scottish coast, and on the 4th of August sail away for Norway. Meanwhile a greater foe than even English courage has arisen in a terrible tempest, against which the Spanish vessels, huge, unwieldy, and shattered by Drake and Howard's shot, are ill able to contend.

Still they flee. "Away, and northward, like a herd of frightened deer, past the Orkneys and Shetlands, catching up a few hapless fishermen as guides; past the coast of Norway, there, too, refused water and food by the brave descendants of the Vikings; and on northwards ever towards the lonely Faroes, and the everlasting dawn which heralds round the pole the midnight sun."

We need not pursue the history of their discomfiture further. The remains of the Armada reached the Spanish coast towards the end of September, mourning the loss, by shipwreck alone, of forty large vessels, a vast amount of stores and treasure, and 10,185 men; while the total damage was, probably, nearly double. Hakluyt says, "They lost 81 ships in this expedition, and upwards of 13,500 soldiers." A victory altogether justifying the proud legend which adorned the medal issued by Queen Elizabeth—"It came, it saw, it fled;"—or the more reverent inscription graven upon another medal—"*Afflavit Deus et dissipantur*,"—God has raised the wind, and they are scattered!

## VII.

## ROBERT BLAKE,

ADMIRAL AND GENERAL AT SEA.

A.D. 1598—1657.

A life of shocks,  
Dangers and deeds.

TENNYSON.

ROBERT BLAKE was one of the most heroic of the many heroic spirits begotten by the Great Civil War. A cavalier *sans peur et sans reproche*; without a blot upon his 'scutcheon; without a suspicion attaching to his long career of mean or unworthy actions; inspired only by a true, a fervent patriotism, and a manly endeavour, at all times and in all circumstances, to do his *devoir* as became an English seaman, his life may be profitably studied by British youth as affording a bright and beautiful example. The merits of this admiral have been well summed up by the great Clarendon; the virtues of this servant of the English people by quaint Anthony Wood. The latter writes of him, "He was a man wholly devoted to his country's service; resolute in undertakings, and most faithful in the performance of them."\* The former finely says, "He was the first man that declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science [of seamanship]

\* Wood's *Fasti Oxonienses*.



might be attained in less time than was imagined ; and despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ship and 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 man who brought ships to contemn castles on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could be rarely hurt by them. 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 had been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that gave the example of that kind of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievements.”

Robert Blake came of a reputable family which for centuries had been settled upon lands in Somersetshire. His father, having obtained a moderate competency in mercantile pursuits, retired to a small estate which he had purchased near Bridgewater, and where Robert, his eldest son, was born in August, 1598.

Educated at first at the Bridgewater Grammar School, he afterwards removed to Wadham College, Oxon, but was not distinguished by a brilliant collegiate success. His seven years' apprenticeship to learning concluded, he returned to his father's home, and occupied himself in the pursuits of a country gentleman. His serious cheerfulness, discreet behaviour, and unsullied probity soon became the talk of all the country-side ; and as he displayed a sincere though

a subdued aversion to all measures which trenched upon the liberty of the subject, his Puritan neighbours selected him as their representative for Bridgewater in the Parliament of April, 1640.

Whether he would have displayed the peculiar ability of the orator or statesman is doubtful, for his after-life proved him rather a man of deeds than of politic counsels and long debates. It does not appear that, like his great compatriot Cromwell, he would have shone with equal splendour in the senate as in the field. His parliamentary career, however, was of the briefest. The King and the Cavaliers drew the sword against the Parliament and its adherents ; drums beat to arms, and the smiling plains of England glittered with lance and banner.

Blake's spirit stirred within him, and he could not be at rest. He girded his sword to his side, and declared against the King. A captaincy of dragoons was speedily given to him—for in those days there were men at the helm of the State who could *read* men, and judge of what they were capable—and he soon earned repute as an officer, quick to conceive and prompt to execute, combining unquailing courage with resolute caution. At Bristol, in 1643, he held a small fort against Prince Rupert's forces, though the governor of the town had capitulated, and his brave resistance so exasperated the Cavalier chief that he threatened to hang Mr. Robert Blake ! At the head of a regiment of brave Somersetshire fellows he afterwards surprised the town of Taunton, with ten pieces of cannon and a considerable quantity of stores. For this acceptable service he was appointed its governor, and had to withstand a siege by General Goring, with a force of near 10,000

men. His resistance was desperate ; when a part of the town and all its outworks were captured, he retired to the castle, and defended it with consummate skill.

Behold him, with his gallant band,  
 On leaguered Lyme's red beach ;  
 Shoulder to shoulder, see them stand,  
 At Taunton in the breach.  
 Safe through the battle-shocks he went,  
 With sword-sweep stern and wide ;  
 Strode the grim heaps as Death had lent  
 Him his White Horse to ride.

“ Give in ! our toils you cannot break,  
 The lion is in the net !  
 Famine fights for us.” “ No,” said Blake,  
 “ My boots I have not ate.”  
 He smiled across the bitter cup ;  
 He gripped his good sword-heft :  
 “ I should not dream of giving up  
 While such a meal is left.”

*All the Year Round*, No. 54.

Reinforcements at length arrived, which compelled Goring, twirling his love-lock in great dudgeon, to withdraw the beleaguering army, and Blake was recompensed by the Parliament with a gift of five hundred pounds.

Throughout the terrible struggle which convulsed England for so many ill-omened years, until the star of the Stuarts set in blood on the red field of Naseby, Blake was foremost in the fight, and at all times did his duty. In February, 1649, he was withdrawn from military service, and called upon to serve his country as “ General-at-sea”—a fortunate thing, methinks, for Robert Blake, as it opened out for him a career where

he could not be overshadowed by the mighty genius of Cromwell.

On the 21st of February he was named, in conjunction with Deane and Popham—two brave and zealous seamen—to the command of the fleet; and he speedily showed that it required no tedious apprenticeship to fit an English hero for sea-service. He chased Prince Rupert's ships from the Irish Seas, and pursued them into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. From Lisbon he hunted them into Carthage, from Carthage to Malaga, and finally drove them afar into the West Indian seas.

On Blake's homeward voyage an incident occurred very characteristic of the man. Coming up with a French man-of-war, of 40 guns, he ordered the captain to come on board him, and inquired if he was willing to lay down his sword? The French captain bravely replied No; whereupon Blake bade him return to his own ship, and fight as long as he was able. The contest lasted for two hours. Then the gallant Frenchman struck his colours, went on board the admiral, and first kissing his sword, knelt, and presented it to Blake. So "grave and sweet" was the temper of this great Sea-king!

In 1652, the Dutch war broke out, and the Parliament gathered up all the energies of England to meet its most formidable foe. Blake was appointed to the chief command at sea, and by a series of splendid successes speedily justified the confidence reposed in him. His fleet, at first, was terribly inferior to that of the Dutch: he had but five-and-twenty vessels under him, while the States had one hundred and fifty ships of force. Nevertheless, our admiral, like the old Roman,



did not despair of the Commonwealth, and bore his flag as proudly as if he were already crowned with victory.

It happened that on the 17th of May, 1652, Blake was lying off Dover with fifteen ships of war, while Captain (formerly Major) Nehemiah Bourne was cruising in the Downs with a small squadron. Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, with forty vessels, came sailing haughtily through the English cruising-grounds, and attempted to impose upon Nehemiah Bourne with the pretence that he was only there through stress of weather. To which the Republican soldier-seaman rejoined, that the best proof of the truth of his excuse would be the briefness of his stay ; sending word, at the same time, to Admiral Blake of his appearance off the English coast. The next morning saw the Dutch vessels slowly beating down the Channel, and Blake's ship, in advance of his fleet, standing out to meet them. He fired thrice at Van Tromp's vessel to compel the customary homage of lowering the flag, and receiving a broadside in return, boldly engaged the whole Dutch fleet, and for nearly four hours bore the unequal combat alone. The wind veering, his ships at length came up to his support, and as evening gathered over the waters, Bourne's squadron also joined. Then the Dutch fleet bore away before the wind, leaving two prizes in Blake's hands ; forty-two ships retreating before twenty-three !

It is said that Blake was at dinner with his officers when the Dutch admiral's broadside rattled about his ears ; for as war was not formally declared, he did not apprehend any active hostilities. The shot shattered his cabin windows, and aroused his generally placid temper, so that he curled his whiskers, as was his wont

when angry, and bade his men repay the compliment in kind. "I take it very ill of Van Tromp," he exclaimed, "to fancy my ship a disreputable house, and break my windows!"

The English fleet, after this engagement, received some considerable additions; and about the beginning of June a force was assembled under Blake which he considered capable of attempting any enterprise. He therefore celebrated a solemn fast on board his ships, and implored the blessing of God upon their efforts; for he was of a race

"To whom are richly given  
Great glory and peculiar grace,  
Because in league with Heaven;"

and as he fought for no selfish gain, but for the glory and freedom of the English nation, our "sailor-saint" felt that he was justified in seeking "the support of the Most High." Religious enthusiasm was a deep fire in the heart of Blake, and burned brightly and steadily in change and defeat as in the flush of triumph.

De Witt and De Ruyter, no ignoble foes, were now in command of the Dutch fleet of fifty-nine men-of-war, besides smaller vessels, which early in the month of September appeared off the Goodwin Sands. Blake's ships were about equal in number and weight of broadside, and it was therefore to be supposed that the Dutch would not decline an encounter. On the 28th, at noon, the English stood towards them with a fresh breeze filling their sails, the admiral in the *Resolution* closely followed by his vice-admiral, William Penn, in the *James*. The Dutch bore away, and a hot chase ensued. About 3 p.m., Blake and Penn shortened sail until their stern-

most ships could close up, and resuming the pursuit, succeeded, about dusk, in bringing the enemy to an engagement,—advancing in three divisions, respectively led by Blake, Penn, and Bourne. The result of the battle was never doubtful. Three Dutch men-of-war were sunk ; one blew up ; and the rear-admiral's ship was taken. De Witt then ran for the Dutch coast, pursued by the English until pursuit became useless ; whereupon Blake returned into the Downs, with a loss of 300 killed and wounded, but with the honours of a fairly contested battle. The Parliament passed a vote of thanks to him and his officers, and, in its wisdom, concluding that no further danger was to be apprehended that year from the Dutch fleet, ordered him to send some of his ships into port for repair and refitting.

The States, however, were eager to avenge their disasters, and having by great exertions augmented their fleet to eighty ships, entrusted its command to Admiral Van Tromp. Learning that Blake had with him but thirty-eight vessels, and some of these inadequately manned, the Dutch admiral resolved to surprise him where he lay in the Downs, and crush him before he could obtain any reinforcements. It was on the 29th of November, and about noon, a heavy, lowering, gusty day, when the stately war-ships of “the Hollanders” came in sight of the English admiral. Blake called a council of war, which, of course, decided upon offering battle. In those days our English Sea-kings did not compare with too fine an arithmetic the relative proportions of their own force and their enemy's !

The wind, however, blew “great guns,” and the combatants were compelled to defer fighting till next day,



riding out the gale with bare poles in Dover roads. When the morning dawned, both fleets steered westward—Blake having the advantage of the weather-gauge—and about eleven o'clock the engagement began. A portion of the English fleet could not come up with the enemy, and throughout the day the brunt of the fight was borne by the *Triumph*, which bore Blake's flag, the *Victory*, and the *Vanguard*, these three ships returning the fire of twenty Dutchmen. Late in the evening, the *Garland* and the *Bonaventure* attacked Van Tromp's flag-ship with great fury, but were overpowered by superior force and compelled to strike their flags. Night came on, heavy and black, and the English fleet contrived to escape, running first for Dover and next into the mouth of the Thames, after suffering a defeat which was only less glorious than a victory. The Dutch were so jubilant on this occasion that Van Tromp cruised along the coast from Harwich to the Isle of Wight, with a broom hoisted at his masthead to intimate that he had swept the English off the seas!

Neither the Parliament nor Blake took the unavoidable disaster to heart. Blake, in conjunction with Deane and Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle), were appointed to the command for the ensuing year. Bounties were offered to the seamen, and an increase of wages, that the squadrons might be speedily manned. These measures were so successful that, on the 11th of February, Blake saw assembled under his flag sixty men-of-war, well manned and well equipped. He immediately bore away for Portland, and stretched his fleet across the Channel—a wooden wall against which no enemy would rashly dash himself—in order to



intercept Van Tromp on his return from his boastful cruise. A surprise for the Dutch admiral, truly ! who had by no means anticipated the speedy collection of so formidable a force.

The Dutch fleet and a convoy of 300 merchantmen were first sighted about eight in the morning, on the 18th of February, 1653. Blake and Deane in the *Triumph*, with twelve stout ships, commenced the action, and were roughly handled before the remainder could come to their support. Blake was wounded in the thigh ; General Deane had a narrow escape ; Captain Ball fell dead at Blake's feet, and his secretary was slain while standing before him. A hundred seamen were killed, and scarce a man escaped without a wound. The *Vanguard*, the *Fairfax*, and the *Assistance*, suffered in like manner. Nor did the Dutch escape. Van Tromp's ship was disabled, and most of his officers were slain. De Ruyter's main and foretop-mast went by the board. A fine man-of-war blew up with a terrible explosion ; six others were either sunk or taken ; and we are told that the rigging of the latter was so besmeared with blood and brains that not even those hardy English seamen could look unmoved upon the piteous spectacle.

Night and silence came down upon the deep, and closed this first day's battle. During the darkness each of the combatants was busy in repairing and refitting his ships, and preparing for a renewal of the engagement.

The next morning showed the Dutch fleet seven leagues off Weymouth. Blake bore down upon them, and brought them to action in the afternoon off the chalky cliffs of the Isle of Wight. Tromp had drawn

up his vessels in the form of a crescent, or half-moon, —enclosing his convoy within the hollow ; and thus disposed, he slowly retreated before the English, maintaining a sharp running fight. All that afternoon, during the brief twilight which followed, and throughout the night, the battle was continued, and when the Sabbath morning broke upon the sea, the English were masters of eight men-of-war and sixteen merchant vessels.

The fight was renewed on Sunday, near Boulogne, but with considerable languor on both sides. Tromp and his merchantmen gradually withdrew among the shallows of the Dutch coast, whither Blake was too wise to follow him, and the English at length bore up for their own ports, having captured or sunk eleven men-of-war and thirty merchantmen. The loss in killed and wounded was about equal in both fleets.

By the month of May England's victorious fleet was reinforced, until it consisted of 105 ships of war, carrying 3840 guns, and 16,269 men—a formidable force in those days, though incapable now of competing with either a Channel or a Mediterranean squadron, so widely different are the calibres of our modern cannons from those of the pieces which Blake's seamen handled. When the English and the Dutch fleets hove in sight of each other, off the Gable, on the 2nd of June, their comparative strength was as follows :—Monk and Deane (for Cromwell had placed Monk in the supreme command), led 95 men-of-war and 5 fire-ships ; Van Tromp, assisted by De Witt and De Ruyter, 98 men-of-war and 6 fire-ships. In weight of metal the Dutch had a considerable superiority.

“The action,” says one of our naval historians, “began about eleven o’clock, and the first broadside from the enemy carried off the brave Admiral Deane, whose body was almost cut in two by a chain-shot. Monk, with much presence of mind, covered his body with his cloak; and here appeared the wisdom of having both admirals on board the same ship, for as no flag was taken in, the fleet had no notice of this accident, but the fight continued with the same warmth as if it had not happened.”—Deane “had grown from a common mariner to the reputation of a bold and excellent officer,”\* and was so beloved by the men from whom he had sprung, and who saw in *his* fame *their* fame, that the knowledge of his death might possibly have paralysed their courage.—“The blue squadron charged through the enemy, and Rear-Admiral Lawson bid fair for taking De Ruyter; and after he was obliged to leave his ship, sunk another of 42 guns, commanded by Captain Buller. The fight continued very hot until three o’clock, when the Dutch fell into great confusion, and Tromp saw himself obliged to make a kind of running fight till nine in the evening, when a stout ship, commanded by Cornelius Van Velsen, blew up. This increased the consternation in which they were before, and though Tromp used every method in his power to oblige the 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 increase their misfortune.” In the night, Blake arrived in the English fleet, with a squadron of eighteen ships, and so had his share in the second day’s engagement.

\* Clarendon.



Blake, by Cromwell's orders—for the great Protector suspected his honest Republicanism—had been superseded by Monk ; but in this, as in every other passage of his life, he displayed a true nobility of soul. He circulated through his fleet an order that “ it was not the business of seamen to mind State affairs, but to keep foreigners from fooling us ;” and cheerfully consented to serve under the new admiral. His name proved a greater reinforcement to the English fleet than the ships he brought with him ; and on the second day of the battle, the Dutch, notwithstanding their gallant admiral's exertions, fairly took to flight. Eight of their largest vessels were sunk, two were blown up, eleven were captured. Six leading officers, and 1300 men were made prisoners, while the loss in killed and wounded was enormous. The English suffered but slight injury ; General Deane and 126 officers and men were slain, and 236 wounded. The victory was so complete that the people of Holland, roused to great exasperation against their rulers, clamoured loudly for peace, while the highest exultation prevailed in England ; and Cromwell's Council called upon the nation to celebrate a day of thanksgiving—“ O give thanks unto the Lord,” they cried, adopting the language of the Psalmist, “ for his mercy endureth for ever. Let Israel now say that his mercy endureth for ever.”

The Dutch ambassadors arrived in London to negotiate terms of peace, but it was ordered that the arms of their fleet should receive another signal discomfiture. Van Tromp and De Witt were indefatigable in their efforts to get together such a naval force as should



enable them once more to contest with the English the supremacy of the seas. Towards the end of July, Van Tromp sailed from the coast of Zealand, with about eighty-three ships, to join De Witt, who, with twenty-five sail, was blockaded in the mouth of the Texel by the English under Monk and Blake.

The entire force of the Dutch, after the junction of the two admirals, was—108 men-of-war, 8 fire-ships, and 20 armed merchant vessels; that of the English, 120 ships, large and small, carrying about 4000 guns and 17,000 men.

It was on Sunday, the 31st of July, 1653, that these two great fleets came to action. Monk had previously issued “a memorable and most characteristic order through his ships, which were in number about equal to the Dutch force. He had found by experience, he said, that the taking of the ships of the enemy consumed much precious time, while the sending the ships so taken into a place of security necessitated the detaching other fleets from the fleet to conduct them, and so weakened his force. He therefore gave positive instructions to the captains that no English ships should surrender to the enemy, and that they should accept no surrender of the vessels against which they fought. Their business was, not to take ships, but to sink and destroy to the extent of their power. Another circumstance, not less sagacious or cold-blooded, was observed in his conduct on this famous ‘occasion.’ He sent out a sudden order to transpose the captains of the merchantmen, which had been placed by him in the battle. In the former engagement he had found that they committed themselves somewhat too cautiously,

out of tenderness they had to the freight, which belonged to their owners.”\*

The battle was the most fiercely contested of any throughout the war. Both English and Dutch distinguished themselves by deeds of determined daring. Van Tromp was killed by a musket-ball while encouraging his men. Twenty-six Dutch vessels were burnt or sunk, between 3000 and 4000 men were killed, 2500 wounded, and 1200 taken prisoners. The English lost two ships, which were burnt by the Dutch fire-ships; 6 captains and 500 seamen killed; 6 captains and 800 seamen wounded. The defeat experienced by the Dutch was so complete that they were glad to make peace upon Cromwell's own terms, and the negotiations were finally brought to a successful issue, April 4th, 1654.

In the summer of 1654, Blake, with a considerable fleet, cruised in the Mediterranean, exacting compensation from those States whose subjects had inflicted injuries upon Englishmen. At Leghorn he claimed and received from the Grand Duke of Tuscany £60,000 in compensation of losses suffered by the ships of the Commonwealth. About December he entered the roads of Cadiz, where he was received with signal deference—his name and fame having been bruited abroad through all Europe—so that a Dutch admiral who was in port would not hoist his flag while the great seaman lay anear him; and the Algerines were wont to stop the Sallee rovers, deprive them of their Christian prisoners, and send them to Blake in the hope of winning his favour.

\* Forster's *Lives of Eminent British Statesmen*.

When at Malaga some of his men went ashore, and meeting the procession of the Host made merry with it. The inhabitants, incensed at the slight put upon their religion, fell upon the wrong-doers, and severely ill-treated them. Blake instantly despatched a messenger to the viceroy, demanding satisfaction. The viceroy rejoined that the priests were alone to blame, and that over the priests he had no control. To this the English admiral returned that if he did not receive satisfaction, he should, at all events, burn the town about his ears. A priest was then sent aboard, who represented that the seamen by their ill-usage had brought this punishment upon themselves. Blake replied, that if he had been made acquainted with their misconduct he should have called his men to a strict account, but that "he would have him and the whole world know—none but an Englishman should chastise an Englishman."

Certainly not the least notable event in the career of this great man—whose life and character the longer we dwell upon them the worthier they appear of admiration and even reverence—was the attack upon Tunis, in March, 1655. The piracies committed by the Barbary rovers had long excited the alarm and disgust of Europe, and Blake was despatched by Cromwell to demand and obtain restitution. His force comprised twenty ships of war, carrying 804 guns and 3870 men. The Dey of Algiers received him courteously, and consented to all he proposed. But when he arrived off Tunis, and made known his errand, he was bidden apply to the castles of Giuletta and Porto Ferino for satisfaction. To them, indeed, Blake was not slow to address himself. Disregarding the fire of 150 pieces



of ordnance, he sailed straight into the bay, with all his canvas set, and his flag right merrily flying, and delivered his "arguments" with such effect, that he quickly demolished the batteries, while his boats, covered by their ships' guns, assaulted the sea-rovers' vessels, and set them on fire. This success was obtained with the small loss of twenty-five killed, and forty-eight wounded, and spread the terror of his name along all the African coast. Never before had the English flag commanded so universal a respect. "The sea's our own," cried the poet, exultantly—

The sea's our own ; and now all nations greet,  
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet ;  
Our power extends as far as winds can blow,  
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

WALLER.

Reinforced by a small squadron, under Admiral Montague, Blake was now despatched to humble England's ancient enemy, and blockade the harbour of Cadiz, that the rich Plata fleet might not escape the English grapple. To Rear-Admiral Stayner, and seven frigates, the eight stately galleons which composed it fell, accordingly, a prize : two were run aground, two sunk, and two captured. The ingots of Peru and Mexico, valued at nearly half a million, were sent home in charge of Admiral Montague ; while Blake, collecting his scattered ships, cruised throughout the winter of 1656 and the spring of 1657 off Cadiz and in the Straits. Receiving information of another treasure-fleet which had put for shelter into the strongly fortified harbour of Santa Cruz, in the rock-isle of Teneriffe, he immediately sailed thither, and arrived off the port—where six richly laden galleons were moored in fancied security—on the 20th of April.



Some small vessels lay within the inner harbour, whose entrance was protected by a strong boom. Without the boom were anchored the galleons, fully manned and equipped. Seven forts lined the shore with a wall of flame : on an adjacent height frowned a strong and well-appointed castle. So complete seemed the defences, and so impregnable the position, that when the master of a Dutch vessel would fain have slipped his cable and run away from the redoubtable Blake, the Spanish governor exclaimed, " Begone then, if thou wilt, and let Blake come—if he dares !"

Stayner's squadron led the attack, closely supported by Blake with the remainder of the fleet. In through the whirlwind of shot swept the proud English vessels, and while some engaged the forts, others laid themselves aboard the Spanish galleons, captured them, and set them on fire, burning them down to the water's edge, before the eyes of the discomfited governor. And then, with a loss of only 48 men killed and 120 wounded, the English fleet calmly withdrew from astonished Teneriffe, and bore away for Cadiz, after performing one of the most daring and brilliant exploits recorded in our naval annals. The Spanish were so dismayed, that for the future they never deemed themselves safe from attack, whether defended by fleets or forts ; and Blake's name was as much a bugbear for the Spanish children as ever Richard Cœur-de-Lion's on the lips of Saracen mothers ! The pride of England found expression in the verses of the poet :—

They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,  
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,  
From whence our red cross they triumphant see,  
Riding without a rival on the sea !

Meanwhile, the course of the great sea-hero was nearly run. While cruising off the Spanish coast, his health and spirits gave way, and he perceived that he was to fight no more battles under St. George's ensign. He ordered the fleet to get under weigh for England: our true-hearted Blake was fain to die at home! He had regarded little Protector or Parliament: enough for him to know that for England, and England only, he drew his unsullied sword, and now to his fatherland turned his hero-soul as surely as the bird to his wonted rest. A heavy depression fell upon him. He lived and moved in a world of cloud and shadow. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay, "he grew every day"—says an able writer\*—"worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold 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 to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and fore-castle 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 on 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

\* Hepworth Dixon's *Life of Blake*.

too late for the dying hero. 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 in the full tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Lance Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody height of Mount Edgecumbe, the low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steeps of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of the magnificent harbour, rose, one by one, to sight. But the eyes which had so 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 in full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting 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 his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God."

Robert Blake was but 59 years old when he passed away to rest. It is said that his disease "was a complication of dropsy and scurvy, brought upon him by being for three years together at sea ;" but it seems to us that it was rather of excessive toil and over-much endurance that he died.

To his dust a noble funeral was accorded, and it was interred with solemn and befitting pomp in Westminster Abbey, where has been laid all that was mortal of so many heroic men, of whom, however, not one has

surpassed in purity of soul and greatness of heart, the Puritan Sea-king, Robert Blake.

Famous old Trueheart, dead and gone,  
Long shall his glory grow,  
Who never turned his back upon  
A friend, nor face from foe.  
He made them fear Old England's name  
Wherever it was heard,  
He put her proudest foes to shame,  
For God smiled on his sword.

Till she forget her old sea-fame,  
Shall England honour him,  
And keep the grave-dust from his name  
Till her old eyes be dim.  
And long as free waves folding round,  
Brimful with blessing break,  
At heart she holds him, calm and crowned,  
Immortal Robert Blake !



## VIII.

EDWARD MONTAGUE, EARL OF  
SANDWICH.

A.D. 1625.

A gentleman adorned with all the virtues of Alcibiades, and untainted by any of his vices ; of high birth, capable of any business, full of wisdom, a great commander at sea and land, and also learned and eloquent, affable, liberal, and magnificent.

BISHOP BURNET, *History of my own Times*.

IN the life of Blake we sketched the career and character of a man of high purpose and deep resolve ; a God-fearing Puritan, grave, cheerful, and decorous ; but not altogether cultivating, nor caring for, the lighter graces. In EDWARD MONTAGUE, EARL OF SANDWICH, we meet with an heroic spirit of different temper. Equal to Blake in courage, and, perhaps, in patriotism, he lacked his great virtues of patience, self-control, and idealization of duty. He had more of the Rupert blood, of the cavalier leaven in him ; and if he was free from the vices, possessed some of the defects of the Greek hero to whom Bishop Burnet has compared him. But his contemporaries have pronounced him—and history has endorsed their judgment—“a man equally brave, knowing, and of a most engaging behaviour ; one who rendered his sovereign the greatest services, not only in the field, but in the cabinet, and as an ambassador in foreign parts.” “He was a person of extraordinary parts, courage,

fidelity, and affability, and justly merited all the honours that were conferred upon him." And had his life been less illustrious than our summary of its principal events will show it, his heroic death would have redeemed its errors, and still have entitled him to a niche of honour among the Sea-kings of Old England.

Edward Montague, a son of Sir Sidney Montague, was born July 27, 1625, and fitly prepared for a notable career by a generous education and liberal breeding. At the early age of seventeen he married the fair young daughter of Lord Crewe, and a year afterwards, was commissioned by the Parliament to levy and command a regiment under their general, the Earl of Essex. The influence of his family and his own personal merits enabled him to get together a sufficient number of stalwart yeomen in six weeks. He took the field immediately, and throughout the Civil War—at Lincoln, Marston Moor, Naseby, Bridgewater, and Bristol—showed how cool a head and dauntless a soul he possessed.

When Cromwell rose to power, Montague was named one of his Council of State, but he appears to have nourished a concealed attachment to the royal cause. He was not a republican, though he had fought against King Charles ; he was rather desirous of contributing to the establishment of a constitutional monarchy. Cromwell sent him to sea, associating him with Blake in the expedition to the Mediterranean ; and when the Spanish galleons were captured, Montague was appointed to convoy the treasure-ships to England.

And now returns victorious Montague,  
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.

He received on this occasion the thanks of Parliament, and was warmly caressed by Cromwell.

The great Protector died ; his son succeeded to a precarious throne ; was deposed by a rebellious Parliament and a discontented army ; and Charles II., in 1660, was welcomed "home again" by the acclamations of eager and exultant thousands. Admiral Montague was one of the earliest adherents to the royal cause, and commanded the fleet which convoyed the King to England. For his services he was presented with the ribbon and George of the Order of the Garter, on board his own ship, then riding in the Downs, May 28th, 1660 ; and six weeks later was created Baron Montague of St. Neots, Viscount Hinchinbroke, and Earl of Sandwich. To these high honours were added the offices of Admiral of the narrow seas, and Lieutenant to the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England. In September, 1660, with a squadron of nine men-of-war, he sailed for Helvoetsluys, and brought over to England Charles II.'s sister, the Princess of Orange. In 1661, he was employed to command the squadron of honour which convoyed the Infanta of Portugal, Catherine of Braganza, and to disembark an English garrison at Tangier—the city yielded to England by Portugal as the princess's dowry.

In this expedition the earl inflicted a severe chastisement upon the Algerines, who had resumed the piratical practices formerly repressed by Blake, and forced them to conclude a peace with Great Britain.

War again breaking out with the Dutch—in those days our most formidable rivals at sea—an immense fleet was fitted out in February, 1665, and placed under the orders of the Duke of York ; the white division being

led by Prince Rupert, and the blue by the Earl of Sandwich. It consisted of 110 men-of-war and frigates, and 28 fire-ships; carrying 4537 guns, and 22,206 seamen and soldiers. Among the gallant officers who served under these three distinguished chiefs must be named—Sir William Penn, Sir John Lawson, Sir William Berkeley, Christopher Myngs, and Sir George Ayscough, all men of approved valour, zeal, and skill. The largest vessels of the fleet were the *Prince*, 86 guns, and 700 men (Earl of Sandwich); the *Royal Charles*, 78 guns, and 550 men (Duke of York); *Royal James*, 78 guns, and 500 men (Prince Rupert); the *Henry* and *Royal Catherine*, each of 70 guns; the *Royal Oak*, of 76; while the others carried respectively from 66 to 12 guns.\*

The Dutch fleet was of about equal strength, and commanded by Baron Opdam, Cortenaer, John and Cornelius Van Evertzen, Schram, and Cornelius Tromp. It was divided into seven squadrons—comprising in all 103 men-of-war, 11 fire-ships, and 7 yachts. 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 imputations which might otherwise be cast upon his conduct,

\* Lediard's *Naval History*, i.



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."

On the 3rd of June, the two fleets engaged off Lowestoff—the English, through skilful manœuvring, having obtained the weather-gage. The contest was very hot and very close, and, at first, was maintained with about equal advantage. About noon, however, the Earl of Sandwich—with the blue division—attacked the centre of the Dutch fleet with tremendous impetuosity, and disordered their whole line of battle. At one o'clock Opdam's ship blew up; all on board—except five common seamen—perishing; and from the time of this accident the overthrow of the Hollanders was assured. The battle ended about eight at night, when Tromp bore away for the Dutch coast,—their fleet having experienced the greatest disaster ever known at sea. Fourteen ships had been sunk, eighteen taken, and several burnt or blown up. 2500 men were made prisoners; and the loss in slain and wounded has been computed by some authorities at 8000, by some at less than 6000 men. Among the officers perished Admiral Opdam, Lieutenant-Admirals Stillingwert and Cortenaer, and Vice-Admiral Schram. The English loss amounted to 250 men killed, and 340 wounded, besides the Earls of Portland and Marlborough, the Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry and Mr. Boyle, and Vice-Admirals Samson and Sir John Lawson.

Great as was the victory achieved by English valour, still greater results might have been obtained

had the Dutch been pursued with any degree of vigour ; but owing to circumstances which have never been thoroughly explained, and which yet continue among the mysteries of history, orders were issued by—or in the name of—the Duke of York to carry less sail, and the Dutch fleet, crippled and disheartened as it was, contrived to make its escape. No blame, however, attaches to the memory of the gallant Montague, who, throughout this sanguinary fight, “behaved himself with notable courage and conduct.”

The Duke of York being withdrawn from the command on the plea that his royal person ought not to be exposed to such dangers, the Earl of Sandwich hoisted his flag as admiral-in-chief, and, refitting his fleet with as much expedition as was possible, sailed again for the Dutch coast on the 5th of July, with sixty ships-of-war, well equipped, and manned with the best and bravest seamen England could boast of.

With all the enterprises of this tedious war we need not concern ourselves ; it is our province simply to glance at the principal events which illustrated our sea-king's career. During the remainder of the year the English scoured the seas and won many goodly prizes, but no action was fought which deserves to be regarded as of historical importance.

Lord Sandwich retired from the command when the year's campaign was over, and was next invited to serve his country and increase his reputation in the novel field of diplomacy. He was employed from May, 1665, to September, 1668, in negotiations with the courts of Spain and Madrid, and acquitted himself with an address and an ability which secured him “golden opinions” both from his own countrymen and the

peoples with whom he was concerned. His despatches are still extant, and prove that his power of clear and forcible expression was accompanied by remarkable lucidity of thought and directness of reasoning.

The third and last Dutch war broke out in 1672; the Duke of York was again appointed to the supreme command of the English fleet; the Earl of Sandwich to that of the blue division; and Count d'Estrées to that of the white, which was chiefly composed of French auxiliaries. The Dutch fleet, comprising 75 men-of-war and 40 frigates, was led by Admirals De Ruyter, Van Ghent, and Bancquest.

Towards the close of the month of May the English fleet anchored in Southwold Bay or Solebay, to take in water. On the 27th, Whit-Monday, a great holiday was kept, and many officers and seamen obtained leave to go ashore. While the fleet was thus disorganized the wind changed, and a thick mist arose, so that the Earl of Sandwich, at a council of war called, in the evening, by the duke, felt it needful to point out the danger they ran of being surprised by the Dutch, and to advise that they should weigh anchor and stand out to sea. This prudent counsel the duke resented, and in such a manner as to reflect, it is said, upon the earl's undoubted bravery. Its wisdom, however, was speedily made manifest. Between two and three of the morning the look-out men descried the Dutch vessels in the offing, and the duke was forced with all haste to signal to his fleet to weigh anchor, and prepare to meet them. The Earl of Sandwich and his division got out to sea the first, and in order to give the rest of the fleet time to form, attacked with the utmost fury the Dutch squadron led by Van Ghent. His chivalrous gallantry



and fine sense of duty proved fatal to him. The *Royal James* was soon surrounded by the Dutch, and in great peril from the fire-ships which grappled to her. For nearly five hours was the unequal fight maintained, until her rigging was shot away and her hull so disabled that she became unmanageable. The gallant earl had the misfortune of seeing his vice-admiral, Sir Joseph Jordan, sail by him, utterly unheeding of the distressed condition to which his admiral's ship was reduced. Whereupon the earl observed to the heroic band around him,—“There is nothing left for us now, but to defend the ship to the last man,” and those who knew him readily understood that, by the last man, he meant himself.\* A fourth fire-ship grappled the *Royal James* in a death embrace ; the flames crept swiftly along the deck, and leapt up around the blackened masts. The earl then bade his captain, Sir R. Haddock, and his attendants get into the boats, and save themselves,—an order with which they reluctantly complied. His seamen, however, would not quit him, but sought to check the progress of the fire, prepared either to live or die with their hero-chief. And so it fell about that, towards noon, the ship blew up with a terrible explosion,—the earl and his brave seamen meeting with a death not unworthy of their splendid valour. At this time, out of a crew of one thousand men, six hundred were lying dead upon the deck ; with such fierceness and unexampled resolution had the *Royal James* borne her part in the famous sea-fight off Solebay.

The issue of the battle was to the honour of both combatants, but not to the advantage of either. The

\* Campbell.



loss on each side amounted to between 5000 and 6000 killed and wounded. If the English had to mourn the Earl of Sandwich, the Dutch lost Admirals Van Ghent and Evertzen. About nine at night the fire slackened, and both fleets, as if by a tacit understanding, ceased fighting, the Dutch bearing away to the northward unpursued.

About a fortnight after this terrible fight the earl's body was picked up near Harwich, it being easily recognised by the star of the garter embroidered on his coat. It was found to have received but little injury, and was honoured with a national funeral and a resting place in Westminster Abbey.

“The Earl of Sandwich's body,” says the *Gazette* of July 4th, 1672, “being taken out of one of his Majesty's yachts at Deptford yesterday, and laid in the most solemn manner in a sumptuous barge, proceeded by water to Westminster Bridge, attended by the king's barges, his royal highness the Duke of York's, and also with the several barges of the nobility, lord-mayor, and the several companies of the city of London, adorned suitable to the melancholy occasion, with trumpets and other music, that sounded the deepest notes. On passing by the Tower, the great guns there were discharged, as well as at Whitehall; and, about five o'clock in the evening, the body being taken out of the barge at Westminster Bridge, there was a procession to the abbey-church of the highest magnificence. Eight earls were assistant to his son Edward, Earl of Sandwich, chief mourner, and most of the nobility and persons of quality in town gave their assistance to his interment in the Duke of Albemarle's vault, on the north side of King Henry VII.'s chapel, where his remains are deposited.”

## IX.

SIR HENRY MORGAN,  
AND THE ENGLISH BUCCANEERS.

A.D. 1630—1680.

So on we march'd upon Panama,  
We, the mighty Buccaneers.

THE BENTLEY BALLADS.

THERE existed, at the commencement of the 17th century, a singular confederacy of men of various nations, bound together by a common tie—the love of plunder, but otherwise owing scant allegiance to one another; known by the different names of Buccaneers, Flibustiers, and Sea-Rovers. The former appellation is most familiar to English ears, and was derived, it is said, from their peculiar method of preparing the flesh of animals—which, when thus prepared, was called *boucan*. They were the descendants—these Sea-Rovers!—of Drake, Cavendish, and Oxenham; animated by a similar hatred of the Spanish; equal to them in bravery, inferior only in generosity and humanity. We find them first attracting the attention of Europe about 1630, when they seized upon the small island of Tortuga, a rocky fastness circled by the seas, at a distance of scarcely six miles from the coast of Hispaniola, to make use of it as a *point d'appui* for their marauding expeditions against the Spanish colonies. For this purpose it was peculiarly adapted. Its

only harbour was approached by dangerous and difficult channels, defended by sands and shoals, hemmed in by terrible walls of rock. The soil was fertile; the heights were chequered with groves of astonishing luxuriance and vigour; the tobacco and sugar which it yielded were of a superior quality. The wild boar was the only four-footed animal which haunted its woods; among its leafy branches no birds but the wood-pigeon had learned to find a home. On its shores shell-fish and turtle abounded. In its depths there were no venomous reptiles but the viper. Its springs were numerous, and welled forth a pure and crystal water.

The laws by which these Sea-kings—these men, hardy, daring, and unscrupulous as the old Norse Vikingir—were rudely governed, had, at least, the merit of simplicity. The captain of a Buccaneer vessel was sometimes elected by his crew; sometimes assumed his position by right of superior courage or ability. He was liable to be deposed by the popular voice. His privileges were, six shares of all the plunder acquired under his direction, and the absolute control of the vessel while at sea. The master's mate received two shares of the booty; the other officers in proportion; the surgeon, one share, and 200 crowns for the supply of his medicine chest. The sharp eye which first discovered an enemy's vessel was rewarded with 100 crowns; and the bold spirit who first boarded the foe received an equal recompence.

If a Buccaneer lost an eye in action, he received 100 crowns, or a slave.

If he lost both eyes, 600 crowns, or six slaves. A right hand or right leg was valued at 200 crowns, or

two slaves ; both hands, or both legs, at 600 crowns ; a finger, or toe, at 100 crowns ; a foot, or leg, at 200 ; or slaves in proportion.

The virtues of the Buccaneers were dauntless courage, wonderful endurance, and unswerving fidelity ; their vices, unnecessary cruelty, the wildest debauchery, and an insatiable greed of gold. Regarding them in every point of view, we cannot but hope we “ ne’er shall look upon their like again ;” but after all, these men, who for nearly a century ruled the Spanish Main, and terrified the cities on its shores, did good service to the cause of civilization and commerce. They broke down the barriers which Spanish jealousy had erected, and threw open the treasuries of America to the enterprise of England, France, and Holland.

We cannot here concern ourselves, however, with the earlier exploits of these dauntless rovers, nor dwell upon the chequered fortunes of the great French Buccaneers—Legrand, Lolonois the Cruel, and Montbars the Exterminator. We take up “ the wondrous tale” in the reign of Charles II., when Henry Morgan, a Welshman, was acknowledged the chief of this singular fraternity.

This Buccaneer chief was the son of a respectable Welsh yeoman. At an early age, he ran away to sea, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Barbadoes. On his arrival in the West Indies he was sold for a term of years—a misfortune by no means an unusual one in those lawless days—but, in due time, obtained his manumission, or effected his escape, and repaired to Jamaica. One can readily imagine with what eagerness he drank in the wild Buccaneering legends of defenceless Spaniards and glittering ingots. He con-



trived to acquire, by some means or other, a little money; and equipped, in connexion with spirits equally adventurous, a small vessel, wherein, as captain, he put to sea. The venture was successful, and "he soon became remarkable for the number of prizes which he took, his well-known stations being round the coast of Campeachy." His name was "a word of fear" to the Spanish, and a rallying-cry for the English; and when Mansvelt, a notorious Flibustier, prepared his grand expedition to the mainland, with the bold design of there establishing an independent Buccaneer empire, Morgan was appointed his vice-admiral, and a force of fifteen ships and 600 men placed under his command.

Mansvelt and his lieutenant sailed from Jamaica in 1664, and directed their course to the island of Santa Katalina (now known as Providence Island), on the coast of Costa Rica, where they attacked the Spanish forts, and compelled their surrender. The death of Mansvelt shortly afterwards occurred, and Morgan was at once appointed to the chief command. But the English Governor of Jamaica, not favouring, and, certainly, not understanding the project of a Buccaneer commonwealth, forbade recruiting to be carried on in his island, and the Spaniards, assembling an overwhelming force, succeeded in re-capturing Santa Katalina.

Morgan, meanwhile, had resolved upon a bold and comprehensive scheme. He appointed as a rendezvous the *Cayos, Keys*, or small islets on the coast of Cuba, and announced his intention of dealing the Spaniards a heavy blow. Twelve vessels, and 700 men, part English, part French, and all full of confidence in the skill, ability, and courage of their leader, were soon

collected, and it was decided that an attack should be made on the wealthy Cuban city of Port-au-Prince.

Thither they sailed, eager for plunder. A Spanish prisoner having contrived to escape, had communicated to the governor the Buccaneers' designs. He straightway collected 800 freemen and slaves, armed them, and disposed them in ambuscades along a pass which the rovers must necessarily traverse. But the Buccaneers detected the Spaniard's manœuvre, and forced their way through the woods and out into the plain. On the open ground they received the Spanish assault with their usual coolness and good fortune. The issue of the fight, indeed, was not for a moment doubtful. The Spaniards, after suffering a heavy loss, fled pell-mell to the town, followed with equal rapidity by the Buccaneers. The firing was renewed in the streets, and from the roofs and windows of the houses; but Morgan having threatened to set the town on fire, and cut to pieces its women and children, further resistance was abandoned as hopeless.

The town was quickly plundered, and its inhabitants tortured until they confessed where their treasures and money were hidden. Finally, a ransom of 500 oxen was exacted, and then the Sea-rovers, after fifteen days of revelry and pillage, quitted the churches they had desecrated and the roof-trees they had shattered.

A quarrel between a Frenchman and an Englishman, resulting in the murder of the former, now deprived Morgan of his French followers, who left the fleet in spite of his entreaties, resolved to pursue an independent course. But the Welsh Flibustier was not discouraged, and finding the booty of Port-au-Prince insufficient to satisfy either his own or his men's desires, he painted

in glowing language the prospect of further spoil, while he carefully avoided any indication of the exact locality where he intended to obtain it. With nine vessels and 470 men he put to sea, and when off Costa Rica first disclosed his design—the attack and capture of the rich and populous city of Porto Bello. Many of his followers were alarmed at the apparent rashness of the enterprise. To these Morgan replied, “Our numbers may be small, but our hearts are bold; and the fewer the fighting men, the larger each man’s share of plunder.”

The town was taken. The first fort was blown up with all its garrison—the Buccaneers deliberately firing the powder magazine; but as this did not intimidate the Spaniards from continuing their resistance, Morgan made prisoners of the monks and nuns in the different convents; compelled them to precede his men, and carry the scaling-ladders with which he intended to escalate the principal fort. Nevertheless, the governor resolutely endeavoured “to destroy all who came near the walls, firing on the servants of God, although his kinsmen, and prisoners, and forced to the service. Delicate women and aged men were goaded at the sword’s point to this hateful labour; derided by the English, and unpitied by their countrymen.”

The scaling-ladders at length were fixed, but not without the death of many a hapless nun and unfortunate priest. The Sea-rovers immediately rushed to the assault, with fire-pots, hand-grenades, sabres, and pistols—dealing death and wounds around them with wonderful fury. Useless the resistance of the Spaniards;—it was as if they had to contend with devils, and not with men. At length, weary, broken, and enfeebled,



they threw down their arms, and cried for mercy—all save Castellon, the heroic governor, who, with his own hand, slew several of his recreant comrades, and after many a deed of admirable valour, fell, like a true soldier, at his post, even in the presence of his weeping wife and children.

And now into the defenceless city poured the infuriated freebooters, and while the night-shadows gathered over them—broken here and there by the lurid flames of burning houses—indulged in every excess which lust, cruelty, and revenge could dictate. So wild and extravagant were their orgies, that, it is said, fifty resolute Spaniards might easily have overpowered them and regained the town. The happy opportunity passed, and the next morning Morgan brought his ships into the harbour, and loaded them with plunder. He caused the fortifications to be repaired and the guns remounted, in case a relieving force should arrive from Panama. Something of discipline he would fain have established, but his men still gave themselves up to a worse than bacchanal revelry ; and after fifteen days of riot and debauchery, he was compelled, by the famine and disease which their excesses engendered, to draw off his forces, not, however, before he had finally exacted from the wretched Spaniards a ransom of 100,000 pieces-of-eight.

Meanwhile, the Governor of Panama arrived with a considerable body of armed men, to find the Buccaneers so well posted as to render an attack unadvisable. He therefore permitted the inhabitants of Porto Bello to purchase their safety by the exorbitant ransom we have named, while he openly expressed his astonishment at the audacity and courage which had achieved so bold



an enterprize with so inconsiderable a force. He sent a message to Morgan, requesting him to forward a specimen of the weapons he had made use of. The Buccaneer chief sent him a hunter's musket and a few pistols ; begging the governor to accept them as a pattern of the arms with which the rovers had captured Porto Bello, and to keep them for a twelvemonth, when he proposed to visit Panama, and demand the return of his significant *souvenir*. The Spaniard, not to be outdone in so civil a war of words, forwarded to Morgan an emerald ring, and a message to this effect :— While he admired his courage, he regretted it was not exhibited in more honourable warfare ; and he recommended him not to travel so far as Panama, lest he should not chance to fare so well as he had done at Porto Bello.

The Buccaneers now took leave of the scene of their triumph, and in eight days reached Cuba, where they divided their plunder, to the amount of 250,000 pieces-of-eight in gold, silver, and jewels, and, probably, an equal value in silks, linen, cloth, and other merchandize. The division being satisfactorily effected, away went the happy rovers to luxurious Jamaica, where the wealth they had gained by boundless labour and unceasing toil they lavished in the brief and shameful pleasures of gambling, wine, and debauchery.

A month's prodigality prepared the Buccaneers to listen with renewed eagerness to Morgan's proposal of a new expedition. His renown was now so great that he had no difficulty in drawing around him a formidable force. At the rendezvous he appointed—the Isla de la Vaca, or Cow Island, on the coast of Cuba—gathered fifteen ships and nearly 900 men. Some of the vessels

were armed, and his own ship carried fourteen guns. But scarcely had they put to sea, ere discontent and jealousies arose, and when he reached Curaçoa, he found his force reduced to 300 men and seven small ships.

With this small expedition he resolved on an enterprise surpassing in reckless audacity, and exceeding in danger, the attempt upon Porto Bello. Maracaibo, the city which he marked for destruction, was populous, well fortified, opulent, and by no means promised to become an easy capture.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the fleet triumphantly crossed the bar which obstructs the entrance of the harbour. Immediately the boats were manned, and the Buccaneers made a furious attack upon the Bar Fort, whose guns played against them with an incessant fire. About dusk, the cannonade ceased, and the Buccaneers pouring into the fort, found it deserted. In an evacuation so sudden their sagacious leader suspected a stratagem; and a careful investigation detected a lighted match, and a slowly-smouldering train of powder connected with the magazine. A moment more, and the Buccaneers would have been blown to atoms!

The next day, the adventurers swept into the town, from which the terrified Spaniards had fled in a panic of fear—except a few wretched paupers who had nothing to lose by remaining, nothing to gain by flying. The doors of the houses were open; the churches deserted; the sick in the hospitals without attendants; there were no boats in the port, and scarcely any provisions in the town. So the Buccaneers pillaged, and drank, and made merry, and clothed themselves in rich attire. And a detachment of

one hundred men were sent out to search the adjoining woods for fugitives, and those whom they brought in were tortured in the hope of their confessing where the rich had concealed their treasures. "They hung them up by their beards and by the hair of their heads, by an arm or a leg ; they stretched their limbs tight with cords, and then beat with rattans upon the rigid flesh ; they placed burning matches between their fingers ; they twisted cords about their heads, tightening the strain by the leverage of their pistol-stocks, till the eyes sprang from the sockets." In fact, the variety and refinement of their cruelties seemed inexhaustible. But in this the Buccaneers, as they themselves were wont to declare, only revenged upon the Spaniards the barbarities *they* had inflicted upon the Indians.

From Maracaibo, after eight days' delay, Morgan pushed on to Gibraltar, whither had fled the wealthiest inhabitants of the former town. Expecting a desperate resistance, every Buccaneer made his will, "consoling himself by the thought of revelry at Jamaica if he was one of those lucky enough to escape." Death, says one of their historians, was never much in their thoughts, especially when there was booty before them, for the hope of plunder incited them to fight like lions.

Morgan and his men obtained Gibraltar as easily as they had captured Maracaibo. The Spaniards had fled before them, taking with them their wealth and ammunition. Well-armed parties were sent out in pursuit, and in a few days, nearly 300 prisoners were taken, upon whom were practised all the varieties of torture the ingenuity of a Buccaneer imagination could suggest.

Morgan, having remained in Gibraltar five weeks,



having exhausted its provisions and secured every dollar that could be extracted from its unhappy inhabitants, set out for Maracaibo. He arrived there, after a three days' journey, to find himself in a trap of no ordinary danger. While he and his rovers had been plundering Gibraltar, the Spaniards had repaired the Bar Fort which protected the mouth of the lake of Maracaibo, and placed three men-of-war in the channel, commanded by Don Alonzo del Campo d'Espinosa, vice-admiral of the Indian fleet. These three ships carried in all ninety guns, and formed a force which it was deemed impossible for the Buccaneers to resist.

Morgan's courage rose in proportion to the obstacles he had to encounter and overcome. He sent a message to the Spanish admiral, demanding 20,000 pieces-of-eight for the ransom of Maracaibo, and when his audacious demand received an equally arrogant rejoinder, resolved to force his way through the enemy. One of his men proposed to build a *brûlot*, or fire-ship, with which he would undertake to burn, he said, the largest of the Spanish vessels. Morgan improved upon the suggestion. A small vessel was filled with a mixture of gunpowder and brimstone, and palm-leaves dipped in tar. Logs of wood were placed in rows on the deck, and dressed up with Buccaneer clothes, swords, and muskets. Ten mimic guns were formed out of Negro-drums. When the preparations were complete, all the prisoners, male and female, were placed in one of their large boats; the gold, jewels, and valuables in another; the merchandize in other boats, in each of which went twelve armed men. An oath of resistance to the death was taken by every Buccaneer, and then the adven-



turers made their way down the *lagune* or lake—the fire-ship in the van. (April 30th, 1669.)

At daybreak they bore down upon the Spaniards, who, confident of an easy victory, advanced to meet them. The fire-ship suddenly fell upon the admiral's vessel, and almost before its crew could discover the deception, swathed it in flames. The stern was speedily destroyed, and then the forepart of the hull "sank hissing into the sea"—those of its mariners who had escaped the fire, perishing in the angry waters. The Buccaneers, with loud hurrahs, now boarded the second vessel, and quickly from its masthead fluttered their black flag. The crew of the third vessel ran her under the guns of the fort, sank her, and then escaped to shore. The Buccaneers, flushed with triumph, pursued them, and attempted to take the castle by a *coup de main*; but met with so gallant and vigorous a resistance, that after losing thirty killed and as many wounded, they were compelled to withdraw.

Their chief next employed himself in fishing up the treasures of the sunken ships, and, returning to Maracaibo, exacted from its inhabitants a ransom of several thousand pieces-of-eight and 500 cows. The whole of the booty was then collected, carefully examined, and divided in proper proportions among the exultant freebooters. It amounted in money and jewels to 250,000 pieces-of-eight, besides numerous slaves and an enormous quantity of merchandize. The division concluded, Morgan returned to the lagune, and resolved on passing the fort by stratagem, if he could not effect it by force. During the day, and in sight of the garrison, he ostentatiously despatched boats filled with men to a point of the shore screened by the dense foliage of a

thick grove. The boats returned to the ships, apparently almost empty—all but the rowers lying down in their holds. Thus he succeeded in alarming the Spaniards with the idea that he intended a night-assault, and they hurriedly removed the guns of the fort so that they should be brought to bear landward. Morgan, who had anticipated this manœuvre, at moonlight weighed anchor, and with all his canvas spread, sailed merrily past the no longer dangerous stronghold, saluting it with a parting volley.

So they bore away to Jamaica, where, with wonderful rapidity, was dissipated in loose pleasures the plunder laboriously acquired and bravely preserved.

Their purses empty and their credit gone, they were ready again for enterprise in “fresh fields and pastures new.” The Buccaneer chief found them already reduced to their former indigency by their vices and debaucheries. “Hence they perpetually importuned him for new exploits, thereby to get something to expend still in wine and wantons, as they had already done what they got before. Captain Morgan, willing to follow fortune’s call, stopped the mouths of many inhabitants of Jamaica who were creditors to his men for large sums, with the hopes and promises of greater achievements than ever in a new expedition. This done, he could easily levy men for any enterprise ; his name being so famous through all these islands, as that alone would readily bring him in more adventurers than he could well employ.”

Early in October, 1670, the Buccaneer leader found himself surrounded by daring and adventurous spirits of every nation—pirates, Buccaneers, and hunters—English, French, and Dutch—all ready to follow him

in the wildest enterprise his bold imagination might project. Having fully victualled his fleet, he set sail for Cape Tiburon, on the west coast of Hispaniola, where he was joined by several New England ships, until his forces amounted to thirty-seven vessels, carrying from four to sixteen guns each, and manned by 2200 sailors and soldiers. A council was now held, at which three places of attack were proposed—Carthagena, Vera Cruz, and Panama—and the latter, the opulent galleon port and depôt of the treasures of Peru, was selected, notwithstanding its strength, its formidable garrison, and numerous population.

With hearty cheering, and some slight expenditure of powder in salutes *de joie*, the fleet weighed anchor on the 18th of December, 1670, and set sail for the Island of Providence, where Morgan hoped to secure some prisoners conversant with the route to Panama. They sailed in two divisions—one carrying the royal English standard, and the other a white flag. The former was led by Morgan, the latter by his vice-admiral.

In four days they arrived at Providence, whose Spanish governor offered but a feeble resistance, notwithstanding the strength of its fortifications and its abundance of military stores. Among the prisoners, to the great satisfaction of the Buccaneers, were three slaves who knew Panama thoroughly, and who were easily bribed or intimidated into offering their services as guides.

Before an attempt could be made upon Panama, it was necessary, however, that the castle of Chagres—which was the key of the whole route—should be in Morgan's possession; and he accordingly despatched a Captain Bradley, with five vessels and 400 men,



against it. In three days Chagres was reached, and, after a furious contest, captured; and when Morgan and his fleet arrived off this powerful stronghold, they beheld with joy the colours of England proudly waving on its walls. The triumphant Buccaneers received their leader with all the honours due to a successful chief.

Leaving 150 men in charge of his ships, and 500 in the castle of Chagres, on the 18th January, 1671, the redoubtable Sea-king, at the head of 1200 Buccaneers, commenced his dangerous voyage to Panama. He did not leave without warnings of the perils he would have to encounter. All along the banks of the river Chagres—which offered the most direct route to the doomed city—he was informed that ambuscades had been set, and a force of 3600 trained soldiers got ready to surround and destroy him. But Morgan treated these tidings as of little value, reviewed his men, inspected their arms, animated them to dare every danger by promising them a certain victory, and had the satisfaction of hearing their unanimous voices swell in a mighty shout, “Long live the King of England, and long live our Harry Morgan!”

The guns were placed on board of small craft, called *chatten*, and a portion of his men in thirty-two canoes. But he committed a great imprudence in carrying with him a very small store of provisions, calculating upon making the journey in a shorter time than it actually required, and on obtaining fresh supplies from the Spaniards whom he captured on his march. Their scanty stock failed them on the first day, and few had more than “a pipe of tobacco” to satisfy their hunger. On the second, they found the river so low and shal-



low that they were forced to quit their boats, and leave them behind in charge of 160 men. Some of the lighter canoes were carried onward, though with great labour; and thus, by land and water alternately, through an almost impassable jungle, pinched by hunger, tormented by thirst, cold, wet, and weary, the dauntless adventurers pressed on to Panama.

On the eighth day, when within a few leagues of the goal of their hopes, they fell into an ambuscade of Indians, and lost ten men before they succeeded in driving them out of the thickly wooded defile which they had occupied. The night proved dark and rainy, and the Buccaneers, sheltered only by a few hastily gathered branches, suffered severely; but for all their hardships they felt themselves amply repaid when, on the following morning, ascending a high mountain, they beheld in the distance, glowing like molten fire in the newly-risen sun, and studded by many a snowy sail, the waters of the South Pacific. Beneath them, in a valley of exquisite fertility, grazed herds of asses, horses, and cattle. With the clamour of many voices the hungered Buccaneers rushed to the banquet. Some slew the cattle, some flayed, and others dressed them. Many kindled fires, and hastily warmed the reeking flesh, which they devoured with all the voracity of famished men; "the blood running down from their beards unto the middle of their bodies." But Morgan, wary, cool, and collected under every fortune, put a speedy end to this bacchanalian revel, and the adventurers, invigorated and re-animated, resumed their toilsome march.

A march of unexampled hazard, now near a triumphant issue! For as the westering sun was

slowly sinking into the purple deep, there rose upon the air a wild exultant cheer, and the drums rang with a victorious roll, and flags were waved and guns sharply fired—the Buccaneers beheld in the distance the smoking roofs and glittering steeples of the doomed Panama—the City of Gold!

Scarcely could the impatient freebooters wait until the morrow for the assault, and great was their wrath when a body of Spanish horsemen rode towards them with sounding trumpets, and shouted, “To-morrow, to-morrow, ye dogs, we will meet ye in the savannah!” But Morgan restrained their ardour; caused a camp to be pitched, and double guards appointed; while his men, with their arms ready, lay upon the grass, and dreamed of the coming triumph.

Dawn broke all redly on the Buccaneers’ camp, all redly on the Spanish city. Drums rolled, trumpets sounded, and the adventurers began their march, but not by the route which the Spaniards had expected, and were prepared to defend, but by a difficult woody defile which their Indian guide was aware of. Two weary hours, and the Buccaneers gained a small eminence commanding a full view of golden Panama, and of the plain before its gates, where the governor had assembled his forces, 200 horse, four regiments of foot, and a still more terrible enemy—a vast number of wild bulls, roaring and tossing their horns, and driven by Indian drivers, a few Negroes, and some mounted matadors. At the sight of an array so imposing the Buccaneers, for a moment, were smitten with dismay. But their adventurous hearts soon regained their wonted courage, and exhorting one another to conquer or die, they pressed forward.

By a skilful movement the Buccaneer generalissimo contrived to separate the Spanish cavalry from the infantry, and fell upon them with furious ardour. The wild cattle, frightened by the rattling musketry and quick volleys of flame, either rushed back into the ranks of the Spanish foot, where they scattered irretrievable confusion, or were shot by the skilful rifles of the practised Buccaneer huntsmen. After a brief sharp struggle the Spanish horsemen gave way, having lost 150 of their number, and the infantry—aghast at their unlooked-for defeat—fired a succession of unmeaning discharges, threw down their arms, and sought safety in flight.

Forward upon the fated city pressed the victorious Buccaneers. They experienced considerable difficulty, says Esquemeling, in the approach, for within the town at commanding positions the Spaniards had placed many great guns, some charged with small pieces of iron, others with musket bullets. With these they saluted the pirates as they advanced, and gave them full and frequent broadsides, incessantly firing at them, so that at every step fell numbers of men. But neither this extreme peril, nor the sight of so many comrades dropping on every side, could deter the intrepid adventurers from pressing forward—could prevent them from gaining ground upon the enemy; and though the Spaniards ceased not to fire and defend themselves as stoutly as they could, yet, after three hours' fighting, they were forced to yield, and the pirates, taking possession of the city, slew all who dared to offer any resistance.

Having thus planted his colours on the walls of Panama, Morgan's first care was to summon his men



before him, and warn them against drinking the Spanish wine, which, he pretended, had been intentionally poisoned. But his real object was to prevent them from yielding to intoxication, lest they should fall an easy prey to the Spaniards if they rallied, or obtained reinforcements. Next, he stationed guards at the principal points of defence, and began the systematic plunder of the unfortunate city. They found the houses luxuriously decorated with glowing paintings and rich hangings, and the merchants' depôts well stored with silks, linen, and cloth; but much of the more portable treasures of Panama had been carried off by the fugitive Spaniards.

Either through Morgan's orders, or the action of the inhabitants themselves, fire now broke out in different parts of the town. The houses, built of cedar wood, burnt with such rapidity that the conflagration was not stayed until two-thirds of Panama were destroyed. Among the smouldering ruins prowled the freebooters in search of concealed booty, and from the wells and cisterns vast quantities of gold and silver plate were recovered. Many of the fugitives were brought in from the surrounding country, and cruelly tortured after the approved Buccaneering fashion. Slaves were brought forward to witness against their masters; daughters against their fathers. A gleam of romance, however, lights up this gloomy picture. The cold, relentless Morgan himself was subdued by the beauty of one of the female prisoners. "Her years were few," says Esquemeling, "and her beauty so great, as, peradventure, I may doubt whether in all Christendom any could be found to surpass her perfections, either of comeliness or honesty." The magic influence of love



transformed the Buccaneer-Orson into a new being. His manners were softened into courtesy. His person was attired in the richest apparel. He loaded the lady of his love with costly gifts. He waited upon her with a sedulous attention. But the Spanish beauty was proof against his allurements, and not to be intimidated from the path of virgin modesty by his menaces. She repulsed his advances with disdain. She threatened to use her dagger upon him or upon herself.

Love, as is often its wont, changed with startling swiftness into hate. The beauty was stripped of all her rare attire, and flung into a loathsome den, with barely enough food to cherish life. Her persecutor, moreover, threatened to sell her as a slave, unless he received 30,000 piastres for her ransom. But the Buccaneers themselves—fierce, bloodthirsty, and cruel as they were—remonstrated at this unworthy treatment; and complained, moreover, that this lady held him in a fatal spell, which, by detaining them at Panama until the Spaniards re-assembled their forces, would prove the ruin of all.

Morgan roused himself from his infatuation, and prepared to abandon the city. He ordered mules to be collected to convey the booty to Cruz, where it would be transferred to the canoes and borne down the Chagres for shipment to Jamaica. While these preparations were being made, he discovered a serious insubordination among his followers, which threatened to involve him in greater perils than he had ever yet undergone. One hundred of his men, chiefly Frenchmen, weary of the stern tyranny of his rule and the insatiability of his greed, proposed to themselves to seize one of the vessels which had been captured, to cruise about

the South Sea until loaded with booty, and then to establish themselves on some secure and solitary isle as an independent community. Morgan ordered the mainmast of the ship to be burnt, and its rigging destroyed, and seized upon the arms, ammunition, and stores they had collected. Then, on the 24th of February, with a train of 175 mules bending under their valuable burden, and 600 prisoners—men, women, and children, wailing and weeping—the Buccaneers set out from the once-smiling, but now blackened and desolate city, which they had occupied in triumphant security for nearly thirty days.

Morgan and his men reached Chagres in safety, after a journey of no ordinary toil and difficulty. At this point he resolved to disembarass himself of the unransomed prisoners, and despatched them to Porto Bello with a demand upon its governor for a sum of money by way of ransom for the castle of Chagres. The governor replied that he might burn or pull down the castle as he pleased, but not one more stiver of Spanish money would he receive.

Nothing now remained but to divide the plunder. The amount was found not to exceed £443,000—an amount so vastly inferior to the expectations of the Buccaneers that loud murmurs arose, and accusations were freely made against Morgan and his confederates of having concealed the richest portion of the spoil. Two hundred pieces-of-eight were, indeed, a sorry return for the dangers each man had braved and the sufferings he had undergone! Soon the discontent of the French adventurers rose to such a height that Morgan perceived his life was imperilled, and renouncing all hopes of establishing a Buccaneer republic—a great common-

wealth of sea-rovers—resolved to seek safety in flight. Removing the pieces of ordnance from the walls of Chagres to his own vessels, and dividing among them his store of provisions, he suddenly slipped his cable, and with all sail set, steered out of the harbour before the astonished eyes of the baffled and disappointed Frenchmen. Loud were the curses lavished upon Morgan and his adherents! The exasperated pirates fired off their pistols in impotent rage—tore their hair—gnashed their teeth—and vowed a swift and terrible revenge. But meanwhile, the Welsh Buccaneer and his well-laden barks crossed the waters merrily, and duly arrived at their garden of bliss—the sunny and smiling Jamaica.

Here his dream of a Buccaneer republic again returned to his ardent imagination; but the new Governor of Jamaica, Lord John Vaughan, was indisposed to look with favour upon piratical expeditions, and had received the royal order to send Morgan back to England. Peace had been concluded with Spain, and there was to be no more intermeddling with the King of Spain's subjects. Morgan returned to England, but not to disgrace and a prison. He made such good use of his illegally gotten money that he obtained "the honour" of knighthood, and was appointed the Admiralty Commissioner for Jamaica! To that Calypso's isle, therefore, *Sir Henry Morgan* proudly returned, and during the interval which elapsed (in 1680) between the resignation of the Earl of Carlisle and the appointment of a new governor, he acted as deputy-governor, and distinguished himself by his severe treatment of those of his old comrades who were unfortunate enough to fall into his hands.

We know little more of his after career. In the reign of James II. he was thrown into prison, and was confined there for three years. When or how he was released—when or how this daring Sea-king died—we have been unable to ascertain. We have included his history in these pages because, despite of his vices, he was in his better and brighter qualities an admirable example of the English Sea-kings : brilliantly daring, yet wisely prudent—enduring all things, attempting all things, and in all things succeeding—dismayed by no obstacles, prompt in every difficulty, fertile in resources, and nourishing in his heart of hearts a deep attachment to Old England's flag ! He had wider views and more splendid conceptions than any of his comrades. Had he realized his dream of a Buccaneer republic, what might have been the fate of the New World ?

For him we raise not the recording stone—  
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known ;  
He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes !

BYRON.



## X.

## WILLIAM DAMPIER, THE BUCCANEER.

A.D. 1652—1717-8.

And here are men who fought in gallant actions  
 As gallantly as ever heroes fought ;  
 But buried in the heap of such transactions,  
 Their names are rarely found, nor often sought.

BYRON.

WILLIAM DAMPIER, a gallant seaman, an able navigator, and a shrewd observer, was born at East Coker, near Yeovil, in 1652. His father would appear to have leased and cultivated a small farm of indifferent soil, whereon he raised just as much wheat, rye, barley, oats, and flax as sufficed for the consumption, or provided for the support, of his own family.

Dampier himself, during the lifetime of his father, received a tolerably liberal education ; but, when both his parents had passed away into another world, was placed with a Weymouth shipmaster, accustomed to scant fare, and inured to hard work. Of the advantages placed within his reach during his earlier years, he availed himself to the utmost ; and, as it has been well remarked, “profited so largely by them as to afford one more proof that the best part of a man’s learning is that which he acquires by himself.”

He soon found himself at sea. At first, he sailed only as far as the French coast ; afterwards, he adven-

tured to Newfoundland, but suffered severely from the weather ; and next, he undertook "a long voyage and a warm voyage" to Bantam, and commenced the compilation of his valuable and interesting *Journal*. Finally he enlisted into the English naval service, and fought in two engagements with the Dutch, but ill-health crippled him. He was removed to Harwich Hospital, and finally to his brother's house, in the hope that his recovery might be accelerated.

On his recovery he engaged in a voyage to Jamaica, with the ulterior object of accepting the under-overseership of a plantation belonging to a Col. Hellier. Dampier, now twenty-two years of age, was athletic, healthy, and capable of enduring great fatigue ; possessed of a quick mind, a ready conception, and a clear judgment ; as prompt to observe as he was accurate in recording the results of his observation. Such a man was not fitted for the guardianship of slaves. His lively intellect and acute curiosity rendered him discontented with a life so cruelly monotonous. He therefore made but a short stay on the Jamaica plantation, and returned as soon as he could to the career he best loved. He engaged himself on board the trading ships which coasted round Jamaica, and accustomed himself to the practical details of a seafaring life. Next, he became one of the logwood cutters of the Bay of Campeachy, where he had ample opportunities of sharpening his powers of observation and adding to his stores of knowledge. He joined a company or fraternity of six men, who were labouring among the logwood-groves of Trist Island, in the Bay of Campeachy. They worked hard at felling wood five days in the week ; on the sixth, they applied themselves to the chase ; on the seventh, they gave

themselves up to drink and slumber. During the wet season, which lasted from May until September, their hardships were excessive. The rains descended daily ; the rivers became swollen ; the low grounds were inundated. When the droughts of the tropical summer came on, their sufferings were scarcely less severe, though of a different kind. Thirst beset them by night and by day, and they fled with eagerness to the wild pine for a temporary relief. "The wild pine," says Dampier, "is a plant so called because it somewhat resembles the bush that bears the pine ; they are commonly supported, or grow from some bunch, knot, or excrescence of the tree, where they take root and grow upright. The root is short and thick, from whence the leaves rise up in folds one within another, spreading off at the top. They are of a good thick substance, and about ten or twelve inches long. The outside leaves are so compact as to contain the rain-water as it falls. They will hold a pint and a half, or a quart ; and this water refreshes the leaves and nourishes the roots. When we find these pines, we stick our knives into the leaves just above the root, and that lets out the water, which we catch in our hats, as I have done many times to my great relief."

The woods were inhabited by herds of monkeys, who, as a traveller penetrated their haunts, sought to terrify him by loud chatterings and threatening gestures. Here the sloth eat his slow way from tree to tree, and amongst the green leaves the venomous snake secreted himself. Enormous spiders with two horns or teeth ; ants which stung as sharply as a tongue of flame ; the sweet humming-bird, with ever-moving wings and pleasant voice ; the opossum, the tiger-cat, the

iguana—were among the denizens of this luxuriant vegetation.

Of the perils wherein the adventurers of this wild woodland fastness might involve themselves, some notion may be gathered from Dampier's narrative of a danger which befell himself. He and his comrades were out in pursuit of cattle, when it occurred to him that he might essay an independent venture, and accordingly, he seized a favourable opportunity—eluded his companions—and wandered afar into the deep thick woods. Now crossing a broad reach of blossomy sward, now threading his way through long dark avenues of ancient forest trees, he rambled on, in blissful indulgence of his love of nature, until he found himself *marooned*, or lost, and quite out of hearing of his comrades' guns. He attempted to guide himself on his return by observation of the sun, and quenched his thirst by recourse to the plentiful basins of the wild pines.

“At sunset,” he says, “I got out into the clear open savannah, being about two leagues wide in most places, but how long I know not. It is well stored with bullocks, but by frequent hunting they grow shy, and remove farther up into the country. There I found myself four or five miles to the west of the place where I had straggled from my companions. I made homewards with all the speed I could ; but being overtaken by the night, I lay down on the grass a good distance from the woods, for the benefit of the wind to keep the mosquitoes from me ; but in vain, for in less than an hour's time I was so persecuted, that though I endeavoured to keep them off by fanning myself with boughs, and shifting my quarters three or four times, yet still they so haunted me that I could get no sleep. At



daybreak I got up and directed my course to the creek where we landed, from which I was then about two leagues. I did not see one beast of any sort whatever in all the way, though the day before I saw several young calves that could not follow their dams; but even these were now gone away, to my great vexation and disappointment, for I was very hungry. But about a mile farther, I espied ten or twelve quams perching on the boughs of a cotton-tree. These were not shy: therefore I got well under them, and, having a single bullet but no shot about me, fired at one of them and missed it, though I had often before killed them so.

“Then I came up with, and fired at five or six turkeys with no better success, so that I was forced to march forward, still in the savannah, towards the creek; and when I came to the path that led to it through the woods, I found to my great joy a hat stuck upon a pole, and when I came to the creek another. These were set up by my consorts, who had gone home in the evening, as signals that they would come and fetch me. Therefore I sat down and waited for them; for although I had not above three leagues home by water, yet it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for me to have got thither overland, by reason of those vast impassable thickets, abounding everywhere along the creek’s side, wherein I have known some puzzled for two or three days, and have not advanced half a mile, although they laboured extremely every day. Neither was I disappointed of my hopes, for within half an hour after my arrival in the creek, my consorts came, bringing every man his bottle of water and his gun, both to hunt for game and

to give me notice by firing, that I might hear them ; for I have known several men lost in the like manner, and never heard of afterwards.”

The logwood tree varies in girth from two to six feet, and grows best on the low marshy land bordering upon creeks or lagunes. It resembles in character, though not in size, the white thorn of England. The heart only is made use of, the sap being cut away. Its wood is of great specific gravity, and burns with a strong clear light. The logwood cutters formed themselves into companies of five or six men, of whom one acted as captain or overseer. In the intervals of their work they were accustomed to cross the broad savannahs or pierce the dense woods of the interior in search of buffaloes, whose flesh was their chief provision. Altogether, their life was one of hard toil and considerable privation.

Dampier preferred buffalo hunting to logwood cutting, and joined three Scotchmen in the preparation and sale of buffalo skins. Their mode of preparing them was this :—A beast was killed and flayed, and its skin fastened firmly to the ground by twenty or thirty stout wooden pegs. It was turned and again pegged down, until both sides were perfectly dry, after which it was hung up for awhile, and frequently beaten with a pole, to drive out the worms. Finally, it was soaked in salt water, again dried, and packed up for exportation.

The English slew their cattle by means of fire-arms, but the Spanish hunters adopted the practice of *hocksing* or *houghing*. In this wise. Mounted on a swift and well-trained horse, and armed with a hocksing iron, in the shape of a half-moon, very sharp, and seven

inches long—fastened to a good stout pole—the huntsman pursued his prey, and coming up with him, dealt him a severe blow in the leg, which generally severed the tendons, and sometimes brought him to the ground. Wheeling round to avoid the infuriated animal's attack, he next struck the iron into one of his fore-knees, and, dismounting quickly, smote him in the head a little behind the horns, with so fatal a force that he instantly fell dead.

We are unable to dwell any longer on this period of Dampier's career. It proved sufficiently profitable in its results to enable him to return to England in August, 1670; to marry "out of the Duchess of Grafton's family;" and to enjoy a few months of ease and retirement. He revisited Jamaica in 1679, acquired money enough to purchase a small estate in Dorsetshire, and was about to sail for England to settle upon it, when he was induced by a Mr. Hobby to join in a trading voyage to the Mosquito shore, which promised a sure and satisfactory return.

Putting in with their vessel to a small bay on the west coast of the island, they found there certain well-known "privateers" (as Dampier calls them), or Buccaneers—Captains Sharp, Sawkins, and Coxon—who soon induced Mr. Hobby's crew; and finally persuaded Dampier himself, to enlist under their flag. Unfortunate as, on the whole, this determination proved to the gallant sea adventurer, to the world it has been of no common advantage. The observations made by his quick eye and recorded in his lucid language, have proved valuable additions to our stores of geographical knowledge.

Their first attack was upon Porto Bello, and was so



successful that each Buccaneer received for his share of the plunder 160 pieces-of-eight. Encouraged by such an auspicious commencement, they boldly determined upon crossing the Isthmus of Panama, and trying their fortune on the shores of the billowy Pacific. They enlisted on their side the valuable auxiliary of a tribe of Mosquito men, who were fond of considering themselves the friends and subjects of England. Better guides and servants adventurers never had! "They have extraordinary good eyes," says Dampier, "and will descry a sail at sea and see anything better than we. Their chiefest employment in their own country is to strike fish, turtle, or *manatee* [sea-cow, whose flesh was much esteemed by the Buccaneers]. They are tall, well made, raw-boned, lusty, strong, and nimble of foot, long visaged, lank black hair, look stern, hard-favoured, and of a dark copper complexion. They behave themselves very bold in fight, and never seem to flinch nor hang back; for they think that the white men with whom they are, know better than they do when it is best to fight; and, let the disadvantage of their party be never so great, they will never yield nor give back while any of their party stand. They delight to settle near the sea, or by some river, for the sake of striking fish, their beloved employment; for within land there are other Indians, with whom they are always at war. After the man hath cleared a spot of land, and hath planted it, he seldom minds it afterwards, but leaves the managing of it to his wife, and he goes out a striking. Sometimes he seeks only for fish, at other times for turtle or *manatee*, and whatever he gets he brings home to his wife, and never stirs out to seek for more till it is eaten. When



hunger begins to bite, he either takes his canoe and seeks for more game at sea, or walks out into the woods and hunts for peccaree and waree, each a sort of wild hogs, or deer, and seldom returns empty-handed, nor seeks any more as long as it lasts. Their plantations have not above twenty or thirty plantain trees, a bed of yams and potatoes, a bush of pimento, and a small spot of pine-apples, from which they make a sort of drink, to which they invite each other to be merry."

On the 6th of April, 327 Buccaneers and six Indian guides started on their dangerous and toilsome journey. They were headed by Captain Sharp, and marched in two divisions, respectively bearing red flags bordered with white and green, and red flags bordered with yellow. Each man carried his pistol, gun, and sword, and four cakes of bread called "dough boys."

They clomb a steep hill on their first day's march, and descending its verdurous slopes, came upon a swift river. Having forded it, they pressed forward to the Indian town or village, where the Sovereign of Darien held his regal state. The said Sovereign was an imposing but dirty personage, in a thin white cotton robe, a crown of reeds, a belt of beads and feathers, and an intolerable unwashed skin. Quitting his presence, they followed the river bank for several days—now wading across small creeks and turbid inlets—now pushing through marshy woods—now climbing steep walls of rock—until, on the ninth day, they reached, assaulted, and captured Santa Maria. The plunder was inconsiderable, and again these intrepid men pushed forward, having first deposed Captain Sharp, and elected Captain Coxon to the command-in-chief.

They made their way down the River Santa Maria in thirty-five canoes and a piragua, and after enduring considerable hardships, gained at length the broad waters of the Pacific Ocean.

A desperate but unsuccessful attempt was made upon Puebla Nueva, in which Captain Coxon was slain, and many of the Buccaneers killed or wounded. Retreating from this well-garrisoned city they harried the whole coast of Peru by continual descents, captured numerous vessels in the Bay of Panama and off the Peruvian coast, and gaining increased confidence from their successes, resolved upon attacking the opulent town of Arica. In this attempt they do not appear to have been very successful, and discontents shortly afterwards broke out among these sea-rovers, which terminated in their dividing themselves into independent bands, and breaking up their ill-jointed confederacy. Dampier cast in his lot with those who followed the leadership of Captain Sharp, and after a short cruise along the coast, he and his comrades, on Christmas-day, anchored in a harbour of the Island of Juan Fernandez, to celebrate the old English festival and refit their vessel. Here they shot goats, seals, and sea-lions, caught fish, and for awhile made merry ; but were sufficiently practical in the midst of their pleasures to depose Captain Sharp, and elect in his stead Captain John Watling.

While thus engaged, they descried three Spanish men-of-war in the offing, and accordingly hurried on board their vessel, weighed anchor, and stood out to sea. In the confusion, a Mosquito Indian, named William, was left ashore.

Directing their course to the north, they resolved

upon another attempt against Arica—a strong town, well garrisoned, and hemmed in between some formidable hills. The Spaniards had received intelligence of their intentions, and collected a large body of troops to receive them. Nevertheless, after a terrible struggle, the town was taken, but an assault upon the fort, or citadel, proved unsuccessful. Captain Watling and many of the bravest of the Buccaneers were slain, and the escape of the remainder from the overpowering force assembled against them seemed almost impossible.

“Surrounded with difficulties on all sides,” says one of these desperate adventurers, who afterwards published a narrative of their enterprises, “and in great disorder, having nobody to give orders, what was to be done? We were glad to have our eyes upon our good old commander, Captain Bartholomew Sharp, and beg of him very earnestly to commiserate our condition, and carry us off. It was a great while before he would take any notice of our request, so much was he displeased with the former mutiny of our people against him, all which had been occasioned by the instigation of Mr. Cook. . . . The Spaniards killed,” he continues, “and took of our number twenty-eight men, besides eighteen that we brought off who were desperately wounded. At that time we were all extremely faint for want of water and victuals, whereof we had none all that day. We were likewise almost choked with the dust of the town, being so much raised by the work their guns had made, that we could scarce see each other. They beat us out of the town, then followed us into the savannahs, still charging as fast as they could. But when they saw that we rallied again, resolving to die one by another, they ran from us into



the town, and sheltered themselves under their breast-works. Thus we retreated in as good order as we possibly could observe in that confusion. But their horsemen followed us as we retired, and fired at us all the way, though they would not come within reach of our guns; for theirs reached farther than ours, and out-shot us above one-third. We took the sea-side for our greater security, which when the enemy saw, they betook themselves to the hills, rolling down great stones and whole rocks to destroy us."

After this severe repulse the Buccaneers cruised for awhile off the Spanish coast, but the disagreement was so great that they resolved to separate into two companies, and when they came to the Island of Plate they determined "which party soever should, upon polling, appear to have the majority, *they* should keep the ship, and the other should content themselves with the launch, or long boat, and canoes, and return back over the isthmus, or go to seek their fortunes otherwise as they would." The majority proved to be with Captain Sharp; in the minority was ranked William Dampier.

These forty-four men—whose fortunes we shall now follow—with two Mosquito Indians as guides, left the ship on the 17th of April, 1681, with the intention of re-crossing the isthmus. They took with them a quantity of flour, and of chocolate mixed with sugar, and bound themselves by a solemn oath that if either of their little band fell ill on the journey—which could not fail to be both toilsome and dangerous—his comrades should shoot him, that he might not be tortured by the Spaniards, nor made an unintentional agent in the betrayal of his comrades.





The Buccaneers and the Indians.—Page 131.



A fortnight passed, and they found themselves at the mouth of a river which emptied itself into St. Michael's Bay. Here they sank their boat, and employed themselves in preparing for their inland march, while the Mosquito Indians caught, and cooked for them, a plentiful repast of fish. Having thus refreshed themselves, they set out on the 1st of May, just as the broad hot sun went slowly down behind the western waters, on a journey which the bravest heart and coolest head must have contemplated with some degree of apprehension.

They found an Indian trail on the night of the 2nd, and following it up, reached, in due time, an Indian village where they obtained some food, and learned, to their alarm, that the Spaniards had stationed vessels at the mouth of every navigable river to intercept them on their return to the east coast. Next day they arrived at an Indian hut, whose owner treated them with a degree of moroseness they at other times would have surely resented; but "this was neither a time nor place," says Dampier, "to be angry with the Indians, all our lives lying in their hands." In vain they endeavoured to subdue him with offers of dollars, hatchets, and long knives. One of the seamen, however, flung over his wife's head a sky-blue petticoat, which so delighted her that she beguiled her husband into a more accommodating disposition, and persuaded him to procure them a guide, and give them the information they needed. So again they moved forward by an intricate and troublesome path, which compelled them to cross the streams twenty times in a day. To keep his *Journal* dry, Dampier rolled it up and placed it in a bamboo, closing both ends with wax.



They suffered much on their journey—hunger, wet, and fatigue rendering them indifferent to any human foe. Frequent storms of thunder and lightning increased their difficulties, and at night they were forced to be contented with such shelter as the dense foliage of leafy trees afforded. One of their number, Mr. Wafer, their surgeon, injured his knee, and was obliged to stay behind. He remained with the natives three months, and wrote a very full and interesting account of their manners and habits.

On the eighteenth day of their march they reached the River Conception, where they obtained some Indian canoes, and proceeded in them to Le Sound's Key, a small islet of the Samballos, often made use of as a rendezvous by the Buccaneers. Dismissing their Indian guides with suitable rewards, they embarked on board Captain Tristian's privateer, and sailed with other vessels on a cruise. The ships parted in a storm, and Dampier, disliking his French commander, persuaded a Captain Wright, one of his own comrades, to fit up and arm a small bark, and voyage along the coast in search of provisions. The Buccaneers would land and hunt in the woods for the crested curassow (*Crax alector*), parrots, pigeons, deer, and pecaree; while their companions, or servants, the Mosquito Indians, caught fish and turtle. On returning from this coasting expedition to Sound's Key, they were joined by Mr. Wafer, who had with some difficulty effected his escape from the Indians, and was dressed and painted like them.

They now cruised towards Carthagena, a fair town at the base of a steep hill, which was crowned with the walls and pinnacles of a famously rich monastery.



The gaze of the Buccaneers was long and anxious at this store-house of the Virgin—this place of incredible wealth which so many devotees constantly enriched. “’Tis, in short,” says Dampier, “the very Loretto of the West Indies, and hath innumerable miracles related of it. Any misfortune that befalls the privateers is attributed to this lady’s doing ; and the Spaniards report that she was abroad that night the *Oxford* man-of-war was blown up at the Isle of Vaca, and that she came home all wet ; as belikes she often returns with her clothes dirty and torn with passing through woods and bad ways when she has been upon an expedition, deserving doubtless a new suit for such eminent pieces of service.” Her power was displayed, we suppose, upon this occasion, inasmuch as the Buccaneers did not venture upon attacking the monastery, but contented themselves with pillaging some small towns in the neighbourhood of the pearl fisheries. They afterwards sailed for the Isle of *Aves*, a bird-abounding island—in fact, an ocean-surrounded aviary—where the booby and the man-of-war bird especially congregated. Dampier describes the latter bird as black, red-throated, and of the size of a kite. It lives on fish, which it catches with singular dexterity. Flying above the water, the moment it sees its prey it darts upon it, seizes it, and mounts again into the air.

On a coral reef off the south coast of this island, the Count d’Estrées, a short time before, had lost the French fleet by shipwreck. His own vessel having run ashore in the night, he fired guns to warn the fleet of the danger, but they concluded that he was engaged with an enemy, and crowding all sail to come up with him, hurried on to destruction. The ships held

together till next day, and many of the men were saved. The ordinary seamen perished of cold, hunger, and famine; but those who had been Buccaneers, accustomed to such accidents, lived merrily, and made ample provision for their comfort. They kept in a gang by themselves, and when the ships broke up, brought what they could to shore. Dampier relates an anecdote peculiarly illustrative of the recklessness of these men: "There were about forty Frenchmen on board one of the ships, in which was good store of liquor, till the after part of her broke, and floated over the reef, and was carried away to sea, with all the men drinking and singing, who, being in drink, did not mind the danger, but who were never heard of afterwards."

After a long, and, as far as we are concerned, an uninteresting cruise among the islands of the Spanish Main, Dampier and nineteen of his companions sailed for Virginia, which they reached in July, 1682. He remained here thirteen months, and, during a part of the time, was afflicted with the singular disease called *Guinea-worm*. This worm is thread-like, and very thin, but of great length; and if it be broken in drawing it out of the skin, that part which remains in the flesh will putrify, endanger the patient's life, and become very painful. "I was in great torment," says Dampier, "before it came out. My leg and ankle swelled, and looked very red and angry, and I kept a plaster to it to bring it to a head. Drawing off my plaster, out came about three inches of the worm, and my pain abated presently." He was finally cured by a Negro doctor for the curious fee of a white cock. He first stroked the place affected; next he spread over it

a rough powder, muttered some mysterious charm, blew upon the wound three times, waved his hands three times, and declared that it would heal in three days. The Negro doctor's powder and charms proved as efficacious as he had predicted.

We now arrive at the most varied and interesting of Dampier's adventures—his eight years' circumnavigation of the globe. A crew of English Buccaneers, including William Dampier, the surgeon Wafer, and Ambrose Cowley, commanded by Captain John Cook, sailed from the Chesapeake, on the 23rd August, 1683, in the *Revenge*, carrying eighteen guns. Near the Cape Verd Islands they encountered a fearful storm, and were only saved from destruction by the presence of mind of a common seaman. The ship was scudding before wind and sea, under bare poles, when through the inadvertence of the master, she broached to, and lay in the hollow of the sea, which, at that time, was running tremendously high, threatening to overwhelm her. The master, who had erred thus lamentably, was almost mad with alarm, and called for an axe to cut away the mizen-mast, in the hope the ship might right herself, but the captain and the other officers objected to this hazardous and dangerous expedient. At this moment of extreme peril a seaman cried to Dampier—"Let us go a little way up the fore-shrouds, it may be that will make the ship wear, for I have seen such a plan succeed before now." Without waiting for a reply he climbed the shrouds, followed by Dampier, and spreading out the flaps of their coats, the ship immediately wore; yet the violence of the wind was such that the mainsail having got loose, as many men



as could lie on the main-yard, which was almost level with the deck, assisted by all the crew, had been unable to furl it.

At the Isle of Sal, where the adventurers refitted and refreshed themselves, Dampier first saw the flamingo—a bird in shape like the heron, but of a red colour, and larger ; the flesh dark and lean, but not of an unpleasant flavour ; a lump of fat at the root of the tongue making a flamingo “ fit for a prince’s table.”

They now bore away for the Straits of Magellan, but were compelled by unfavourable winds to make for the Guinea coast, where they anchored off the mouth of the River Sherborough, and by a clever stratagem—which Dampier ignores, but Ambrose Cowley has recorded—captured a large Danish vessel. Slowly drifting towards it, with most of the Buccaneer crew under their deck, the Dane felt no alarm, and made no preparations for defence. When quite close to it, Captain Cook called out loudly to the steersman to put the helm one way, while by a preconcerted plan it was put another, and the *Revenge*, as if by accident, fell aboard the Dane, which was quickly captured with the loss of only five men. She proved to be a large vessel, carrying thirty-six guns, manned with a proportionate crew, and equipped and victualled for a long voyage. The Buccaneers quaintly christened her the *Bachelor’s Delight*, sent the prisoners ashore, burnt their own vessel that she might tell no tales, and bore away for Magellan’s Straits.

On their voyage they were beset with a succession of gales ; lost one of their surgeons and one of their crew ; and on the 28th of January, 1684, made John Davis’s Southern Islands—that group of many names, now known as the Falkland Islands, but which have



been christened by successive voyagers Sebald de Weert's, Hawkins's Maiden Land, the Malounies, the Isles of St. Louis, and Belgia Austral. Dampier vainly endeavoured to dissuade his companions from the always tedious and difficult passage through the Straits of Magellan. "I knew," he writes, "this would prove very dangerous to us, the rather because our men being privateers, and so more wilful and less under command, would not be so ready to give a watchful attendance in a passage so little known." Dampier, however, was overruled, and an attempt was made to enter the straits. But the winds and weather seconded his sound advice, and they were compelled to steer to the southwards, and double Cape Horn.

A fair fresh wind bore them into the South Sea on the 3rd of March, and twenty days afterwards they anchored, in company with a Buccaneer ship, the *Nicholas*, commanded by Captain Eaton, in a bay on the south coast of the Island of Juan Fernandez—the island which Dampier and Captain Watling had visited three years previously, and where they had left behind a Mosquito Indian named William. Immediately on nearing the shore, our adventurer and some of William's old friends, especially a Mosquito named Robin, put off in a boat to see whether the solitary were yet alive. They perceived him standing on the shore ready to welcome them. He had discerned the ships from the hills on the previous day, and recognised them as English; as an agreeable welcome-feast he had thereupon slain three goats, and dressed them in his best fashion. "When we landed," says Dampier, "Robin first leaped ashore, and running to his brother Mosquitoman, threw himself flat on his face at his feet, who

helping him up and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold the surprise, and tenderness, and solemnity of this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides: and when their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them, drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him."

William's account of his solitary life was interesting. When left on shore, he had with him his knife, his gun, and some powder and shot. Having expended his small store of ammunition, he made his knife into a saw, and cutting to pieces the barrel of his gun, converted them into harpoons, hooks, lances, and a long knife. He first heated the pieces of iron; then hammered and beat them with a large stone; and sawed them with his jagged knife, or ground them to a tolerable edge. While thus employed he lived upon seals, but was afterwards enabled to refresh himself with goats' flesh and fish. His hut, which he built in a sheltered spot commanding a view of the sea, was lined with goat-skins, and his couch, raised above the ground on posts, was similarly covered. The same material supplied his clothes. Altogether, it is evident that some of the incidents of *Robinson Crusoe* were suggested to Defoe by Mosquito William's narrative.

A pleasant island is that of Juan Fernandez, with its lofty hills and deep valleys, its thick luxuriant woods and broad slopes of smoothest turf. It contains two good bays, capable of accommodating large ships, into each of which a rivulet of pure water flows. Goats, in

large flocks, frequent the island ; its shores are literally covered with seals ; its air is genial and healthy ; its woods are free from noxious reptiles and beasts of prey. As pleasant a retreat indeed, in its waste of waters, as anchorite or recluse could wish for !

On the 8th of April they sailed from Juan Fernandez, and continued their course along the American coast, observing with admiration its inland ranges of enormous mountains clothed in a vaporous mist of deepest blue. After refitting and provisioning at the Island of Lobos de la Mar, they decided to make a descent on Truxillo, but capturing some Spanish ships they ascertained that a garrison had lately been thrown into it, and strong fortifications erected. They sailed, therefore, for the Gallipagos Islands, and reached them on the 31st of May.

This group of small islands, or rocklets, is wanting in pure water, but abounds in iguanas and turtles. Of the latter, so great were the numbers noticed by Dampier, that he conjectured 500 or 600 men might subsist on them for several months without any other sort of food. They weighed from 150 to 200 pounds each, and were of great delicacy. Sea-turtle in its four varieties—green turtle, loggerhead, trunk turtle, and hawksbill—were equally plentiful.

As they stood off Cape Blanco, on the Mexican coast, Captain Cook, who had fallen ill at Juan Fernandez, somewhat suddenly died, and was buried on shore. To the vacant post Edward Davis, the quartermaster, was unanimously appointed. The Buccaneers at this time numbered about 108 men.

On the 23rd of July the adventurers were off the harbour of Ria Lexa, whose volcanic mountain forms



from the sea so prominent a landmark. Here, too, they found the Spaniards had obtained information of their approach, and raised the necessary fortifications, and the Buccaneers judged it advisable to steer for the Gulf of Amapalla and the Island of Mangua. Davis headed a body of his men in an expedition to Amapalla, and declared to its inhabitants that they were sailors from Biscay commanded by the King of Spain to clear the seas of pirates, and that his only object was to careen his ships in safety. On this declaration, the seamen were warmly welcomed, and led in joyous triumph to church to participate in a torch-light festival. Their mirth, according to Dampier, consisted in singing, dancing, and the use of antic gestures. If the moon shine, he says, "they use but few torches; if not, the church is full of light. They meet at these times all sorts of both sexes. All the Indians that I have been acquainted with," he adds, and it is a significant commentary upon slavery, "who are under the Spaniards, seem to be more melancholy than other Indians who are free; and at these public meetings, when they are in the greatest of their jollity, their mirth seems to be rather forced than real. Their songs are very melancholy and doleful; so is their music."

While at Amapalla the Buccaneers quarrelled, as was their custom, respecting the division of the plunder, and Eaton set sail from the gulf on the 2nd of September. On the following day Davis and Dampier weighed anchor, and stood for the coast of Peru. Terrible were the storms which now befell them, and which tossed them to and fro for many weary days. The weather eventually settled fair, and about the 2nd



of October the *Bachelor's Delight* reached the Island of La Plata, where, more than a century before, their predecessors—Drake and his men—had divided the spoils of the plate-ship, *El Cacafuego*. Here they were joined by the *Cygnets* of London, commanded by Captain Swan, and meditated, you may be sure, the most daring and adventurous projects. They needed more men, however, for their successful accomplishment, and bitterly regretted the departure of Captain Eaton and his crew. A small bark was sent in search of him, but without success. So the Searovers bore away for Guayaquil, where they captured three slaves, but in other ways effected little for their own advantage.

Passing over some minor incidents, we again resume Dampier's romantic narrative, when, about the close of January, 1686, the two privateers and their attendant barks or tenders put in at one of the southern pearl islands, near New Panama, to refit and careen, and to lie in wait for the great Lima treasure-fleet, which was known to be daily expected. Having taken in wood and water, and thoroughly repaired their vessels, they cruised in and about these palmy islets—"very pleasant sailing," says Dampier, "having the Main on one side, which appears in divers forms. It is beautiful with many small hills, clothed with wood of divers sorts of trees, which are always green and flourishing. There are some few small high islands within a league of the Main, scattered here and there one, partly woody, partly bare, and they as well as the Main appear very pleasant."

The stately galleons from the city of gold were slow in making their appearance, and the Buccaneers re-

moved to Taboga, or Tavoga, an island in the Bay of Panama, which was luxurious with groves of cocoa and mammee trees, and purling brooks rippling through the leafy shadows. But in every Eden there lurks a serpent, and the rovers were near being ensnared into irremediable ruin by a crafty Spaniard who assumed the guise of a Panama merchant, and persuaded Captain Davis to bring his ships in near shore under the cover of night, for trading purposes. The Buccaneer did as he was desired, and, at dusk, a vessel which Davis and his men concluded to be the merchant's, was observed approaching them. Some slight circumstances aroused suspicion; the vessel was ordered to bring to; and as she did not comply, a shot was fired at her. The men on board immediately quitted it, and got into a small boat. Soon afterwards the pseudo merchant-vessel blew up, and proved to be a fire-ship. So near was she to the *Bachelor's Delight* that her crew were obliged to cut their cable, and get under weigh with all possible speed.

A few days passed, and they were doomed to a fresh alarm. A great number of armed canoes was descried in the island channel, and was supposed to be a fleet fitted out against them by the Spanish. To their infinite exultation these twenty-eight boats proved to be loaded with a party of 280 Buccaneers, French and English, who had crossed the isthmus with the design of ravaging the coast of Peru and Mexico for booty. The English willingly joined the ships commanded by Davis and Swan: for the French, under Captain Groignet, one of the prizes recently captured was properly fitted up. On the 30th of March, another party of 180 English Buccaneers, under Captain Townley,

arrived in two ships which they had taken immediately on their gaining the bay ; and a third body, numbering 264 men, led by three commanders, joined them shortly afterwards.

The Buccaneer forces now amounted to 1000 stalwart and resolute men, embarked on board ten ships. The *Cygnets* was armed with 16 small pieces of ordnance, and the *Bachelor's Delight* carried 36 guns ; the other vessels had only small arms. The Spanish treasure-fleet which they proposed to attack, numbered 14 large ships ; the admiral carried 48 guns and 450 men ; the vice-admiral, 40 guns and 400 men ; the rear-admiral, 36 guns and 360 men ; one vessel carried 24 guns and 300 men ; another, 18 guns and 250 men ; a third, 8 guns and 200 men. Six vessels manned by 800 men had only fire-arms ; nearly 300 men were placed in large boats ; and two great fire-ships also accompanied this formidable fleet. But such a disparity of force could not dismay the dauntless Buccaneers, and though the French held aloof, they got ready for a general engagement, and on the 28th of May, about three o'clock in the afternoon, came in sight of the enemy about three leagues westward of the Island of Pacheque.

“ We bore down,” writes Dampier, “ right afore the wind upon our enemies, who kept close on a wind to come to us ; but night came on without anything beside the exchanging of a few shot on either side. When it grew dark, the Spanish admiral put out a light as a signal for his fleet to come to an anchor. We saw this light at the admiral's top for about half-an-hour, and then it was taken down. In a short time after we saw the light again, and being to windward



we kept under sail, supposing the light had been in the admiral's top ; but, as it proved, this was only a stratagem of theirs, for this light was put out the second time at one of the barks' topmasthead, and then she was sent to leeward, which deceived us, for we thought still the light was in the admiral's top, and by that means ourselves to windward of them." Having thus obtained the weathergage, the Spaniards crowded on all their canvas, and the Buccaneers were compelled to take to flight. A bitter dissension arose between the English and the French, springing from the old national rivalry which had existed through so many centuries of warfare, and been nourished in blood on so many battle-fields. The English accused the French of their backwardness in action. The French retorted upon the English—true descendants of the Protestant Drake and Hawkins!—their contempt for the Catholic religion. "They made no scruple," writes one of the French Buccaneers, "when they entered a church to mutilate a crucifix with their swords, or shoot at it with their guns and pistols."

The Buccaneers now made a descent upon Puebla Nueva, and afterwards assaulted, captured, and burnt Ria Lexa. Thence they marched upon Leon ; took it after a desperate struggle, and set it on fire. This was the last of their united enterprises. The confederacy dissolved itself ; some of the rovers following Captain Davis, and others Captain Swan. To the bold and restless spirit of Dampier, always desirous of gaining information in far and wondrous lands, the course proposed by Swan had irresistible attractions. To voyage along the Mexican coast, to sail as far north as California, and thence crossing the Pacific to visit



the East Indies, and so return to England, was to open up new and apparently inexhaustible fields of observation. Dampier, therefore, associated himself with Captain Swan, who was also accompanied by Captain Townley. The two ships, with their tenders, put to sea on the 3rd of October, and slowly sailed along the coast in the hope of meeting with the Manilla ship. The cruise was long and unsuccessful, and about the beginning of January, 1686, Captain Townley parted from them.

At St. Paque, on the coast of New Galicia, the Buccaneers landed to obtain provisions, and were tolerably successful; but a detachment of them fell into an ambush laid by the Spaniards, who slew fifty-four Englishmen and nine Indians.

Dispirited by this grievous misfortune Swan and his comrades resolved to quit a coast so fatal to them. The captain now unfolded his plan of crossing the Pacific, and cruising among the East Indian islands, firing the imaginations of his men with tales of their fabulous wealth. After some objections which vividly illustrated their extreme ignorance, they all agreed to his proposition, though their stock of provisions was inadequate to their supply during so long a voyage. It was on the 31st of March, 1686, that the good ship *Cygnnet*, and her tender—a bark commanded by Lieutenant or Captain Teat—commenced her adventurous voyage across a sea entirely unknown to her daring pilots. To many of these wild rovers the Buccaneer captain's bold proposal must have sounded as extravagant and romantic as that of Ulysses to his Greeks:—

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :

The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the backs  
Of all the western stars, until I die.

Some of them imagined that the East Indies could not be reached from California, and that they should be dashed down headlong over the marge of the great world !

Day after day, and night after night, the ships sailed onward—onward through the golden sunshine—onward through the purple darkness—seeing no living thing, whether fish, or bird, or insect—catching no gleam of the fair fresh land, its hills, and valleys, and shining streams—onward through the solemn waters, with a strong breeze filling their broad canvas—until, after a run of 7000 miles, they cast anchor on the W. side of Guahan, at midnight on the 21st of May. Obtaining the provisions which they so much needed, and refreshing themselves with the sights and sounds of “land,” so dear to the seaman after a protracted voyage, they again weighed anchor and bore away for Mindanao, a large island of the Philippine Archipelago, whose coast they sighted on the 18th of July, after a voyage of nineteen days.

Dampier's description of Mindanao and the Mindanese is very full, graphic, and interesting. The natives were middle-sized and small-limbed—especially the females—with oval faces, lit up by small sparkling eyes of black. Their lips were thin and red ; their foreheads low. They walked with a stately air ; washed themselves frequently in the river ; and were passionately

addicted to swimming. The males wore a frock and trousers, of long cloth ; and small turbans with pendent lappets of lace. The women attired themselves in long-sleeved frocks and petticoats ; glittered with earrings and bracelets ; crowned their heads with their dark hair rolled up into massive knots. Their chief article of diet was sago or rice, but the better classes often banqueted themselves upon fowls and buffalo flesh. They used no chairs, but sat cross-legged like other Oriental nations. An active, industrious race the Mindanese ; and by no means despicable opponents in war—their weapons being lances, swords, and the long sharp Malayan *kreese*, which they used with great dexterity and singular courage.

The soil of Mindanao is fertile, and the island abounds in wood. Of the pith of a tree called the Libby, sago is manufactured. The betel-nut is here in much estimation. It is rounder and larger than the nutmeg, but somewhat resembles it. The Orientals eat it, cut into pieces, and wrapped up in the leaves, which they smear with a paste made of lime. It tastes rough to the palate, but as it dyes the lips of a rich red, and preserves—while it blackens—the teeth, its use is very general.

The Mindanese, like more civilized nations, cultivate their little superstitions, and, like the Mahometans, have a strong aversion to swine. Rajah Laut, the Grand Vizier of the Sultan of Mindanao, wished for a pair of shoes made in the English fashion. A pair were accordingly made for him by one of the seamen, which he accepted with infinite pleasure. But discovering that the thread was pointed with hog's bristles, he was greatly angered, and refused to keep the shoes.



Nor was he pacified until a new pair were made for him, *minus* the offensive bristles.

The adventurers stayed at Mindanao from July until November—a delay which they felt to be very grievous, as it was not attended with any profitable results, and as the good feeling which had at first subsisted between them and the Mindanese had—from wild and lawless conduct on the one side, and suspicion of treachery on the other—degenerated into concealed enmity. A party of the Buccaneers, therefore, took advantage of the absence of Captain Swan and thirty-six of his men on shore, and set sail from Mindanao on the 14th of January, 1687. Dampier was on board, and strongly—though vainly—opposed this desertion of their commander and comrades.

Appointing one named Read their captain, the eighty rovers bore away to the westward, and on the 14th of March anchored off one of the Pulo Condore group, or Islands of Calabashes. Here they remained a month, luxuriating upon mangoes, and enjoying the cool shadows of the green woods, filled with the voices and brightened by the plumage of a myriad birds. Cruising in the Gulf of Siam, and in other parts of the southern seas, they made prizes of all the vessels which fell in their way—much to the secret disgust of Dampier, who was never a Buccaneer at heart, and whom much observation and constant reflection had ripened into a wise and honourable man. He, therefore, resolved to make his escape from so lawless a crew at the earliest possible opportunity.

On the 16th of August they reached the group now known as the Bashee Islands, where they were right hospitably entertained by the mild-mannered and orderly



inhabitants. The five islands composing it were respectively named—Orange, in compliment to the Prince of Holland ; Grafton, after the Duke of Grafton, with whose family Dampier's wife had been connected ; Goat ; Bashee ; and Monmouth, in memory of the hapless son of Charles II. and Lucy Waters. Dampier describes the Bashee natives as “short, squat people, generally round-visaged, with low foreheads and thick eyebrows ; their eyes small and hazel-coloured, yet bigger than those of the Chinese ; short low noses ; their lips and mouths middle-proportioned ; their teeth white ; their hair black, thick, and lank, which they wore cut short ; it will just cover their ears, and so is cut round very even.” Their skins are copper-coloured. The men wore jackets of plantain leaves, and cloths about their loins ; the women short coarse petticoats, and earrings of “a yellow glistening metal,” resembling gold. Their food was plantains, yams, bananas, pumpkins, and sugar-canes, fish, and goats' flesh. Their houses were low and small ; the sides of small posts matted with boughs ; the roof sloping from a central pole as much as three feet out of seven. “They inhabit together in small villages built on the sides and tops of rocky hills, three or four rows of houses one above another, under such steep precipices that they go up to the first row with a wooden ladder, and so with a ladder still from every story up to that above it, there being no other way to ascend. The plain on the first precipice may be so wide as to have room both for a row of houses, which stand all along the edge or brink of it, and a very narrow street running along before their doors, between the row of houses and the foot of the next precipice, the plain of which is in a manner

level with the roof of the houses below, and so for the rest. The common ladder to each row, or street, comes up at a narrow passage left purposely about the middle of it, and the street being bounded with a precipice also at each end, 'tis but drawing up the ladder if they be assailed, and then there is no coming at them from below but by climbing a perpendicular wall. And that they may not be assailed from above, they take care to build on the side of such a hill whose back hangs over the sea, or is some high, steep, perpendicular precipice, altogether inaccessible."

On the 3rd of October they left the hospitable Basheens to recommence their ocean-wanderings. Their intention—to sail to the east of the Philippines, and passing the Spice Islands to the south, to enter the Indian Ocean in the vicinity of the large island of Timor. To this, or to any course which promised to increase the unwearied Dampier's stores of information, be sure he raised no objection.

Among the inlets of the Philippines—off Celebes and Bouton—passing the balmy shores of Sunda—the good ship *Cygnets* made her way, until, at length, her crew abandoning their golden dreams stood boldly forward to New Holland. They reached the north-western coast of that vast island-continent on the 4th of January, and hugging the shore, soon found a deep and secure bay studded with many islets, which promised to afford a convenient anchorage.

Dampier has sketched with his accustomed exactness—with an accuracy almost photographic—the peculiarities of the aborigines of New Holland; of those miserable beings whom all travellers agree to represent as occupying the lowest position in the scale of humanity.

“They differ but little from brutes,” he says; “are tall, straight-bodied, and thin; with long small limbs.” Their heads are large; their brows project over half-closed eyes. Hideous noses, full lips, and wide mouths denote their animal nature. Their skins are “coal-black” in colour; their hair is short, crisp, and curled. No houses have they; barely even a mockery of clothing; no food but fish. As their wants are few, they are little troubled to supply them; and their life seems a sort of drowsy inaction, characterized by no graces, and free from all excitement. Their minds are insensible of new and pleasing influences: do they dream, do they think, do they imagine? Yet is not human nature, even in this its lowest type, utterly without a redeeming quality. *Affection* connects them with their kind,—the great pure principle of household love!

On the 4th of May the *Cygnets* made the Nicobar Isles, and Dampier at last obtained his release from a society so hateful to him, and from a life which his honourable spirit abhorred. Captain Read was weary of his complaints, and, it may be, not unwilling to free himself from the irksome restraint of a superior mind. Two of his comrades joined him—a Mr. Hall, and a sailor named Ambrose—and so they landed on the sandy shore of an unknown island, these three intrepid men, and watched in the soft clear moonlight the receding sails of the pirate-ship—which had borne them through so many stormy seas, and to such wild, strange lands.

Four Malays and a Portuguese were landed by Captain Read before he finally set sail, and the seven adventurers, exchanging with one of the natives an axe



for a canoe—a strong and roomy boat, with a good mast, a sail made of mat, and out-riggers, which the Malays skilfully contrived—collected a small stock of water, bread-fruit, and cocoa-nuts, and on the fourth day after the *Cygnets*' departure put out to sea. Dampier had with him a small pocket-compass, and a chart of the Indian Seas roughly outlined in his pocket-book.

They had not been out more than three days when a perilous storm arose, and exposed them to hardships which may best be described in Dampier's own perspicuous language. It was the morning of the 18th of May, 1688, and the wind bearing very hard, "we rolled up," writes our adventurer—may we not say, our hero?—"we rolled up the foot of our sail on a pole fastened to it, and settled our yard within three feet of the canoe's side, so that we had now but a small sail; yet it was still too big, considering the wind; for the wind being on our broadside, pressed her down very much, though supported by her outlayers; insomuch that the poles of the outlayers going from the sides of the vessel, bent as if they would break; and should they have broken, our overturning and perishing had been inevitable. Besides, the sea increasing, would soon have filled the vessel this way. Yet thus we made a shift to bear up, with the side of the vessel against the wind, for awhile; but the wind still increasing, about one o'clock in the afternoon we put away right before wind and sea, continuing to run thus all the afternoon, and part of the night ensuing. The wind continued increasing all the afternoon, and the sea still swelled higher and often broke, but did us no damage; for the ends of the vessel being very narrow,



he that steered received and broke the sea on his back, and so kept it from coming in, which we were forced to keep heaving out continually. The evening of this day was very dismal. The sky looked very black, being covered with dark clouds. The wind blew hard, and the seas ran high. The sea was already roaring in a white foam about us ; a dark night coming on, no land to shelter us, and our little bark in danger to be swallowed by every wave ; and, what was worst of all, none of us thought ourselves prepared for another world. I had been in many imminent dangers before now, but the worst of them all was but play-game in comparison with this. I had long before this repented me of that roving course of life, but never with such concern as now. I did also call to mind the many miraculous acts of God's providence towards me in the whole course of my life, of which kind few men, I believe, have met the like. And for all these I returned thanks in a peculiar manner, and once more desired God's assistance, and composed my mind as well as I could in the hopes of it, and as the event showed, I was not disappointed of my hopes. Submitting ourselves, therefore, to God's good providence, and taking all the care we could to preserve our lives, Mr. Hall and I took turns to steer, and the rest to heave out the water ; and thus we provided to spend the most doleful night I ever was in. About ten o'clock it began to thunder, lighten, and rain ; but the rain was very welcome to us, having drank up all the water we brought from the island.

“The wind, at first, blew harder than before, but within half-an-hour it abated, and became more moderate, and the sea also assuaged of its fury ; and

thus by a lighted match—of which we kept a piece burning on purpose—we looked on our compass to see how we steered, and found our course to be still east. We had no occasion to look on the compass before, for we steered right before the wind ; which, if it shifted, we had been obliged to alter our course accordingly. But now, it being abated, we found our vessel lively enough with that small sail, which was then aboard, to haul to our former course, in hopes again to get to the island of Sumatra.”

They reached the mouth of the river Passage Jonea, on the 20th of May, and were received by the Sumatrese with considerate kindness. The strange perils and vicissitudes of weather which they had undergone brought on a severe fever, and as the climate of Sumatra seemed to aggravate rather than reduce their illness, they proceed to Acheen in a large proa, rowed by four men. At Acheen, the Portuguese and Mr. Ambrose died ; the recovery of Dampier and his surviving comrades was slow and tedious. When his health was sufficiently restored, he made a short voyage to Nicobar with a Captain Bowry, and afterwards, with a Captain Weldon, visited Tonquin—of which he has left us a curious and minute description—Malacca, Fort St. George, and Bencoolen. Dampier's heart never failed him, and no longing for repose seems ever to have possessed him. “Always roaming with a hungry heart,” the love of new scenes and fresh sources of knowledge was with him an unquenchable passion. His “gray spirit” yearned in constant desire—

To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

But his eight years' wanderings were now nearly at a close. He sailed from Bencoolen on the 25th of January, 1691, and anchored in the Downs, September the 16th.

His adventures, however, had not enriched him, and he returned to England a poorer man than he had left it. Something of fame and fortune were his in the following year, when he published, in two volumes, his *New Voyage round the World*—the first volume dedicated to Charles Montague, Esq., President of the Royal Society; and the second, to Edward, Earl of Oxford, First Lord of the Admiralty. The truth and vigour of his sketches, the admirable force and perspicuity of his style, immediately attracted attention. The work had a successful sale. Edition after edition was called for, and translations were demanded in France and Holland. Dampier, in fact, unfolded to Europe a new and marvellous world, which had hitherto rested obscured in cloud and shadow.

The admirable seamanship of Dampier, and his remarkable powers as a descriptive writer, pointed him out as best fitted of all English mariners to command the expedition of discovery despatched in 1699, by order of William III., and especially designed for the exploration of New Holland and New Guinea. The ship allotted to him, however, was ill-fitted for such a voyage. The *Roebuck* was aged, small, and infirm; carried only twelve guns; and was manned by fifty men and boys, neither bold nor experienced seamen. Dampier took with him a skilful draughtsman to sketch any curiosities in natural history or botany that might be discovered.

They left the Downs on the 14th of January, 1699,



and reached the western coast of New Holland on the 6th of August, anchoring in a bay named by Dampier Shark's Bay, lat.  $25^{\circ}$  S. The land as it approached the sea was lofty and barren, but receding from it gradually assumed a rich and fertile aspect. The trees and shrubs were numerous, and agreeably diversified, though none exceeded ten feet in height. Some of them were sweet-scented, and their blossoms, chiefly blue in colour, were delightfully fragrant. The sward was prodigal in flowers of strange but exceeding beauty. Among the groves fluttered a crowd of musical birds, and occasionally the broad wings of the eagle darkened above their crests. The kangaroo was often met with, and a large and laidly iguana, the *saurius tropicurus*, of which Dampier speaks with evident disgust.

Along this coast Dampier cruised for several weeks, and then bore away for New Guinea, which he examined with his usual minuteness. He left it on the 5th or 6th of February, 1700, steering for the East, and discovering in his course several islands, to which he gave appropriate names. To the large island E. of New Guinea he gave the name of New Britain; to the channel which separates them, and which he was the first to discover, his own name has appropriately been given.

On the 17th of October he left Batavia—where he had refitted and re-provisioned his vessel—for Europe; the smallness of his crew, their mutinous spirit, and want of seamanlike qualities, preventing the prosecution of his discoveries. He touched at the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of St. Helena, and on the 22nd of February, 1701, stood in towards the Island of



Ascension. But towards evening his old and shattered ship sprung a leak, which gained upon them so rapidly, that it was only by unremitting toil the pumps kept them afloat. Finding his carpenters unable to repair the damage, he run his ship ashore, and disembarked the crew in safety. His collection of shells was lost, and many of his books and papers; but he was able to save the rare and curious plants his exertions had got together.

They remained upon the island about five weeks, and obtained a plentiful supply of turtle and fresh water. On the 2nd of April three men-of-war and an East Indiaman touched here on their homeward voyage, and took off Dampier and his men, who, in due time and without further accident, reached England.

He appears to have met with no very cordial reception from the authorities, though he had fully accomplished all the objects of the expedition. From the preface to his *Voyage to New Holland* it is evident that the loss of his ship had had an injurious effect upon his reputation; and he complained that "the world is apt to judge of everything by success, inso-much that whoever has ill-fortune will hardly be allowed a good name." No blame, however, could rightly attach to this able and intrepid seaman, but to the Government which could despatch him on a dangerous and important enterprise in a vessel entirely unsuited to struggle with its perils.

In the *London Gazette* of April the 17th, 1703, we read that "Captain William Dampier, being prepared to depart on another voyage to the West Indies, had the honour to kiss her Majesty's hand on Friday last, being introduced by his Royal Highness the Lord

High Admiral." He did not, however, depart upon this new enterprise until 1704, when he sailed as commander of a ship called the *St. George*, in concert with Captain Stradling, of the Cinque Ports. Of this expedition Dampier wrote no record, and the little we know of it is derived from the *Narrative* of Captain Woodes Rogers, and a mendacious statement by a certain Mr. Funnell. The *St. George* carried twenty-six guns and 120 men, and both ships were fitted out by a company of London merchants to cruise as privateers against the Spanish possessions, and capture, if possible, the famous Lima treasure-ship. The expedition was unsuccessful, and Dampier again returned to England, a disappointed man, about the beginning of 1707.

In the following year our unresting hero was again afloat. Captain Woodes Rogers was appointed to the command of two privateers, equipped by merchants of Bristol for an expedition to the South Seas, and Dampier was elected pilot. The two ships, named the *Duke* and the *Duchess*—stout seaworthy vessels, well-manned and well-provisioned—sailed on their adventurous voyage in 1708.

They reached in due course the Island of Juan Fernandez—a favourite rendezvous with the English Buccaneers. They found here the famous solitary, Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Defoe's marvellous creation—*Robinson Crusoe*,—who had been left on the island four years previously by Dampier's comrade, Captain Stradling. On Dampier's recommendation he was appointed second mate of the *Duke*.

The principal incident in this voyage was the attack upon Guayaquil, where Dampier had the management of the artillery; an attack which was attended with

brilliant success, and resulted in the capture of plunder valued at £21,000, and a ransom of about £5000. Off Cape Lucas they assaulted and took a Manilla treasure-ship, laden with valuable wares, and specie to the amount of £12,000. They ventured upon the larger and wealthier galleon, but after a serious loss of life were compelled to run before the wind. Their previous booty, however, had tolerably satisfied them, and they contentedly turned their prows homeward. At the Cape of Good Hope they fell in with a large homeward-bound fleet, Dutch and English, of twenty-five sail, and in their company made the rest of their voyage with security. The Thames was reached in October, 1711, and the privateers anchored off Gravesend, with plunder on board valued at £150,000.

Upwards of forty years had Dampier passed in a strange succession of bold and perilous adventures—the like of which we look for in vain in the careers of men of wider repute and greater celebrity. Such a man, one might think, would have attracted the attention of his contemporaries to a notable degree; to such a man, on his decease, would have been vouchsafed a tomb and an epitaph. Yet of his death and burial, of the graveyard where rests at last the intrepid and unquailing Sea-king, no details are extant; and not a stone, we believe, commemorates the searching sagacity, the astonishing powers of observation, the discriminating genius, the pure and elevated soul of William Dampier. Humboldt, however—and his praise is no unworthy memorial—has pronounced him “a great navigator;” Malte Brun terms him “the famed Dampier;” and Burney asserts, “It is not easy to name another voyager or traveller who has given more

useful information to the world, or to whom the merchant and the mariner are more indebted." "Had he expired," exclaims a recent writer, "in some remote island of the Pacific, or perished in the element on which so great a portion of his life was passed, some imperfect record might have remained to satisfy our natural desire to know the last of the worn-out and veteran navigator ; but it was his fate to sink unheeded amidst the conflicting waves and tides of society ; and no memorial or tradition remains of *his* death, in whose remarkable life the adventures of Selkirk, Wafer, and the Buccaneer commanders of the South Sea appear but as episodes." Dampier must always be ranked by impartial observers as the equal of Drake, Cavendish, Cook, and Vancouver—men of many virtues and a few brilliant errors — men of

One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.



## XI.

ARTHUR HERBERT, EARL OF  
TORRINGTON.

A.D. 1667—1716.

But now much honour and much fame were lost.

TENNYSON.

WE have hitherto treated of men whose genius, seamanship, or services to their country have been almost unanimously acknowledged by historians. We have now to write of a great admiral and a gallant officer on whose memory partisans—when writing what they pretend to be history—have cast a deep and enduring shadow. Let us do what justice we humbly can to Arthur Herbert, Earl of Torrington.

He was the son of Sir Edward Herbert, of the famous family of Herbert of Cherbury, and though he had from his mother a small but sufficient independence, resolved, at an early age, to enter the naval profession. His gallantry speedily won distinction, and attracted the notice of James, Duke of York,—afterwards James II.,—himself a brave and zealous seaman, and an excellent judge of the stuff whereof good seamen may be made.

Appointed to the command of the *Pembroke* man-of-war, of twenty-six guns and 145 men, he seized the first opportunity of proving himself not unworthy of a

prince's favour, and his engagement with a Dutch ship of thirty-four guns and 180 men, made no little noise at the time (March, 1667). The letter of a contemporary writer gives the following account of the encounter :—  
“ Captain Herbert, in the *Pembroke*, is now in this port (Cadiz), being newly returned from a fresh dispute with a Zealand man-of-war, with whom he fought some days before, in sight of that bay, from two in the afternoon till the night put an end to that day's work—all that night the *Pembroke* frigate carrying out a light for the Zealander ; and the next morning, being to the windward, fired a gun, and bore up to re-engage her ; but the Zealander being the nimbler sailor, bore away once or twice before the wind, declining any further pursuit, which the frigate perceiving, and fearing to be put to the leeward of the port by a fruitless pursuit—the wind then blowing a strong levant—came again for the bay, which the Zealander wanted not the confidence to boast of as a mark of his victory. Since this, the frigate being put ashore to wash and tallow, the Zealander made several challenges, but went out again to sea before the frigate could get ready. Yesterday morning, the Zealander coming in, the frigate, being ready, went out to meet him, and passed five times upon him within pistol-shot, until the Zealander, finding the service too hot, bore in for the bay, pursued for a long time by the frigate, which, being unable to overtake him, fired her chase gun, and stood out again to sea ; the Zealander answering her challenge with a friendly salute of three guns to leeward. Yet he thought it convenient to put into the bay, where he triumphantly fired all his guns, leaving the *Pembroke* at sea, in vain attending him till the

next morning. The captain of the *Zealander* afterwards came ashore, endeavouring to persuade the people that his mainmast was disabled, and that he wanted shot for his guns. In this dispute the frigate had seven men killed and five hurt, but none mortally, and her foremast somewhat disabled, but will speedily be refitted and made serviceable."

A few weeks afterwards, when off the Isle of Portland, at night, in company with Rear-Admiral Kempthorne's squadron, Captain Herbert's vessel came into collision with the *Fairfax*, a third-rate, carrying fifty-eight guns, and almost immediately foundered. The majority of the crew was saved. Captain Herbert returned to England in one of the vessels of the squadron, and, as no blame could reasonably be imputed to him, was soon appointed to another ship. Throughout the Dutch war he behaved with signal courage, and endeared himself to his seamen by his knowledge of his profession and calm intrepidity. In the sixty-four gun ship, the *Prince Rupert*, he fought an Algerine man-of-war of equal force (April 1, 1678), with great resolution and vigour. His foe lost half her crew before she surrendered, and the *Prince Rupert* nineteen men killed and between thirty and forty wounded. Capt. Herbert received an injury in the eye, which resulted in its total loss.

Supported by the influence of the Duke of York and the general opinion of the public, the gallant seaman rose rapidly in his profession—Rear-Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and, in 1684, a Lord of the Admiralty. When the Duke succeeded to the throne, as James II., Herbert was made Vice-Admiral of England and Master of the Robes, and so great a friendship sub-

sisted between him and his royal master, that he might justly aspire to the highest honours the one could confer or the other receive. But Admiral Herbert was something better than a courtier—he was an Englishman; and when he found the King determined to substitute his personal will for the laws of the kingdom, he boldly expressed his dissent. That in this he was sincere is acknowledged by Bishop Burnet, never too liberal in his praise:—“He answered the King very plainly,” says the bishop, “that he could not vote” as he required “either in honour or conscience. He answered boldly; he had his faults; but they were such, that other people who talked more of conscience were guilty of the like. He was indeed a man abandoned to luxury and vice: but though he was poor, and had much to lose, having places to the value of four thousand pounds a year, he chose to lose them all rather than comply. This made much noise; for, as he had great reputation for his conduct in sea affairs, so he had been most passionately zealous in the King’s service, from his first setting out to that day.”

The King dismissed Admiral Herbert from all his employments, and deprived himself of a subject whose support in his hour of need would have been of infinite value. The disgraced chief retired to Holland, where at the Court of William Prince of Orange were gradually assembling the virtue, genius, and patriotism of England. He was warmly welcomed, and a position in the Dutch navy conferred upon him suitable to his splendid merits—the title of Lieut.-General-Admiral accompanying the supreme command.

When the Prince of Orange resolved upon his expedition to England, in 1688, the preparation of a suit-



able naval force was entrusted to the administrative skill of Admiral Herbert. His name was so popular with the English seamen, that it drew large numbers of the ablest and bravest to his flag. Fifty sail, none of them larger than third rates, about 500 transports, and twenty-five fire-ships, composed the fleet which was to carry to the English shores an army of 10,000 foot and 4000 horse. The expedition sailed on the 19th of October, 1688, but was driven back by contrary winds, and did not again put out to sea until the 1st of November. Admiral Herbert directed his course to Torbay, and passing the royal fleet in a fog, reached that convenient anchorage on the 5th. The army was landed with celerity and in safety, and to the dynasty of the Stuarts the throne of England was for ever lost.

Early in the following year, Louis XIV., the potent ally of King James and kingcraft, despatched a large army and a formidable fleet to Ireland, with the hope of wresting that fair island from William III.'s close grasp. It was not without difficulty that Admiral Herbert, in the disorganization naturally attendant upon so vast a political revolution as that through which England had recently passed, could get together a force able to cope with the enemy. When he arrived off the Irish coast he had under his flag eight third-rates, ten fourth-rates, and one fifth-rate—in all nineteen sail—to oppose the French fleet of twenty-eight ships of war, each carrying from sixty to seventy guns, and five fire-ships, under the command of Admiral Chateau Renaud. On the morning of the 1st of May the French fleet was pursued into Bantry Bay, and an engagement commenced. The French had the weather-gauge—that is, could manœuvre *with the wind*, and

Admiral Herbert in vain endeavoured to outmanœuvre them. After a brisk fight, in which the admiral's ship was warmly engaged, the French stood further into the bay, and the English slowly put out to sea. "This is the battle of Bantry Bay," says a naval writer, "which, though inconsiderable enough in itself, since the English, who had certainly the worst of it, lost only one captain, one lieutenant, and ninety-four men, and had not more than 300 wounded, is yet magnified by some writers into a mighty action." The disparity between the two fleets was so great that the admiral would hardly have been justified in bringing on an engagement had it not been for the necessity, at the outset of a war, of encouraging the spirits of the seamen, and proving to the enemy their resolution to maintain at all hazards the honour of the English flag. This was the view taken of it by King William : such actions, he observed, were necessary at the beginning of a war, though they would be rash in the course of it, and he created Admiral Herbert Earl of Torrington, knighted Captains John Ashby and Cloudesley Shovel, and gave every seaman a bounty of ten shillings.

In the spring of 1690, the Earl of Torrington was appointed to command the combined fleet of English and Dutch vessels, which, ill-appointed and ill-manned, were in a very unfit condition to meet the magnificent fleet equipped by France. The Earl could get together but 56 sail ; the French, under the Comte de Tourville, numbered 78 ships of war, and 22 fire-ships, carrying 4700 guns. Instructions, however, were forwarded to the English admiral to fight at all hazards, in order to force the French fleet to withdraw from the English coast, where their presence was a great

encouragement to the Jacobinical party. The admiral and his seconds in command were averse to a procedure which might ruin the combined fleet and sully the honour of the English navy. It is believed, too, that he suspected the loyalty of many of his captains. In obedience, however, to the positive orders he had received, upon coming in sight of the enemy off Beachy Head (June 30th), he signalled to form in line, and prepared for action. The Dutch squadron formed the van and, about nine in the morning, engaged the French van, and threw it into disorder. The blue division, led by Admirals Russel and Delaval, shortly afterwards came up to their support, but the red, commanded by the Earl of Torrington, Vice-Admiral Sir John Ashby and Rear-Admiral Sir George Rooke, did not get into action until ten, so that between them and the Dutch there was a great opening. The French centre, taking advantage of this, kept their wind, and sweeping round them, cut them off from the rest of the fleet. The Earl, observing how severely they suffered, endeavoured to relieve them, and bore up with his own vessel and several others into the thick of the fight. The engagement lasted until five in the afternoon, when the admiral withdrew his fleet slowly and in good order, as the only chance of preserving the disabled ships. One vessel, the *Anne*, of seventy-four guns, was run ashore near Winchelsea, and burnt by her crew to save her from falling into the enemy's hands; three Dutch ships were sunk, and three which stranded on the Sussex coast were burnt. The loss in killed and wounded was very severe, while the English had but 350 killed and wounded.

This inglorious defeat greatly disheartened the



friends of the Protestant cause, and the Earl of Torrington was loaded with virulent abuse. The Dutch declared their fleet had been unfairly sacrificed, and King William was especially wroth against a servant to whom he was nevertheless indebted for important aid. A court-martial was appointed to try him on the charge of having, in the late engagement off Beachy Head, through treachery or cowardice, misbehaved in his office, drawn dishonour on the English nation, and sacrificed our allies the Dutch. To this the admiral rejoined, that he had but fifty-six ships against eighty-two of the French, and that he had been compelled to fight against his own opinion and that of his admirals; that the Dutch were destroyed by their own rashness, and that if he had supported them in the manner they expected, the whole of the combined fleet must have been surrounded and probably captured; that the French, notwithstanding they boasted of their victory, through his good management of the retreat had not a trophy to display; and finally he expressed his hope an English court-martial would not sacrifice him to Dutch resentment.

The Earl was unanimously acquitted, and on Thursday, December 11th, returned to London in his barge, with his flag as admiral and commander-in-chief still flying. King William, however, immediately dismissed him from his offices, and he was never again employed at sea—a poor return for the skill and prudence which had preserved an English fleet from almost inevitable destruction. The Earl fell a victim to Dutch prejudices and the fears of a political party. Impartial history will assuredly endorse the verdict which acquitted him of either cowardice or treachery, crimes which should



never have been imputed to so loyal an Englishman and gallant an officer.

The Earl spent the remainder of his life in comparative retirement, attending the debates in the House of Lords when naval matters were the subject of consideration. He was twice married, but had no children. He died April the 13th, 1716, at a ripe old age.

## XII.

## SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

A. D. 1650.

Not boastful titles, not insidious wealth,  
Not the cheap-bought applauses of the crowd,  
But the sweet knowledge of a manly heart,  
And all good men's approval—Rooke desired.

*Trans. from the Epitaph in Canterbury Cathedral.*

THIS gallant and able seaman was the son of Sir William Rooke, the descendant of an ancient Kentish family, and was born in the year 1650. He was educated for a liberal profession, but his natural bias for the sea triumphed over his father's intentions, and he entered the navy as a volunteer when he could not have been more than fifteen years of age. His courage and zeal soon gained him promotion, and before he was thirty he was made a captain—a rapid exaltation which would only have been due to superior merit.

In 1689, he was despatched by Admiral Herbert with a squadron to the Irish coast, and distinguished himself by many gallant actions, assisting in the relief of Londonderry; landing Schomberg's army near Carrickfergus; and firing upon the city of Dublin, where King James had taken up his head-quarters. At Cork he also displayed his singular skill and activity; and when he returned into the Downs about the middle

of October, he was generally regarded as one of the bravest and ablest of English naval officers.

He was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral in 1690, and served under the Earl of Torrington in the disastrous action off Beachy Head. Shortly after this untoward event he conveyed the King to Holland, and during 1691, was attached to the fleet under Admiral Russel. In the spring of the following year he splendidly distinguished himself at the sea-fight off La Hogue, a victory which was so grand in itself, and so magnificent in its results, that a description of it will not be uninteresting to our readers.

The English fleet led by Admiral Russel was one of the most formidable which England had fitted out. The *red* squadron, commanded by Admiral Russel in person, assisted by Vice-Admiral Sir Ralph Delaval and Rear-Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, consisted of five ships of 100 guns, three of 90, two of 80, eleven of 70, three of 60, and seven of 50. The *blue* squadron, under Admiral Sir John Ashby, Vice-Admiral George Rooke, and Rear-Admiral Carter, numbered one 100-gun ship, one of 96 guns, six of 90, one of 80, one of 74, twelve of 70, four of 60, one of 54, and five of 50. Altogether, 63 ships, carrying 4504 guns, and 27,725 men. Under Admiral Russel's orders was also placed a Dutch fleet, commanded by Admiral Allemonde, consisting of 36 ships, which carried 2494 guns and 12,950 men. Total of English and Dutch forces—99 ships, 6998 guns, and 40,675 men.

The French fleet under Admiral the Count de Tourville included one ship of 104 guns, one of 100, three of 96, five of 90, eight of 84, seven of 76, two of 74

one of 70, five of 68, seven of 64, fifteen of 60, three of 58, two of 54, and three of 50, besides 7 small vessels, 26 armed *en flute*, and 14 others, in all 111 ships, carrying about 4800 guns.

At daybreak, on the morning of the 19th of May, the two fleets came in sight of each other ; the object of the one to defend, of the other to subvert a throne.

Admiral Russel immediately formed his fleet in line, the Dutch in the van, he himself leading the centre, and Sir John Ashby in the rear. The French, notwithstanding their inferiority of force, swept down upon them with admirable resolution. "While they were thus bearing down on the centre and rear of the English, Admiral Russel, forbearing to use the advantage of firing upon the French as they advanced, ordered that the signal to engage should not be made until De Tourville had taken his own distance ; at the same time he ordered the van to tack to the northward. The French were therefore met by a force not greatly superior, and advanced until within musket-shot of the English line, when hauling up to windward, the *Soleil Royal* opened fire upon the *Britannia*."

The action which ensued was a very warm one, and the rapidity of the English fire was especially noticeable ; but the rear of the English fleet did not engage at all, and a thick fog coming on in the afternoon, the enemy crowded on all sail, and bore away northward, having lost four men-of-war. The chase was continued all the night, and on the morning of the 20th—a dull and lowering dawn—thirty-eight ships of the French fleet were discovered to the westward. The pursuit lasted until about four p.m., when both fleets anchored and furled sails. On the 21st, the French fleet anchored



near the Race of Alderney, and the English following them inshore, captured and burned three of their three-deckers.

On the 23rd, Sir George Rooke was ordered to enter La Hogue, and burn the enemy's ships which lay there. The coast was defended by numerous batteries, and a considerable camp was close at hand ; but the gallant seaman took his light frigates and boats into the work ; destroyed six three-decked men-of-war that same night, and on the following day seven sail of the line, from seventy-six to fifty-six guns, besides numerous transports and store-ships.\* He accomplished this daring enterprise, in the face of such severe obstacles, with a loss of only ten men ; and dealt so heavy a blow to the French marine that William III., in acknowledgment of the service rendered to his throne, knighted the adventurous admiral on board of his own ship, created him Vice-Admiral of the Red, and settled upon him a life-pension of £4000 yearly.

In his next enterprise, Sir George was not so fortunate, though his skill and courage were admirably conspicuous. Having been entrusted with the command of the squadron (twenty-three sail of the line) designed to convoy the Smyrna fleet, he discovered off Lagos Bay, early on the 17th of June, a French fleet of eighty men-of-war, when from intelligence he had received he was only prepared to meet with a squadron not greatly superior to his own. It immediately became his anxiety to save as many of the rich merchant-vessels under his command as was possible. He accordingly made the best dispositions he could to

\* The total loss of the French in men-of-war, in and after the battle, was estimated at sixteen.

meet the superior force opposed to him, while the heavier ships crowded on all sail, and worked up to windward. The enemy came up with two Dutch men-of-war, who immediately tacked in for the shore and enticed the French to follow them. They were overpowered after a gallant defence, but by this admirable self-sacrifice saved the remainder of the fleet.

The retreat of the English was continued throughout the night, and the next morning Sir George Rooke found fifty-four ships in his company. He then bore away for the Madeiras to collect the scattered remainder of his convoy, and afterwards sailed for Ireland. He reached Cork in safety July 29th, 1693, having acquitted himself of a difficult duty under circumstances of peculiar danger with commendable vigour, skill, and prudence. The loss experienced by the merchants was computed at about £1,000,000, and but for Sir George Rooke's excellent management would have been nearly treble that amount. The general opinion entertained of his conduct has been well expressed by a foreign pamphleteer :—It is most certain, he says, that the French missed the greater portion of the convoy, and that Sir George Rooke, upon this occasion, acquired infinitely more honour than those who commanded the hostile fleet. While he, though unable to resist such as attacked him, saved by his prudence, dexterity, and valour, in the midst of threatening danger, the best part of the ships entrusted to his charge, the enemy permitted themselves to be deprived, by his superior skill, of a booty which fortune had thrust into their hands.—That this was the judgment of the sagacious monarch who then wore the English crown was shown by his promotion of Sir George to the rank of Vice-

Admiral of the Red, and his appointment of him to the Board of Admiralty. In 1695 he was made Admiral of the White, and entrusted with the command of the Mediterranean fleet.

The attack upon Vigo in 1702 was one of the greatest successes won by this able and gallant admiral, and must, therefore, receive some notice at our hands. Dibdin, the popular sea-poet; has succinctly described it in a well-known ballad :—

To sev'nteen hundred and two in my history next I go,  
When the English and Dutch, under bold Sir George Rooke,  
Beat the Spaniards and French in the harbour of Vigo,  
Forty-eight sail in all, blowed up, sunk, and took.

This occurred on the 11th of October. Sir George had learned from his scouts that some wealthy Spanish galleons under the protection of a strong French convoy had gotten safely into the port of Vigo, and immediately following them up with a formidable fleet of men-of-war, having on board some regiments of foot, resolved upon cutting them out. The town was strongly fortified, and defended with vigorous resolution; but our sailors by sea and our soldiers on land fought with so much gallantry, and were directed by Sir George with such signal skill, that a complete victory was obtained; and the whole French and Spanish fleet either captured or destroyed.

For this splendid service Sir George received the thanks of the House of Commons, and the Speaker observed in flattering language, that “in former times admirals and generals had had success against France and Spain separately, but that this action at Vigo had been a victory over them confederated together. You have not only spoiled the enemy,” he said to the gallant



admiral, "but enriched your own country ; common victories bring terrors to the conquered ; but you brought destruction upon them, and additional strength to England."

Vice-Admiral Hopson, who also displayed a signal courage and remarkable skill in this great action, and who, in his ship the *Torbay*, bore down upon and broke asunder the boom with which the harbour-mouth was defended, received from Queen Anne the honour of knighthood and a pension of £500 per annum.

An action of infinitely greater value to England was performed by our hero in 1705, when he captured the redoubtable stronghold of Gibraltar—the key of the Mediterranean, and the first of our line of defences on our way to the great empire of the East. Since it has been in our hands it has undergone such considerable alterations, rendering it impregnable and the strongest fortress in the world, that the seamen and soldiers who captured it a century and a half ago would not recognise a stone of the walls whereon they so gallantly planted the flag of St. George in the bristling ramparts, the massive circumvallations, the bastions and fosses of the Gibraltar of to-day. But even in 1705 it was reputed to be a considerable and imposing place. "The town," says the *London Gazette*, "is extremely strong, and had an hundred guns mounted, all facing the sea, and the two narrow passes to the land, and was well supplied with ammunition. The officers who had viewed the fortifications affirm there never was such an attack as the seamen made ; for that fifty men might have defended those works against thousands." It stands on the narrow summit of a



steep rock which projects boldly from the mainland and is almost precipitous on the sea side. *With* the mainland it is connected by a long shelving descent, affording numerous opportunities to a gallant band of obstructing the advance of much larger forces.

Gibraltar was attacked on the 21st of July, when about 1800 soldiers and marines, under the command of the Prince of Hesse, were landed. The fleet commenced a terrific cannonade on the following day—15,000 shot being fired in half-a-dozen hours. The sea defences were captured on the 23rd by a small body of seamen under Captain Whitaker, and the town capitulated on the 24th. Thus, in three days, and with a loss only of sixty-three men killed and 225 wounded, this important stronghold was wrested from the hands of Spain. Its value to England, who has such extensive interests in the East to watch over, cannot be unduly estimated.

After capturing a town, our English Sea-king thought it a natural consequence to beat a hostile fleet; and while watching off Gibraltar attacked the French and Spanish squadrons despatched to regain it. His own fleet consisted of 45 sail of the line, carrying 20,045 men, and 3154 guns, with frigates, fire-ships, and small vessels—an aggregate of 3700 guns and 23,200 men. The enemy, commanded by Admiral le Comte de Thoulouse, opposed to him 50 line-of-battle ships, besides frigates and other vessels, mounting, in all, about 4000 guns, and manned with 26,000 men. Notwithstanding this superiority of force, the victory on the part of the English was complete; and I do not know why it should not be classed with the

“Glorious First of June” and other of our more popular ocean triumphs. With a loss of 3000 men, the French were compelled to retire to Toulon, and leave to the English an undisputed naval supremacy.

This was the last sea-service of Sir George Rooke. An ungrateful ministry, more solicitous for party triumphs at home than the success of the national arms abroad, dismissed from his command this able and gallant officer because he was not one of their political adherents. He did not, however, lose his reputation with his fellow-countrymen, who could not forget that he had deserved well of his country. Very small, indeed, had been his recompence for services which were of the most splendid and permanently useful character. When he made his will, his friends expressed their surprise at the smallness of his pecuniary means. “I do not leave much,” said he, “but what I leave was honestly gotten: it never cost a sailor a tear, or the nation a farthing.”

Sir George Rooke died at his seat in Kent, on the 24th of January, 1709, aged fifty-eight. A fine monument\* to his memory was placed in the cathedral church of Canterbury—the only memorial in stone or marble of a brave seaman, an able officer, and an incorruptible English gentleman. Yet the traveller, looking upon the bristling heights of Gibraltar, and remembering that they command the passage to the wealth of the

\* Rysbrach’s statue of George II., which stands in the centre of the square of Greenwich Hospital, was made from a block of marble found on board of a French vessel captured by Sir George Rooke.

Indies and the spoils of Egypt, may own that *there*—

The stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain

—is his best monument, and one with which the great sailor's memory will long, we trust, be associated by all true English hearts.

## XIII.

## VICE-ADMIRAL BENBOW.

A.D. 1686—1702.

O our dear motherland, if e'er  
 Around thee danger-shadows frown,  
 And envious nations strive to grasp  
 Thine old, thy rare imperial crown,  
 Then, in the death-hour, well I wot,  
 Brave children at thy side will be—  
 To fight,—to conquer, and to die  
 Like this old hero of the sea !

W. H. D. A.

WHEN an Englishman wants to describe “a regular old salt,” a thorough English sailor—not over polished in his manners, and by no means an adept in the graces, but with a courage as bright and as keen as his sword—he will assuredly mention the gallant Benbow, one of the bravest of our ancient Sea-kings ; one of those strange wild adventurers who, despite their rudeness and a certain ferocity of manner (strangely blended with great humanity of heart), did so much to establish our naval supremacy, and, therefore, should not fail to be remembered along with the heroes of a newer *régime* and a later day, such as Jervis, Nelson, and Collingwood. Benbow was one of the men of the people ; sprung from the people, and always loved by the people ; born of a certain loyal Colonel Benbow,



whose loyalty procured him but a poor place of four-score pounds a-year ; bred from earliest years to a sea-faring life ; after awhile owner and commander of a merchant-vessel named the *Benbow* ; and always a man of dauntless courage, admirable seamanship, and a sort of rough-and-ready humour, which sometimes evinced itself in a peculiar fashion. A man, in short, to be respected, admired—perhaps loved.

Of his singular humour let us furnish you with an example. In the year 1686, being in the *Benbow*, off Cadiz, he fought a Sallee rover, greatly his superior in force, and when the Moors boarded, repulsed them with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Benbow ordered to be cast into a tub of pork pickle. Arriving at Cadiz, he landed, attended by a Negro servant who carried in a sack these heads so strangely preserved. The custom-house officers immediately stopped both master and slave, and demanded to know what the sack contained. "Salt provisions for my own use," replied the captain. The officers replied that such, indeed, might be the case, but they were bound to inspect for themselves the contents of the sack. He might, however, accompany them to the magistrates, and appeal to them for permission to land his sack without further trouble.

Captain Benbow, his Negro, his sack, and his examiners, straightway proceeded to the magisterial presence. The captain was received with due civility, but was informed that the contents of the sack must really be exhibited. "I assure you," said Benbow, "these are but salted meats for my own table. Nevertheless, gentlemen, if you have a fancy for them, they are at your service. Cæsar, empty your sack !" The

magistrates were exceedingly surprised at the quality and quantity of Benbow's "salted meat," and still more so at his account of the gallant action which led to its preparation. A narrative of the whole proceeding was transmitted to the Court of Madrid, whither Captain Benbow was afterwards invited, and there he was treated with great distinction by King Charles II. On his departure for England he received from that sovereign a letter of recommendation to James II., who appointed him to the captaincy of a man-of-war—a fortunate termination to Benbow's grim joke!\*

For the next eight years the progress of Benbow was such as might have been expected from his intrepid and resolute character. He won the personal favour of King William III. by his zealous activity and patriotic devotion, and was, at an unusually early age, promoted to the rank of rear-admiral. When it was determined to despatch a squadron to the West Indies, considerable difficulty was experienced in finding admirals willing to accept the command. Several were consulted, but these gentlemen were by no means anxious to cruise in a notoriously unhealthy latitude, or to enter upon an expedition which promised much hard work and little profit. One, therefore, pleaded his health; another, "urgent private affairs." So that King William jestingly observed, "After all, then, we must spare our *beaus*, and send honest Benbow."†

The King accordingly sent for him, and inquired

\* This anecdote is related by Campbell, but a somewhat similar story is told of a Captain Thomas Middleton.

† The only joke which the phlegmatic but great-souled Dutchman was ever known to be guilty of.

whether he was willing to accept the command, adding that, if he refused it, he should by no means regard the refusal with displeasure. "Honest Benbow" bluntly replied, "I do not understand such compliments, Sire; I think a sailor has no right to choose any particular service, and whether your Majesty sends me to the East or West Indies, I shall cheerfully endeavour to do my duty."

With ten ships-of-war of no great strength Vice-Admiral Benbow sailed for the West Indies in September, 1701. He arrived in due time at Jamaica, and though he found in those seas a French force largely superior to his own, he contrived by his admirable dispositions and unceasing activity to disappoint all their intentions. For nearly a twelvemonth he protected English commercial interests with a diligence which deserved the success it obtained. In August, 1702, hearing that Rear-Admiral Du Casse was cruising off the Island of Santa Martha, he set sail in search of him, and about dusk, on the 19th of the month, fell in with his squadron, consisting of five large ships and five smaller ones, carrying probably about 400 guns, and a large number of troops, besides their usual crews. The English fleet consisted of

	Guns.
<i>The Breda</i> ..... Vice-Admiral Benbow, and Capt. Fogg...	70
<i>The Defiance</i> ... Captain Richard Kirby .....	64
<i>The Greenwich</i> Captain Cooper Wade.....	54
<i>The Ruby</i> ..... Captain George Walton.....	48
<i>The Pendennis</i> Captain Thomas Hudson .....	48
<i>The Windsor</i> ... Captain John Constable.....	48
<i>The Falmouth</i> . Captain Samuel Vincent .....	48

We must premise that, some few weeks before this



event, the admiral, who exacted from others that attention to the public service which he himself always so zealously rendered, had found it needful to reprimand with considerable severity several of his captains for negligent indifference and supineness. Stung by his reproaches, they determined upon revenge, and devised a scheme which was calculated to do less injury to Benbow than their country. When, therefore, the admiral bore down upon the enemy, he found himself deserted by all but the *Ruby*, Captain George Walton, and the *Falmouth*, Captain Vincent. Not the less did he maintain a gallant fight, zealously seconded by his own officers and men, for several days. On the 24th, he came up with the sternmost French ship, and boarded it in person three times, receiving a severe wound in the face, and another in the arm. Shortly afterwards his right leg was shattered by a chain-shot, but he insisted on keeping the deck, lying on a rough litter, and observing to one of his lieutenants who had expressed his regret at the severity of his wound,—“I, too, am sorry for it, but I had rather have lost both legs than have seen this dishonour brought upon the English nation. But, do you hear, if another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out.”

His ship was now disabled, though he had succeeded in silencing his opponent. He signalled to the recreant captains to come up to their stations, but they took no notice, and actually bore away to leeward. Captain Kirby first boarded the admiral, and coolly told him, “That he had better desist; that the French were very strong, and that from what was past, he might guess he could make nothing of it.” Benbow,



therefore, was obliged to bear away for Jamaica to avoid capture by the greatly superior force the enemy might bring down upon him. The foe, however, did not attempt anything further, and gladly made sail for Carthagena.

At Jamaica Benbow, dying of his wounds and, perhaps, of the grief occasioned by the cruel treatment he had undergone, received the following pithy note from the French admiral:—

Carthagena, August 22nd, 1702.

“SIR,—I had little hopes on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin ; but it pleased God to order it otherwise ; I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for, \* \* \* they deserve it.

“Yours,

“DU CASSE.”

The advice, so laconically given, was, to a certain extent, carried out. Benbow appointed a court-martial to try the officers who had so shamefully betrayed him and their country. In pursuance of its sentence, Wade and Kirby were sent home to Plymouth, and there shot, on board the *Bristol*, April 16th, 1703. Captain Hudson died before the trial, and Captain Constable was simply cashiered.

The court-martial sat on the 6th of October ; the gallant Benbow died on the 4th of November. “He was all that time,” says one of his biographers, “sensible of his danger, and never entertained any flattering hopes of recovery. Yet, during that long illness, he supported his character as an English

admiral with the same firmness he had shown during the engagement, giving all the necessary orders for protecting the trade that could have been expected from him if he had been in perfect health ; and in the letters he wrote home to his lady, he discovered much greater anxiety for the interest of the nation than for his private fortune, or the concerns of his family." His remains were removed to England, and buried in Deptford Churchyard.

## XIV.

## ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT ANSON.

A.D. 1697—1762.

Ah, what memories of heroes rise upon this heart of mine,  
 Ah, what thoughts of men whose glory still, O Sea, is link'd to  
 thine!

See, across the unknown waters banner'd barks their wanderings  
 take,

And we boast the flag of Anson as of old the flag of Drake!

W. H. D. A.

GEORGE ANSON, the third son of a Staffordshire gentleman of good family, was born at Shugborough Manor, on the 23rd of April, 1697. He went to sea when a mere boy, but displayed so much intelligence and so ardent a love of his profession that he was rapidly promoted, and at the age of nineteen, was appointed second lieutenant of the *Hampshire* man-of-war by the brave Sir John Norris.

In 1717, he went with Sir George Byng on his Baltic expedition, and had an opportunity of seeing Peter the Great of Russia, and his consort Catherine. His biographer would lead us to believe that he was sensibly impressed with the character and genius of the great Czar—to such an extent that in after life the impression had by no means faded away.

Promoted to the captaincy of the *Scarboroughh*, he

sailed in 1723 to the coast of South Carolina, and there imitated the colonizing labours of the Russian autocrat by founding a town, and drawing round it a district—both of which still retain the name of Anson. He appears to have entertained a great partiality for his new colony, as he held the command on the American coast, with but brief pauses, until 1735.

The great enterprise which has illustrated his career, and upon which we propose to dwell at the length its interest and importance deserve, was commenced in July, 1740, when in command of a squadron consisting of the *Centurion*—his own ship—the *Gloucester*, *Severn*, *Pearl*, *Wager*, and *Trial* sloop, he sailed on an expedition against the fair and wealthy city of Manilla, the capital of the Philippine Islands, and one of the few gems still glittering in the once-splendid coronet of imperial Spain. Whatever success he might earn in this difficult adventure Anson must have felt would be entirely due to his own skill and the courage of his men; for through the incapacity of the ministry he was not sent to sea until news of the expedition had been bruited abroad; his ships were woefully in want of repair, and short of their proper complements; and the soldiers appointed to assist in the land-attack were actually aged and decrepit invalids! To increase the embarrassments of their commander the fleet was not allowed to sail until a late period of the year—thus exposing it to all the perils of the terrific storms which reign supreme in the southern seas during the tropic winter.

The expedition was of the following strength:—



		Guns.	Men.
<i>The Centurion</i> ...	Commodore George Anson. ...	60	400
<i>The Gloucester</i> ...	{ Captain Richard Norris, } afterwards Capt. Mitchell. }	50	300
<i>The Severn</i> .....	Captain Edward Legg ...	50	300
<i>The Pearl</i> .....	{ Captain Matthew Mitchell, } afterwards Captain Kidd. }	40	250
<i>The Wager</i> .....	{ Captain Kidd, } afterwards Captain Murray. }	28	160
<i>The Trial</i> .....	{ Hon. John Murray, } afterwards Lieut. Cheap. }	8	100

Attended by two transports of 400 and 200 tons.

The first *contretemps* which occurred to this ill-fated expedition, was the length of its passage to Madeira ; occupying forty days instead of ten, the usual number. Then, Captain Norris resigned the command of the *Gloucester*, and returned to England. Sickness broke out on the voyage from Madeira to Brazil, with so fatal an effect that on reaching the Island of St. Catherine, off the Brazilian coast, where Anson proposed to rest and refresh his men, eighty invalids, from the *Centurion* alone, were sent ashore, and of these twenty-eight died. The mortality on board the other ships was in a like proportion.

Somewhat disheartened by so ominous a commencement, Anson and his men again proceeded on their ocean-wanderings, and bore away from the death-isle of St. Catherine, hallowed by the graves of so many British dead, on the 18th of January, 1741. In due time they reached the Bay of St. Julian, on the Patagonian coast, where Anson found it necessary to refit the *Trial* sloop. A wild barren country this, with bleak inhospitable shores, and distant mountains whose summits seem to hide among the clouds. Its inhabitants

are taller than ordinary men, whence the early voyagers, who saw them under an aspect of such romance as almost to justify the poetical exaggeration, declared that this strange region of a new world was the home of a race of giants; the descendants, perhaps, of those mighty Titanic warriors who, in the old fable, warred with the Olympian gods, piling Ossa upon Pelion that they might climb to heaven!

Early in March the adventurers sighted the Island of Terra del Fuego—the Land of Fire—whose lofty heights crowned with eternal snow, rise, as it were, from the bosom of the waters. Soon they discerned the black and precipitous walls of Staten Island—woe to the hapless vessel dashed against them by an evil wind! for upon those terrible craggy peaks which seem to have been hurled upon each other in inextricable confusion by some vast elementary convulsion, no mariner could hope to live. The day was bright and radiant when Anson's seamen came in sight of this rock-isle, and they gazed, therefore, upon its horrors with that cheerful feeling we all experience when looking at a danger we have overcome or escaped. But scarce had they passed the Straits of Lemaire when 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; and it seemed to all that they were driving fast upon those very rocks which they had previously gazed at with such composure! An affecting incident occurred at this juncture. 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.

On the 4th of April the unfortunate ships were visited with a tempest of even greater severity, and the *Wager* was driven away to leeward, never again to rejoin the expedition. The *Pearl* and the *Severn* had previously parted company, and before the end of the month, in a succession of gales, the other ships of the squadron separated, leaving the *Centurion* to pursue her course alone.

Not only had these brave men to contend with the tempest, but with the ravages of a terrible disease—the scurvy, which, in one month, carried off forty-three of the already weakened crew of the *Centurion*. During the month of May nearly eighty died, and before she reached an anchorage on the 12th of June, she lost upwards of 200 men. It was with some difficulty, indeed, that the unfortunate ship could make the Island of Juan Fernandez, which to her commander and his men seemed a very Eden—a Garden of Bliss and Beauty—where hope might again revive and health be once more enjoyed. The narrator of this ill-fated expedition (the chaplain of the *Centurion*), describes in glowing, almost in poetical language, the



attractions which this pleasant island presented to the eyes of his sick and debilitated comrades. Its leafy valleys, resting in coolsome shadow — its broad stretches of verdant lawns—its hills crested with noble trees—its sparkling streams leaping over rock and crag in sheeny cascades—were, indeed, well calculated to inspire their minds with sensations of the most pleasurable enjoyment.

Here the commodore landed his men—with joyous feelings, we may be sure—and disposed them in comfortable tents placed at points which commanded the most attractive scenery, that the powerful influence of nature might not be wanting to facilitate their recovery. His own tent was pitched at the head of a gentle verdurous slope, about half a mile from the shore. Through the woods which skirted it was opened an avenue commanding a view of the blue ocean and the ships at anchor in the bay. In the rear rose a wall of dense and glossy foliage formed by an amphitheatre of myrtles, and still more distant, the inland peaks, their sides clothed with thick and vigorous trees. The music of “murmurous waters” was not wanting to this scene of almost fairy enchantment; two fresh and sparkling streams flowing on either side of the commodore’s tent. What an elysium must this have appeared to the sick and weary voyagers, and how genial an influence it must have exercised upon them! We can fancy these wave-worn men to have cherished the sentiments which Tennyson has embodied in immortal verse:—

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
Roll’d to starboard, roll’d to larboard, when the surge was  
seething free,



Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the  
sea. . . .

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar ;  
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more !

The *Trial* arrived at this "blissful isle" shortly after Anson had formed his temporary settlement, and on the 21st of June the *Gloucester* hove in sight, but again beat away to windward. Five days later she re-appeared, and boats laden with fresh water, fish, and vegetables, were sent to board her. They found her a very charnel-house—a ship of death ! Two-thirds of her crew had died, and few of the remainder were able to keep the deck. To such extremities were they reduced that each man received but one pint of water in four-and-twenty hours ! The boats returned to the island. Meanwhile, to Anson's exceeding distress, the unfortunate ship again drove out to sea, her feeble crew being unable to control her movements. It was the 23rd of July before she at last attained an anchorage, and her condition at that time is painted in colours so dark and terrible that we dare not reproduce the painful picture. Of the 961 soldiers who had left England in the *Centurion*, the *Gloucester*, and the *Trial*, only 335 were alive when the three ships anchored at Juan Fernandez, and the mortality among the seamen had been in an equal proportion.

Anson once more put to sea on the 19th of September, with a Spanish prize which the *Centurion* had captured a few days previously, equipped as a small cruiser. Soon after a Spanish merchantman was taken by the *Trial*. The latter vessel was found to be in so unfit a condition to battle with strong winds and

heavy seas that Anson destroyed her and removed her crew to the prize. On the 11th of November a rich merchant-ship from Porto was captured, and the commodore learned that the governor of that city, apprehensive of an attack from Anson's squadron, was preparing to remove its treasures into the interior. He therefore determined to surprise it, and to make the attack in boats. The town lay at the head of a small harbour, protected by a weak fort, and could not boast of more than 300 fighting men. The boats, manned by sixty brave fellows, pushed into the bay at night, and reached the mouth of the harbour undiscovered. There they were perceived by the crew of a vessel lying at anchor, who hastily got into a skiff, and rowing towards the fort, alarmed its garrison with cries of "The English! the English!" Away shot the English boats, impelled by vigorous arms, to surprise the town before its preparations for defence could be completed. They reached the shore; marched forward with all speed into the centre of the town, shouting merrily as if advancing to a certain victory; and so dismayed the Spaniards that after a brief skirmish they precipitately fled, and, in less than an hour, both town and fort were in the hands of the English.

Our seamen now betook themselves to plunder, and with their usual rough humour bedizened themselves in the richly embroidered clothes and laced hats of the Spanish—some of them attiring themselves in female habiliments, and strutting about to their immeasurable contentment in the grotesque disguise. The Spaniards meanwhile assembled on a hill to the rear of the town; sounded their trumpets, beat their drums, and fluttered their flags, as if by these curious means they thought

to terrify their victors, but offered no resistance while the English removed to their boats all the spoils and provisions they could collect, and having set fire to the town, retired in triumph from the scene.

Anson now resolved to cruise in these seas, and intercept the treasure-ship which sailed yearly between Manilla and Acapulco, and had so often, as the readers of these pages will remember, excited the longings of the early English adventurers. From the seamen of some small vessels taken by his squadron, he learned that she was intended to leave Acapulco on the 3rd of March, and on the 1st of that month Anson came in sight of the peculiar heights known as "the Paps of Acapulco." Keeping about fifteen leagues off the shore, he disposed his vessels in a semicircle which embraced a sweep of view at least twenty-four leagues in extent, and made every preparation for the capture of the wealthy and much-wished-for galleon.

The 3rd of March arrived, and from daybreak to sunset every eye was wistfully strained towards Acapulco in the fond hope of descrying the tall masts of the stately treasure-ship; so passed the next day, and the next, and so dragged on many a day of disappointment until Anson was reluctantly compelled to believe that the Governor of Acapulco had obtained some news of his squadron, and would not suffer the galleon to sail. As all his ships were sadly in want of water, he resolved to quit a coast which had proved so unfortunate to him, and sail for China, not relinquishing in his own heart all hopes of intercepting the prize he coveted on her voyage to Manilla.

On the 26th of July the ill-fated expedition was exposed to a terrible tempest. The *Centurion*



sprang a leak, which with some difficulty was got under; but the unfortunate *Gloucester* lost all her masts, and was reduced to such a wreck that Anson was forced to destroy her, and remove her crew to his own ship, where the scurvy now broke out with a fury so excessive that it threatened to decimate the crew. Fortunately, the Island of Tinian was reached on the 27th of August. The sick were immediately landed, and the fresh air and vegetables proved as efficacious in promoting their recovery as at Juan Fernandez.

One night, 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. The shores of that mysterious empire were reached at dusk, on the 5th of November, and an English man-of-war being in those days a rare visitor in Chinese waters, the *Centurion* in the course of a few hours was surrounded, we are told, by about 5000 fishing-boats. Macao was gained on the 12th, and here Anson refitted, and, after a dispute with the suspicious Chinese, provisioned his ship, recruiting his own strength and refreshing the spirits of his men. He had determined not to return to England until he had made another attempt to intercept the Manilla galleon.

He sailed from Macao on the 19th of April, 1743, and when fairly out at sea, summoned his men to the quarter-deck and informed them of his determination. His hearty harangue was greeted with hearty cheers;

and not a seaman doubted but that his toils and sufferings would meet, at length, with a splendid if a tardy recompence in a share of the spoils of Spain. So ardent was their confidence that, one day, when Anson inquired—knowing that the stock was not exhausted—why no mutton had been lately supplied to his table, his servant replied, that certainly two sheep were left, but, with his honour's permission, he wished to keep them for the entertainment of the captain of the galleon who would soon be their prisoner!

The *Centurion* reached her cruising ground on the last day of May, but it was not until sunrise on the 20th of June that the long-expected galleon was descried by the look-out. A hearty shout greeted the announcement, and crowding all sail, Anson bore down upon her. Contrary to expectation the Spaniard did not attempt to escape, but evidently prepared to meet her enemy, hoisting her colours and displaying the banner of Spain at the main-top-gallant mast-head. About one o'clock the engagement commenced. It was sharp but short. Anson lay the *Centurion* across the bow of the galleon, and swept her deck with a well-directed fire, which compelled the Spaniards to strike her colours after losing sixty-seven killed and eighty-four wounded. The *Centurion* lost but three men killed, and sixteen wounded, all of whom recovered. Thus was Anson's unquailing perseverance and his men's unflinching gallantry rewarded by one of the most splendid captures ever made by an English vessel. Its value was estimated at £313,000.

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 of the *Centurion*, the fate 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 doing any material damage.

The *Centurion* and her prize now returned to Canton, and having refitted, sailed for England. Anson's good fortune attended him on his homeward voyage, and he passed unobserved through a French fleet, saved by the thickness of a fog which happily obscured him. It was on the 15th of June, 1744, that the *Centurion* arrived at Spithead—after a voyage round the world, of four years' duration, almost unexampled in maritime history for the severity of the perils which had to be encountered, the skill with which they were baffled, and the constancy with which they were endured. Amongst the historic ships of the British navy the *Centurion* must surely be included, as not unworthy of being ranked with its *Dreadnoughts*, its *Agamemnon*s, and its *Victory*s.

Anson was received with a popular welcome and with royal approbation. Honours were showered upon him. He was elected M.P. for Haydon, and promoted to be a rear-admiral. In the following year he was made vice-admiral, and appointed to the command of the Channel squadron.

Early in 1747 he put to sea at the head of his fleet; consisting of fifteen men-of-war; one of 90—the flag-



ship *Prince George*—one of 74, one of 66, three of 64, six of 60, two of 50, and one of 40 guns—to intercept an expedition fitted out by the French for operations in the East Indies. On the 3rd of May, off Cape Finisterre, he fell in with the French fleet of thirty-eight sail commanded by Admiral de la Jonquière, and coming up with them in the afternoon after a spirited chase, immediately commenced the action. The French admiral's ship, *L'Invincible*, was engaged by the *Prince George*, but surrendered without resistance. When De la Jonquière presented his sword to Anson, he pointed to two of the French ships which had been already captured, and said, with chivalrous courtesy, "You have conquered, sir, the *Invincible*, and *Glory* attends you." The result of this action was the loss to the French of six men-of-war and four large East Indiamen.

For this achievement Anson was raised to the peerage as Lord Anson, Baron Soberton, in the county of Southampton. He chose for his motto the appropriate adage, *Nil desperandum*.

The few events which distinguished the closing years of this great admiral's life need not in these pages be dwelt upon at any length. He was placed at the head of the Admiralty Board in 1751, and continued in this honourable position for several years, administering the affairs of the navy with his customary judgment, promptitude, and resolution. In 1761 he was raised to the dignity of admiral-in-chief of the British fleet. In the following year, on the 6th of June, 1762, he died at his seat, Moor Park, Herts, aged sixty-five.

Lord Anson was a man of excellent, rather than commanding abilities, but gifted with extraordinary prudence, great resolution, and a clear judgment—



qualities which he eminently displayed in his famous cruise in the *Centurion*. He was of a handsome person, tall, and well-proportioned ; his complexion fair, his eyes earnest and searching ; the general expression of his countenance grave and intrepid. By his seamen he was much beloved from the equability of his temper and the frankness of his manners, and in private life he was esteemed by his friends and associates a thoroughly unaffected English gentleman. Such was Anson—he who led the *Centurion* round the world, through so many dangers, beset by so singular a series of disasters, and captured the great treasure-ship of Acapulco as a fitting close to an expedition characterized by so much of the romantic.

## XV.

## ADMIRAL LORD RODNEY.

A. D. 1718—1792.

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, 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.

GEORGE BRIDGES RODNEY, the son of an opulent and respectable gentleman, was born in February, 1718. King George I. condescended to become his godfather, and at his request the boy was bred up to the naval service, which, after a few terms at Harrow School, he entered as a midshipman only twelve years old. With the influence of a royal godfather to back him we need not wonder that his promotion was unusually rapid, and that in 1742 he was already a post-captain. His merits as a seaman, however, fully justified his good fortune ; and he was soon distinguished by his thorough knowledge of, and devotion to, his profession.

In the *Eagle* of sixty guns he served under the gal-

lant Admiral Hawke in the action off Cape Finisterre, on the 14th of October, 1747, when the English fleet of fourteen men-of-war defeated a French squadron of nine sail of the line, numerous frigates and small vessels, acting as a convoy to a fleet of merchantmen. "As the enemy's ships were large," wrote the brave Hawke, "they took a deal of *drubbing*,"\* and the loss of the British was severe. The *Eagle* was fought by Rodney with great gallantry, and had sixteen men killed and fifty-four wounded. Six French men-of-war and several merchant-ships were taken, and their loss in killed and wounded was estimated at 800.

Rodney on his return to England was presented by Lord Anson to King George II., who expressed his ignorance that the English navy possessed so young a post-captain. It is said that Lord Anson replied,— "Young Rodney, Sire, has served already for six years as a captain, and I heartily wish your Majesty had a hundred more such captains to become the terror of your Majesty's enemies."

Passing over a period of comparative inaction, we next hear of Rear-Admiral Rodney in 1759. He was then appointed to the command of a small squadron, and despatched to bombard Havre-de-Grace, where the French were assembling a great number of flat-bot-tomed boats to be employed in a contemplated invasion of England. He arrived in the Havre roads in the beginning of July, and disposing his bomb-ketches in the narrow channel of the river which washes the

\* An expression which very much puzzled George II. when reading the admiral's despatch. The King was a poor English scholar, but much approved of Hawke's English when he understood its meaning.

town, commenced a furious bombardment. Without cessation this *feu d'enfer* continued for upwards of two days and nights, setting the unfortunate town on fire at several points, and burning or sinking all the boats collected by the French : 1900 shells and 1100 carcasses were spent by the assailants, who suffered but little from the brave resistance unsuccessfully offered by the enemy.

A still more important service was rendered by Rodney in 1762. One of the few West Indian islands then remaining to France was Martinico, the largest of the Caribbees, lying at a convenient distance from Barbadoes, Guadaloupe, St. Christopher, and Antigua, —a rich and fertile island, watered by copious streams, diversified by hill and dale and woody glen, and indented by numerous navigable creeks and commodious harbours. The English Government determined on wresting it from the French. A suitable expedition was prepared, and the joint command entrusted to Rear-Admiral Rodney and General Monkton. The fleet consisted of eighteen ships of the line, numerous frigates, bombs, and fire-ships ; the land-forces amounted to 12,000 men.

The expedition arrived off the east end of Martinico, and anchored in St. Anne's Bay, on the 8th of January, 1763 ; but this point presenting many dangers, a creek called *Cas Navires* was chosen for the place of disembarcation, and there a landing was effected on the 16th, without the loss of a man ; "the fleet," says an historical authority, "having been stationed so properly, and directing their fire with such effect, that the enemy was obliged in a short time to abandon the batteries erected to defend this inlet."





The Sailors and the Siege Guns.—Page 205.



Vast and able preparations had been made by the French to resist the attack. Every pass was guarded; every narrow valley bristled with cannon; the numerous ravines and gullies lying between the coast and the capital were defended by batteries; the two hills—Morne Tortueson and Morne Garnier—which overlooked the town, and completely commanded it, were strongly fortified. General Monkton determined, as the first step of the attack, to seize upon the Morne Tortueson. The siege guns were therefore landed, and dragged over gullies and up hills by a body of seamen with a vigour which was actually wonderful. It is said that on the first gun which scaled the height was seated a sailor, playing on his flute, with admirable indifference to the enemy's fire, "*God save the King.*" In a word, they behaved at Martinique as, a hundred years later, they behaved in the Crimea and East India.

The attack was well planned and well executed. A detachment advanced on the right towards the town; a corps of light infantry made a diversion against the enemy's left; while the main body, under the fire of the batteries formed by the seamen's "great guns," made the assault on the centre. Brief and sharp was the struggle, and then, English colours floated on the crest of Morne Tortueson. Three days later, and Morne Garnier was also ours. These positions being held by the English, the town was completely at their mercy, and the governor therefore judged it wisest to surrender without delay a prize he could not hope to keep. St. Pierre next submitted, and the whole of the island was speedily added to the British possessions with a loss of only 400 men in killed or wounded.



Admiral Rodney next despatched a squadron to compel the submission of some adjacent islands, and Granada, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent surrendered without resistance. Thus, "the commerce of Great Britain," to adopt the language of an historian, "acquired an annual addition to the amount of at least a million sterling, and the British nation became undisturbed possessors of that chain of innumerable islands which forms an immense bow, extending from the eastern point of Hispaniola almost to the continent of South America." It should, however, be stated that by the treaty of 1763, the Islands of Guadaloupe, St. Lucia, and Martinico were returned to France.

In August, 1763, Sir George Rodney was appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital—an office which he filled with great advantage to the pensioners during the four following years. Among other comforts which he procured them was the addition to their winter clothing of a great coat, previously only granted to a limited number, and in answer to special petitions properly approved of and attested.

He was again called to active service in 1771, as commander-in-chief of the fleet on the West Indian station. He returned to England when his term of command had expired, and for some years was compelled by his pecuniary distress to expatriate himself. His creditors were numerous and clamorous, and he could only shelter himself from them in Paris. So great was the penury to which this heroic son of England was reduced, that when rumours of another French war reached his ears, and he was eager again to offer his sword to his country, he had not wherewithal to pay the expenses of his journey. This circumstance



became known to a chivalrous French nobleman, the Duc de Biron, who proposed to the gallant Rodney the loan of an amount sufficient to relieve him from his embarrassments both at Paris and in England. At first the admiral, unwilling to accept such an obligation from a foreigner, refused ; but failing in an application to the Earl of Sandwich—under what circumstances his biographers do not explain—he at length received with gratitude the aid proffered him with so much delicacy of feeling. We may add that when, at a later period, the Parisian population received information of Rodney's great victory over the French fleet, they rose tumultuously against the Duc de Biron for the assistance he had afforded to so dangerous a foe ; but the duke simply replied that he was now still prouder of having had the honour to serve so great a man.

Sir George returned to England, but did not obtain employment until late in the year (1779), when he was appointed to the command of a fleet designed to relieve Gibraltar, and afterwards to proceed to the defence of the West Indies. This fleet consisted of twenty-nine sail of the line and nine frigates. On the 8th of January, 1781, he fell in with a fleet of fifteen Spanish merchantmen bound for Cadiz, and convoyed by a man-of-war, four frigates, and two sloops. The whole of the fleet was captured. On the 16th of January, having arrived off Cape St. Vincent—a name so memorable in our naval annals—he discovered a Spanish squadron of fourteen sail of the line, commanded by Don Juan de Langara, and crowded on all sail in pursuit of them. About four p.m., five of the swiftest of Rodney's ships came up with their flying

foes, and brought them to action. The *Beaufaisant* engaged the Spanish seventy-gun ship *San Domingo*, which blew up with a terrible explosion, every soul on board of her perishing. The *Monarca* struck to the *Sandwich*, Admiral Rodney's own ship, and altogether, four ships were captured and four destroyed. None would have escaped, had not the tempestuous weather and the vicinity of a dangerous coast compelled the admiral to discontinue the pursuit.

Having conveyed his store-ships in safety into Gibraltar, and despatched his prizes, under charge of Admiral Digby, to England, Rodney proceeded with the remainder of his fleet to the West Indies. He reached St. Lucia on the 27th of March, and immediately prepared for offensive operations. The French force in these seas, under the Comte de Guichen, lay in Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, and was slightly superior to his own; but this did not prevent him from confronting "the eagle" in its own eyrie, and he paraded his fleet for two days in the vain hope of bringing the French to action. He returned, therefore, in huge disappointment to Santa Lucia.

During the night of the 15th of April the French stealthily put out to sea with twenty-three sail of the line and numerous frigates. As soon as Rodney was apprised of their movements he set sail in search of them; came in sight of them the next day, and on the 17th, by his able manœuvring, having got to windward, brought on an action. The gallant seaman thought the prize was now secure in his hands, and exulted in the service he was about to render to his country. He bore down bravely upon the enemy, and supported but by two other vessels, engaged him for

three hours—with such success that, had the remainder of his fleet done their duty, a decisive victory must have crowned his exertions. To Rodney's disappointment, however, the second in command, Rear-Admiral Hyde Parker, misconstrued (it is said) his signals, and scarcely fired a shot at the foe. De Guichen withdrew his ships without hindrance from the British fleet.

On the 15th, and again on the 19th of May, the unresting admiral had “a brush” with his enemy; on each occasion gaining a partial success, but unable to bring on a general engagement. After the latter skirmish the French stood away to the north under a press of sail, pursued for three days by the British; but they effected their escape into Port Royal Bay, and Rodney retired to Barbadoes to refit his disabled ships.

A few months later De Guichen departed for Europe with a large fleet of merchantmen under his convoy; but Rodney, apprehending that he would not sail further than a certain latitude, and then, perhaps, return to the West Indies, or steer for America, determined on proceeding to New York, taking with him eleven ships of the line and four frigates. He reached New York in September, and remained on the American coast until he received information of war having broken out between England and Holland, with instructions to commence hostilities against the Dutch West Indian colonies.

His first enterprise was undertaken, in conjunction with General Vaughan, against St. Eustatius, the wealthiest and most important of the Dutch colonies; it proved completely successful. While engaged in settling



the transactions arising out of this famous capture, he learnt that the Comte de Grasse had sailed from Brest for the West Indies with a formidable fleet. To watch its operations, and protect the English colonies, became now the duty of the English admiral, and was admirably performed ; but no general engagement took place during the summer, and Rodney, worn out with work, returned to England. Meanwhile the French and Spanish fleets effected a junction, and the British Government were apprised that they intended the capture of Jamaica. To prevent the loss of so important a possession, Rodney, now appointed Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, was hastily despatched to the scene of his former victories, with a reinforcement of twelve sail of the line, and early in 1782, having effected a junction with Sir Samuel Hood's squadron, he set sail in pursuit of the French fleet.

The English and French fleets came in sight of each other on the 8th of April, and after some partial engagements, on the 12th was fought the great battle which has contributed so largely to Rodney's fame, and is noticeable for having been won by the celebrated manœuvre of "breaking the line;" a manœuvre which may thus be explained: the French fleet being drawn up in line, the English bore down upon its centre, broke through it, and turning upon one of its wings (so to speak), overwhelmed it by superiority of force before the *other* wing of the French could wear round to its assistance.

Rodney appears to have planned this innovation upon established naval tactics some months previous to the battle of the 12th of April. Mr. Cumberland tells us that he was present at a dinner given by Lord George



Germaine, when, after the cloth was removed, Rodney proceeded to arrange a parcel of cherry-stones which he had collected in the form of two fleets drawn up in line of battle. "He at once arrested our attention," says Mr. Cumberland, "which had not before been very generally engaged, by declaring he was determined so to pierce the enemy's line of battle (arranging at the same time his manœuvre on the table), if ever it was his fortune to bring them to action. Having seized the idea, he held it fast, and in his eager, animated way, went on manœuvring his cherry-stones, and throwing the enemy's representatives into such utter confusion, that already in possession of that victory in imagination which in reality he lived to gain, he concluded his process by declaring he would lay the French admiral's flag at his Sovereign's feet; a promise which he actually pledged to his Majesty in his closet, and gloriously performed."

This famous action began about half-past seven in the morning, and lasted until the evening. Sir George Rodney, in the *Formidable*, led the van and broke the enemy's line, pouring destructive broadsides into every ship she passed. His example was imitated by the vessels which followed him, though the rear did not get into action for some time from the fall of the wind. The French behaved with great gallantry, and their admiral, in his magnificent ship the *Ville de Paris*, fought with extraordinary courage. When he surrendered, there were but three men alive and unhurt on the upper deck, and of these the Comte de Grasse himself was one. Five French men-of-war were taken, and a sixth was sunk; and the French, it is computed, lost in men 3000 slain, and double that number

wounded. The British counted 237 men killed and 776 wounded.

The relative force of the two fleets was—The French, 2560 guns; the British, 2640; but the French were superior in men, and their guns were of heavier metal.

The news of this victory was received with great satisfaction in England. Sir George Rodney was made an English peer, and his second in command, Sir Samuel Hood, an Irish one. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to Sir George, “his officers, and seamen, for their able and gallant conduct on the late most brilliant and decisive victory obtained over the French fleet in the West Indies.”

Nevertheless, a change of ministry taking place, Lord Rodney was recalled from the West Indian command, nor was this able and gallant officer again employed on active service. He died, full of years and honours, in 1792.

## XVI.

## CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

A.D. 1727—1779.

Ye shall hear what he beheld  
In other lands.

BYRON.

As these pages are designed to be something more than a mere record of battles and victories, as they are intended to comprise a view of naval enterprise in other spheres than that of war, we cannot omit a brief summary of the important services rendered to mankind by the greatest of English discoverers, Captain James Cook.

James Cook, the son of a respectable agricultural labourer, was born at Whitby, in Yorkshire, in the year 1727. His father was poor, and had nine children; to none of them, therefore, could he afford any superior educational advantages. James, when thirteen years old, was apprenticed to a shopkeeper at Straiths, a neighbouring fishing-town; but his love of a seafaring life was so ardent that he soon abandoned an uncongenial trade, and apprenticed himself for seven years to the owners of a vessel employed in the coal trade. He made such good use of his time that, on the expiration of his engagement, he was promoted by his employers to the rank of mate of one of their

vessels. There is, perhaps, no better “nursery for seamen” in the world than the English coal trade. Carried on near a coast of great danger, and under circumstances of imminent difficulty, it trains the mind to habits of vigilance, circumspection, and readiness. In this peculiar school our hero, an apt scholar, qualified himself for the conduct of the important enterprises in which he was afterwards engaged.

When war broke out in 1755, in order to avoid impressment, he entered himself on board H.M.S. *Eagle*, commanded at first by Captain Harmer, and afterwards by Captain Sir Hugh Palliser. The latter, an able and experienced officer, soon discovered his considerable merits, and promoted him to the quarter-deck. His interest did not cease here, but he procured him the appointment of master to the *Mercury*, a small vessel attached to Sir Charles Saunders’s fleet in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. During the winter of 1768, when active operations were suspended by the severe frost, Cook—always industrious—applied himself to mathematical studies, and though without assistance from masters, attained a wonderful proficiency. At the same time, he showed how complete a knowledge he had acquired of his own profession by constructing and publishing an excellent chart of the River St. Lawrence.

Sir Charles Saunders selected him to pilot the fleet which was designed to co-operate with General Wolfe in the memorable attack upon Quebec. He also conducted the embarkation, examined the channel of the river, and placed buoys to assist the navigation of the larger vessels; exhibiting in this difficult task a happy combination of coolness, intrepidity, and skill. One night his movements were discovered by the enemy,



who sent a large number of boats to cut him off. Cook pushed ashore on the Island of Orleans, but so narrow was his escape, that as he leapt out of the bow of his pinnace his pursuers leapt in at the stern.

He was now appointed by Government, on the recommendation of Sir Hugh Palliser, then Governor of Newfoundland, marine surveyor of Newfoundland and Labrador, and the *Grenville* schooner was placed at his service to enable him to complete a thorough survey of their coasts. All that he undertook he did efficiently, and his repute as a skilful navigator and close observer accordingly grew very considerable; while a paper on an eclipse of the sun, communicated to the Royal Society, proved that he was a mathematician of no mean order.

The phenomenon of the transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disc, calculated to take place in 1769, was regarded by astronomers as likely to be of interest and importance to the scientific world. At the petition of the Royal Society the English Government determined to equip and despatch a vessel to the South Sea for the purpose of observing this astronomical wonder in the western hemisphere. The vessel selected was the *Endeavour*, and the commander appointed was Lieutenant James Cook.

The *Endeavour* was a stout brig of 360 tons burden, which had been employed in the coal trade, and was well adapted for coasting voyages. She was manned by tried and steady seamen, and liberally furnished with stores of every description. The scientific celebrities who accompanied the expedition were men of ability and agreeable manners:—Mr. Green, the astronomer; Dr. Solander, a Swedish naturalist of

eminence ; and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Banks, a young man of large fortune, but of enterprising habits and considerable mental powers. Skilful draughtsmen were also attached to the expedition, which was thus provided with all that could deserve or insure success.

The *Endeavour* dropped down the river from Deptford on the 30th of July, 1768, but did not finally quit Plymouth until the 26th of August. After touching at Rio Janeiro, where the Portuguese received them with suspicion and treated them with discourtesy, they kept southwards towards Cape Horn. They reached the mouth of the Straits of Le Maire on the 14th of January, which is about the middle of the Terra Fuegian summer ; yet the cold was so excessive that it was with difficulty the naturalists—who landed on an exploring expedition—could prosecute their researches. Dr. Solander warned his companions not to yield to the overpowering drowsiness which severe cold produces, but was himself the first to disregard his own admonitions. He besought his friends to let him lie down and sleep awhile ; but fortunately, they had profited by his lessons, and persisted in dragging him along despite his piteous entreaties. Two of Mr. Banks's servants, however, who had lain down to rest in the snow, were found dead the next morning.

We have already described the character and inhabitants of this barren and melancholy region. Let us therefore accompany our voyagers round Cape Horn, and across the broad expanse of the Pacific, to the Island of Tahiti or Otaheite, where they anchored in Matavai, now Port Royal Bay. Here Cook was hospitably welcomed by its good-tempered inhabitants, and from the careful regulations he had drawn up for

his men's guidance, their pleasant intercourse was not interrupted by any untoward occurrence during his three months' stay on the coast.

Otaheite is a healthy and agreeable island. The coast is bold, and rises from the sea like an amphitheatre. The hills are of very considerable elevation, and their slopes are clothed with hanging woods. The soil is fertile, and gives spontaneous birth to rare and wholesome fruits, ginger, turmeric, and sugar-canes. Here are found the Chinese paper mulberry tree, which provides the natives with their cloth; the wondrous bread tree; the white-flowered huddoo; and the golden anana, while amid the foliage nestle the beautiful green purple doves and birds of brighter plumage than are smiled on by a European sky.

The natives, in form and feature, are not unworthy of this beautiful isle. The women are unrivalled in the symmetry and beautiful proportion of their limbs. The men are tall, well-shaped, and move with an easy and natural grace. Their huts are raised on three rows of wooden pillars, which support roofs of thickly interwoven palm-leaves. They weave from the paper mulberry a fine cloth which provides them with neat and even graceful garments. For government they adopt a monarchy and a sort of hereditary aristocracy; great respect is paid by the lower orders to their chiefs. Such was Otaheite when visited by Cook. Its natural advantages have not been affected by time, and remain as they were when his eyes, delighted, first rested upon them; but commerce, civilization, and Christianity have in turn, and in divers ways, remodelled its social and political life.

Cook and his companions sailed from Otaheite on

the 13th of July, and visited in succession the neighbouring Islands of Ulietea, Huaheine, Otaba, and Bolabola. To these, and some adjacent islets, he gave the general and well-known name—expressive of the social habits of their natives—the Society Islands. They lie between  $16^{\circ} 10'$  and  $10^{\circ} 55'$  S. lat., and  $150^{\circ} 7'$  and  $152^{\circ}$  W. long. The captain formally took possession of them in the name of King George.

The voyagers reached, on the 13th of August, an island which Tupia, a young Tahitian, who accompanied them, called Oheteroa. Its natives were a handsome and manly race, dressed in clothes of various colours; but as no convenient anchorage could be found, and as hostile signs were apparent on the part of the natives, the *Endeavour* proceeded on her “liquid way”—

The cloven billow flash'd from off her prow  
In furrows form'd by that majestic plough;  
The waters with their world were all before;  
Behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore.

BYRON.

After an uninteresting navigation of six weeks' duration, the colour of the sea began to change, birds flew around them and perched upon the rigging, weeds were seen floating upon the waters, and other signs betokened the vicinity of land. On the 6th of October, the cloudy peaks of distant mountains were distinctly visible, and the *Endeavour* steered in towards the coast of New Zealand, or Staaten Land, discovered by Abel Tasman, the Dutch navigator, in 1642. Most geographers had considered this a part of the great southern continent, and it was left for Captain Cook



to discover that it consisted of two islands, divided by a strait now called after its intrepid discoverer.

New Zealand, with all its advantages of soil and climate, is now so well known to English readers that it would be superfluous to repeat Cook's able but necessarily imperfect descriptions. Having examined its coast with the minutest care, he sailed from New Zealand on the 31st of March, 1770, and on the 19th of April made the coast of New Holland. Discovering a secure and spacious inlet, he anchored his ship under the southern shore, and endeavoured, but in vain, to open up an intercourse with the natives. They flung stones at the strangers who had so suddenly arrived upon their shores, and did not take to flight until three muskets had been fired at them. The naturalists collected here so large a variety of new and curious plants, that, by unanimous consent, the name—since so widely known—of *Botany Bay* was given to the inlet.

The ship continued on her voyage, passing bays and creeks to which the voyagers gave appropriate names, and threading with difficulty the numerous shoals which fortify the coast. Off Cape Tribulation the expedition was nearly brought to a sudden and disastrous termination. During the night of the 10th of June, the good ship *Endeavour* struck suddenly on a coral rock, and the waves beat against her with a violence that threatened immediate destruction. Happily, however, the wind died away, and the sea became as smooth as a crystal mirror. The pumps were then set to work, but the leak gained considerably. It was apprehended, therefore, that when she *was* off the rock, she would immediately sink. The boats were not capable of carrying all on shore, and

even those who might thus escape would only be exposed to a slower and more terrible death than the sea afforded. While thus involved in gloomy speculations, they perceived that the ship floated, and was heaved into deep water. To their surprise the leak did not sensibly increase. Taking advantage of so fortunate a circumstance, Cook determined upon *fothering* the ship ; that is, a quantity of wool, oakum, and ordure is thickly spread over a large studding-sail, which is afterwards hauled under the ship's bottom by ropes. The suction of the leak draws in the wool and oakum, and partly closes the aperture. This expedient proved sufficiently successful to enable the *Endeavour* to reach a small harbour opportunely discovered. On examining the ship it was found that a large piece of the coral rock had broken off, and fixed itself firmly in the timbers, thus saving the adventurers from inevitable destruction.

Having refitted his vessel, the gallant Cook determined on prosecuting his voyage to the northward, that he might ascertain the boundary separating New Holland from New Guinea. In the course of his explorations he braved the greatest dangers, and braved them cheerfully. "We chose," he says, "rather to incur the censure of imprudence and temerity, which the idle and voluptuous so liberally bestow upon unsuccessful fortitude and perseverance, than leave a country which we had discovered unexplored, and give colour to a charge of timidity and irresolution."

He found all the eastern coast of New Holland well watered by brooks and springs, but lacking copious and fertilizing rivers. The number and beauty of the birds astonished and gratified him, and among the animals the kangaroo especially attracted his attention. The

ant which builds its nest among the boughs, by glueing the edges of the leaves together with a natural secretion, until each nest is thrice the size of a man's head, and which then divides the interior into a thousand minute cells, was also observed with eager curiosity.

Having ascertained that between New Holland and New Guinea extended a channel, about ten leagues in length and of irregular width, to which he gave the name of Endeavour Straits, Captain Cook and his party landed on a small island, and took possession of the eastern coast of New Holland with the usual ceremonies, in the name of King George III., distinguishing it by the appellation of New South Wales.

The *Endeavour* now made her way to Batavia, where her captain was anxious to refit her. Unhappily, its pestilential climate proved fatal to many of her crew, and to the poor Tahitian who had accompanied them from his birth-isle. Before she reached the Cape of Good Hope she had lost no less than thirty persons, including Mr. Green the astronomer, and Dr. Solander the naturalist. Mr. Banks had a narrow escape. It was with feelings, therefore, of no ordinary gratification that Captain Cook dropped anchor in the Downs on the 12th of June, 1771, having completed the circumnavigation of the world in two years and eleven months. He was received with the respect due to his great powers and admirable character.

A *second* expedition of discovery was projected in the following year, and the direction of it was at once entrusted to our able navigator. He was furnished with two stout brigs, the *Resolution* of 462 tons, on which he hoisted his own flag; and the *Adventure* of



336 tons, commanded by Lieutenant Furneaux. A liberal spirit dictated every arrangement; Messrs. Wales and Bayley as astronomers, Rumbold Foster and his son as naturalists, accompanied the expedition, to which was also attached an able draughtsman. The comfort of the crew was studied with generous care. Provisions of every sort, anti-scorbutics and other medicines, trinkets and tools intended as presents for the savages, were plentifully provided.

The two discovery-ships left Plymouth on the 13th of July, 1772. At the Cape of Good Hope the expedition was joined by the eminent Dutch naturalist Sparrmann. They left the Cape of Good Hope on the 22nd of November, 1772, and directed their course to the south, in search of the great southern continent which geographers supposed to encircle the Antarctic Pole. After buffeting with hostile winds, they first saw ice on the 10th of December, in  $50^{\circ} 40'$  S. lat. This iceberg, or ice-mountain, was fifty feet in height and half a mile in circuit, rising from the sea like a huge perpendicular rock. Four days later they were stopped by a vast field of ice spreading far away beyond the visible horizon, and dotted, as it were, with huge glittering hills. To try the direction of the current a boat was lowered, but a thick heavy fog gathering around, its crew lost sight of the ships, and found themselves alone in the centre of a world of ice and snow. In this perilous position they determined to lie still, assured that Cook would not abandon them; and so it proved. Sweeter music their ears had never listened to than the tinkling bell of the *Adventure* as it bore down upon them.

The ships now sailed eastward, still meeting with



vast ice-floes and huge ice-islands, which often, in the setting sun, afforded most beautiful varieties of light and colour. Our mariners amused themselves by shooting at penguins—a sport which afforded but little profit—“the birds diving so frequently in the water, and continuing so long under it, that the fowlers were generally obliged to give over the pursuit. Their thick glossy plumage turned off the small shot, and it was necessary to attack them with ball.”

On the 8th of February the *Adventure* parted company, and as the rendezvous agreed upon in case such an accident should occur was Queen Charlotte's Sound, New Zealand, thither Captain Cook proceeded. We may here state that the two ships met again at the appointed rendezvous, and afterwards proceeded together to Otaheite and other tropical islands, but again separated near Cook's Straits, and never more joined company. Captain Furneaux then returned to England, which he reached in July, 1774.

On his voyage to New Zealand, Captain Cook several times observed the phenomenon of the Aurora Australis, similar to the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis, of the northern hemisphere. Long white luminous columns shoot athwart the sky almost to the zenith, irradiating with their peculiar shimmering effulgence the whole extent of the horizon. At the time of their appearance the sky is generally clear, and the atmosphere very cold and keen.

On the 26th of March, 1773, our intrepid navigators made the coast of New Zealand, after having sailed 3660 leagues in 117 days without having once seen land. Throughout this long and difficult voyage Cook and his companions had enjoyed the most excellent

health ; a happiness due, in great measure, to his wise sanitary precautions and considerate regard for the comfort and cleanliness of his men. Of all our navigators Cook appears to have been the first to study the sanitary economy of his ship, and our readers will not fail to contrast the success of his arduous enterprise with the disasters and death which attended the cruise of the *Centurion*.

Having refreshed his crews and refitted his vessels, Cook made sail for the islands of the South Sea, and on the 24th of August anchored in Matavai Bay, Otaheite. They here renewed their acquaintance with the friendly Tahitians, and examined more closely into their manners and customs. Thence they proceeded to the other islands of the Society group, and took on board the *Resolution*, at Bolabola, a young native named Oedidee, who expressed an eager desire to accompany Captain Cook. He then visited Middleburg and Amsterdam Islands, with the latter of which he was especially delighted. He speaks of it in his *Journals* in rapturous terms, as a perfectly cultivated and richly flourishing garden, where man's labour had zealously turned to advantage the graces and bounties of nature. From this fair spot he returned to New Zealand, encountering on his voyage a series of terrible gales, but weathering them in safety through his excellent seamanship and the efficiency of his crew.

While anchored in Queen Charlotte Sound the voyagers had several opportunities of observing that the New Zealanders were addicted to cannibalism. A native was permitted to broil and eat some human flesh on board the *Resolution*, that no doubt as to the existence of so savage a custom might remain. Oedidee,

the young islander, behaved better than the officers who encouraged this barbarous spectacle; he could not restrain his indignation, and would not even touch the knife which had been employed for so bloody a purpose.

His ship thoroughly prepared to encounter the Antarctic gales; his crew in excellent health and joyous spirits; he himself eager to explore "fresh scenes and pastures new," and to bring his wonderful powers of observation to bear upon lands hitherto unknown to European adventure—Captain Cook again sailed from New Zealand on the 26th of November. Twelve days afterwards he crossed the antipodes of London, and on the 20th of December passed within the imaginary boundary of the Antarctic Circle. Through a maze of lofty icebergs, accompanied on their solitary way by the large grey albatross and the swift petrel, gallantly sailed the stout ship *Resolution*.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold;  
And ice mast-high came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs  
Did send a dismal sheen;  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts they ken—  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound!

GOLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner*.

Still they kept onward until Cook was satisfied that though there was, and must be, land encircling

the southern pole, it did not assume the proportions of a continent. "It can afford," he adds, "no better retreat for birds, or any other animals, than the ice itself with which it must be entirely covered. I, who was ambitious not only of going farther than anybody had gone before, but as far as it was possible for man to go, was not sorry at meeting with this interruption; as it in some measure relieved us, and shortened the dangers and hardships inseparable from the navigation of the southern polar regions."

Cook now bore away for Davis's Land or Easter Island, which Bougainville and other navigators had been unable to discover. He reached its shores on the 11th of March, 1774, and found the natives to belong to the same race which peoples Otaheite and so many of the South Sea Islands. He observed here some curious statues enclosed within stone walls, about eight feet in height. Each pillar was of stone, twenty feet high and five feet wide, and rudely resembled the upper portion of the human body. A huge stone, cylindrical in form, made a rough unseemly covering for the head. What the object, or the antiquity of these remarkable statues, or how they could be fashioned with such simple tools as alone their sculptors possessed, the great navigator was unable to ascertain.

The Marquesas, discovered by Mendana in 1595, were next visited, and Cook describes their inhabitants as superior in physical qualities to those of any other islands in the tropic seas. He next anchored, for the third time, in Matavai Bay, and was again warmly welcomed by the Tahitians, who entertained him with a grand naval display of 160 war-canoes, varying in length from seventy to ninety feet, and 170 canoes



designed apparently for transports—the whole carrying nearly 8000 men.

Directing his course to the west, he visited a group to which he has given the name of the Friendly Islands, in commemoration of the good feeling which existed among the natives, and the courtesy they displayed towards strangers. On the 16th of July, he anchored in the Island of Mallicolo—a portion of the Terra Australis del Espirito Santo, discovered in 1606 by Quiros, but very imperfectly examined. Quiros had supposed himself to have discovered a southern continent, but Cook's minute explorations resolved it into an archipelago of islands, of which the largest is Espirito Santo, and the next in importance Mallicolo. The inhabitants were ugly and deformed; stoutly made, and of a dark colour, with woolly hair, long heads, and monkey faces.

Keeping southward, the voyagers passed a group which Cook named Shepherd's Isles, and next reached a large and well-wooded island, which he christened, in compliment to the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sandwich Island. Still keeping south, he gained another large island, Erromanga, at a later period the scene of the murder of the missionary Williams. He here endeavoured to obtain a supply of wood and water, but did not succeed until a sharp skirmish had taken place with the fierce and treacherous natives. Near it lies the Island of Tauna, distinguished by its volcano, and there are several small islets in the immediate vicinity. The natives of Tauna are strong and well-proportioned, active and full of spirit, but apparently unused to labour. They are addicted to the savage practice of cannibalism.

Having thoroughly surveyed this large group of islands, and named it the New Hebrides, Cook sailed for New Zealand to recruit and refresh his men previous to renewing his exploration of the southern hemisphere. On the 4th of September he fell in with land not laid down in the charts, and on the following day dropped anchor in a convenient roadstead. The ship was quickly surrounded by canoes, laden with natives, mostly unarmed. Some presents were lowered down to them by a rope, and in return they tied to it two terribly bad fish. This was a signal for fresh displays of friendly confidence. Some of the natives clambered on board, examined every part of the ship with minute curiosity, and eagerly partook of the refreshments offered to them. Cook then went ashore, with two boats of armed men, accompanied by a native who had conceived for him a particular partiality. A large number of people awaited his landing. To those persons whom his friendly adviser pointed out as of special importance, the captain made suitable presents, and in acknowledgment a chief, named Teabooma, delivered an harangue which seemed complimentary to his strange visitors. On Cook's making signs that he required fresh water, his self-appointed councillor undertook to conduct him to it in the boats, and having rowed along the shore about two miles to the east, they came to a narrow creek leading to a scattered village, in whose neighbourhood an abundant supply of fresh water was obtained. The land about this settlement was well cultivated, and laid out in plantations of sugar-cane, yams, and plantains. It was watered by sweet and shining rivulets conducted down the grassy slopes from the principal stream. The day

drawing in apace, the captain and his men returned to the ship, with no particularly good opinion of the resources of New Caledonia, but delighted with the friendliness and good temper of its inhabitants.

Cook's next discovery was an uninhabited island, very steep and mountainous, abounding in trees and yielding numerous valuable esculents, which, in honour of the ducal family of Howard, he named Norfolk Island. Its soil is remarkably fertile, and it produces a majestic species of pine, while flax grows there wildly luxuriant.

The *Resolution* anchored in Queen Charlotte's Sound on the 10th of October, and the voyagers renewed their amicable intercourse with the natives. They stayed here a month, and then put to sea to complete their survey of the southern hemisphere. Cook soon satisfied himself that no great continent extended in this direction, and bore away for Cape Horn to examine the coasts of Magellan's Straits and Terra del Fuego. Having completed his researches he sailed towards the east, and on the 14th of January, 1775, discovered land in  $53^{\circ} 56'$  S. lat., and  $39^{\circ} 24'$  W. long. This dreary and desolate mountain land was walled in with ice, and shrouded with perpetual snow. Neither trees nor shrubs relieved the bleak monotony of the scene, and almost the only vegetation perceptible was a short strong-bladed grass, and a kind of moss springing from the rocks. Cook named it New Georgia, and left this home of the sea-lion and the seal without regret.

Proceeding further south, he discerned, on the 31st of January, another tract of bleak and frozen country, its mountainous range—crested with eternal clouds—looming dark and lurid against the horizon. Cook named it Sandwich Land, and the most southern ex-



tremity that he reached,  $59^{\circ} 30'$  S. lat., and  $27^{\circ} 30'$  W. long., he appropriately christened the Southern Thule. Nothing more terribly desolate can be conceived than this land of ice and snow, of mists and vapours ; unrelieved throughout the wide and cheerless waste by tree or shrub ; and seldom irradiated by the light and life of a genial sun.

On the 22nd of March, 1775, the *Resolution* returned to the Cape of Good Hope, which it had left two years and four months before. During that period—so much in the life of a man, so little in the history of the world—the good bark had traversed no less than 20,000 leagues.

Cook landed at Portsmouth on the 13th of July, 1775, having been absent from England three years and eighteen days. In so long and so arduous a voyage, under such difficult circumstances, and notwithstanding so many changes of climate, he had lost but four men, and only one of these by sickness—a greater honour, methinks, than to have won the most splendid of victories on the bloodiest of battle-fields !

“No expedition,” says Mr. Cooley, “fitted out for the purpose of maritime discovery had ever equalled that from which Captain Cook had now returned, in the magnitude and arduous nature of its peculiar object ; and none had ever so completely answered its intentions, and performed its task with so little loss of life or injury to the ships.” Such was the general feeling of the nation, who welcomed Cook as they would have done a successful warrior, and of its governors, who testified their approbation by immediately promoting the great navigator to a post-captaincy, and appointing him to the comparatively



lucrative post of Captain of Greenwich Hospital. He was also elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and honoured with the Copley medal, in recognition of his philosophical promotion of the sanitary economy of his ships.

The great question which now puzzled geographers was the probable existence of a north-west passage—that is, of a shorter mode of communication with China and India by an Arctic or Polar Sea. So desirable was such a discovery deemed, that Parliament offered £20,000 to any adventurer who should realize it ; and at length the British Government resolved upon despatching an expedition for the express purpose of solving a problem which might justly be considered as of national importance. It was felt that to command such an expedition *one* Englishman was especially fitted, but as *he* had toiled for years in arduous enterprise, the Government were unwilling to lay the burden upon him. They were relieved from the difficulty by Cook himself, who on hearing of the proposed expedition and the objects it was to accomplish, eagerly offered his services—services too valuable not to be gladly and promptly accepted.

The vessels fitted out for Cook's *third* and *last* voyage were, the *Resolution*, his own ship, and the *Discovery*, Captain Clerk. They were liberally stored with garden seeds, plants, vegetables, and domestic animals intended for the benefit of the savage communities the voyagers might meet with. Bayley the astronomer, and Anderson the naturalist, accompanied the expedition, which had also the services of Mr. Webber, an excellent draughtsman. Omai, a native of Ulitea, who had been brought to England by Captain Furneaux, em-

barked on board the *Resolution*, with a store of wonderful things to delight and astonish his fellow-islanders. While all the precautions that could insure the health, and all the comforts which could promote the happiness of his men, were carefully superintended by the ever-watchful Cook.

It was on the 12th of July, 1776, that the *Resolution* sailed from Plymouth Sound. On the 1st of September she crossed the equator, and on the 18th of October anchored in Table Bay, where she was joined by the *Discovery*, whose departure from England had been unavoidably retarded. They proceeded on their voyage on the 13th of November, and on the twelfth of the following month passed some small islands which had been previously discovered by the French, but not having been named, were christened by Cook Prince Edward's Islands. Kerguelen's Land was sighted on Christmas-eve. So sterile is it, so deficient in all the graces of nature, that Cook suggested, as a more appropriate name, that which is now adopted by our geographers—The Isle of Desolation. Nevertheless, with true English spirit, our navigator celebrated here the English Christmas.

Quitting this inhospitable coast, the ships were driven for some days before a strong south wind, and ran 300 leagues in a fog so dense that to keep the ships together it was necessary to fire signal guns every five minutes. A calm succeeded, and then the wind once more freshened, and the *Resolution* and *Discovery* anchored in Adventure Bay, on the coast of New Zealand, January 26th, 1777. Here they employed themselves in collecting fodder and felling wood, and while so employed, were visited by some of the natives. Cook speaks of them disparagingly, as lowly placed in

the scale of humanity both in reference to their physical and moral qualities. With them life has sunk into a mere brutal existence. They have not learned to *want*, and, consequently, do not practise even those simple arts which the rudest wants suggest.

The adventurers afterwards visited Queen Charlotte's Sound, and finally quitted the coast of New Zealand on the 25th of February. Four days later, they fell in with an inhabited island, which its occupants called Mangoa, and on the following day, with another named Wateoo. Here Cook and his companions landed, and were introduced to the chief, while Omai the islander filled the ears of the natives with wonderful stories of the potency of English fire-arms, and produced an astonishing effect by igniting a few cartridges with some red-hot embers. Omai met here three of his fellow-islanders who had embarked at Otaheite in a canoe for a short sail, had been driven out to sea by a tremendous storm, and in so fragile a skiff crossing 200 leagues of tempestuous waters, had been cast ashore upon this distant isle.

As his ships were in want of water and provisions, and none could be obtained at either of these islands, from the impossibility of finding a secure anchorage, Cook determined to bear away for the Friendly Islands before he attempted the dangerous seas of the north. On the 1st of May he reached Annamooka, and was hospitably received. Some annoyance being experienced from the thievish propensities of many of the islanders, Captain Clerk suggested a punishment which proved very effectual—the barber shaved their heads! The bald thieves were so ridiculed by their companions that they quickly learnt honesty to be the best policy.



Cook next proceeded to Heface, where the strangers were received with a hearty welcome, and entertained with all the civilities and honours their friendly hosts could lavish upon them. He then visited Tongataboo, the seat of the royalty of the Friendly Islands, and was generously treated by Poutaho, the king. Among the principal inhabitants he distributed many of the domestic animals he had brought from England. Having remained here between two and three months, he resumed his voyage on the 17th of July, and on the 12th of August reached the bright beauty of the southern seas—his favourite Otaheite. The old friendly intercourse between the natives and the English was immediately renewed. A Spanish ship had touched at the island during Captain Cook's absence, and landed some cattle, of which only a bull survived. Cook added three cows, another bull, a horse, a mare, and several sheep.

Two days after their arrival, Captains Cook and Clerk, in order to impress the islanders with a clear idea of the utility of their gifts, mounted the horse and mare, and rode about the island. Never was equestrian feat more completely successful! The performers were attended by a crowd of admiring natives who, by eager gestures and loud cries, showed their astonishment, and though the captains often repeated their equestrian exercise, it never seemed to pall upon or weary these accommodating spectators.

While staying at Otaheite, Cook had an opportunity of witnessing the horrid rite of human sacrifice. The victim was a man of middle age, but whether he had committed any crime, or had voluntarily offered himself to propitiate his gods, the captain could not ascertain.



The blow which slew him was given when he did not expect it, so that some degree of mercy tempered this cruel custom.

At Huaheino, another of the Society Islands, Omai was comfortably settled. The chiefs assigned him a plot of ground, and the ship-carpenters erected there a house. Omai removed thither his toys, hatchets, knives, muskets, pistols, swords, and, in fact, the multifarious treasures he had brought from England. They excited the curiosity, but not the envy of the natives; and it is satisfactory to know that he was treated by them with great consideration, and neither molested nor robbed.

Cook now bade farewell—and, as it proved, a last farewell—to this delightful group, whose beauties and natural advantages have been so warmly painted by Byron:—

The palm, the loftiest dryad of the woods,  
 Within whose bosom infant Bacchus broods,  
 While eagles scarce build higher than the crest  
 Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her breast;  
 The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,  
 Which bears at once the cup, and milk, and fruit;  
 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 unpurchased groves,  
 And flings off famine from its fertile breast,  
 A priceless market for the gathering guest;—  
 These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,  
 The airy joys of social solitudes,—

were recognised by Cook and his companions as lending a rare and potent charm to “the starry isles” which stud the southern archipelago.

On the 8th of December the voyagers quitted the Society Islands, and on the 18th of January, 1778, discovered the group which, in honour of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Cook named the Sandwich Islands, and with which his memory is unhappily so fatally associated. The group consists of five islands, of which Atooi is the largest. The islanders spoke the same language, and cultivated the same manners and customs as the Tahitians.

Cook pursued his course to the northward on the 2nd of February, and arrived off New Albion on the 7th of March. To this part of the coast he gave the name of King George's Sound, but it is better known by its native appellation, Nootka Sound. He surveyed the country with his usual exactness, and maintained a friendly intercourse with its inhabitants ; still pushing towards the north, until having doubled the headland of Alashka, he gained, on the 9th of August, the western extremity of the great American continent, and ascertained that it was only separated from Asia by the channel known as Behring's Straits. Behring, indeed, had reached this point and given his name to it ; but it was reserved for Cook to appreciate the value of the discovery, and to fix the boundary of the two vast continents. "It reflects," says a judicious writer, "the highest honour, even on the British name, that our great navigator extended his discoveries much further in one expedition, and at so great a distance from the point of his departure, than the Russians accomplished in a long series of years, and in parts belonging or contiguous to their own empire."

Cook attempted to prosecute his researches further, but was impeded by the masses of ice which gathered

in the northern seas. On the 18th of August, in  $70^{\circ} 44'$  N. lat., the ice stretched before them, like a vast compact wall, ten or twelve feet high, and the navigators were compelled to turn their prows to the south. The Sandwich Islands were regained on the 26th of October. Owhyhee was discovered on the 30th, and from its extent and importance, seemed to deserve a thorough exploration, which occupied seven weeks. On the conclusion of this elaborate survey, the ships anchored in Karakakooa Bay, on the south side of the island, and were immediately surrounded by hundreds of canoes, while crowds of spectators lined the shore. An amicable intercourse was at first maintained with the natives, but their pilfering propensities gave the sailors an infinite amount of trouble. The war-chiefs and the priests, too, gradually manifested an anxiety to know when the strangers would take their departure, and only the king, Tereebadoo, who had bestowed upon Cook the high title of Orono, continued unchanged. Nevertheless, no serious outbreak occurred, and when Cook had fixed the day of sailing the amicable feelings of the natives seemed to revive, and the voyagers were loaded with presents of fresh vegetables and other provisions.

On the 4th of February, 1779, the ships sailed out of the harbour, attended by a large number of canoes, with the intention of completing their examination of the Sandwich group. On the 7th, the *Resolution*, in a gale, sprung her foremast in such a dangerous manner that Cook was forced to return to Karakakooa to have it repaired. On the 10th, they regained their old anchorage, and were visited by a priest and a chief, Kameamea, who seemed much pleased with the recep-

tion accorded to them. There were, however, but few natives in the bay; most of the crowds formerly attracted by the presence of the ships, having returned into the interior. The king paid the captain a visit on the 12th, and presents were mutually exchanged. Up to this date no suspicion had entered the minds of the English that the natives cherished any feelings of hostility towards them. But several cases of theft had occurred, and a fray took place between a boat's crew and some of the islanders, in which the sailors were roughly treated. During the night of the 13th the large cutter of the *Discovery* was stolen, and as this was too gross an insult to be endured in silence, Captain Cook resolved to land, and seize some of the chiefs, or King Tereaboo himself, until the boat was restored. Armed boats were stationed at each end of the bay to prevent the escape of any canoe, and Cook himself landed with the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, corporal, and seven privates, while his launch and pinnace, with their crews armed, lay off shore to attend him. As he passed along the natives received him with their wonted signs of reverence, and he was joined by several chiefs, to whose inquiries he replied that he desired a personal interview with the king. On reaching the royal "mansion," the lieutenant entered and desired Tereaboo to return with him. The king without hesitation consented, and on joining the captain agreed to accompany him on board ship. By degrees, however, a commotion was observed among the natives. The crowd rapidly increased, and appearances grew so threatening that Cook, leading the king and his two sons with him, moved forward



to the shore, where the marines were drawn up to protect their embarkation.

While matters were thus threatening, a chief named Coho was observed lurking near, with an iron dagger partly concealed under his cloak, seemingly with the intention of stabbing Captain Cook or the lieutenant of marines. The latter proposed to fire at him, but Cook, with his usual humanity, would not permit it. Observing, however, that the tumult was rapidly increasing, and that if he carried off the king by force some lives must necessarily be sacrificed, he paused a little, and was about to give his orders to re-embark, when a man threw a stone at him, which he returned with a discharge of small shot. The man, having a thick mat before him, received little or no hurt; he brandished his spear, and threatened to dart at Captain Cook, who being still unwilling to take away his life, instead of firing with ball, knocked him down with his musket.

The conclusion of this melancholy tragedy we shall give in the words of the original narrative:—"The captain expostulated strongly with the most forward of the crowd upon their turbulent behaviour. He had given up all thoughts of getting the king on board, as it appeared impracticable; and his care was then only to act on the defensive, and to secure a safe embarkation for his small party, which was closely pressed by a body of several thousand people. Keowa, the king's son, who was in the pinnace, being alarmed on hearing the first firing, was, at his own entreaty, put on shore again; for even at that time Mr. Roberts, who commanded her, did not apprehend that Captain Cook's person was in any danger; otherwise

he would have detained the Prince, which, no doubt, would have been a great check on the Indians. One man was observed, behind a double canoe, in the action of darting his spear at Captain Cook, who was forced to fire at him in his own defence, but happened to kill another close to him, equally forward in the tumult: and the sergeant observing that he had missed the man he had aimed at, received orders to fire at him, which he did, and killed him. By this time the impetuosity of the Indians was somewhat repressed; they fell back in a body, and seemed staggered: but being pushed on by those behind, they returned to the charge, and poured a volley of stones among the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was instantly followed by a fire from the boats. At this Captain Cook was heard to express his astonishment; he waved his hand to the boats, called to them to cease firing, and to come nearer in to receive the marines. Mr. Roberts immediately brought the pinnace as close to the shore as he could without grounding, notwithstanding the showers of stones that fell among the people: but the lieutenant who commanded in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of Captain Cook, withdrew his boat farther off at the moment that everything seems to have depended upon the timely exertions of those in the boats. By his own account he mistook the signal: but be that as it may, this circumstance appears to me to have decided the fatal turn of the affair, and to have removed every chance which remained with Captain Cook of escaping with his life. . . . At that time it was to the boats alone that Captain Cook had to look

for his safety ; for, when the marines had fired, the Indians rushed among them, and forced them into the water, where four of them were killed ; their lieutenant was wounded, but fortunately escaped, and was taken up by the pinnace. Captain Cook was then the only one remaining on the rock : he was observed making for the pinnace, holding his left hand against the back of his head, to guard it from the stones, and carrying his musket under the other arm. An Indian was seen following him, but with caution and timidity ; for he stopped once or twice as if undetermined to proceed. At last he advanced upon him unawares, and with a large club, or common stake, gave him a blow on the back of the head, and then precipitately retreated. The stroke seemed to have stunned Captain Cook : he staggered a few paces, then fell on his hand and one knee, and dropped his musket. As he was rising, and before he could recover his feet, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger. He then fell into a bight of water about knee deep, where others crowded upon him, and endeavoured to keep him under ; but struggling very strongly with them, he got his head up, and casting his look towards the pinnace, seemed to solicit assistance. Though the boat was not above five or six yards distant from him, yet from the crowded and confused state of the crew, it seems, it was not in their power to save him. The Indians got him under again, but in deeper water : he was, however, able to get up his head once more, and being almost spent in the struggle, he naturally turned to the rock, and was endeavouring to support himself by it, when a savage gave him a blow with a club, and he was seen alive no



more. They hauled him up lifeless on the rocks, where they seemed to take a savage pleasure in using every barbarity to his dead body, snatching the daggers out of each other's hands, to have the horrid satisfaction of piercing the fallen victim of their barbarous rage.

“This fatal accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning, about an hour after Captain Cook landed.”

Thus perished our great English navigator, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, on the 14th of February, 1779. When the news reached Europe it was received with a wide-spread and sincere regret. The British Government bestowed pensions on his widow and three sons; the Royal Society struck a medal in honour of his memory; the Academy at Florence pronounced an *eloge* on his genius and labours; all civilized society felt that it had lost “a foremost man.” To our juvenile readers we may here introduce Mr. Craik's well-worded remarks:—“Thus,” he observes, “by his own persevering efforts did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame—than either the honours which he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind.”

And therefore it is that we have included James Cook among our English Sea-kings. “Peace hath her victories,” says the poet, “no less renown'd than war,”



and he who brings within the reach of the influences of civilization new lands and new peoples, and who, in order to extend the bounds of human knowledge, undergoes the severest privations and faces the most arduous difficulties with calmness, resolution, and unquailing intrepidity, is no less worthy of the laurel and the song than the victor whose "crown of fame" is tarnished with the blood outpoured on "War's red fields."

## XVII.

## ADMIRAL EARL HOWE.

A.D. 1728—1799.

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

CHARLES DIBDIN.

RICHARD HOWE, born in 1728, was the son of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Howe, and therefore entered life under the happiest auspices. From his father's mansion he went to Eton, but he did not particularly distinguish himself ; from Eton he went to sea, as a midddy, or " young gentleman," on board the *Severn* ; and in the *Severn*, commanded by Captain Legg, he accompanied Anson's expedition to the South Seas, as far as Cape Horn, where they parted company in a violent gale, refitted at Rio de Janeiro, and returned to Europe.

He was next appointed to the *Burford*, a fifty-gun ship, commanded by Captain Franklyn Lushington, and was present at the attack made by Commodore Knowles's squadron on La Guira, a stronghold on the Caraccas coast, February 18th, 1743. The attack was unsuccessful, but signally displayed the intrepidity of British sailors. The *Burford* led into the channel, passing a line of fire of fatal effect from the powerful

batteries which defended the passage, and, in the hot brief skirmish which ensued, lost her captain and twenty-five men killed, and fifty wounded. Howe was also present at the assault upon Porto Cavallo, on the 15th of April, which was equally unsuccessful in its results, but did not entail so great a loss of life.

Appointed to the *Baltimore* in 1745, he joined the squadron under Admiral Vernon despatched to cruise after the French fleet, which, with Prince Charles Edward ("the Pretender") on board, had sailed to effect a landing on the Scotch coast. He signalized himself by his courage and activity, and on one occasion having fallen in with two French ships of superior force, engaged them, and though wounded in the head, continued the action until victory crowned our young hero's gallant exertions. We cannot therefore regret that his father's influence was able to secure for merit so conspicuous a rapid promotion, or that he obtained his post-captaincy in 1748, at the early age of twenty.

Having served under Commodore Knowles for some months on the West Indian station, he returned to England in 1754, and in the following year was appointed to the *Dunkirk*, a fine sixty-gun ship, attached to Vice-Admiral Boscawen's fleet on the coast of North America. War had again broken out between England and France, and it fell to Captain Howe to "open the ball" by capturing the *Alcide*, a French man-of-war of sixty-four guns, near the banks of Newfoundland. The engagement lasted five hours, and was fought on both sides with resolute bravery.

Howe was now recalled to Europe, where the services of so dashing an officer—"undaunted as a rock, and as

silent," as Horace Walpole pithily describes him—were greatly needed. He was first employed to defend the Channel Islands from a projected French invasion, and afterwards attached to the fleet which, under Sir Edward Hawke, was designed to operate upon the French coast. In this expedition he commanded the *Magnanime* of seventy-four guns, included in the division led by Howe's old friend and patron Admiral Knowles. The fleet left St. Helens on the 8th of September, 1757, and on the 20th made the Isle of Oleron. Sir Edward Hawke then directed Admiral Knowles with his division to proceed to the Basque Roads, and attack the Isle of Aix. On the 23rd the attack was made—Captain Howe, in the *Magnanime*, leading the van. At half-past twelve, the island batteries opened fire, and Howe's "bull-dogs" were exceedingly anxious to be let loose; but he advanced with the utmost coolness, without firing a single shot, repeatedly urging the pilot to lay him as close to the shore as he safely could. Then, when abreast of the fort, he let go his anchors and poured in such a broadside that the French soldiers forsook their guns, and speedily struck their colours. Two pieces of cannon captured at Aix were presented to Howe as a trophy, and placed upon the quarter-deck of the *Magnanime*.

After this comparatively unimportant conquest, which reflected credit upon Howe, but little upon the British fleet, it was proposed to make an attack upon Rochfort; and the pilot of the *Magnanime*, full of confidence in his gallant young commander, undertook to lay his ship near enough to batter the fort. Councils of war were held, at which both naval and military officers were present; but only Howe and the gallant Wolfe were of



opinion that an attack was practicable. It was the misfortune of Great Britain to have placed the command of her soldiers in the hands of men utterly unfitted for enterprises which required vigour of action and boldness of conception ; and much to the chagrin of Wolfe and Howe nothing was attempted and nothing accomplished.

In the following year another expedition was prepared. The command of the fleet was given to Howe, now promoted to the rank of commodore, while the land forces were led by the Duke of Marlborough. On board Howe's vessel, the *Essex*, the young Duke of York served as midshipman, and accompanied his superior officer on all services of danger. When he first went aboard the *Essex*, the captains of the various vessels composing the fleet were of course presented to the youthful Prince, who kept his hat on, as the usual privilege of his rank. "I'm blowed," exclaimed one of the A.B.'s who noticed this apparent discourtesy, "if that young gentleman knows much manners. Why, he keeps his hat on before the commodore." "You ignoramus," rejoined the companion he had addressed, "where should *he* have larned manners? He was never at sea before in all his life, I'll wager!"

On the 5th of June the squadron stood into the Bay of Cancele, and the disembarcation commenced. The only opposition attempted, though upwards of 1000 men were in the neighbourhood, was from a small two-gun battery manned by an old French pensioner and his son, who, of course, were soon compelled to retire. The entire landing of horse and foot was completed on the 6th, and on the 7th, marched towards St. Malo in two columns. Through narrow

and difficult lanes they reached the town without opposition; set fire to all the shipping in the harbour, to the number of 120 vessels; and destroyed a large quantity of stores, valued at near £800,000. Having thus accomplished their object—an enterprise for which less than 12,000 troops would surely have been sufficient—our generals marched “back again,” re-embarked, and in due time returned to England.

A portion of these troops was employed in August to effect a third descent upon the French coast. They were now commanded by an able veteran, Lieutenant-General Bligh, while the fleet was still under the direction of Commodore Howe. Having anchored in the roads of Cherbourg, on the 6th of August, they threw a few shells into the town—which had not then assumed, either commercially or in a military sense, its present gigantic proportions. Nevertheless, the defences were strong, and garrisoned by about 2000 troops. The English landed on the 7th, with little loss, and the next day advanced upon the town and forts, which they found completely abandoned by the military, and entirely at their mercy. General Bligh demolished the harbour and basin constructed by Louis XV., razed the fortifications, burnt seven-and-twenty ships, destroyed a large number of iron cannon, and removed about two-and-twenty pieces of new brass ordnance. His soldiers were then re-embarked, and the fleet steered towards St. Malo, but owing to contrary winds did not make that point until the 4th of September. They anchored in the Bay of St. Lunnair, about two leagues to the westward:

While the fleet was bringing up, Commodore Howe and his prince-midshipman went off in his barge to

reconnoitre, and the coast appearing clear, the troops were landed. They continued in their encampment four days, while their commanders deliberated on the practicability of an attack upon St. Malo. It was finally decided that the attack could not be made with any prospect of success, but as the commodore declared the troops could not re-embark from the place where they had landed, the army marched through the country to the Bay of St. Cas, while the fleet dropped down the coast.

The march for some miles was accomplished without danger, but with an imprudent disregard of proper precautions. So confident were the leaders in their security that they were heard to boast "a man might march through France with a company of grenadiers," and paraded their troops through the towns and villages they passed to beat of drum, as if they were manœuvring in Hyde Park rather than in an hostile country. This culpable recklessness brought its own severe punishment. Having reached the hills of St. Cas, which overlook the sea, the youngest brigade was ordered to march down to the beach. Meanwhile, the frigates intended to cover the embarkation, and the boats, drew in near shore. Before the grenadiers, who had protected the passage of their less-experienced comrades, quitted the heights, they saw the enemy advancing in four columns of about 15,000 men. But they calmly and steadily marched down to the beach, and there rested on their arms, with all the sang-froid of regiments on parade.

Howe now directed the fire of his frigates on the French army which occupied the heights, and did considerable execution. All the British had embarked



except the grenadiers, and four companies of the 1st regiment of Guards—about 1400 men—and probably these might have been got off with little loss, had not Major-General Drury, now the senior officer on shore, drawn them up in line, and imprudently but gallantly charged the enemy. This movement necessarily brought them into the open ground, and compelled Howe to signal for his frigates to stop firing. Exposed to a force twelve times their number, this courageous band still stood their ground as long as their ammunition lasted, and then, slowly and steadily retreated to the boats, while the French cannon swept their ranks with deadly havoc. Unfortunately the boats inshore were over-crowded, and most of them aground, while those in the distance hesitated to advance in the face of so tremendous a fire. At this moment, Howe, with true courage, sprang into his own gig, rowed rapidly to the beach, took one of the flat-bottomed boats in tow; and carried it off to the ships. His example re-animated his men. Quickened into action, they pushed ashore, and finally succeeded in saving about 700 soldiers. The remainder were either shot, drowned, or taken prisoners.

On the commodore's return to England he was received by George II. with signal favour. It was felt that, however unsuccessful had proved the expedition, no blame attached to its gallant naval chief, and that but for his intrepidity its disasters must have been still more deplorable. The nation, therefore, confirmed with hearty applause the flattering eulogium uttered by royal lips; and declared that the brave seaman's life had been "a continued series of services" to his country.



On the death of his elder brother, the commodore succeeded to the viscountcy, but was too zealously attached to his profession to quit it for the calm tenour of a parliamentary life.

In 1759, a formidable fleet under Admiral Sir Edward Hawke was despatched to blockade Brest, and prevent the escape of any French men-of-war. It consisted of one 100-gun ship, three ships of 90 guns, seven of 74, five of 70, two of 64, five of 60, and four of 50, with six frigates. Being driven off the port by stress of weather, M. de Conflans seized the opportunity to put to sea with a fleet consisting of four 80-gun ships, five of 74, three of 70, and eight of 64, with five frigates. Hawke immediately pursued his nimble foe, but buffeted by contrary winds, did not come up with him until the 20th, when both fleets were off Belleisle, and an engagement ensued. Lord Howe, in the *Magnanime*, fought with splendid bravery, and having disabled his first opponent, the *Thésee*, pushed on to engage another, which he found in the *Heros*,—a ship of equal size to his own, but better manned. After a hot fight, he compelled her to surrender, but during the night she ran ashore, and was therefore set on fire.

In 1763, peace was concluded between England and France, and Lord Howe retired to private life, bearing with him the esteem of his countrymen, and the proud title of “the sailor’s friend,” which he had well deserved by his considerate attention to their wants. He was not again called into active service until 1775, when, as Vice-Admiral of the Blue, he took the command of the fleet on the North American station to co-operate with his brother, General Sir William Howe,

in restoring peace to the revolted colonies. Into the causes of the defection of those vast provinces—which as “the United States” fill so important a place in modern history—from their allegiance to the mother-country, it is unnecessary for us to enter; nor is it advisable we should trace in any detail Lord Howe’s share in the unhappy American War. The movements of the fleet were chiefly dependent upon those of the army, and as the Americans only opposed to it a few frigates or heavily armed cruisers, no general engagements could take place to illustrate the valour of British seamen and the genius of their gallant chief.

In 1778, France declared herself the ally of the revolted colonies, and despatched to their aid a powerful fleet under the command of the Comte d’Estaing. At this time Lord Howe’s squadron off New York was miserably reduced, and consisted but of six 64-gun ships, two 50-gun ships, two 44-gun ships, a 32-gun frigate, and a 20-gun brigantine—in all, 624 guns and about 4400 men; to oppose to a force of eighteen men-of-war and frigates, manned by 7000 men, and carrying 976 guns.

In this perilous conjuncture Lord Howe displayed a signal presence of mind and masterly command of naval tactics. He placed his ships in the strongest situation the channel within Sandy Hook would allow. He sounded it in person; ascertained the different “sets” of the currents; and left nothing to be done by others which he could do himself. He drew up six of his men-of-war in a line, and added to them a store-ship manned by volunteers, and supplied with siege-guns. On the point round which the enemy must have passed to enter the channel, he erected two bat-

teries. His transports, store-ships, and merchant vessels he placed within his line of defence, and thus prepared, awaited the enemy's attack with invincible resolution. Not a man on board his little fleet doubted but that victory would attend his flag, and notwithstanding the terrible "odds," all eagerly longed for a brush with "the Mounseers."

But "the Mounseers" were unwilling to play even for so great a stake, and on the afternoon of the 22nd of July bore away to the southward. Meanwhile, some men-of-war from England reinforced Lord Howe's little squadron, and though his force was still greatly inferior, he resolved to act on the offensive.

Hearing that the French fleet had entered Rhode Island, our gallant admiral steered in pursuit of them, and arrived off the harbour on the 9th of August. Next morning the French stood out to sea, and Lord Howe immediately getting under weigh endeavoured by a series of able manœuvres to obtain the weather-gage. The day passed in check and counter-check between him and his opponent. On the following day, shifting his flag into a frigate, that he might direct the evolutions of his squadron with greater facility, he drew up his ships in order of battle, and sought to bring on an engagement; but to his great mortification, the French again altered their course, and with the wind full in their favour, bore away to southward. Though he was thus disappointed in his expectation of beating the enemy's fleet, his able movements had been of great service to the English cause in America, and compelled the republican General Sullivan to withdraw his army from Newport, where he had shut up a considerable English garrison.



Lord Howe's health now gave way under the pressure of three years' arduous and continuous labour, and surrendering his command to Rear-Admiral Gambier, he returned to England in the hope of securing the repose he needed in the bosom of his family. Having enjoyed two years and a half of domestic peace, he was then again summoned to serve his country. In May, 1782, he was promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Blue, and was ordered, with a squadron of twelve men-of-war, to the North Seas to watch the coast of Holland and the movements of the Dutch fleet. After a two months' cruise he again returned to Portsmouth, and reinforced with ten ships under Admiral Kempenfeldt, put to sea to prevent the enemy from making an attack upon the Jamaica fleet. Having successfully performed this arduous task, he collected at Spithead thirty-four ships of the line, several frigates, a vast number of transports and fire-ships, and sailed to the relief of Gibraltar, then blockaded by the combined fleets of France and Spain.

He entered the straits on the 11th of October, and got part of his transports safe into Gibraltar on the same evening. The remainder were borne by the strength of the current into the Mediterranean, but Lord Howe followed and collected them, and by the 18th, conducted them safely into the bay, where they disembarked their troops and landed their stores—much to the joy of the beleaguered garrison so bravely commanded by General Elliott. This task Lord Howe accomplished in the face of, and without hindrance from, the combined French and Spanish fleet of forty-eight sail of the line. They neither opposed his entrance into the bay, nor his departure from it; but when he



had repassed the straits and entered the Atlantic, they followed, and bore down near enough to exchange a smart cannonade with Lord Howe's rearmost ships. They met, however, with so warm a reception as incontinently to sheer off, and leave the gallant admiral to pursue his homeward voyage unmolested. He was received in England with a rapturous welcome—the preservation of Gibraltar being an object very dear to the national heart.

In the following year Lord Howe was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and it became his duty to deal with the deplorable mutiny which at this time broke out in the home fleet. His arrival at Spithead, and his promises that the grievances of the seamen should be redressed if they returned to their duty, produced an immediate effect, and the mutiny was crushed before it assumed alarming proportions.

Passing over some years of comparative inaction, we shall now direct our readers' attention to the great event with which our hero's name is indissolubly connected—

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

England having declared war against the French Republic, which, under the pretence of liberty, sought to impose upon Europe the iron yoke of a military despotism, it became necessary for her to assert anew her supremacy at sea.

The preliminary skirmishes of 1793 were of little importance, except inasmuch as they gave confidence to our sailors, and taught them "the habit of victory."

The year 1794 was to witness the first great sea triumph of England over revolutionary France ; the first of a long series of successes destined to annihilate the naval power of her foes ; the first link in that matchless chain of victories forged by a Howe, a Hood, a Jervis, a Collingwood, and a Nelson.

France at this time was greatly in want of supplies of grain, which she could obtain from no other source than America. But as she had no fleet at sea able to cope with the British fleet, the provision vessels must necessarily fall into the hands of the British cruisers. To prevent this result the French Directory resolved to equip a formidable force and send it to sea, while to stimulate to the utmost the courage of their sailors, one of the representatives of the people, Citizen Jean Bon St. André, was ordered to embark on board the *Montagne*. Twenty-six sail of the line under Rear-Admiral Villaret Joyeuse quitted Brest about the middle of May ; and on the 28th of that month came in sight of Lord Howe's fleet, which was composed of the same number of ships, but was inferior in men and weight of metal.

Comparative force of the two fleets :—

	British.	French.
Ships . . . . .	26 . . . . .	26
No. of broadside guns .	1087 . . . . .	1107
Weight of metal . . .	22,976 lbs. . . . .	28,126 lbs.
Crews . . . . .	17,241 . . . . .	19,989

Partial engagements took place on the 28th and 29th, in which both fleets were slightly crippled, and lost many men in killed and wounded ; but the decisive battle was fought on the 1st of June. On that event-

ful morning the French fleet was drawn up in a line from east to west. The English fleet in admirable order bore down upon them. The *Queen Charlotte*, Lord Howe's own ship, was the first to break the enemy's ranks, exchanging a broadside with the *Vengeur* as she passed, and steering direct for the French admiral, in the *Montagne*. Just as she arrived abreast of the larboard quarter of the latter, and had put her helm up to pass astern, the *Jacobin* was discovered stretching ahead under shelter of the *Montagne*, as if shrinking from the *Queen Charlotte's* fire. Lord Howe immediately ordered Mr. Bowen, the master, an old and trusty sailor, to starboard the helm—a movement whose result would be to run the *Charlotte* aboard the *Jacobin*. Mr. Bowen made an observation to this effect. His leader sharply replied, "What is that to you, sir?" "Oh!" muttered sturdy Bowen, in an under tone, "nothing to me, *I'm* sure. *I'll* go near enough to singe some of our whiskers." Bowen's retort was overheard by the admiral, who turned smilingly to Sir Roger Curtis, his flag-captain, and exclaimed, "That's a fine fellow, Curtis!"

Bowen was as good as his word; put the helm of the *Charlotte* hard-a-starboard, and in luffing up, actually grazed the larboard mizen shrouds of the *Jacobin*, while on the other side he steered close to the *Montagne*. The *Charlotte* having discharged her broadside at the *Jacobin*—who, as she dropped astern, returned the fire, and brought down the *Charlotte's* foremast—set to work upon the French admiral's three decker, which, in twenty minutes, lost upwards of 100 killed and nearly 200 wounded! The *Montagne* then ranged ahead out of this fatal fire, and Lord Howe,



perceiving that the *Jacobin* and other ships were following her example, made the signal for a general chase.

Thus, in less than an hour, Villaret Joyeuse and Citizen Jean Bon St. André were compelled to take to flight, followed by nearly all the ships in their van which could carry sail, and leaving eleven or twelve to the mercy of the British. Of these, six were secured and captured—*La Juste*, *Le Sans Pareil*, *L’Amerique*, *L’Achille*, *L’Impétueux*, and *Northumberland*; the others, through the disabled condition of the English fleet, and the remissness of some of its captains, finally escaped. During the action *Le Vengeur*, a fine seventy-four gun ship, sank; and it is said that, as she went to the bottom, some of her crew gallantly waved to and fro the tricolor flag, shouting with their last breath, “Vive la nation! Vive la Republique!” The *Jacobin* sank after the action. The French loss in killed and wounded amounted to 3000; the English counted 272 killed and 787 wounded.

Some interesting incidents during this fiercely-contested action illustrated the brilliant courage of British seamen. The engagement between the *Vengeur* and the *Brunswick* was of the hottest description. Capt. Harvey fought the latter with splendid courage. Knocked down and seriously injured by a splinter, he leapt again to his feet, and refused to retire to his cabin. His right arm was afterwards shattered by a chain shot, but, as he went 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 *Marlborough* engaged with both the *Impétueux* and *Mucius*, and in the furious cannonade which ensued lost all her masts. Still her gallant crew kept up a well-directed fire, and soon, in their turn, had the satisfaction of seeing the masts of both their opponents go by the board. The *Montagne*, in running astern of the *Marlborough*, then poured in a destructive broadside, which wounded Captain Berkeley and several of his men; but Lieutenant Monkton took the command, and fought the ship with resolute courage until the *Aquilon* came to her assistance. 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. While the *Marlborough* was grappling with the *Impétueux*, a sailor leaped on board the latter “to pay the mounseers a visit,” and when called to take a sword, replied, “I’ll find one where I am going.” He did, for he returned with two French cutlasses in his hands.

The *Brunswick* boasted a figure-head of the Duke of Brunswick, wearing an orthodox cocked hat. In the action, it was shot off. The crew immediately petitioned their captain to give them another “out of respect to the prince,” and receiving from him one of his own cocked hats, persuaded the carpenter to nail it on the ducal figure-head, where it remained throughout the engagement.

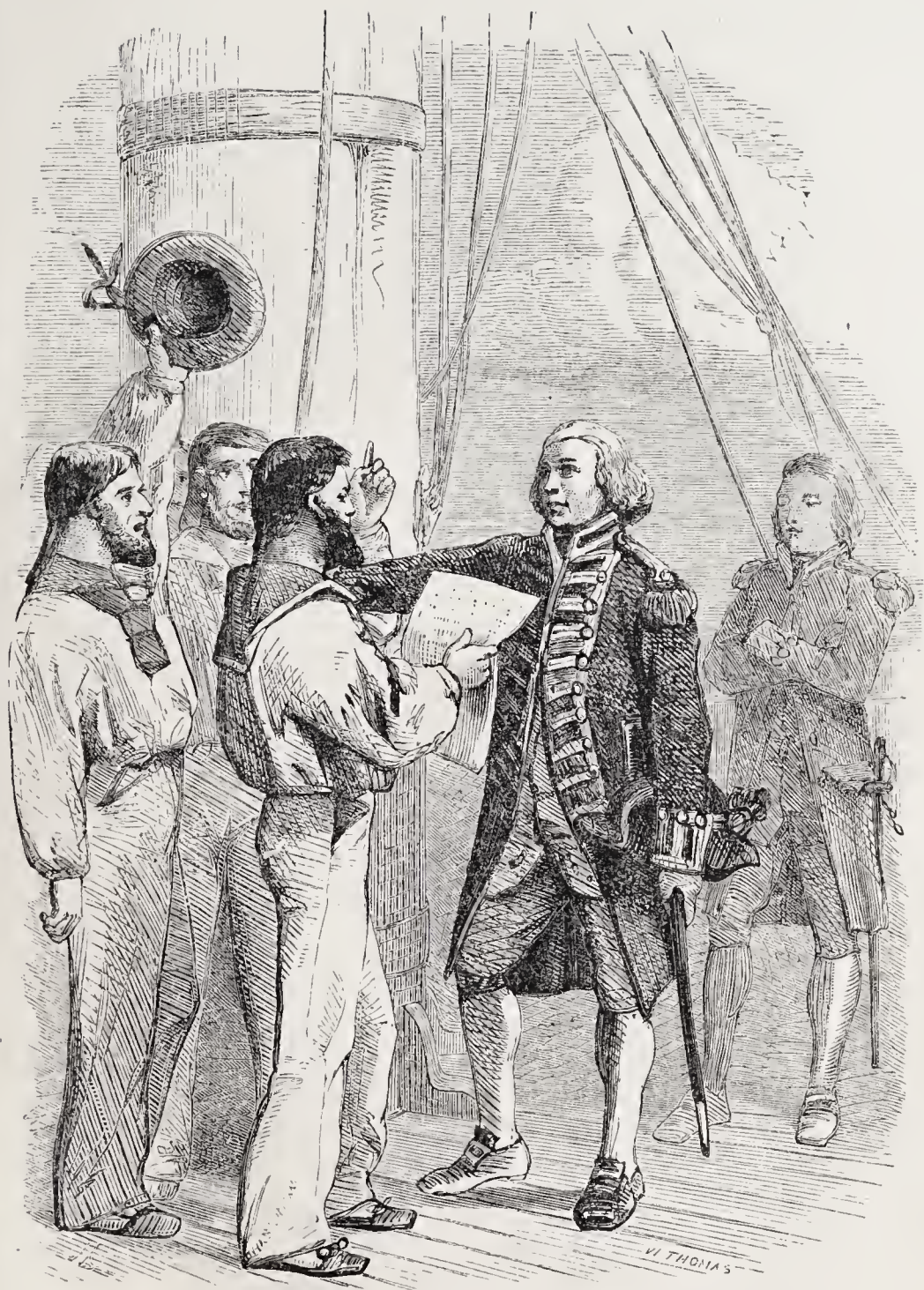
The *Queen* bore the flag of Rear-Admiral of the White Alan Gardner. During the action news was brought him of the death of a near relative with whom

he had lived on the friendliest terms. He continued to give his orders with the utmost composure, but when the wind cleared off for a moment the battle-clouds which surrounded him, his officers could plainly discern the traces of tears on his smoke-begrimed countenance. Captain Hutt, of this ship, was mortally wounded early in the fight, and Lieutenant Bedford took his place.

England welcomed home her brave admiral with a truly national welcome. The gallant old man had reached the age of three score and six, but neither his heart nor his brain lacked the vigour of youth, and the victory of the 1st of June was one of which even a Nelson might have been proud. So the King raised him to an earldom, and visited him on board his good war ship, and presented him with a costly diamond-hilted sword, valued at 3000 guineas, and a gold chain with a medal attached to be worn round his neck. The Houses of Parliament voted to him, his officers, and men the national thanks. The streets of London, when the news arrived, were ablaze with lights, and in every part of the country "Howe and the 1st of June" became "household words." When he landed at Portsmouth he was received with military honours, and with such cheers as only Englishmen can give. The well-known strain—"See the conquering hero comes"—rose above the voices of the crowd, as with an almost hysterical enthusiasm, they cried, "Long live the King, and Lord Howe to fight for him!"—"Howe and victory!"—"May the French know in Howe the master of the sea!"—"Howe, brave old Howe for ever!"

Sir John Barrow, in his life of this great admiral, has collected some graphic pictures of this famous 1st





Howe congratulated by the Seamen.—Page 261.





of June. A young midshipman on board the *Charlotte* occupied so perilous a position that Lord Howe, with his usual humanity, ordered him below, saying, "You are too young to be of service here." Looking up in the hero's face with all the modesty of true courage, he replied, "My lord, what would my father say were I not on deck during the action?"

When the fight was over the seamen and petty officers of the admiral's own ship requested him, through Mr. Bowen, to permit them to congratulate him on the triumph he had achieved, and to thank him for having led them so proudly into battle. He received them on the quarter-deck, but was so overpowered that, in reply to their earnest words, he could only falter through his tears—"No, no, *I—I*, thank *you*, my lads; it is you, not I, that have conquered."

Earl Howe was again at sea—for the last time—in Aug., 1794, cruising in the Channel for the protection of homeward-bound vessels. In November he returned to Spithead, and hauled down his flag, never again to hoist it in actual service. When the mutiny of the Channel fleet occurred in 1797, his influence with the seamen was turned to account by the Government of the day, and he succeeded in quelling the dangerous revolt which threatened greater peril to England than all the fleets of all her enemies. This was his last appearance on a stage where he had always played his part so nobly. Full of years and honours, crowned with the repute of half-a-century of noble service, happy in the love and esteem of his countrymen and the reverent affection of those gallant hearts he had so often led to victory, the great old admiral "passed away," in 1799, aged seventy-three.

## XVIII.

## ADMIRAL EARL ST. VINCENT.

A.D. 1735—1816.

Some when they die, die all ; their mould'ring clay  
 Is but an emblem of their memories :  
 The space quite closes up through which they pass'd.  
 That I have liv'd, I leave a mark behind  
 Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,  
 And give it whole to late posterity.

YOUNG.

THE renown of Admiral the Earl St. Vincent has somewhat paled before the surpassing glory of the hero of the Nile ; and while the name of Nelson is a "household word," that of Jervis is remembered but by the few. And yet it may be doubted whether Nelson would have won his victories, had not Jervis previously disciplined the English navy into an extraordinary state of efficiency. An able French professional writer has justly remarked that "the day on which Admiral Jervis hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, should ever be remembered by the British navy as the starting-point whence its fleets began their victorious career." Nelson himself, with his usual candour, wrote, "It is to the great and excellent Earl St. Vincent that we owe all our zeal and ardour for the service." "It is to you," he said, addressing the gallant hero himself, "that the victory of Aboukir is due,

and I hope the country will not forget it." In a word he laid the foundation whereon Nelson erected so glorious a monument to his own fame and his country's glory.

John Jervis, the second son of a Staffordshire gentleman of moderate fortune, was born at his father's seat, in 1735. His father shortly afterwards removed to Greenwich, where his son acquired a love of the sea and its adventure very inimical to his father's designs of bringing him up to the legal profession, especially as, at the same time, the conviction was forced upon his mind by the assurances of his comrades that no lawyer was, or could be, an honest man. One of his school-fellows, we may parenthetically observe, was James Wolfe, the future hero of Quebec.

Jervis, therefore, did what so many unruly spirits have done—he ran away from school, nor could he be persuaded to return. His hopes, dreams, and desires were all tinged with the hues of romantic enterprise. His soul was "full of longing for the music of the sea," and his mind was inspired with memories of Blake, Benbow, and Boscawen—the old Sea-kings of England who in times past had done so much for the glory of their country. It was evident enough that such a spirit could never be chained down to the dull routine of a solicitor's office. His hands already grasped the sword, and flung aside the pen. His father, therefore, ceased to struggle with his wishes; and reluctantly and, sooth to say, somewhat ungracefully, consented to his son's adoption of a sea-faring life. At the early age of ten the future admiral became one of his Majesty's "young gentlemen," on board the *Gloucester*, a man-of-war attached to the West Indian fleet. Only

twenty pounds were allowed him by his father for his equipment, as well as to provide him with pocket-money; and as the *Gloucester* in those "piping times of peace" was, for months together, lazily anchored in port, Jervis's first experiences of the sea were not as bright and stirring as he had promised himself. As he could not afford to join his comrades in their pleasures ashore, he was flung back upon his own resources for recreation and employment. Happy for him that it was so. He found, as others have found, the pleasures denied him in the jovial society of his "mates" in good books, and the studies connected with his profession. "Young Jervis's chief occupation," wrote one of his officers, "is reading, and with a surprising memory he digests all branches of professional and general knowledge." He read, and more, he reflected; and the solitary young midshipman sitting in his cabin over abstruse mathematical tables was surely, if slowly, training himself to become the future chief and great re-modeller of Britain's fleets.

For seven years he led this inactive but not unprofitable life, under the hot sun of a West Indian sky, and then, having exhausted his scant pecuniary resources, ventured to draw upon his father for the comparatively moderate sum of twenty pounds.

The help was churlishly refused him, and another seven years' apprenticeship to poverty became his lot. His biographer represents him as reduced to the severest distresses. He was forced to sell his bedding, and sleep upon the bare deck. He washed and mended his own clothes, which he could not afford to replace by new ones; and yet he refused all assistance from his brother officers, and uncomplainingly, calmly,



and bravely did his duty—animated, it may be, by a secret consciousness that a high and noble destiny was reserved for him.

At the age of twenty-three, and in the year 1759, he successfully passed his examination as lieutenant, and obtained an immediate appointment to the *Prince*, the flag-ship of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, joint labourer with the gallant Wolfe in the siege of Quebec and the conquest of Canada. His conspicuous merits had already attracted the attention of his superiors, and he was soon promoted to the command of a small sloop, the *Porcupine*, affording him a first opportunity for the independent exercise of his abilities.

Wolfe, having resolved upon forcing the French intrenchments, embarked his troops on board the transports early in the morning of the 12th of July, and selected for his own ship the *Porcupine*, commanded by his old school-mate Jervis. They passed up the river with all possible precautions, but just as the sloop came within range of the guns of Quebec, it fell a dead calm, and the current bore her almost irresistibly in shore. The enemy, discovering their critical position, immediately brought their batteries to bear upon her, and to the spectators on board the transports it seemed that Wolfe and Jervis were drifting inward to certain destruction; but our young commander encouraged his men to fresh exertions, ordered out the boats, and through a storm of shot succeeded in sweeping his vessel out of the reach of the enemy's fire. The fleet then proceeded up the river three leagues further than the point which Wolfe had chosen as the place of debarkation. The soldiers were next placed in the boats, and in the grey of the morning, fell

silently down with the tide. The ships of war followed, and covered their landing. The army scaled the heights, and at daybreak drew up in order of battle. The French attacked them, but after a fierce fight were totally defeated; and while Wolfe, stricken by a mortal wound, drew his dying breath, the colours of England floated victoriously on the walls of Quebec.

In 1769, Captain Jervis—for he had obtained a further and well-deserved promotion—was cruising in the *Alarm* off Genoa. Her boat had taken some officers ashore, and was lying off the quay waiting for their return, when two Turkish slaves strolling upon the beach, discovered her, and eager to be released from servitude, sprang into her stern sheets, wrapped themselves in the British flag, and cried aloud that they were free. This incident produced a great stir in the town, and the captain of the galley quickly made his appearance, forced the poor slaves from their fancied security, and dragged them back to their bitter lot.

When Captain Jervis heard these details, he felt that an indignity had been offered to the British flag, whose boast it is to render free all who live beneath its shadow. He acted with his usual energy; required an apology for the insult, and insisted that the slaves should be released. With these conditions the Genoese authorities complied, and it became established as a precedent that a slave insured his freedom if he could but touch the British colours.

An interval of inaction now ensued—enjoyed by Captain Jervis in the bosom of his family—and it is not until 1782, that we again meet with our hero in active service. He was then appointed to the com-

mand of the *Foudroyant*, a fine eighty-four gun ship, captured from the French in 1758. The *Foudroyant* was attached to the Channel fleet under Vice-Admiral Barrington, cruising off Brest to intercept a French squadron which was designed to act against our possessions in the East Indies. When a little to the S.W. of Ushant, the look-out frigate signalled that the enemy's fleet was in sight. A general chase was immediately ordered, and the *Foudroyant*, a remarkably swift sailor, went ahead so fast that she soon lost sight of her consorts. She discovered that the hostile force consisted of 18 store-ships and transports under the convoy of the *Pegase* and *Protecteur*, 74-gun ships; a 64-gun ship armed *en flute*, and a frigate. The French perceiving that an action was unavoidable, dispersed their transports, and the *Protecteur*, having a large amount of specie on board, also bore away to windward. The *Pegase* remained to fight the English cruiser.

To keep the *Pegase* in sight, Captain Jervis ordered a midshipman named Bowen—afterwards from his exploits on board the *Terpsichore* frigate, known as "*Terpsichore Bowen*"—to go aloft, and report her movements. He kept so close a watch, and returned to the inquiries addressed to him such prompt and intelligent answers, that Captain Jervis exclaimed, "Well done, Bowen; do you keep sight of the enemy, and be assured I will never lose sight of *you*." And he kept his word.

The *Foudroyant* gradually overhauled the chase, and brought her to close action about half an hour after midnight. Passing under her stern, Jervis poured in a rapid and deadly fire, and lying alongside, ordered a



party of boarders upon her. Led by Bowen, the English sailors clambered up the rigging and leapt upon the deck, carrying all before them, so that in less than an hour from the first fire the colours of England floated from the masthead of the *Pegase*. The two ships were nearly matched in force: the *Foudroyant* carried the most guns, but the *Pegase* the heavier metal. The former, however, was manned by a tried and experienced crew. The loss of the two ships was singularly disproportionate: the *Pegase*, commanded by Monsieur du Sillans, out of a crew of 700 men, lost upwards of 100 killed and wounded. The *Foudroyant* had a few seamen wounded, but not one killed. Admiral Barrington was surprised and delighted at the rapidity of the pursuit and the brilliancy of the capture. "What a noble fellow Jervis is!" he wrote to a friend; "is it not wonderful that he has taken a vessel of equal force without losing a man? What might we not expect of the squadron, if all our captains were like him!" The capture was regarded in the same light in England, and the King conferred upon the gallant Jervis a baronetcy, and the Order of the Bath (May 29th, 1782).

On board the *Foudroyant* Jervis first put in practice those rigid principles of discipline which he afterwards formed into so perfect a system, and which, when appointed to the command of the Mediterranean squadron in 1795, he applied to the reformation—we might almost say the complete reconstruction—of the British navy.

Peace was concluded, in 1783, between the belligerent powers, and Jervis once more retired to private life. Ten years, uneventful as regarded our hero's career,



but full of stirring incidents for England and Europe, passed away, and at the outbreak of the revolutionary war in 1793, Sir John Jervis, who had risen during the peace to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Blue, was called from his repose to take the command of the fleet on the West India station.

Towards the end of January, 1794, he arrived in the *Boyne*, at Barbadoes, accompanied by Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Grey, who was instructed to take the command of a body of 7000 troops, intended to act against the French colonies. The expedition left Bridgetown on the second of February, and consisted of one 98-gun ship (the *Boyne*), two 74's, and two 64's, eight frigates, four sloops, a bomb ship, and two store-ships, having on board 6100 soldiers. It was bound for Martinique.

Martinique was defended by many formidable batteries, mounting ninety heavy guns, and its governor, General Rochambeau, was at the head of a small garrison. The strength of the position was such, however, that a comparatively insignificant force could render them almost impregnable. The British troops having disembarked at three different points, so as to divide the forces of the enemy, marched forward on their separate routes, and acted with such energy and success that by the sixteenth of March the whole island, except Forts Bourbon and Royal, was in their possession, with no greater loss than 71 killed, 193 wounded, and 3 missing.

A detachment of 300 seamen and a party of marines were then landed to assist in the attack upon Fort Bourbon. They cut a road, nearly a mile in length, through a dense wood ; built a causeway of large stones,

trees, and branches across a river ; and by astonishing exertions dragged some twenty-four pounder guns and heavy mortars up the Heights of Sourrière, “although the ascent was so steep that a loaded mule could not walk up in a direct manner.” This battery, aided by a few gunboats under Lieutenant Bowen, Sir John’s flag lieutenant, and another battery on the east side of the landing place, opened their fire upon the French defences with destructive effect. Lieutenant Bowen and his row-boats pushed into the harbour, and under an incessant rattle of musketry, boarded the *Bienvenue* frigate, moored within fifty yards of the shore, and made prisoners of her crew.

On the 20th an assault was made upon the town of Fort Royal. The flat boats, barges, and pinnaces of the squadron pushed in to the harbour under cover of the fire of the *Zebra*, which her captain (Faulknor) gallantly placed close to the wall of the fort, and their crews, with a rush and a shout, stormed and took possession of the stronghold. General Rochambeau then surrendered Fort Bourbon, and gave up the whole island to the British commanders.

Leaving a sufficient garrison at Martinique, Sir John Jervis and his “brother-in-arms” proceeded to the reduction of Guadaloupe. On the 10th of April the squadron anchored in Gosier Bay ; on the 11th, a portion of the troops and 400 seamen and marines landed, under cover of the frigate *Winchelsea* ; and on the 12th, the Fort of Fleur d’ Epée was stormed and taken. “The seamen had been directed to use their pikes and swords only, and the soldiers their bayonets. The side of the mountain which the seamen had to ascend, under a tremendous fire of grape-shot and

musketry, was almost perpendicular : they, however, surmounted every difficulty, gained the parapet, dashed into the fort, and fought their way to the gates. Here the seamen joined the military ; and their united efforts, although opposed in the most gallant manner, carried the post. In this desperate service the seamen are represented to have borne a conspicuous part." Guadaloupe soon afterwards surrendered, as well as the Islands of Santa Lucia, Marie Galante, and the Saintes.

Placing garrisons in each of these places, Sir John Jervis and Sir Charles Grey sailed for St. Christopher.

While the squadron was lying there at anchor, the admiral—on the 5th of June—received intelligence that a strong French fleet had arrived off Guadaloupe. Having disembarked a body of troops under the command of "the famous, or rather infamous Victor Hugues," they had overpowered the English garrison which the yellow fever had terribly weakened. Aided by Sir Charles Grey he collected what soldiers he could, and hastened to the scene of action. On the morning of the 19th, Sir Charles landed his inconsiderable forces, and attempted the recapture of the island, but after a series of hot and equally divided skirmishes, was compelled to re-embark them, and abandon Guadaloupe to the French.

Dispirited by this sudden turn of fortune, and disabled by a severe and enfeebling illness, Admiral Sir John Jervis determined to return to England, and sailed from Barbadoes in November. A brief period of rest was all that his country could allow him. In August, 1795, he was appointed to succeed Admiral Hotham in the command of the Mediterranean fleet, and immediately set sail in the *Lively* frigate to take



up the important charge intrusted to him. He arrived in the Bay of San Fiorenzo on the 30th of November, and on the 3rd of December shifted his flag into the *Victory*. On the 13th he sailed with the fleet for Toulon, and between that port and Minorca cruised during the remainder of the year, employing himself in establishing a strict discipline on board the vessels placed under his command.

“The day,” says an able French writer, “on which Admiral Jervis hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, will 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 J. Jervis had passed his sixtieth year when he found himself in command of the Mediterranean squadron: 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 this 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.

“When on the 30th of November, 1795, the frigate which carried Jervis anchored in the middle of the fleet, the French had but thirteen sail of the line and



six frigates at Toulon ; six line-of-battle ships which had left that station for Brest had put into Cadiz. Gauthaume was cruising in the Archipelago with one line-of-battle ship and some frigates. Nothing at this moment indicated an intention on the part of the Republican Government to dispute Corsica with the English, or to oppose fresh squadrons to theirs. The momentary calm was favourable to the designs of Sir John Jervis, and his flag was hardly seen on board the *Victory* before the presence of a new commander-in-chief was sensibly felt, and in a few months the spirit of the fleet had undergone a complete change. More than one captain regretted the milder sway of Admiral Hotham ; but Nelson, Collingwood, Foley, Trowbridge, Samuel Hood, Hallowell, all the young officers destined one day to become the pride of the British navy, were fired with fresh zeal under the vigorous rule of Jervis." He, indeed, accomplished wonders, and shaped and tempered that weapon which afterwards, in the hand of Nelson, wrought such miracles. "I have never seen," said Nelson himself, "any fleet that could compare with those twenty ships that served in the Mediterranean. In comparison with the officers brought up in *that* school, all others betray a want of resources that surprises me."

Jervis mainly directed his attention to three points ; the economy, cleanliness, and health of his ships—their proficiency in gunnery—and their general discipline. That exquisite order and perfect cleanliness which we are so accustomed to admire on board of British men-of-war was introduced by Jervis. That precision in firing which, in the revolutionary war, stood our ships in such good stead, was first insisted upon by Jervis.

“It is of the greatest importance,” he would say to his captains, “that our crews should be perfect in the use of their guns; I therefore wish that every day, whether in harbour or at sea, a general or partial exercise should take place on board every ship in the squadron.” He exacted the most implicit obedience to his orders, and in his reprimands by no means spared the superior officers. “The business of a captain,” he asserted, “should be no sinecure; with me the commander of a ship is responsible for everything that goes on on board, and he must answer for the conduct of his officers and crew.” He was fond of quoting Don Juan de Langara’s answer to Lord Rodney:—“The whole system of discipline is expressed by one word, in Spanish, ‘obediencia.’”

The fleet consisted of 25 sail of the line, 24 frigates, 10 corvettes, 7 brigs, and 5 large transports, with cutters, hospital-ship, fire-ship, &c., in all 76 sail. Seven ships were off Cadiz under Rear-Admiral Mann; Nelson, in the *Captain*, with three frigates and two corvettes, was stationed in the Gulf of Genoa. Other detachments were engaged in various services; so that when Jervis sailed to blockade Toulon, on the 7th of January, 1796, he had but thirteen vessels with him. But he neither complained himself, nor suffered others to complain. “The country,” he said, “does all it can to maintain this war, and it is our duty to afford her a hearty co-operation.”

In August, 1796, another enemy was added to the coalition already formed against England, and Spain entered the lists on the side of France. A treaty was signed at Madrid which secured the French fleet an addition of thirteen sail of the line and ten frigates.

To avoid destruction from such a preponderance of force, Admiral Jervis was ordered to abandon Corsica, and quit the Mediterranean. Already the Spanish fleet, numbering twenty-six men-of-war and several frigates, had passed the Straits of Gibraltar, but without attacking the British, quietly made sail for Toulon. Meanwhile, Corsica was evacuated, under the superintendence of Nelson, who afterwards, in his flag-ship the *Captain*, rejoined Sir John Jervis's. The English squadron, then consisting of fifteen sail of the line and some frigates, quitted the Bay of San Fiorenzo, and in due time were riding securely under the guns of Gibraltar. On the 16th of December, Jervis sailed for Lisbon, but lost some of his ships in a furious gale, so that his effective force was reduced to eleven men-of-war.

On the 18th of January, 1797, he again sailed from the Tagus, to take up a position of observation off Cape St. Vincent, and watch the movements of the Spanish fleet. While beating out of the river a three-decker ran aground, still further weakening our admiral's little squadron; but his ten ships "had attained to so much precision of movement, *ensemble*, and regularity," that he was not afraid to confront a vastly superior force.

On the 6th of February he received an important reinforcement, and found himself once more at the head of fifteen sail of the line, four frigates, and two sloops.

On the morning of the 13th of February, Nelson, who had been cruising in the *Minerve* frigate, brought intelligence of the Spanish fleet, which had left Carthage on the 1st, and was steering for Cadiz. Signals



were made by Jervis for the fleet to prepare for battle, and keep in close order during the night. At sunset the look-out frigates of both fleets descried each other; but the Spanish, feeling confident in their own immense superiority of numbers, crowded on all sail to get near the land.

During the night Jervis's impatience was extreme, and his inquiries as to the position of his own ships were eager and constant. He rose at daybreak, and summoned his captains on board the *Victory* to receive his orders, commending, at the same time, the efficiency of every vessel and their prompt obedience to signals. "I wish we were at this moment well up with the Spaniards," he cried; "a victory is all-important to England, and we could never be better prepared to meet the enemy than now."

The morning lowered all lurid and hazy. The British fleet, in two compact divisions, bore down steadily upon the Spaniards, who showed no less than seven-and-twenty men-of-war, twelve 34-gun frigates, and one big corvette, under the flag of Don Josef de Cordova. Captain Calder (it is said) reported their numbers—as they were successively discovered through the thick vapours of the dawn—to his admiral. "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-five sail of the line." Still the composed "Very well, sir." The captain of the fleet next counted "twenty-seven," and ventured to hint that against so superior a force it was madness to hurl the British ships. "Enough, sir, enough," exclaimed the admiral, with a flashing eye and a stern brow:—"were there *fifty* sail of the



line, I'd go through them all !” Captain Hallowell, a passenger on board the *Victory*, was at that moment standing beside the admiral. In the enthusiasm of the moment he forgot the restrictions of etiquette, and clapping the gallant old hero upon the shoulder, exclaimed, “That’s right, Sir John ; and by Jove, we’ll give them a thorough good licking !”

Owing to their loose method of sailing, the Spanish ships were now divided into two groups—six men-of-war having fallen to leeward. Jervis with an eagle eye detected this error, and resolved to profit by it before the two divisions could effect a junction. He formed his fleet into a single line, led by the gallant Trowbridge in the *Culloden*, but instead of bearing down (as the Spanish supposed he would) on the smaller division, he signalled to the *Culloden* to tack to the larboard. Trowbridge executed this manœuvre in so masterly a manner that his admiral cried, “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* !”

We shall describe the great sea-fight which now ensued, in the graphic words of the able French professional writer to whose pages we have already been indebted :—

“Placed in the *Victory*, in the centre of his fleet, Jervis watched its movements with an anxious eye. The ships which had preceded the *Victory* had followed the movement of the *Culloden*, and fallen in succession into her wake ; but the Spanish division left to leeward, had not renounced the hope of breaking through the English line. They continued to advance resolutely

upon the same tack towards the ships interposed between them and their admiral. The three-decker; *Principe de Asturias*, carrying the flag of vice-admiral at the fore, led the division in this attempt; but arriving abreast of the *Victory*, found the English line in such close order, that they shrunk from a collision which seemed unavoidable. The Spanish ship tacked under the very guns of the English admiral, and received during the evolution so destructive a fire that she bore up in the utmost confusion. The ships that followed, discouraged by the example, equally bore up after exchanging a few distant shots with the British rear. Cordova, meanwhile, seeing himself obliged to stand the attack of the fifteen British ships with his own sixteen, was more than ever anxious to rejoin the division from which he had allowed himself to be cut off. He resolved on a last attempt to do so.

“Let us explain the exact position of the two fleets at this critical moment. The van of the English had tacked, and was standing after the sixteen ships under Admiral Cordova. The British rear continued on the same tack, in order to fetch into the wake of the *Victory*, and then tack in succession. The Spanish admiral 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, who had re-hoisted his broad pendant in the *Captain*, commanded by Captain Miller, was the third ship of the rear division, and watched the fate of the day. He had astern of him only the *Excellent*, seventy-four, Captain

Collingwood, and a small sixty-four, the *Diadem*. Cordova's movement was scarce commenced, when Nelson, guessing its object, saw that he would not have time to inform Admiral Jervis, and receive his orders : there was not, in fact, an instant to lose, if this movement of the Spanish fleet was to be opposed.\* Nelson quitted his station without hesitating, and wearing his ship, passed between the *Excellent* and *Diadem*, who continued their course, and placed himself across the bows of the *Santissima Trinidad* (of 130 guns), that enormous ship which he was again destined to meet at Trafalgar. 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, separated 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

\* On this point, Mr. James, in his *Naval History*, observes : —“ Scarcely was the movement [of the Spanish fleet] made ere it caught the attention of one who was as quick in foreseeing the consequences of its success, as he was ready, in obedience to the spirit, if not the letter, of a signal just made, in devising the means for its failure. That signal had been hoisted on board the *Victory* at 51m. past noon, and directed the ships of the fleet ‘to take suitable stations for mutual support, and engage the enemy, as coming up in succession.’ ”



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 eighty-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. Nelson's position was critical; his rigging had considerably suffered; his masts were wounded, and he had already seventy men disabled. While the van, led by the *Culloden*, continued to engage the Spaniards to leeward, the rear, under Sir John Jervis, attacked them to windward, and was separated from Nelson by a triple line of ships. The van of the Spanish line already crowded sail to escape, and seemed to abandon to the English the ships they had surrounded, among which were distinguished, by their bulk and heavy fire, four ships of three decks. It was this abandoned rear-guard that Sir John Jervis decided upon overwhelming. While he hoped for a more general engagement, he did not wish to weaken the line which confined the enemy to leeward, and he even recalled the *Excellent*, when Collingwood was going to Nelson's support; but when the battle became more clearly defined, and the Spanish fleet, already defeated, was deserting some of its ships, he saw the necessity of securing the first fruits of victory. Collingwood received the order to cut through the enemy's line, and executed it in a moment. The *Excellent* first engaged the *Salvador del Mundo*, then passed on and attacked



the *San Ysidro*. These two ships, already much cut up, struck their flags, and were taken possession of by the *Diadem* and *Irresistible*, which followed Collingwood. In the midst of the confusion the latter sought for other friends requiring succour, or other foes to fight; above all he sought for Nelson, and saw him at last exchanging with the *San Nicolas* broadsides, which grew less rapid from want of ammunition. The space between these two ships seemed scarce to allow a passage for his own; but for that narrow passage he steered, preserving under fire that *coup d'œil* in which he exceeded all others. Collingwood passed the *San Nicolas* within pistol-shot, and poured in the most terrible broadside that ship had yet received; then, continuing his course, he joined the *Blenheim*, *Orion*, and *Irresistible*, against which the *Santissima Trinidad* still contended.

“In trying to escape from Collingwood’s broadside, the *San Nicolas* fell on board the *San Josef*, partially dismasted. Nelson, who had himself lost his fore-topmast, and feared being driven to leeward, determined to board this formidable group: his bowsprit had got entangled in the mizen shrouds of the *San Nicolas*, and his larboard cathead in the stern gallery of the Spanish ship. The first who took advantage of this circumstance to board the enemy was a former lieutenant of the *Agamemnon*, Captain Berry, who afterwards commanded the vanguard at the Nile. A soldier broke through one of the windows of the quarter-gallery, and thus forced his way into the Spanish captain’s cabin. Nelson followed, and at his heels pressed on some intrepid men; while others followed Captain Berry. They found a panic-stricken crew

already subdued ; the officers alone (worthy of a better fate) opposed a vigorous resistance ; but the captain of the *San Nicolas* having fallen mortally wounded on the quarter-deck, the unequal struggle was ended. For some time still, the crew of the *San Josef*, encouraged by Admiral Don Francisco Winthuysen, kept up, from the poop and stern gallery of that ship, a heavy fire of musketry on the English, already masters of the *San Nicolas*. Vain efforts ! Admiral Winthuysen soon received a mortal wound, and the *San Josef* also was forced to succumb to the reinforcement which Captain Miller, who remained in his own ship by Nelson's express order, continued to send on board the *San Nicolas*. A Spanish officer then bent over the hammock-nettings, and informed the English that the *San Josef* had surrendered ; and Nelson took possession of this new conquest, adding the sword of the Spanish vice-admiral to his other trophies."

This spirit-stirring scene we must needs describe in the words of its principal hero :—"The first man," writes Nelson, "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 sprit-sail yard, which hooked in the mizen rigging. A soldier of the 69th Regiment having broken 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 forecastle, 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, and tell them of it, 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 Agamemmons ; and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers. Thus fell these ships."

The battle began about noon, and ceased at five p.m. The enemy had then surrendered four sail of the line—



viz., the *Salvador del Mundo*, of 112 guns ; the *San Ysidro*, of 74 ; the *San Nicolas*, of 80 ; and the *San Josef*, of 112. Ten other ships were materially crippled. Their loss in killed and wounded exceeded 1000 men ; the English had 73 killed and 227 wounded.

“The most striking feature in this highly important victory,” says Mr. James, “is the boldness that prompted the attack. Another commander might have paused ere, with fifteen sail of the line, he ran into the midst of twenty-five ; and then the separated ships would have closed, and the enemy’s line been too compact to be attended with any hope of success. But Sir John Jervis, relying upon the firmness of his band, and viewing with the eye of a practised seaman the loose and disordered state of the foe, resolved at once to profit by it : he rushed on and conquered.”

If to Jervis was due the conception of this bold and spirited attack, he found in Nelson the brain and heart ever prompt to carry out and, indeed, to enlarge upon a daring idea. With a nobility of feeling worthy of so great a chief, Jervis rendered to his gallant subordinate the honour justly due to him. When he appeared on board the *Victory*, Sir John Jervis embraced him, and refused to accept the sword of the Spanish vice-admiral. “Keep it,” he cried ; “it belongs of just right to you who received it from your prisoner.” Captain Calder undertook, in an illiberal spirit, to call the admiral’s attention to Nelson’s manœuvre as a disobedience of orders. “I saw it,” said Jervis ; “and if ever *you* commit such a breach of orders, depend upon it you shall be forgiven.”

The news of the victory of Cape St. Vincent was received in England with an outburst of triumphant



joy. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to the fleet, and emblematic medals of gold distributed among the flag-officers and captains. The Order of the Bath and the freedom of the City of London were bestowed upon Nelson; whilst Sir John Jervis was created a peer of Great Britain, by the titles of Baron Jervis, of Meaford, and Earl St. Vincent. A pension of £3000 per annum was also voted to enable him to support his elevated rank with becoming dignity.

Among all classes of the English people this successful sea-fight diffused renewed vigour, and revived their drooping spirits. It became the theme of many a popular ballad, and the hero St. Vincent figured on a myriad of tavern sign-boards. Nor did the memory of it pass away. One of the most popular of the numerous lyrical effusions which, with more or less felicity, celebrated his brilliant victory, was written by the well-known Dibdin about 1803; and, as an illustration of the popular feeling, but, certainly, not on account of its poetical merits, may here be introduced :

A DOSE FOR THE DONS.

Dearly as the stream that guides its vital motion,  
 Be cherish'd by each grateful British heart,  
 The great event that gave the lordly ocean  
 To English tars fresh laurels to impart :  
 Valentine's day in smiles came on,  
 Love fill'd the seaman's anxious mind,  
 Delighted with past scenes so sweet,  
 While ardent hope kept ev'ry pulse alive,—  
 Sweet hope some glorious moment might arrive  
 To serve the wife and king and friend he left behind,  
 When Jervis, with his gallant fleet,  
 Discover'd the proud Don.

Strange signal-guns all night distinctly hearing,  
 When day's first dawn presented first the shore,  
 We, anxious, on the star-board tack were steering,  
 While east-by-north, eight leagues, Cape Vincent bore :  
 Near ten, propitious hope came on ;  
 Our signal for a large fleet flew ;  
 When instant with a press of sail,  
 Form'd in two lines, onward we gaily stood ;  
 Till boldly dashing through the yielding flood,  
 While honour fir'd each ship's determin'd crew,  
 We proudly bore up within hail  
 Of the astonish'd Don.

Ships twenty-seven now bid a bold defiance ;  
 Fifteen our number, and of smaller size :  
 So towering elephants look down on lions,  
 Till of their courage they become the prize :  
 For now the trying hour came on,  
 That each must act a gallant part ;  
 Fate on one grand manœuvre hing'd,—  
 One mighty stroke, prompt, dangerous, and bold :  
 But what of English tars the courage can withhold !  
 We broke their straggling line, scar'd every heart,  
 And Jack the tawny whiskers sing'd  
 Of the astonish'd Don.

Here might I dwell on this unequall'd action,  
 That soars beyond example out of sight,—  
 That gain'd four ships,—that broke a dangerous faction,—  
 But English seamen never brag—they fight.  
 Then let perfidious France come on,  
 Aided by Holland and by Spain,  
 In the deep a wat'ry grave to meet :  
 Fair England proudly with one voice shall sing  
 The worth and virtues of a patriot-king ;  
 While some such heroes lead the glorious strain  
 As Jervis and his gallant fleet,  
 That humbled the proud Don.

Having repaired at Lisbon the ships which had suffered in the action of the 14th of February, and strengthened his fleet by a reinforcement from England, Earl St. Vincent shifted his flag to the *Ville-de-Paris*, a noble 110-gun ship, and sailed from Lisbon with twenty-one sail of the line on the 31st of March. He proceeded to blockade Cadiz, and twice bombarded that unfortunate city. In July he despatched a squadron to attack Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, placing it under the command of Rear-Admiral Nelson. With the details of that gallant but unsuccessful enterprise we shall hereafter have to deal.

The reinforcements which had joined Earl St. Vincent were destined to involve him in a serious difficulty. They brought with them the contagion of a rebellious spirit—of that seditious tendency which had risen to such an alarming height in the Mutiny of the Nore. But the stern Jervis was not the man to quail before such a peril. He was equal to the occasion, and crushed with unrelenting severity the first manifestations of disorder. An Irishman named Bolt, and an able sailor named David Davidson, formed an extensive confederacy, whose objects were to hang their admiral, to rid themselves of their superior officers, to appoint Davidson to the command, and then to sail for an Irish port and raise the country in rebellion against the British crown.

The Admiralty obtained some intimation of the growing danger, and warned St. Vincent of what was to be apprehended. He coolly replied, "I will answer for it that the commander-in-chief of this fleet will know how to maintain his authority, if it is threatened."

On board every ship he separated the marines, whose loyalty has never been tarnished throughout their long and glorious history, from the sailors, and ordered them to mess and sleep apart. He forbade the use of the Irish language ; stopped all unnecessary leave on shore ; and kept his officers constantly to their posts. On the very first symptoms of open mutiny, he struck down the ringleaders “without fear or mercy.” Davidson, Bolt, and many another misguided wretch, were executed with terrible promptitude. When Captain Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth) interceded on behalf of a culprit whose character had previously been irreproachable, St. Vincent gravely repulsed him :— “ We have hitherto only punished the worthless,” he said ; “ it is time that our sailors should learn that no past conduct can redeem an act of treason. What would become of us if the good name of a culprit could insure him against the law ?” And thus, in blood, he wiped out from his fleet the reproach of mutiny, and saved it to England at a time when the red flag of revolt was flying at the Nore, baffling the Admiralty and terrifying even Parliament into submission !

The Earl continued in command of the Mediterranean fleet during 1798. Towards the end of May he detached Nelson with a squadron of thirteen seventy-four-gun ships and one fifty-gun ship in pursuit of the French fleet—which, as we shall hereafter describe, took refuge in Aboukir Bay, and was there annihilated in the famous Battle of the Nile. His appointment of Nelson was a signal proof of his quick appreciation of “ the right man for the right place.” It was deeply resented by his two senior flag officers, Vice-Admirals Sir William Parker and Sir John Orde. “ I have



done everything in my power," wrote the commander-in-chief to Nelson, "to prevent the two baronets from sending me their remonstrances in writing. Unfortunately for them the bad suggestions of envy have overruled all my arguments. I expect their letters, and as soon as I get them shall send them both home to England."

Lord St. Vincent's health now broke down under the heavy fatigues and severe labour he had endured, and he prayed of the Admiralty to appoint a successor, and give him permission to recruit himself at home. With some reluctance the Admiralty consented. Admiral Lord Keith hoisted his flag as commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet, and the earl returned to England in June, 1799, on board the *Argo*.

Very brief was the repose allowed him. The exigencies of the public service, and the dread of another mutinous outbreak in the Channel, drew him away from his quiet domestic retreat. In vain his medical attendant remonstrated. "I anticipate all you are going to say, Baird," he exclaimed, "but my King and the Government require it; the discipline of the British navy requires it; and it is of no consequence to me whether I die afloat or on shore."

On the 26th of April Admiral Earl St. Vincent hoisted his flag on board the *Namur*, ninety guns, lying at Spithead, and two days afterwards joined the Channel fleet cruising off Brest, as commander-in-chief. His intention was to have made an attack upon Brest, but the French had obtained secret intelligence of his designs, and had raised such formidable defences that the Admiral was compelled to relinquish his plans, and confine himself to a blockade of that

important harbour. Therein he shut up a fleet of forty-eight sail of the line and twenty frigates during the greater part of the year, and only returned to England when the winter storms rendered it impossible for any considerable enterprize to be undertaken.

Lord St. Vincent was now appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; an important post which he held for the next four years with great credit to himself and advantage to the country. His administration was distinguished by those splendid triumphs which confirmed the naval supremacy of England, and annihilated the squadrons of France, Spain, and Holland. In 1806, he was again at sea, in command of a British fleet despatched to succour Lisbon and protect Portugal against the rapacity of Napoleon; but the increasing infirmities of old age at length compelled the gallant Sea-king to sheath his sword, and retire from the active exercise of that profession which he had so splendidly adorned. In 1807, he withdrew from public life. With his closing years it is not, therefore, our province to deal. Enough for us to record that he died, at his country seat in Essex, in 1823, in the eighty-eighth year of his age—leaving “a mark behind” in the annals of English heroism, which we have thus humbly and imperfectly endeavoured to recognise.

Of the many anecdotes told of this distinguished man, we shall select those which in some measure illustrate the peculiarities of his character, and will, therefore, obviate the necessity of any elaborate summary or antithetical contrast of his errors and virtues. That he was a rigid disciplinarian we have already pointed out. He extended his precautions even to the uniform

of his officers, and allowed no one to present himself on board the *Victory* unless wearing the dress indicative of his rank. Commodore, afterwards Admiral Sir Charles Thompson, was less particular on this point than his commander, and would even attire himself in a common purser's suit and straw hat, so that he could hardly be distinguished from one of his own A.B.'s. On one occasion, when thus attired—or rather, disguised—he passed near the stern of the admiral's ship. Jervis immediately caught sight of him, but pretending not to recognise him, cried out, "Holloa there! you in the barge, make haste, and help to tow in that transport." Thompson understood the severe but well-deserved reproof, and, conscious that he had brought it on himself by his own negligence, stood up in the boat, touched his hat, and with the customary "Ay, ay, sir," went off to execute the admiral's order.

With Commodore Thompson he had another and a more serious difference. When serving under him as a vice-admiral, Thompson remonstrated with the chief for having ordered an execution to take place on a Sunday. Enraged at the insubordination, he wrote to the Admiralty, and demanded that officer's immediate recall. "The Admiralty," he said, "must choose between him and me. Besides, I have admirals enough, and do not want them to send me more."

Nevertheless, this stern severe man had a warm heart under his crust of rigidity. When the gallant Trowbridge perished in the *Blenheim*, on his way home from the Cape of Good Hope, he was penetrated with the sincerest sorrow. "Oh, *Blenheim!* *Blenheim!*" he would cry, "what is become of you, and where shall I find another Trowbridge!" His flag was flying, for



a time, on board the *Royal George*. In the secretary's office his discerning eye caught sight of a lively, intelligent, and spirited lad, whom, on inquiry, he ascertained to be a nephew of Commander Wilmot, one of his former officers, who had fallen in Sidney Smith's gallant defence of Acre. He immediately inquired, whether it was his own choice to "drive a quill," or whether he would prefer the profession in which his uncle had distinguished himself? The brave boy replied, that the poverty of his friends had placed him at the desk, but that he longed to enter the navy, and fight his country's enemies. The great admiral turned away, and exclaimed to his captain, "Good heavens, Tucker! Here is David Wilmot's nephew serving at a desk, because his parents can't afford to equip him as a petty officer. Send him immediately into port, and fit him out for the quarter-deck." Great was the happiness and touching the gratitude of David Wilmot's nephew, when he found himself entered on board the *Ville de Paris* as a midshipman, and a complete equipment provided for him by his generous patron.

In estimating the services which this great old Seaking rendered to his country we must not forget that his fleet was the school of those intrepid seamen—those Nelsons, Trowbridges, Hallowells, Hoods, Collingwoods, and Foleys—who vindicated and established the naval supremacy of England. The first families in Great Britain strove to place their sons on board his ship, that they might be trained under his vigilant eye, and brought up in his own admirable discipline. "I must go to sea with Sir John Jervis," said young Lieutenant Berry, afterwards Nelson's flag-captain at Aboukir ;



“if there is anything good in me, it is he who will discover it.”

Such was the man—to use the words of M. de la Gravière—who, dying in 1823, at the age of eighty-nine, after having commanded three great fleets, served in three great wars, fought under Admiral Keppel, and seen Nelson and Collingwood fight under him, carried into his retirement, in 1807, the immortal honour of having confirmed the discipline of the British navy. Honour unto whom honour is due ! While we boast, as we ought to boast, of our Nelson, let us not forget the man who trained the fleet Nelson led to victory—Admiral the Earl St. Vincent !

## XIX.

## ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

A.D. 1758—1805.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—  
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes ;  
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here  
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;  
 For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,  
 The few in number, who had not o'erstepp'd  
 The charter to chastise which she bestows  
 On such as wield her weapons ; he had kept  
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

BYRON.

HORATIO, son of Edmund and Catherine Nelson, was born at the Rectory-house of Burnham Thorpe on the 29th of September, 1758. His mother died when he was only nine years of age ; and three years later, the future English hero, whose name is indissolubly associated with his country's glory, then a pale, weak, and sickly boy, was entered on board the *Raisonnable*, a man-of-war, commanded by his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling.

We have spoken of him as a weak and sickly boy, but his physical infirmities did not affect that matchless intrepidity and brilliant daring which from youth to manhood so signally distinguished him. In his schoolmaster's garden grew a pear-tree, whose fruit

had a peculiar fascination for the eyes of Nelson's schoolfellows. He caused himself to be lowered from his bedroom-window by some sheets, rifled the tree of its burden, and, returning, divided the whole of the booty among his comrades. "I only took them," he said, "because every other boy was afraid." On another occasion, while out bird's-nesting, he lost his way, and when discovered by the messengers sent in search of him, was sitting, alone, on the bank of a streamlet which he was unable to cross. "I wonder, child," said his grandmother, when he arrived at home, "that you were not driven home by hunger and fear." "Fear!" exclaimed the child-hero, "I never saw fear. What is it?"

An expedition of discovery towards the North Pole was prepared by the British Government in 1772, and placed under the command of the Hon. Captain Constantine Phipps and Captain Lutwidge. Nelson volunteered to accompany it, and was received by the latter as his coxswain. His gallantry was conspicuous enough throughout a long and arduous voyage. The ships were surrounded by thick and apparently impenetrable fields of ice, and there seemed little prospect of escape except in the boats. One night, during the mid-watch, our hero, with one of his comrades, secretly quitted his ship, and started over the ice in pursuit of a bear. They were soon missed, and as a thick fog gathered round, Captain Lutwidge grew apprehensive for their safety. When the weather cleared about three in the morning, the two truants were discovered at a distance attacking a large bear. A signal for their return was immediately hoisted. "Nelson's comrade," says Southey, "called upon him to obey it, but in vain; his musket

had flashed in the pan; their ammunition was expended; and a chasm in the ice, which divided him from the bear, probably preserved his life. 'Never mind,' he cried, 'do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him.' Captain Lutwidge, however, seeing his danger, fired a gun, which had the desired effect of frightening the beast, and the boy then returned, somewhat afraid of the consequences of his trespass. The captain reprimanded him sternly for conduct so unworthy of the office which he filled, and desired to know what motive he could have for hunting a bear. 'Sir,' said he, pouting his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated, 'I wished to kill the bear, that I might carry the skin to my father.'"

On Nelson's return from this Arctic voyage, his uncle placed him with the gallant Captain Farmer, on board the *Sea-horse*, attached to the East India squadron under Sir Edward Hughes. The deadly climate of the Indies did woful damage to his constitution. He was reduced almost to a skeleton, lost the use of his limbs, and nothing remained for him but to return to England. At that time, "I felt impressed," he says, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero! and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!'"



Nelson passed his examination for a lieutenancy on the 8th of April, 1777. At the head of the board of examiners sat Captain Suckling, but it was not until his nephew had passed a very successful examination, that he would recognise him. The other examiners then expressed their surprise that he had not previously intimated their relationship. "No," said Captain Suckling, "I did not wish the youngster to be favoured. I knew he would pass a good examination, and I have not been deceived."

We must perforce pass over the comparatively unimportant details of his earlier years, and take up the thread of our narrative when Nelson, now a post-captain, commanded the expedition despatched against the Fort of San Juan di Nicaragua. Early in 1780, he convoyed about 500 soldiers on this important service from Jamaica to Honduras, where they received some reinforcements and collected some Indian auxiliaries. He then re-embarked them, and coasting the Mosquito shore, finally reached the mouth of the River San Juan. Here, as far as his instructions contemplated, Nelson's duty ended; but his active spirit longed to share the dangers of the enterprise, and he accompanied the boats, which, with terrible difficulty, made a slow and hazardous progress up the river. On the 9th of April, they reached a Spanish outpost, called San Bartolomeo. At the head of a few seamen he leapt on the muddy shore, and losing his shoes, advanced barefooted at their head, "boarded the battery," and captured it. After seventeen days of unremitting toil San Juan was reached. Nelson wished to attack it immediately, but Nelson's methodical companions could not pretermit the formalities of a siege. The place surrendered, but

not until many valuable lives had been lost by fever and dysentery. From their fatal effects Nelson narrowly escaped. He was seized with dysentery, but information reached him of his appointment to the *Janus*, of forty-four guns, and he immediately sailed for Jamaica to take up his commission. His weakness, however, was so great that he was compelled to return to England, and retire awhile, for rest and refreshment, to Bath.

At the end of three months he was sufficiently recovered to repair to London, and ask for employment. He was appointed in due time to the *Albemarle* frigate, in which he visited the coast of Denmark. Anchoring off Elsinore, he was boarded by an officer from the Danish admiral, who demanded particulars of his force and destination. "The *Albemarle*," said Nelson, "is one of his Britannic Majesty's ships; you are at liberty, sir, to count the guns as you go down the side; and you may assure the Danish admiral, that, if necessary, they shall all be well served!"

He was afterwards ordered to Canada. From Quebec he convoyed a fleet of transports to New York. "A very pretty job," cried Nelson, "at this late season of the year! (October, 1782.) Our sails are at this moment frozen to the yards." On his arrival at New York, the commander-in-chief told him that he had been appointed to an excellent station for making money. "Yes, sir," replied Nelson, "but the West Indies is the station for honour." Longing for active service, he obtained an appointment to join Lord Hood on "the station for honour," and was there introduced to Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., who immediately detected his surpassing merits, be-

came, and to the last continued, his firm patron and generous friend. He was, however, disappointed in his hopes of distinguishing himself. Tidings reached Lord Hood of the peace of 1783, and the *Albemarle* was ordered home.

Nelson could not long remain in an inglorious repose. He presented himself to Lord Howe, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and in March, 1784, was commissioned by that gallant chief to the *Boreas*, of twenty-eight guns, to cruise (on the peace establishment) in the West Indian seas. He took out with him "a shoal of young middies" to be distributed among the ships of the West Indian squadron. "Happy were they," says Southey, "whose lot it was to be placed with such a captain. If he perceived that a boy was afraid at first going aloft, he would say to him in a friendly manner: 'Well, sir, I am going a race to the mast-head, and beg that I may meet you there.' The poor little fellow instantly began to climb, and got up how he could—Nelson never noticed in what manner; but, when they met in the top, spoke cheerfully to him, and would say, how much any person was to be pitied who fancied that getting-up was either dangerous or difficult." It was by such means as these that he acquired so extraordinary an influence over his officers, and secured the love and reverence of his seamen. No ship ever mutinied that had had Nelson for her captain. When, at a later period, appointed to the *Theseus*—a ship notorious for her share in the outbreak at the Nore—his flag had not been hoisted for more than a few weeks before he found the following note upon his quarter-deck:—"Glory to Admiral Nelson! God bless Captain Miller! Thanks to them for the officers they



have given us. We are proud and happy to serve under them, and we will shed the last drop of our blood to prove it. The name of the *Theseus* shall be as immortal as that of the *Captain*." (Nelson's flagship at the battle of Cape St. Vincent.)

Though he held his command in a "piping time of peace," his patriotic and enterprising spirit found ample employment. He discovered the ports of the Windward Islands full of American merchant-ships. They almost monopolized the West Indian trade, in open violation of the navigation laws which, at that time, excluded all foreigners from commerce with the English colonies. He quickly perceived the effects of this competition upon the fortunes of British shipping, and in spite of the timidity of his commander-in-chief—in spite of the opposition of West Indian governors, councils, and planters—seized all the American ships in Barbadoes, Nevis, Antigua, and St. Christopher's, and had them condemned as prizes in the Admiralty courts. His example was followed by his stanch friend Collingwood, and Collingwood's brother. A general outcry arose. Angry remonstrances were addressed to the home authorities, and Nelson's removal from his command insisted upon. The Governor of Jamaica wrote to him that old generals were not accustomed to receive their orders from young captains. "I have the honour, sir," replied Nelson, "to be of the same age as the Prime Minister of England, and I consider myself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships as he is of governing the State."

Amid all this turmoil Nelson found time to woo and win a most amiable and excellent lady—the young widow (she was but eighteen years old) of Dr. Nisbet,



a physician of St. Nevis, by whom she had had a son, named Josiah, then three years of age. They were married on the 11th of March, 1787; Prince William Henry giving away the bride.

The *Boreas* and her commander returned to England in June. At first, Nelson met with a cool reception from the Admiralty, who had been prejudiced against him by the West Indian officials. Wroth at a treatment so ill deserved, he was even on the point of throwing up his commission, and England might have lost her greatest hero, when the influence of Prince William and Lord Hood obtained a tardy acknowledgment of his services in his appointment, on the 30th of January, 1788, to the *Agamemnon*, a fine ship of sixty-four guns.

The sword that lies in the scabbard soon grows rusty. Nelson was always ready for action, and rejoiced when he received orders to join the Mediterranean fleet under Lord Hood. With what feelings he assumed his command may be judged from the advice he addressed to one of his midshipmen:—"There are three things, young gentleman," he said, "which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your King; and, thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil!" In these respects, his example certainly confirmed his precepts.

At Naples Nelson first formed his disastrous acquaintance with Sir William Hamilton, the British ambassador, and Lady Emma Hamilton—a woman of great personal charms and considerable mental powers,

who soon obtained a fatal influence over him. Here also he was introduced to the royal family, and treated by the King and Queen with marked and flattering distinction.

We cannot enter into details of all his exploits in the Mediterranean. He was ever on the alert ; running from Tunis to Leghorn, Sardinia to Corsica, Malta to Gibraltar. The Corsicans having called upon Great Britain to release them from French dominion, Lord Hood determined upon the siege of Bastia (A.D. 1794). He applied to Major-General Dundas for some troops, but that pedantic disciplinarian refused to co-operate in an enterprise which he deemed impracticable. Hood and Nelson, therefore, determined to take it without any aid from the military. They had on board 1248 soldiers, marines, and artillerymen, and with these, and a body of seamen, they carried the formidable defences of Bastia. "I am all astonishment," wrote Nelson, "when I reflect on what we have achieved ; 1000 regulars, 1500 national guards and a large body of Corsican troops, 4000 in all, laying down their arms to 1200 soldiers, marines, and seamen ! I always was 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." In effecting this important capture the total English loss was but fourteen killed and forty wounded and missing.

The siege of Calvi followed. Nelson as usual was in the hottest of the fray, and lost his right eye through a shot striking a battery near him, and driving some splinters into it. His father, when he made known

his misfortune to him, replied in noble language, "It was an all-wise Providence, an overruling and merciful Power which mitigated the strength of the blow which struck you. Blessed be the hand which has spared you to be, I am convinced, for many years an instrument of its intended good, an example as well as leader for those about you! It is not I, my dear Horatio, who will ever offer you the dangerous language of flattery; but I own that I sometimes shed a tear in hearing your name thus honourably spoken of." Yet his services in Corsica, and his severe wound, were never publicly acknowledged by the Admiralty; an omission which Nelson keenly felt. "One hundred and ten days," said he, "I have been actually engaged, at sea and on shore, against the enemy; three actions against ships, two against Bastia in my ship, four boat actions, two villages taken, and twelve sail of vessels burnt. I do not know that any one has done more. I have had the comfort to be always applauded by my commander-in-chief, but never to be rewarded; and, what is more mortifying, for services in which I have been wounded, others have been praised who, at the same time, were actually in bed, far from the scene of action. They have not done me justice. But, never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own." And the time came when the hero's proud boast was realized.

In October, 1794, the brave and energetic Hood returned to England, and the command of the fleet devolved upon Vice-Admiral Hotham, a man of a very different stamp. "He is a good man," wrote Nelson, "as any in the world, but he has taken things too coolly. We want here an active, enterprising man, and he is neither one nor the other: as long as the month passes without



any loss on our side he is satisfied. In no respect is he to be compared to Lord Hood, who is really the best officer I know. Lord Howe is an excellent officer to lead or manage a fleet, but that is all. Lord Hood is equally good in every position an admiral can be placed in."

One victory, however—but that an imperfect one—distinguished Admiral Hotham's turn of command. The French, bent upon recovering Corsica and driving the English out of the Mediterranean, equipped a fleet of seventeen sail of the line, six frigates, and three corvettes, and entrusted the command to Vice-Admiral Martin. At this moment Hotham was at Leghorn, assisting the Austrian army in their operations for the recovery of Italy. Receiving information of the departure of the enemy, he immediately sailed in search of them with all the ships—fifteen in number—he had with him, and on the tenth of March, his look-out frigates discovered the retreating foe off Cape Noli. On the thirteenth the whole of the British fleet hove in sight, and Hotham made signal to chase the French and carry more sail. One of the enemy's ships, the *Ca Ira*, of 80 guns, ran foul of her second ahead, the *Victoire*, and carried away her own fore and main topmasts. Captain Freemantle, in the *Inconstant*, immediately crowded on every stitch of canvass he could, overtook the disabled *Ca Ira*, and poured a broadside into her. Having tacked, gave another broadside, but receiving his enemy's fire in return, was obliged to bear up. The *Agamemnon* then engaged the enemy, giving her broadside after broadside, and manœuvring so that the French could never get an opportunity of bringing a gun upon her. The French fleet at last arrived to the rescue of their consort, and Nelson was



forced to make sail, and join the English line. The next day, the *Ca Ira* was seen in tow of the *Censeur*, 74, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the English fleet, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  from their companions. Taking advantage of a breeze from the north, our ships crowded on all sail to cut them off. The *Captain* and the *Bedford*, two seventy-fours, in turn engaged their formidable opponents, but suffering severely, withdrew from the action. The *Agamemnon* and some other vessels afterwards came up, and the two fleets were partially engaged. The *Censeur* and the *Ca Ira*, after a gallant resistance, struck their flags to the *Agamemnon*, whose first-lieutenant (Andrews) immediately boarded them, and hoisted English colours.

Nelson, with his usual rapidity of glance, saw that a bold movement *now* would inflict a disastrous defeat on the French. He therefore sent a message to Admiral Hotham, proposing that the prizes should be left in charge of the frigates, while with the rest of the fleet the enemy should be hotly chased. "But," says Nelson, in a letter to his wife, "he, much cooler than myself, said, 'We must be contented; we had done very well.' Now, had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I would never have called it well done. Goodall [the vice-admiral, second in command] backed me: I got him to write to the admiral; but it would not do. We should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced. . . . I wish," he adds, "to be an admiral, and in command of the British fleet. I would very soon either do much, or be ruined. My disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. Sure I am, that had I commanded our fleet on the 14th, the whole French fleet would have

graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape.”

Nelson was next despatched with a squadron of frigates to co-operate with the Austrian and Sardinian armies on the Genoese coast. On his way he fell in with Vice-Admiral Martin's fleet, off Cape del Mele, and was chased for four-and-twenty hours. He succeeded, however, in rejoining Admiral Hotham's forces at San Fiorenzo, and the British fleet, increased by reinforcements to twenty-three sail of the line, became in their turn the pursuers. On the 13th of July, they came up with the enemy, who were crowding on all sail to seek shelter in the Bay of Fréjus. A partial engagement took place, in which the *Alcide* struck her colours to the *Culloden*, but afterwards caught fire, and blew up. Admiral Hotham then called off his ships, and terminated this “miserable battle” in a most inglorious manner.

Our hero now proceeded to Genoa with eight frigates under his command. His activity was, as usual, inexhaustible, but owing to the timorous caution of his own chief and the remissness of the Austrian commanders, he was able to achieve but little, and his restless spirit chafed at the trammels in which a pedantic formalism was constantly involving him. The French speedily drove the Austrians from the Genoese coast ; and Nelson, who could no longer be of service, bore up for Leghorn to refit the *Agamemnon*. At this time, Sir John Jervis arrived to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. Nelson joined him in San Fiorenzo Bay. The new chief quickly learnt to appreciate his gallant subordinate's genius ; Nelson was not slow in acknowledging the signal abilities of

his commander. "We cannot spare you," said Jervis, "either as captain or admiral." "It is to the great and excellent Earl St. Vincent," wrote Nelson, "that we owe all our zeal and ardour for the service."

In our biographical sketch of the Earl St. Vincent we have already shown that the alliance between France and Spain compelled the temporary retirement of the British from Corsica and the Mediterranean. The evacuation of Corsica was completed under the skilful superintendence of Nelson, who had, however, no relish for such a service. "Do his Majesty's ministers," he indignantly wrote, "know their own minds? They at home do not know what this fleet is capable of performing—anything and everything. Much as I shall rejoice to see England, I lament our present orders in sackcloth and ashes, as dishonourable to the dignity of England, whose fleets are equal to meet the world in arms: and of all the fleets I ever saw, I never beheld one, in point of officers and men, equal to Sir John Jervis's, who is a commander-in-chief able to lead them to glory."

We have already described at considerable length the great battle off Cape St. Vincent, and Nelson's splendid share in the glorious victory which there crowned British skill and intrepidity. He received for his reward the Order of the Bath and the freedom of the City of London, while his name now became familiar to the British public as that of an able and daring officer from whom great achievements might be expected. "I thank my God," wrote his excellent father, "with all the power of a grateful soul, for the mercies he has most graciously bestowed on me in preserving you. Not only my few acquaintances here



[at Bath], but the people in general, met me at every corner with such handsome words, that I was obliged to retire from the public eye. The height of glory to which your professional judgment, united with a proper degree of bravery, guarded by Providence, has raised you, few sons, my dear child, attain to, and fewer fathers live to see. Tears of joy have involuntarily trickled down my furrowed cheeks. Who could stand the force of such general congratulation?"

A report having reached the ears of Nelson that the treasure-ships from the Americo-Spanish colonies had put into the harbour of Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, for safety, he conceived the project of cutting them out. His entreaties prevailed over the doubts of his commander-in-chief, and on the 15th of July, 1797, he was despatched on his bold, but hazardous enterprise, with a squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates.

The Island of Teneriffe has been strongly fortified by nature. "Like most of its neighbours," says Brenton, "it is a volcanic production, consisting of mountains, ravines, rocks, and precipices. The Bay of Santa Cruz affords no shelter for shipping; the shore is nearly a right line, and the bank so steep that no anchorage can be found beyond the distance of half a mile, and that in forty-five fathoms water; the beach, from north to south, is one continued series of broken masses of loose rock, and round smooth stones, either rendered so by friction or slippery from sea-weeds; on this a perpetual surf breaks, rendering the landing at all times difficult, except at the mole or pier of Santa Cruz. To these obstacles there is another, which Nelson experienced in its fullest force. Teneriffe, like all other



mountainous countries, is liable to calms, sudden squalls, and violent gusts of wind, which, rushing down the ravines, frequently take a ship's topmast over the side without a moment's warning."

About the 20th of July, the squadron arrived off this formidable stronghold. It had been previously ascertained that only one ship had put into Santa Cruz, but Nelson was not to be deterred from carrying out the enterprise he had projected. Every arrangement which the marvellous resources of his genius could suggest was made to insure success; but over wind and tide he could exercise no control, and both were adverse. He could not lay his ships near enough to batter the forts, and decided, therefore, upon a night attack in boats.

At eleven o'clock at night, on the 24th of July, about 700 seamen and marines were embarked in the ships' boats, 180 more on board the *Fox* cutter, and about 75 on board a large provision boat which had been recently captured. A small detachment of artillery accompanied them. Nelson led the whole, attended by Captains Fremantle and Bowen; Captains Miller, Hood, Trowbridge, Thompson, and Waller, each commanded his own men; and Captain Oldfield the marines. They proceeded towards the town in six divisions.

At about half-past one, Nelson's boat, and three or four others, with the *Fox* cutter, reached within half-gunshot of the mole-head. Nelson immediately ordered the boats to cast off from each other, and push for the shore with a loud huzza. The alarm-bells of the Spaniards rang out a sudden reply. A terrible fire opened from the batteries, and was maintained by the

troops stationed along the shore. The *Fox* cutter was struck between wind and water, sank immediately, and ninety-seven poor fellows were drowned in the raging surf. Captain Bowen's boat was also sunk, but with the loss of seven or eight of his men he succeeded in effecting a landing. Just as Nelson was stepping out of his own barge, a shot smote him on the right elbow, and shattered his right arm. He fell into the arms of his step-son, Lieutenant Nesbit, who, with great presence of mind, bound a silk handkerchief above the lacerated vessels, and checked the effusion of blood. One of the bargemen, named Lovel, took off his shirt, tore it into strips, and made a sling for the admiral's arm. The boat was then got afloat, and rowed for the ships. "The first which the boat could reach," says Southey, "happened to be the *Sea Horse* : but nothing could induce him to go on board, though he was assured that, if they attempted to row to another ship, it might be at the risk of his life. 'I had rather suffer death,' he replied, 'than alarm Mrs. Fremantle, by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband.' They pushed on for the *Theseus*. When they came alongside, he peremptorily refused all assistance in getting on board, so impatient was he that the boat should return, in hopes that it might save a few more from the *Fox*. He desired to have only a single rope thrown over the side, which he twisted round his left hand, saying, 'Let me alone : I have got my legs left, and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm ; so the sooner it is off the better.' The spirit which he displayed, in jumping up the ship's side, astonished everybody."

Meanwhile, the English had landed, and stormed and carried the mole-head, though it was defended by upwards of 300 men and six twenty-four pounders. These were spiked, and the adventurers attempted to push forward, but were met by a rattling fire of musketry from the citadel and neighbouring houses, which killed and wounded nearly every one of that gallant band. It was here that Captain Bowen met with "a glorious death."

In the deep darkness of the night, Captain Trowbridge's boat had missed the mole, and ran ashore under a battery south of the citadel. At the same time, Hood and Miller had succeeded in landing their detachments. Without encountering any effectual resistance, they penetrated into the centre of the town, to find themselves unsupported by the other divisions. Their whole number was 340—180 seamen, 80 marines, and 80 pikemen. What could so small a band effect against 8000 Spaniards, without hope of reinforcement or means of retreat? Trowbridge's prompt decision rescued them from this urgent peril. He despatched Captain Hood, with a flag of truce, to the governor, threatening immediately to burn the town unless his conditions were complied with. That the British troops should be allowed to re-embark, with their arms, in their own boats—if they were saved—or in boats to be provided by the Spaniards. And that, then, Captain Trowbridge would engage the squadron should no further molest the town, nor attack any one of the Canary Islands.

The Spanish governor assented to these terms, and behaved to the British with honourable generosity. He received the wounded into his hospitals, and



supplied every man, before he re-embarked, with a ration of bread and a pint of wine. He also intimated to Nelson that the squadron might be supplied with whatever provisions they needed.

The total loss in this brilliantly daring but hazardous adventure amounted to 141 killed and drowned, 105 wounded, and five missing. Nelson was deeply grieved at his failure. "I am become," he said, "a burden to my friends and useless to my country." On the other hand, his commander-in-chief wrote to him, "It is not in the power of any man to command success, but you and your companions have certainly deserved it by your admirable heroism and perseverance in this enterprise." Such was the feeling entertained "at home." The cities of London and Bristol presented him with their freedom, and a pension of £1000 a year was granted to him by the crown. England, indeed, received him open-armed and open-hearted, as she loves to receive those who have bled and suffered to secure her honour.

His wound was a long time healing, and his recovery was further retarded by his impatient spirit. He longed to efface, by some splendid achievement, the memory of his failure at Teneriffe, and could not endure the slow monotony of the sick-room. At length, early in 1798, he hoisted his flag in the *Van-guard*, a seventy-four gun ship, very poorly manned, and hastened to rejoin the fleet under the orders of Earl St. Vincent. He was almost immediately detached, with three sail of the line, two frigates, and a sloop, to watch the movements of the French at Toulon. He ascertained that nineteen men-of-war were assembled in that harbour; that fifteen were ready



for sea, and that Bonaparte, at the head of a large body of troops, was about to embark for some destination not generally known.

This formidable expedition, when complete, consisted of 72 vessels of war, 400 sail of transports, upwards of 10,000 seamen, and 36,000 troops. The fleet was under the command of Vice-Admiral Brueys, and Rear-Admirals Villeneuve, Blanquel-Duchayla, and Dècris. It sailed from Toulon Road on the morning of the 19th of May, bound for Egypt.

Nelson, to refit and re-provision his ships, put into the harbour of San Pietro on the coast of Sardinia, where he received a reinforcement from Earl St. Vincent, and instructions to pursue the French fleet without delay. On the 5th of June, he put to sea, and on the 17th arrived off Naples. Here he learnt that the French fleet had steered for Malta. He formed a plan for attacking it there, but received information that it had quitted that island on the 16th.

He now resolved that their destination was Egypt, and to Egypt he hastened. He gained Alexandria on the 28th, but found no French flags fluttering from its walls. Restless and impatient, he brooked no delay, but steered for Sicily. At Syracuse, through Lady Hamilton's exertions, the Neapolitan Court—though professing neutrality—permitted him to supply his fleet with all that was needed. "Thanks to your exertions," he wrote to the beautiful 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."

On the 24th of July the British fleet again put to sea, and having received intelligence that the enemy had been seen steering to the south-east from Candia, once more sailed for Alexandria. On the morning of the 1st of August they came in sight of that fair and prosperous city, and Nelson, to his delight, discovered its harbour crowded with masts, and its walls decked with the tricolour flag. Brueys and his ships were reposing there in fancied security, sheltered in the Bay of Aboukir, and happy in the belief that the dreaded Nelson was on his way to Europe. As for Nelson, his excitement was intense : his genius was fired with the prophetic consciousness of victory : “ Before this time to-morrow,” he exclaimed, “ I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey.”

Aboukir Bay commences about twenty miles to the east of Alexandria, and stretches in a curve from the Castle of Aboukir to the Rosetta mouth of the Nile—a straight line between the two points would not exceed six miles in length. Line-of-battle ships cannot approach the shore nearer than a league, on account of a sandbank extending that distance, which has nowhere more than four fathoms of water upon it. The French fleet was anchored outside of this dangerous shoal in a curved line which reached about one mile and five furlongs. To protect its flanks on Aboukir Island, which lies to the east, a battery of four twelve-pounders, some light guns, and two mortars had been erected.

The comparative strength of the two hostile fleets now facing each other may be stated as follows :—The British had twelve 74-gun ships, one 50, and a brig, carrying in all 1012 guns and 8068 men ; the

French, one 120, three 80, nine 74, 4 frigates, 2 brigs, and several bombs and gunboats, carrying 1196 guns, and 11,280 men. A French 84-gun ship, it must be remembered, was, in reality, actually superior in force to a British 98-gun ship.

To see and to attack the French fleet was the affair of a moment. Nelson's plan was, 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. When Berry, his flag-captain, understood his intentions, he exclaimed, "If we succeed, what will the world say!" "There is no *if* in the case," was Nelson's rejoinder; "that we shall *succeed* is certain: who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

Captain Foley, in the *Goliath*, led the attack, and at about 6.30 p.m., pressing ahead of the *Guerrier*, anchored inshore of that ship, pouring in a raking broadside. He was followed by Hood in the *Zealous*, who was hailed by Nelson to know if 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.*" The *Orion*, *Audacious*, and *Theseus*, came next, and sixth was Nelson's, the *Vanguard*. Finally, the British line coolly and steadily formed in the following order:—*Goliath*, *Zealous*, *Orion*, *Audacious*, *Theseus*, *Vanguard*, *Minotaur*, *Defence*, *Bellerophon*, *Majestic*, *Leander*. The *Culloden* was away to the northward, the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure* to the westward, pressing on all sail to join their more fortunate companions.

As the stately vessels advanced, shot and shell were rained upon them from the island battery, and the



enemy's ships kept up a steady fire. When the British had anchored, the cannonading grew intensely fierce. The *Zealous* attacked, and, in twelve minutes disabled, the *Guerrier*. The *Orion* engaged both the *Franklin* and the *Peuple Souverain*. The *Audacious* attached herself, leech-like, to the *Conquerant*, nor left her until she struck her colours. The *Theseus* brought down the *Guerrier's* main and mizen-masts, and then poured her deadly fire into the *Spartiate*. Each of the other British vessels found a foe, and grappled to it with resolute energy. But as the *Culloden* bore up for the fight in which her gallant commander was longing to distinguish himself, she suddenly ran aground, and remained immovably fixed throughout the engagement, depriving Captain Trowbridge of fresh laurels and Nelson of a powerful auxiliary. His signals, however, saved the *Alexander* and the *Swiftsure* from undergoing the same mischance. The *Bellerophon* was courageously laid alongside the vast three-decker, the *Orient*, "whose weight of ball, from the lower deck alone, exceeded that from the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*," and did not desist from the unequal combat, until her decks were strewn with the dead and dying, and all her masts and cables shot away. The *Swiftsure* then took up her position, and the *Leander* raked the enemy with her deadly fire.

Nelson himself was in the thickest of the fray. His ship, the *Vanguard*, was exposed to the guns both of the *Spartiate* and the *Aquilon*; while the latter, in her turn, was also engaged with the *Minotaur*. Meantime, Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot. "Captain Berry," says Mr. 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. He was now left alone; when suddenly a cry was heard on the deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion, he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed; and, to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy."

How the *Orient* caught fire has never been ascertained. The most probable conjecture is, that the disaster was occasioned by some of those combustibles and inflammatory grenades which, at that period, the French ships carried. It broke out about nine in the

evening, and the flames rapidly clambered up the masts and rigging, shooting a strong and lurid glare across the battle-clouds, which lit up every ship, and brought out into strange relief their national colours. About ten it blew up with a terrific explosion. Many of her crew sprang overboard, and were saved in the English boats. But the greater portion of those not already slain perished in the wreck, and among others, Commodore Casabianca, and his son, a brave lad, only ten years old. The flaming timbers were scattered far and wide by the force of the explosion, endangering several vessels.

For a moment the firing on both sides ceased, and there was a sublime, an awful pause. Then the battle recommenced, as if no such terrible catastrophe had occurred, and continued until about eleven on the morning of the 2nd of August, when the *Guillaume Tell*, the *Généreux*, and two frigates—the four ships which had not yet struck their colours—cut their cables, and stood out to sea. Nelson had no frigates, and could not pursue them. But they were the only vessels of that splendid fleet which escaped. Nine sail of the line were taken and two burnt; one frigate was sunk, and another basely set on fire by her captain, after he had surrendered her to the British. It was not a victory; it was a conquest. The French fleet was annihilated, and Bonaparte's designs in the East received a disastrous and a fatal check.

Both conquerors and conquered suffered severely. The British lost, in killed and wounded, 896; the French, 5225; while 3105 prisoners were sent ashore under a flag of truce.

Honours, rewards, and congratulations were liberally

poured out upon the Sea-king whose genius had won so splendid a triumph. The Sultan sent him a pelisse of sables, valued at 5000 dollars, and a diamond *aigrette*, taken from one of his own turbans, valued at 18,000. The Czar of Russia presented him with his portrait, set in diamonds, in a gold box. He received another gold box from the King of Sardinia, and a third, set in diamonds, from the mother of the Sultan. The Court of Naples, whose dominions the French had threatened, almost deified "their brave deliverer." The British Parliament voted their thanks to him, his officers, and men. He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2000 settled upon himself and his two next heirs. A new and honourable scutcheon was granted to him, bearing the famous motto, *Palmam qui meruit ferat*. The East India Company voted him a gift of £10,000, and other honours were lavishly showered upon him, while his officers and men were not forgotten by their grateful country.

Nelson had scarcely manned and refitted his prizes, when, on the 15th of August, 1798, he received confidential instructions from Earl St. Vincent, quitted Aboukir Bay with the utmost speed, and with the *Vanguard*, *Culloden*, and *Alexander* sailed for Naples. The Neapolitan Court, encouraged by the victory of the Nile, and apprehensive of the spread of revolutionary principles, had entered the league against France. They received Nelson with a welcome which almost overthrew his heroic mind. "Believe me," wrote the Queen, "my grateful esteem for you will accompany me to the tomb." The multitude saluted him as the saviour of Italy. Lady Emma Hamilton lavished



upon him all the seductions of her graceful flattery. Sir William, the British ambassador, entertained him with his light and lively persiflage. Everywhere, and by everybody, he was idolized, caressed, and flattered.

In writing the life of a great man we must not forget his errors. Dazzled by his glory, we must nevertheless open our blinded eyes to discern those faults which link him with our common humanity. We wish that over this period of Nelson's otherwise stainless career we could cast a veil, but our youthful readers must be told how even *his* heroic nature and noble soul could be seduced into a great crime. The fascinations of Lady Hamilton—an able and a beautiful, but an unprincipled woman—acted upon him like a poison. “I am writing opposite Lady Hamilton,” he wrote to the grave and austere St. Vincent, “and were your lordship in my place, I doubt if you could write any better; there is so much about her to turn one's head and make one's hand tremble.” For her he forgot the claims of his admirable wife; for her he sacrificed his peace of mind, and brought “a blot upon his scutcheon” which remains, distinct and visible, even in the lustre of his glorious victories.

His first enterprise on the Neapolitan station was to provide for the recovery of Malta; he blockaded it by a squadron under the command of Captain Ball. He then directed his attention to the support of the movements of the Neapolitan army, designed to co-operate with the Austrians and Russians in driving the French from Italy. But the Neapolitans were led by a man who was both an imbecile and a traitor—the infamous General Mack; and Nelson's quick intelligence soon perceived the hopelessness of the cause he was endea-



vouring to uphold. The army was defeated. The revolutionary party in Naples immediately rose against their oppressors. The King and Queen, with their treasures, were, at some hazard, removed on board the British admiral's ship, and on the 26th of December landed at Palermo. At Naples the insurgents proclaimed a republic, and entrusted the supreme power to the hands of the best and bravest of the Neapolitans, Ercolo de Agnese, Dominico Cirillo, and the Prince Santa Severina. At the head of the few gunboats which formed the Neapolitan navy was placed Prince Francesco Caraccioli. The famous Eleanora Fonseca Pimentel, "painter, improvisatrice, and martyr," was appointed editor of the republican *Monitore*.

Meanwhile, the Calabrians, always loyal, threatened the safety of the young republic, and, led by Cardinal Ruffo, advanced upon Naples. A Russian force was operating against it. An English squadron, under Captain Foote, blockaded the port. Despite their gallant efforts, the Republicans lost ground daily, and it was evident that the end was near. Nelson, who had been cruising in search of a French fleet under Admiral Bruix, suddenly took Sir William and Lady Hamilton on board his flag-ship, the *Foudroyant* (of eighty guns), and sailed for Naples with eighteen sail of the line.

He arrived the day after a capitulation had been arranged between the Republicans on the one side, and Cardinal Ruffo and Captain Foote on the other. The conditions provided that the persons and property of the Republicans were to be respected, and that those who did not wish to emigrate should remain at Naples unmolested. All the prisoners taken were to be

included in this act of mercy. To insure the carrying out of these terms, the Republicans insisted upon Captain Foote's signature to the capitulation, as pledging the honour and faith of England.

Over Nelson's honourable nature the Neapolitan Court had cast a fatal spell, and he who was generally so merciful—who could not witness without emotion a seaman's punishment—repudiated this just and equitable treaty, declaring he would never ratify it. In vain Cardinal Ruffo insisted that conditions so solemnly agreed upon ought to be faithfully observed. Nelson was inflexible. The cardinal retired from the *Foudroyant* in disgust, but Sir William and Lady Hamilton lavished praises upon the admiral's firmness of resolve. Captain Foote came on board in the evening. Nelson acknowledged his zeal and good intentions, but declared he had been imposed upon by "that worthless fellow, Cardinal Ruffo, who was endeavouring to form a party hostile to the views of his sovereign;" and, in spite of his remonstrances and explanations, declared the treaty should be annulled. So the unhappy Republicans were yielded up by a British admiral to the cruel vengeance of a Neapolitan Court! "A deplorable transaction," says Southey, "a stain upon the memory of Nelson and the honour of England! To palliate it would be in vain; to justify it would be wicked; there is no alternative, for one who will not make himself a participator in guilt, but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame."

Prince Francesco Caraccioli, whom we have spoken of as commander of the small Neapolitan navy, effected his escape from Naples before the capitulation, but

was discovered, disguised as a peasant, wandering in the open country; and on the evening of the 29th of June, brought alongside the *Foudroyant*. Captain Hardy, who was on deck at the time, received him with the respect due to his rank, his age, and his misfortunes; ordered him to be unbound, and treated him with every attention in his power. Some refreshment was offered him, which he declined. He was, then, given into the charge of Lieutenant Parkinson as a prisoner, and shown into the lieutenant's cabin.

We wish we could omit the disgraceful sequel to this sad story. Nelson immediately ordered a court-martial of Neapolitan officers to assemble on board the *Foudroyant*, and placed at its head Caraccioli's bitterest enemy, Commodore Count Thurn. The trial began at ten in the morning. It lasted until noon. The prisoner had no time to bring witnesses in his defence; he pleaded before judges who had already determined against him. What wonder, then, that he was found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to death? Nelson gave orders that the sentence should be carried into effect that evening, and that at five o'clock the unhappy prince—he was nearly seventy years of age—should be hanged on board the Sicilian frigate *La Minerve*. To the remonstrances of his own officers, of those who loved him best, he turned a deaf ear; he would not even listen to Caraccioli's prayer that he might be shot. That evening, the cruel sentence was carried out; and Lady Hamilton was present at the execution!

Nelson continued his services to the Neapolitan Court until Naples was once more placed under its infamous dominion. Lord Keith ordered him to join



his fleet with the squadron under his command, but Nelson would not obey. His infatuation angered the Admiralty, alarmed his friends, and was the theme of unfavourable comment in England. Trowbridge, his steady friend and daring follower, wrote to him, "I know that you have no pleasure in passing the whole night at cards. Why, then, sacrifice your health, taste, welfare, fortune—everything, in short, in that miserable Court. Oh, if you knew how distressed your friends are on your account, you would break with all these nightly orgies."—"They say," wrote Vice-Admiral Goodall—"they say, my dear lord, that you are in the arms of Armida, and that it wants the boldness of Ubaldo and his companion to rescue you from the charms of the enchantress."

Sir William Hamilton was at length recalled to England, and Nelson obtained permission to return with him. On the 6th of November, 1800, the hero of the Nile landed at Yarmouth, and was received with an enthusiastic welcome. From Yarmouth to London his progress resembled a Roman triumph. In the Metropolis he was entertained at a splendid civic banquet; was drawn by the populace from Ludgate Hill to Guildhall; and received from the corporation a golden-hilted sword richly adorned with diamonds. But he was not happy. Domestic peace could be his no longer. The slave of a worthless but fascinating woman, he separated from his wife before he had been three months in England; and yet he could write to her, "I take Heaven to witness that there is nothing in you or in your conduct that I could wish altered, or other than it is."

At this time, a formidable coalition had been formed



against England. Denmark, Russia, and Sweden had resolved to contest with her the supremacy of the sea. The Danish fleet consisted of 23 ships of the line and 31 frigates and small vessels ; the Swedes had 18 ships of the line, 14 frigates and sloops, and 74 small vessels ; the Russians had 82 sail of the line (35 in the Black Sea, and 47 in the Baltic) and 40 frigates. The junction of these three navies the English Cabinet promptly resolved, at all hazards, to prevent. A formidable fleet was therefore prepared, and the chief command entrusted to Sir Hyde Parker. The second place was given to Nelson, who had been promoted (January 1, 1801) to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Blue. He felt that, of right, he should have been entrusted with the chief command, but acquiesced in the decision of the Admiralty, and early in March, having hoisted his flag in the *St. George*, of ninety-eight guns, joined Sir Hyde Parker, with his division, in Yarmouth Roads. The instructions received by the admirals directed him to sail immediately to Revel, to surprise the squadron anchored there, and then proceed without delay to Cronstadt. He was also to summon Denmark to withdraw from the coalition, under a threat of bombarding Copenhagen if the demand was not complied with. Nelson, with his usual decision, protested against a plan which seemed to involve unnecessary delay, and promise no successful result. He wished to force the passage of the Sound, in defiance of its fortifications and the hazard of its navigation, and place the ships at once before Copenhagen. After some hesitation, the admiral consented. From that moment Nelson became the virtual leader of the expedition, and it was much to the credit of Sir Hyde that he so generously

acknowledged the superior genius of his daring subordinate.

The Sound was passed, and about noon, on the 30th of March, the fleet, led by Nelson in the *Elephant*, 74, into which he had shifted his flag, anchored at some distance above the Island of Huen, lying about fifteen miles from the city of Copenhagen. The Danes dismissed the British envoy, and refused to accept the terms proposed by the British Government. It therefore became necessary to attack their capital, and capture or destroy their fleet.

Sir Hyde, Lord Nelson, and Rear-Admiral Graves now proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy's defences, which were found to be of the most formidable description. A council of war was called, and by many it was proposed to forego the attack; but Nelson, with characteristic impetuosity, offered his services, undertaking to accomplish the enterprise with ten sail of the line, assisted by all the smaller vessels. Sir Hyde Parker immediately consented; gave him two more men-of-war than he asked for; and left him at entire liberty to carry out his plans, unfettered and unopposed.

The ships with which Nelson proposed to attack a strongly fortified city were as follows:—*Elephant*, 74; *Defiance*, 74; *Edgar*, 74; *Monarch*, 74; *Bellona*, 74; *Ganges*, 74; *Russell*, 74; *Agamemnon*, 64; *Ardent*, 64; *Polyphemus*, 64; *Glatton*, 54; *Isis*, 50; FRIGATES, *Amazon*, 38; *Désirée*, 36; *Blanche*, 36; *Alcmène*, 32; *Jamaica*, 24 guns, with four sloops, seven bombs, two fire-ships, and some small craft.

The ships left under the immediate command of Sir Hyde Parker, were:—*London*, 98; *St. George*, 98;

*Warrior*, 74 ; *Defiance*, 74 ; *Saturn*, 74 ; *Ramillies*, 74 ; *Raisonnable* 64 ; and *Veteran*, 64 guns.

Let us now glance for a moment at the position of the enemy. Copenhagen is built on the Island of Zealand. Opposite to it lies the Island of Saltholm, which divides the channel into two comparatively narrow passages—the eastern separating it from the Swedish shore ; the western, from the lowlands of Amag, an island connected with the city of Copenhagen by several bridges. This latter passage is again divided into two straits, by a dangerous shoal called the *Middel Grund*. The strait between the shoal and Saltholm is called the *Outer Channel* ; that between the port of Copenhagen and the shoal is called the *King's Channel*. They both run north and south, and are practicable for the largest ships, but where they unite beyond the *Middel Grund*, shoals are numerous, and a man-of-war to pass through them must be lightened.

The King's Channel had been rendered almost unapproachable from the north. Its entrance was defended by the *Trekonen* and *Crown* batteries, constructed upon piles, and mounting sixty-nine guns, and two old line-of-battle ships, the *Mars* and *Elephanten*. It was from the south end, therefore, that an attack must be made, and here the Danes had covered their city with a line of nineteen blockships, frigates, praams, and other vessels, carrying 628 guns, and manned by 4849 men. On the morning of the 1st of April, the fleet weighed anchor, and Lord Nelson's squadron entered the Upper Channel, coasting along the edge of the *Middel Grund*, until they gained its southernmost extremity. Here at about eight p.m., they anchored. During the night Captain Hardy, who had volunteered to accompany



Nelson, sounded in a small boat the channel between the British anchorage and the Danish line of defence, making use of a pole lest the noise of throwing the lead should discover him to the enemy.

“The incessant fatigue of body, as well as mind”—we again borrow the admirable language of Southey—“which Nelson had undergone during the last three days, had so exhausted him, that he was earnestly urged to go to his cot; and his old servant, Allen, using that kind of authority which long and affectionate services entitled and enabled him to assume on such occasions, insisted upon his complying. About eleven Hardy returned, and reported the practicability of the channel, and the depth of water up to the enemy’s line. About one, the orders were completed; and half-a-dozen clerks, in the foremost cabin, proceeded to transcribe them: Nelson frequently calling out to them from his cot to hasten their work, for the wind was becoming fair. Instead of attempting to get a few hours’ sleep, he was constantly receiving reports on this important point. At daybreak it was announced as becoming perfectly fair. The clerks finished their work about six. Nelson, who was already up, breakfasted, and made signal for all captains. The land forces and 500 seamen, under Captain Fremantle and the Hon. Colonel Stewart, were to storm the Crown battery as soon as its fire should be silenced: and Riou—whom Nelson had never seen till this expedition, but whose worth he had instantly perceived, and appreciated as it deserved—had the *Blanche* and *Alcmène* frigates, the *Dart* and *Arrow* sloops, and the *Zephyr* and *Otter* fire-ships given him, with a special command to act as circumstances might require.” The



line-of-battle ships were to anchor by the stern abreast of the enemy's vessels ; the frigates to co-operate in the attack on the vessels stationed at the harbour's mouth ; and the bombs, placed outside the British line, were to hurl their shells over it.

The only difficulty now arose from the indecision and timidity of the pilots, but at length Mr. Briarly, of the *Bellona*, undertook to steer the fleet into the position fixed upon by Nelson. The signal to get under weigh was made about half-past nine. The *Edgar* led, and was to have been followed by the *Agamemnon*, but from the force of the current, the latter was unable to weather the end of the Middel Grund, and was obliged to bring up again. The *Polyphemus*, therefore, took her place. The *Isis* was third ; the *Bellona* ran ashore about four hundred and fifty yards from the Danish rear, and the *Russell*, following her, committed the same blunder. Nelson immediately put his helm a-starboard, and passing to the westward of the stranded ships, got into deep water, and was safely followed by the vessels astern of him.

The cannonade commenced about ten, and was returned by the Danes with all the energy of men inspired by a noble patriotism. For three hours it continued, and the enemy showed no signs of weakness. Admiral Parker had despatched three ships to supply the places of those which had unfortunately grounded ; but as their progress was necessarily very slow, and as Nelson's division seemed suffering severely, Sir Hyde, in a generous but mistaken spirit, hoisted the signal for recal. "I will make the signal," he said to his captain, "for Nelson's sake. If he is in a condition to

continue the action successfully, he will disregard it ; if he is not, it will be an excuse for his retreat, and no blame can be imputed to him."

"Nelson was at this time," says Mr. Southey, "in all the excitement of action, pacing the quarter-deck. A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about ; and he observed to one of his officers with a smile, 'It is warm work ; and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment :' and then stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion, 'But mark you ! I would not be elsewhere for thousands.' About this time the signal lieutenant called out, that number 39 (the signal for discontinuing the action), was thrown out by the commander-in-chief. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal-officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. 'No,' he replied ; 'acknowledge it.' Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted ; and being answered in the affirmative, said, 'Mind you keep it so.' He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. 'Do you know,' said he to Mr. Ferguson, 'what is shown on board the commander-in-chief ? Number 39 !' Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant. 'Why, to leave off action !' Then, shrugging up his shoulder, he repeated the words, 'Leave off action ? Now, damn me if I do ! You know, Foley,' turning to the captain, 'I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes :—and then, putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, 'I really do not see the signal !' Presently he exclaimed, 'Damn the signal !

Keep mine for closer battle flying ! That's the way I answer such signals ! Nail mine to the mast !

Admiral Graves, who was so situated that he could not discern what was done on board the *Elephant*, disobeyed Sir Hyde's signal in like manner ; whether by fortunate mistake, or by a like brave intention, has not been made known. The other ships of the line, looking only to Nelson, continued the action. The signal, however, saved Riou's little squadron, but did not save its heroic leader. This squadron, which was nearest the commander-in-chief, obeyed, and hauled off. It had suffered severely in its most unequal contest. For a long time the *Amazon* had been firing, enveloped in smoke, when Riou desired his men to stand fast, and let the smoke clear off, that they might see what they were about. A fatal order ; for the Danes then got clear sight of her from the batteries, and pointed their guns with such tremendous effect, that nothing but the signal for retreat saved this frigate from destruction. 'What will Nelson think of us !' was Riou's mournful exclamation, when he unwillingly drew off. He had been wounded in the head by a splinter, and was sitting on a gun, encouraging his men, when just as the *Amazon* showed her stern to the Trekoner battery, his clerk was killed by his side ; and another shot swept away several marines, who were hauling in the main brace. 'Come, then, my boys,' cried Riou ; 'let us all die together !' The words had scarcely been uttered, before a raking shot cut him in two. Except it had been Nelson himself, the British navy could not have suffered a severer loss."

About two the fire of the Danes became very slack, and some of their vessels struck their colours. The



*Dannebrog* caught fire, and blew up ; more than 200 men perishing in the flames. By half-past two the action had ceased along the greater portion of the line, but some of the ships which had struck fired upon the boats despatched by Nelson to take possession of them. Nelson, indignant at this gross violation of the rules of war, resolved to send a messenger to the Crown Prince, and drew up the following characteristic letter :—

“ Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark, when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag ; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English.”

To seal the letter a wafer was given him, but observing that it was no time to appear hurried and informal, he ordered a candle to be brought, and sealed it with wax, affixing a larger seal than he usually employed. It was carried ashore, under a flag of truce, by Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger (one of Lord Nelson’s aides-de-camp), and after some further negotiation, led to a cessation of hostilities.

The victory was, indeed, complete, and Copenhagen lay at the mercy of the British. Six line-of-battle ships and eight praams had been taken ; one man-of-war had been burnt ; 6000 Danes had been killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The British loss was proportionably severe, 253 killed and 658 wounded ; while most of Nelson’s ships in masts, hulls, and rigging bore unmistakeable indications of the fury of the en-



gagement. The *Isis* had 33 killed and 88 wounded. The *Edgar* numbered 31 killed and 111 wounded. The *Monarch* lost 56 killed and 164 wounded. Altogether, the battle was worthy of the noble lyric in which it was fitly celebrated by the poet Campbell, and which may here be introduced to grace our pages :—

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;  
 By each gun the lighted brand,  
 In a bold, determined hand,  
 And the prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

Like Leviathans afloat,  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine :  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line :  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :  
 As they drifted on their path  
 There was silence deep as death ;  
 And the boldest held his breath  
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed  
 To anticipate the scene ;  
 And her van the fleeter rushed  
 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.

Again! again! again!  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back;  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom;—  
 Then ceased—and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shatter'd sail,  
 Or in conflagration pale  
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,  
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave,—  
 “Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
 And we conquer but to save:—  
 So peace instead of death let us bring:  
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 With the crews, at England's feet,  
 And make submission meet  
 To our King!”

Then Denmark blest our chief  
 That he gave her wounds repose:  
 And the sounds of joy and grief  
 From her people wildly rose,—  
 As death withdrew his shades from the day,  
 While the sun looked smiling bright  
 O'er a wide and woful sight,  
 Where the fires of funeral light  
 Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 While the wine-cup shines in light;  
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar  
 Let us think of them that sleep  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died  
With the gallant, good Riou :  
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave !

Upon the political consequences of this great victory it is not our province to dilate, nor need we dwell at any length upon the after operations of the British fleet in the Baltic. Sir Hyde Parker being recalled, Nelson assumed the chief command, and with untiring energy penetrated to Bornholm and Revel, detaching Sweden from the great northern coalition which Napoleon's influence had formed against England. But his health gave way, and having accomplished all he had to do, his constitutional restlessness returned. He begged the Admiralty to permit him to strike his flag. "The sharp air of the North," he wrote, "freezes me to the heart ; I am as good as dead if I do not return home. And yet I would not wish to die a natural death." The Admiralty at length complied with his ardent wishes, and sent out Sir Charles Pole to take the command. Nelson refused the frigate which his successor wished to place at his disposal, that he might not weaken the fleet ; quitted Kioge Bay in a little brig ; and landed at Yarmouth on the 1st of July. Having visited the hospitals where lay the seamen and soldiers wounded at Copenhagen, he set off, the same evening, for London, to receive the congratulations of his friends.

Scant repose, however, was allowed him. Napoleon

was now making vast preparations for the invasion of England, and had collected at Boulogne an enormous armed flotilla which was to transport the troops destined to subdue "le perfide Albion." The English people, with one voice, called upon Nelson to defend them. He was accordingly appointed to the command of a squadron of defence assembled between Orfordness and Beachy Head—a task, he said, for which he had no other ability than zeal. The enemy soon felt the influence of his active spirit. In the *Medusa* frigate he reconnoitred Boulogne, destroyed some gunboats, sank two floating batteries, and threw some shells into the town. He next attacked the flotilla lying at the mouth of Boulogne harbour; a daring but unsuccessful enterprise, which had no other result than to illustrate very conspicuously the intrepidity of English seamen. But this blockading work was unsuited to his active genius. He worried the Admiralty with complaints. He longed for the quiet and repose of Merton, a Surrey village, where he had bought a house, and where he hoped to enjoy the society of Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Happily for him, at this period, hostilities were suspended, and six months later (March 25th, 1802) was signed the treaty of Amiens, which afforded the belligerent nations a brief but welcome pause of rest.

The wave-worn hero retired to Merton, where he amused himself with quiet rural pursuits; superintending alterations in the house and gardens; angling in the Wandle, and otherwise relieving his over-wrought mind in the simplest enjoyments. His father died about this time, and early in 1803, Sir William Hamilton, bequeathing his wife to Nelson's protection—to



“the most virtuous, loyal, and truly brave character he had ever known.” Nelson’s only embarrassments now arose from his pecuniary wants. His income, including pensions, amounted to £3400—out of which he allowed Lady Nelson £1800, his brother’s widow and children £350, and paid £500 interest on borrowed money. So that to support the dignity of his rank and maintain his own establishment he had scarcely £800 *per annum*.

War between England and France again broke out in March, 1803, and Nelson was immediately appointed to the command of the Mediterranean squadron. Hoisting his flag on board the *Victory*, he arrived off Toulon on the 8th of July, and there he cruised for fourteen months with a vigilance and perseverance which procured him a vote of thanks from the corporation of London. He went ashore but *three times* from May, 1803, to August, 1805; “each of those times was upon the King’s service, and neither time of absence exceeded an hour.” His ships were shattered by the frequent gales, but his men were disciplined into admirable order. “I never saw a fleet,” he said, “altogether so well-officered and manned; would to God the ships were half as good!”

Our readers will remember that towards the close of the year 1804, Spain, yielding to the threats and promises of Napoleon, declared war against England, and placed her fleets at the disposal of France. On the 18th of January, 1805, while Nelson and his squadron were anchored off the Sardinian coast, the French fleet, so long cooped up in Toulon, put to sea to effect a junction with the Spaniards. The moment that Nelson received the welcome intelligence, he sailed in pursuit

of them. He proceeded to Egypt, but not meeting with the enemy, returned to Malta. There he learned that the French ships, dispersed in a storm, had put back to Toulon. He sailed for that port, to learn that the foe had again eluded him. He next coasted along Spain, and visited the Barbary shores. He afterwards followed them to the West Indies, where he found that "the mere terror of his name" had driven the combined forces back to Europe, and saved the British colonies. Unwearied and indefatigable, he returned to Europe, and on the 19th of June anchored at Gibraltar. Here he met with his old friend Collingwood, and obtaining some slight intelligence as to the enemy's movements, proceeded to Cadiz, traversed the Bay of Biscay, stood over to the north-west coast of Ireland, and, finally, on the 15th of August, joined the Channel fleet, under Admiral Cornwallis, off Ushant. He then, with the *Victory* and the *Superb*, hastened to Portsmouth, where he was received with an enthusiastic welcome.

Meanwhile, Sir Robert Calder, with a fleet of fifteen men-of-war and two frigates, had fallen in with the enemy's forces—20 men-of-war, three 50-gun ships, and five frigates—off Cape Finisterre (July 22nd), and after an action of four hours, had captured an 84 and a 74-gun ship. Considering the great disparity of the two fleets, Sir Robert's success was by no means unworthy of the nation; but Nelson had accustomed England to complete victories, and Sir Robert, therefore, was loudly and bitterly reproached. Nelson's own wishes, the warmly expressed voice of the people, the desire of the Admiralty, all pointed him out as the man who was to confront and crush the combined forces of France and Spain. Yet he appears to have

had a presentiment that his next victory would be his last, and that he should fall in the battle. He wrote in his private diary this affecting passage :—“Friday night, September 13th, at half-past ten, I drove from dear, dear Merton ; where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my King and country. May the great God whom I adore, enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country ! and, if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission ; relying that He will protect those so dear to me whom I may leave behind. His will be done ! Amen ! Amen ! Amen !”

He left Portsmouth on the 14th of September. A vast multitude attended him to his boat, cheering him from their very hearts. “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.”

On the 29th of September he was off Cadiz, where Admiral Villeneuve, a brave and chivalrous officer, with the French fleet, and Admiral Gravina, with the Spanish, were lying. He strictly enforced the blockade of the port, and effectually cut off the supplies from



France, that the enemy might be forced to put to sea, when he did not doubt to obtain a complete and glorious victory. On the 9th he forwarded to Collingwood, and described to his captains, his plan of attack. "When I came to explain to them," he writes in his *Journal*, "the *Nelson touch*, it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears, all approved; 'It was new—it was singular—it was simple;' and from admirals downwards it was repeated, 'It *must* succeed if ever they will allow us to get at them.'"

This masterly memorandum, regarded as "the highest specimen of naval tactics, and as the professional bequest of the most illustrious admiral that England has produced," we shall give in full, though to our juvenile readers it may prove of little interest. But its importance as an historical document can scarcely be overrated:—

"Thinking it almost impossible," writes Nelson, "to form a fleet of forty 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 sixteen ships each, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest-sailing two-decked ships: which will always make, if wanted, a line of twenty-four 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.

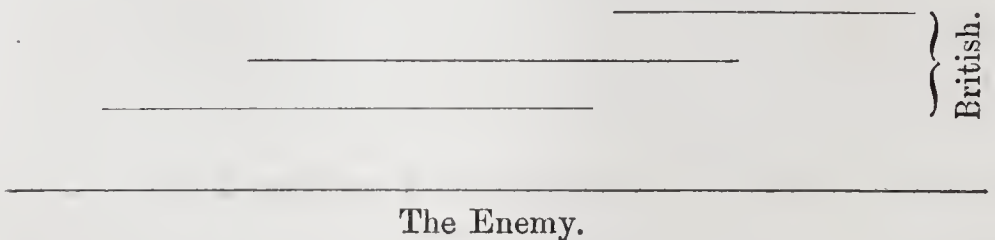
“ If the enemy’s fleet should be seen to windward in line of battle, and that the two lines and the advancing squadron could fetch them, they will probably be so extended that their van could not succour their rear. I should therefore probably make the second-in-command’s signal to lead through about 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 (cut through) three or four ships ahead of their centre ; so as to insure getting at their commander-in-chief, whom every effort must be made to capture.

“ The whole impression of the British fleet must be to overpower two or three ships ahead of their commander-in-chief (supposed to be in the centre) to the rear of their fleet. I will suppose twenty 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 forty-six sail of the line : British, forty : 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 of 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 twenty 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 :



“The divisions of the British fleet will be brought nearly within gun-shot of the enemy’s centre. The signal will most probably then be made for the lee line (three lines ?) 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 twelve sail of the enemy. Should the enemy wear together, or bear up and sail large, still the twelve 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, thirty-four 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."

The British fleet under Lord Nelson was of the following strength. We enumerate the ships in the order in which, at Trafalgar, they went into action :

WEATHER DIVISION.

Ships.	Guns.	Captains.
<i>Victory</i> .....	100	{ Vice-Admiral of the White Lord Nelson; Captain Thomas Masterman Hardy.
<i>Téméraire</i> .....	98	„ Eliah Harvey.
<i>Neptune</i> .....	98	„ Thomas F. Fremantle.
<i>Leviathan</i> .....	74	„ Henry W. Bayntun.
<i>Conqueror</i> .....	74	„ Israel Pellew.
<i>Britannia</i> .....	100	{ Rear-Admiral of the White Earl of Northesk; Captain Charles Bullen.
<i>Agamemnon</i> ...	64	„ Sir Edward Berry.
<i>Africa</i> .....	64	„ Henry Digby.
<i>Ajax</i> .....	74	„ John Pitfold.
<i>Orion</i> .....	74	„ Edward Codrington.

Ships.	Guns.	Captains.
<i>Minotaur</i> .....	74	Captain Charles J. M. Mansfield.
<i>Spartiate</i> .....	74	„ Sir Francis Laforey.
<i>Euryalus</i> .....	38	„ Hon. Henry Blackwood.
<i>Naiad</i> .....	38	„ Thomas Dundas.
<i>Pickle</i> schooner.		Lieut. John R. Lapenotiere.

## LEE DIVISION.

<i>Royal Sovereign.</i>	100	{ Vice-Admiral of the Blue Cuthbert Collingwood ; Captain Edward Rotherham.
<i>Belleisle</i> .....	74	
<i>Nais</i> .....	74	„ George Duff.
<i>Tonnant</i> .....	80	„ Charles Tyler.
<i>Bellerophon</i> .....	74	„ John Cook.
<i>Colossus</i> .....	74	„ James Nicoll Morris.
<i>Achille</i> .....	74	„ Richard King.
<i>Dreadnought</i> ...	98	„ John Conn.
<i>Polyphemus</i> .....	64	„ Robert Redmill.
<i>Revenge</i> .....	74	„ Robert Moorsom.
<i>Swiftsure</i> .....	74	„ George Rutherford.
<i>Defiance</i> .....	74	„ Philip C. Durham.
<i>Thunderer</i> .....	74	„ John Stockham.
<i>Defence</i> .....	74	„ George Hope.
<i>Prince</i> .....	98	„ Richard Grindall.
<i>Phæbe</i> .....	38	„ Hon. Thomas Bladen Capel.
<i>Sirius</i> .....	38	„ William Prowse.
<i>Entreprévante</i> cutter		Lieut. John Pinner.

In all, a force of 27 sail of the line and 4 frigates, carrying 2148 guns.

The French and Spanish fleets, under Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina, may be thus enumerated. They formed a line in the following order :—

* <i>Neptune</i> .....	74	* <i>Santa Ana</i> (Vice-Admiral de Alava) .....	112
<i>Scipion</i> .....	74	<i>Fougueux</i> .....	74

\* Spanish vessels.



Ships.	Guns.	Ships.	Guns.
<i>Intrépide</i> .....	74	* <i>Monarca</i> .....	74
* <i>Rayo</i> .....	100	<i>Pluton</i> .....	74
<i>Formidable</i> (Rear-Admiral Dumanoir) ...	80	<i>Algésiras</i> .....	74
<i>Duguay Trouin</i> .....	74	* <i>Bahama</i> .....	74
<i>Mont Blanc</i> .....	74	<i>Aigle</i> .....	74
* <i>San Francisco de Assis</i> .....	74	<i>Swiftsure</i> .....	74
* <i>San Augustin</i> .....	74	<i>Argonaute</i> .....	74
<i>Héros</i> .....	74	* <i>Montanez</i> .....	74
* <i>Santissima Trinidad</i> .	130	* <i>Argonauta</i> .....	80
<i>Bucentaure</i> (Admiral Villeneuve) .....	80	<i>Berwick</i> .....	74
<i>Neptune</i> .....	80	* <i>San Juan Nepomuceno</i> .....	74
* <i>San Leandro</i> .....	64	* <i>San Ildefonso</i> .....	74
<i>Rédoubtable</i> .....	74	<i>Achille</i> .....	74
* <i>San Justo</i> .....	74	* <i>Principe-de-Asturias</i> (Adm. de Gravina) .....	112
<i>Indomptable</i> .....	80	With the frigates <i>Cornélie</i> , <i>Hermione</i> , <i>Hortense</i> , <i>Thin</i> , and <i>Thémis</i> .	

In all, 33 sail of the line and 5 frigates, carrying about 2626 guns.

The combined fleets put out to sea on the 19th and 20th of October, and forming in five divisions, stood for the mouth of the Straits. On the morning of the 21st the look-out frigates signalled the approach of the British, and Villeneuve then abandoned his former tactics, and ordered his ships to range in line of battle, in the order indicated above. His whole line extended nearly five miles, and was irregularly formed, so that it somewhat resembled a curve, or half-moon, and in some places was two, and in others, three ships deep.

Meanwhile, the British fleet, formed in two columns as Nelson had directed, bore down upon the enemy under all sail—triumphant, as to certain conquest. Collingwood led the leeward division in the *Royal*

*Sovereign*; Nelson the weather line, in the *Victory*. The wind came up from the west in a fresh free breeze, and a heavy swell rolled along the sea. At this moment, the great admiral retired to his cabin, and in solitude and silence 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.”

He then appended the following memorandum:—

“October 21, 1805. Then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

“Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to my King and country, to my knowledge, without ever receiving any reward from either our King or country.

“First, that she obtained the King of Spain’s letter, in 1796, to his brother the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England; from which letter the ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton; the opportunity might have been offered.

“Secondly. The British fleet under my command

could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the Governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleets being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply ; went to Egypt and destroyed the French fleet.

“Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country ; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Lady Hamilton therefore a legacy to my King and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life.

“I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson ; and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only.

“These are the only favours I ask of my King and country at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my King and country, and all those I hold dear. My relations it is needless to mention ; they will of course be amply provided for.

NELSON and BRONTE.\*

“Witness, { Henry Blackwood.  
                  { T. M. Hardy.”

Dressed in his well-worn uniform, with the four “lack-lustre stars” of the orders he generally wore, he then went upon deck. His officers suspecting that in the ensuing battle his life would be specially aimed at, were anxious he should not assume so conspicuous an attire, but no one dared remonstrate with him. His

\* The dukedom of Bronte (*Anglicè*, Thunder) was conferred upon Nelson by the King of Naples after the victory of the Nile

captain, however, begged of him not to lead his division into the fight, and he at length consented to allow the *Leviathan* and *Téméraire* to pass ahead. But while he gave the order, he took care it should not be carried out. The *Victory* was a fast sailor, and unless she shortened sail, the others could not hope to gain the lead. It was evident, however, that Nelson took great pleasure in crowding on all the sail she could carry.

Assured of victory, he asked Captain Blackwood how many ships of the enemy's he should consider a fair triumph? Blackwood observing how gallantly they offered fight, said, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. "I shall not be satisfied," replied Nelson, "with less than twenty."

At about twenty minutes to twelve, when the British fleet was rapidly nearing its opponents, Nelson turned to Captain Blackwood and observed that it appeared to him some other signal was wanting. He paused a few moments, and then calling the signal-lieutenant, said—"Mr. Pasco, make signal to the squadron, that

"England expects every man will do his duty!"

When the purport of this signal was understood throughout the fleet, there arose a deep and earnest cheer, and every man seemed inspired by the heroic enthusiasm of his great leader. Shortly afterwards, Captain Blackwood, about to return to his frigate, the *Euryalus*, shook him by the hand, and expressed his hope he should shortly return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. "God bless you, Blackwood," was Nelson's exclamation, "I shall never see you again."



In order to prevent Villeneuve from escaping into Cadiz, Nelson and his division bore away slightly to the north; Collingwood's division was therefore the first to join battle. His flag-ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, was some distance ahead of the column which he led, and secured the honour of beginning the engagement. At ten minutes past twelve, she passed close under the stern of the *Santa Ana*, receiving as she took up her position a rolling fire from the *Fougueux*, and pouring her own broadside into the enemy. 150 balls swept the decks of the Spaniard, and a third of her crew were killed or wounded. Then round the gallant Collingwood pressed the *San Leandro*, *San Justo*, and *Indomptable*, raining such a storm of shot "that they were seen striking each other in the air." "Rotherham," exclaimed the admiral to his captain, "what would not Nelson give to be here now!" Almost at the same instant, Nelson, on board the *Victory*, cried out—"See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action!"

The *Victory* arrived within gunshot of the enemy at twenty minutes after twelve. Slowly but steadily she bore down upon the *Santissima Trinidad* and the *Bucantoure*. A shot was occasionally aimed at her, and at length, having obtained her range, the six ships nearest the French admiral rolled in their fire upon her. Mr. Scott, the admiral's secretary, was the first who fell. Another shot struck a party of marines drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them; after which Nelson desired Captain Adair to order his men to lie down until they closed with the enemy. Shortly afterwards, a shot passed between Nelson and Hardy, and a splinter tore off Hardy's buckle and bruised his foot.

Each looked at the other in silent apprehension. Then Nelson smiled, and said, "This is too warm work to last long."

The *Victory* had lost fifty men killed and wounded, and her sails were torn into ribands, but she still pressed on. Pouring a broadside into the *Bucentaure*, she came at length into collision with the *Rédoubtable*, and immediately engaged her with her starboard guns, while her larboard were directed upon the *Bucentaure* and *Trinidad*. The tops of the *Rédoubtable* were filled with soldiers, who kept up a constant fire of musketry. In a few minutes the gangways and quarter-deck of the *Victory* were crowded with the killed, and her cockpit with the wounded. Nelson and Hardy, however, still continued their walk to and fro along an extent of deck not more than twenty-one feet in length, and at about twenty-five minutes past one, just as they had arrived within one pace of the regular turning-point, Lord Nelson, who was walking on the larboard side, suddenly faced about. Hardy turned also, and saw his admiral in the act of falling. He was then on his knees, but immediately fell forward on his left side, exactly upon the spot where his secretary, Mr. Scott, had breathed his last, and with whose blood his clothes were stained. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," he cried. "I hope not," answered the captain. "Yes," replied Nelson, "my back-bone is shot through." A musket-ball from the mizen-top of the *Rédoubtable* had entered his left shoulder through the fore part of the epaulet, and descending, lodged in the spine. He was quickly revenged; not a man in that mizen-top escaped with his life.





The Death of Nelson.—Page 351.





He was now taken up, and removed into the cockpit. As he was borne down the ladder, he took his handkerchief from his pocket, and covered his face with it, that he might pass unnoticed by his crew.

On reaching the cockpit he was laid upon a midshipman's pallet, and examined by the surgeon, who soon ascertained that the wound was mortal. His sufferings were very great, and his thirst was intense. He drank frequently of lemonade, and was fanned with paper. He anxiously inquired about the progress of the action, and as the successive shouts of his crew proclaimed that one after another of the enemy's ships was striking her colours, a fresh but transient gleam lit up his eyes, and a visible emotion of joy animated his countenance. An hour and ten minutes elapsed, and Hardy was able to come to him. "Well, Hardy," exclaimed the dying hero, "how goes the battle? how goes the day with us?" "Very well, my lord," replied Hardy; "we have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession; but five of their 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; I have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck, Hardy." "No, my lord," he replied; "there is no fear of that." Lord Nelson continued, "I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon."

Captain Hardy, in a minute or two, returned on deck. Soon afterwards the *Victory* opened her larboard guns upon Rear-Admiral Dumanoir's squadron, which was passing to windward, and fired a few of her

starboard guns at the French *Swiftsure*, then preparing to rake the *Colossus*. The firing so affected Nelson, 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 all sensation below the breast was gone ; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, 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 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 afterwards, he cried, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation?" About fifty minutes after Hardy's first visit to the cockpit, he returned, and taking his lordship's hand, congratulated him, even in the arms of death, on his brilliant victory. He did not know how many of the enemy were captured, as it was impossible to perceive every ship distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen he was certain had surrendered. Nelson answered, "That is well, but I bargained for twenty." Then he emphatically exclaimed, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" "I suppose, my lord," said the captain, "Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs." "Not while I live, Hardy," said Nelson—striving, but in vain, to raise himself from the bed—"do *you* anchor, Hardy." A minute or two afterwards, he said to the captain, in a low voice, "Listen, Hardy ! When I am

\* Dr. Beatty's *Narrative*.

no more, cut off my hair to give my dear Lady Hamilton—and do not throw my poor body into the sea! Kiss me, Hardy,” he continued. Hardy, deeply affected, knelt down and kissed his cold, wan cheek. “Now I am satisfied,” said the dying hero. “Thank God, I have done my duty.” Hardy then quitted him, never again to see his chief alive.

Nelson now requested his attendants to place him on his right side, and said, “I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone.” Death, indeed, was rapidly attaining the mastery. His articulation grew indistinct, but he was heard frequently to repeat, “Thank God, I have done my duty.” They were his last words; they fitly summed up the history of his life. And so, without a sigh, a struggle, or a groan, at half-past four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound—Nelson died.

He died, indeed, in the arms of victory. Of that formidable fleet which he had confronted with so daring a soul, nineteen men-of-war had struck their colours, and the remainder were crowding on all sail to escape from the disastrous scene. The navies of France and Spain were annihilated, and the genius of Napoleon stood again rebuked by the daring of Nelson.

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 buried in St. Paul's Cathedral—a vast and sorrowing multitude attending the solemn obsequies. His brother was raised to an earldom, with a grant of £6000 per annum. £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters; and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. Scarce a town in Great Britain but did honour to Great Britain's



most illustrious admiral, and the nation in its sorrow for the lost hero almost forgot to congratulate itself on the splendid victory he had achieved.

“There is reason to suppose,” says Southey, and with his admirable words we may fitly close our imperfect sketch—“from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done ; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death 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 to 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. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.”

[The authorities consulted in the preceding pages are—Southey’s *Life of Nelson* ; Sir Harris Nicolas’ *Letters and Despatches of Nelson* ; Dr. Beatty’s *Narrative* ; James’s and Brenton’s *Naval Histories* ; and M. de la Gravière’s *Sketches of the Last Naval War*.]



## XX.

## ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

A.D. 1750—1810.

Who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,  
 Is happy as a lover, and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;  
 And through the heat of conflict keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw,  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need.

He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
 Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans  
 To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;—  
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve ;—  
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love.

WORDSWORTH.

“ ON what trifling events,” says an able French writer,  
 “ do the destinies of great men turn ! Collingwood  
 had entered the navy before Nelson, his junior by eight  
 years, but did not receive his lieutenant’s and captain’s  
 commissions until after his brilliant rival. No more  
 was necessary to decide the fortunes of these two men.  
 Collingwood, outstripped in reaching the rank of

captain, could never thenceforward be anything but subordinate to Nelson. Naturally simple and modest, he long remained in the background, to which the renown of the conqueror of Aboukir consigned all his contemporaries. When he emerged from that comparative obscurity, the time of great battles had passed. Thus, after having fought in the battles of the 1st of June and Cape Vincent, after having shared with Nelson the honour of the latter triumph, Collingwood, scarcely sixty, but exhausted with fifty years' service, of which forty-four had been passed at sea, died in 1810, without bearing to the tomb one victory which might be called his own, or any laurels exclusively his own right. Calmer and more resigned than Nelson, and endowed with higher moral feelings, he did not possess in the same degree as the hero of the Nile that feverish ardour which creates opportunities, controls circumstances, and would 'pluck,' if necessary, 'drowning honour by the hair.' Collingwood and Nelson, however, are two names which can never be separated in history : they mutually complete each other. One is the highest representative of a superior navy ; the other the exceptional genius, who draws after him, in untrodden paths, that navy which he has subjugated by his genius."

It is because the names of Collingwood and Nelson are always associated ; because they were in life the truest of friends, ever anxious to acknowledge each other's friendly services ; and because Collingwood may fairly be taken as the type of the modern English officer, brave, gentle, cultured, and refined—not only a hero, but a gentleman—that we here include him among the Sea-kings of England. His services were

not brilliant, but they were valuable. If he himself never won a victory whose laurels he might singly claim, his share in the great sea-fights which established our naval glory was such as to entitle him to our reverence and gratitude.

Cuthbert Collingwood, the son of a gentleman of moderate means, was born in 1750. In his eleventh year he began that life of devotion to his country's service which is almost unexampled for its purity, zeal, and gentle heroism. His apprenticeship, however, was an arduous one, and like most young neophytes, he found the first step on the threshold as difficult as it was painful. Sitting alone and heart-weary on the deck of the man-of-war to which he had been transferred by his relative, Captain Braithwaite, his tearful sorrow attracted the notice of the first lieutenant, who addressed to him some few and kindly words of consolation and encouragement. The young sailor was so affected by the sympathy he displayed, that he invited his officer to inspect the contents of his chest, and offered to share with him a plum-cake provided by a thoughtful mother.

Under the watchful care of his friend and relative, he rapidly acquired a thorough mastery over the details of his profession. In his leisure moments he sedulously cultivated the graces of polite literature, and obtained so intimate an acquaintance with the principles of the English language, that few eminent writers have given expression to their thoughts in a chaster or more elegant style. His correspondence will be read with interest and admiration even by those who are familiar with the graceful letters of Cowper and the polished phrases of Southey. What can be more justly conceived or

pleasantly expressed than his well-known counsels to a young midshipman? As a piece of descriptive writing, his despatches announcing the victory of Trafalgar are equally admirable. The former, however, may here be transferred to our pages for the instruction of our younger readers:—"A strict and unwearied attention to your duty," he says, "and a complacent and respectful behaviour, not only to your superiors but to everybody, will insure you their regard, and the reward will surely come; but if it should not, I am convinced you have too much good sense to let disappointment sour you. Guard carefully against letting discontent appear in you; it is sorrow to your friends, a triumph to your competitors, and cannot be productive of any good. Conduct yourself so as to deserve the best that can come to you, and the consciousness of your own proper behaviour will keep you in spirits, if it should not come. Let it be your ambition to be foremost in all duty. Do not be a nice observer of turns, but ever present yourself ready for everything; and unless your officers are very inattentive men, they will not allow the others to impose more duty on you than they should. I need not say more to you on the subject of sobriety, than to recommend to you the continuance of it, exactly as when you were with me. Every day affords you instances of the evils arising from drunkenness. Were a man as wise as Solomon and as brave as Achilles, he would still be unworthy of trust, if he addicted himself to that vice. He may make a drudge, but a respectable officer he will *never* be; for the doubt must always remain, that the capacity which God has given him will be abused by intemperance. Young men are generally introduced to such habits by the



company they keep ; but do you carefully guard against ever submitting yourself to be the companion of low, vulgar, or dissipated men. Let your companions be such as yourself, or superior ; for the worth of a man will always be ruled by that of his company. Read, let me charge you to read ; study books that treat of your profession, or of history. Thus employed, you will always be in good company. Nature has sown in man the seeds of knowledge, but they must be cultivated to produce fruit. Wisdom does not come by instinct, but will be found where diligently sought for ; seek her, she will be a friend that will never fail you."

In 1774, Collingwood was present at the battle of Bunker's Hill, as one of the seamen auxiliaries furnished to General Pigot by Admiral Graves, then in command of the American fleet. His gallantry on that occasion procured him promotion to the rank of lieutenant.

Appointed to the *Hornet* sloop, he sailed in 1776 for Jamaica. In the following year Nelson arrived there as second lieutenant on board the *Lowestoffe* frigate. A friendship previously commenced, was now firmly cemented, and each learnt to appreciate the other's noble qualities. Nelson's merits having attracted the attention of the commander-in-chief, Sir Peter Parker, he was promoted to his flag-ship, the *Bristol* ; and Collingwood, through Sir Peter's kindness, succeeded Nelson on board the *Lowestoffe*. The future "hero of the Nile" soon became first lieutenant, and on the 8th of December, 1778, was appointed to the command of the *Badger* brig. Collingwood then obtained the vacancy on board the *Bristol*. A similar occurrence

took place in the following year. Nelson was made a post-captain, and appointed to the *Hinchinbrooke*, 28 ; the command of the *Badger* was then bestowed upon Collingwood. At this time Nelson was not twenty-one, and Collingwood was twenty-eight.

Nelson's services at San Juan de Nicaragua, already described in these pages, obtained him promotion to the *Janus*, of forty-four guns, and he was succeeded in the *Hinchinbrooke* by Collingwood, who was now made a post-captain (1780), and who had also distinguished himself in the expedition. His ship's crew suffered severely from the fatal fever so prevalent in the unhealthy climate of Nicaragua. He alone escaped it. Every other person on board was stricken down, and a terrible number died. Those who survived were reduced to an alarming state of weakness and emaciation.

Withdrawn from this land of death, Collingwood, who probably owed his preservation to his extreme temperance and remarkable self-control, was appointed to the *Pelican*. In August, 1781, while out on a cruise, the *Pelican* ran upon the reef of the Morant Keys, and was totally wrecked. Her crew and officers were saved, and contrived to obtain a scanty subsistence for nearly a fortnight, until brought off by the *Diamond* frigate, and conveyed in safety to Jamaica.

In 1783, Captain Collingwood was appointed to the *Sampson*, and served under Admiral Hughes on the West India station. He ably seconded Nelson in his crusade against the American traders, and, when removed to the *Mediator*, actively exerted himself in protecting British commerce in the Leeward Islands. He returned to England in 1786, and for seven years enjoyed—what no man more highly valued—the sweet

and calm delights of home. He was married to an admirable woman, to whom and his children he was sincerely attached, and, indeed, his cultivated mind and elegant taste could well appreciate domestic pleasures. In the thick of the conflict, in the hour of victory, his soul always turned with eagerness

To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;

though it was his fate, after the seven years' rest which he obtained from 1786 to 1793, to share them but seldom, and on each occasion for but a few unquiet days.

In 1793, Collingwood was appointed to the *Prince*, the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Bowyer, and afterwards followed that officer into the *Barfleur*, a ninety-eight-gun ship, which shared the honours of the victory of the 1st of June (1794). In that great action Collingwood displayed his usual intrepidity, and manœuvred his vessel with signal skill. Rear-Admiral Bowyer was severely wounded, and the *Barfleur* had altogether nine killed and twenty-five wounded.

He was next removed to the *Excellent*, and early in 1796 joined the Mediterranean fleet under Sir John Jervis. His share in the victory off Cape St. Vincent was an honourable one. As we have described this famous engagement in an earlier portion of our volume, we need only allude here to the part taken by the *Excellent*.

Ordered by the commander-in-chief to cut through the enemy's line, the *Excellent* bore up, and arriving abreast of the Spanish three-decker, *Salvador del Mundo*, engaged her for a few minutes, and then passed on to the *San Ysidro*, which after a sharp fight of about fifteen



minutes' duration struck her colours. She then pursued the fugitive Spanish, poured a destructive broadside into the *San Nicolas* as she passed, and next entered into action with the *Santissima Trinidad*. In the engagement she lost eleven killed and had twelve wounded.

Collingwood's promptitude in coming to the relief of Nelson, who was terribly beset by the *San Nicolas* and *San Josef*, was duly acknowledged by his heroic friend. "That a friend in need," wrote Nelson, "is a friend indeed, was never more truly verified than by your most noble and gallant conduct yesterday, in sparing 'the *Captain*' from further loss; and I beg, both as a public officer and a friend, you will accept my sincere thanks. We shall meet at Lagos; but I could not come near you without assuring you how sensible I am of your assistance in a nearly critical situation." Vice-Admiral Waldegrave, the third in command, complimented him warmly:—"My dear Collingwood," he wrote, "although Dacres [his flag-captain] has, in a great degree, expressed all I feel on the subject, yet I cannot resist the satisfaction of telling you myself, that nothing in my opinion could exceed the true officership which you so happily displayed yesterday; both the admiral and Nelson join with me in this opinion, and nothing but ignorance can think otherwise. God bless you, and may England long possess such men as yourself: it is saying everything for her glory."

The *Excellent* continued attached to Lord St. Vincent's fleet during the blockade of Cadiz—"parading under its walls," as Collingwood called it—and became distinguished for its admirable discipline, and the re-



markable concord which existed between her officers and crew. During the mutiny of 1797, which Lord St. Vincent so severely crushed, many of the greatest rebels were transferred to the *Excellent* to be subjected to Collingwood's gentle but irresistible influence. One of these misguided men had declared, when aboard the *Romulus*, a ship of the Channel fleet, that he would fire a fore-castle gun at his officers unless they pledged themselves to exempt him from punishment. When this daring character made his appearance on board the *Excellent*, Collingwood immediately addressed him in the presence of most of his crew, "I am well acquainted with your character, but I warn you to take care how you attempt to excite insurrection in this ship. I have such confidence in my men, that I feel assured I shall hear in an hour of what you may be doing. Behave well in future, and I will treat you like your comrades, nor take any notice of what happened on board another vessel ; but should you endeavour to excite mutiny, mark me, I will instantly head you up in a cask and fling you into the sea." This menace, delivered in a firm voice and with a stern countenance, completely conquered the mutineer, who afterwards acquired an excellent character for obedience and steadiness.

Yet Collingwood employed no harsh measures. He governed by the law of kindness, and never permitted his officers to behave towards their men with severity. His tried and trusty lieutenant, Mr. Caville, whom he highly valued, on one occasion, when angered by some act of disobedience, exclaimed to the men, "I wish I were the captain for your sake." Collingwood overheard him, and mildly said, "And what would you do

were you the captain, Caville?" "I'd have flogged them well, sir," rejoined the lieutenant. "No, no, no," cried Collingwood, "you would not do so, Caville; I know you better." While insisting upon prompt obedience to the orders even of his youngest officers, he avoided any unusual severity by a well-timed appeal to their feelings of humanity. "Probably the fault," he would say to his midshipmen, "was yours; but were it not so, I am sure you would be pained to see a man old enough to be your father punished and disgraced through you. It will give me a good opinion of you, therefore, if when the man is brought up for punishment, you ask me to pardon him." He would then turn round to the prisoner, when his pardon had been asked, and observe, "This young gentleman has generously pleaded for you, and, therefore, I will for this time overlook your offence, in the hope you will feel properly grateful to him for his benevolence."

Collingwood was kept cruising off Cadiz while his great and gallant friend was winning laurels at Teneriffe and Aboukir. "Our good chief," he wrote, somewhat bitterly, "has found occupation for me; he has sent me to cruise off San Lucar, to stop the Spanish boats which carry cabbages to Cadiz. Oh humiliation! If I did not feel that I had not deserved such treatment, if I did not say to myself that the caprices of power could never lower me in the eyes of honourable men, I think I should have died of indignation." "When I reflect," he says, on another occasion, "on my long absence from all that can make me happy, it is very painful to me, and what day is there that I do not lament the continuance of the war? We are wandering before this port, with no prospect of change for the

better. Nothing good can happen to us short of peace. Every officer and man in the fleet is impatient for release from a situation which daily becomes more irksome to us all. Would to Heaven it were over, that I might think no more of ships, but pass the rest of my days in the bosom of my family! Will peace ever come? I confess I do not expect to see it. All Europe has combined to reduce the power and annihilate the glory of England, but the stand we shall make will be that of the lion at the mouth of his cave."

The treaty of Amiens in 1802 brought a brief interval of repose, and Collingwood passed some months of uninterrupted enjoyment in the bosom of his family. But when war broke out in the following year, the rear-admiral was again summoned to his country's assistance, and in the *Venerable*, joined Admiral Cornwallis's fleet off Brest. Here he was again doomed to the tedium of an active but inglorious blockade, and it was not until 1805, when he was despatched with three sail of the line to cruise off Cadiz, that he obtained an opportunity of illustrating his name. He had now been promoted to the rank of vice-admiral, and hoisted his flag on board the *Dreadnought*, of ninety-eight guns. On the 22nd of August he was reinforced by four sail of the line under Rear-Admiral Bickerton, and on the 30th was joined by Sir Robert Calder with eighteen line-of-battle ships. Collingwood continued to cruise before Cadiz, and blockade the Franco-Spanish fleet, until the 28th of September, when Nelson arrived to take the chief command. Sir Robert Calder was then ordered home, and Collingwood prepared to share in the glorious victory which he knew the genius of his chief would assuredly insure them. "We are both



one," wrote Nelson to him, "and I hope we shall never be otherwise. We, my dear Coll., can 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."

On the 21st of October was fought the battle of Trafalgar. Nelson's part in that splendid victory we have already detailed; Collingwood's demands from us a few words of description. He led the British fleet in his ship the *Royal Sovereign* with a gallantry which extorted the admiration of his enemies. For upwards of fifteen minutes she was the only British vessel in close action, and sustained the fire of four of the enemy's three-deckers. The *Belleisle* then came to her relief, and passing on to the eastward left Collingwood's ship engaged with the *Santa Ana*. In a short time the Spanish three-decker lost her mizen-top-mast; and, at the end of about an hour and a quarter from the commencement of the combat, her three masts fell over the side. At about quarter past two p.m., after a hot engagement between the two ships from ten minutes past twelve, the *Santa Ana* struck to the *Royal Sovereign*. The conqueror was almost as much disabled as her opponent, and when she moved a little ahead of her prize, her mainmast fell over on the starboard side, tearing off two of her lower-deck ports. She had forty-seven men killed and ninety-four wounded. The *Santa Ana* must have lost four-fifths of her crew, and one of her officers nicknamed the *Royal Sovereign* the "Royal Devil."

When Nelson died, the news was conveyed to Col-



lingwood, who, even in the hour of triumph, felt bitterly the loss which he and his country had sustained. Little time had he, however, to yield to sorrow. "Of the thirty-three French and Spanish ships who on that morning so proudly offered battle to the English fleet, eleven were escaping towards Cadiz, four were following (the French rear-admiral) Dumanoir to seaward, eighteen had surrendered, shattered by the enemy's fire, and covered with glory. Ships thus defended were, doubtless, an important conquest, but a conquest ready to sink under the feet of the conquerors. The waves had already swallowed up the *Achille*; the *Rédoubtable* hardly floated; eight ships had not a mast standing; eight others were partially dismasted. In the English squadron, the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Téméraire*, *Belleisle*, *Tonnant*, *Colossus*, *Bellerophon*, *Mars*, and *Africa*, equally damaged, could hardly move; six other ships had lost either their yards or topmasts, the greater part had their sails in shreds. Cape Trafalgar, which gave its name to this great day, was eight or nine miles to leeward of the fleet; the dangers on the coast of Andalusia were hardly four or five, and the swell, rather than the wind, was driving the disabled ships towards the shore. The *Royal Sovereign*, which Collingwood had quitted, to transfer his flag to the *Euryalus*, had just sounded in thirteen fathoms. It was necessary—a new victory for Collingwood—that fourteen ships and four frigates still in a condition to work, should extricate seventeen or eighteen disabled ships from this danger."

Nelson had foreseen this result of his victory, and, as we have seen, had determined to ride out the gale which threatened, at anchor; and Collingwood has

been blamed for not carrying out his chief's intentions. But to have anchored at that moment would have been to abandon each ship to her own resources ; for those ships which had suffered the most, were as unable to anchor as to make sail. The *Swiftsure*, the *Bahama*, the *San Ildefonso*, and the *San Juan Nepomuceno*, less disabled than the other prizes, were alone able to anchor under Cape Trafalgar, and were the only trophies of their triumph our heroes carried in safety to Gibraltar.

The night of the 21st of October was a terrible one. The tempest was abroad upon the waters. Fortunately the wind veered to S.S.W., or it may be that not even Collingwood's ability could have saved "a single injured ship from total destruction." The admiral took instant advantage of the favourable change, and signalled for his ships to wear with their heads to the westward. Yet, notwithstanding that happy chance, "it required prodigious efforts," says a nautical authority, "such as the veterans of Jervis and Nelson's school alone could make, to get that fleet of disabled ships, more numerous than those which could assist them, clear of danger."

On the 22nd, in the course of the forenoon, Collingwood issued the following general order :—

"The Almighty God, whose arm is strength, having of His great mercy been pleased to crown the exertions of his Majesty's fleet with success, in giving them a complete victory over their enemies on the 21st of this month, and that all praise and thanksgiving may be offered up to the Throne of Grace for the great benefit to our country and to mankind, I have thought proper that a day should be appointed of general humiliation before God, and thanksgiving for his merciful

goodness, imploring forgiveness of sins, a continuation of His divine mercy, and His constant aid to us in defence of our country's liberties and laws, without which the utmost efforts of man are nought: I direct, therefore, that . . . be appointed for this holy purpose.

“Given on board the *Euryalus*, off Cape Trafalgar, October 22nd, 1805.”

For his share in the victory of Trafalgar, Collingwood was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Collingwood, of Caldburne and Hethpoole, in the county of Northumberland, with a grant of £2000 per annum. A vase, valued at 500 guineas, was presented to him by the Patriotic Fund. The Admiralty appointed him to the command of the Mediterranean fleet, and he was regarded by his country as the legitimate successor of Nelson. He bore his honours with meekness. Before he was aware that a pension had been voted him, he wrote to his wife “I hardly know how we shall be able to support the dignity to which his Majesty has been pleased to raise me. Let others plead for pensions; I am an Englishman, and will never ask for money as a favour. We may be rich enough without it, by endeavouring to be superior to everything poor. I would have my services unstained by any interested motive, and old Scot and I can go on in our cabbage-garden without much greater expense than formerly. But I have had a great destruction of my furniture and stock. I have hardly a chair that has not a slit in it, and many have lost both legs and arms, without hope of pension. My soup is served in a tin pan. My wine broke in moving, and my pigs were slain in battle.”

The closing years of this gallant seaman's life were



not illustrated by any events to call for notice in these pages. He held the command of the Mediterranean fleet until his death, but was chiefly occupied in wearisome blockades of Cadiz and Toulon. When Spain rose against Napoleon, and called upon England to help her, it was Collingwood's singular fortune to be received as a deliverer in the city before whose harbour he had so often anchored a hostile fleet. "Viva Collingwood! Viva el Rey George!" were now the enthusiastic shouts of the good people of Cadiz, who had so long trembled at the sound of the British guns, and learnt to dread the flag which floated over Britain's victorious ships. But the sword was wearing out the scabbard. Though scarce sixty years old, he was frail, feeble, shattered. Constant mental labour had undermined Collingwood's constitution. He needed repose. He needed the genial influence of home, of home-scenes and home-affection. "My weak eyes and feeble limbs," he writes, "want rest; my mind has not known an hour's composure for many months, yet I cannot tell what to say on the subject of coming on shore. My declining health will make it necessary soon, since my weakness unfits me for the arduous situation I hold." He longed to see again "the old familiar faces," to listen to the beloved voices, to bask in the sunshine of happy smiles. "My whole life," he says pathetically, "has been a life of care. I hardly know what it is that the world calls pleasure; and when I have done with my sea affairs, the only idea I have of delight on shore is in the midst of my family, where I can see my daughters. In them is the source of my future happiness, and I believe a source that will not fail me; but all this is to be when I come on shore. When is that blessed



day to come? I have devoted myself faithfully to my country's service, but it cannot last much longer. I grow weak and feeble, and shall soon only be fit to be nursed and live in quiet retirement; for having so long lived out of the world, I believe I shall be found totally unfit to live in it."

Such were the tender aspirations of the great admiral who had shared the glory of Nelson and St. Vincent, had borne so noble a part in two of the grandest ocean triumphs which had even lent fresh lustre to the British flag. Not for the applause of the crowd, not for the honours of the senate, not for the laurels of the successful warrior—but for home, for the pure domestic joys, the sweet household affections, throbbed the manly heart of Collingwood. He was never again to be blest in their enjoyment. The Admiralty at length yielded to his earnest request for a successor, and permitted him to resign the command he had held with so much honour; but their compliance came *too late*. He quitted Minorca on the 5th of March, 1810, in the *Ville de Paris*, his flag-ship, bound for England—bound for home. He was then dying. On the 7th of March, he died. He passed away calmly, like a brave, true-hearted Christian, without a sigh or a struggle, and with the consciousness of a well-spent life. No stain rests upon his memory. His fame is untarnished by a single crime; and to the young sailors of Britain, surely a better model can never be pointed out than—

CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD.

## XXI.

## ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.

A. D. 1756.

He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,  
 And fild far landes with glorie of his mighte ;  
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame.

SPENSER.

EDWARD PELLEW was born in 1756. He was left an orphan when yet a child, and had but few friends or kindly relatives to watch over his early life, and shield him from rude collisions with the world. Accustomed, therefore, from his boyhood to

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,

he acquired those habits of independent thought and prompt action which so signally characterized his later career. He learnt to command himself, and consequently to command others. A house containing a store of gunpowder caught fire, and a terrible explosion was momentarily expected. While others looked on aghast, the boy-hero acted. He rushed through the flames, and contrived, at no little hazard, to remove the dangerous combustibles. In this presence of mind, this energy of decision, this fearlessness of spirit, Pellew was never wanting. He was always quick to see the moment when action became necessary, and resolute in seizing it.

He won a high character at school; yet he left it in a very summary manner. A boyish quarrel ended in a boyish fight, and as he was menaced with immediate punishment, he ran away. "I will never submit to the disgrace of a flogging," he said to his elder brother,\* "and so I shall go to sea."

He was then fourteen, and he went to sea. His guardians entered him as a midshipman on board the *Juno* frigate, under the command of Captain Stott, a severe disciplinarian and arbitrary taskmaster, totally unfitted to direct the steps of generous and high-spirited youth. This tyrannical gentleman, on one occasion, was so incensed at an indiscretion committed by a midshipman, named Francis Cole, a boy about twelve years old, that he ordered him to quit the frigate, then off Marseilles, and bade a boat be got ready to convey him ashore. Pellew immediately declared that the lad should not go alone. "If you turn Cole out of the ship, sir, please to turn me out also." Captain Stott protested himself glad to be rid of both of them, and consented to Pellew's discharge. The two boys were, therefore, put ashore, and might have starved, penniless and friendless, in a foreign country, had not one of the lieutenants of the *Juno*, Lord Hugh Seymour, taken compassion upon them and provided them with a supply of money.

After a day or two's wanderings in Marseilles, Pellew accidentally met with an old acquaintance who offered him a passage to Lisbon in his vessel, knowing that at Lisbon he would more readily obtain the means of transit to his own country. Pellew, however, was

\* Afterwards well known as Rear-Admiral Sir Israel Pellew.

too generous hearted to desert his *protégé*, and unless his friend consented to take both the fugitives, stoutly refused the proffered aid. The struggle happily ended in their being conveyed to Lisbon, whence they procured a passage to England.

Pellew was now appointed to the *Blonde*, a thirty-two-gun frigate, commanded by Captain Philemon Pownall, a thorough gentleman, an able seaman, and a gallant officer, who had distinguished himself in several actions with the French. Under this excellent commander Pellew improved rapidly in his profession. The lad's generous spirit and daring disposition were fully appreciated by one so eminently fitted to understand them, and between the captain and his midshipman sprang up a friendship honourable to both.

He had not been long on board the *Blonde* before an opportunity occurred for displaying in a bright light his noble courage. A man fell overboard. The frigate was scudding rapidly before the wind, and Pellew was standing on the fore-yard, but he did not hesitate a moment. He sprang into the sea, and after a weary struggle, succeeded in holding up the drowning sailor until the ship's boats could be lowered. Captain Pownall affected to reprove him for an act of so much temerity, which might, he said, have imperilled *two* lives ; but afterwards, when describing it to his officers, he wept with emotion, and praised the young hero as the finest fellow he had ever known.

Pellew's first distinction in the service of his country was gained in Canada, in 1776. The United States had despatched an expedition against Quebec, and fitted out a flotilla which completely commanded Lake Champlain. The American forces, under General



Montgomery, had captured Montreal, and defeated General Carleton, the governor of the province. Everything threatened the loss of Canada. At this perilous conjuncture (May, 1776), a squadron arrived from England, with stores and reinforcements, under Captain Charles Douglas. "The unexpected appearance of these ships," says Campbell, "threw the besiegers into the utmost consternation, and the command which they obtained of the river cut off all communication between the different detachments of the enemy. General Carleton lost no time in seizing the advantages which the present situation afforded. On May 6th, he marched out at the head of the garrison, and attacked the rebel camp, which he found in the utmost confusion. Upon the appearance of our troops, they fled on all sides, abandoning their artillery, military stores, and all their implements for carrying on the siege."

The next step was to dislodge the Americans from Lake Champlain. Several vessels had been sent in frame from England aboard Captain Douglas's ships, and they were now put together by a party of 600 seamen on the shores of the lake, and in the face of the enemy. In twenty-eight days the largest vessel, named the *Inflexible*,<sup>s</sup> was reconstructed at St. John's, and armed with eighteen twelve-pounders. In six weeks a flotilla of thirty ships was built; a large number of flat-bottomed boats was transported overland, and dragged up the rapids, by the untiring efforts of the indefatigable seamen. The command of the squadron thus curiously formed was given to Captain Thomas Pringle, who hoisted his flag on board the fourteen-gun schooner *Maria*. The *Inflexible*, of eighteen guns, commanded by Lieutenant Schanks, carried Sir G.

Carleton and his staff. The *Carleton* schooner, of twelve guns, was commanded by Lieutenant Dacre, of the *Blonde*, assisted by Mr. Pellew and Mr. Brown of the same frigate.

The British squadron came in sight of the American flotilla, of fifteen vessels, under the direction of General Arnold, on the 11th of October. They were drawn up in line so as to defend the passage between the Island of Valicour and the western main. The *Carleton*, supported by the gunboats, commenced the attack, and bore the whole brunt of the engagement, as the larger vessels could not be brought up against the wind to her support. Lieut. Dacre was severely wounded at the outset, and Mr. Brown had his left arm taken off by a cannon-shot. The command then devolved upon young Pellew, who continued the fight with dauntless courage. Night gathering over, Captain Pringle recalled the advanced ships, but the *Carleton* had suffered so severely that she could not obey his signal until the gunboats towed her out of reach of the enemy's fire. The towing-rope being sundered by a shot, and no one volunteering to replace it under such dangerous circumstances, Pellew undertook, and performed the perilous task himself.

Our hero's gallant conduct was duly rewarded. From the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Douglas, he received the following letter\* :—

“*Isis*, Quebec, Oct. 30, 1776.

“SIR,—The account I have received of your behaviour on board the *Carleton*, in the different actions on the Lake, gives me the warmest satisfaction, and I

\* Osler's *Life of Lord Exmouth*. Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*. Cooper's *History of the United States Navy*.

shall not fail to represent it in the strongest terms to the Earl of Sandwich and my Lord Howe, and recommend you as deserving a commission for your gallantry ; and as Lieut. Dacre, your late commander, will, no doubt, obtain rank for his conduct, I am desired by General Sir Guy Carleton to give you the command of the schooner in which you have so bravely done your duty.

“ I am, &c.,

“ CHARLES DOUGLAS.”

From the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, the gallant Pellew also received a letter of thanks.

On his return to England in 1779, Pellew was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, but was appointed to a guardship at Portsmouth—a tedious, wearisome life, which possessed but few attractions for his impetuous and enterprising spirit. His disgust at the inaction to which he was reduced urged him to a bold and somewhat imprudent step. Meeting Lord Sandwich on his way through Portsmouth, he ventured to stop him, and introducing himself, to beg for an appointment on board some vessel preparing for sea. The good-tempered Earl slightly reprimanded him for so daring a breach of official etiquette, and then proceeded to point out why he was unable to comply with his request. But Pellew was not easily daunted. He recapitulated his arguments with the utmost earnestness, and concluded by returning his commission into his lordship’s hands, observing that he would rather serve on board a privateer against the enemies of his country, than rest at home in inglorious indolence. His enthusiasm produced such an effect on Lord Sand-



wich that he at length promised, in disregard of all official regulations, to find employment for so gallant an officer, and begged him to take back his commission.

The promise made under such peculiar circumstances was faithfully kept. Pellew was promoted to the *Lecorne*, a thirty-two gun frigate, Hon. Capt. Cadogan, in which he served for a few months on the Newfoundland station. He then (1780) joined his old commander, Captain Pownall, on board the thirty-two-gun frigate *Apollo*, which had already distinguished herself in a gallant action. [While cruising off St. Brieux, on the French coast, she came in sight of a French frigate, with a convoy of ten merchantmen (31st January, 1779), bound from Brest for St. Malo. Captain Pownall immediately gave chase, and came up with the enemy within a mile of the rocks. The engagement lasted one hour and a half, and terminated in the victory of the British ; but six men were killed in the action, and Captain Pownall and one-and-twenty of his crew were wounded. The prize proved to be the French frigate *L'Oiseau*, of about equal force.]

On the 15th of June, in the following year, the *Apollo* was cruising in the North Sea, accompanied by the *Cleopatra*, Capt. the Hon. Geo. Murray. An enemy's cutter having hove in sight, the *Apollo* crowded sail in pursuit of her, but when nearly within gunshot, descried a large ship standing out from the shore. Capt. Pownall immediately bore up for this worthier antagonist, and having exchanged broadsides, brought her to close action under all sail. A brisk fire was maintained for about an hour. Captain Pownall was killed, and the command of the *Apollo* devolved upon Lieut. Edward Pellew. He continued the action as



gallantly as his commander had begun it. By constantly crossing and re-crossing before the enemy's bows, he endeavoured to prevent him from running his ship ashore; but the water shoaling, he deemed it advisable to insure the *Apollo's* safety, and discontinued the action. The French frigate (the *Stanislaus*, thirty-two guns) lost two of her masts, but was afterwards got off by the Dutch, and carried into Ostend. In this well-fought fight the *Apollo* had twenty men wounded, and lost her captain and five men killed. She had three feet water in her hold, and her rigging was seriously injured.

Our hero's gallant conduct procured him promotion to the command of the sloop *Hazard*, from which he was speedily removed to the fourteen-gun brig *Pelican*, and afforded another opportunity of displaying his zealous gallantry. He was off the small Isle of Bas on the 28th of April, 1782, when several merchant-vessels were descried at anchor in the road. He immediately stood in shore with the view of cutting them out, but was received by the broadsides of two privateers, a brig and schooner, each of the same force as the *Pelican*. Pellew was not to be terrified by such opponents. He entered the roads, and quickly drove the privateers, as well as a third which bore up to their assistance, to shelter themselves ashore, under the fire of some heavy batteries. This gallant performance was warmly applauded by the Admiralty, and Pellew was rewarded with his commission as post-captain, though only in his six-and-twentieth year.

In 1783, peace was concluded between England and France, and Pellew was doomed to three years of inaction. He did not, however, allow the Admiralty

to forget him, and in reply to his repeated requests for employment, obtained in 1786 his appointment to the command of the *Winchester* man-of-war, and sailed for his old station on the coast of Newfoundland.

Pellew, like Howe, Nelson, and Collingwood, understood *the art of command*. His men always loved him, and executed his orders with the eagerness of affection. Won by his kindness of heart and cheerfulness of manner, they entered upon their toil with alacrity and executed it with readiness. He himself set them a stimulating example. In preserving a mast or repairing a sail, the captain was always ready to assist as well as direct. "When during a gale," writes one of his officers, "the securing of a flapping sail becomes a service of danger, he will not unfrequently, as soon as he has given orders to go aloft, lay down his speaking-trumpet, and clambering like a cat by the rigging over the backs of the seamen, reach the topmast-head before they are at the maintop." While anchored at St. John's, some of the seamen of the *Winchester* were amusing themselves bathing; the captain, in full dress (for he was engaged to attend a grand dinner given by the governor), was looking on. A lad near him observed to his companion, in an undertone, "When the captain has gone, I'll have a good swim, too." The captain quietly said, "The sooner the better, my lad," and pushed him into the sea. How great was his alarm when he discovered that the youth, after all, was unable to swim! He caught hold of a rope, sprang overboard, secured it round the boy, and preserved his life, much to his own gratification, and the admiration of those who were witnesses to his daring and gallant presence of mind.

When, in 1793, the French revolutionary war involved England in its storm of blood and death, Pellew was appointed to the *Nymphe*, a fine thirty-six-gun frigate, originally captured from the French. Then, as always at the commencement of a war, England was suffering from a scarcity of mariners to man her ships, and the *Nymphe* put to sea with a crew composed chiefly of Cornish miners. But the zeal and ability of Pellew and his officers soon trained them into admirable efficiency.

The *Nymphe* sailed from Falmouth on the 17th of June. The next day, when about six leagues from the Start Point, she discovered a stranger in the south-east quarter, and immediately bore up in chase under all sail. "At six o'clock the ships were so near that the captains mutually hailed. Not a shot had yet been fired. The crew of the *Nymphe* now shouted 'Long live King George,' and gave three hearty cheers. Captain Mullan, the commander of the French frigate, was seen to address his crew briefly, holding a cap of liberty which he waved before them. They answered with acclamation, shouting 'Vive la République!' The cap of liberty was then given to a sailor, who ran up the main rigging and screwed it on the masthead." At a quarter past six a.m., the *Nymphe* being in a position to bring her foremost guns to bear on the star-board quarter of the *Cléopâtre*, her opponent, Captain Pellew raised his hat as a signal to his crew, and a furious action commenced. About seven a.m., the *Cléopâtre* came in contact with the *Nymphe*, and was instantly boarded by a portion of the latter's crew, one of whom hauled down the tricolor at ten minutes past seven, after the engagement had lasted fifty minutes.



The loss on board the *Nymphe* was twenty-three men killed and twenty-seven wounded. The *Cléopâtre* had sixty-three men killed and wounded. The gallant commander, Captain Mullon, was slain in the action. A round shot tore open his back, and carried away the greater part of his left hip. It is said, that having a list of the coast signals employed by the French in his pocket, which he was anxious should not fall into the hands of the English, he drew forth his commission under the impression it was the paper he wanted, and died while biting it into minute fragments.

The comparative force of the two combatants is thus estimated by Mr. James :—

	<i>Nymphe.</i>	<i>Cléopâtre.</i>
Broadside guns.	{ No. 20	20
	{ lbs. 322	286
Crew.	No. 240	320
Size.	Tons 938	913

The *Nymphe* and her prize—noticeable as the *first* taken by the English in the Revolutionary war—arrived at Portsmouth on the 21st, and on the 29th Captain Pellew was introduced by the Earl of Chatham to George III., who conferred on him the honour of knighthood—an honour well deserved, for a gallanter action does not illustrate the annals of the British navy. Not only was the *Nymphe* inferior in strength to her antagonist, but her crew, as we have shown, were comparatively untried and inexperienced men. Their bravery not the less was truly English. A lad, torn by the press-gang from a barber's shop, became, by the deaths and wounds of his comrades, captain of one of the main-deck guns, and



throughout the action gave the necessary directions with all the *sang froid* of a veteran. A miner, after the engagement, was observed sitting in a desponding mood upon a gun-carriage, complaining that his seasickness had returned now the battle was over, and that his leg smarted terribly. The surgeon ascertained—what he himself had not perceived—that he had been wounded in the leg by a musket-shot, and that the ball still lodged in the wound.

Sir Edward Pellew was now appointed to the *Arethusa*, a 38-gun frigate, and in April, 1794, attached to a small frigate squadron under Commodore Sir John Borlase Warren, ordered to cruise in the Channel for the protection of British commerce. The squadron, consisting of the *Arethusa*, 38, *Flora*, *Melampus*, *Concorde*, and *Nymphe*, 36-gun frigates, came in sight off Guernsey of a French squadron, which included the *Pomone*, 44, the *Engagéante* and *Resolve*, 36, and the *Babet*, 20. Of course the British chased them, and obtaining the weather-gauge, brought them into action. The *Arethusa* having first engaged the *Babet*, bore up for the *Pomone*, and after a hot fight compelled her to surrender. The *Babet* fell a prize to the *Flora*, and the *Engagéante* was captured by the *Concorde*.

Sir Edward's next appointment was to the *Indefatigable*, of 44 guns, and to the command of a squadron which, besides his own ship, consisted of the *Argo*, 44, Captain Burgess; the *Révolutionnaire*, 38, Captain Francis Cole—his former shipmate; the *Amazon*, 36, Captain Reynolds; and the *Concorde*, 36, Captain Hart. While cruising off Ushant, they discovered on the 13th of April an enemy's frigate, and immediately

gave chase. The *Révolutionnaire*, to prevent her escape, tacked so as to cut her off from the land, but during the deep and misty twilight lost sight of her ; until, about nine p.m., she was again discovered in the act of bearing-up. After a long chase, the enemy was overtaken, and Captain Cole, pointing out to her captain the superiority of the British force, endeavoured to prevail upon him to surrender. As he refused, the *Révolutionnaire* opened fire, and after her second broadside, the French struck their colours. On board the *Unité*, a 38-gun frigate, inferior in force to the *Révolutionnaire*, were Madame le Large, wife of the Governor of Rochefort, her family and domestics. These, including the lady's son, an officer belonging to the ship, Captain Pellew, with his usual generosity, allowed to proceed to Brest in a neutral vessel ; the young officer giving his parole not to serve again during the war until exchanged.

The *Révolutionnaire* and her prize having proceeded to Plymouth, and the *Argo* making sail to escort them, Sir Edward, while lying-to off the Lizard, observed " a suspicious craft " coming in from the seaward, and made all sail in pursuit. Out-stripping her consorts, the *Amazon* and *Concorde*, Sir Edward's ship, after a run of 168 miles in fifteen hours, came up with the enemy, the French 40-gun frigate *Virginie*. The action commenced at midnight, and continued at close quarters, under a crowd of sail, during one hour and forty-five minutes. When the *Virginie* surrendered, she had four feet water in the hold, fifteen men killed, and seven-and-twenty wounded. The *Indefatigable* did not lose a man. For this gallant action, equally creditable to both combatants, a naval medal was granted.

We have said enough to prove the energy of our hero, during the year 1796, in those actions generally considered as worthy of historical record, but we must not omit a feat of generous courage which, to our mind, reflects more honour on his name than all his victories. While the *Indefatigable* was lying at Plymouth, in January, preparing for her cruise in the Channel, the *Dutton*, a large East-Indiaman, employed as a transport, and laden with some companies of the Second Regiment of Foot, was driven into the Hamoaze by stress of weather. For greater safety she bore up for the Catwater, but touched on the reef off Mount Batten, and soon became an unmanageable wreck. Sir Edward and Lady Pellew were, at that time, driving to a dinner party. When the captain heard of the occurrence, he left his carriage and hurried to the beach, where he saw that the loss of nearly all on board, between 500 and 600 souls, was inevitable, unless some cool head and intrepid heart directed their movements. The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge, and got on shore, just as he arrived on the beach.

“Having urged them,” says Mr. Osler, in his *Life of Lord Exmouth*, “but without success, to return to their duty, and vainly offered rewards to pilots and others belonging to the port to board the wreck (for all thought it too hazardous to be attempted), he exclaimed, ‘Then I will go myself.’ A single rope, by which the officers and a few others had landed, formed the only communication with the ship, and by this he was hauled on board through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, which had fallen towards the shore; and he received an injury in the back which confined him to his bed for a week, in



consequence of being dragged under the mainmast. But, disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, declared himself, and assumed the command. He assured the people that every one would be saved if they quietly obeyed his orders ; that he himself would be the last to quit the wreck, but that he would run any one through who disobeyed him. His well-known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by the multitude on shore, and his promptitude at resource soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed. His officers, in the meantime, not knowing that he was on board, were exerting themselves to bring assistance from the *Indefatigable*. Mr. Pellowe, first lieutenant, left the ship in the barge, and Mr. Thomson, acting master, in the launch ; but the boats could not be brought alongside, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat belonging to a merchant vessel was more fortunate. Mr. Esdell, signal midshipman to the port admiral, and Mr. Coghlan, mate of the merchant vessel, succeeded, at the risk of their lives, in bringing her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime a cutter had with great difficulty worked out of Plymouth Pool, and two large boats arrived from the dockyard, under the direction of Mr. Hemmings, the master attendant, by whose caution



and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and received the more helpless of the passengers, who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order, a task the more difficult, as the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick were the first landed. One of them was only three weeks old, and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would entrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next, the soldiers were got on shore, then the ship's company, and finally Sir Edward himself, who was one of the last to leave her. Every one was saved; and presently afterwards the wreck went to pieces."

So noble an action did not pass unrewarded. The corporation of Plymouth presented him with the freedom of their town, and the merchants of Liverpool with a splendid service of plate. On the 5th of March, he was created a baronet, and received for an augmentation of his arms a civic wreath and a wrecked vessel for his crest. The motto selected by himself, instead of one which he considered too flattering, was, "*Deo adjuvante fortuna sequatur*" (*God helping, success will follow.*)

In 1797, as our young readers will doubtlessly remember, the French Government fitted out an expedition intended to invade Ireland, excite an insurrection, and detach that unhappy country from the crown of the United Kingdoms. One of the men-of-war composing the invading fleet, the *Droits de l'Homme*, a large two-

decker carrying seventy-four heavy guns, commanded by Commodore la Crosse, and having on board the famous General Humbert, lost sight of her consorts, and quitting the Irish coast, steered for Belle-Isle. About half-past three p.m., on the 13th of January, she was discovered by the *Indefatigable*, 44, Captain Sir Edward Pellew, and the *Amazon*, 36, Captain Reynolds. They made all sail in pursuit, and the *Indefatigable* overtook her after a two hours' chase. She instantly poured in a raking fire, which the French man-of-war returned with a destructive broadside, and a tremendous discharge of musketry. Sir Edward continued the action unsupported until about a quarter to seven, when the *Amazon* came up under press of sail, and poured in a broadside. At half-past seven, both ships forged ahead—the *Indefatigable* to repair her rigging, and the *Amazon* carried on by the amount of canvas she had spread. At half-past eight they recommenced the engagement with great spirit, “and by regulating their speed, and yawing to starboard and port alternately, raked her by turns.” The French made several attempts to board, but Sir Edward skilfully defeated their manœuvres. After a desperate action, which lasted *ten hours and a half*, the sudden appearance of land close on board of all three ships, caused the British to haul off from the peril which threatened them, and the *Droits de l'Homme* attempted to follow their example.

At this time, out of a crew of 330 men and boys, the *Indefatigable* had 19 wounded; the *Amazon*, out of 260, 3 killed and 15 wounded. The *Droits de l'Homme*, out of a crew, including the soldiers on board, of 1350 men, had 103 killed and 150 wounded,

showing how skilfully directed had been the British fire, and how ably Sir Edward had conducted this desperate action. Throughout the engagement the sea ran so high that "the people on the main-decks of the frigates were up to their middles in water." The *Indefatigable* had four feet water in her hold, and all her masts were injured. The *Amazon* was in an equally disabled condition.

The self-possession of the officers and men of the *Indefatigable*, and the nautical ability of her captain, preserved that vessel from the dangers surrounding her; but the *Amazon* struck the ground, and became a total wreck. Her crew saved themselves on hastily constructed rafts, but having been thrown on the shores of Audierne Bay, were immediately made prisoners by the French. The fate of the *Droits de l'Homme* was far more disastrous. She was so disabled as to be unmanageable, and struck, about seven in the morning, on a sand-bank opposite the town of Plouzenec. Upwards of 900 souls perished through this dreadful catastrophe; and the remainder, saved by an English man-of-war brig and a cutter, were treated with the humane respect their misfortunes commanded, and conveyed to Plymouth.

To describe the capture of the *Hydra*, off the Island of Teneriffe (October 25th, 1797), or that of the *Vaillante*, off the Isle of Rhé (August 7th, 1798), would be to repeat "a twice-told tale." As in each case the enemy was of far inferior force to the *Indefatigable* these captures rather illustrate the activity of Sir Edward than the courage of British seamen. In 1800, he commanded the *Impétueux*, attached to the formidable fleet which, under Earl St. Vincent, chased the Franco-Spanish force from the Mediterranean.



The *Impétueux* was paid off in 1801, and Sir Edward was compelled to rest at home until 1803, when he obtained the command of the *Tonnant*, of eighty guns, attached to the Channel fleet. Thirsting for distinction, and well aware that it might surely be obtained wherever Nelson's flag was floating, he endeavoured to have his ship included in Nelson's division, but was unsuccessful; and so this most active and enterprising of officers shared neither in the glories of St. Vincent, the Nile, or Trafalgar.

Sir Edward was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral in 1805, and to his great satisfaction entrusted with the command of the squadron in the Indian Seas. Here he displayed his customary activity. On the 27th of November, 1806, the boats of his ships—the *Culloden*, 74, bearing his own flag; the *Powerful*, 74; the *Russell*, 74; the *Belliqueux*, 64, and the frigates *Sir Francis Drake* and *Terpsichore*, captured off Java the *William* corvette (Dutch), and destroyed several other armed and merchant vessels.

We must pass over as details of little interest Sir Edward's return to England; his appointment, in 1811, to the command-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet; his blockade of Toulon; his promotion to the peerage as Baron Exmouth, of Exmouth, and his re-appointment, in 1815, to the Mediterranean command. We must come to the crowning enterprise of his active career—an enterprise which justly entitles him to a position among "the Sea-kings of England"—we mean, the siege of Algiers in 1816.

For many years the condition of the Christian slaves in the Barbary States had attracted the attention and excited the sympathy of all civilized nations



It was, indeed, a reproach to Christendom that Moorish tyrants should be permitted with impunity to torture and imprison the unhappy Christians thrown by the vicissitudes of fortune into their hands. The indignation of Europe was still further excited by an act of the most heinous atrocity. On the 23rd of May, 1816, at Bona, near Algiers, the crews of between 300 and 400 boats engaged in the coral fishery, while on their way to celebrate mass, were murdered in cold blood by a band of 2000 Turkish, Levantine, and Moorish soldiers. Great Britain, feeling that her naval supremacy entailed upon her certain responsibilities, resolved to punish the perpetrators of this inhuman massacre, and to compel the Barbary potentates to abolish slavery, and restore their Christian slaves to freedom.

For this purpose a formidable fleet was assembled, and the command entrusted to Lord Exmouth, whose reputation for vigour, bravery, and decision was not surpassed by that of any living officer. He sailed from Plymouth, on the 28th of July, with the following ships :—

<i>Queen Charlotte</i>	100	{	Adm. of the Blue, Lord Exmouth, G.C.B.
		{	Captain James Brisbane, C.B.
<i>Impregnable</i> ...	98	{	Rear-Admiral of the Blue, David Milne.
		{	Captain Edward Brace, C.B.
<i>Superb</i> .....	74	,,	Charles Ekins.
<i>Minden</i> .....	74	,,	William Patterson.
<i>Albion</i> .....	74	,,	John Coode.
<i>Leander</i> .. .....	50	,,	Edward Chetham, C.B.
<i>Severn</i> .....	40	,,	Hon. Frederick Aylmer.
<i>Glasgow</i> .....	40	,,	Hon. Anthony Maitland.
<i>Granicus</i> .....	36	,,	William Furlong Wise.
<i>Hebrus</i> .....	36	,,	Edmund Palmer, C.B.
<i>Heron</i> .....	18	,,	George Bentham.

<i>Mutine</i> .....	18	Captain James Mould.
<i>Britomart</i> .....	10	„ Robert Riddell.
<i>Cordelia</i> .....	10	„ William Sargeant.
<i>Jasper</i> .....	10	„ Thomas Cailes.

And the *Beelzebub*, *Fury*, *Hecla*, and *Infernal* bombs.

At Gibraltar, this fleet was strengthened by the accession of four Dutch frigates, of forty guns each, a thirty-gun frigate (Dutch), and an eighteen-gun corvette (Dutch), under Vice-Admiral Van de Capellan.

During the voyage Lord Exmouth constantly exercised his men at the great guns, and on board the *Queen Charlotte* a target of peculiar construction was set up. It was made of laths, three feet square ; in the centre was suspended a piece of wood fashioned like a bottle, with yarns crossed at right angles, so that a twelve-pound shot could not pass through the interstices without cutting a yarn. This was hung at the foretopmast studding-sail boom, and was fired at from the quarter-deck. By the time the fleet reached Gibraltar, the target was never missed, and out of fourteen bottles, ten were daily hit. To this constant exercise must be attributed the deadly havoc which the fire of the *Queen Charlotte* produced at Algiers.

The fleet arrived off Algiers on the 27th of August. The fortifications which it had to attack have been thus described by an accurate authority:—Upon the various batteries on the north side of the city, including a battery over the north gate, were mounted about eighty pieces of cannon, and six to eight enormous mortars ; but the shoalness of the water would scarcely admit a heavy ship to approach within reach of them. Between the north wall of the city and the commencement of the pier, which is about 250 yards in length, and

connects the town with the lighthouse, were about 20 more guns, the greater part of them similarly circumstanced. At the north projection of the mole stood a semicircular battery of two tiers of guns, about 44 in all; and to the south of that, and nearly in a line with the pier, was the round or lighthouse-battery, of three tiers of guns, 48 in all. Then came a long battery, also of three tiers, called the east battery, mounting 66 guns. This was flanked by four other batteries, of two tiers each, mounting altogether 60 guns; and on the south head of the mole were two large guns, represented to be 68-pounders, and nearly twenty feet long: so that the different batteries on the mole mounted at least 220 guns, consisting, except in the case just mentioned, of 32, 24, and 18-pounders. South-west of the small pier that projects from the city to form the entrance of the mole, or harbour, and bearing, at the distance of about 300 yards due west from the south mole-head, was the fish-market battery, of 15 guns, in three tiers. Between that and the south extremity of the city were two batteries of four or five guns each. Beyond the city, in this direction, were a castle and two or three other batteries, mounting between them 60 or 70 guns. Other batteries crowned the heights rearward of the city, and altogether, the guns mounted for the defence of Algiers, landward and seaward, exceeded 1000 in number. The garrison probably amounted to 50,000 men. In the harbour were lying four 44-gun frigates, five large corvettes, and between 30 and 40 gun and mortar-boats.

The Dey of Algiers refusing all terms of accommodation, the bombardment commenced at about a quarter to three p.m., on the 27th of August. The particu-

lars are graphically related in Lord Exmouth's letter to the Admiralty, which we subjoin, and we shall therefore content ourselves with observing that the Dey was forced to succumb to the conditions imposed upon him, after the destruction of his fleet and fortifications, and the loss of nearly 7000 killed and wounded.

The British had 128 killed and 690 wounded ; the Dutch 13 killed and 52 wounded. It is worth recording that in the seven hours' engagement the *Queen Charlotte* expended 4462 round shot ; the *Impregnable*, 6730 ; the *Minden*, 4710 ; the *Superb*, 4500 ; and the *Albion*, 4110.

Lord Exmouth says,—

“ *Queen Charlotte*, Algiers Bay, Aug. 28.

“ SIR,—In all the vicissitudes of a long life of public service, no circumstance has ever produced on my mind such impressions of joy and gratitude as the event of yesterday. To have been one of the humble instruments, in the hands of Divine Providence, for bringing to reason a ferocious government, and destroying for ever the insufferable and horrid system of Christian slavery, can never cease to be a source of delight and heartfelt comfort to every individual happy enough to be employed in it.

“ Their lordships will already have been informed, by his Majesty's ship *Jasper*, of my proceedings up to the 14th instant, on which day I broke ground from Gibraltar, after a vexatious detention by a foul wind of four days. The fleet, complete in all its points, with the addition of five gun-boats fitted at Gibraltar, departed in the highest spirits, and with the most favourable prospect of reaching the port of destination



in three days ; but an adverse wind destroyed the expectation of an early arrival, which was the more anxiously looked for by myself, in consequence of hearing, the day I sailed from Gibraltar, that a large army had been assembled, and that very considerable additional works were throwing up, not only on both flanks of the city, but also immediately about the entrance of the mole.

“About forty thousand men had been brought down from the interior, and all the Janissaries called in from distant garrisons, and that they were all indefatigably employed in their batteries, gun-boats, &c., and everywhere strengthening their sea defences. The ships were all in port, and between forty and fifty gun-boats and mortar-boats ready, with several more in forward repair. From the continuance of adverse winds and calms, the land to the westward of Algiers was not made before the 26th, and the next morning at daybreak the fleet was advanced in sight of the city, though not so near as I had intended. As the ships were becalmed, I embraced this opportunity of despatching a boat, under cover of the *Severn*, with a flag of truce, and the demands I had to make in the name of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent on the Dey of Algiers (of which the accompanying are copies), directing the officer to wait two or three hours for the Dey’s answer, at which time, if no reply was sent, he was to return to the flag-ship. He was met near the mole by the captain of the port, who, on being told an answer was expected in an hour, replied that it was impossible. The officer then said he would wait two or three hours ; he then observed two hours were quite sufficient. The fleet at this time, by the springing up of the sea breeze,

had reached the bay, and were preparing the boats and flotilla for service until nearly two o'clock, when observing my officer returning with the signal flying that no answer had been received, after a delay of upwards of three hours, I instantly made a signal to know if the ships were all ready, which being answered in the affirmative, the *Queen Charlotte* bore up, followed by the fleet for their appointed stations; the flag, leading in the prescribed order, was anchored in the entrance of the mole, at about fifty yards' distance. At this period of profound silence a shot was fired at us from the mole, and two at the ships to the northward then following; this was promptly returned by the *Queen Charlotte*, who was then lashing to the mainmast of a brig fast to the shore in the mouth of the mole, and which we had steered for as the guide to our position. Thus commenced a fire as animated and well supported as I believe was ever witnessed, from a quarter before three until nine without intermission, and which did not cease altogether until half-past seven. The ships immediately following me were admirably and coolly taking their positions, with a precision even beyond my most sanguine hope; and never did British flag receive, on any occasion, more zealous and honourable support. About sunset I received a message from Rear-Admiral Milne, conveying to me the severe loss the *Impregnable* was sustaining, having then 150 killed and wounded, and requesting I would send a frigate to him, if possible, to divert some of the fire he was under. The *Glasgow*, near me, immediately weighed, but the wind had been driven away by the cannonade, and she was obliged to anchor again, having obtained rather a better position than before. I had

at this time sent orders to the explosion vessel under the charge of Lieutenant Fleming and Mr. Parker, by Captain Reade, of the Engineers, to bring her into the mole; but the rear-admiral having thought she would do him essential service if exploded under the battery, in his front, I sent orders to this vessel to that effect, which were executed. I desired also the rear-admiral might be informed that many of the ships being now in flames, and certain of the destruction of the whole, I considered I had executed the most important part of my instructions, and should make every preparation for withdrawing the ships, and desired he would do so as soon as possible with his division. There were awful moments during the conflict which I cannot now attempt to describe, occasioned by firing the ships so near to us; and I had long resisted the eager entreaties of several around me to make the attempt upon the outer frigate, distant about one hundred yards, which at length I gave into; and Major Gossett, by my side, who had been eager to land his corps of miners, pressed me most anxiously for permission to accompany Lieutenant Richards in this ship's barge. The frigate was instantly boarded, and in ten minutes in a perfect blaze. A gallant young midshipman, in rocket-boat No. 8, although forbidden, was led by his ardent spirit to follow in support of the barge, in which he was desperately wounded, his brother officer killed, and nine of his crew. The barge, by rowing more rapidly, had suffered less, and lost but two. The enemy's batteries around my division were about ten o'clock silenced, and in a perfect state of ruin and dilapidation, and the fire of the ships was reserved as much as possible, to save powder, and reply to a few



guns now and then bearing upon us, although a fort on the upper angle of the city, on which our guns could not be brought to bear, continued to annoy the ships by shot and shells during the whole time. Providence, at this interval, gave to my anxious wishes the usual land-wind, common in this bay, and my expectations were completed. We were all hands employed in warping and towing off, and by the help of the light air, the whole were under sail, and came to anchor out of reach of shells, about two in the morning, after twelve hours' incessant labour. The flotilla of mortar, gun, and rocket boats, under the direction of their respective artillery officers, shared to the full extent of their power in the honours of the day, and performed good service. It was by their fire all the ships in the port (with the exception of the outer frigate) were in flames, which extended rapidly over the whole arsenal, store-houses, and gun-boats, exhibiting a spectacle of awful grandeur and interest no pen can describe. The sloops of war, which had been appropriated to aid and assist the ships of the line, and prepare for their retreat, performed not only that duty well, but embraced every opportunity of firing through the intervals, and were constantly in motion.

“The shells from the bombs were admirably well thrown by the royal marine artillery; and although thrown directly across and over us, not an accident that I know of occurred to any of the ships. The whole was conducted in perfect silence, and such a thing as a cheer I never heard in any part of the line; and that the guns were well worked and well directed will be seen for many years to come, and remembered by these barbarians for ever.”



Lord Exmouth's skill and courage were rewarded by his being raised to a viscountcy, and by the hearty applause of his countrymen, who rejoiced that, through his exertions, Christian slavery had received its death-blow. This, indeed, was a noble and a fitting termination of a career which had not been less characterized by the constant and unaffected display of a generous and humane spirit, than by the exhibition of an indefatigable activity and a brilliant valour.

For seventeen years the gallant Sea-king reposed in honour on the laurels he had won in a long and stirring life, and in 1832, at the ripe old age of seventy-six, the Christian warrior laid down his stainless armour, and passed away into eternal rest.

From the pages of his biographer, Mr. Osler, we borrow a few details in illustration of an admirable character. He was very particular in maintaining the efficiency of the vessel under his command, yet few captains were ever more beloved by their men. To their wants and habits he was very attentive, and he sedulously studied their health and comfort. He had a quick appreciation of character, and knew when to punish as well as to forgive; with whom he might relax as well as with whom to appear unbending.

His religion was not a profession, but a practice. Always reverential and guarded in his own conduct, he promptly checked the slightest profanity in others. It was his practice to order a general thanksgiving after every signal deliverance or success, and he invariably insisted upon a respectful observance of the Sabbath.

That he was brave and energetic, our brief sketch of his career must have abundantly demonstrated; but he

was also generous, humane, and benevolent. His clear head was always directing a warm heart. He was thoroughly unselfish, and thought more of others than of himself.

“His services and his life,” says Mr. Osler, “were for his country; he had a truly English heart, and served her with an entire devotedness. In his last and fatal illness, sustained by that principle which so long had guided him, his death-bed became the scene of his best and noblest triumph. ‘Every hour,’ said an officer who was often with him, ‘every hour of his life is a sermon; I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his death-bed—so full of hope and peace did he, with the confidence of a Christian, advance to his last conflict.’”

Such was Edward, Lord Viscount Exmouth—the last of the great Sea-kings of England. Since the bombardment of Algiers no maritime war has broken out to afford an opportunity of signal distinction to the enterprising spirits which are still the pride and honour of the British navy. And earnestly would we pray that our country may still, for many a year of peace and prosperity, be spared the horrors of a sanguinary conflict; but should it be otherwise, should it be necessary again to arm in defence of our “hearths and homes,” our cherished rights and valued privileges, we are well assured that there will be no need to regret our Hawkes, our Benbows, our Nelsons, or our Exmouths.

Britain has many sons as brave as they!

## XXII.

## ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY ; THE DISCOVERIES OF DAVIS ; HENRY HUDSON ; PROGRESS OF ARCTIC ENTERPRISE ; ROSS, PARRY, AND SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest.

COLERIDGE.

ONE Master Richard Thorne, an opulent Bristol merchant, is the first Englishman whose name is connected with discovery and enterprise in those Arctic seas which have since been the scene of so many heroic deeds, illustrating the annals and displaying the virtues of our race. At his instigation, it is said, King Henry VIII. "sent two fair ships, well manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men, to seek strange regions ; and so they set forth out of the Thames the 20th day of May, in the nineteenth year of his reign, which was the year of our Lord 1527." But of the details of this expedition nothing certain is known, except that one ship was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland.

In 1536, a second Arctic voyage was undertaken by a London gentleman, named Hore, accompanied by thirty members of the Inns of Law, and about the

same number of adventurers of a lower estate. They reached Newfoundland,\* but only to undergo the most terrible distresses, and in their urgent famine to have recourse to cannibalism. After the deaths of a great portion of the crew, a French vessel, which had arrived on the coast, was surprised at night by the survivors, and navigated in safety to England.

Edward VI. in his brief reign gave numerous evidences of a mind in advance of his age, and not the least was his appointment of Cabot, the reputed discoverer of Newfoundland, to the office of Grand Pilot of England, and the governorship of "the Mysterie and Companie of Merchants Adventurers for the discoverie of regions, dominions, islands, and places unknown." Cabot immediately planned a new expedition, whose object was to effect a passage to India through those wide seas which he supposed to heave and swell in the Arctic regions, and thus to avoid the long and dangerous route by the Cape of Good Hope.

Sir Hugh Willoughby was appointed captain-general of the squadron of three vessels prepared for this great enterprise, and Richard Chancellor, captain of the *Edward Bonadventure*. The ships were sheathed with lead to protect them from the worms common in the Indian seas, and every precaution was taken to insure success. But shortly after quitting England, Chancellor's ship was separated from her consorts, and sailing in a northerly direction, gained at last a spa-

\* Newfoundland, according to some authorities, was discovered by Sebastian Cabot in 1496, and by him named *Prima Vista*. Others support the priority of the claims of a Portuguese navigator, John Vay Costa Cortereal, who voyaged in the neighbouring seas about 1463.



cious bay on the coast of Muscovy. Sir Hugh's vessel and her companion, the *Bona Confidentia* (Good Confidence), were cast away on a desolate part of the Lapland coast at the mouth of the River Arzina. They entered the river on the 18th of September, 1563, and "remaining in that haven the space of a week, seeing the year far spent and also very evil weather, as frost, snow, and hail, as though it had been the deep of winter, they thought it best to winter there." But as day followed day, and week succeeded week, in these wastes of snow and ice, where reigned eternal silence, the brave adventurers perished one by one, and many months afterwards their whitened bones were discovered by some Russian fishermen.

#### CAPTAIN JOHN DAVIS

was born at Sandridge, in Devonshire, of a reputable family, and was early bred to the sea, on whose broad waters most of his life, indeed, was fated to be spent. He married a daughter of Sir John Fulford, of Fulford, in Kent, and had issue by her; and this is all that it is needful to state in reference to his domestic affairs; for it is with the public, and not the private lives of our Sea-kings that we are here concerned.

Captain John Davis's first voyage to the north was made in 1585. English enterprise was not discouraged by Frobisher's failures or Sir Humphrey Gilbert's melancholy fate; and the London merchants placed under Davis's directions two small vessels, the *Sunshine*, 50 tons and 23 men, and the *Moonshine*, 35 tons and 19 men, for the purpose of prosecuting discoveries in the northern seas.

Davis sailed from Dartmouth on the 7th of June, 1585, and towards the end of July reached the western coast of Greenland, where the country presented so bleak, so bare, and gloomy a face that he named it "the Land of Desolation." He found here a great quantity of drift-wood, and picked up a tree, sixty feet in length. He next stood away to the north-west, and saw land in  $64^{\circ} 15'$  N. lat. ; the sea being clear of ice, and the air still temperate. He was now in a strait or channel—still known as Davis's Strait—beset by numerous islands, "among which were many fair sounds and good roads for shipping." To the sound wherein he anchored he gave the name of Gilbert's Sound (now Cumberland Strait), in honour of his patron, Mr. Adrian Gilbert, brother of Sir Humphrey. The natives were of a simple and amicable disposition, and gathered about the ships in their canoes in great numbers. They were especially delighted with the music and dancing of the English seamen and, altogether, proved to be "very tractable people, void of craft and double dealing, and easy to be brought to any civility or good order."\*

Davis found here a quantity of driftwood ; ore, such as Frobisher brought from Meta Incognita ; "Muscovy glass, shining not altogether unlike crystal ;" and a sweet fruit, full of red juice, and not unlike currants.

Sailing along this coast he discovered land, on the 6th of August, in lat.  $16^{\circ} 40'$ , and anchored "in a very fair road under a brave mount, the cliffs whereof were orient as gold." He named this promontory *Mount Raleigh* ; a foreland to the north, *Cape Dier*,

\* Hakluyt.

and another to the south, *Cape Walsingham*; and the bay itself *Exeter Sound*. Here his men encountered four "monstrous" white bears, and killed one of them. Leaving this strange region, Davis returned southward, and doubling a cape which he christened *God's Mercy*, discovered a broad open channel, thirty leagues wide, whose waters were of "the very colour, nature, and quality of the main ocean." Sailing up it sixty leagues, he found himself in a cluster of small islands; but the weather growing tempestuous and the fogs heavy, resolved to sail for England. He arrived at Dartmouth on the 20th of September, thus happily ending a prosperous and ably conducted voyage.

Davis's success induced the merchants in the west of England to supply him with fresh funds for a second adventure, and he again set out from Dartmouth, on the 7th of May, 1586, with the *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine*, his former vessels, the *Mermaid*, a ship of 120 tons, and the *North Star*, a pinnace of 10. He reached Cape Farewell on the 15th of June, and proceeding along the coast of Greenland, renewed his friendly relations with the natives, and trafficked with them for "seal-skins, white hares, salmon peel, small cod, dry caplin, with other fish, and such birds as the country did yield."

Meanwhile he had despatched the *Sunshine* and the *North Star* on a voyage along the eastern coast of Greenland. They sailed, it is said, as far northward as lat. 80°. On the 12th of June, they reached Iceland—rested, and re-fitted, for a few days—and again proceeded on their voyage. On the 3rd of July, they found themselves in a perilous position between two huge floating hills of ice, and were fain to turn their

prows southward, and escape from a region which seemed barred and fenced against the approaches of man. But the *Sunshine* alone reached England (October 5th); its small companion, the *North Star*, was lost sight of in a terrible storm of wind and rain, and never again beheld by mortal eye. She foundered in the inhospitable seas, and her gallant crew became one of the many sacrifices offered up by human daring to "the Genius of the North."

Davis himself advanced as far north as  $67^{\circ}$ . He then ran southwards until, in lat.  $54^{\circ}$ , he fell in with the west coast of Labrador, where he lighted upon a fine wooded bay or haven, now known as "Davis's Inlet." He was solicitous to continue his explorations, but a succession of furious tempests baffled his skill and dispirited his men, and he was compelled to steer homewards. The adventurers arrived at Plymouth early in October.

Much had been hoped for, and something accomplished. A North-west passage had not, indeed, been discovered, but wider and more satisfactory glimpses of the northern seas had certainly been obtained. Davis's patrons, therefore, determined upon a third adventure, and the intrepid seaman, having under his command two small vessels and a pinnace—the *Elizabeth*, the *Sunshine*, and the *Clincker*—once more set out from Dartmouth on the 19th of May, 1587. Leaving the *Elizabeth* and the *Sunshine* to pursue the fishery, he proceeded along the west coast of Greenland as far north as  $72^{\circ} 12'$ , and then ran forty leagues without seeing land. He next arrived at the strait discovered in his first voyage, and explored its shores for about sixty leagues. Running to the S.E.,



he crossed a great channel, now known as Hudson's Bay, and descried in lat.  $61^{\circ} 10'$  a southern headland which he named Cape Chidley. He then proceeded to rejoin his companions, but found they had abandoned him. Thus "forsaken and left in his distress," he referred himself to "the merciful providence of God, shaped his course for England, and, unhopd for of any, God alone relieving him, arrived at Dartmouth," September 15th, 1587.

The next Englishman who dared the perils of the frozen seas was a Captain Weymouth, in 1602, but he added nothing to the scanty information already accumulated. An Englishman, James Hall, was the chief pilot of an expedition fitted out in 1605 by the King of Denmark, which simply resulted in an exploration of the Greenland coast. He made three successive voyages, but while abundantly illustrating his own courage and perseverance, contributed nothing to the stores of geographical knowledge.

We now arrive at a name which is indissolubly associated with Arctic Discovery—that of

#### HENRY HUDSON,

supposed to be "the first Englishman who made observations on the dip or inclination of the magnetic needle." He sailed from Gravesend, May 1st, 1607, in a small decked boat, which carried a crew of *ten men and a boy!* In such frail skiffs, so destitute of scientific appliances and nautical resources, did these early adventurers attempt the exploration of a perilous sea and an unknown coast! Surely the courage and enterprise of modern seamen cannot be compared to the intrepidity of these remarkable and heroic spirits,

who flung themselves against the ice-barriers of the north with a wonderful resolution, and deserve to be honoured to all time as the forlorn-hope of the famous phalanx of Arctic discoverers.

Henry Hudson first saw land in 70° N. It was the bleak and barren coast of East Greenland. Three degrees further north, a chain of lofty mountains, with peaks all bare of snow, rose upon the horizon, and Hudson noticed that the cold was not excessive, and that the temperature sensibly increased in mildness. He next arrived off the shores of Spitzbergen, where some of his men landed and found the horns of deer, some fragments of whalebone, morses' teeth, and signs of other beasts. The year was now drawing to a close, and Hudson was unprovided with stores to endure the severity of an Arctic winter. He therefore turned his prow homeward, and his tiny boat reached the mouth of the Thames in safety on the 15th of September.

He set out again in the following year in a larger bark, and with a crew which numbered fourteen men. His object now was to discover a North-eastern passage to China.

The masses of ice accumulated between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla compelled our adventurer to steer for the Straits of Waigatz, where he hoped to load his ship with such a cargo of walrus' teeth as might pay the costs of the voyage. But he was again blocked out by the ice from the wished-for haven, and so he steered for home, and arrived at Gravesend on the 26th of August.

His third voyage was made in the following year in the service of the Dutch, and is only remarkable for his discovery of that fine river on the North American

continent which still bears his name. The Dutch afterwards established a colony on its banks, and strange wild legends of Hudson and his men long lingered among their descendants. "It was affirmed," says Washington Irving, "that the great Hendrich Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name." Their chief amusement appears to have been playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the Kaatskill Mountains.

In 1610, Hudson made his fourth and last voyage, in a vessel of fifty-five tons, stored and provisioned for six months. Frobisher's Strait was gained on the first day of June. Then followed a weary struggle with vast masses of floating ice and adverse winds, but Hudson perseveringly beat towards the west, gained the extreme point of Labrador, which he called Cape Wolstenholm, and discovered a group of islands lying to the north-west, whose southern headland he named Cape Digges. Here, for the first time, a vast sea opened upon human gaze, and restless waters rolled and seethed for the first time under an English keel.

But just as it appeared that some grand results would be attained by Hudson's indefatigable efforts, a mutiny broke out among his crew and shattered all his hopes. The gallant seaman had generously given shelter and protection to one Henry Green, a young man well-born and well-bred, but dissolute in his manners, who secretly endeavoured to supplant his benefactor and obtain the command of his vessel. Beset



with ice, and involved in a maze of unknown islands, Hudson had been compelled to haul his ship aground, and face the oncoming winter as best he could. A scarcity of food was soon experienced, and when the voyagers were reduced to feed on moss and frogs, a deep but, at first, a silent discontent prevailed. Of this the mutinous Green availed himself to work his captain's ruin.

Spring followed winter, and slowly the ice broke up, opening to the castaways a narrow and hazardous channel. Hudson then prepared to quit his winter-retreat, and distributed, with tears in his eyes, the scanty stock of provisions that yet remained, barely enough to supply each man with food for fourteen days. They quitted the bay, and steered for the open sea.

The conspiracy now revealed itself. Having administered to his confederates the following singular oath, "You shall swear truth to God, your Prince, and country; you shall do nothing but to the glory of God and the good of the action in hand, and harm to no man"—having administered this oath, Green and his associates seized upon Hudson, overpowered him by main force, and lowered him, with the master and his son, and six others—sick or disabled—into a small open boat, in which they had stored a fowling-piece, some gunpowder and shot, a small quantity of meal, and an iron pot (June 21st, 1611). These nine unfortunates were voluntarily joined by John King, the carpenter, who swore he would not share the guilt of so foul a crime, and abandoning the mutineers, willingly consented to share the fate of Hudson.

What *was* his fate—what evils, indeed, befel him and his companions—who needs to learn? In a frail



open boat ; without provisions ; tossed to and fro by a stormy sea ; borne hither and thither amid floating icebergs, death threatened them in a thousand shapes. Let us hope their sufferings were brief ; a speedy death was for them Heaven's greatest boon.

The mutineers were visited by a retributive justice. Green was killed in a fray with savages on an island lying near Cape Digges. His followers, after suffering the cruellest extremities of hunger and thirst, and losing some of their number through famine, contrived to reach the bay of Galloway, whence they were carried in a fishing-boat to Plymouth.

#### BUTTON, BYLOT, AND BAFFIN.

Hudson's discovery of an open sea to the west of Cape Wolstenholm inflamed the minds of merchants and adventurers with hopes of new and profitable discoveries. An expedition was, therefore, prepared in 1612, and placed under the command of Captain Button, a mariner of ability and experience. On the 15th of August he discovered a river to which he gave the appellation of Nelson's River, where, at a later period, the Hudson's Bay Company placed their first settlement. Here he spent the winter ; suggesting to his crew constant sources of occupation and amusement, he contrived to maintain them in bodily and mental health, and to prevent their yielding to discontent or lethargic indifference. In April, 1613, the ice broke up, and resuming his voyage, he discovered, in lat. 65°, a group of islands which he named Manuel's, now Mansfield Islands. He then bore away for England, where he arrived about the beginning of September.

In 1615, a voyage was made by Robert Bylot and

William Baffin, and in 1616 they were appointed to the command of a second expedition, which resulted in the discovery of Whale Sound, Sir Thomas Smith's Sound, Alderman Jones's Sound, Sir James Lancaster's Sound and Baffin's Bay. They returned to England on the 13th of August, having extended the limits of northern discovery, but accomplished little towards effecting the long-desired "passage to Cathay."

#### CAPTAIN THOMAS JAMES.

We must pass, with a brief word of notice, over the voyages of Steven Bennet, the discoverer of Cherry Island (1603-1610), Jonas Poole (1610-1613), and Captain Luke Fox (1631). Captain Thomas James was despatched in 1631 by the merchants of Bristol, and his voyage merits to be recorded if only on account of its misfortunes. James knew little of the difficulties of Arctic navigation, and was driven to and fro by icebergs and contrary winds in a miserable manner. Unable to attempt the passage of Hudson's Bay at the commencement of the winter, he landed his crew on Charlton Island, and hauled his ship ashore. The cold was excessive, so that though they maintained a good fire in the hut they had constructed, hoar frost covered their beds, and water froze in a pan before the fire. "It snowed and froze extremely, at which time we, looking from the shore towards the ship, she appeared a piece of ice in the fashion of a ship, or a ship resembling a piece of ice." The gunner having lost his leg, prayed "for the little time he had to live," that "he might drink sack altogether." He died, and a grave was dug for him in the ice at some distance from the ship, but afterwards, when they were

getting her ready for sea, it was found that he had returned thither, his leg having penetrated through a port hole. They "dugged him clear out," and found the body as free from noisomeness as when he was first committed to the deep. "This alteration had the ice, and water, and time only wrought on him, that his flesh would slip up and down upon his bones, like a glove on a man's hand."

The survivors, weakened as they were by scurvy, now set to work to build a boat—no light labour, inasmuch as the cold having broken their axes, they had to make use of the pieces; and before they could fell a tree they were compelled to light a fire around it. Captain James encouraged them with wholesome words: "God's will be done," he said; "if it be our fortune to end our days here, we are as near heaven as in England." And then they toiled, like brave, true-hearted Englishmen, and a blessing was upon their toil: they succeeded in escaping from their winter-prison, and made good their return to England.

#### CAPTAIN SIR JOHN ROSS.

Year after year, daring adventurers continued their explorations amid these solitary wastes of ice and snow, but to their names attaches so little historical interest it is unnecessary for us to weary our readers with them. We pass in silence over nearly two centuries, and resume our notices of the progress of Arctic discovery in 1818, when the question of the existence of a North-west passage again attracted the attention and excited the interest of the British nation.

The *Isabella* and the *Alexander* were then fitted out by order of Government, and their command



entrusted to Captain Ross, an able navigator, who had already familiarized himself with the northern seas. The *Alexander* was commanded by Lieut. Parry, a name destined to be associated with important geographical discoveries. They sailed from England on the 18th April, 1818. In lat.  $75^{\circ} 54' N.$  they met with a tribe of Esquimaux who had never before gazed upon a stranger, and accosted the new comers with the inquiry—"Who are you? Whence come you? Is it from the sun or the moon?" To these ignorant and exceedingly hideous savages, Ross gave the name of "Arctic Highlanders"—scarcely a compliment, by the way, to the brave clans of Scotland. Still further north, they observed the cliffs to be covered with *red snow*—a phenomenon which has been since explained by the discovery of a minute lichen vegetating even upon snow.

"On descending the western shore of Baffin's Bay towards the south," says Mr. Cooley, "a great change was observed; the sea was clear of ice, and extremely deep; its temperature was increased, the land was high, and the mountains, in general, free from snow. A noble inlet, nearly fifty miles wide, with high land on both sides, now offered itself to view. Into this the ships entered on the 29th of August, but they had not advanced above thirty miles within it, when, to the amazement of all his officers, Captain Ross made a signal to tack about and return. In explanation of this manœuvre he affirmed that he saw land stretching across the inlet at a distance of eight leagues. To the imaginary range of hills which thus seemed to prevent his progress to the west, he gave the name of Croker's Mountains. His officers, who felt confident that this



great inlet, now recognised as the Sir James Lancaster's Sound of Baffin, was a strait communicating with the open sea to the westward, were no less mortified than surprised on finding that their commander was about to leave it without any further investigation. Proceeding to the southward, along a coast of which but little was known, the commander continued to show the same indifference to add to the stock of geographical information. The ships held their course at such a distance from land, that the shore was seen but imperfectly, and never examined. On the 1st of October they had arrived at the entrance of Cumberland Strait, where much still remained to be done by a commander panting for discovery; but Captain Ross directed his course homeward, and arrived in England without any accident."

## LIEUTENANT PARRY.

The British Government were not discouraged by Captain Ross's failure. Barren in results as his voyage had proved, it had nevertheless confirmed the authenticity of the statements of former navigators, and demonstrated the existence of certain great inlets or channels which probably led to an open sea. The *Hecla* bomb and the *Griper* gun-brig were, therefore, fitted out, and placed under the command of Lieutenant Parry, who sailed from the Thames on the 5th of May, 1819, and on the 15th of June descried Cape Farewell. He then proceeded northwards, up Davis's Strait and Baffin's Bay, as far as lat. 73°, where he found himself hemmed in by a wall of ice. Parry was, however, a man of dauntless energy and indefatigable resolution. He resolved to break through this barrier,

and accomplished the arduous labour in seven days, working the ship through a solid plain of ice some eighty miles in breadth.

Having passed this barrier, the discovery-ships sailed merrily onward—their sails filled by a strong easterly wind—through Sir James Lancaster's Sound, in the hope of reaching in due time the great Polar Sea. "It is more easy to imagine than describe," says Lieutenant Parry, "the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance, while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the Sound." After advancing a considerable distance, however, they were again confronted by a barrier of ice.

Returning to the south, Lieutenant Parry discovered a great inlet which he named Barrow Strait, and then steering to the westward, another inlet which he called Wellington Channel. Bathurst Island was another of his discoveries, and he afterwards came in sight of Melville Island. On the 4th of September, the adventurers reached the meridian of  $110^{\circ}$  W. long., and thus became entitled to the parliamentary grant of £5000. A convenient harbour in this vicinity was named "the Bay of the *Hecla* and *Griper*," and here Lieutenant Parry resolved upon passing the winter.

To prevent his men from falling into that despondency apt to be engendered by the want of physical exercise, the absence of light, and the severity of the cold, Lieutenant Parry resorted to various intellectual amusements. A theatre was fitted up, and plays were acted by his officers, to the intense gratification of the spectators. A weekly newspaper was established, entitled *The North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*, which, under the able editorship of Lieu-

tenant Sabine, ran through one-and-twenty numbers. Dancing and singing still further enlivened the gloom of these dreary Arctic nights.

The winter passed away, and Parry resumed his explorations. The shore of Baffin's Bay was curiously examined, and then he directed his course homeward, arriving in the Thames—after a hazardous enterprise of eighteen months' duration—about the middle of November, 1820.

Captain Parry was selected to command a second expedition in the following year. His ships, the *Hecla* and the *Fury*, were provided with all the appliances that modern skill could suggest and the national liberality provide. "Charred cork was placed between the sides of the ships and the internal lining of plank, as a security against the cold; and a simple but well-contrived apparatus for distributing heated air was fixed in each vessel. They sailed from the Nore on the 8th of May, 1821; they returned to the Shetland Islands on the 10th of October, 1823. In the interval—seven-and-twenty months—Captain Parry discovered the Duke of York's Bay—a vast number of inlets on the north-eastern coast of the American continent—Winter Island—the islands of Arnatoke and Ooglet—the Strait of the *Fury* and *Hecla*—Melville Peninsula—and Cockburn Island. While wintering, in 1822, on Winter Island, they were agreeably surprised by a visit from a party of Esquimaux—a visit which our adventurers did not neglect to return. They found "an establishment," says Captain Parry, "of five huts, with canoes, sledges, dogs, and above sixty men, women, and children, as regularly and to all appearances as permanently fixed as if they had occupied the



same spot the whole winter. If the first view of the exterior of this little village was such as to create astonishment, that feeling was in no small degree heightened on accepting the invitation soon given us to enter these extraordinary houses, in the construction of which we observed that not a single material was used but snow and ice. After creeping through two low passages, having each its arched doorway, we came," says Captain Parry, "to a small circular apartment, of which the roof was a perfect arched dome. From this three doorways, also arched, and of larger dimensions than the outward ones, led into as many inhabited apartments, one on each side, and the other facing us as we entered. The interior of these presented a scene no less novel than interesting; the women were seated on the beds at the sides of the huts, each having her little fireplace or lamp, with all her domestic utensils, about her. The children crept behind their mothers, and the dogs slunk past us in dismay. The construction of this inhabited part of the hut was similar to that of the outer apartment, being a dome, formed by separate blocks of snow laid with great regularity, and no small art, each being cut into the shape requisite to form a substantial arch, from seven to eight feet high in the centre, and having no support whatever but what this principle of building supplies. Sufficient light was admitted into these curious edifices by a circular window of ice, neatly fitted into the roof of each apartment."

A third voyage was undertaken by Captain Parry, with Lieutenant Hoppner as his second in command, in 1824-5, but was not attended with success. The *Fury* was driven ashore by the violent impetus of the



floating ice, and so damaged, that Captain Parry was compelled to abandon her, and remove her crew and stores to the *Hecla*.

Captain Sir John Parry's fourth and last voyage was undertaken in April, 1827. It was marked by his gallant attempt to cross over the ice in light boats and sledges—using the former when pools of water were arrived at, the latter in gliding over the fields of ice. He was, however, soon compelled to abandon the sledges on account of the rugged masses into which the ice was broken up. "It required," says Mr. Cooley, "a zeal little short of enthusiasm to undergo, voluntarily, the toil of this expedition. When the travellers arrived at a pool of water in the ice, they were then obliged to launch their boats, and embark. On reaching the opposite side, their boats were then to be dragged, frequently up steep and dangerous cliffs of ice, their lading being first removed. By this laborious process, persevered in with little intermission, they were able to effect but eight miles in five days. They travelled only during the night, by which means they were less incommoded with snow blindness; they found the ice more firm and consistent; and had the great advantage of lying down to sleep during the warmer portion of the twenty-four hours. Some time after sunset they took their breakfast, then toiling for a few hours they made their chief meal. A little after midnight, towards sunrise, they halted as if for the night; smoked their pipes; looked over the icy desert in the direction in which the journey was to be resumed; and then, wrapping themselves in their furs, lay down to rest." They advanced as far north as 82° 40' N. lat., and were then compelled by the drift-

ing of the snow-fields to retrace their steps. They rejoined their ships on the 21st of August, and sailed for England.

#### SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

In May, 1819, the Government determined to despatch an expedition overland to ascertain the exact position of the Coppermine River, and explore the neighbouring coast. For this purpose they selected Lieutenant Franklin, an officer favourably known for his zeal, courage, and ability; Dr. Richardson, an eminent naturalist; Messrs. Hood and Back, two midshipmen of excellent character, and two picked English seamen.

Franklin and his party arrived at York Factory, Hudson's Bay, on the 30th of August, and quitted it on the 9th of September, and reached Cumberland House on the 22nd of October, having accomplished a journey of 690 miles in forty-two days. After resting for awhile, Franklin and Mr. Back went forward alone to Chipeweyan, near the west point of Athabasca Lake, to exercise a personal supervision over the preparations being made for their intended adventure. There they were joined in due time by their companions, and the little band of Paladins set out on their toilsome enterprise, July 18th, 1820, attended by a retinue of Canadian boatmen and Indians.

They were met at every step by fresh obstacles—by deep and rapid rivers, by broad shallow lakes, by wide and cheerless wastes, and, lastly, by a scarcity of provisions. It became necessary to winter in a convenient situation, and abandon until the ensuing spring

their journey to the mouth of the Coppermine. The Canadians put together with pine-wood a commodious hut, which was named Fort Enterprise. It stood on a gentle ascent, whose base was protected by the icy current of Winter River. Here the travellers employed themselves in slaying reindeer, and in preparing with their flesh that dried, salted, and pounded comestible, called *pemmican*. About 180 animals were slaughtered, but even this was insufficient to furnish a winter's consumption for Franklin's party ; and as the expected supplies of tobacco, ammunition, and blankets had not arrived, Mr. Back, with some Indian and Canadian attendants, determined to return for fresh stores to Chipeweyan. He did so ; procured the needful supplies ; and once more rejoined the inmates of Fort Enterprise, after an absence of five months and a journey of 1104 miles, "in snow-shoes, and with no other covering at night in the woods than a blanket and deerskin."

The ice was not sufficiently broken in the Coppermine River until the 14th of June, 1821, to permit of Franklin's resumption of his adventure. They made their way down its rocky channel in canoes. The banks were tenanted by reindeer, wolves, and musk-oxen, which furnished them with the only food to be obtained in this dreary wilderness. At length, the mouth of the Coppermine River was reached, and the twenty adventurers launched their barks upon the solemn waters of the Polar Sea. It was found to be comparatively free from ice, and the tide was barely noticeable ; but from the position of the drift-wood cast upon the shore, Franklin concluded that a current ran to the eastward.

The farthest point which our navigators arrived at was in lat.  $68\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  N., and was named Point Turnagain. Between this point on the east, and Cape Barrow on the west, opens a deep gulf stretching southward as far as the Arctic Circle. Captain Franklin named it George the Fourth's Coronation Gulf. "It is studded with numerous islands, indented with sounds affording excellent harbours, all of them supplied with small rivers of fresh water, abounding with salmon, trout, and other fish." Having achieved so much, Captain Franklin decided upon returning to Fort Enterprise. They accordingly reduced their canoes to portable dimensions, abandoned part of their baggage, and set out on their overland journey. They suffered the most terrible hardships. Hunger, cold, and fatigue oppressed them. They were so reduced in bodily strength that it was with difficulty they could drag along their languid limbs. When yet forty miles distant from their winter retreat, they found themselves without a morsel of provision, and the winter had now set in with its utmost severity. Mr. Back, with three of the stoutest Canadians, hastened forward in the hope of obtaining succour. Captain Franklin and seven of the party followed him in a few days, leaving the weakest under the care of Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood, to move onward at their leisure. Four of Franklin's companions, however, soon abandoned him, utterly unable to prosecute their journey. Of these Michel, an Iroquois, returned to Dr. Richardson; the others were never again heard of. Franklin reached the hut, to find it without an inhabitant—with no stores—and hemmed in by heavy snow. Here for eighteen days he lingered, "with no other food than



the bones and skin of the deer which had been consumed the preceding winter, boiled down into a kind of soup." On the 29th of October, Dr. Richardson and John Hepburn (a seaman) made their appearance, *but without the rest of the party.*

Let us now adopt Mr. Cooley's forcible summary of Dr. Richardson's narrative :—" For the first two days his party had nothing whatever to eat. On the third day, Michel arrived with a hare and partridge, which afforded each a small morsel. Then another day passed without food. On the 11th, Michel offered them some flesh, which he said was part of a wolf; but they afterwards became convinced that it was the flesh of one of the unfortunate men who had left Captain Franklin's party to return to Dr. Richardson. Michel was daily growing more insolent and shy, and it was strongly suspected that he had a hidden supply of meat for his own use. On the 20th, while Hepburn was cutting wood near the tent, he heard the report of a gun; and looking towards the spot, saw Michel dart into the tent. Mr. Hood was found dead; a ball had entered the back part of his head, and there could be no doubt but that Michel was the murderer. He now became more mistrustful and outrageous than before; and, as his strength was superior to that of the English who survived, and he was well armed, they became satisfied that there was no safety for them but in his death. 'I determined,' says Dr Richardson, 'as I was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of such a dreadful act, to take the whole responsibility upon myself; and immediately upon Michel's coming up, I put an end to his life by shooting him through the head?' They employed six days in travelling a distance of

twenty-four miles, existing on lichens and pieces of the skin cloak of Mr. Hood. On the evening of the 29th they came in sight of the fort, and at first felt inexpressible pleasure when they beheld the smoke issuing from the chimney. The absence of any footsteps in the snow filled them with dismal bodings; and these were realized when, on entering the house, they saw the wretchedness that reigned there."

Franklin's party was now reduced to himself, an Indian, Dr. Richardson, and Hepburn, and these were in so sad a state of feebleness that it was evident to each they could not long survive. Happily, on the 7th of November, three Indians despatched by Mr. Back brought the long-hoped-for succour, and waited upon the invalids with considerate kindness until they recovered sufficient strength to return to an English settlement. Thus, by a splendid display of those noble qualities which seem peculiarly distinctive of the Saxon race—by unquailing courage, resolution, and perseverance—was successfully accomplished a hazardous and laborious journey of 5500 miles over a bleak, barren, and storm-driven country, and results obtained which greatly enlarged the boundaries of geographical knowledge.

We would fain linger among these narratives of enterprise and endurance, and show our juvenile readers what brave deeds the Sea-kings of England have accomplished amid seas of darkly-heaving waters and plains of eternal ice, but our limits compel us to terminate this light and hasty sketch. We shall not touch upon those after-labours of Franklin in reference to Arctic discovery, which procured for him the well-deserved honour of knighthood; but pass at once to

that last and fatal voyage whose interesting but melancholy associations are still so fresh in the minds of all of us.

In the spring of 1845, the *Erebus* and *Terror* were despatched, under the command of Sir John Franklin, to seek that North-west passage, the subject of so eager a curiosity for nearly three hundred years. Sir John's second in command was an able and well-tried officer, Captain F. R. M. Crozier, and the crews consisted of 137 picked seamen, the best and bravest the royal and commercial navies of England could boast of. Both vessels were fitted with the screw-propeller; and three years' full provisions, as well as every fitting appliance, were liberally supplied by the Admiralty.

“After quitting the Thames,” says Captain Sherard Osborn, from whose graphic and animated narrative we shall borrow largely, “the first rendezvous of the two ships was at the anchorage of ‘the Long Hope’ in the Orkneys. There the last arrangements were made, many a last letter written, full of high purpose and noble enthusiasm, and thence, on the 8th of June, they put to sea, steering for the extreme of Greenland, appropriately enough named Cape Farewell. A month later we look down upon them at anchor in the middle of a rocky congeries of islets on the east side of Baffin's Bay. A fortnight later some adventurous whalers in Melville Bay saw the *Erebus* and *Terror* struggling manfully with the ice which barred their progress across the Bay of Baffin to Lancaster Sound. Seven officers man a boat and drag her over the ice to visit the whalers. They go on board the *Prince of Wales*, of Hull; report all well, express the greatest confidence in the success of their expedition, bid the



heartly skipper a kind good-bye, and return to their ships. That evening, July 26th, the ice which had hitherto barred their route to the westward opened out, and the Arctic expedition bears away for Lancaster Sound."

Two years passed away, and no tidings of Franklin and his gallant companions reached England. In the words of an American writer, "expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread." An expedition in search of the missing heroes was despatched under Sir James Ross; another under Sir John Richardson; but they returned without any information. There were many, then, who abandoned all hope, and deemed it best to resign at once any expectation of recovering the lost ships. But the brave and noble wife of Franklin did not so easily surrender herself to a lethargic indifference. The true heart of the English nation which, in the long run, always throbs with the best and most generous sympathies, appreciated and seconded her anxious affection. Round Lady Franklin gathered Sir Francis Beaufort, John Barrow, Col. Sabine, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Sir John Richardson, and brought their extensive influence to bear upon the Government and the nation.

"In the year 1850," says Captain Sherard Osborn, "the first clue to the position of the *Erebus* and *Terror* was obtained in Beechey Island through the accidental detention at that place of the searching expeditions of Captains Austin and Penny—they being at that time bound to Melville Island, beyond which point general opinion maintained that Franklin must have sailed.

"It happened, however, that when the entrance of Wellington Channel was reached, in August, 1850, by





The Arctic Voyagers ' bid the hearty skipper good bye.'—Page 421.



the searching expeditions above mentioned, that large fields of ice were sweeping down it and out of Barrow's Straits, so as to compel the ships to seek shelter in a great bay formed at the eastern entrance of the channel, a bay which may be said to be bisected by Beechey Island. On the 23rd of August, 1850, a boat's crew from her Majesty's discovery ship, *Assistance*, Captain Ommanney, happened to land on one of the extreme points of the bay in question, and, whilst strolling about, were not a little startled to find traces of a former visit from Europeans at the same spot. Under the bold and striking cliff of Cape Riley there was the ground-plan of a tent, scraps of canvas and rope, a quantity of birds bones' and feathers, besides a long-handled rake that appeared to have been used for collecting the weeds in which the bottom of those Arctic Seas are so rich. That Europeans had been there for some temporary purpose was certain, but there was not a name or a record found by which the connexion of these relics with Franklin's expedition could be positively asserted. Captain Penny, a whaling captain of Aberdeen, who had been employed by the Admiralty as the leader of a separate expedition, heard of the traces found by the *Assistance*, and in conjunction with Lieutenant De Haven, of the United States Navy, who was present with the expedition fitted out by Mr. Grinnell, of New York, determined to wait on the east side of Wellington Channel until the coast was thoroughly searched for a further clue, so as to assure himself as to who had been at Cape Riley, and for what purpose.

“From Cape Spenser the Americans, on foot, followed the trail of a sledge up the east side of Welling-



ton Channel, until, at one day's journey beyond Cape Innis, the trail suddenly ceased, as if the party had there turned back again. At this point a bottle and a piece of the *Times* newspaper was discovered. In the meantime Captain Penny had secured his vessels under the western point of Beechey Island, and despatched a boat to take up the clue to Cape Riley, and to try and follow it to the eastward, in the event of the traces being those of a party retreating from the ships to Baffin's Bay, supposing the ships to have been beset somewhere to the north-west. This boat-party eventually returned unsuccessful; but one afternoon some men from one of the ships, the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, asked permission to stroll over Beechey Island. It was accorded. They idled along towards the low projecting portion of the island which extends to the north, choosing a convenient spot to get over the huge ridges of ice which lay piled up along the beach; they were seen to land and mount the ridge or backbone of the point. In a minute afterwards their friends on board the ships saw the party rush simultaneously towards a dark object, round which they collected, showing signs of excitement. Presently one ran hither, one thither. Keenly alive with anxiety, those on board saw immediately that some fresh traces had been found, and a rush of all hands to Beechey Island took place. 'Eh, sir,' as a gallant north country sailor observed, when relating the discovery,—'Eh, sir! my heart was in my mouth, and I didna ken I could run so fast afore.'

"On that point stood a most carefully constructed cairn, of a pyramidal form. The base consisted of a series of preserved-meat tins, filled with gravel and



sand, arranged so as to taper gradually upwards to the summit of the cairn, in which there was stuck the remnant of a broken boarding-pike. It seemed to have been expressly constructed for the reception of a record, yet nothing could be found in or about the spot, though a hundred anxious beating hearts sought with hands trembling with excitement. Presently, looking along the northern slope of Beechey, other strange objects caught the eye. Another rush of excited beings, and they stand before three graves. Rough, strong-nerved men wept as they stood before those humble tablets, and muttered out the words '*Erebus and Terror,*' inscribed upon them."

Captain Austin followed Captain Penny in his explorations of the Arctic lands, but without obtaining any further information of Franklin's movements. Whether he had turned homeward and perished in Baffin's Bay ; whether he had advanced to the north-west by Wellington Channel ; or whether he was then imprisoned (as we now know him to have been) in Melville Island, were problems of which no satisfactory solution could be afforded.

Several searching expeditions were fitted out by Lady Franklin and her generous friends, and by the Government, but only to confirm the despondency of those who maintained that the missing heroes would never again be heard of. One of the most famous was that undertaken by Captain (now Sir) Robert M'Clure, who entered the regions of the Pole by way of the Pacific, and actually penetrated, through snow and ice, into the Atlantic, thus accomplishing the long-sought-for North-west passage. But as expedition after expedition returned from its bootless mission, public

interest, it must be confessed, gradually faded away. Nevertheless, there was one earnest-hearted woman still faithful to her hope, her memory, and her love—Lady Franklin, and she never ceased in her labour of affectionate devotion.

Just then, in the fall of 1854, when hope was nigh desperate, as to the solution of the mystery which hung about the *Erebus* and *Terror*, a traveller in the Hudson Bay Company's territories, Dr. Rae, whose fame as an Arctic explorer was well established, suddenly appeared in England, and brought fresh and unexpected evidence of the disastrous fate of a party that had evidently been travelling from the *Erebus* and *Terror* towards the Great Fish River. They numbered forty persons, so said the Esquimaux, and the party died of starvation four years before Dr. Rae visited his informants. The starving seamen were first seen on King William's Land; their corpses were observed later in the same year, 1850, near or about the mouth of the Great Fish River. Dr. Rae brought home a number of pieces of silver from these Esquimaux, and it was marked with the names of various officers belonging to the two ships. Lady Franklin immediately urged the Admiralty to send an expedition to the neighbourhood of the Great Fish River; but, no! they satisfied themselves with requesting the Hudson's Bay Company to do so instead. The consequence was, a hurried overland expedition in 1855 to the mouth of the Great Fish River by Mr. Anderson. He had not a boat capable of reaching King William's Land, although it was only sixty miles distant from the point he attained, and he had not even been furnished with an Esquimaux interpreter to

enable him to hold conversation with the natives. Mr. Anderson's information, however, proved to Lady Franklin and those who thought as she did, that only a portion of the officers and men of the *Erebus* and *Terror* had reached the Great Fish River—some forty of them, very possibly, as Dr. Rae had been told—these forty, with the three graves upon Beechey Island, still leaving ninety-five souls unaccounted for.

Lady Franklin did not cease to urge upon Government the prosecution of further inquiries, but the authorities were unwilling to endanger valuable lives in what seemed a hopeless enterprise. Finding, therefore, that no more assistance was obtainable in that quarter, she sank the small remnant of her private estate in the purchase of a strong-built screw schooner, the *Fox*, and called for volunteers to second her noble exertions. Her call was soon responded to. Capt. M'Clintock, who, since 1848, had been constantly employed in Arctic voyages, and whose energy and skill had won for him a high professional reputation, offered his valuable services. Other gallant men stepped forward to share the honour and the danger, and funds to defray the expenses of the expedition were liberally contributed by generous Englishmen. So, in the summer of 1857, the *Fox* and her crew of twenty-five gallant seamen sailed from England on her noble enterprise.

He reached Melville Bay in safety, but found it walled in with ice. Early in September, M'Clintock became aware that he and his companions would assuredly have to endure all the perils of an Arctic winter. They trusted in Providence to protect them, and faced their difficulties with a blithe and courageous



spirit. "That very same mercy which had been so often vouchsafed to the gallant explorers of the frigid zone still watched over the little *Fox*. The ark which bore the hopes of a loving wife and the prayers of so many friends was not to be swallowed up in the wreck-strewn depths of Baffin's Bay." The winter passed away, and on the 27th of July, 1858, the *Fox* reached across to Lancaster's Sound. On the 11th of August she arrived at Beechey Island. The depôt of provisions left by various expeditions, as well as boats, houses, clothing, and stores, were found in a satisfactory condition, and the *Fox* was thus enabled to replenish her diminished stores.

Captain M'Clintock now pushed to the westward past Cape Hotham, past Griffith's Island, southward through Sir Robert Peel's Channel, down between the bluff bleak shores of Capes Bonny and Walker, until his course was barred by a barrier of fixed ice. He now resolved to retrace a portion of his steps, and endeavour to penetrate through Bellot's Channel—which leads from Regent's Inlet into that Western Sea whose waters wash the American coast from the Great Fish River to Behring's Straits. Providence favoured him : in four days the stout little *Fox* had retraced her steps, and progressed down Regent's Inlet as far as Brentford Bay. From the 20th of August to the 6th September, 1858, M'Clintock was watching for an opportunity to dash through Bellot Channel in the Western Sea. That channel he found to be a mile in width and eighteen miles long, its shores faced with lofty granite cliffs, and noble hills over-topping them. Through this magnificent portal the ice was churning and rolling, acted upon by a



fierce six-knot tide, and the *Fox* had to wait until September 6th before it was clear enough to risk her frail sides in running such a gauntlet. On that day they passed through the strait, but to their sad disappointment were again barred out from the Western Sea—which would have carried them to the American shore—by a belt of fixed ice some miles in width, beyond which the sea was rolling in all its majesty. Here winter overtook them, though M'Clintock's anxiety to carry his little craft still further west prevented him from finally resigning himself to circumstances by seeking winter quarters until September 27th.

We now resume our quotations from Captain Osborn's interesting summary :—

“ On February 17th, 1859, Captain M'Clintock and Captain Young left the ship to establish their depôts for the forthcoming long journeys. Young struck to the west, so as to reach Prince of Wales Land, and M'Clintock, accompanied by Mr. Petersen, a worthy Dane, who has shared in all Arctic exploration since 1850, proceeded in a southerly direction towards the Magnetic Pole. These journeys were short ones ; the cold was so intense that mercury remained frozen during the major portion of the time they were absent from the *Fox*. But already did they discover that they were on the right trail, for at Cape Victoria, on the western shores of Boothia, and in lat.  $69^{\circ} 50' N.$ , long.  $96^{\circ} W.$ , Captain M'Clintock learned from the natives that, several years previously, a ship had been crushed off the northern coast of King William's Land, that all her people landed safely and went away to the Great Fish River, where they died. These natives had wood

procured from a boat left by the white men on the Great River.

“As they now felt assured of clearing up the mystery of the fate of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, this was, indeed, cheering intelligence for those on board the gallant little *Fox*, and on April 2nd the spring searching parties set out from Bellot's Straits. Captain Young proceeded northward and westward so as to fill up the unsearched and undiscovered ground between Bellot Channel and Sir James Ross's farthest discovery in 1849, upon the one hand, and between Lieutenants Osborn and Brown's extreme points, in 1851, upon the other. This service the generous sailor fully and satisfactorily executed, but his labours were not rewarded by the discovery of any fresh traces of Franklin's expedition. Lieutenant Hobson and Captain M'Clintock, however, were more fortunate. They both struck over for King William's Land, from Point Victoria, Hobson taking the western side of that land, M'Clintock the eastern; but before they parted some natives told them that a second ship had been seen off King William's Land; that she likewise drifted on shore, and had afforded them much wood and iron.

“Captain M'Clintock made a rapid and wonderfully lengthy journey down the east side of King William's Land, across to Montreal Island, round the estuary of the Great Fish River, and visited Point Ogle and Barrow Island. During this outward journey no wreck or bones of the lost crews were discovered, and few natives were met; but those natives readily told all they knew, and willingly bartered all the relics of the *Erebus* and *Terror* which Captain M'Clintock was able to carry away. The tale of an intelligent old

woman who was met at Cape Norton confirmed the story heard at Cape Victoria in February, but she added that *another* ship had been forced on shore in the fall of the year, subsequent to the white men having quitted her—that many of the ‘starving white men’ (for such was the term always applied to our poor countrymen,) died on their way to the Great Fish River, but that the Esquimaux only knew this fact in the winter following, when their bodies were discovered. Failing in finding more traces at Montreal Island than had been reported by Anderson, after his journey in 1855, and the natives still alluding to a wreck, though none had lately seen her, Captain M’Clintock turned to the north-west, determined to complete the circuit of King William’s Land. Re-landing upon the north side of Simpson’s Strait he struck for the cairn of that discoverer, erected in 1839 on Point Herschel, and when within ten miles of it came upon a bleached skeleton. The poor fellow, who was probably one of the stewards in the lost expedition, had evidently dropped behind the retreating party and perished. The cairn at Cape Herschel had been disturbed, and Captain M’Clintock thinks that the retreating party placed a record there, but that the natives have subsequently removed it. From Cape Herschel to the west extreme of King William’s Land the traces of natives were numerous, and they had evidently obliterated all those of Franklin’s retreating parties; but from that western extreme to Cape Felix the beach may be said to have been strewed with the signs of the straits to which the retreating party were reduced. Lieutenant Hobson from the north, and M’Clintock from the south, went carefully over the whole of this sadly



interesting ground, and without entering into a detailed account of the relics found, we will briefly relate the result.

“On Point Victory, the farthest point reached by the present Sir James Ross during his explorations of 1828-29-30, a cairn had been constructed and a record deposited by Franklin, which at once tells us all the sad tale.

“The *Erebus* and *Terror* spent their first winter at Beechey Island, in the spot discovered by Captain Penny and Captain Austin’s Expedition ; but they had previously explored Wellington Channel to seventy-seven degrees north (where Captain Sir E. Belcher and Captain Osborn wintered in 1852-53), and passed down again into Barrow’s Straits, between Cornwallis and Bathurst Land. That Franklin should have left his winter quarters in 1846, determined to prosecute his voyage to the south-west, from Cape Walker, according to the tenor of his original instructions, and yet not have left a record behind him, seems incomprehensible ; yet so it is. In 1846, the two ships appear to have successfully passed down Peel Channel, until beset off King William’s Land on the 12th of September. They were then about fifteen miles off the land. In May, 1847, Lieutenant Graham Gore and Mr. Des Vœux landed and erected a cairn a few miles south of Cape Victory, and deposited in it a document to say that on that day all were well, Franklin in command. That gallant leader of this devoted band succumbed, however, within a month afterwards, and was spared by an all-merciful Providence from the farther trials which awaited his followers. The ice did not move ; at any rate, the two



vessels did not escape, and the winter of 1847-48 closed in upon them. Nine officers and fifteen men died before the month of April, 1848; who they were—beyond the name of Gore, who is spoken of as the late Captain Gore—we know not. Captain Crozier and Captain Fitzjames we, however, know to have been among the survivors, for they both sign the record of the abandonment of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, dated April 25th, 1848. The writing in that record is that of Fitzjames, bold and firm, and still evincing much strength and energy; poor Captain Crozier's signature indicates feebleness. Fitzjames tells us that on the 23rd April the survivors of the Franklin expedition, 105 in number, quitted their ships intending to start for the Great Fish River. At the cairn and around it lay strewed about a vast quantity of articles, which three days' experience already told them was a much heavier weight than their enfeebled strength was equal to drag. From this spot to a point about half-way between Point Victory and Point Herschel nothing of any great importance was discovered, and the skeletons as well as relics were deeply hidden in snow. At this half-way station, however, the top of a piece of wood was seen by Lieutenant Hobson sticking out of the snow, and on digging round it a boat was discovered. She was standing on a very heavy sledge, and within her were two skeletons. The one in the bottom of the stern sheets was covered with a great quantity of thrown-off clothing, the other one in the bows appeared to have been that of some poor fellow who had crept there to look out, and in that position fallen into his long last sleep. A couple of guns, loaded and ready cocked, stood upright to hand as if they had been

placed there ready for use against wild animals. Around this boat there was another accumulation of cast-off articles, and Captain M'Clintock believes that the party who placed her there *were returning to the ships*, as if they discovered their strength unequal to the terrible journey before them ; and this hypothesis seems perfectly rational, though we believe that the stronger portion of the crews still pushed on with another boat, and that some reached Montreal Island and ascended the Great Fish River.

“We must remember that the Esquimaux met by Dr. Rae in 1854 spoke of seeing forty men dragging a boat near the Fish River, and said that the officer of that party was a tall, stout, middle-aged man, a description which agrees well with the appearance of Captain Fitzjames. The probabilities are, therefore, that the strongest under Fitzjames pushed on to perish in the wilds of the Hudson Bay territory (Anderson found relics on the Fish River fifty miles above Montreal Island) ; whilst the weak, if they ever reached the ships again, only did so in time to see them wrecked by the disruption of the ice in the autumn of 1848. One ship went down, we are told by the Esquimaux, and the other was forced on shore, and in her there was one dead person, ‘a tall, large-boned man.’ These wrecks, however, could not have taken place on the coast between Capes Victory and Herschel, for in that case the natives would have swept away the relics discovered by M'Clintock and Hobson. We therefore agree with M'Clintock that the wrecked ship was pressed upon some spot within the haunts of the Fish River Esquimaux, and that in the year 1857-58 the ice had in all probability again swept her away and engulfed her.

“The point at which the fatal imprisonment of the *Erebus* and *Terror* in 1846 took place, was only ninety miles from the point reached by Dease and Simpson in their boats in 1838-39. Ninety miles more of open water, and Franklin and his heroic followers would have not only won the prize they sought, but reached their homes to wear their well-earned honours. It was not to be so. Let us bow in humility and awe to the inscrutable decrees of that Providence who ruled it otherwise. They were to discover the great highway between the Pacific and Atlantic. It was given them to win for their country a discovery for which she had risked her sons and lavishly spent her wealth through many centuries ; but they were to die in accomplishing their last great earthly task ; and, still more strange, but for the energy and devotion of the wife of their chief and leader, it would in all probability never have been known that they were indeed the **FIRST DISCOVERERS OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.**”

“Such was the result of Captain M‘Clintock’s and Lieutenant Hobson’s search, and they brought away a heap of relics, though, with the exception of the record at Cape Victory, no journals, letters, or manuscripts were found tending to throw any further light upon the closing scene of the cruise of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It now only remained for the gallant little *Fox* to endeavour to reach England safe with her intelligence, and on the 9th August, 1859, the ice opened sufficiently to enable her to turn homeward. By August 27th the Danish settlement of Disco, in Greenland, was reached, and on Sept. 21st Captain M‘Clintock landed at Portsmouth, after a passage of only six weeks from his winter quarters in Bellot Channel.”

Such was the result of the fifty-eighth, and, we trust, the *last* expedition of discovery in the Arctic regions. England needs her sons for more useful work than fruitless but dangerous toil amid wastes of eternal ice and snow.

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