

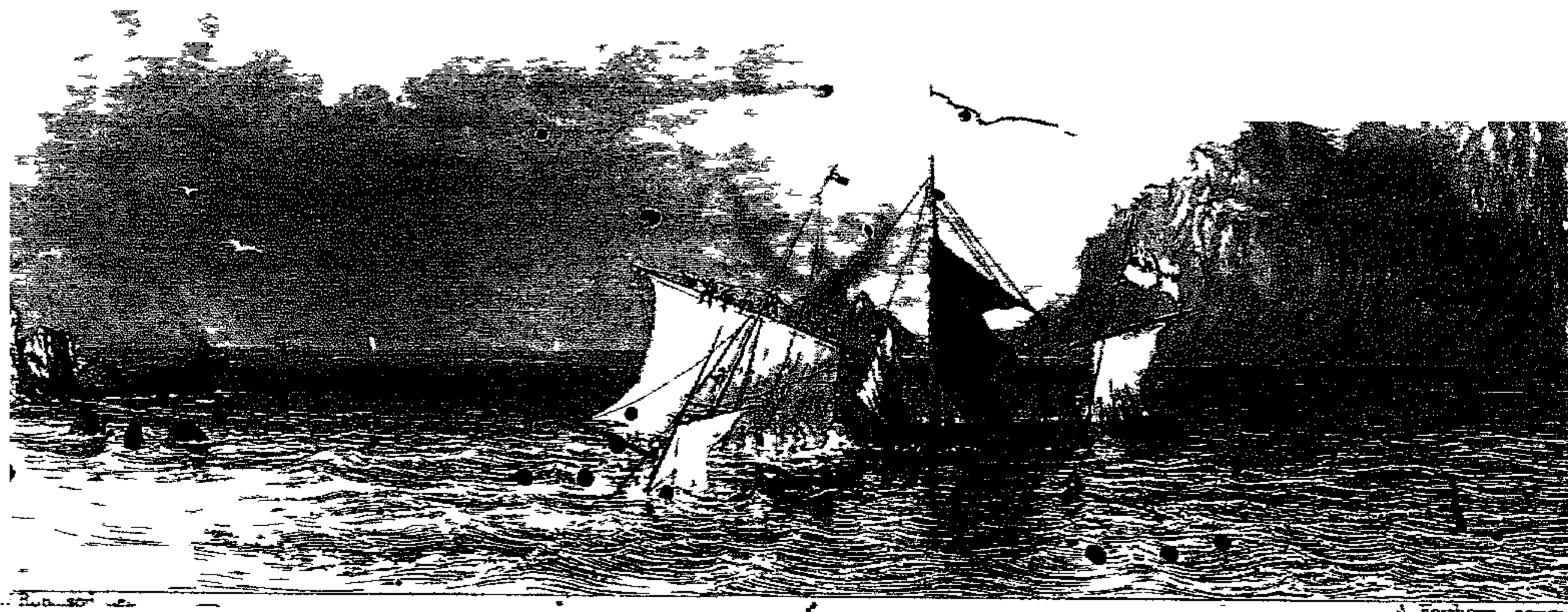
VOYAGES AND MEMOIRS

OF A

MIDSHIPMAN.

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Robinson del.

A. Rathorn sculp.

View of the Harbor, Portland in June, 1822

# VOYAGES

UP THE MEDITERRANEAN AND IN THE  
INDIAN SEAS ;

WITH

## MEMOIRS,

COMPILED FROM THE LOGS AND LETTERS

OF A

## MIDSHIPMAN.

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EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

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BY

JOHN A. HERAUD.

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" A Tale  
Would rouse adventurous courage in a Boy,  
Making him long to be a Mariner,  
That he might roam the main "

SOUTHBY.

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LONDON :

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET.

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1837.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE COCKBURN, G. C. B.

&c. &c. &c.

THESE MEMOIRS,

DESCRIBING THE BRIEF CAREER OF A ZEALOUS CANDIDATE

FOR NAVAL HONOUR

WITH HIS PERMISSION,

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED,

[The following Biography was prepared in the year 1832. Circumstances have prevented it from appearing until the present time. As, however, the work is designed not to gratify temporary curiosity, but to present a permanent example, its value is not at all impaired by the delay. It will also be found, in many respects, to form a *Guide-book*, to the places visited.]—JULY, 1837.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume is faithfully compiled from the Logs and Letters of the Midshipman whose Memoirs it professes to preserve. Mr. William Robinson was an enthusiast in his profession, and, at an early age, fell a martyr to his zeal. It is not too much to claim for him the character of being the “Kirke White” of the Navy. His career, though brief, was honourable; and he yet lives in the influence which his memory continues to exercise, over those who shared

W. H. Robinson, Esq., Barrister at Law, under whose charge these Memoirs are at length published, as a tribute of affection to his brother's memory.

The situation of Midshipman has recently received, from a gratifying circumstance, dignity and importance, which must raise it in the estimation of intelligent candidates for naval renown. His late Majesty, of all the royal admirals who adorn the history of the navy, was the only one who really served his time as a midshipman. Amidst the various means that were employed to call forth the energy and daring spirit of the nation, at that eventful period when the connection of our American colonies with the Mother Country was at length destroyed by the assistance and the machinations of France, the noble conduct of George III. who entered Prince William Henry as a Midshipman in the Royal Navy, excited

universal admiration, and produced the following encomium from the Spanish Admiral Langara: "Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea, when the humblest stations in her navy are supported by princes of the blood." It was on board the Prince George, of ninety-eight guns, under the tutelage of the late Hon. Admiral Digby, June 15th, 1779, that his Royal Highness entered in this capacity the naval service: his private tutor having been Dr. Majendie, afterwards Bishop of Bangor.

It may add to the interest of this introduction if we dwell a little in detail on the early days of his late Majesty, while engaged in the duties of his station as a midshipman. The Prince George was attached to the Channel Fleet, under the orders of Sir Charles Hardy, and cruised in the Bay of Biscay until the latter end of the same year, when she accompanied Lord [then

Sir George B.] Rodney to the relief of Gibraltar, the garrison of which place had long been subjected to the privations attendant on a close blockade. That venerable fortress having been put in a state of perfect security, the Commander in Chief sent Rear Admiral Digby to England with part of his fleet, and the prizes taken during the passage, and proceeded with the remainder to the Leeward Islands. On the 23d February, 1780, the royal midshipman was present at the capture of the *Prothée*, a French sixty-four gun ship, and three vessels forming part of a convoy bound to the Mauritius, laden with naval and military stores. From this period his Royal Highness served with the Channel Fleet until the spring of 1781, when the Prince George was attached to the fleet under the orders of Vice-Admiral Darby, with supplies for Gibraltar. On this occasion seven thousand

tons of provisions, and two thousand barrels of gunpowder, were landed in the midst of a tremendous cannonade from the enemy's flotilla of gun boats, carrying twenty-four and eighteen pounders. Proceeding with Rear Admiral Digby to the coast of North America, where, the Prince George remaining principally at New York, his Royal Highness was removed, at his own request, into the Warwick, of fifty guns, commanded by Viscount Keith, and was with that officer when he captured L'Aigle, a large French frigate, La Sophie, of twenty-two guns, and the Terrier sloop of war, off the Delaware river, September 11th, 1782. On the 3rd November following, in compliance with the command of his august parent, he joined the late Viscount Hood, who had come from the West Indies in search of a French squadron under the command of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, and was introduced by his Lordship

to the heroic Nelson, on board the *Barrleur*. Subsequent to the termination of hostilities the illustrious sailor visited Cape Francois and the Havannah, at which places he was welcomed by the French and Spanish authorities with every honour due to his exalted rank. His presence at the former had, moreover, the happy effect of preserving the lives of several British subjects; for the Governor of Louisiana, with admirable generosity, in honour of the occasion, delivered up the principal person concerned in the revolt of Natchez, with some of his accomplices, who had forfeited their parole and oath of fidelity; offering their lives and pardons as a present to the son of the King of England, in the name of the Spanish army and of his King. Having served the regular time in the navy as a midshipman, all the duties of which station he performed with becoming alacrity, and having under-

gone the usual examination, his Royal Highness, in the summer of 1785, was appointed third Lieutenant of the Hebe frigate, commanded by Sir Edward Thornbrough.

To return from this digression, which the naval reader will excuse on account of the motive with which it has been introduced:—The narrative of Mr. William Robinson, it will be perceived, would have been interesting in itself, if it had possessed only the ordinary characteristics of a sailor's life; but our midshipman had besides various opportunities of seeing pashas and governors, places and people, with other advantages possessed by few. These were, in part, owing to the fortunate circumstance of his having accompanied Captain William Henry Smyth, on the occasion of that gentleman's survey of the Mediterranean shores.

The publication of this work, the editor hopes, will, consisting as it does of facts,

and facts only, serve effectually to put to silence and shame the specious attempts which have been occasionally made to cast discredit on the naval service in memoirs of midshipmen, composed wholly of fiction, by persons either maliciously disposed or grossly misinformed. On the contrary, the advantages of a naval life are manifold and obvious, many of which are pointed out in the following Memoirs, which, it is earnestly hoped, will be welcome to every parent or guardian who designs a youth for the Naval Profession.



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Amos Robinson

# VII.C 50

## VOYAGES AND MEMOIRS

OF A

## MIDSHIPMAN

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### CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM ROBINSON'S BIRTH AND FAMILY—EMBARKS WITH CAPTAIN W. H. SMYTH IN THE ADVENTURE AS A MIDSHIPMAN TO THE MEDITERRANEAN—DEPTFORD—CAPE ST VINCENT—GIBRALTAR—INFLUENCE OF NOVELTY—MALTA.

WILLIAM ROBINSON, the subject of these Memoirs, was the eldest son of William Robinson, Esq. L.L.D. of the Middle Temple, London, Barrister at Law. He was born on the 24th July, 1804.

Intended by his father for the legal profession, William Robinson, at the age of sixteen, entered on the appropriate studies; but his constitution being delicate, he suffered much from habits of application, and it was found necessary to send him on a visit to his grandfather in Sussex.

Change of scene and air, however, had on him but little effect; and change of climate was therefore recommended by his physician. About this time Captain W. H. Smyth (author of the *Historics of Sicily and Sardinia*), whom his father had the honour to number among his friends, returned to England, and made an offer of embarking him, as a midshipman, on board the *Adventure*, a corvette with which he was proceeding to continue his survey of the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

The young man had all along desired the navy for a profession—yet, knowing that his father intended him for the law, he had refrained from expressing his wish, lest he should cause uneasiness to his parents. It being some time before the ship could be ready for sea, he was occupied in the Hydrographer's Office at the Admiralty, in copying charts, sailing orders, and extracts from the late Lord Nelson's papers, for Captain Smyth; which occupation appears to have inspired him with emulation of that great commander's character and enterprising spirit.

At length the ship was ready for sea, and no sooner was he fairly engaged in the business of

his new profession, than his genius for observation began to manifest itself. "We sailed," says he, in his first letter, "from Deptford, on Wednesday, at four a. m. and anchored off Gravesend, where I went on shore. We are now at the Nore, where I suppose we stop till Tuesday or Wednesday. We have taken in all our stores, and the carrounades make the Adventure look quite fierce. I have been up the rigging several times, and shall soon be quite expert at it. Yesterday evening it blew and rained, and we saw several porpoises. Tell Harry, I like my hammock extremely; it answers the purpose of a cradle, and I sleep as sound as a top. The first night I knew not what to make of it, and could not get to sleep till four o'clock a. m. There has been a good deal of motion to-day, and I must own I felt rather squeamish; but I followed your advice, and kept a crust of bread in my mouth, and it soon went off. It is said that we shall not proceed for Portsmouth, but sail directly for the Mediterranean. We have some guns on board for the Pasha of Tripoli; they completely take up all the room of the orlop, where we stow our chests, and we can hardly get at them." Of a well-known



flag officer, who was a passenger on board, whom he very much liked, but whose conversation was engrossed with the subject of fishing, he writes, "the mids say he has got the fishy mania, and was bit by a salmon while angling."

Having been paid advance wages at the Nore, and touched at Portsmouth, the Adventure stood down the Channel, but a continuance of heavy S. W. winds induced her to bear up for Falmouth. On the 18th of July, (1821) the officers and men received their respective stations on board, and young Robinson was appointed Aid-de-camp to Captain Smyth. "Yesterday," (July 19) he writes, "we exercised the men at the guns, so as to be ready for action, if by chance we should be troubled by an enemy. On Sunday we had rather a windy day, which made all the youngsters on board quite sick, and I was forced to go below, and slept in the boatswain's cabin for three hours. On Wednesday I dined with the captain." The fishing gentleman before noticed, he describes as being, though an old man, the greatest boy on board. The ship rolled so that he found it impossible to write straight.

These extracts from his early correspondence

are given because they present the reader with the first feelings and impressions of a young seaman, and he an enthusiast in his profession. A sailor's life is a life of physical hardship, and much privation; it is singular, however, that sometimes the feeblest constitutions are the most ardent in the duties of their perilous profession. This was pre-eminently the case with the great Nelson, who was so weak, that his uncle, Captain Suckling, unwillingly consented that one so infirm of body "should be sent to *rough it out* at sea."—But, frequently, the most resolute hearts, and the noblest minds, are lodged in the frailest tenements. But the spirit in them is strong, though the flesh be weak. Such was William Robinson, whom his fellow midshipmen, from his zeal for the service in which he was engaged, were wont to call "Jack Robinson." His log book was introduced with a guarded portrait of Nelson, executed by himself. He was a good draughtsman, and found his skill as such extremely serviceable to him in the way of life which he had adopted. The illustrations in this work are engraved from his drawings.

—The *Adventuro* remained in Falmouth Bay about eight days, when she sailed for Gibraltar, carrying

a fair wind almost all the way. In crossing the Bay of Biscay, some of the ship's company bathed overboard; but had scarcely been out of the water ten minutes, before a shark was seen along-side. They struck at it with their harpoons; but it was so hard, that it completely turned the iron. "I had," he says in the letter whence these particulars are extracted, "a sight of Cape St. Vincent, and the captain desired me to take a sketch of it, which I did; and mean to buy some drawing paper as soon as we get to Malta, in order to embellish my log-book." His log-book is accordingly embellished throughout in an interesting manner, of which the reader may judge from the specimens in this volume.

Mr. Southey has observed in his *Life of Nelson*, that "the pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil,—when the living branch is cut from the parent tree,—is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart: but never never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and

the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life." William Robinson, though an affectionate son, seems to have been a stranger to the intensity of this feeling—to have rather rejoiced in the hope that was set before him, than brooded on the pain of separation; his circumstances also on board the ship were peculiarly happy. Still, however, his memory continually recurred to home-scenes, and his letters are full of the feelings which are inspired by corresponding from afar with those to whom we are bound in the ties of natural affection. It is to exhibit this sentiment in particular that we present the following extract.

“ This morning (August 9,) in beating through the Gut of Gibraltar, there were nearly a hundred porpoises about the bows of the ship; and as I was bathing in a cot, there was a dolphin which the boatswain struck with a harpoon, but by mismanagement in hauling it on-board, it disengaged itself, and escaped. My mother thought we should have nothing to eat but salt meat. I dare say you will be astonished when you hear, that during the time I have been on board, I have had nothing but

goose, chickens, and roasting pigs, each in its turn, for dinner, and hams and tongues for breakfast, with salt-fish, &c.—To tell the truth, we rival the gun-room mess. The port wine we have is exceedingly good, allowing myself to be a judge. Captain Smyth has given orders to Mr. Elson, an officer who has sailed with him several years, to take me under his direction, and keep me employed in the drawing cabin every morning. I am now pretty well accustomed to the motion of the ship.

“The views in passing the Gut are very magnificent. We had a sight of Apeshill, the Barbary Mountains, and those of Spain. Nor is the Rock of Gibraltar less striking. At first sight, it has the appearance of a stupendous high rock stretching through the clouds, with the top peeping out above them; but, on coming along-side of it, it assumes quite a different appearance; it looks a barren place; but the fortifications and houses that are scattered about, together with the town, render it most interesting and formidable. I intend to go on shore if we stay here, and shall then be able to render you a better description. I shall embellish my log-book with a sketch of it, so that on my return you will be better able

to imagine its singular appearance. It is extremely hot, yet people fare well here; for Spain and Barbary being now open, provisions and refreshments are supplied in abundance. I went on shore on duty at five o'clock, so I could not leave the boat. We are all ready for sailing. Blue peter is just hoisted, which is the signal for all hands to come on board. I assure you it was good fun, to hear the people on shore gabble in their language. • Indeed they speak a variety of tongues; English, Turkish, Arabic, Hebrew, and other jargons sounded, as in a second Babel. Last night it was calm and fine, and to hear the evening guns firing, and bands playing, while the soldiers were relieving guard, was delightful."

The poet, Wordsworth, has observed that

“ Pleasure is spread through the earth  
 In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find;  
 A rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,  
 Moves all nature to gladness and mirth,  
     The Showers of the Spring  
     Rouse the birds, and they sing;  
 If the Wind do but stir for his proper delight,  
 Each Leaf, that and this, his neighbour will kiss;  
 Each Wave, one and t'other, speeds after his brother;  
 They are happy, for that is their right.”

It is clear that a naval life forms no exception to this general rule. A spirit of enjoyment breathes

in the letters whence we have extracted. First the love of change, of novelty, of curiosity is gratified; then the passion for the strange is excited, and the faculty of wonder expands into an expression of merriment. "*It was good fun to hear the people on shore gabble in their language.*" It may, perhaps, be matter of discussion whether mankind are more influenced by the Force of Custom or the Love of Novelty, but it cannot be doubted that both possess considerable power over the human mind. Wonder and surprise are suddenly produced, delight in a new object is quickly awakened. At the same time, however, old prejudices cling closely to the mind, and by contrast with them, it is that the sensation of the strange is increased in its effect. The pleasure arising from novelty, thus owes much of its vividness to a dark back ground of secret prepossessions with which it has to contend. So strong is the force of custom, that with such as are led by no spirit of enterprise, in their youth, to forsake home scenes, the influence of novelty is, in their age, destroyed. The traveller who leaves his home early, with all his senses awake, has his curiosity continually gratified; and the "love of novelty, like jealousy, "makes the food it feeds on."

While its influence lasts, a man will be always young; for it is one of the characteristics of childhood, and is that which makes a child learn quickly and readily. Indeed, it is a fact, that, with most, more is learned during childhood, than all the life after. With too many, the edge of appetite is suffered to grow dull after a certain period, and they too willingly yield to that force of custom which, in the first sensation of novelty, connects irresistibly its object with comic excitement, and heightens the pleasure. It should never be suffered to act a more imperious part; at the most, it should only be exerted to prevent a too ready acquiescence in whatever is new, which should be tried in a due degree, by the standard of what is already known. It should be made to subserve the purposes of knowledge, and not to supersede them. Both these passions are wisely given to us by the Author of Nature, and it should be our care to maintain a proper balance between them. This will prevent us at least from surrendering ourselves so quickly to the sensation of the ludicrous, and it will teach us, by abstracting from the relative circumstances in which objects are observed, to fix the attention on their positive value. Mere accidental adjuncts (such as language



and manners for instance,) vary in every climate, and every situation of life. Our attention should not be so much occupied with these, as how to appreciate, cultivate and adjust the contrarious faculties wherewith we have been wisely endowed. Such self-government, (and to teach such a naval life is a peculiarly good school,) constitutes the true hero. He soon learns to despise the merely circumstantial *altogether*, and to look upon it as a thing which he must subdue or bend to his own purposes. To him the accidents of life, are but as the withes which Samson brake, "as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire."

There is great trade in the town of Gibraltar, yet all travellers complain of the badness of the shops. The moles and bay, when full of ships, are very beautiful. The climate is very healthy, the heat being intolerable only in July, August, and September; yet the number of tomb-stones and burying-grounds in Gibraltar, we are told, is surprising? Not only the neutral ground, but the Red Sands appear like an immense church-yard; there are several others up the hill; and half of South Port Ditch is also covered with graves and monuments.

After a voyage of twenty days, the Adventure arrived at Malta; an island about fifty-four miles south of Sicily, and one hundred and fifty north of Africa. It is about eighteen miles long, twelve broad, and sixty in circumference. It may be interesting to the naval reader who shall hereafter touch at Malta, to be enabled to correct an erroneous tradition of the Maltese, as to the belief that this island is the Melita on which St. Paul was wrecked. The bay where it is supposed the misfortune occurred is indeed still called St. Paul's Bay. The correction of this error will also serve to remind the voyager, that the poet Coleridge resided here from May, 1804, to October, 1805, in the capacity of secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, the governor; to whose memory he has left the splendid tribute that so appropriately concludes *The Friend*, wherein the naval aspirant will find some incidents of Nelson's life, and concerning the battle of the Nile, that possess a moral grandeur to which perhaps no other narrator could have done equal justice.\*

From his residence here, the poet's attention

We are indebted to the affectionate Editor of "Coleridge's Table-Talk" for most of the learned references in the text.

seems to have been turned to the subject, and he plainly saw that the Maltese of the apostle's time could not have been the "barbarous people," and "barbarians," described in the *Acts*; for Malta must have been at that time fully peopled and highly civilized. Cicero speaks at considerable length of this island in one of the Verrine orations, and describes an ancient temple of Juno situated on a promontory near the town, so famous and revered, that, even in the time of Masinissa, at least 150 years B. C. that prince had religiously restored some relics which his admiral had taken from it. The plunder of this very temple is an article of accusation against Verres, and a deputation of Maltese (*legati Melitenses*) came to Rome to establish the charge. Strabo, Mela, and Pliny mark the position of the place; the first says that the lap-dogs called *κυνίδια Μελίταια* were sent from this island; these, however, are by other writers ascribed to the other Melite in the Adriatic. Diodorus, a Sicilian by birth, describes the island in his time,—a period considerably previous to St. Paul's shipwreck. "There are," he writes, "three islands to the south of Sicily, each of which has a city or town (*πόλις*), and harbours

fitted for the safe reception of ships. The first of these is Melite, distant about eight hundred stadia from Syracuse, and possessing several harbours of surpassing excellence. Its inhabitants are rich and luxurious (τοὺς κατοικοῦντας ταῖς οὐσίαις εὐδαίμονας.) There are artisans of every kind (παντοδαπούς ταῖς ἐργασίαις); the best are those who weave cloth of a singular fineness and softness. The houses are worthy of admiration for their superb adornment with eaves and brilliant white-washing, (οἰκίας ἀξιολόγους καὶ κατεσκευασμένας φιλοτίμω γείσσοις καὶ κονιάμασι περιττότερον.)” The Verres above mentioned had established in a town of the island a manufactory of fine cloth or cotton stuffs—the celebrated *Melitensis vestis*, to which Ovid alludes,

“ Fertilis est Melite sterile vicina Cocyræ  
 Insula, quam Libyci verberat unda Æeti.”  
*Past.* iii. 567.

and also Silius Italicus,

“ telaque superba  
 Lanigera Melite.”  
*Punic.* xiv. 251.

The mention, in the sacred narrative, of the viper is a strong reason for concluding that the Melita there mentioned is the Adriatic, not the Mediterranean one. “The men,” as Mr. Cole-

ridge remarks, "are not surprised at the appearance of the snake, but imagine first a murderer, and then a god, from the harmless attack. Now in our Malta there are, I may say, no snakes at all; which, to be sure, the Maltese attribute to St. Paul's having cursed them away. Melita in the Adriatic was a perfectly barbarous island, as to its native population, and was, and is now, infested with serpents. Besides, the context shews that the scene is in the Adriatic."

On their way to Malta the crew of the Adventure found sport in trying to catch grampuses with harpoons, but did not succeed. "On entering the harbour," says our young midshipman, "it was curious to see the swarms of Maltese boats come alongside to tow in the ship, for it was nearly calm; but as the captain is familiar with the port, we managed without their assistance, taking her in by our own boats. This is one of the best, if not *the best harbour in the world*. It seems utterly impossible to be taken by an enemy, it is so well fortified; any ship coming to make an attempt, would be cut up before she could work round. In speaking my opinion, it is even stronger than the rock of Gibraltar. The entrance is defended

by a fort called St. Angelo, of four rows of heavy cannon—(dinner is coming on the table, so I must put by my writing.)—Now dinner is finished I will proceed to give you an account of it and the dessert. We had some lamb and salt beef; but the dessert far surpassed our dinner; for the small sum of sixpence we had a plate of grapes, of green figs, of nectarines, of peaches and apples. The grapes are a penny a pound; one bunch is about the size of this side of the paper I am writing on; each grape measured about an inch and a half round in length; they are exceedingly fine, and so are the green figs, and the prickly pears are very good, but unpleasant to get at, being covered with small prickles, which prick worse than the stinging nettle.

“ On Saturday, I went on shore with Dutton,\* with our cocked hats and sword belts, hired a horse each, and made a journey into the country. I dare say you would have laughed if you had seen us galloping about, for we made *the Maltese stare*. The sentries on guard presented arms as we passed the garrison ports. We went to see

\* This youth was killed by being thrown from a horse, early in 1824, at Malta.

St. Antoni Church, St. Paul's Grotto, and the Catacombs,\* an extensive series of excavations in the solid rock. Our guide spake Maltese,† and we pretended to understand him, by saying *si* to every thing he said, but I cannot tell you the particulars on account of my not knowing the language. We then went to an inn, and ordered dinner; during the time we were dining, music was playing to amuse us, which made the victuals dance into our mouths in high style. The streets of Malta are all paved; some have steps all the way in the road, rather steep, and the mules go up and down them as well as if it was an even road.‡ The rooms of the houses are very lofty, higher than any I have seen in England. St. John's Church is the most richly ornamented one I have ever seen. There are the arms and crests of the

\* These excavations are said to extend fifteen miles underground; but, as Bydone remarks, "this you are obliged to take on the credit of your guide, as it would rather be risking too much to put it to the trial. Many people, they assure us, have been lost from advancing too far in them, the prodigious number of branches making it next to impossible to find the way out again."

† The Maltese language is derived from the Arabic, and has no similarity to any other spoken in Europe.

‡ This made Lord Byron exclaim—

"Adieu! adieu! ye streets of stans,  
Which surely no one mounts but swears,

The streets intersect each other at right angles.

knights of Malta, curiously inlaid with all sorts of coloured marble, forming the different parts of the arms, according to the colours; and the paintings are most beautiful. The women have no bonnets, but wear large black silk cloaks called faldettes, exactly like a mourner's cloak in England, which cover their heads, and reach down to their heels. The men in general wear large blue cloth caps, which hang down on one side of the face, a sort of Spanish dress, with a broad sash round their waists. They appear to be active, industrious and well behaved."



## CHAPTER II.

TRIPOLI—PRESENTS TO THE PASHA—SARDINIAN CONSUL—  
 GULF OF SYRTIS—BENGAZI—BOMBA BAY—AN ACCIDENT  
 — DERNA — RETURN TO MALTA — CHRISTMAS — BEY OF  
 BENGAZI—DESCRIPTION OF BOMBA.

ON the 6th of September the Adventure sailed from Malta, and, after a voyage of four days, arrived at Tripoli. On the 10th she cast anchor, about two miles from the town. She received a salute of seventeen guns from the Pasha's batteries, which was returned. When the crew had prepared the presents intended for the Pasha, viz. four field pieces, and several cases of powder and shot, Captain Smyth went on shore to visit his Highness, who, on account of former acquaintance, received him with great personal kindness, and granted *every thing that could be desired for the prosecution of his researches* along the shores of the Great Syrtis and the Cyrenaica. Having obtained a vessel, the presents were all safely

landed, with which the Pasha was so much delighted, that he ordered the gunner to fire them twenty-one times, and then made him put some mules to harness, and draw them about his courtyard, with which he was as much pleased as astonished; for there was not such a thing as a wheel in the place. Nothing like a cart or wheelbarrow was seen any where, camels being their mode of conveyance for every thing. When all was finished, the Pasha presented the gunner with a Turkish sword, much to his liking; and sent a very superb one, with a real Damascus flaming blade, and a hilt of the horn of the rhinoceros, which had been blest at Mecca, to Captain Smyth, as a mark of his particular regard, a day or two after. He also made a present to the ship's company of two bullocks, three sheep, and a host of poultry, with bread, eggs, grapes, pomegranates, and pumpkins in great quantity.

Our midshipman next gives a description of Tripoli and its inhabitants, which will be found interesting, as the first impressions of a youth, so suddenly transported from his native to oriental scenes. "When first you land," he observes, "you are surrounded by a multitude of black

people, who *look more like ghosts* than human beings, their dress being a pair of loose trousers, with a blanket thrown over them, so as only to shew their jet black faces; by their dress they really seem afraid of cold, although it is actually so very hot to Europeans. Their dress differs according to their rank; some have blankets thrown over their left shoulder, and brought down under the right arm, with a very loose pair of trousers, *big enough to hold a week's provision*; and others, who are of a higher class of inhabitants, have turbans, with a most elegant jacket, worked with gold lace, and yellow shoes or boots, just which suits the *fancy of these oddities*. The admiral of the Pasha's fleet came on board the other day, and breakfasted with the captain; his jacket, which was purple, was most superbly worked with gold, and is said to have cost a thousand dollars, which was presented to him by the Pasha; over the jacket he wore a black velvet cloak, almost as superbly worked as the jacket. He is a Scotchman, *turned Turk!* no doubt, for the handsome clothes he wears. All the men have immense beards and mustachios.

“ We have now landed our second lieutenant,

Mr. Beechey, who, with his brother, and Lieutenant Coffin, are to execute the Captain's intentions along the shores of the Syrtis, while we proceed by sea. They are going to rig out as very gay Turks, and will accompany my messmates, Tyndale,\* and Campbell, the assistant-surgeon.

“ The town is the most miserable place I have yet beheld. The huts (for you cannot with any propriety call them houses) appear to be composed of a vast number of small stones, piled upon each other, and plastered up with mud. There is nothing in the shape of a window to be seen; some have no door, only a mat hanging before the opening; others are more lucky, and have a few planks knocked together, so as to form a door, and these seemed to have been handed down from family to family for centuries. The consul's houses are the best in the place; but you must not judge by appearances even in these, for to look at them you cannot see any thing but immense high walls. These are pretty well, considering in what country they are built, and are so constructed as to form a square, the centre of which serves as a garden; so that instead of looking into the most miserable

\* Now Lieutenant Edward Tyndale.

huts, you see from the windows the opposite side of your own house. If you were here, to see the baker's hovels (for they cannot be termed shops), you would not much fancy the bread; they are nothing more than holes made in the ground, each about three feet deep, for the baker to stand in, and a foot above this (in a heap of stones, which I suppose is the house) is a sort of oven. The way they manage to bake is thus: they take two long poles, with a broad flat piece of iron at the top, on which they dispose the dough; then they are obliged to place the poles across the road, with the rolls on, to put them into the oven; when baked, they have to place the poles across the road again to get them out; they then throw them into a heap by the roadside, and in less than five minutes they are all covered with dust. There is no such thing as a footpath, which would be a most essential thing; for the streets are so narrow, that men, camels, mules and all walk together. I really think the narrowest streets in London would make the widest in Tripoli.

“ Malta is a paradise compared to this town; there is only one road out of it into the country, and generally a great risk to get through that:

frequently it is completely blocked up with camels and mules passing each other at the same time. The market is held outside of the town.

“ There are plenty of birds here, doves, quails, and various other kinds, of which I do not know the names. We went on shore the other morning to shoot, and did justice to them, for we brought on board six brace of doves, four brace of quails, and two dozen of small birds of all kinds. One day when we were going on shore to try our luck again, at the same hour, and were just about to start, we experienced a very severe squall, which totally upset our intentions. It came on in a few minutes, and lasted a quarter of an hour, when all was calm as before; but in that short space of time, it overturned one of the Pasha's men of war, and made the Adventure drive a little. The captain and every soul on board were dressed in less than two minutes, and on deck. This is the first squall I have seen. You cannot conceive what a noise the wind made through the rigging; so loud, that we could not hear each other speak, and so strong that it blew me across the quarter deck.

“ The Pasha is so much pleased with the rigging of an English ship, that he requested the

captain to allow the boatswain and some hands to fit out one of his own; for the Turkish ships are rigged in the most clumsy manner possible.

“ The country abounds in date trees, Indian corn, and the cotton tree. The date tree is of great height, with large branches spreading out from the very top, and the fruit hangs like bunches of grapes, directly underneath the branches, but so thick together, as to form a ring around the trunk.

“ There are swarms of small fish about the ship, but we cannot catch them with line and hook. There is generally a heavy swell here. The harbour is dangerous to enter, for it threatens with rocks on all sides, some above and others under water. I think you would like to have some of the corn of Tripoli; and I will bring some to England, *when I come that way*, with something from every different country I see.

“ Monday the 24th, we fired a salute in consequence of the return of the Pasha's son and his army, and decorated the ship with flags. He has been to fight against his brother, (no uncommon thing among the Turks), and has come off victorious.

“ I believe now I have said all I know concerning Tripoli and the inhabitants.”

The next letter is of so much interest, and so characteristic, that we give it entire.

“Bomba Bay.

“ My dear Parents,

“ I had scarcely sealed my last letter from Tripoli, when I received an invitation from the Sardinian Consul to dine that day with him and several of the officers. The dinner was all in the French style, which was no bad thing for a sailor; for I assure you, I did my duty, as well as a messmate of mine who sat next me,—Mr. Bush.\* Nothing particular happened during our stay here, except that we took on board a chiaus and a pilot. From hence we proceeded to the Gulf of Syrtis, ~~which is the most miserable place imaginable;~~ nothing visible but exceeding low sandy land, with a few bushes on it; not a tree or a person to be seen. A ruinous castle, to be sure, could be observed with a glass, and a party was formed to visit it; for as we neither saw nor heard of the arrival of our Anglo-Turkish party, called by some of the officers the *expedition*, and by others the *exhibition*—we had plenty of time. They accordingly made preparation for their journey, and set out next

\* This fine youth died, much regretted, on board the North Star frigate, on the coast of Africa, in 1828.



morning quite merry, some with their guns across their shoulders and others with the necessary refreshments. The afternoon of the same day, they came aboard quite crest-fallen, and gave us an account of their journey, which was not of the best. They walked over a space of sand nearly eight or nine miles in length, under a powerful sun; not a creature appearing, except a poor solitary hare, which was shot by one of the mids. They performed the first part of their journey with spirit, while the grog and the refreshments lasted, and reached the ruin; but returning, they felt the misery of thirst, fatigue, and hunger. Such is the Gulf of Syrtis. I have almost forgotten to mention that on our passage to the Gulf, a party went on shore at Lebida, formerly called Leptis, now in ruins, the remains of which give an exceeding good specimen of ancient times; several gateways, doors of houses, and even houses, half buried in sand, are discoverable; also, beautiful large marble columns lying about in all quarters, some of which are admirably sculptured. I have taken a sketch of the ruins (which will please you,) as well as several other places, and intend to continue following up the drawing system. There are plenty of wild pigeons in this desolate spot; the

doctor and young Dalton went shooting here. My candle is just out—I must leave off for the present.

“ We made sail for Bengazi, where we stopped a few days; I was again invited to go to the Consul's, and the next morning I went shooting with him. He is an Italian, but his mother is *English, and I had somebody* to converse with; the captain, the consul, and his brother, speak nothing but Italian. Bengazi is worse than Tripoli, the hovels being composed of mud, and rushes for the flat roofs, which are not waterproof, the highest house not being more than twenty feet, and clay floor. We have had a pelican on board, which was presented to the captain, but as it devoured too much fish, and would not catch prey for itself when tied by the legs alongside, it was handed over to the doctor to kill and stuff. From Bengazi we proceeded to Bomba Bay, which Captain Smyth and the officers surveyed. We remained here a few days in anxious expectation of the bargo, which we left at Bengazi, during which time Lieutenant Oake\* and most of the ship's crew went to haul the seine,

\* Now Captain Josiah Oake; since superintending the extensive forests of the Duke of Athol, a desirable situation, which he obtained by the character he maintained in the Adventure.

and met with unexpected success, returning with nearly five cwt. of fish, viz., bream, bass, mullet, red mullet, &c. and even two or three torpedoes.

“ It is now the latter end of November; the weather is remarkably warm; quite as warm as most days of summer in England; we all wear white trowsers, our summer dress. From Bomba we again made sail towards Bengazi. In consequence of the barge not coming up, which was to have been with us soon after our arrival here, we all thought she was either lost or taken by the natives, but were happy to find, from information received at Derna, that she had passed us in the night; so we returned to Bomba Bay again as fast as we could, with a fresh fair wind. The barge was now dispatched to survey some part where the ship could not go; and returned again next morning with thirty-one seals, which Messrs. Elson and Wolfe\* had killed the night before. The general report that Mr. Elson gives of the coast is, that it is all strewed with wrecks. Within sight of our anchorage is a brig cast on the beach; she does not appear to have been here any length of time, and is quite perfect, but full of salt water. It is supposed by the officers that she

\* Now Lieutenant Wolfe.

had sprung a leak at sea, and run in here to repair; but that her crew, finding they could not succeed, or that there was not the least likelihood of success, had run her aground. They have taken away all the rigging, and left the cargo, which consisted of corn and cotton. Our boats went on board the other day, and got the masts out of her, and broke up the bulwarks for fire-wood.

“ A lamentable accident has happened in the barge. Messrs. Elson and Wolfe went on shore with the Turkish pilot, who got wet through in the boat, as there was a heavy sea; on landing, while they were employed taking the altitude of the sun, the pilot took off some of his clothes to dry, and strolled away among the bushes. When the officers were going off they missed the pilot, and on turning round saw his clothes lying on the weeds, but could not see the man any where. They then sent one of the boat's crew to look after him, who traced his footsteps a long way into the country, till he grew afraid to proceed any further, lest he should be served in the same manner as the pilot. What has become of him we do not know yet; they went the other day to prove if he had returned for his clothes, which were left where he put them, but he had not; so they brought them on board for the

other Turks to wear; they seem much affected. It is supposed that he is either murdered by some of the natives, or that a beast has made a meal of him. He could not have deserted, for there is no town, village, or any habitation, for a long way.

“ The first place that is *intended* for a town is Derna; it consists of about one hundred souls, several hundred having been carried off by the plague about two or three months ago. The survey of the Bay is, I believe, nearly or quite finished; it is impossible to tell; but we made sail for Derna, which is all on our road to Tripoli again. We saluted the Bey, for the presents he sent off last time we came here, and for his good intention of sending refreshments ~~down to the ships, in~~ Bomba. He has now sent off two bullocks, bread, dates, eggs, pumpkins, carrots, and lemons; no bad things, I assure you, for hungry mids, who have been on *salt junk* for a month or two. All our stock being out, Lieut. Slater and young Bush went on shore to day (11th Dec.) at Derna, and brought off a large sheep for the mids, which cost but 7s. 6d. Bullocks here cost about ten dollars. We weighed, and made sail for Tripoli, the next morning, distant about 450 miles from Derna. We have had a tolerably fair wind all the way,

and performed the passage in less than three days. We are now at anchor (14th Dec.) in Tripoli. I cannot say how long we shall remain here. You might think it cold for December, but it is the contrary—it is squally, with rain, which is very inconvenient. You would, I am sure, like to have a sight of a ~~midshipman's~~ berth in a squall, to see the dishes and plates, glasses, &c. &c. flying about. The books come rattling down from the bookcase upon the heads of those who have the luck to be sitting underneath, and, what is still more comfortable to such fortunate persons, the water, rushing in at the scuttle, overwhelms them and all the ~~tables~~ within its reach. The water that found its way into the ~~ship~~ the other night has completely set our berth afloat. We were obliged to sit like tailors at meals; but what is best of all, the midshipmen were joering me, and said that I should be sick when we had a breeze; but instead of it being as they expected, the story completely changed; for they were sick, and I weathered them—so I had the laugh. We happened to have a good dinner, and I had the pleasure of eating mine with a very keen appetite, while they could scarcely eat any without making a dart for the lee gang-way.

Almost all our stock of plates, &c. &c. is out—it is high time we were in Malta, to replenish, for we have only three tumblers between us all. Nevertheless *we are as happy as any body can possibly be, always ready for fun*, or (as it is termed on board) *skylarking*, and a few good songs every night after supper. It is now very near Christmas, and therefore I hope you will be merry, as no doubt I shall. We remained in Tripoli but one day, and made sail, after midnight, on the 15th; it being my middle watch, and a very fine moonlight night. Two soldier-officers are on board; Captain Smyth intends to give them a passage to Malta, and I only wish it will come on ~~to blow, to let them know~~ what it is. We have a young ~~antelope~~ on board—it is, I assure you, quite a pet, and I think it finds its way into the berth better than any other place in the ship. I believe we shall pass our Christmas in Malta, and I understand there is a carnival to be held, at which I expect to be present. It will, I dare say, be most capital fun. I am really at a loss what to tell you, for we are on our road to Malta; nothing particular has happened, but I cannot help remarking how uncommonly warm it is for December. We all wear

our summer dress now; the only difference is we put on cloth waistcoats instead of white; but I must add that we are obliged to put on our winter dress when it rains, or in night watches. Young Dutton has not grown the eighth part of an inch since he has been in the ship. It is almost 190 miles from Tripoli to Malta. We are all anxiously wishing for a good stiff breeze to carry us to that place quickly; as it is, I do assure you, a second England to ships, on the Mediterranean station.

“ December 17. We are now in sight of land, but I do not know when we shall get in, as it is quite calm. We ought to have run over in less than twenty-four hours, but I fear, from the light airs, it will be ~~several~~ <sup>several</sup> days first.

“ We got into Malta on the 18th, in the evening, and made fast to a brig outside Marsa Musket, (the quarantino harbour) and warped in at five o'clock next morning. I leave you to judge how soundly I slept, for about six o'clock this morning, we fired a salute to Admiral Sir Graham Moore, of seventeen guns, and thirteen of them had been fired before I awoke. H. M. S. Cambrian is also performing quarantine. H. M. S. Revolutionaire sailed this morning, and the flag-ship, the



Rochefort, is in Valetta Harbour, where we shall be after our quarantine is out. You cannot imagine how delighted I was when I received your letters, *being the first that I have received since I took leave of you all, and old England*, with which I was most gratified. The books likewise, which my father sent me, will serve to give me a good description of the grand coronation. I am glad to hear my ~~brothers~~ are gone to France; I think it will improve them greatly. Your description of Paris is exceedingly good; but I must say your pen wanted mending.

“ When I first received the letters, I had the latest one first, which completely spoiled the enjoyment of the former ones, ~~giving me an insight to~~ all the news at once. I should have liked to learn it by degrees; the pleasure of reading would have lasted longer. You said in your last letter that you apprehended I should fatigue myself with reading it; but I assure you that I was too much pleased to feel weary. I fear, however, that mine will tire *you*.

“ The harbour where we are now performing quarantine is extremely deep, on account of its narrowness; it is 19 fathoms, about 40 yards off shore.

The oranges here are very good indeed. We have now been four months from Malta, beating about where scarcely any English have been before. Bomba Bay has now received the name of Adventure Bay. The inhabitants (if they can be denominated inhabitants, for they hardly stay in the same place three days) are like savages—they would murder any one they got hold of. I am of opinion that our poor pilot was served that trick, for he had a bag of Spanish dollars in his belt, when he strolled from Mr. Elson.

“ You said in your letter that you wondered I was sick; I am sure you would not say so if you ~~know~~ what it was to be in a gale of wind. The ship seems ~~as~~ if she were going to roll over, and almost hoists us from our seats, whether in the berth or any other part of the ship. The Captain always puts his glass in his jacket-pocket when it blows hard, and, when we dine with him, advises us to do the same. At breakfast, in such weather, he puts slices of cold meat on sheets of paper, instead of plates.

“ I dare say, that when my brothers return to England they will be quite Frenchmen, but I hope not very dandified ones. Whenever you write to

them, remember me affectionately. Tell my mother to keep up her spirits; for it is utterly impossible for me to be *more comfortable than I really am*.

“December 20. Last night we had a heavy squall, with thunder, vivid lightning, and torrents of rain. It is now quite a summer's day. We are amusing ourselves with tearing off the paper in the berth, it being partly spoilt with the sea that found its way in. We think of having it painted to our taste, which, no doubt, if we all knock our heads together, will be something very dashing. You may easily perceive by my style of writing, that I pen every thing which happens to come across me at the moment.

“I had more letters than any ~~of~~ the officers, except the captain;—but, I say, the more the merrier. I have written one from every place we have anchored at.

“I have just opened the drawer of my desk, in which I have the beak and foot of a spoon-bill—a bird of that name, from the appearance its bill has to a spoon. I will keep it to give you. It was shot by Mr. Elson, the master.

“We spend our Christmas-day in quarantine. It is for the best, I dare say; for if we were in the

other harbour (La Valette) we might have some accident with the men, but here they cannot go on shore. I wish you, and all my friends, a very merry Christmas.

“ Christmas-day is now past, of which I will proceed to give you an account:—in the first place, all hands on board were half-seas over (meaning the men); it is a licensed day for sky-larking on board. The captain made each mess a present of some grog, as did the mids, and gun-room officers. *We have many a man in the ship with a black eye.* As Jack can seldom get a drop without fighting, even in pure love, they had it ~~their~~ own way entirely upon the occasion, the officers and some of the marines being expressly on the alert to prevent serious accidents. As usual, on this festival, the swab-washers and sweepers were elected petty officers, and the boat-swain's mates were obliged to clean the decks for them—the latter, however, told them, they had 364 days' mastery for the one on which the riff-raff cut their capers. We had, in our berth, goose and roast beef, with cauliflower and potatoes, and a thumping large plum-pudding. For the dessert, oranges, almonds, raisins, and nuts, with two sorts

of wine—Faro and Marsalla. What could possibly be better? We sport cauliflowers, cabbages, &c. &c. now; I think it is more than you do in England this time of the year—Friday, 28th December.

“ I forgot to mention, that when I was at Bengazi, the captain took me with him to the Bey of that place, and we were received in the due form of an African prince. I will proceed to give you a description:—About ten o'clock we went with the vice-consul, a half-caste Italian, so called. The Bey was seated on a carpet, tailor-fashion, in a niche in the wall of a large hall, with his sword on one side of him, and a pair of pistols on the other; Captain Smyth, and the consul, on the right hand, and the consul's brother and I on the left, while the sides of the hall were lined with armed dependants. Tea was then brought in, and handed round. This is considered an exceeding high honour. Coffee was then presented, and, after that, a silver urn, with burning incense; we all pulled out our handkerchiefs, and put them to it several times, and smelt to it; but when it came to my turn to put mine to smell, whether my nose was so long, or I was in a hurry to smell

it, I put it rather too close, which made me jump back again, to the astonishment of the person who held the urn.

“ Captain Smyth has permitted me to give you a sketch of the sword which the Pasha of Tripoli presented to him, as I mentioned in a former letter.\* It is a curiosity, and what they call a Damascus blade—it is the only one the Pasha is known to have given away.

“ Thursday, the 3rd of January, 1822. His Excellency, the Governor, Sir T. Maitland, gave a ball, to which the nobility and numbers of military and naval officers were invited. I went. It far surpassed any thing of the sort I ever saw in England, or perhaps shall see there, owing to the immense height, length, and beauty of the rooms. The supper was superb, and you may judge of the effect when I add, that the walls are all lined with the most beautiful tapestry.

“ I shall, in a future letter, let you know of my proceedings on board. Captain Smyth is doing the utmost to get me forward, for which I am exceedingly thankful. He designs to send me on

\* The sketch was only a few lines scratched on the margin of the letter, about half an inch long, and of little interest.

board the Admiral's ship for a few months; to be under the tuition of an Italian and French Master; and, I dare say, I shall soon be able to speak Italian quite fluently, with the practice there is here. A nephew of Sir Sidney Smith, who is an old friend of the Captain, has just joined us."

In another letter he gives another description of Bomba, which may be here fitly inserted.

"The Bay is very extensive, and the land all about exceedingly low and level, so that it does not afford the least land-mark, a thing so necessary to ships coming there. I believe the Adventure is the first large ship that ever came; at the mouth of this Bay are several large rocks above water. Captain Smyth was aloft in the rigging when going in, and piloted the ship himself. This place abounds with fish; not a tree to be seen, only a few bushes, and some bare mountains of sand at a great distance. We were obliged to pile up a heap of stones on the beach, to enable us to find the bearings of the anchorage again, before we left it. We went to Derna, about ninety miles from Bomba, which is governed by a Bey, the Pasha of Tripoli's son. It is a miserable spot, at the mouth of a deep valley; the houses are built of mud and stones; and

the inhabitants are seldom without the plague. From thence we proceeded to Bengazi, which is in the same state. The sea here has made a rapid progress inland, and will soon be entirely round the town; a few months ago it washed away a great quantity of land, and by so doing has laid open to our view the remains of an ancient city, which Captain Smyth says was Berenice. Many rings, cameos, and other ornaments have been picked up, and seem to intimate that the old inhabitants were richer and more ingenious than the present ones.

“ The Consul invited me to stay a day or two at his house, and to go out shooting with him, which I did. There are plenty of wild ducks, and all sorts of game about here. We could not land with any safety at Bomba on account of the Bedouin Arabs, who are a lawless set, and wander about from one place to another; they live by plundering the caravans, and go in a body of one or two hundred men. We could see nothing of them in the day time, but could easily tell where they were at night, by the number of fires—perhaps to keep off the wild beasts. The Bay is in two parts, and limits the extremes of Tripoli and Egypt; it is a most desolate barren scene, and fit only for the retreat of these



lawless bands of robbers. It is now to be called Adventure Bay, from the circumstances I have mentioned.

“February 14th. I think I told you that we were tearing our berth to pieces, but now it is all right again. We have gay gilt mouldings all round it, and every thing fresh painted. The several Lieutenants and others who have seen it, say it is more like one of the yacht's cabins than a reefer's berth. Graves\* says, that the midshipmen of this ship rank with the commissioned officers of others.”

\* Now Lieutenant Thomas Graves, who went in the same ship on a survey of the coast of Patagonia in 1830, and is now engaged in similar service.

## CHAPTER III.

CARNIVAL AT MALTA—AWFUL ACCIDENT—CATHOLIC  
CELEBRATIONS—REFLECTIONS

THE contents of the preceding chapters cannot fail to have impressed the reader, with an idea of the extraordinary powers of observation displayed, at this early period, by the subject of our narrative. His progress was so rapid in the knowledge of the duties of his profession, that Captain Smyth was encouraged to render him every kindness in his power. Among other things, he determined to place young Robinson in the Rochefort with Captain Schomberg, to give him an opportunity of acquiring some French and Italian at the school on board there. Captain Schomberg always spoke of him with the greatest regard, and

promised to take every care of him, as did Mr. Munro, the admiral's secretary, and Lieut. Charles Freemantle. Captain Smyth also introduced him to his friend Sir Graham Moore, the commander in chief.

They were at this time waiting in Valetta Harbour for the packet, which had been sometime due. It was carnival time at Malta. Our seamen amused themselves by mingling in the diversions of this gay season. The comedy of "Too Late for Dinner," and the farce of "Tom Thumb," were performed by the officers of the army and navy. Once a week there was a masquerade at the opera house, for the nobility and gentry only; and our midshipman went in character as a gipsy girl, in which he accepted, to the amusement of the ladies, many offers to dance. During these festivities a melancholy accident occurred, (12th February, 1822), which put a stop to all their masquerading: "It had been usual in Malta, for many years past, on the last days of the carnival, to collect together in Valetta, and the three cities on the other side of the harbour, as many poor boys, from six to fifteen years old, as chose to attend, to form them into a procession. After attending divine

service, in the church, a collation of bread and fruit (provided from funds partly given by government, and partly by beneficent individuals) was distributed, with a view of keeping them out of the riot and confusion of the carnival. On the 10th, the procession was formed as usual, and proceeded to Florian, and returned to the church of the Minori Osservanti; when the bread was to be distributed as on the preceding day, in the same convent. Unfortunately, however, the ceremony had been protracted to a later hour than usual; and it appears, the carnival being over, that a multitude of boys and men, passing near the place, and knowing that bread was to be distributed, mixed with the children in the church with a design of sharing it with them. The children were to enter the corridor of the convent from the door of the vestry of the church, and then to be let out through the opposite door of the convent, where the bread was to be distributed; and it had been customary, when they were collected, to lock the door of the vestry, for the purpose of preventing those boys who had received their share of the bread, from entering a second time into the corridor. On the present occasion, about sunset,

and after the entrance of the children who attended the procession, and whose number could not have exceeded one hundred, the door of the vestry being thrown open, the whole multitude of men and boys who had likewise come into the church, forced themselves into the corridor, and impelled all before them to the opposite end; the convent door being half open, with the purpose of letting out one at a time. The people having all passed into the corridor, the vestry door was locked; when, the one lamp that usually lighted the place having some accident been extinguished, this immense crowd was left entirely in the dark. The pressure of the throng behind instantly forced the boys down a flight of eight steps, falling one upon the other, and blocking up the half-closed door, which, unhappily opening inwards, increased the distress. The shrieks of the children were soon heard by the persons who had just begun to distribute the bread, and by the inhabitants in the neighbourhood; and every aid was immediately given. Some individuals, (among whom were Captain Smyth and an officer in the army,) who were accidentally passing the convent, after in vain trying to get the boys out at the half-closed

door, rushed into the church, and got the keys of the vestry, which was then opened; whilst others entered the corridor from the vestry, passed through the crowd to the other end, and broke down the door at the bottom of the steps; but unhappily these exertions were not in time to save the sufferers. Many, however, were taken out fainting, and soon recovered; some apparently lifeless were afterwards brought to their senses; but melancholy it is to add, that no less than one hundred and ten boys perished on this occasion, suffocated by being pressed together in so small a space, or trampled upon. Thus ended the Carnival.

“The Maltese are so fond of a carnival that they would readily sell the bed they lie on, to buy a mask. It lasts for a month or six weeks, the last three or four days of which are held in the open streets. The houses in Malta are well built, and the streets are at right angles, and all paved; no shops are open after sunset.”

The carnival lasted nearly five weeks, but was not, writes William Robinson, held in the open streets, till the last day or two. “The opera was fitted up for the purpose, as well as several other

places. The Maltese, during the time it lasts, are at liberty to gormandize, get drunk, and gamble to extremes. The admittance to the opera is only a shilling; and it is, in general, extremely full. Plenty of mids are usually there, who carry on the fun in high style; it would be nothing without them; but I must confess they pursue their jokes rather too far at times, which frequently occasions a fight. A guard of English and Maltese soldiers are always in the opera; also a strong band of police, who are exceedingly strict, and sometimes give chase. The best characters that have been performed are a drunken sailor and his wife, and an old cobbler (by some mids.) We sometimes get into the boxes without paying."

The last day is the grand day, and every smyche (the vernacular name for a native of Malta) is in mask, and it is the custom to pelt one another with sugar plumbs. "The mids," continues our lively sailor, "were very active at this work, pelting the officers, though they could scarcely find them out, the crowd being so great. I happened to spy Captain Smyth and another officer extremely busy; so Elliot and I turned to, and gave him three or four vollies, which annoyed him

very much, till we were all dispersed by a shower of rain. After twelve o'clock a pig was set adrift by Lord Charles Churchill, with fire-works fastened to him, which soon made a lane in the dense mob. The last night they all run out of the opera, and go to church, where they confess all they have done during the carnival.\* Absolution is given, and they go into mourning and fasting. I remarked that all the women wore masks, half black, and half white."

The immoral tendency of such an absurd mixture of devotion and buffoonery, is almost too obvious for remark. It has been matter of frequent observation, and is not a little curious to consider, how small is the deviation in almost every article of the present Roman Catholic rites from those of the ancient pagans. It has been said, that during the long reign of heathenism, superstition had exhausted her talent for invention; so that when, for state purposes, it was necessary to ~~infuse~~ a superstitious spirit into christian practices, they were under a necessity of borrowing from their predecessors, and imitating their idolatry. The truth is, that such idolatry was too



popular to be done away with, and it was deemed politic, in order to christianize pagans to paganize christianity. It was perhaps thought, that a pagan population might be allured, by a similarity of rites, to embrace a better faith. A fatal error, for which ages of ignorance and sanguinary crime have scarcely yet atoned.

That the old idolatrous temples were converted to the service of christian worship, was a mere accident, and also a beneficial one, as so much ground was gained thereby from the enemy; but it was neither necessary nor expedient, that image-worship should be introduced, in order that the statues of a Venus or a Proserpine should be preserved on their ancient sites, under the name of Mary Magdalene or the Virgin. No doubt a state-necessity, or a state-expediency, might be made out, for the purpose of producing an apparent uniformity in religious worship, without loss of time. But concession is not conquest; and faithful believers could have afforded to wait patiently for His good hour, in whose hands ~~are~~ are all times and seasons. To anticipate this period is, as the result proved, to retard it only the more effectually. For it substituted conformity for

conviction; and, in fact, it was not the worshipper that conformed, but religion that stooped to his prejudices.

Thus, even to the present day, the same ceremonies as in pagan worship are daily performed before these images, in the same language, and nearly in the same manner. The saints are perpetually coming down in person, and working miracles, as the heathen gods did of old. The walls of the temples are covered with the vows of pilgrims, as they were formerly. The holy water, which was held in such detestation by the first christians, is again revered, and sprinkled about with the same devotion as in the times of paganism. The same incense is burned, by priests arrayed in the same manner, with the same grimaces and genuflexions, before the same images. Nor does it tend to decrease the impression, that all this is done in the same temples, though the latter circumstance is one that would otherwise have been a subject of triumph instead of mortification. In short, so nearly do the rites coincide, that were the pagan high-priest to come back, and reassume his functions, he would only have to learn a few names; to get the Mass, the Paters, and the Aves

by heart; which would be much easier to him, as they are in a language he understands, but of which his modern successors are often ignorant. He would be puzzled with the change of names, and sometimes of appearance which his old gods had undergone; however, he would soon find that the saints for whom they had been superseded, sometimes change their names, according to the enthusiastic caprice of the people, and “from this versatility,” as a traveller has well remarked, “he would still be in hopes, in process of time, to see his friend Jupiter reassume his bolt and dignity.”

The very intelligent traveller just quoted, excuses this kind of saint adoration by its peculiar adaptability to the popular mind. “This personal kind of worship is much better adapted” (he asserts) “to the capacities of the vulgar, than the more pure and sublime modes of it; which would only distract and confound their simple understandings, unaccustomed to speculation, and that certainly require something gross and material, some object of sense, to fix their attention? This seems to have been the opinion of the sacred writers, who often represent God in some material form.”

“ Were you to attempt,” continues the same writer, “ to give a country fellow an idea of the Deity; were you to tell him of a being that is immaterial, and yet whose essence penetrates all matter; who has existed from all eternity, and whose extension is equally boundless with his duration; who fills and pervades millions of worlds, and animates every object they contain; and who, in the sublime language of our poet—

Though changed through all, is yet in all the same,  
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame:  
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;  
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent;  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent.  
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

“ Now, what do you imagine he would think of such a being? I am afraid his understanding would be so bewildered, that he could not think at all. But set up before him the figure of a fine woman, with a beautiful child in her arms, the most interesting object in nature; and tell him she can procure him every thing he wants; he knows perfectly well what he is about; feels himself animated by the object, and prays to her with all his might.”

This writer's remarks are very true as to the difficulty which the ignorant find in conceiving theological ideas; but the way to get over this difficulty is certainly not to yield to it. The system of accommodation proposed is one which renders hopeless, because it indulges, the ignorance in which the difficulty has its origin. This ignorance should be first removed, and the idea will become more and more intelligible, as the recipient becomes more and more intelligent. Religion is not to be lowered to the standard of an individual mind, but the minds of all are to be elevated, as far as possible, to its sublime heights. Only in this way can it tend to the improvement of the human race, to whom it cannot at all be beneficial, if they be suffered to remain in the same condition in which it finds them, relatively to their intellectual or moral accomplishments.

Such gorgeous ceremonies as the carnival described in this chapter, originated in the same system of accommodation to the lowest grade of human nature. Such were the frequent processional ceremonies in ancient Rome and Greece, and the religious festivals of all nations. They were intended to strike the senses of that class of

persons, whose understandings were not supposed susceptible to any other kind of appeal. Thus a species of sensuality, although religious, was pampered, instead of being corrected. No wonder, therefore, that it almost always degenerated into the utmost licentiousness of conduct, during all the periods called holidays, but which might be more appropriately denominated seasons of profane indulgence. The mixture of buffoonery with devotion is not so evil as this indulgence; but yet it is not one of the least evils, that the buffoonery is unfelt as such by the superstitious multitude, so blind are they to the sense of propriety in their spiritual concerns.

That from a religious carnality so gross should proceed moral degeneracy of all kinds, in the vulgar sort, is the inevitable consequence of their want of perception relative to a rational standard of morals and devotion. Nor with those who have a perception of a better form of religious duty, and nobler ideas of the Being to be worshipped, is the effect less mischievous. Conscious of the falsehood of what is termed the national religion, they, of course, feel disposed to throw off its authority, and not having a better to resort to, take refuge,

from despair, in a system of infidelity. This result of Romanism was sufficiently made manifest in the French Revolution. But it is not in the constitution of man to remain in a *godless* state; and already that philosophy which made many infidels, has gradually led-on its professors to perceive the necessity of Faith in a higher principle of morals and manners; and, in proportion as that necessity is perceived, will they adopt some system of religion which shall more and more accord with the divine doctrines of the gospel. Such an approximation to the truth must first take place on the great continent of Europe, and from thence it will spread to these islands, which, though "afar off," are not too remote to receive the influences of the Holy Spirit, and the guardianship of that Providence which presides over all the works of the Supreme Creator.

The Editor hopes that these reflections, though somewhat serious, will not be considered out of place, as no book for a sailor should go forth altogether uninformed of the leaven of piety. For if he is not devout, whom shall we expect to be so? The poet Young said, "an undevout astronomer is mad;"—but the sailor sees as many wonders of

God in the perils of the ocean as the former in the starry heavens. Hence a tragic poet, in defending the famous Sir Walter Raleigh from the charge of atheism, makes his advocate exclaim---

“ Yes, the base-tongued gowmsman  
Did call him atheist—so men judge at home,  
Who never traced a Providence at sea ;  
And saw his wonders in the mighty deep.  
The Atheist Sailor were a monstrous thing,  
More wonderful than all old Ocean breeds !” \*



## CHAPTER IV.

CORFU—ZANTE—CROSS DAY AT MALTA—PROCESSION OF THE VIRGIN MARY—TWO ARTILLERY OFFICERS DISMISSED THE SERVICE FOR REFUSING TO SALUTE THESE PROCESSIONS—RETROSPECT OF MALTA—KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

THE letters which have furnished some of the matter for the preceding chapter are dated from Corfu. “The only news,” says the gay writer, “that I know of is, that the Turks and Greeks are at war, and I think mutually afraid. The fleets stood in sight of one another, and would not come to an engagement. We cruised here on purpose to see what is going forward.

“We are now in sight of the town, after a passage of five days, during the former part of which it blew tremendously, and we carried away

the fore and main-top sails, (or rather split them.) It is now quite calm; we are not far from the town, but cannot get to it.

“ The harbour of Corfu is extensive, and surrounded on all sides by high mountains, the tops of which are sometimes covered with snow, and are hid in the clouds. The strait between the island and the coast of Albania requires to be seen, ere any conception can be formed of its beauty; it is said even to rival the Faro of Messina.

“ We anchored at eight o'clock on Saturday night, about half a mile from the town; the scenery all around us is awfully grand. Every now and then, the clouds clear away, and enable us to see the tops of the mountains, which are at present covered with snow. Here, you remember, were the gardens of Alcinous, which Ulysses visited; they are thought to have been in the rich plain near the old port. An ancient temple has just been found, near Sir Frederic Adam's country house, and all the officers are getting antique-mad.”

At Corfu, they remained only for a few days, and then took a trip to Zante, about one hundred and thirty miles distant, of which Robinson secured a sketch. The towns of Zante and Corfu are situ-

ated at the feet of mountains, close to the water's edge. After cruising backwards and forwards for several weeks, they returned to Malta. The Rochefort then went to Trieste and Ancona; leaving, however, our midshipman behind, at the hospital, to recover his strength, he having been taken seriously ill.

On the 3rd of March he was attacked with inflammation in the chest; and a fortnight after was seized with violent pneumonic symptoms, accompanied with very acute fever, arising from cold. It was medically stated that a continuance in the climate would render the consequences to his lungs extremely precarious. "I was obliged," he writes, "to keep my hammock on account of a violent pain in my breast, and a fever which came suddenly on me, with a shivering, one day after dinner."

Soon after the packet left Corfu, they had some blowing weather, which occasioned the mountains that surrounded this place to be covered with snow almost half-way down. When the wind abated it was quite warm below, which formed a pleasing contrast with the mountains above. "You could with propriety say that you saw summer and winter at the same time." The air is

not seldom excessively cold, owing to the wind rushing down the mountains.

“ May 3rd.—This day is termed Cross-day, as I was told by one of the attendants, who spoke a little English; and about five o'clock all the bells in Valetta and elsewhere, began to make the most horrid gurgling I ever heard. A procession of priests went through the streets, and, about this time, all the Maltese were ready to receive them on their knees, repeating loud prayers as they passed by them. I will begin to give you a description of it. First came four or five shabby fellows, with drums and a fife, and after them about a hundred priests, of the lower order, dressed in black gowns—(N.B. Some dresses were quite brown, through length of service, though no doubt intended for black)—with a white cross on the left breast, black masks on their faces, and long wax candles lighted in their hands; while a number of little vagabonds, continually running through the ranks, caught the grease as it fell, thinking it a panacea for all evils. Then came a statue of St. Michael, on a pedestal, borne by four men in black. Next followed a number of priests of higher rank than the former, consisting of the same number,

with black gowns and tapers, but no masks; some with two crosses on the breast, and a large silver cross resembling what the Knights of Malta used formerly to wear. Then came others, carrying a sort of lanthorn on long poles, and some singers, who preceded a number of men bearing an immense large cross, mounted on a pedestal of beautiful white marble. The cross was of polished wood, elegantly bound and inlaid with gold and silver; it was followed by a number of canons, dressed in black silk gowns, with beautiful worked muslin round their waist, and ruffles, with lawn sleeves; and they were preceded by a band of music, consisting of a dozen men. Three little children dressed like angels, with wings, and one like Julius Cæsar—(but I cannot say who he was intended to represent)—followed, with a number of young priests, dressed in white, with lighted candles, chaunting, as they went along, some hymn, in which the people every now and then joined chorus. Lastly, came two little boys, dressed in white, with black sleeves, who scattered incense before a splendid canopy borne by six men, under which were three dignitaries of the catholic church. I could not distinguish their

habits very well, but they appeared to me to be dressed like the herald who proclaimed the coronation. The middle one, who, I believe, was the Bishop of Malta, carried a small wafer or cake, which, being blessed, is supposed actually to become part of the body of our Saviour; it is enclosed in a very rich gold casket, and is called the host. The people, when this passes by, all kneel down, and fall to prayer and crossing. The multitude that followed was very great, all eager to touch the person who carried the host, and implore a blessing."

" Sunday.—Another procession went through the streets, but it was much inferior to the last one. The principal object they carried was the statue of a woman, dressed in a silk gown, to represent the Virgin Mary, bearing a little baby, and a handful of flowers."

It was about this time that two artillery officers were dismissed the service for refusing to salute these processions. Of these, Lieutenant Dawson published his *Vindication*, and the whole affair was detailed in some of the reviews of the time, and has frequently been brought before Parliament. It is a subject of deep interest, on which

the Editor has been tempted to make a few remarks; but they would lead him too far away from the immediate subject of this volume, in which he is afraid that he has already admitted too many digressions.

As Malta has been, and will be, mentioned many times in these Memoirs, it may be a more appropriate conclusion to the present chapter, to remark that, in a military and naval point of view, Malta, whether we consider its fine harbour, impregnable fortifications, or its commercial advantage, (being a depôt for the Levant), or the necessity of a safe port for our men of war in that part of the Mediterranean, is of great and permanent consequence to England, and its acquisition a nationally fortunate occurrence. As a second Gibraltar, it must tend to secure Gibraltar itself, for if, by the loss of that one place we could be excluded from the Mediterranean, it is difficult to say what sacrifices of blood and treasure an enemy would deem too high a price for its conquest. "Whatever Malta may or may not be," says the eloquent biographer of Sir Alexander Ball\*—(whose grave is in one bastion of the for-

\* Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in the third volume of "The Friend."

tifications near the sea, that of Sir Ralph Abercrombie being in another)—“respecting Egypt, its high importance to the independence of Sicily cannot be doubted, or its advantages as a central station, for any portion of our disposable force. Neither is the influence which it will enable us to exert on the Barbary powers, to be wholly neglected. In short, if the possession of Malta were advantageous to England solely as a convenient watch-tower its importance would be undeniable.”

Our midshipman does not seem to have consulted the public library, to which every one of the too celebrated Knights of Malta was compelled to bequeath all his books, if he had any; his personal effects being, after his death, appropriated to his order. This library, therefore, which has been accumulating from the time of their first settlement in the island, is a fair criterion, as an average, of the nature and degree of their studies. It would not, however, appear that William Robinson lost much by the omission; for Coleridge, who had the advantage of personally examining it, and must be allowed to be a good judge of its value, speaks in its dispraise. “Even in respect



to works of military science," he writes, "it is contemptible;—as the sole public library of so numerous and opulent an order, most contemptible;—and in all other departments of literature, it is below contempt!" The fact is, that the Knights of Malta had been, for the last fifty years of their existence, a mere set of useless idlers, and generally illiterate, because they were brought up to believe that literature formed no part of a soldier's excellence. As an order of lay-coelibates, who abandoned even the outward shows of an adherence to their vow of chastity, they exercised a pernicious influence on the morals of the Maltese.

The island is said to have been named from its being Melet, or a place of refuge of the ancient Syrians, in their voyages to Carthage and Spain. The Carthaginians took it from Battus, a prince of Cyrene, and the Romans from them. About A. D. 822, the Mahomedan Saracens seized on it; and, about 1090, Roger of Sicily won it from them. The famous order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, already alluded to, was founded in the year 1099, by Gerard, a Frenchman, taking the title of "Hospitaliers of St. John of Jerusalem."

About twenty years after it became a military society, and Raymond Dupuy was the first grand master.

In 1291 the knights were ~~driven~~ out of Palestine, and went to Cyprus, where they were received. They then called themselves Knights of Rhodes. The order was established in that island above two hundred years, during which time they were almost continually at war with the Turks, who finally drove them out, after a most obstinate resistance, in the year 1522. Villiers de Lisle, grand master, the knights and inhabitants, then went to Malta, which was given them by the Emperor Charles V.

In the year 1565 the Turks attacked Malta, with forty thousand men, and took Fort St. Elmo, after killing or wounding every man of that garrison. But the brave La Valette, their grand master, continued a most obstinate resistance; and, at length, obliged the Turks to raise the siege and retire, having lost thirty thousand men. After this La Valette laid the first stone (in the year 1566) of the beautiful town called after him. It was finished in 1571; the different Catholic kings of Europe contributed large sums towards its expense.

The knights (at least the principal ones) had all country houses.

In 1798, the French, under Buonaparte, got possession of the island. This must have happened by an understanding between them and the grand master; for the place is so strongly fortified by nature and art, that it might have sustained a siege of any duration. The French held the island for about a year and a-half, when the inhabitants, wearied by their plunder and oppression, rose upon them, and massacred the garrison of Civita Vecchia; those that escaped took refuge within the town and fortifications of La Valette. Here they were blockaded by our English squadron, and three English battalions, for nearly two years; their provisions being then out, they were obliged to surrender to the British forces. The French were commanded by General Vaubois.

Under the ninth article of capitulation, by which it was provided that—"All Maltese, of whatever state they might be, who wished to follow the French army, and to go into France with their property, should be at liberty to do so;" it is said, that great numbers of the women accompanied the French. Malta was always considered as a

fief to Sicily, and the knights paid the King of Sicily a hawk every year as the consideration; and his approbation to the nomination of the Bishop of Malta was necessary.

Our sovereignty of the island rests on conquest, we having taken it from the French, though assisted by the inhabitants. The order is, *de facto*, abolished, for no treaty was made with the order, of which the remaining population were the subjects; <sup>beings</sup> probably not being, at first, the intention of the British government to keep the island, but to act with it, according to circumstances, at a general peace. Possession of it, has been, very judiciously, retained, and its government is now rather commercial than military, much to the benefit of the inhabitants. All that remains wanting is a better code of laws, which would leave to the people no matter of complaint, who are now in a better condition than they ever were in the time of the order.

The order consisted of a grand master and two thousand knights, from the different Roman Catholic states of Europe. They were divided into langues or tongues, nine in number; viz.—three in France, two in Spain, two in Germany, one in Portugal, and one in Italy. These were

again subdivided into commanderies, from which the order received its annual revenues. There was formerly an English tongue, which ceased many years ago. They had estates in almost every other country in Europe, which, with the private fortunes of individuals, occasioned a great expenditure in this small island, as well as what was spent on the magnificent palaces, churches, and fortifications. It being, in fact, a religious military order, their power was very great, while the church plundered the inhabitants, the military made slaves of their Turkish prisoners; so that with the aid of money, and many hands employed, the wonderful excavations, ramparts, and ditches, cut out of the solid rock, were accomplished.

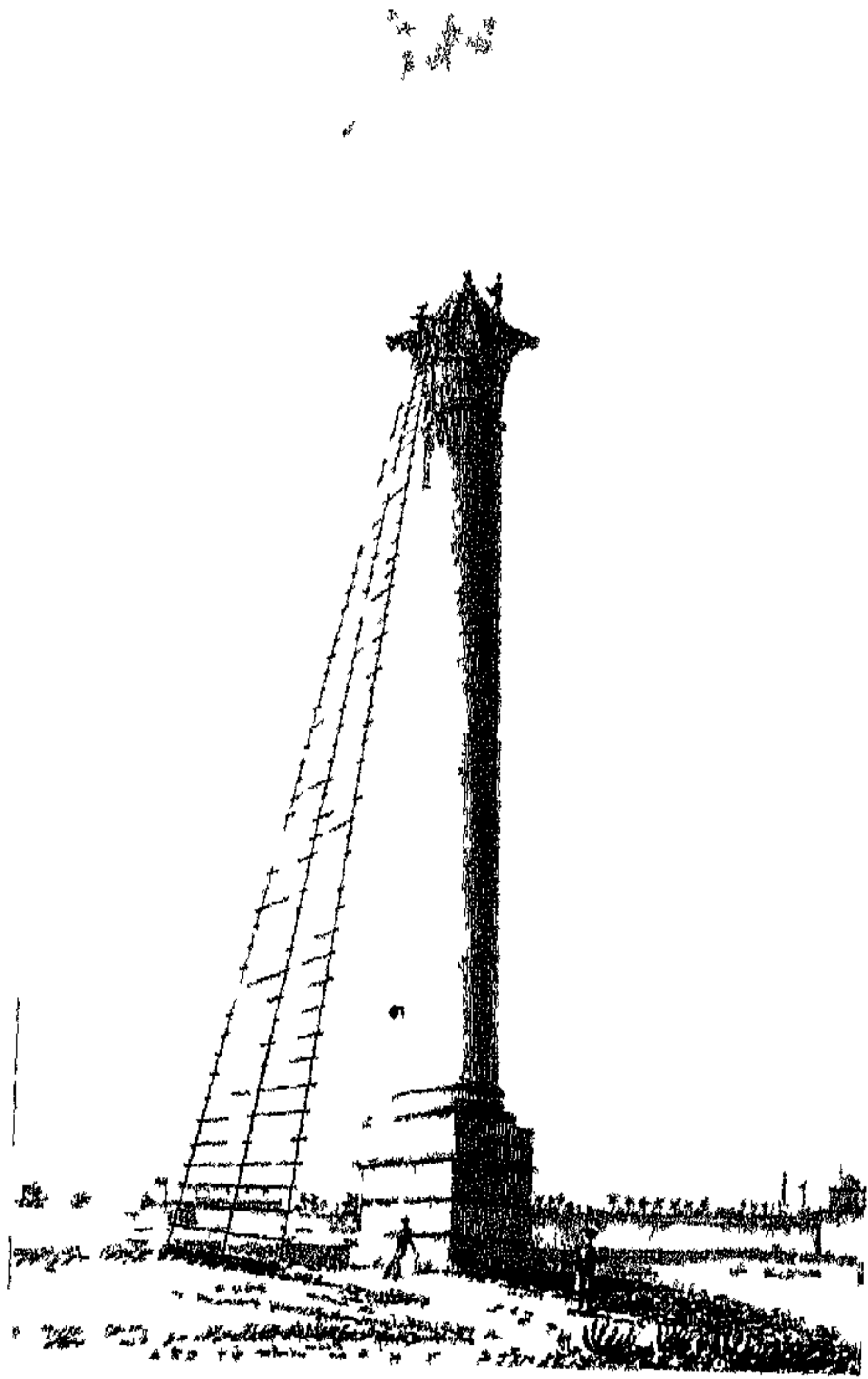
Their moral influence, however, as has been said, was not equally beneficial, at any time; and, during the latter period of their existence, was exceedingly injurious. No person, indeed, could be admitted as a knight, without being able to trace a noble ancestry for seven hundred years, and serving a certain number of campaigns against the Turks. It was also requisite to make a vow of chastity, and swear never to be at peace, or in

amity with the Turks, or other infidels; and, of course, to be of the Roman Catholic religion. But these men were soldiers in name only, and were culpably effeminate, and violators of their vow, as have been all similar orders in the Church of Rome. "When it is considered," says Coleridge, "that they were, moreover, all of them *aliens*, who looked upon themselves not merely as of a superior rank to the native nobles, but as beings of a different race, or even *species*, from the Maltese collectively; and, finally, that these men possessed, exclusively, the government of the island, it may safely be concluded that they were little better than a perpetual influenza,—relaxing and diseasing the hearts of all the families within their sphere of influence. Hence the peasantry, who fortunately were below their reach, notwithstanding the more than childish ignorance in which they were kept by their priests, yet, compared with the middle and higher classes, were, both in mind and body, as ordinary men compared with dwarfs. Every respectable family had some knight for their patron, as a matter of course, and to him the honour of a sister or daughter was sacrificed, equally as a matter of course,—nay, in nine

instances out of ten, this patron was the ~~common~~ paramour of every female in the family." Nearly a thousand of these knights resided on this island; others were employed in land or sea service of the nations to which they belonged, subject, however, to reside, in their turn, at Malta.

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*Penelope's Pill*

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## CHAPTER V.

POMPEY'S PILLAR—CAPTAIN SMYTH'S MEASUREMENT—LINOSA  
 TUNIS—GALITA—THE GOLETTA—THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE  
 —MODERN CARTHAGE—BARBARIAN OUTRAGE—MONAS-  
 TEER—VISIT TO THE SHEIKH—SUSA—A CAUSE TRIED  
 BEFORE THE SHEIKH—THE BASTINADO—SHEIKH VISITS  
 THE SHIP—LAMPION—LAMPEDUSA—JERBA—MONUMENT  
 OF SKULLS

WILLIAM Robinson's health was now re-estab-  
 lished, and Captain Smyth had returned from an  
 arduous cruise, having completed the survey of the  
 coast of Africa, from Alexandria to Tripoli, notwith-  
 standing the numerous interruptions experienced,  
 in consequence of the strict coast watch kept on ac-  
 count of the Greeks. "The latter," says the captain,  
 in a letter to Dr. Robinson, "are most ferociously  
 cruel, and have played a worse game for what they  
 call freedom than ever any people did before, for by  
 their monstrous cruelty they have disgusted every  
 one. The Turks are also as bad, and perhaps were

both parties like the Kilkenny cats, that ate each other up, it would be better for Europe."

It may be interesting to the reader to pursue our extracts from the letter just quoted.

"While we were at Alexandria," continues the intelligent writer, "I wished to make some observations with a theodolite from the summit of Pompey's Pillar, and, as there are so many accounts of its dimensions, I determined to have the exact measurement. With a kite, we conducted over a small line; this pulled over a larger; and so on, till we got a regular set of shrouds rigged, and rattled them with oars and handspikes. I now send you a copy of the dimensions, the first as obtained by a micrometric instrument, and the second by a very careful measurement with line and rule, so that we may now say we have the true size of this noble relic of antiquity.

" MICROMETER.

	ft.	in.
The Capital . . . .	9	10
Shaft . . . .	67	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
Base . . . .	5	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pedestal . . . .	14	11
	<hr/>	
The whole height . . . .	99	2 $\frac{1}{4}$

## MEASUREMENT.

	ft.	in.
Summit to the Astragal . . .	10	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
Astragal to the Torus . . .	67	8
Torus to the ground . . .	21	4
	<hr/>	
The whole height . . .	99	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
	<hr/>	
	ft.	in.
Upper circumference . . .	24	2
Central do. . . . .	27	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Lower do. . . . .	27	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pedestal Square . . . . .	14	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Capital Square . . . . .	11	9
Ditto Diagonal . . . . .	16	10 $\frac{1}{2}$

“ The pillar is situated on a height, about a quarter of a mile south of the old walls of Alexandria. It is a beautiful red granite, and composed only of three pieces, viz. the capital, shaft, and pedestal. It belongs to the Corinthian order, and is well proportioned, except on the south and north-east sides. Some signs of a Greek inscription are still perfectly discernible on the west side, although so much damaged as not to be easily decyphered.

“ In 1801, the French repaired the foundation. On the western face of the pedestal of the pillar,

near Alexandria, the following inscription was decyphered by Captain Dundas and Lieutenant Desade—

ΤΟ . . . . ΩΤΑΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ  
 ΤΟΝ ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΝ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΙΑΣ  
 ΔΙΟ . . Η . ΙΑΝΟΝ ΤΟΝ . . . . ΤΟΝ  
 ΠΟ . . . . Ε ΠΑΡΧΟΣ ΑΙΥΤΟΥ.

The same inscription, with the deficient letters supplied by the Rev. Mr. Hayter—

ΤΟΝ ΤΙΜΙΩΤΑΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ  
 ΤΟΝ ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΝ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΙΑΣ  
 ΔΙΟΚΛΗΤΙΑΝΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΝ  
 ΠΟΝΤΙΟΣ Ε ΠΑΡΧΟΣ ΑΙΥΤΟΥ  
 ΠΡΟΣΚΥΝΕΙ.

*The Translation.*

TO DIOCLETIANUS AUGUSTUS,  
 MOST ADORABLE EMPEROR,  
 THE TUTELAR DEITY OF ALEXANDREIA,  
 PONTIUS, PREFECT OF EGYPT,  
 CONSECRATED THIS.\*

\* The reader will be much amused by the description of the pillar in Pococke's Description of the East; Savary's Letters in Egypt; Denon's Travels in Egypt; Sonini's Travels; Clarke's Travels; Walsh's Journal of the late Campaign in Egypt, &c. &c.

“I am now merely completing my water and provisions in order to set off for the dangerous shoals of the Esquirques, where you may recollect that a few years ago we lost the *Athenienne*, a line of battle ship, and nearly six hundred of her crew. I very much wish I had a diving bell to go down and inspect the situation of the unfortunate ship; but we have not genius enough amongst us to construct one ourselves. As there was a freight on board of several hundred thousands of dollars, there would, no doubt, be volunteers enough to risk themselves in any contrivance we could sink them in.”

Return we now to the correspondence of our midshipman. The following accounts are extracted from a letter dated “July 15th, 1822, to December 9th, 1822.”

“At nine o'clock this morning, we got under weigh for *Linosa*, which we observed on the second day. It is a small island, but high, and seems to be formed by some volcanic eruption, it having four decided craters on four mountains; the whole consists of ashes and immense cinders, covered with a sort of brushwood. This island now abounds in goats and rabbits, the progeny of a

colony formerly established by Captain Smyth. A party of us went on shore to shoot, and were not badly recompensed for our trouble, as we got a great number of rabbits; the goats ran rather too fast for us up the mountains, and we could not get a shot at any of them; they completely led us a wild *goat* chase; the mountains were difficult of access, as at each step we sank up to our ancles in ashes.

“From Linosa we passed by Pantellaria, Cape Bon, and Zembra, on our passage to Tunis, where we remained three days, in extremely sultry weather. From thence we continued our course to the Island of Galita, about sixty miles distant, where we were cruized off and on for some time, to survey the dangerous shoals of the vicinity.

“A party was formed for going on shore. We had made all necessary preparations for remaining two or three days; but some vessels were perceived at anchor close under the land, which prevented our doing so, as we did not wish to have any communication with them, on account of the quarantine laws.

“The island of Galita is steep and uninhabited; it has verdure on it, and abounds with goats and

rabbits; it is about eleven or twelve miles in circumference, and its rugged granite peaks are easily made out at many leagues' distance.

“ From this island we went to Bizerta, named the “Little Venice” of Barbary, where we anchored about six or seven miles distant from the town. It has a canal running through it, which is wide and clear, though only about four feet in depth; it flows from some distance in the country, and abounds with fine fish of all sorts. Fruit is very cheap, large baskets full of figs, just from the tree, for sixpence, and grapes a penny a pound; melons are four or five for a shilling. Although it appears cheap to us, you may rely on it we were imposed on. A few miles from hence, there is a coral reef, and a great number of boats manned by Genoese, French, Sards, and Neapolitans, are employed in fishing for coral; it is extremely dear, as they send it to Tunis for sale, and have very high duties to pay.

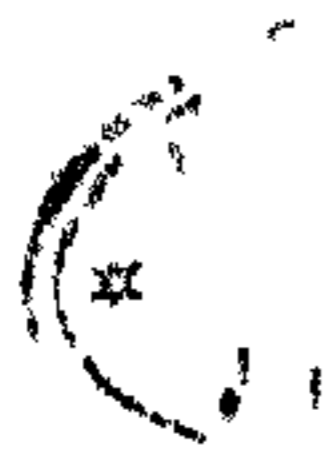
“ We have been cruising about the coast, and passed by Tabarca, a small castle on a rocky islet, formerly inhabited by Genoese. We then took a run down to the coast of Sicily, but did not anchor. We are now looking for Keith's Reef,



and have experienced bad weather almost all the time we have been out. At last we perceived the foaming breakers of this dreaded shoal; and having made our way to them, came to an anchor for convenience, while the boats were sent to survey them; but the wind and sea rising, the ship began driving; we were therefore obliged to fire guns, and burn blue lights, as signals for the boats to return. Having thus recalled them, we made sail the same night, to get clear of the danger of the heavy rolling breakers; and again worked off and on."

"September 2nd. Came to an anchor in the Bay of Tunis, and while some were occupied in the boats, others formed a party for going to the town, which is ten miles distant from the anchorage. The first place we came to was a stout fortress, which defends the dock-yards and ships; it is called the Goletta. There is a canal here, which runs through the dock-yard into an extensive lake, of no great depth.

"The Goletta appears much better fortified than any Turkish place I have yet been to. There are two remarkably large and handsome pieces of cannon; and the rest, which amount to twenty





2 / / / / /

or thirty pieces, are in a proper state to defend the place. There are great numbers of teal and flamingoes on this lake, and the water is of so saline a nature that by the time we got across, our coats were quite white. The town is in a good condition, and some of the streets are paved. It is divided into four different districts, which are respectively called, Franks', Turks', Moors', and Jews' town. We remained till twelve o'clock the next day, having found an inn kept by an Italian, which is a great rarity in this part of the world. I went on shore again with the captain, and remained two days at the vice-consul's house; he is also an Italian, but speaks English extremely well.

“The ruins of Carthage are not far distant; Cape Carthage, on which stood the famous Byrsa, being exactly abreast of us. To enjoy a classic ramble there, we started at four in the morning, in the boats which took the watering party ashore. But there is scarcely any thing remaining worthy of notice, except some capacious subterraneous cisterns, which are good specimens of ancient architecture. They are eighteen in number, in double rows, and vaulted over. We descended to

the bottom of them along a narrow path, about three feet in breadth; they are beginning to decay and fall in. From the edge to the surface of the water is about eleven feet, no comfortable fall for a person whose foot should happen to slip whilst gratifying his curiosity, it being almost dark; a mere hole or two in some of the arches, scarcely admitting light enough to show the intruder his danger. We had a Turkish soldier with us, but you would not be able to distinguish him from a beggar, only that he carried a gun. I fired mine whilst in the cavern, and the place was immediately clouded with all kinds of birds, of which I shot a couple, but am ignorant of their name; they had large black bills, yellow throats, and sky blue bellies, with heads and wings of dark scarlet.

“Modern Carthage is situated at the top of some high projecting land, which forms the Cape. The boatswain, and some of the watering party had nearly lost their lives whilst filling the casks there. A party of twenty or thirty men belonging to the Bey of Carthage, came down to the well, and wanted some water; the boatswain lent them our bucket to draw it, and after waiting some time he demanded it again, for the men to continue

their duty. The Turks refused and made threats; and without any thing being said or done by our party, they immediately seized the boatswain by his neckerchief, and would have strangled him, had not two of our marines ran to his assistance. When he recovered (for he was nearly gone) he perceived the soldier whom the consul had sent as a guide, in a worse condition than himself had been a minute before; four men were endeavouring to strangle him, by a mode which is customary in Barbary. One of them took off his turban and unfolded it, which then is about six feet long. They next twisted it round his neck, and two began to haul at each end; and but for the timely assistance of some of our tars, the poor fellow would have been a corpse in less than a minute. One or two of the men were used in a similar savage way, but saved by the activity of others of the party who were at another well, on hearing the cries and shouts of their comrades. By the exertion of much courage and address they all got safe on board, and on reporting this violence to the captain, he immediately sent the consul to demand satisfaction of the Bey, with orders, if it was not instantly given, to haul down the British flag of

the Consulate, and embark with us. The leaders of the assault were soon traced out, and though they proved to be noblemen, they each received a reward of three hundred bastinadoes, in presence of the Consul and the Bey. They were then thrown into a dungeon, with heavy irons on them, to await the further wishes of the captain.

“ Having already sent off the barge alongshore, we sailed on the 13th, and have been cruizing off Cape Bou, Pantellarea, and Susa,\* with much blowing weather.

“ September 28th.—Saw the barge, and came to an anchor off Monasteer.† This place has truly the appearance of Africa; olive and date trees grow down to the water’s edge as thick as they possibly can, and consequently great quantities of oil are made and exported. The French have got hold of this trade. The captain went on shore to pay a visit to the sheikh, and took some of the officers

\* Susa is a town in Africa, in the kingdom of Tunis, near the east coast; there are considerable remains of ancient buildings in the neighbourhood:—several vaults, granite pillars, and other tokens of its former repute. It is probable that the town is one of those which submitted to Cæsar, in his march to Ruspina, twenty-four miles east of Carthage.

† Monasteer is a thriving sea-port of Tunis in Africa, on a peninsula advancing into the sea.

with him ; we were received very politely ; he was sitting squat on a couch, and did not rise at our entering, but bowed his head, and made a *salam*. He speaks Italian, which is the language spoken in most Turkish towns by the higher class of people. After sitting some time, coffee and lemonade were brought in. A curious ceremony was then performed. The sheikh had been honoured by the Bey with the burnoose, or vest of crimson cloth edged with gold lace, and ornamented with fringe and balls. This is esteemed a high honour ; it was given to him because the Bey of Tunis was pleased with the manner he governed the district allotted to <sup>us</sup>. The cloak was paraded round the town, spread <sup>tentatively</sup> by a man, one of the Pasha's guards, and attended <sup>by</sup> one hundred horse and two hundred foot soldiers. On entering the room in which we sat, the black made a low bow, solemnly kissed the robe, put it over the sheikh's shoulders, and then kissed his neck. The guards and other people were now allowed to kiss the front and back of his hand ; some his elbows, and some his neck, according to their several ranks ; while the captain ~~and we~~ congratulated him on his new dignity. ~~By~~ this time the room was crowded to excess, and



I was glad to make my escape to the window, to see the soldiers exercise. They put their horses at full speed, let go the bridles, and took deliberate aim between the horse's ears; they then discharged their muskets as near the sheikh as possible, twirled them three or four times over ~~their~~ heads, tossed them underneath their arms, and suddenly brought their horses up, all standing. The foot soldiers were drawn up in rows, more like a multitude of beggars than troops; and had neither uniform, nor arms. The band consisted of two drums of clumsy workmanship, and seven or eight pipes, exactly like those with which the shepherds are generally represented, in classic authors, and which make a droning noise like bagpipes. This town is different from Tunis and Tripoli, in respect to its inhabitants; being all Turks or Moors, without the Frank intermixture usually met with.

“From hence we went to Susa. This is a curiously built town, on a gentle declivity, and from the anchorage, can be seen all over, although three miles distant. The captain went to the sheikh's or governor's, and I was the midshipman of the galley; he is about twenty-one ~~years of age~~ <sup>years of age</sup> handsome and tall. After ~~some conversation~~ <sup>some conversation</sup>, he

promised to come on board next day to see the ship, earnestly lamenting that he was obliged to remain in one place all his life. All things were got in readiness to give him a good idea of a British man of war, and next morning I was sent on shore with the cutter and gig, to bring him and his guards off. The consul went with us. We found him squatted on a couch in the hall of justice, surrounded by his guards. He ordered chairs and coffee to be brought; and when we had finished, the consul asked us to move on one side for the sheikh to proceed with the business. The case brought before him seemed to be a dispute between four Arabs. A written paper was handed to him; he looked attentively at it for a few minutes, suddenly tore it in half, and threw it from him, when two of them ran and kissed his hand. This was because it was decided in their favour. One of the others began to grumble; the sheikh said something to him, but it would not quiet him: indeed he seemed determined to have something more, though he must have known well what it would be. The governor then made some sign, when two of the guards seized him, and proceeded to bastinado him; they placed him on the ground against a

post, and got a piece of wood about three feet long, and eight inches thick, with a cord from end to end, through which his feet were put, then twisted until quite tight, each end supported by one man, to a sufficient height for the person to inflict the punishment, which is done with a piece of date stick, about a yard long, having a hole at one end. He received a dozen smart blows; during which he kept saying something in Arabic, signifying in English, *Alla is holy, Alla is just*. After this he kissed the sheikh's hand, and walked away, ejaculating praises of God's greatness. We then went to the boats, and about half way off shore, the ship began to salute. In the midst of the smoke all the colours were run up, as usual with us, from the lower yard-arm to each mast-head, with a celerity which greatly astonished the sheikh and his suite. On arriving on board they were much surprised at the order and cleanliness of every part, for they were taken round the lower deck first, then into the gun-room; and at last into the captain's cabin, where coffee, &c. (not forgetting rum) were served to them. As to the sheikh he was in perfect raptures, and said he would like to leave the captain ~~governor~~ of Susa

if he were allowed to sail away as *Rais* of such a ship. He is really an intelligent and spirited young man.

“ We remained at this place two or three days, and have since been cruizing about Lampion and Lampedusa,\* in search of more shoals; and had very bad weather. Yet we managed to trawl several times in going over the banks.

“ November 10th. Came to an anchor off the Island of Jerba, when, as usual, I accompanied the captain on shore. The sheikh of this place not only gave us coffee, but a very good dinner, viz. egg-soup, dulmar, okeri, and kuskasou, with fish and fowl, and five or six different sorts of wine. He came on board a day after, and had the same honour paid him as the sheikh at Susa.

“ It is the general opinion that the English are maltreated on the Barbary coast, but it is

\* A small island, also in the Mediterranean, about twenty-one miles in circumference, nearly a level surface, and of a rich soil. It is uninhabited; both on account of its vicinity to the piratical ports of Barbary, and because the question of its property is unsettled, being the subject of a never-ending law-suit in the courts of Sicily and Malta. It has a tolerable harbour, open only to the north. It is not accessible on the west; but on the south-east, near the port, good anchorage is found. It is one hundred and thirty miles south of Sicily, seventy W.S.W. of Malta, and sixty-one miles distant from the coast of Barbary.

quite the contrary. We have received presents of bullocks, &c. at every place we have been in. The consulate is filled by Italians all along the coast, Tripoli excepted. The Turks easily distinguish an Englishman, whom they consider as next to themselves. There is on the beach a castle, built by some Spaniards who formerly failed in an attempt to take the whole of the island. The consequence was, they were all massacred by the Turks, and *a lofty monument was built with their skulls and bones*, which is still remaining. It is of a conic form, and fifty-six feet round the base, but not so high as when first erected. The Turks who died defending their country, had each a separate tomb, with a turban cut in stone at its head. They are placed in rows, pointing to the east, and no one is allowed to be buried near them. It is said that many would give a great sum to be allowed that honour. The common burying place is an immense hole or cavern of great depth, arched over, with an opening just big enough to admit the dead.

“ We made sail for Malta, our Mediterranean home, the 25th, and arrived on the 29th of December, it being calm almost all the way.”



*View of the monument of the battle*

*of the battle of the clouds*



## CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF JERBA AND ITS SILIKIL—LIFE OF  
A SAILOR—ENTERPRISE—NAPLES—BAIA BAY—PUZZUOLI  
THE REGIA SOLFATARA—VESUVIUS—THE THEATRE OF  
SAN CARLOS.

WILLIAM Robinson's health was now better than ever it had been. After a long cruise of five months he was again at Malta, (January 9th, 1823.) During all that time, he complained, that they had never been to any civilized place, and had experienced vory bad weather. In addition to the contents of the last letter, he mentions with some glee, that a present of two beautiful shawls had been made to him for conveying the sheikh, or governor of Jerba, on board his ship, (being the midshipman of the galley,) which was dressed out on the occasion with flags from each mast-head



to the lower yard-arms, and were hoisted on the firing of the first gun of the salute. The sea on that day was rather rough, and the poor Turk was terribly frightened. He laid down in the bottom of the boat, and when it rose with the swell of the sea, he screamed out, for he thought it was upsetting; but he "was very brave when he set his foot ashore, and thought the going off to the ship one of the greatest feats he ever did in his life."

The inhabitants of the Island of Jerba are more industrious than those of any other place along the Barbary coast. The best shawls are manufactured here, and pottery is made, which supplies the whole of the coast. The town is much in the same condition as all the others described in this correspondence. The sheikh gave a grand fête to the officers of the ship, on a plain on the opposite side of the island, on which occasion there was a spirited skirmish kept up, in their mode of attack and defence, by two parties of horsemen, and the whole was concluded by a profuse repast.

Robinson's characteristic gaiety of heart has been before dilated on. Omission, nevertheless must not be made in this place of some reflections of his own on the life of a sailor—a life and a pro-

session to which he had now determined to adhere for the remnant (as it proved) of his days. "I am happy," says he, writing to his brother, "and glory in being a sailor; but must take the rough as I can, and so shall enjoy the smooth with more pleasure. But all being easy in a landsman's life, of course he thinks a great deal of a trifle." This is a simple remark, and yet a sage one. The writer intended to be neither wise nor witty; yet his observation contains essentially both wit and wisdom. How great to mothers and nurses ashore seem the perils of the sea,—how hard a sailor's condition! Great always, undoubtedly, are the perils; hard, sometimes, is his condition; but both are much exaggerated by an ignorance of the make-weights and counter-balances incident to the mode of existence. They who live at home, at ease, become enervated; that which gives softness to the manners, alas, too frequently emasculates the mind. In such, the spirit of enterprise is dead;—to such enterprise itself is a terror, and speculation madness. But to souls not thus exanimated of daring vigour—there is pleasure in exertion for its own sake—and the mere overcoming of a difficulty is a pleasure. Peril has agitation, but it has also repose; and

such repose is both sweeter and sounder than the slumber which has not been earned by ennobling, and honorable labours.

“ Keep for the Young the empassioned smile  
Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand  
High on a chalky cliff of Britain’s Isle,  
A slender Volume grasping in thy hand—  
(Perchance the pages that relate  
The various turns of Crusoe’s fate)—

\* \* \* \* \*

Bold Spirit! who art free to rove  
Among the starry courts of Jove,  
And oft in splendour dost arise,  
While traversing this nether sphere,  
Where mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.  
Daughter of Hope! her favorite child,  
Whom she to young Ambition bore—

\* \* \* \* \*

Enflamed by thee, the blooming Boy  
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,  
And of the Ocean’s dismal breast,  
A play-ground and a couch of rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite Isle,  
(Freedom’s impregnable redoubt,  
The wide Earth’s storehouse fenced about  
With breakers roaring to the gales  
That stretch a thousand thousand sails)  
Quicken the Slothful, and exalt the Vile!  
Thy impulse is the life of Fame;  
Glad Hope would almost cease to be,  
If torn from thy society,  
And Love, when worthiest of the name,  
Is proud to walk the Earth with thee!”

Let us now return to the correspondence of William Robinson.

“ Naples Bay, April, 1823.

“ We sailed from Malta on March 23rd, and after a tedious passage through the Faro of Messina, owing to contrary winds, arrived at Baiæ Bay on the 28th, where we found a Neapolitan line of battle ship ready to convey a fleet of transports, with soldiers, to Sicily. In this Bay all men of war and large merchant ships remain in winter, on account of the bad anchorage and heavy swell which sets into the Bay of Naples at that season of the year.

“ Baiæ Bay is distant eighteen miles from Naples by sea, and seven or eight by land; carriages are to be had at Pozzuoli, a small town in the bay. The road is for some distance by the sea side, but strikes suddenly off into an avenue about two miles and a half long, perfectly level, and lined on each side by vineyards, which in summer time must be delightful; the rest of the way is through the Grotto of Posilipo, which is about one mile in length, and sixty feet high at the entrance, and is cut through a steep mountain. It is just broad enough for two carriages to pass

abreast, and is lighted only by a dim lamp here and there; there is one day in the year the sun shines through it, and I happened to pass this way on that day. By whom this passage was cut I believe is not rightly known, but it is supposed to have been a quarry, as there are many in this mountain, and being a great length under ground, was cut through at the public expense. It leads directly to Naples, which, to look at from the sea, appears to be a very clean city, but when you enter it, you are soon apprized of your mistake. Five or six families live in one house, which is the fashion all over Naples.

“ Baia Bay abounds in many ancient ruins, and among them the temples of Venus and Diana with the tyrant Nero’s baths, and numerous other remains of antiquity of less note. The hot baths are the most curious of any I have seen; they are close to the edge of the bay, and seem to have sunk into the earth, an appearance I suppose caused by some eruption, as there are many houses half covered with water, and embedded in a perpendicular cliff which is about ninety feet distant. The entrance to the baths is through a small door, half closed up with rubbish. The water which

supplies these baths is so extremely hot, as to boil an egg in two minutes, and the steam from the spring makes the passage to the baths, which is 120 feet long, so very close, that it takes away respiration, and is seen issuing in steam from the crevices of the cliff. Visitors are thrown into such profuse perspiration, that on entering they are compelled to take off their coats and waistcoats to guard against cold on coming out. The passage is narrow and dark, and strangers seldom go to the bottom of it, where the spring is: the guide carries a lighted torch and a small bucket, in which he procures some of the water, and brings it gasping for breath, and half suffocated, and thus boils the eggs. Near this place there is another room, or perhaps it was formerly one of the apartments belonging to this bath; in it are several other baths of about two feet and a half deep, most of which are filled up, but two remain; the water of them is just hot enough for a person to bear the finger in, and the other, which is separated only by a partition of about six inches, is exceedingly cold.

“The country round about the Bay is hilly and covered with fertile vineyards. There is an

ancient paved road, cut by Appius, the Roman consul, from whom it takes the name of the "Appian roadway," in the vicinity of which is a lake, known by the name of Mare Morto; or the Sea of Death;—with numberless remains of ancient architecture.

"The inhabitants of this part have found out that English visitors collect coins, whenever any are offered for sale; and it is no less curious than true, that an English penny has been put up for sale, as *an antique*, at the low price of half a crown.

"Near the town of Pozzuoli there are some curious sulphur mines, known by the name of *Regia Solfatara*. I took a walk there one afternoon, a distance of six miles from Baiæ, and procured some specimens, which are most beautiful, but in getting them my hands and feet suffered, for in many places it is burning with great fury. The specimens, which are quite soft whilst hot, become hard when cold.

"Mount Vesuvius is at present tranquil; it is only seen smoking at intervals. On coming to Naples, we passed the mounts Etna and Stromboli; the former is the largest and highest of the three, and was completely covered with snow. Stromboli

rises directly from the sea, and I believe is always seen burning at night, but we passed it in the day time when it was only smoking. It is of a conic form, and upwards of two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

“ We are now in Naples Bay, the weather being more favourable. I shall not go up Vesuvius this time, as it is extremely cold. The view from our anchorage requires to be seen, to have an idea of its grandeur and beauty.

“ The Theatre of St. Carlos is the largest and most magnificent I have ever beheld; it is almost too gorgeous; the ballets are likewise the same. There were upwards of one hundred men and women dancing at the same time, all in the same attitude; but I would rather see a good English comedy, as its grandeur is fatiguing and soon forgotten; for here acting and sentiment are secondary to show. The king's state box, which is in the centre of the first circle, is very grand; but the whole has too much of gilding and glare about it, to be pleasing to the eye.

“ I should not omit to tell you that in a race we had, in some curriculos, or gigs, against the soldier-officers who came with us from Malta,



there was a capsizc ; and poor Elliott's leg was broken. He did not, however, lose his spirits and as the accident happened exactly half-way between Naples and Baiæ, he tossed up a dollar to decide the chance of which place he should be carried to.

“ An Austrian frigate has arrived here, and the Neapolitan seventy-four I mentioned returned to Baiæ Bay on the first of April.”

Baia, or Baiæ, it will be recollected, is an ancient village of Campania, in Italy, situated between the promontory of Misenum and Puteoli, on the Sinus Baianus, famous for its hot baths, which served the Romans for the purposes of medicine and pleasure. The hot springs and medicinal vapours that abound in the environs of Baiæ, must at a very early period have excited the attention of valetudinarians, as bathing was the constant amusement and refreshment of the Greeks while in health, and their remedy when diseased ; but Baiæ does not seem to have attained a degree of celebrity superior to that of other baths, till the Roman commonwealth began to decline.\* As soon as the plunder of a conquered world was transferred from works of public use and ornament,

to objects of private luxury, Baiæ offered superior advantages to Italian voluptuousness, flying from the capital in search of health and pleasure.

The variety of its natural baths, the softness of its climate, and the beauties of its landscape, captivated the minds of those whose passion for bathing seemed to be as illimitable as eternity. The ablutions which they might wish to practise at Rome, required an enormous expense in aqueducts, stoves, and attendants; but here they found a place delightfully seated, where water bubbled spontaneously out of the ground. Its easy communication with Rome also was a circumstance that recommended it.

Hither the mighty rulers of the empire retired for a little relaxation after the fatigues of bloody campaigns and civil contests. Their habitations were small and modest; but increasing luxury soon added palace to palace, with such expedition that space was wanting for the vast demand. Accordingly architects, supported by boundless wealth, extended their foundations into the sea, and drove that element back from its ancient limits :

“ *Maisque Bani obstrepentis urges  
Summovero litora.*”

HORACE.

But the sea has since recovered much more than it lost. From being a place of resort for a season, Baiæ gradually became a permanent city, and its wealthy inhabitants rendered it as much a miracle of art, as it was before of nature. Its splendour may be inferred from its innumerable ruins, in heaps of marble, mosaics, stucco, and other precious fragments of taste.

It flourished in full glory in the days of Theodoric the Goth; but the destruction of these enchanted palaces soon followed the irruption of the Northern conquerors, who overturned the Roman system, sacked and burned all before them, and destroyed or dispersed the whole race of nobility.

No sooner had opulence withdrawn its support, than the unbridled sea rushed back upon its old domain; moles and buttresses were torn asunder and washed away; whole promontories, with the sacred towers that once covered their brows, were undermined and tumbled headlong into the deep; where, many feet below the surface, pavements of streets, foundations of houses, and masses of walls may be discovered; internal commotions of the earth moreover contributed in a great degree to the general devastation.

Mephitic vapours and stagnated waters have converted this favourite seat of health into a den of pestilence, at least during the summer heats; and yet Baiæ in its ruined state, and stripped of its ornaments, still presents many beautiful and striking subjects for the pencil of the artist.

Posilipo, also alluded to in the above letter, is a celebrated mountain and grotto near the city of Naples. It receives its name, *παιω λυπη*, (as did also the villa of Vedius Pollio, erected thereon in the time of Augustus,) from the effect which its beauty was supposed to produce in suspending sorrow and anxiety. The spot is justly honoured with its appellation, as no scene is better calculated to banish melancholy and exhilarate the mind. The grotto is nearly a mile in length, and is made through the mountain, twenty feet in breadth, and thirty in height.

On the mountain Vedius Pollio had not only a villa, but a reservoir or pond, wherein he kept a number of lampreys, to which he used to throw such of his slaves as had committed a fault. When he died, he bequeathed, among other parts of his possessions, his villa to Augustus; but the Emperor, abhorring a house where so many ill-fated

creatures had lost their lives for very slight offences, caused it to be demolished, and the finest materials in it to be brought to Rome, and with them raised Julia's portico.

Virgil's tomb is said to be above the entrance of Posilipo. A vaulted cell, and two modern windows above, present themselves; — but the Poet's name is the only ornament of the place. No sarcophagus, no urn, and even no inscription, serve to feed the devotion of the classical pilgrim. The epitaph, though not genuine, is yet ancient; it was inscribed by order of the Duke of Pescolan-giano, the proprietor of the place, on a marble slab placed in the side of the rock opposite to the entrance of the tomb, where it still remains. It is well known.

“ Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuêre: tenet nunc  
Parthenope. cecini pascua rura, duces.”

An Italian author, Pietro Steffano, assures us that he himself had seen, about the year 1526, the urn supposed to contain the poet's ashes, standing in the middle of the sepulchre, supported by nine little marble pillars, with the inscription just quoted on the frieze. He adds, that Robert of Anjou,

apprehensive lest such a precious relic should be carried off, or destroyed, during the war then raging in the kingdom, took the urn and pillars from the tomb, and deposited them in the Castel Nuovo. This extreme precaution eventually occasioned the loss which it was intended to prevent; for notwithstanding the most laborious search and frequent enquiries made by the orders of Alphonso of Arragon, they were never more discovered. Some, indeed, have asserted, that the tomb is not the sepulchre of Virgil. Among these we may reckon Cluverius and Addison. Be this as it may, the spot is now sometimes the retreat of assassins, or the lurking place of Sbirri. Few scenes, however, are more picturesque, and, from its associations, none is more interesting than the tomb of Virgil.

The whole hill of Posilipo is covered with country seats and gardens, for summer resort, being protected from the hot south and west. In the middle of the passage is a church or chapel; but the dust raised by the horses and carriages is very offensive.

Pozzuoli, anciently called *Putcoli*, is a town of Naples, in the province of *Lavora*, situated

the Gulf of the Mediterranean to which it gives name. Having suffered much both from wars and earthquakes, it is reduced to a poor condition, though still furnishing many remains of its ancient magnificence and splendour. Its cathedral church was built from the temple of Jupiter, in the highest part of the city, and was constructed of large blocks of marble, and in a manner so solid, that it has maintained its existence, notwithstanding the depredations of war, earthquakes, and time. It is of the Corinthian order, and was dedicated to St. Augustus, under the name of Jupiter, by Calpurnius Piso, a Roman knight, as appears by an inscription on the front of it. It contains also two parish churches, eight convents, and about ten thousand inhabitants.

In a square of this town stands a beautiful marble pedestal, with basso relievos on its pannels, representing the fourteen cities of Asia Minor, which had been destroyed by an earthquake, and rebuilt by Tiberius. It supported a statue of that emperor, erected by the same cities as a monument of their gratitude. Each city is represented by a figure bearing in its hand some characteristic emblem. The most striking monu-

ments of Pozzuoli are the remains of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, and those of the Mole that formed the port. The former stands in the precincts of the town, partly in a garden and partly in the barracks, surrounded by some new buildings. Its form is nearly square, 130 feet long, and somewhat less in breadth. It was inclosed in a court divided into small apartments, several of which still exist. Three of the four columns of the Portico are standing and the fourth lies extended on the pavement. They are of marble, and its roof is supported by sixteen pillars: the pedestal remains. Some beautiful statues have been found buried in the earth under the ruins, and many fine fragments of capitals, cornices, and sculptured pieces still remain scattered around in the midst of dust and rubbish.

Several piles of the Mole still stand unbroken. They are sunk under deep water, and once supported arches, parts of which remain in a scattered state notwithstanding the waves. When it was erected is not known. Antoninus repaired it, when damaged or thrown down by the fury of the sea. Its solidity and durability are owing, in a great degree, to the quality of the cement, ~~made~~



of Pozzolana sand, which hardens under water; and acquires the strength and consistency of marble. The arches bear the name of Caligula, and are supposed by the people of the town to be the remains of the bridge which that prince, in one of his fits of phrenzy, threw over the bay from Puteoli to Baiæ.

## CHAPTER VII.

CIVITA VECCHIA—ST. STEPHANO—LEGGHORN—BRONZE STATUES—ENGLISH BURYING GROUND—SMOLLETT'S TOMB.

WE now proceed again with the correspondence of William Robinson.

“ Leghorn, June 7th.

“ We sailed from Naples bay on the 11th of April. I did not go out on the mountain as I intended; for the last three or four days it blew so hard that no boat could leave the ship, and the mountain was covered with clouds, so as scarcely to be perceptible from the ship. We have been cruising off and on Elba and adjacent islands.

“ May 26th. Fell in with the Admiral's ship, which made signal for us to follow, and we are now on our passage to Leghorn, making all haste by the inner channel, in hopes of beating the *Rochefort*,

which, not knowing the turns so well as we, is sailing by the outer one. As we have therefore a spare hour, I shall proceed to state that after cruizing off the islands of Ponza, Zannone, and Vandotena, for some time, we came to an anchor in Civita Vecchia harbour on the 28th of April. It is a small but pretty port, with just water enough for our ship to lay in. We arrived here on the grand festival of the patron saint, which lasts three days. The Governor sent to invite all the officers to his house, as there was to be a brilliant display of fire-works in front of it. The rooms were crowded with nobility from Rome; ices and various refreshments were handed round, the patereroes and crackers made a good report, and every body was pleased. After this we went to the play, which was very bad; the house not so large as a barn, and of extremely inconvenient form, being as long as it was broad, and so narrow that a person from the opposite boxes might with a long stick tap you on the head. In all the Italian theatres there is a small circular box in front of the stage, in which the prompter sits and reads each actor's part so loud as to be very unpleasant to the audience.

“ The country about Civita Vecchia is extremely beautiful. About three miles up the country, going out by the old Roman road, there are the remains of some ancient warm baths, attributed to the Emperor Trajan; and I bathed in a running stream, which is always clean. In one of the old baths we saw three large snakes, which rose up on making our appearance; we, of course, attacked them, and made them retreat, without much trouble; having watched them for a short time, we killed one, as he was coming from his hiding-place.

“ The ship was quite a rarity in this place, and was crowded so much, from morning till night of each day, that sentries were placed on each gangway, to prevent people from coming on board to excess;—so that the parties were regularly relieved by others. There is not such a thing as a large ship belonging to the Pope's navy; the people are therefore surprised, on coming on board, at the cleanliness, the order, and comfort of the Adventure.”

Traditions, though erroneous as we have already proved, of the Apostle Paul, still survive in Civita Vecchia, (which is about seven miles from

(Valetta.) The great church is named after the Saint. It is a magnificent fabric, finely ornamented with the richest marble. It is built very much on the model of St. Paul's, in London. The gilding in the vaulted ceiling is executed in a superior manner, and agrees well (strange as it may seem) with the graver part of the architecture. This church has a silver gate, which was painted black, when the French held possession of the place;—no one told, and so it escaped their rapacious plunder.

Just by the church is a miraculous statue of St. Paul, with a viper in his hand, supposed to be placed on the very spot on which the house stood, where he was received, after his alleged shipwreck on that island, and where he shook, unhurt, the viper off his hand into the fire.

Adjoining to the church, at Civita Vecchia, is St. Paul's celebrated grotto, where, they say, the Saint lived some time after his shipwreck. It is a damp cavern, excavated out of the granite stone, of which the island is composed, and which is produced by a kind of petrification from the water. This petrescence is superstitiously accredited by the people of the place to be a sovereign remedy in many

diseases, and to save the lives of thousands every year. There is not a house in the island that is not provided with it. Many boxes of it used to be sent annually, not only to Sicily and Italy, but likewise to the Levant and the East Indies. Notwithstanding this perpetual consumption it has never been exhausted, nor even sensibly diminished; the saint always taking care to supply them with a fresh quantity the day following. A standing miracle, this with the natives, and with travellers a standing joke. It tastes like bad magnesia, and has pretty much the same effects. They give about a tea-spoonful of it to children in the small-pox and fever; it produces a copious perspiration about an hour after. It is also esteemed as a certain remedy against the bite of venomous animals. There is a very fine statue of St. Paul in the middle of this grotto, to which they ascribe great powers.

The Adventure sailed from Civita Vecchia, and anchored off St. Stephano, on the 16th. It is a small village in the Duke of Tuscany's dominions, and very beautifully situated at the foot of high mountains, covered with verdure. "Nothing particular," writes Robinson, "is to be said of this place; after remaining a few days we sailed for

Giglio, a small rugged mountainous island, covered with foliage. The town is situated at the top of the highest peak, and is fortified. It is governed by an old Irish officer, named Scriven, who very warmly invited us to visit him, which we did. We had exceedingly hard work to reach the top of the mountain, but were amply rewarded for our trouble, as we spent a very pleasant evening with the old gentleman, who had been in these parts forty years. He says he was expelled Trinity College for setting his room on fire, in a lark! He now seems as ripe for a frolic as ever—for he made us dance and sing, and be merry till day-light, to the amusement and delight of the islanders.

“ We are now (June 7th) at Leghorn. I am much pleased with this place, it being a clean, pleasant little town. There is, on the mole, a very beautiful monument of four gigantic bronze statues, around an immense marble one, representing the Grand Duke's son, who, they say, was put to death for breaking quarantine. The story is this:—A pirate had very much annoyed the vessels belonging to the Duke's dominions, and nobody would engage with him. The Duke's son, being a brave man, manned a boat, and went out to meet

his common disturber, and, after a hard fight, overcame and brought him home prisoner. He was so elated with the victory that he eagerly jumped on shore, to tell the news, not recollecting that he was thereby infringing on the quarantine laws, and was therefore put to death by his cruel father, as an example of impartiality. The four statues represent four Moors (a father and three sons) in chains, at the foot of the pedestal, on which the figure of the Grand Duke stands, and is said to be the best specimen of bronze in the world.

“ I took a ride to the English burying-ground ; it is really worth seeing, from the abundance of white marble monuments. Weeping willows and cypresses are scattered about, and flowers growing round each grave. In this place is the tomb of Smollett ; it was formerly the ornament, as well as the boast of the place — but looks very plain amongst the splendid memorials with which the ground is crowded. We sail to-night for Elba.”

The mention of Smollett's tomb naturally excites some reflections, among which none will more readily suggest itself to the reader than the similarity existing between the condition of the tomb



and the works of this great author. Both have been superseded by monuments, whether literary or marmorean, of a newer style and more polished character. Mrs. Barbauld, in her *British Novelists*, of all Smollett's works, only inserts *Humphrey Clinker*, observing that the author's "mind, either from the vulgar scenes of his early life, or the society of the crew of a man of war, seems to have received an indelible taint of vice and impurity. Vice in his works cannot be said to be seductive, for an air of misanthropy pervades all his compositions, and he has scarcely, in any of them, given us one character to love. It has been said of Fielding, that he could not draw a thoroughly virtuous character; but Smollett could not draw an amiable one. It must be remembered, however, that vice may pollute the mind, and coarseness vitiate the taste, even when presented in the least attractive form; and it is, therefore, to the praise of the present generation that this author's novels are much less read now than they were formerly. The least exceptionable of them is *Humphrey Clinker*, which, that a name of so much celebrity might not be entirely passed over, makes a part of this selection. It was written at a time when the

author's mind was mellowed by age, and cultured society had somewhat softened the coarseness of his painting, without destroying his vein of humour."

This kind of criticism might be expected from a lady, on an author, who thought, as Smollett did, that "from the assemblies of high life humour was banished by ceremony, affectation, and cards; and that in them nature being castigated, almost to still-life, mirth never appeared but in an insipid grin." His extreme fondness for humour, therefore, led him to seek it where it was to be found, namely, in the inferior societies, which, in despite of the acuteness wherewith he seized and described it, has exposed him to the censure of fastidious readers.

It would, however, be scarcely expected that one of the softer sex could deliver herself, of this popular author, in terms so ill-natured as those employed in the following paragraph. After relating that, for the benefit of his health, change of air and climate had been recommended, she proceeds:—"But as his circumstances could but ill support the expense of the voyage, his friends applied to the ministry to obtain the office of consul at Leghorn, or Nice, by way of sinecure"

that he might be free from all care but that of his health; but it could not be obtained—a repulse not greatly to be wondered at, considering the part he had taken in politics. *And, indeed, what was there in any of his works to deserve, from the public, any other remuneration than what his bookseller afforded him?* He went abroad, however, having probably obtained the desired assistance through the channel of private friendship, but died at Leghorn in the month of October, 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age. His wife, who was with him, erected a plain monument to his memory on the spot, for which his friend, Dr. Armstrong, furnished a Latin inscription, highly complimentary to the deceased, and highly indignant against those who, he imagined, had not sufficiently patronized him.\*

The interrogatory sentence which we have marked above, in italics, is enough to fright a critic from his propriety, which, when there is a lady in

\* His cousin, James Smollett, of Benhill, erected a very elegant pillar to his memory on the banks of the Leven, the stream celebrated in one of his poems, and near which he was born, with an appropriate Latin inscription. It is one of the objects which attract the attention of the tourists in the neighbourhood of Dumbarton.

the ease, he would, of course, be anxious to preserve in a particular manner. Rather he may be apt, indignantly, to exclaim, "What is there *not* in Smollett's works deserving of public remuneration?" At the time when Smollett flourished the days of chivalry had passed, with all the romance of that artificial state of society which its spirit had produced. The pastoral romance, too, had gone to the tomb of all the Capulets, with Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, the Earl of Orrery's *Parthanissa*, Calprenede's and Madame Scudery's ten and twelve volumed romances of *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, *Pharamond*, *Clelia*, the *Great Cyrus*, and innumerable others. The magic of Cervantes' wit had arisen and banished all other magicians. Le Sage, also, had dared to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with human nature. With these writers commenced a new era in fictitious narrative; nor was England behind hand in partaking the improved spirit of romance. The genius of Cervantes was transfused into the novels of Fielding, who painted the characters, and ridiculed the follies of life with equal strength, humour, and propriety. The mantle of Le Sage fell upon Smollett.

The genius and productions of Cervantes and Le Sage, as of Fielding and Smollett, are to be discriminated by similar differences—Fielding is more of a poet than Smollett. The poetry of Fielding “is as a gum which oozes from whence ’tis nourished;” and the actions and manners of his characters proceed rather out of their peculiar dispositions, than from accidental impulses; the characters themselves also are, in a similar manner, produced voluntarily and freely from the mere fertility of his fancy—

“ His gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and like the current flies  
Each bound it chafes.”

Smollett, on the contrary, individualizes his characters by the peculiarities of their situation, their personal appearance, or their habitual eccentricities; with him,—

“ The fire in the flint  
Shows not till it be struck.”

The naval reader must be particularly indignant with any attempt to disparage the worth of Smollett's novels. “Humphrey Clinker,” says Mrs. Barbauld, “is the only one of the author's

pieces that has no sailor in it. It may, perhaps," she adds, "be a greater curiosity for that reason, as the connoisseurs value a Wouverman without a horse." By a sailor, the writings of Smollett will be valued on the contrary account—one also, in which the novelist's real merit lies involved. If Fielding is distinguished for his delineation of country squires, Smollett is equally famous for his naval characters. The eminence of each, in these different kinds of painting, is a strong proof how necessary experience and intercourse with the world are to a painter of manners.—Fielding, for some years, was a country squire, and Smollett a surgeon's mate on board a ship of the line.

*Roderick Random* is, in some degree, the history of Smollett's own life. The sailors of Smollett are most admirably delineated—their mixture of rudeness and tenderness—their quaint prejudices—thoughtless extravagance—dauntless valour—and warm generosity. In his *Peregrine Pickle*, Smollett's sea characteristics are a little caricatured; but the character of Tom Bowling, in *Roderick Random*, has something even sublime, and will be regarded, in all ages, as a happy exhibition of those naval heroes, to whom Britain

is indebted for so much of her happiness and glory. He is brave, blunt, generous, enthusiastically fond of his profession, though with a mixture of surliness in the expression of his kindest affections. There is a noticeable stroke of nature in his behaviour, when, after attending the opening of the will, he walks away with his nephew, indignant that nothing had been left him. Full of vexation, he quickens his pace, and walks so fast that the poor lad cannot keep up with him, upon which he calls out to the boy, in a cross tone—"What! must I bring to every moment for you, you lazy dog?"—his anger thus venting itself on the very child on whose account that anger was excited. In this manner he frequently presents a rude conception of generosity in many of his characters, of which Fielding, who know better how to insinuate an idea, under the mask of grave irony, and had more finesse, seems to have been incapable. It is owing to this that Strap is superior to Partridge. There is a heartiness and warmth of feeling in the scenes between Lieutenant Bowling and his nephew, such as the one described, altogether beyond Fielding's power of impassioned writing.

Smollett has introduced into this novel an account of the expedition to Carthage, and has given an admirable and striking picture of the manner of living on ship-board, but the interest it excites is of an unpleasant kind. What, however, may disgust the reader in that description no longer exists. It is not without pride that the British sailor, of the present day, may point to the increased and increasing attention to health, cleanliness, and accommodation, which has obtained in respect to our navy, since that account was written.



## CHAPTER VIII,

\* \* MARSEILLES—GENOA—VILLA FRANCA—COLOMRETTE ROCKS  
—ALGIERS—CAGLIARI BAY—HIGH MASS ON OCCASION OF  
THE NEW POPE'S ELECTION—SARDINIA—THE WRECK.

THE Adventure sailed from Leghorn for Marseilles, and, after a tedious passage of four days, arrived on the 29th June, 1823, it being nearly calm all the way, though on one night they experienced a heavy gale, with remarkably vivid lightning. On Robinson's arrival he found Mrs. Smyth, who had taken up her quarters with a family of the name of C——; and he breakfasted every morning with them, as he had to go up for orders, to the captain, being his aidecamp.

“ I have had,” continues our hero, “ several dinners with them, and likewise a little dance.

which was given to celebrate the amiable Miss C——'s birth-day. Being midshipman of the captain's boat, I had the honour of escorting the ladies, and steering them about the harbour. I must say, not being accustomed to much dancing, I got through the quadrilles very well. I fancied myself at home, and my mother playing the piano to us, for Mrs. C—— played, whilst the younger ones danced. In fact, I am the *happiest fellow on earth, and when I come home, I do not know what I can call myself.*

“ We talk about sailing from hence to-night, for Genoa. This is one of the best ports in the world. No wind can hurt the shipping. The Spanish privateers have been in the offing, and are constantly capturing the French trading ships. We could even see the flashes of their guns the other evening, and two French coasters were taken. The Frenchmen, in quitting their vessels, were fired into by the Spaniards, and two men were brought into Marseilles killed.”

In a letter, dated from Villa Franca, the 27th August, Mrs. Smyth writes thus, concerning young Robinson.—“ I was very agreeably surprised in seeing him grown such a fine healthy

ad, gentleman-like and sailor-like, both in his manners and appearance, and what is better, I find his even, good disposition makes him a general favourite. Captain Smyth says, and I must give it you in his own words, 'I'll make him an officer and a sailor, in spite of his teeth,'—by this he means that he will have him actually *understand* whatever he does, that he may not have to complain in future as poor Charles did to my mother, when he was at the college at Naples, that he felt as if walking on stilts, from their pushing him up without giving him a good foundation. William aspired some time ago, to the honour of winding up the chronometers, when Mr. Grayes, the regular winder, happened to be absent, but he got for answer—'No, no, Sir, learn to work their rates first.' For you are aware it would be of no use to him the mere winding them up, whereas, while it is held forth as an honour, they sag with more energy at comparing their different rates with the true and apparent time, which is a necessary step to ulterior scientific operations. Then, again, it came round to the captain's ears, that he was anxious to accompany the master in some of the boating excursions, to *take angles*; but again

Captain Smyth thought it would be best for him to hold out the bait a little longer, that he first might get better grounded in the ship-duty. Yesterday, however, I have the satisfaction of telling you, that he went out for the first time with Mr. Elson; and Captain Smyth, calling me to look at them as they were going on shore, said he had urged him on by telling him he was going on trial, as it would depend on the report of his activity whether he was continued. Accordingly, when they came on board again, I saw them busily hanging their wise heads over the foremost cabin-table, with their protractor and note book, William looking as if he would devour instruments, paper and all, with anxiety. This is the only way really to help youths on, for though I often wish to ask him to come into the cabin, to sit with me a little, I know it would only be giving him idle habits; and if once a midshipman is looked upon as the cabin pet, there is an end of all comfort for him in his own berth."

It has been observed, in the course of this work, that a naval life is a fine school of self-government. This lady's letter develops an excellent line of discipline, which cannot fail of being

beneficial both to the moral and active faculties of a young man's intellect. At present the state of discipline in the navy is very high, and the arrangements are admirable. Always superior to our neighbours, during the long war they were much improved. The Admiralty, as well as the naval officers, deserve all possible praise for the perfection to which the British navy has arrived. The entire system, the cleanliness, (and consequently health) the excellent provisions issued, and the regularity in every department, besides minute attention to the comforts of the seamen, the adequate pay—the care that is taken of the sick and wounded, are but some of the advantages a man enjoys from serving in the Royal Navy. A high spirited man can have no possible objection to the service; complaints against it can only proceed from people who have a strange antipathy to regularity, and to any restraint, however wholesome.

Sailors are obliged to keep early hours, to rise early, and take their meals regularly. Many may think a voyage a sort of imprisonment, and that time must pass very heavily; but with the conveniences, and amusements, and society, on board

a well-regulated king's ship, all may be merry, and all ought to be happy.

With every care, however, sailors are a wild and eccentric race. Frank, generous, and playful, they are inclined to pugnacity and boisterous revels; while their language—so easily applicable to the common purposes of life—is pointedly humorous. Inured to hardships and dangers they become rough, hardy, and honest; and, despite of all occasional superstition and profaneness, display a large share of intrepidity and presence of mind. The more indifferent elements of a ship's company are principally the landsmen, who may be found amongst what are called *Waisters*, or the *After-guard*, and who may have been very worthless characters before. "We have seen Jack come on shore" says a witty but observant writer, "with a bag like an opossum, loaded with the hard-earnings of two or three years. With the ambition of Alexander, he must have all the world to himself: women, a fiddler, and some rum, are indispensable requisites; the last fires his brain, and sets all reflection at defiance. A thousand days' hard labour on the most dangerous element, battling his country's foes, has often

been spent in less than a week, by an individual, in the most licentious manner possible. If money did not go fast enough, watches were fried, bank-notes eaten between bread and butter, and every practice resorted to for the purpose of its riddance. The paying off at Plymouth always gives a seaman a treat, which they cannot obtain elsewhere; that is, the glorious opportunity of riding in hackney-coaches, or standing on their roof, when going full speed, and of which they always avail themselves. Every one must have witnessed the alacrity with which a seaman spies a coach on such occasions: he cannot resist the temptation, and, when a quarter of a mile off, he strains his lungs with the cry of "coachee,—coachee." I once saw a sailor with a string of twenty-five coaches behind him, moving through the town to the beach, being the whole number on the stand; all of which he had engaged. He was standing on the roof waving his hat, and seemed as much rejoiced as Napoleon is said to have been when the garrison of Ulm, with all the nobles it contained, marched out before him."

We must now return to the correspondence of William Robinson—(December 1st, 1823, at

sea). “ We made sail from Marseilles on the 8th of August, and arrived at Genoa on the 11th—the weather calm and fine. The night before we left Marseilles some Spanish vessels, outside, were annoying the French exceedingly; but a French man of war brig that was lying here all the time, never went out to assist their countrymen. The mole at this port is one of the finest in the world, for no wind or sea can hurt the shipping; it is defended on all sides by good substantial forts. There is a very great number of French merchant vessels laid up for want of employment. The town is very clean, and a beautiful country outside the gates. I really expected to see you (his parents) here, as Captain Smyth told me you had written to him, but I suspect it was one of those hoaxes which he is sometimes fond of playing; however, it was made up for, as I was every day at Mrs. C——’s house, where the captain and Mrs. Smyth were remaining, and I assure you, I passed a very pleasant time. We found many half-pay lieutenants living here, as every thing is very cheap. The soldiers are in better order than any I have seen in the Mediterranean; they were continually exercising. The streets



are paved with large round stones as in London, and the foot-path the same as the road, which renders walking rather uncomfortable, to those unaccustomed to it. The shops are in good condition.

“ I will now let you know something concerning Genoa. The mole is small, and ships are obliged to moor head and stern ; but small as it is the Adventure managed to tack about in it, to the great admiration of the natives. There is no anchorage outside. The town is not very large, the streets are extremely narrow and dirty, but nevertheless there are some beautiful buildings, as far as marble columns, gilding and painting can make them beautiful. This appears to be the prevailing taste of the Genoese. These fine buildings go by the name of palaces, and in this small town there are ninety or a hundred. They look very bad as soon as the colours begin to lose their brightness : it is a curious custom, but most of them are painted outside from top to bottom.

“ The situation of Genoa from the sea looks very romantic, as the Appennine mountains are immediately behind it, forming a vast ridge, and

separating France from Italy. Jewellery and ornaments are very cheap; and for the most part, which ever way you turn, the glitter of gold and silver trinkets in the shops attracts your eyes. The churches, as in every Italian place I have been to, are in good order. There are in my opinion as many priests as soldiers; with a saint to every day in the year, and a holiday almost as often. It is really astonishing how the poor people can live, for the priests take share in every article they have for sale. I forgot to mention that the streets were paved with lava brought from Naples, all their ships being obliged to bring it as ballast, on returning from Naples. Some are paved with black marble brought from the mountains. Coming from Marseilles you have a beautiful view of the environs, and the Appennines in the distance, and a number of small towns along the sea shore. The Genoese have two or three very fine frigates under the Sardinian flag; one of them of fifty guns is commanded by an English captain, whose name is Wright. They try to imitate us as much as possible in their service, but Captain Wright finds they cannot stand hardships that British sailors would think

nothing of. The punishment for a person offending is hard work from daylight till dark. Some are sent to the galleys, where they are chained to the oar, many for life, exposed to all kinds of weather. For such a small town there is a great number of these convicts continually employed, and guarded by soldiers and policemen, who keep them in strict order.

“ We left Genoa Aug. 22nd for Villa Franca, and anchored there on the 24th. This town is very small, extremely dirty, and close to the water's edge. It belongs at present to the Genoese. There is a very good Mole here for small craft, and capital anchorage for large vessels outside it. The fortifications are not in proper order. The town of Nice is about three miles distant from Villa Franca, and is the last town in the Italian dominions. A shallow river, called the Var, which is nearly dry in summer-time, marks the division between France and Italy. Over this river is a bridge, with a Genoese soldier on one end, and a French soldier on the other. Every one is obliged to procure a passport before passing over. The town of Nice is much resorted to by English travellers, but, for my part, I cannot

see any thing enticing in the town itself, as the streets are very narrow and dirty. There is an excellent promenade along the sea-beach, of about one mile and a half in length, paved; and Boulevards where company resort in the cool of the evening.

“The people speak a mixture of French and Italian, but the higher class speak either the one or the other. The country about here is very fruitful. Olive trees grow close to the water's edge, and form quite a thick wood. From a fort above the town of Villa Franca, you have a most beautiful view of Nice, as the fort looks directly down thereon; it seems to be surrounded with woods and fruitful fields. I have heard much said about the beauty of the Mediterranean, but never beheld any thing yet equal to this view. I think a foreigner, coming to England in spring, would be much astonished to see the green fields, and trees in blossom, as no green fields are visible here; every thing being scorched up by the sun. Grapes and peaches are very cheap. Grapes are a sous a pound, and peaches twelve for a sous, which is a half-penny.

“The women wear bonnets of the Chinese

shape, or rather, like a wash hand basin turned upside down, which guards their faces from the sun. During the ship's stay here, Mr. Elson has been sounding this place. I volunteered my services to go with him in the boat; and I am likewise to go in our barge when we survey Algiers. Great preparations are being made for the occasion, as it is no trifling thing to be absent from the ship in such a small boat, on a barbarous coast.

“ We sailed from Villa Franca, September 7th. In our way to Algiers, we visited the Colomtrette rocks, the largest of which was covered with snakes. The captain says it was a famous place for privateers in war time. We also surveyed the Pisan rocks. On the largest is a steep pinnacle. I observed a dried heap of bushes sticking out from it, I climbed up with great difficulty to see what it was, and it proved to be a very large bird's nest, about five feet in diameter, into which I got; the bottom of it was composed of feathers, mud and twist combined together, which formed a very soft bed.

“ On our arrival at Algiers, I was surprised at the beauty of the scenery. As we rolled into the bay, I saw the country houses specking the groves,

and battery succeeding battery till we anchored opposite the formidable lighthouse, which stands on three tiers of heavy cannon. In addition to the former defences of the tremendous mole, they were making a connecting work, and we observed such a deplorable crowd of half naked wretches at work, that I never remember to have seen so melancholy a picture of what human beings may be reduced to. The first boat that came off was rowed by ten desperate looking swarthy Moors, who represented the propriety of our saluting first; but the captain, who well knew what Barbary etiquette was, insisted on the Dey's commencing, and carried his point, after which we gave them twenty-one guns. Alarmed by the state of affairs in the East, the Dey was very suspicious, and though he knew Captain Smyth very well, and professed great esteem for him, he would not allow us to come into the mole; and, as there is no good anchorage outside, we declined all his presents, and sailed early the next morning. Algiers seems to be in very good order, and certainly is the strongest place of fortification the Turks have. It was almost impossible to count the pieces of cannon they have mounted, being so thickly planted. They are, in addi-

tion, still building batteries level on the water's edge.

“ We arrived on the 1st<sup>\*</sup> October, at Cagliari Bay, Island of Sardinia. The barge was got out, and all things made ready for leaving the ship. We joyfully hoisted our pendant, October 4<sup>th</sup>, and set about our business of sounding the Bay.

“ Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup>. The ship sailed for St. Peter's, a small island of Sardinia, and we were left to ~~batle~~ the watch by ourselves, and I assure you that we have had very hard gales and cold weather. *But it is impossible for me to be a good sailor, unless I make up my mind for every thing of the sort, and I am determined to take the rough with the smooth.* I have gained a good deal in seamanship by being at sea in this boat, while the ship has been laying snug in harbour; and Mr. Elson, as you have often heard Captain Smyth say, is an excellent sailor, and I am fond of being under his command.

“ The town of Cagliari is small and tolerably fortified all round. We went to the play here; but it was a horrid set out: the only thing that afforded amusement was the actors thrusting their painted faces through holes in the scenery, to see if it were a crowded house, or not. I was therefore

soon tired of it. The town must be unhealthy in summer time, as there are so many salt lakes about, where a great quantity of salt is made and exported.

“ We went one Sunday to see the Bishop perform high mass, in commemoration of the new pope's election. It was short; and the dressing him in his robes took up most of the time, as there was a new robe to every prayer. All this was done before the altar, which was lighted up, although before noon. When the people were to kneel down, the music played a dull tune, and when to rise again, a sort of country dance. Whenever any of them came into the church, they dipped the tip of their finger in holy water, and crossed themselves; but if any person was crossing himself, and a friend of his touched him, it would answer the same purpose. Last of all the Bishop's mitre was placed on his head, a large silver staff, like a shepherd's crook, was presented to him, and he hobbled out of church, followed by the whole tribe of priests. We were introduced to him afterwards; he is very old, and so fat that he can hardly waddle or speak.



“ The island of Sardinia is generally difficult of access; and the peasantry of the mountains almost wild. They dress in sheep skins, and wear large knives in their belts. While detained in a small port by the badness of the weather, we went to dine one Sunday at a fishing establishment, with a party of mountaineers. It would have offered a fine scene to Hogarth, for we were in full uniform, which contrasted strangely with the Sardinian costume. The master and mistress attended on us; the woman's dress was almost as curious as the man's; it was not unlike the old fashion of England, only it had large silver buttons up the arms, and about the breast. We had in all about fifty different dishes; fish every way it could possibly be dressed, besides hares, partridge, and pork in all the various shapes in which it can be cooked. I made my dinner off the first dishes that were put on, but out of compliment was obliged to partake of every other. As the custom goes, I had the honour of drinking wine with a savage looking mountaineer, who sat alongside of me. They were very much astonished to see us eat with a knife and fork; for they made no scruple

of putting their hands into the dishes, and helping themselves; but we were always presented with the first. They said it was all loss of time.

“ This island abounds in game, consisting of wild boars, deer, hares, geese, ducks, partridges, and rabbits. I broke my gun in the cock, but lashed a flint on, and afterwards killed a hare, and some partridges and wild pigeons with it. We have a rare species of deer on board now, belonging to the captain.

“ We have now examined as far as St. Peter's, where the ship has been anxiously looking out for us, as they all want their letters. We arrived on the 22d of November, after being absent one month; they were glad to see us, being almost afraid we were lost. The barge was immediately hoisted in, and the ship made sail for Cagliari Bay.

“ We stood from Cagliari Bay on the 29th of November, and arrived at Malta on the 5th of December. It is most curious weather for this time of the year, having been for this last week extremely hot—(we wear our summer dress now)—and so calm that we have had a long and tedious passage. This fine weather does not foretel any

good, for after this we expect a heavy gale of wind.

“ I think the Adventure will stay out about six or seven months longer. I am of the same opinion as you [his father] about remaining on the station, and I think if I were to get into some other man of war, it would do me more good than coming home before my time is served. The first thing that I wish is to be a good sailor; for if not you are liable to so many unforeseen accidents at sea, and in boats, that all is lost for want of proper knowledge. In common conversations of a naval officer, the first question that is generally asked is, “ Is he a sailor ? ” If the answer be in the negative, it is a damper; he is looked upon as nothing, and is very often obliged to put up with the sneers and jests of his inferior officers. The surveying line is still my aim, which I know is Captain Smyth’s wish. Without the former the latter cannot be accomplished.”

In another letter, he writes of going again to Sardinia, and of having volunteered for the barge. “ The Adventure has remained at the different parts of Sardinia for the last three or four months, [the letter whence this extract is made is dated

August 13th and 15th 1824,] while the "Mary," our barge, has been cruizing round the island. I have been here all the time, and have thus had a fine opportunity of seeing the different customs and manners of the inhabitants; and have picked up a box of mineral specimens, with which the island abounds. They are complete savages outside the town, and are wild in manner and dress; I am sure you would have laughed to see us sometimes, when we land on some desolate part of the coast, as we always go ashore with a brace of pistols, a cutlass and musket. When I say desolate, I mean, there are no houses, as these fellows always live in small huts, made of bushes, and about six feet high, so that they are not discernible from the brushwood which grows in every part.

" This island is very mountainous, and abounds in lakes near the sea, from which vast quantities of salt are made and sent to the capital. These lakes in summer time render the air very unhealthy; and the mal-aria has such effect, that people die shortly after they breathe it; I have even heard that birds and cattle fall from its direful effects. This is the reason the Adventure

is now at the Rock, though the survey of the island is not quite completed.

“ You talked of going to court; well, I have been to the Sardinian court, with Captain Smyth and his officers, on the King’s birth-day. But it was not so grand a display as your’s, for the room was dirty and dusty, with a few chairs, a sofa, and a looking glass in it. The floor appeared as if it had been unwashed for a century. I made my bow to the Viceroy and that was all. He and his principal officers were dressed in plain clothes, on account of the death of the old King, a few months before.

“ We have had the happiness, when cruizing about the smaller islands off Sardinia, to save the crew of a Genoese bombard, consisting of thirteen men. She struck on a rock off Cape Cesaro, and sunk almost immediately. Five of them were passengers; we landed them, gave them provisions and clothing, and every thing they wanted, for which they were very thankful. I shall send home a drawing which I made of it, by my mess-mate Graves.”

Of the drawing alluded to an engraving illustrates this memoir. The modest terms in which Robinson writes of this great service merits much

applause. The fact is (as Captain Smyth has observed in his Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia), that some care is necessary in rounding Cape Cesaro. In the accident now under observation, Mr. Robinson's assistance was greater than would be inferred from his own account of it. It was he who perceived the vessel edging away in such a direction that she must inevitably strike on a dangerous shelf of rocks, which he had been surveying. He kept his eye on her; he saw her strike, and almost immediately disappear, except only the top-sail yard, to which the crew and passengers had ascended. He hastened to their assistance, and with great coolness and skill so placed the barge, as with the assistance of the small boat, to take off all the people from the wreck; soon after which the vessel went down. She was a Sardinian bombard, the *Sacra Famiglia* of Cagliari, to which place she was bound from Marseilles. Having divided his clothes among the unfortunate crew and passengers, he supplied them with three days' provisions, and put them on shore on the coast of Sardinia. Thus, by his coolness and intrepidity, thirteen of his fellow creatures were preserved from imminent destruction!

## CHAPTER IX.

*RISUS SARDONICUS*—NAPOLLEON BUONAPARTE—NURAGGIS—  
 ANCIENT HISTORY OF SARDINIA—ROBINSON TRANS-  
 FERRED TO H M S PANDORA—CHARACTER OF THE  
 SARDS

“SARDINIA,” writes William Robinson, “abounds in game of all sorts, stags, wild hogs, ducks, and geese.” Two pair of very fine horns he transmitted to his parents. On the different mountains, also, he picked up a box of mineral specimens. Throughout the spring the plains are covered with a mixture of weeds and wild flowers of peculiar beauty, and amongst the most flourishing plants may be observed the myrtle, juniper, arbutus, woodbine, jasmine, acanthus, borage, madder, basil, and senape. This floral variety is

the source of a plentiful supply of excellent honey and wax; but that portion of the former, however, which is taken from the hives in autumn, retains, we are informed by Captain Smyth, the bitterness thus stigmatised by Horace—

“ Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors  
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver  
Offendunt ”

Various reasons, he tells us, have been assigned for the cause of this quality, some imputing it to the flowers of the arbutus; others to yew, laurel, and rue; but many more to the paradoxical “ *erba sardoa*,” a plant said to produce fatal convulsions, that agitate and distort the mouth of the patient, so as to make him appear to smile, though in agonizing pain. From this arose the proverb *Σαρδώνιος γέλως*, or sardonic laugh, to express the affected merriment that conceals severe uneasiness, or the assumed smile of bad and malicious men. It was said to be administered, by the Carthaginians, to the human victims destined to be sacrificed to Saturn, that the horrid tragedy might assume an appearance of festivity. Virgil’s *Bucolic* of Corydon and Thyrsis, has been



quoted in proof of the malignant effects of the *erba sardo*—

“ Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amarior herbis,  
Horridior rusco, projeta vilior alga ;”

thus freely translated by Dryden—

“ May I become as abject in thy sight  
As sea-weed on the shore, and black as night ;  
Rough as a bur, deformed like him who chaws  
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws.”

This herb, so singular and pernicious, is mentioned by Pausanias, Isidorus, Pliny, Suidas, and a host of other ancient writers. Homer applies it to the expression of countenance assumed by Ulysses on having the shin-bone of an ox thrown at him ; and Dioscorides gives a detailed description of it under the term *βαρτάχιον*. Captain Smyth, in his frequent enquiries on the subject, found the belief of its existence very general, and the “ *risus Sardonius*” a familiar term. It was described by some as a parasitic weed, growing on the banks of rivulets amongst aquatic plants, being called “ *djurr*” at Terranova, and “ *lohone*” at Tempio. A farmer at Alghero told him it was very dangerous to eat water-cresses, as the fatal parasite

adhered closely to the leaves, and begged him to order his boat's crew to throw away some very fine ones, which they had just gathered. Still, as he could not procure a specimen at either of those places, or get any authentic relation of accident therefrom, he felt obliged to conclude that the herb had not been hitherto recognized by the moderns; or that the whole story is entitled to no more credence than that of the wonderful fountains of Sardinia, which destroyed the sight of robbers and perjurers, but improved the eyes of the virtuous;—or the account of the damsels, in Solinus, having two pupils to each eye. The acrid pungency of the *ranunculus sceleratus*, which is found in great luxuriance, might indeed, if applied inside the mouth, give some colour to the tradition.

The island, which is in the form of a parallelogram, is upwards of one hundred and forty nautical miles in length from north to south, or rather from Longo-Sardo to Cape Spartivento, with an average breadth of sixty. It is divided into two provinces, the Capo di Sopra and the Capo di Sotto, by an irregular line commencing at the tower of Orfanopudolu on the west coast, and

carried by Bonorcadu and Ollolai, over the Corno di Bue to the east coast. The former is the most hilly, the latter considerably the largest; but both of them contain mountains, lakes, rivers, cascades, and other beautiful features of landscape, in all the variety of picturesque composition.

Sardinia should excite interest as having been the scene of the first actual service of Napoleon Buonaparte. When the French Revolution broke out, the conquest of Sardinia was represented to the National Convention as a very easy enterprise; but their fleet was dispersed by a furious hurricane, before the ships could anchor. Truguet, the admiral, found shelter in the gulf of Palmas, with eleven sail of men of war, and remained there nearly a month, during which time he took the islets of St. Antioco, and St. Pietro. But all his marauding attempts on the mainland were repulsed: for the Sards, from behind the sandhills, invariably brought down a man at every shot, and escaped themselves almost without loss. His subsequent efforts were ended in a disgraceful retreat. The two islets remained in the possession of the enemy till the 25th of May, when a Spanish fleet of twenty-three sail of the line arrived there;

on which, the garrison, consisting of eight hundred men surrendered, and of the two frigates left for their protection, one was taken whilst endeavouring to make her escape, and the other was set on fire by her crew. It was then that a diversion on the ~~northern~~ coast was attempted, and a division from Corsica anchored, with which was the future emperor of the French, at Le Tigge, off Maddalena, on the 22nd of February, 1793, for the purpose of taking possession of the intermediate islands; but though it obtained some partial success, the spirited resistance of the natives soon drove the enemy off, with the loss of two hundred men, their artillery and stores.

The king of Sardinia, delighted with his insular subjects for having bravely repelled the French invasion, invited them to ask for whatever could forward their real welfare. The Sardis were so moderate as to limit themselves to the five following requests: 1. The convocation of the Stamenti: 2. The confirmation of their laws, customs, and privileges: 3. The exclusive right ~~of~~ holding the national offices: 4. The establishment of a council, instead of a secretary of state, to advise the viceroy: 5. Permission to send a

minister to reside at the court of Turin. These were presented to his majesty by six deputies from the Stamenti, who were at first favourably received, but, after several evasive answers from the minister, had the mortification to find, that a flat refusal to their demands was sent by the common post to the island, there to be promulgated by the viceroy:

An inclination to rebellion was the consequence of this contemptuous treatment. The king, who was not in a condition to cope with discontented subjects, confirmed the new form of government, until the appointment of another viceroy; though he reserved his final decision till the account of the late events, by the Stamenti, could be verified.

Tranquillity appeared to be gradually returning, when an alarm was spread, that the king had filled up four of the principal appointments in the island. The officers happened to be Sardis, and the court firmly sustained its nomination, though usurping on the rights of the Stamenti, the people being satisfied, as it recognized the national privilege of proposing the candidates for a number of other situations. The conduct of these officers, and other royal usurpations, however, again excited the people, who rose on the 6th of July, 1795. The

Marquis Planarga, the military commander in chief, and Cavalier Pitzolu, the intendant general, who had advised these measures, became the victims of the popular fury. On the intercession of his Holiness, the king being thus made aware that the Sardis had suffered great oppression, granted by a diploma a general act of oblivion on the late events; the ratification of their laws, customs and privileges; and the exclusion of foreigners from all public situations, except that of Viceroy.

In 1798, Charles Emanuel IV. bullied by the French authorities, insulted by the Genoese, and braved by his own rebellious subjects, was obliged to comply with the requisition of the Directory, and admit his rapacious enemies into the strongest fortresses of his kingdom. Further demands finally extorted an abdication of his continental dominions; and hurrying to Leghorn, he gladly received the deputies from the Stamenti of Sardinia, assuring him of the entire devotion of the Sardis. Conveyed by an English frigate, the royal family, with their suite, arrived at Cagliari the 3rd of March, 1799, and were welcomed with enthusiastic affection. The successes of Suwarrow, however, induced his majesty to return to the

continent; but hearing, on his arrival in Tuscany, of the battle of Marengo, the unfortunate prince remained in the south of Italy. His queen, Clotilda, sister of Louis XVI., (who had been his only comfort during the persecutions and insults he had received,) dying in March, 1802, he was inconsolable at her loss, and abdicated what he truly called his "crown of thorns," in favour of his brother, the Duke of Aosta. He continued to reside in great privacy at Rome, where he died in 1819, after having been afflicted with total blindness during the latter years of his unhappy life:

His brother, Victor Emanuel, remained in Italy till the breaking the peace of Amiens. He arrived at Sardinia, on the 17th February, 1806; and devoted his time to organizing the forces of the island, improving the administration, and encouraging agriculture. An attempt was also made to correct the principal vice of the island, by disarming the natives, and other salutary measures; but the means at the king's disposal were necessarily limited, and the taxes or donations raised for carrying so many objects into execution were severely felt by a people under feudal tenure. On the fall of Napoleon, Victor Emanuel

departed for Piedmont, where, in 1821, chagrined at the insurrection of the constitutionalists, he also abdicated the throne in favour of his brother, Charles Felix, the present reigning sovereign. This mild prince, having been a long time viceroy of the island, established the Agrarian Society, and the Museum of antiquities and natural history at Cagliari. He also planned the great central road through the island, and is deservedly popular with his insular subjects.

For much of the information contained in this chapter, the reader will be indebted to the History of Sardinia, by Captain Smyth. As this gentleman's name is so intimately connected with the present biographical sketch, it seemed improper not to benefit by his excellent labours; as well as by the communications of the intelligent midshipman in whom he took so much interest, and who repaid his attention by deserving his regard.

The very singular remains strowed over Sardinia, and called Nuraggis, (a name probably derived from Norux, the Iberian, or from *νησὶ ἀλιεῖς*, *new rock*), are referred by the historian to the age of the Heraclidæ, who are held, by tradition and classical fable, to have possessed Sardinia previous



to the arrival of the Carthaginians, and parties of Phœnicians, Lydians, Thracians, Rhodians, Cypriots, and various other people settled here; some for commercial objects, and others to seek refuge from the civil wars which desolated their own shores. The fact of so many Greeks resorting thither, proves the island to have been well known to them, and certainly lessens the improbability which has been alleged against the relation of Herodotus, concerning the engagements entered into between Darius, the son of Hystaspes, and Histœus of Miletus, wherein the latter exclaimed, "I swear by the deities of heaven, that I will not change the garb in which I shall set foot in Ionia, without rendering the great island of Sardinia tributary to your power."

Carthage had probably been long in communication with this island, and, it is likely, that the Lybian invasion, which drove the Trojans up to the mountains, was one of the early exploits of that enterprising state. We then learn with more certainty that about 530 years B. C. the Punic forces, under Machæus, after a victorious campaign in Sicily, attempted the conquest of Sardinia. The Sards, united with a band of Corsicans, totally

defeated them, and forced them to reembark with confusion and loss; for which, on their return home, they were disgraced and banished by their countrymen. Sardinia was, nevertheless, annoyed for two centuries and a half; and between the 97th and 100th Olympiad, a severe plague, of which a principal feature was furious madness, desolating Carthage, and sorely enfeebling that republic, the Sards endeavoured, but in vain, to take advantage of the general calamity, and put an end to the mischief of foreign interference. After the first Punic war, the Romans succeeded in obtaining possession of the disputed island. The perfidy, however, which the conquerors shewed upon the occasion, increased the implacable aversion which the magnanimous Hamilcar already entertained towards the Romans, and tended to give rise to the second Punic war.

In the third year of the second Punic war, the unconscionable exactions of their now masters, both in money and corn, induced the Sards to apply to the Carthaginians for relief, but the insurgents were ultimately forced to apply for terms, which were granted, on their giving hostages for future fidelity, and paying a heavy imposition of

money and provisions, proportioned to the enmity that had been manifested, and also to the funds of the conquered.

Sardinia adhered to the Roman interests during the continuance of the Punic struggles; and after the fall of Carthage, thought no more of independence, the adage "*post Carthaginem vinci neminem puduit*" sufficiently defending her honour. A harassing internal warfare, however, arose between the people of the plains and those of the mountains; for, in the district called Babargia, there lived the Iliensi, the fierce untractable descendants of the Trojans, and the Balari, the relics of an Iberian race, who, despising the arts of peace, and secure in their inaccessible retreats, were wont to ravage the adjacent provinces with impunity. Succeeding in engaging other tribes to join their party, and many more being driven to their standard by the exactions of the prætors, a very extensive revolt broke out. After repeated ineffectual attempts to reduce the disaffected, it was at length determined, about the year 178 B.C. to make Sardinia a consular province, and to increase the Roman force by two legions, besides a body of twelve thousand "*sociorum Latini nominis*," or

confederated militia. With these powerful means T. S. Gracchus soon subjugated the rebels, including the Iliensi; and took such a multitude of prisoners, that, after his public triumph at Rome, the number of slaves in the market was so great as to give rise to the proverb "*Sardi venales*," from the sale of them appearing to be endless; at least, such is the explanation given by native writers to the ambiguous phrase.\* To commemorate the complete success of this expedition, the conqueror suspended a votive tablet in the temple of Matuta, on which was delineated a plan of the island, marking the site of each of his victories.

Shortly after this severe punishment, predatory bands of Barbaricini, or mountaineers of the part still called Barbargia, harassed the agricultural people of the plains; and becoming more audacious from success, occasioned another expedition, which was remarkable from the employment of blood-hounds. About this time the gallant Caius Gracchus, son of the conqueror of the Iliensi, was

Many of the imputations cast on Sardinia may have been intended for Sardis, the capital of Lydia, or for Sardica in Illyria; but Cicero, in speaking of Pharnes and Tigellius, expressly quotes "*Habes Sartos venales, alium alio nequiores*," as an old proverb applicable to their country.

accused by his enemies of courting an undue popularity with the Sards, in his capacity of questor. Repairing forthwith to Rome, he defended the rectitude of his conduct in the most manly way; observing, "that he had neither levied gifts, nor torn women from their husbands; and that, instead of bringing away vases full of money, after drinking the wine, as many other Romans had done, he went to Sardinia with a full purse, and returned with an empty one." The Roman people, in consequence, chose him their tribune; and so vast a concourse attended from every part of the country to vote on the occasion, that Rome could not contain them.

The island, after this, shared in all the calamities attendant on the discords in Roman politics; and ultimately became viewed as a mere granary, and as a place of banishment for criminals. The laws, however, were administered with justice; the cities of Calaris and Turris were admitted to the rights of Roman citizenship; and agriculture, which had been depressed by the Carthaginians, prospered so much under their successors, that Rome was abundantly supplied under Sardinia, which in turn adopted the Roman language and manners.

Invaded by the Vandals, the orthodox prelates of Sardinia shared in the horrors of the Arian persecution. Genseric lost and won Sardinia during his life-time, and left it to his son Hunneric at his death, (477 A.D.) and it continued in the hands of the Vandal until about 530, when Goda, the governor of Sardinia, declared himself king of the island, and a tributary vassal of the Roman empire. Tripolis had been already wrested from Gelimer, an ambitious prince of the blood, who had procured the deposition of the mild Hilderic, for restoring the banished prelates to their functions. Gelimer, however, dispatched his brother Zazon, with some of his choicest troops, to quell the insurgents; and that leader, having surprised Calaris, and put the usurper to death, was in a fair way of reducing the whole island, when he was hastily recalled to arrest the victorious progress of the renowned Belisarius, upon whom the Emperor of the East had bestowed the command of a formidable army for the recovery of Africa.

The meeting of the brothers, Gelimer and Zazon, and their soldiers, in Africa, was affectingly mournful, particularly for the Sardinian

division, all of whose enquiries after relations or friends were answered with the sad tidings of their being either killed or taken prisoners. A decisive battle was soon after fought; Zazon was slain, and Gelimer, after being nearly starved on a mountain, was led captive, meanly weeping and wailing, to Constantinople. This defeat entirely extinguished the Vandal monarchy. Cyrillus was despatched to occupy Sardinia, where, to quiet the apprehensions of the natives lest the Vandals should once more return, he exposed the head of Zazon, and was thereupon received with acclamation.

After this Sardinia was annexed to the prætorian prefecture of Africa, and continued under the Greek emperors until the beginning of the eighth century, when, Constantinople being no longer able to defend her distant provinces, the Sards solicited aid from the king of Lombards against the Saracens, who, in 720, had ravaged Cagliari and its vicinity with merciless ferocity. After seventy years' struggle, the dispirited islanders tendered their allegiance to Louis le Débonnaire, and thereby became attached to the Western empire, but still continued subject to the piratical incursions of the infidels, so that many

thousands of the islanders fled to the less persecuted shores of Italy.

About the year 1000, Musat, an enterprising Moorish adventurer, sailed with a powerful armament for Cagliari: and having taken that capital, assumed the title of king of Sardinia, whence he molested all the neighbouring shores with fury and rapacity. Pope John XVIII. having published a bull, proffering the island as a reward to the conqueror of the infidels, Musat was expelled by the Pisans, who were eager to avenge an insult which they had received from the Moors. Musat, besieging it again in 1015, with another fleet, reduced them to agree, that if not relieved in eight days, they would evacuate, on condition that they should remain unmolested, and be allowed to take away whatever property they could carry on their backs. No reinforcements making their appearance, the unsuspecting garrison marched out at the time appointed; but were treacherously murdered. After which Musat marched for Italy, and committed horrible excesses. In 1022 he was totally driven from the island, by the united force of Pisa and Genoa. Several important posts in the Capo di Sopra, between Alghero and the



Gallura, were assigned to the Genoese by Gualdacio, the Pisan chief; who claimed the rest of the island for his countrymen, as a matter of right. The kingdom was then divided into the four judicatures of Cagliari, Arborea, Torres, and Gallura, each governed by a prince independent of the others, but feudatory to Pisa:—a form of administration said to be typified in the four heads still borne as the arms of Sardinia, though by others thought to commemorate the defeats of the Saracens.

The Pisans and Genoese disagreeing as to the terms on which the latter were induced to join in the enterprise of liberating Sardinia, the rival republics committed oppressions on each other's territory for two centuries, an animosity which ended only with the ruin of Pisa. It was in the course of this contest that the event took place, which is celebrated by Dante—that of Ugolino with his two sons, and two of his grandsons, being immured in a tower, loaded with chains, and miserably starved to death.

Sardinia was afterwards in the hands of the Spaniards, and ultimately became incorporated with Arragon, and continued subject to the crown

of Spain till the succession war; when the greater part of the natives of Gallura declared themselves for Charles III., and lighted the flames of a civil war. After having been won and lost, on the 8th of August, 1720, Sardinia, by the treaty of London, again became the property of Charles, and was ceded by him the same day to Victor Amadeus in exchange for Sicily. Seventy years afterwards, Victor Amadeus found it necessary to open a treaty with the empress of Russia, for the sale of Sardinia. But in all her schemes of establishments in the Mediterranean, the crafty Catherine was vigilantly counteracted by the courts of Versailles and Madrid.

To return to our Midshipman. "Before we left Sardinia," he continues, "the captain gave a farewell ball, to the nobility. I had the honour of dancing with a countess. I really could not have known some of them from servants, or shopkeepers, they were so slovenly and dirtily dressed; while others were so much too tawdry.

"I have now seen the greater part of the principal cities on the coast of Italy, and I can safely say, there is no place like old England. I am not, however, likely to see it directly, for as the

Adventure is going home, the captain intends to leave me with Captain Gordon, in the Pandora, dashing eighteen gun brig.

“I have now joined my new companions. You must know that the Royalists and Constitutionalists of Spain are carrying on a hot war; and they have been shooting the latter by dozens, on the opposite side of the bay. It is a horrid sight, and O'Donnel, the Spanish governor deserves execration for his monstrous barbarity. The other day the Pandora was sent, by Captain Smyth, to enquire into an insult offered to the British flag, in detaining a ship under our colours, and firing at the Hamoaze bomb-vessel. We were all ready to pour a broadside into the batteries, if they had commenced with us; but every thing ended peaceably. The British vessel, it turned out, had been merely detained for half an hour, to make enquiries; and the tub of a bomb was fired at for sailing, by without hoisting her colours. The scene was impressive as we ran close in at our quarters, for a man who had died in the night, was committed to the deep as we rounded the point.”

Every Englishman abroad, perhaps, utters with a sigh the conviction of William Robinson,—

“ There is no place like old England!” Yet Sardinia is singularly favoured by its climate and position; and its resources in agriculture, mines, and fisheries are sufficiently abundant to have elevated it to the greatest prosperity and opulence. But its present state does not correspond with these advantages, a defect which must be attributed to misgovernment, and its usual consequences, imperfect cultivation, and a deficient population. The principal and, indeed, the only reason hitherto adduced for this degradation has been, the insalubrity of the air: this, however, although operating in many districts, is partly the result of neglect, and appears insufficient for such an effect. “ I should therefore, consider,” says Captain Smyth, with a fair shew of reasoning, “ the question to rest rather on moral than on physical agency, and am persuaded that investigations of the local peculiarities should be accompanied by an examination of the history and habits of the natives.”

The Sards are of a middle stature, and well shaped, with dark eyes and coarse black hair; except in the mountains, where fresh complexions and blue eyes are also met with. In the Camni-

dano they are more swarthy than in the Capo di Sopra, whilst a large mouth and thick lips give them a more Celtic appearance. They have strong intellectual faculties, though uncultivated, and an enthusiastic attachment to their country: indeed, no where can the love of the "natale solum" be stronger; hence they are not liable to that dispersion of families, and consequent relaxation of domestic affections, so general, either from choice or necessity, in more populous dominions. They are kind and hospitable, with a pleasing frankness of address; but, though active when excited, are extremely indolent in general. Their good qualities are counterbalanced by cunning, dissimulation, and an insatiable thirst for revenge—vices that tend to foster implacable animosities in families, and occasion those numerous murders which disgrace the island. Their mode of gratifying vengeance is not by open challenge, or what we should deem a manly defiance; but by lying in wait, often for entire days, in some secluded spot, until the object of their hatred passing by affords them the opportunity of a shot, which is generally fatal. Being accustomed to the gun from a very early age, they are capital marks-

men, and one of the principal amusements of the country is the "tirar alla mira;" or firing at a small piece of money called "cagliarese," which after some practice they are seldom known to miss. This exercise is encouraged and promoted by the elders, with the avowed object of qualifying the minds and habits of their youth for the vindictive principle with which they are afterwards so strongly imbued, that few instances have occurred, in which a generous sympathy has been awakened in favour of a fallen enemy. The proneness to revenge, which is thus incited, is the cause of the hordes of banditti who infest the mountainous parts of the island, and who were until lately so numerous, that it was admitted as a matter of course, that there must be "malvi venti" wherever woods, hills, and grottoes prevail. Most of them are men flying from justice, in consequence of having committed homicide from personal quarrels, or acrimonious family feuds, in which whole villages sometimes become involved; and their frequency is increased by the ferocious sentiments which the Sards entertain, of its being more honorable to be shot than to die in a bed. Instances frequently occur, wherein the offence is so trivial, that it is difficult

for the adversaries to adduce a reason for the inveterate hatred so manifested; thus in 1823, a feud was settled at the fair of Luogo Santo, which had continued upwards of thirty years, though both parties had entirely forgotten the origin of the dispute! These outlaws are not in the habit of molesting strangers, and one of them, on Captain Smyth's enquiring if he could pass the haunt of his companions in safety, assured him of a free passage, as his brethren were not robbers, "but only assassins," implying that they had murdered honorably for revenge, and not meanly for profit. There are numbers, however, who steal cattle and sheep, and others who do not disdain to rifle travellers; the most rapacious of whom are on the east coast, about the mountain of Dorgali, Galtelli, Posada, and the neighbourhood of Terranova, where the passes are so difficult that troops cannot act against them. I was once met on an excursion by four of these people, who, finding I was an Englishman, only requested some gunpowder, and, after a few general observations, withdrew. I could scarcely have imagined them to be outlaws of the savage character which they bear, had I not observed, though my guide smiled frequently, the

effort was evidently Sardonie, and accompanied with profuse perspiration; the moment he found we were actually in safety, he devoutly crossed himself, and then gave his tongue unbridled license in their abuse.

Sard honour, like that of chivalry, reconciles an heterogeneous union of violence and religion, bravery and cruelty; and produces an enthusiasm that has often checked the unjust lords of the soil in their career of avarice, lust, and tyranny. The widow of a murdered man carefully preserves her husband's bloody shirt, and displays it at stated periods to her children, who are bound to revenge their father's death as soon as they become capable. Just before Captain Smyth's last visit to Maddalena, a little boy was brought thither from the opposite coast of Gallura, who had been desperately wounded in an attack which proved fatal to his father, two uncles, and a brother; and the rival family thought all their enemies were destroyed. But a shepherd conveyed the stripling safely over in the night; with the assistance of a surgeon he was speedily recovered, and his mother is now rearing him in daily execration of those "that have eaten his father."



Captain Smyth endeavoured to convince a man that the practice of duelling, however blameable, was more manly than assassination, but he was instantly interrupted by an exclamation, "Why should you give any advantage to a man who has injured you?"

Cagliari, from being the metropolis, and from the portion of commerce which it enjoys, has a busy appearance on the whole, except at noon, when the shops are shut up, and the streets deserted until after three o'clock; the intervening time being spent in dining, and indulging in the siesta. The country on the outside of Villanova is an arid plain, with straggling hedges of prickly pear bushes, and planted with a considerable number of date-trees. Cagliari is backed by a large plain, called the Campidano, extending to the mountains of Budni on the east, to the plain of Sulcis on the west, and to Oristano on the north. This district consists principally of alluvial deposits and tertiary formations; it is partially cultivated, but from the want of inclosures, and the prevalence of intemperie, more than a third part of it lies waste. It is studded, notwithstanding, with some of the most opulent villages in the island, several of

which are named, after the ancient practice, by the quarters of an hour they are distant from the capital, as Quartu, Sestu, and Decimu. Captain Smyth has ably described the whole coast of Sardinia in the conclusion of his excellent work; a piece of service which cannot fail of proving useful to those who require geographical or nautical information on the spot.

## CHAPTER X.

THE PANDORA'S RETURN TO ENGLAND—TRIAL SQUADRON—  
GOSPORT SUBSCRIPTION BALL—WILLIAM ROBINSON'S  
LETTER TO HIS BROTHER ON LOG-BOOKS—SAILOR POETRY  
—MUTINY AT SPITHEAD—PANDORA PAID OFF—HE RE-  
TURNS HOME.

THE Pandora sloop of war returned to England before the 21st December, 1824; but young Robinson's ship duties would not permit him to visit his friends, and join in their Christmas festivities. On the 21st of January, 1825, he writes from Portsmouth—"The Pandora is now reported ready for sea on the 30th, and I will take care to let you know when she is really ready." On the 1st of February they left the harbour for Spithead, on a cruise with the trial squadron.

On February 17th, he adds, "It is rumoured that the Pandora will not go foreign until recommissioned, as she only wants four months for the expiration of her three years, when she will be paid off. We are now waiting," (he says,) "for the Champion and other experimental ships of war, to cruize again by way of trial; but, I assure you, the Pandora has completely lost all her good sailing qualities since her alteration. She holds a good wind; but has not sufficient canvas; as she now spreads less on a wind, on that point of sailing, by one hundred and fifty yards than before. It therefore remains that she has not sufficient power on her, to force her through the water, for she ought to have more canvas on her now, as a ship, than she had when she was a brig; because she is deeper in the water, owing to the greater supply of sails, ropes, &c. and various other gear, according to the establishment. We have had a trial with the Brazen, and *then* we found out our defect.

"We laid at Spithead a day or two, and experienced a heavy gale, and were obliged to strike lower yards and topmasts. The Boadicea arrived a day before we came out of harbour, but I

could not go on board her; for no boats could leave the ship."

The letter whence the above extract is made, is dated Feb. 17, 1825. March 10th, we find him in the same place. "I went the other night," he writes, "to the Gosport subscription ball, to have a peep at the Gosport beauties; when, after bowing and scraping, and excusing myself to my polite partner, for being out of practice, as not having danced for some time, and hoping she would help me through with the quadrilles, she very politely answered, that "I ought to learn before I came there, as she was not fond of teaching!" I was not, however, to be taken easily aback; and managed, accordingly, to get through two sets of quadrilles, and two country dances. So much for Gosport."

Young Robinson was desirous of getting into the ship, with him his brother Walter, who, animated by William's example, had determined on going to sea; and afterwards joined His Majesty's Ship Ranger, Captain Lord Henry Thynne, now Marquess of Bath, and went out with him to South America. In some of his letters, our midshipman gives his brother direc-

tions for his outfit. As they may be serviceable to others similarly situated, they are introduced into a note. But the following deserves a place in the text.

“ Now that you have an opportunity of learning navigation pay the strictest attention to it, and ground yourself well in trigonometry, as it is the

\* “ If you should join your ship at Portsmouth, I advise you to purchase your chest here, as they understand the thing better than the Londoners. It will be already fitted up with tills and washing-basin. Your bed can be bought here of the proper length and size, blankets and sheets, &c.; in fact every thing that is requisite for the navy. Buy your hat, shoes, stockings, shirts, and uniform clothes (two jackets and one coat) in London. Two and a half dozen shirts, half a dozen with frills; one and a half dozen white cotton stockings; one dozen worsted ditto; three pair of sheets; three blankets; four or five pair of strong shoes; one pair *very, very* strong, and about three quarters of an inch thick; one thick leather sheath, not curved; two belts, not requisite to be so broad as mine; your uniform coat not the same as mid's, (see new instruction); uniform cap and cover; a cockade with gold loop for your hat. Flushing rig you can get best here. Quadrant; sextant; two log-books, not quite so long as mine, but as broad and as thick; drawing paper, if you intend to make any drawings for your log; no trunk, and as little supernumerary gear as possible. Clothes-brush; blacking and brushes; soap; one dozen pair Russian drill, and half a dozen common duck for scrubbing. These I think are better bought on board of the purser. Remember you are growing. No cocked hat or sword at present. One dozen collars; two or three stocks; a ditty bag with thread, needles, &c.; a small desk, Norie's Navigation; blue camlet cloak; P.S. Mind your chest is not too large, if you get it made at home. I was obliged to have mine altered; 3 feet 6 inches long, 22 inches deep, 22 wide, all outside measure.”

root of navigation. If you should get a ship, do not expect to find me at Portsmouth. We sail to-morrow. *Never let your log get astern, as you will find it a most dry and tedious task to undertake to recover; so much so, that nine mids out of ten have logs so badly written, and so dirty, that it is sure to be noticed when they go to be examined.* I merely write thus, that you may be aware of the allurements on board; for *remember, there is no body to make you learn—it is all your own will—no one to put you in the black list if you write badly, and you will experience great disadvantage in studying in a mid's berth; but you must exert yourself, and in a short time, you will find what a pleasure it is to have a log neatly kept and embellished with sketches of your own performance.* I am happy, I may say, proud, that my log is up to this day, and has several sketches in it; I mean my new one, which my father had bound for me, to make the second volume; *and it is the only one in the ship that is up.* As every one has the same opportunity of writing his own, I make it a rule never to lend mine. I really expect to see your journals much neater than mine, as you do, in

my opinion, draw extremely well, and you will ever find enough to keep your hand in operation. Always keep a sketch book, till you can find time to make drawings for your log. Amen."

The following letter deserves quoting on a different account.

"H. M. S. Pandora, May 10th, 1825.

"Portsmouth.

"My dear Father,

"By chance the other day, I spied some verses on the back of a door, on board the hulk; upon reading them, I found they related to the last experimental cruize, and, with a little enquiry, I was enabled to find out the poet. It was one of our tars, and upon giving us a fair copy of them, he was rewarded with a glass of grog. It has often been remarked how much our navy is improved, with regard to officers of good education. But it now appears that the sailors can both read and write, whereas formerly to be able to do either was by them esteemed miraculous.



## LINES WRITTEN BY THOMAS KINGSFORD,

(ABLE SEAMAN) II. M. S. PANDORA.

## 1.

'Twas on the 21st of March, from Spithead we made sail,  
 With the Experimental Squadron, with a sweet and pleasant gale;  
 The wind from E. S. E. my boys, through the Needles we did go;  
 With British colours flying, we made a gallant show.

## 2.

The first was the *Phaeton*, our noble Commodore,  
 The *Pylades*, and *Champion*, *Orestes*, and *Pandor*'  
 The *Rose* also in company, to the westward we did steer,  
 To try our rate of sailing without any doubt or fear.

## 3.

We sailed with the wind right aft, full forty leagues or more,  
 Until we spied a signal, made by our noble Commodore,  
 To haul our ships up to the wind, as close as they could lie,  
 To try which was the best, both Large\* as well as Bye.†

## 4.

To our Commodore the praise is due, he sail'd so very fast,  
 But he carried away his bowsprit,‡ and endangered his main-mast,  
 The *Pylades*, sails very well, but sorry am I to say,  
 She lost three of her bravest tars when her fore top-mast broke away.§

## 5.

The *Champion* and *Orestes* too, both carry a press of sail,  
 But rig the *Pandora* as a Brig, and she'll shew them all her tail;  
 The wind blows from the eastward, into Scilly we must go,  
 To put our ships to rights a bit, and then to Portsmouth ho!

\* Sailing with a fair wind.

† Sailing with a foul wind.

‡ The *Phaeton* had an iron bowsprit and mast for trial; but they did not answer.

§ Her topmast went over the side, with three men aloft, having just furled her fore-top-gallant-sail, it blowing strong.

“ June 30th, 1825. Wednesday afternoon, Spithead—To morrow we think about starting again, and for the last time, I most sincerely hope, on another cruize; as the ship’s company are not in a state to be trusted in any way, and, if they knew we were to remain in commission six months longer, from what I overhear, we should not have a man belonging to her. It was but yesterday afternoon that I was on duty in the cutter, with six men. They all left me, and were in a most mutinous state. One pushed me back in the boat, and then ran away. I had no side-arms on at the time, or God knows what might have been the consequence. I went on board the flag ship, in a hired boat, and they made a signal for another mid from the Pandora, but did not allow me any other assistance, as I certainly might have expected; but of course the commanding officer then on board, ought to know better than I what is proper for these occasions. The boat, at length, arrived with an old passed midshipman, and, with our combined exertions, we succeeded in securing all but two, who were put in irons on board the flag ship. We then obtained some marines and caught the mutinous rascal that struck”

me. One more only remained, but, it being late, we went on board, having been ashore from one o'clock P.M. till ten at night. If I had not succeeded in securing them, I might have expected to be turned out of the service, or severely reprimanded. The other fellow was caught to day. I have made my report to the first lieutenant, but have yet to see the captain. I have since heard it was their intention to have deserted, but having a little money, they could not resist the temptation of rum, and therefore they loitered, which, in the common way of talking, saved my bacon. This is disgraceful to a king's ship; but I let you know of it, that if any thing happens, you may see I have done my duty."

In a subsequent letter, he writes,

"Perhaps you may be anxious to know how the business ended, that I wrote to you about in my last letter. Nothing was said to me concerning it; but the captain severely punished the offenders."

The Pandora was ultimately paid off at Plymouth in the month of July, 1825; and William Robinson returned home for awhile to his parents; with whom he remained until, in September of the

same year, he was received by the Hon. Captain Ross, a friend of Captain Smyth's, on board His Majesty's ship "*Rainbow*;" which ship sailed from England in the November following for the East Indies.

\* He had been absent four years. Those few years had made "strange alteration." Greatly different was his appearance on his return, from what it had been on his first setting out in the *Adventure*. He was then a delicate youth of slender stature, worn by ill health. On his return he was a stout, hearty, robust, young man, five feet eight inches tall, and proportionably stout, of an open and generous countenance. To adopt his father's words, "He bore every way" the appearance of a sailor who had done his duty."

## CHAPTER XI.

WILLIAM ROBINSON'S SECOND VOYAGE IN H. M. S. "RAINBOW"  
—CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—SHAVING ON THE LINE—SANTA  
CRUZ—CAPE TOWN—SIMON'S TOWN—TABLE MOUNTAIN—  
TRINCOMALEE—RANGOON—THE GOLDEN PAGODA—TAVAY  
—PENANG—MALACCA—HIS LOG-BOOK "THE BEST IN THE  
SQUADRON."

WE have now to proceed with our midshipman on his second voyage, in His Majesty's Ship "Rainbow." Here we find him on board, extremely comfortable, and amusing his leisure by commencing a frontispiece to his journal: it was an angel with a log-book in her hand, with clouds and a *rainbow* for the back ground.

On the 5th of November they were reported ready for sea, and, after some delays, from contrary winds and similar interruptions, they, at length,

arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, on the 8th of February, 1826; after a passage of sixty-four days. "This," he writes, "may be considered a good passage; much better, I am informed, than that of the steam packet, which, if you recollect, started while I was in England. She was short of coals when crossing the Equator, the very place where she ought to have had a stock, for about there calms prevail. Owing to this failure, when there was a breeze, she was obliged to have recourse to the good old system of sailing; and not being altogether exactly fitted for that method of travelling, she could make but little way, however fair the wind.

"We crossed the Equator in  $23^{\circ}$  W., when old Neptune, as is customary, paid us his official visit. At about eight o'clock at night, a hand was sent aloft to look out for a light, as Neptune always hails the ship the night before he intends to come on board to see his children, as he calls all those who have not before encroached on his dominions, for which daring act, when old enough, they must be shaved. As the bell struck eight, the look out reported a boat ahead with a light, to the officer of the watch, who reported the same to the

captain. When all was silent, Neptune hailed the ship, "Ship ahoy! what ship is that?"—from out of the bow port, being provided with a speaking trumpet. The first lieutenant answered, "His Britannic Majesty's Ship Rainbow."—"Who commands her?"—"The Honourable Captain Rous?"—"Is he well?"—"Yes."—"I am happy to hear it."—"Have you any passengers?"—"Yes: General B——, and suite?"—"How are all my children?"—"Very well."—"I shall pay them a visit to-morrow, at nine o'clock precisely. Good night!" With this last sentence an old bucket or tub with a light on it, is set adrift as Neptune's boat. Some were foolish enough, while this dialogue was going on, to run forwards to get a glimpse of Neptune, when they were nicely soused with water out of the fore top: so they paid for peeping. All that night, Neptune and his gang were busily employed in rigging a car. Their dresses had been got ready a few days before-hand. A screen was rigged up athwart the fore-castle, for the party to attire in. As the stated time drew nigh, the ship's company were ordered below. When I say the ship's company, it must be understood that the major part were his *children*; and

no fewer than ninety-seven were shaved. The officers and passengers were on the quarter deck to receive the god of the sea. At nine precisely the bell rang, and the screen drew up, when Neptune's secretary advanced, blowing his horn, and gave a letter to the captain, which he read, and invited Mr. Neptune to come aft. First came Neptune's guards, dressed in sheep skins . . . . .

“ I am now obliged to close my letter.”

The next letter is of sufficient interest to be given at length.

“ Simon's Town, Cape of Good Hope,

“ March 2nd, 1826.

“ My dear Parents—When we arrived at Teneriffe, I obtained leave, with some of the midshipmen, to go on shore at Santa Cruz, the name of the town the ship anchored off. According to custom, we mounted some donkies, for no horses could be obtained for any money; indeed, had we got them, we could not have managed to climb the rugged paths of the mountains, over which we went, before we arrived at a town called Laguna, about eight or nine miles distant.



“ It is a neat looking place, the houses being white-washed, but the streets are narrow and full of weeds. We certainly disturbed for a time the tranquillity which prevailed in this part of the island, by galloping through the streets, for there was not the slightest fear of running over any body. To see the old women rush to the windows, throw them open and gaze with astonishment, I may almost say with affright, thinking the island invaded, was capital sport. If the old women had but asked themselves the question, Who were the invaders? the answer would have been, only a parcel of harum scarum midshipmen on donkies. We took some refreshment here, walked round the town, stared, and were stared at by every body. The captain and his party arrived an hour before us, as he went ashore early with the ladies, who were highly amused at our entrance into the town. We did not know at the time that they saw us, or perhaps we might have walked our donkies through the streets. This was the only sport, for we soon found out that the guides wished to have command of the donkies, and make them walk and trot as it suited their pleasure. But with one consent we determined to gallop, which was no sooner pro-

posed than performed. The beasts, however, were so trained, that when they heard their master's voice they slackened their pace, by which means they were enabled to come up to us. But no sooner had they got one or two of us apparently quiet, and gone after the rest, than away we started again, and so kept them on the stretch all the trip.

“The churches are fitted up in the same manner as those in the Mediterranean, and are, in the interior, very gaudy; the altar, in general, being extremely beautiful. In one of these are still the remains of some British Union Jacks, which were found by the Spaniards when Nelson lost his arm, on the mole at this place. I saw the very gun that did the mischief; it entirely commands the landing place. They are very proud of these trophies, and make a point of shewing them to every person who visits the spot. •

“Fruit is cheap. The mode of conveyance for luggage, unloading and loading small craft, is by camels, which are brought from the opposite shore.

“I am sorry to say we left the island without seeing the Peak; but, at that time of the year, the mountains were covered with clouds.

“ Ere you receive this letter, I trust, you will have had one from Cape Town, where we remained six or seven days; landed the General and suite with the honours due to his rank; and then made sail for Simon’s Town, distant about twenty-two miles across the country, but sixty or seventy by sea. Owing to unfavourable winds and a strong lee current, we were obliged to put into Hault’s Bay, a snug anchorage for ships under such circumstances. It abounds with fish of all sorts and sizes. We caught enough every day for the ship’s company.

“ After waiting two days, we had a fair wind and reached Simon’s Bay, where we found the Commodore, and two others of the squadron. It is a miserable place for ships to remain at, but good anchorage, as they lie very snug, and completely land locked. There is a small dockyard, or I should call it, a range of storehouses, for there is no dock for ship or boat. Every thing is very dear; fruit even is brought from gardens near Cape Town.

“ Simon’s Town consists of a line of houses, facing the sea, looking very neat, being kept perfectly white; bold mountains rise immediately behind,

covered with brush wood, but affording no cultivation. The other night a wolf made its appearance down here, and some of our men, who were on shore waiting with a boat for the captain, were going up to it, for it couched on its belly, at no great distance from them; but they were luckily deterred by the watchmen and the soldiers, who, knowing one was prowling about, were in search of it.

“ The shops are either kept by English or Dutch; and every black in the place speaks English. By way of a change, I took a ride over to Cape Town, and remained there three days. It is clean, and regularly built. Were it not for a sight of Table Mountain, and waggons drawn by sixteen oxen, occasionally presenting themselves to my view, I could almost have imagined myself in a town in England. This mountain rises steep, and, to all appearance, inaccessibly, directly behind the town. After a hard and laborious trial of two hours and a half, I reached its summit. It is 4,842 feet above the level of the sea. We had a kooley or slave with us, to carry some refreshments, which we enjoyed, in the true sense of the word, in a ~~cave~~ near the top, where we found a fresh

water spring. It is called Table from its remarkable flat summit. The inhabitants can judge of the weather by the clouds which sometimes cover the top. When this is the case, they say the Devil's cloth is spread, and expect a southeasterly wind; but when the Table is covered, *i. e.* hid in clouds, they expect rain<sup>e</sup> and wind. We did not have so good a view as we could wish, it being a hot hazy day. The ships in the bay appeared very little larger than boats.

“ The beasts of burthen are oxen, which are driven in teams, scarcely ever less than fourteen. These are yoked to a light sort of waggon, having two drivers, one to manage the whip, the other the reins. The whip is of very great length, of bamboo, and the lash nearly double; it requires both hands to smack it; they are very dexterous in the management of it, and, I think, guide the beasts principally by it. Eight horses in hand is a quicker mode of travelling, with a lighter sort of waggon; their longest journey being from Simon's Bay to Cape Town. Riding horses are kept here to go to town. I called at the Government House, and paid my respects to the General and family, and went in the evening to hear music. The Miss

B——s play and sing delightfully. I fancied myself at home, hearing my dear sisters. ‘Music hath charms.’

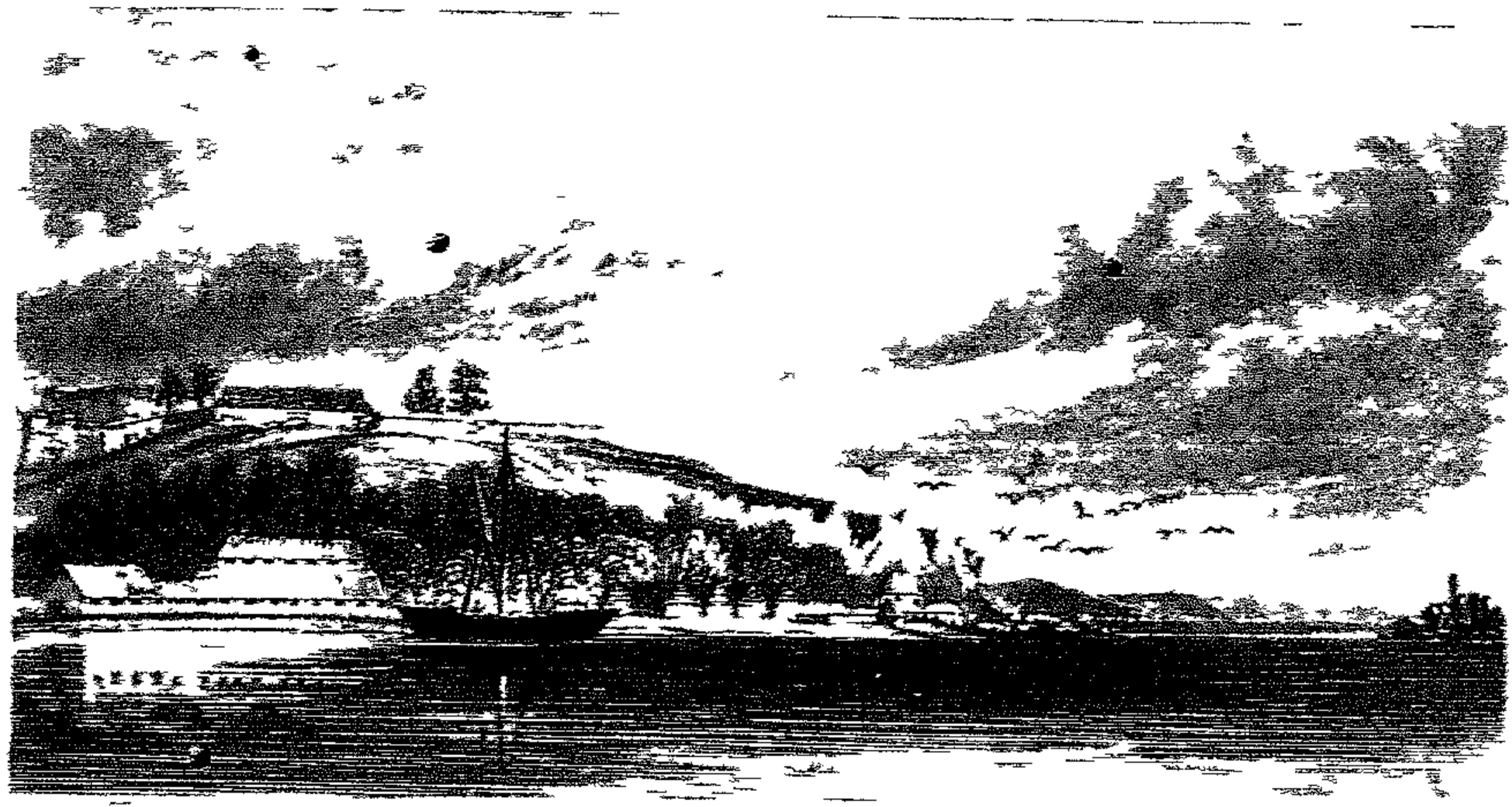
“ We completely cheated the winter when we left England, for in the middle of December and January we were obliged to wear our lightest clothing. The winter here is about to commence. There are only two seasons, Summer and Winter, which latter is rainy, with heavy winds and squalls.

“ I think when I undergo my examination for seamanship out here, it will be advisable to return home to pass for navigation; for the ship herself is likely to remain four years out before she revisits England; a period of nearly three years and a half over my time. This will not be exactly lost time, but those mids, who have passed both examinations, will be made lieutenants in preference. We are now making preparations for sea.”

His next letter is dated May, 1826, from the Madras roads. “ I am sorry,” he writes, “ it is the sickly season at Rangoon, for we sail for that place on Saturday next. The snug harbour of Trincomalee brought us up first, where there is a

small dock-yard, or perhaps, more properly speaking, a naval arsenal. Here we refitted. The inhabitants are what I call well-behaved, half-naked savages, who sleep on the ground on mats; and, what astonished me the most, they speak English. Their boats or canoes are constructed of trees, hollowed out, and are capable of containing twelve men, one sitting before the other. The town is built of mud and matting. Elephants, leopards, buffaloes, monkeys, boars, and all sorts of wild animals, are to be found in the jungle. The monkeys come in great numbers even to the dock-yard walls. I have often tried to shoot them, but they are too cunning, and equally amusing. Peacocks, or jungle fowl, are also in great quantities, but difficult to shoot, on account of the thickness and height of the jungle; and it is really dangerous to enter it.

“ A great deal might be said about this place, its manners and customs; but, owing to the excessive heat of the sun, I could not walk about, but had a palanken, from which I could not so well make observations. It is dangerous to expose one's self to the sun. The only time for walking is eight or nine in the evening, after sun-set.





10

“ It being an open roadstead, the ship is rolling as if we were at sea. The surf on this beach is very bad, so much so, that boats of the men-of-war and other ships cannot land, but are obliged to wait at the back of it, till the country boats, pulled by twelve black men, come out to them. They are called Massoolahs, and are of a peculiar construction, being very large, something like a walnut-shell in depth, but twice or three times as long in proportion. There is not a nail in them; the planks are laced together with a kind of grass, laid up like rope. They are often capsized and dashed to pieces, when the sharks have a fine chance, as they swarm here. The ground shark, close in shore, lies in shallow water, and will take any one who ventures in. I very near caught a large fellow the other day, along side ship, about twelve or thirteen feet long.”

To the above letter he thus alludes in a subsequent one, dated from Trincomalee, Oct. 18th, 1826. “ My last letter was written from Madras. As his Majesty’s ship, Alligator, arrived at that place from Rangoon, being on the eve of sailing for Old England, her period of servitude, in the East Indies, having expired some time before we

reached this part of the station, a letter bag was of course made up; and not one of us lost this most excellent opportunity of letting our friends know where we were, and what we were going to do.

“ We left Madras on the 20th of May, and after running across the Bay of Bengal, reached Rangoon on the 28th, and went up the river, as far as one tide would carry us; we then anchored just in sight of the Golden Pagoda, and sent our dispatches that night to his Majesty’s ship, *Champion*, then lying before the town; where, by the bye, she has been ever since. The people are sickly, and half eaten up by musquitos. Having obtained information that we should not remain here longer than twenty-four hours, I determined, if possible, to get a peep at the place; so I joined a party of the gun-room officers, and we started next morning with the tide, being nine miles distant. Coming in sight, I really could not help inveighing against the wretched habitations of the Burmese, which to an European appear such as it would be impossible to live in. Englishmen, if they were aware of the misery which exists in this part of the world, would bless the lucky stars

under which they were born, be they ever so poor.

“ I do not wonder at our soldiers and sailors being so sickly, whilst on this most desperate service, for in the rainy season it is a complete swamp. The town is built on piles, or, more properly speaking, the huts are made of bamboo. They appear to me to consist merely of four bamboos placed upright, to form the angles of the building, and others to form the flooring, secured horizontally, about four feet from the ground. The roof, &c. is of bamboo mats, rattans, &c. It would not take a man a week to build his own house.

“ The people are excessively indolent; but they are a short stout race, and almost naked. As a nation, they are warlike, fighting in armed boats and stockades—a sort of field fortification, very general in these regions. The women wear large rings through their noses, ears, and round their ankles and toes. They have a peculiar sort of vest, which is open all down the left side. They are well made, walk gracefully, and have fine eyes. I assure you, I have seen some very pretty coloured women.

“ There still remain the ravages of war; for I remarked all the smaller pagodas were full of large holes, where the soldiers had broken into them, thinking to find concealed treasure. The whole are now in ruins, the Golden Pagoda (or place of worship) excepted. The view of this one, from the road, on approaching it, is very imposing. It is built on a mount, is entirely solid, and is gilt over from top to bottom. It is of great height. The base is a large square of steps, upon which is a capacious dome. Upon these steps, I believe, the worshippers kneel at sun-rise and sun-set. They fought hard for this spot, and repulsed our soldiers several times. At length, gaining the mount on one side, the British drove them down the other, the steepest, and great was the havoc among them. The Pagoda is surrounded by a sort of low, ornamented walls, with niches for their gods, one of which I bought in the town. These were all pillaged or destroyed by the soldiers. The Burmese are now very civil, and, I think, will soon desert the place altogether.

“ You would have laughed at our party, for we were obliged to purchase some Chinese chattars, or umbrellas, to protect us from the sun. You

know what a regard I always had for my lily complexion.

“ We had rather a good view from this Mount. There appeared nothing but jungle directly outside the town, but we caught a glimpse of the river here and there through it, which was pretty and picturesque. I also reflected how many had died for their country on the very spot on which I stood, and the scene acquired a moral beauty, which increased its natural qualifications.

“ From the reports which I heard of the expedition of our boats up the river, I am very glad we arrived too late; for they were compelled to remain in their boats, to suffer every inconvenience, and to run the risk of dying, from the direful effects of the climate—which I do not call a fair death. I am told that more men fall on account of the climate than is easily credible.

“ One European is worth ten black soldiers. Whilst we were here they were busy transporting the forces back to Madras, taking the native troops first. It has been an expensive war for John's country, as we call England.

“ Well!—I am now tired of Rangoon, so I will weigh anchor and stand to the southward, touching on

different subjects at different places. We first visited Tavay, and anchored at the mouth of the river, but as the captain and one of the lieutenants only went up to the town, where the Company have a settlement, I am unable to say any thing about it. But I can tell you that, at low water, the monkeys, or baboons, came down forty or fifty at a time, on the mud, to pick cockles, and afforded us in some measure a little diversion, for we could very plainly distinguish them in all their movements with a glass. There was a black man on the mud employed in the same way, not very far from them. Some of our midshipmen got a musket and a boat, and tried to get close to them; but these sagacious animals made a general rush for the jungle, and were soon at the top of the highest trees, where they grinned and chattered, and made all kinds of faces. It is a beautiful country, but the rainy season had just set in; so we did not go to shoot.

“ We left this place for Penang, or Prince of Wales’ Island. It is a place of great trade, and is a very fertile and beautiful island. The anchorage is between it and the Queda shore. British goods may be bought there, but at very high

prices; I was obliged to pay a dollar for a tooth-brush.

“The town is neatly built and clean. The Chinese are the workmen of all the places I have yet been to, and are an industrious race of people; but they always sit down to their work. The streets seem to be inhabited by the different tradesmen or workmen, such as a street full of blacksmiths, and a street full of carpenters, &c. &c. The gentry live a mile or two outside the town, among groves of cocoa-nut trees, the houses being suited to the climate. The average heat on our main deck, with the ports open, which is the coolest place on board, is from 85° to 90°. We had it 94° at Madras, on the main deck; but I never fixed what it was in the sun. There are two hotels here, which made it very pleasant for us when on shore. Horses could be obtained, and I had many beautiful rides about the island. There is a natural water-fall, about sixty or seventy feet, to which I rode out, and had a fresh water bath. The roar that it makes is astonishing. I could not make my companion hear me when I spoke, although not far from me. Cocoa nuts are so plentiful that they are scarcely noticed; they are



plucked when green, and the milk is delicious if drunk early in the morning. Toddy is also taken from the trees, but these bear no fruit—the sap only is collected in pots; a branch being cut off, and a pot suspended to it. Great quantities of oil are extracted from the nut, which is always used, and burns clearly, with this the natives rub themselves all over, to polish their black hides. It is not safe to be out, as the alligators are very numerous. While we were staying here, a black fellow went to the beach to bathe some horses, and one of these creatures killed a horse.

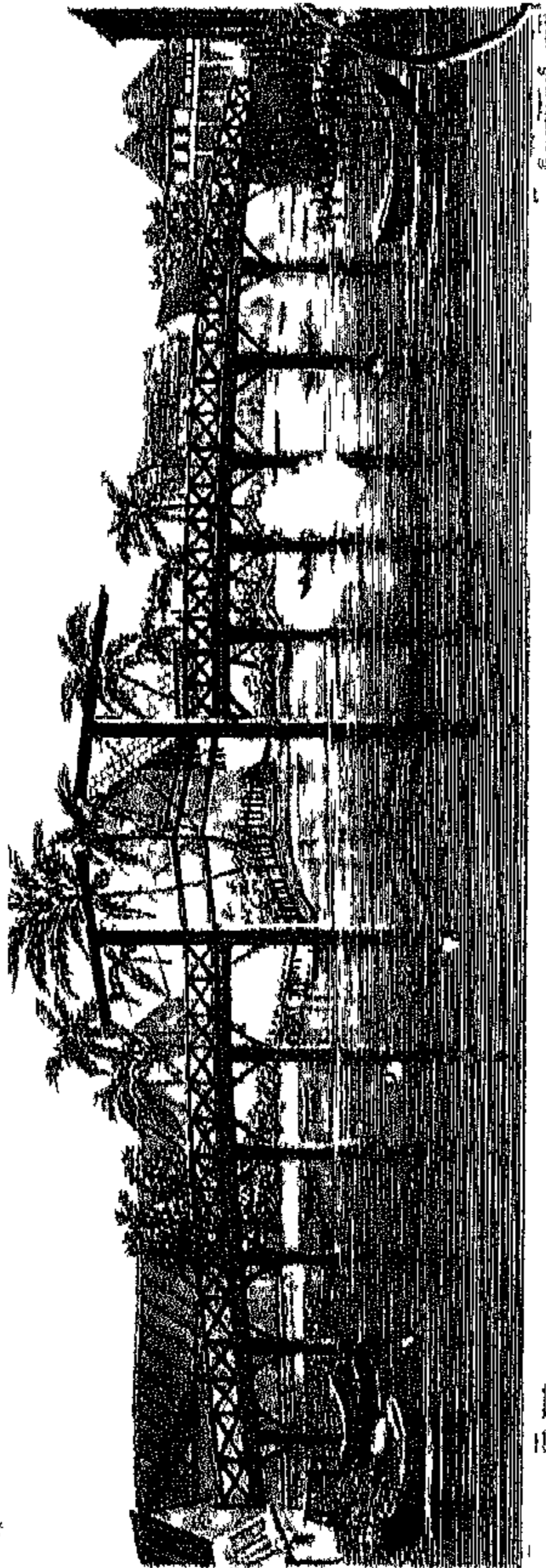
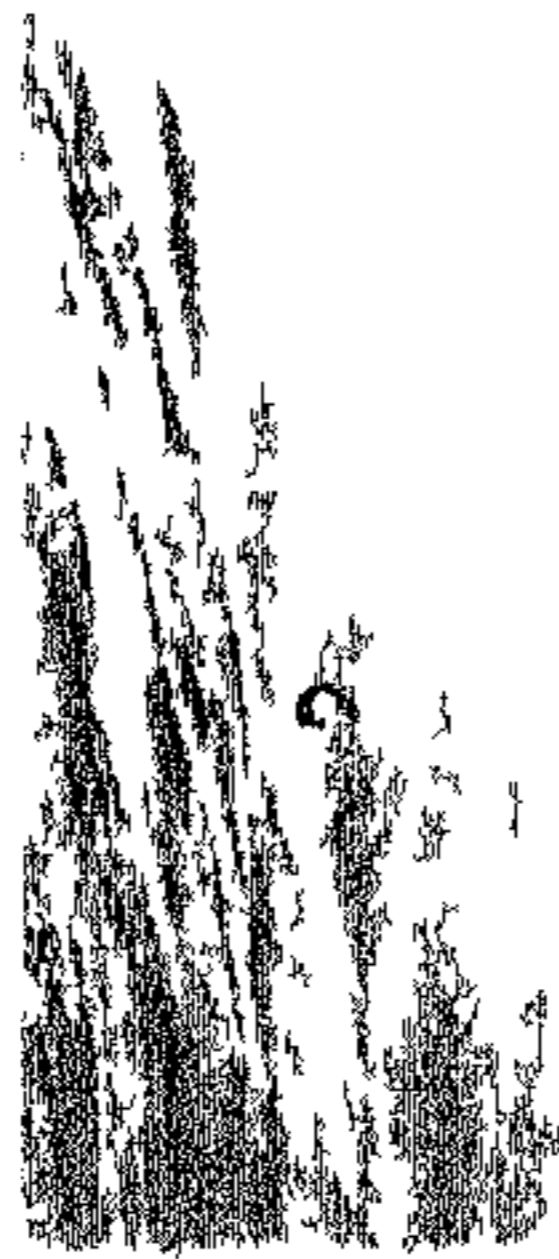
“ From Penang we went the best of our way to Malacca, passing through the straits of Callam, a most notorious place for pirates; in fact, all along the Malay coast it is the same. It so happened we were obliged to anchor here, when about midway, the wind failing and the tide against us:—at about eight o'clock that night, behold two proas were dropping down with the tide. Now, you must know, that few ships ever go through this place, on account of these very proas, which are manned by fifty or sixty men in each, and armed with a long gun in the bow, on a swivel. Immediately we perceived them

we beat to quarters, slotted our guns, and took every necessary precaution in case of accidents. We had been talking at supper of the number of merchant ships that had been taken, and even men of war, attacked by them, and what should be the first thing we would do, when the drum beat. The rush that was made who should get ready first, would have made any body laugh. We all met, however, upon deck nearly at the same time, with our swords drawn. Here were divisions of seamen and marines loading their muskets, and there others on the main deck clearing the great guns, &c. &c. We then manned a boat, and sent the mate of the watch in her to pull close under the bushes, and burn a blue light—(the straits are not more than half a mile from side to side, and deep water close to)—but the sound of the drum had made them all sheer off. They are very expert in hauling their proas up into the bushes, and starting out as they find an opportunity. We perceived nothing of them, but could distinctly hear the rustling they made. However, one watch of seamen and marines were under arms, while a boat rowed guard, with orders to fire into any thing resembling

them, and to give you early alarm. I had the luck to have the middle watch, and rowed guard from twelve o'clock to four in the morning, coming on board occasionally to relieve the men. The night was perfectly calm, rather cloudy with beautiful flashes of lightning. I had several times occasion to cock my musket, on account of the different noises we heard whilst lying under the bushes, which overhang the edge of the bank, being ignorant of the mode of attack adopted by these fellows. They make themselves half intoxicated by chewing opium, and then fly at any thing which comes in their way. We were obliged to tow out the next morning, and saw the proas in all directions, but they were peaceably inclined. No doubt they would have attempted us; but perhaps they had once before made a mistake by boarding some ship of war, which gave them a very good reason to meddle with nothing but what belonged to them.\*

\* Captain Horsburgh, in speaking of the Straits of Callan, observes,—“This strait was *formerly* much used by ships of moderate size, but it ought not *now* to be recommended, for it has of late years been often infested by piratical proas, which lurk in the creeks, ready to surprise small vessels or ships, which have the misfortune to get aground.”—See the “India Directory,” vol. ii. p. 199, of third edition.





*Bridge at Singapore*

“ I shall say nothing more of our cruise in this letter, but that we were out four months, and went from Singapore to Rhio, very nearly on the line. Of a curious bridge at Singapore I have made a drawing, taken from the watering place.

“ We arrived at Trineomalee on October 16th, and there received the letters of our friends. Yours makes me change my mind about coming home, till I have passed, which will be in about five months. I am studying Lumar's Navigation, and hope to find his Tables and Navigation out here for me, as I could not buy them in England; but another edition was preparing. I shall then be able to learn, on my way home, for passing at the college at Portsmouth, as I shall be fitted by the professor's own problems.

“ Besides the bridge at Singapore, I have taken a few sketches; but am too anxious at this time to give much attention to them. My log book is much admired; and the captain sent for it the other day. He said nothing to me about it; but I was told that he had remarked to some captains, that it was ‘*the best in the squadron.*’ This amply repays all the trouble I have taken.”

## CHAPTER XII.

WILLIAM ROBINSON'S "DROWNING MATCH" — IS TRANSFERRED TO THE JAVA, TILL THE RAINBOW, WHICH HAD LEFT THE ISLAND, RETURNED — FLATTERING ADDITION MADE TO MIDSHIPMAN'S CERTIFICATE — MORTALITY AMONG THE CREW — ELEPHANT SHOOTING AT TRINCOMALEE — PASSES HIS EXAMINATION FOR THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT — DIES AT PENANG OF A DYSENTERY — MONUMENT ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY BY HIS MATES — HIS CHARACTER

MR. ROBINSON'S anxiety, of course, increased, as his time for passing his examination approached. A letter, dated his Majesty's ship, Boadicea, Trincomalee, Jan. 1st, 1827, runs thus:—"An opportunity again presents itself for sending letters to England, of which I gladly avail myself, as I omitted sending one by his Majesty's ship, Slaney, not for want of inclination, but as I was *then just recovering from* A DROWNING MATCH, and not being very well, the ship sailed before I was able

to write. His Majesty's ship Rainbow, left this island on the 9th of December, for New South Wales; and as my time for passing was drawing near, and she was likely to be absent from the squadron for ten or eleven months, by which I should lose much time, the captain, at my request, obtained leave for me to be transferred to the flag ship, where I shall remain till the Rainbow comes back. The captain was pleased to make some addition to the general certificate for midshipmen, much to my satisfaction. He also asked for my logs, and had them up at the admiral's house. I am really happy that I followed the good advice of my first captain." (Captain Smyth.)

The addition to the general certificate for midshipmen, with which he appears to have been so justly gratified, were the words in italics at the end of the following copy thereof.

"These are to certify the principal officers and commissioners of his Majesty's navy, that Mr. William Robinson served as midshipman, of his Majesty's ship, Rainbow, under my command, from the twentieth day of August, 1825, until the date hereof, during which time he conducted himself with diligence and sobriety, and at all



times obedient to command, *and is a very good officer.* Given under my hand, on board the Rainbow, in Trincomalee, this ninth day of December, 1826.

“H. S. Rous, Captain.”

In a subsequent part of his letter he again expresses himself as being too anxious in preparing for his passing, to attend to his drawing; and found out, what, perhaps, at any other time, would scarcely have presented itself as an obstacle, that the climate spoiled the paper. The admiral, however, expressed a wish to have a survey of the harbour, and Captain Carroll accordingly appointed two mates and Mr. Robinson to do it. “It is,” says he, “a great undertaking, as we are obliged to contend with the vertical sun, and are without those instruments which we had in the old *Adventure*. We shall do it, therefore, ~~with~~ sextants and our azimuth compass, and make the best of it. It is a beautiful harbour. I wish the old surveying ship was here, something, then might be done.”

An account of the DROWNING MATCH, already alluded to, is next given, as follows:—

“Whilst the Rainbow remained here, the

captain kept us all alive. There was always some amusement; boat racing, sailing, &c. He gave a silver cup to the best sailing boat, which was my cutter, or, as I should say, the boat I belonged to, as midshipman. Each had to enter his boat, and pay five rupees. But Lieutenant Talbot entered for himself, so I lost the chance. Thirteen boats sailed that day.

“About a week after, another match was made between the cutter and a schooner-rigged boat, to take place outside the harbour. Lieutenant Talbot was to sail the cutter, and Captain Thornton the schooner. We had got a mile from the ship, when we found the wind rather too strong for all sail, and a very heavy sea. Whilst in the act of taking in the second reef in the fore-sail, a sea struck her; she filled, and down she went, leaving us in the lurch. I was reefing the sail myself at the time, and great was my surprise, to find that I was obliged to swim.

“By the greatest good fortune, Mr. Broadhead, midshipman of the pinnace, had said, while we were at dinner, ‘Well, I shall come out with you as life-boat. I dare say some of you will want assistance.’ It happened as he had anti-

icipated; and he was not far off when the boat went down. He was a-head, and to windward of us. The same sea also struck his boat, and shifted the ballast; but, being of a much larger size, it recovered. He was looking to observe how we should bear it, *when he missed us*; and the first and last thing he saw was our<sup>d</sup> ensign. We had then been swimming for ten minutes, and were nearly exhausted from the heaviness of the sea. It would have been impossible to live long. One man was lost; and we should *all* have followed, had not the schooner, which had likewise missed us, made the best of her way to our assistance. Captain Thornton jumped overboard, and saved Mr. Talbot.”

His next letter is dated from His Majesty's Ship, Java, Trincomalee, February 23rd, 1827. “We sail,” he writes, from this island in ~~eight or~~ ten days for Madras, and then for Penang, which will be another and agreeable change, for I am almost tired of this station, after the Mediterranean; the weather is ~~se~~ extremely hot; all is summer. We were obliged to give up the surveying which I mentioned in my last letter. Owing to exposure to the sun, I was laid up with fever, as

were also several of our men, and four or five have died since I joined the *Boadicea*. I made application to the doctor in time, and got clear of it in three weeks. I attended the funeral of one man, the night preceding the morning I was taken ill myself. But all at this time is well with me.

“Nothing is doing at Trincomalee; there is no visiting, and it is too hot to go on shore to shoot. One of our midshipmen went the other day, with a party, and killed two or three elephants, buffaloes, peacocks, &c. But elephant shooting is dangerous work. You must wait until that largest of all beasts is within a few yards of you, and then fire directly in the centre of his forehead—(eight or ten yards is the greatest distance at which you can take a sure aim)—or your ball will glance off. We have a *bear* on board to play with, and several young deer, perfectly tame. In the *Rainbow* we had a tiger. Two immense whales came into this harbour, the other day, and it was a fine sight to be able to see them in smooth water, and so very close to us. They spouted water to a very great height. One, measuring sixty feet, was, about six months ago, driven on shore, where it died, and was towed out of harbour by the men of war's boats.”

On the 22<sup>d</sup> of March, 1827, Mr. Robinson passed his examination for seamanship and navigation. He was accordingly directed to ship the mate's uniform, and was deemed fully capable of filling the situation of Lieutenant in His Majesty's fleet.

The importance of the rank of Lieutenant is very great, when we duly consider the immense value of a man of war, the lives of the crew, and the service she may be going on; and that all these objects are, and must be, for many hours of the twenty-four, in charge, and under the direction of a Lieutenant. Yet it has been suggested that the examination for the rank of a Lieutenant is less serious than it ought to be. And, in fact, very lately, in a popular novel, the examiners have been represented as putting absurd and ridiculous questions to the candidates, and as passing over aspirants of rank without question at all. Young Robinson's examination does not appear to have been of this kind; and from such an incidental example it may be legitimately concluded, that this matter is not generally conducted with the culpable indifference which has been ascribed to the transaction.

As the reader may wish to have all the evidence on the subject that is in the editor's possession, it may not be uninteresting to trace a little ~~our~~ midshipman's experience and feelings. This cannot be better done than in his own words.

“ H. M. S. Java, Madras Roads,  
“ March 22nd, 1827.

“ My dear Father,

“ Time will not permit me to write a long letter, for the Coramondel sails for England at twelve o'clock. I deferred writing, not knowing whether or not I should get over my examination, which took place this forenoon. I therefore have the utmost pleasure in communicating to you, in a few words, that *I have passed*, much to the satisfaction of the captains, who complimented me about my logs. I am perfectly well, and, at this moment, in too high spirits to write more. So make all allowances for your dutiful son, •

“ W. R.

“ P. S. This day I got through an examination for seamanship and navigation—but must pass again at college; but *date* from this day. The captain has ordered me to ship the mate's uniform.”

On the 29th of May, he thus writes, from

Penang, on the same subject. "In case my letter from Madras should not reach you with the joyful intelligence of my passing an examination, I have again repeated it. *I had two hours at navigation, and one and a half at seamanship*; and the captains expressed their satisfaction, much to mine, at my having got over it; and, I am sure, to yours also. My time, now, as passed, counts from the 22nd of March, 1827, if I do not miss stays at the college."

Thus high in hope, thus proud in expectation, having effected one step in the path of an honourable ambition, the reader probably little thinks that our young hero was at the close of his career; and that this narrative must, ere long, conclude with an account of his early death. The brief remainder of his life, however, must be traced in a few lines.

The Java sailed from Madras on the 10th of April, and, owing to light winds, was a month on her passage to Penang. William Robinson anxiously expected the return of the Rainbow; for, though he was very comfortable in the Java,—there was no place, he said, "like your own ship; it almost comes up to the old saying, 'there is no place like home.'"

He was, however, not destined to witness the return of the Rainbow, which he had thus affectionately esteemed as his ocean-home. Ever anxious as the reader knows him to have been, and frequently disdainful of peril for the sake of observation, whence, in one case, he had already hardly escaped drowning; and, probably, in many other instances, exposing himself to alternate heat and cold; he fell a victim to excessive activity in a tropical climate, operating upon a constitution feeble at the best, and over-excited by a vigorous mind, inflamed with the noblest emulation, and pressing forward to the prize for which he had been designed, though not destined. Anxious for the arrival of the Rainbow from New Holland, and fancying himself stronger than he really was, he walked from the hospital at Prince of Wales's Island down to the beach, to enquire about her, an exertion which was too much for him. On his return he suffered a relapse. His spirit indeed was willing, but his flesh was weak. He died at Penang of a fever and dysentery, on the 31st of August, 1827.

A few days after his decease, the Rainbow arrived at Penang. The regret felt for the death



of so promising a youth was general: Nothing can better shew the respect in which he was held, than the fact that it was immediately proposed among his late messmates to erect a monument to his memory. They submitted their intention to the Honorable Captain Rous, by whom it was very warmly approved, and he gave directions to Mr. John E. Bulman, the purser of the Rainbow, to superintend its performance. The monument, which was made at Calcutta, is erected over the remains of the deceased, in the European Burying Ground, twenty or thirty feet to the right of the path, and about two thirds up, on entering. This burying ground is distant from the church about half a mile, and outside the town.

Such was the public testimony paid to the worth and talents of Mr. William Robinson by those who knew him best. In the task which the editor of this narrative has undertaken, he has been desirous to rear for him a more durable monument than that erected in a foreign burial-place, or than could have been dedicated in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. Literary memorials outlast all others, and therefore should not be

bestowed out on subjects worthy of remembrance ; nor would the present writer have presumed to render so lofty a tribute to the private virtues and professional merits of Mr. William Robinson, had he not felt certain that this midshipman deserved, both for his character and conduct, to be embalmed in the memory of his profession, and not to remain unknown to the country which gave him birth.

The following correspondence will form at once the best corroboration of the editor's judgment and the readiest justification for his having undertaken the task, the performance of which is now almost completed.

The Hon. Capt. Rous to Capt. W. H. Smyth :  
" Dear Smyth,  
" I regret that my correspondence commences with the melancholy tidings of the death of Robinson. He was left on board the flag-ship to pass his examination, in order that he might not lose time by going with us to New Holland, and caught a fever and dysentery at Pchang, of which he died on the 31st of August.

“ I enclose you his will, and have sent every thing that can be found, by the ship Albion.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Vory truly yours,

“ H. S. Rous.”

“ H. M. S. Rainbow,

“ Sep. 28, 1827.

“ Singapore.”

Capt. W. H. Smyth to Dr. Robinson :

“ My dear friend,

“ It seems an ordination of Providence that few of us are to pass through life without experiencing proofs of the slight tenure by which happiness is held, and of course, the larger the family the greater the liability to such visitation.

“ It is my painful lot to acquaint you, that by letter I this moment received from my friend Captain Rous, I find my valued and estimable protégé has rendered up his soul to the Being that gave it. I am aware of the distress this letter will occasion in your amiable family; but as the sad news must reach your ear, I lose no time in taking up my pen to perform the melancholy task.

“ I had attentively watched his ardent and

aspiring spirit—his noble disposition, and his kind heart—and had promised myself cause for future gratification in having introduced him into a service he was so well qualified to shine in. A son possessed of such a mind is indeed a dreadful loss. I trust you will receive the shock with that firmness which is becoming a man and a Christian to possess in the hour of need.

“ Poor William had been left on board the flag-ship when the Rainbow went to New Holland, to pass his examination without loss of time. At Pulo Penang he caught a fever and dysentery, of which he expired on the 31st of August last. His will is now lying before me; but as I thought it might be too sudden to your feelings to open it first, if I enclosed it, I shall reserve it for to-morrow’s post.

“ Yours very sincerely,

“ W. H. SMYTH.”

“ William Robinson, LL.D.”

Mr. John E. Bulman to Dr. Robinson:

“ Dear Sir.

“ I am directed by the Honorable Captain Rous  
to acquaint you that

A Tablet with Inscription is to be procured from Calcutta, for which place the Rainbow will sail on the 28th instant; and should the ship not return to this Presidency, arrangements are made that it shall be placed in its proper situation.

“ Referring to my note accompanying the inventory of the articles transmitted by the ship Albion from Singapore on the 29th September last, I have found at this place the box to contain the mathematical instruments, likewise the spy glass, and a silver fork and spoon, which will be forwarded the very first opportunity.

“ Considering that every thing relating to my much lamented and respected messmate cannot fail of being particularly interesting, Sir, to yourself and family, I enclose herewith a sketch of the Tomb erected to his memory, to which I refer you. \* \* \*

“ I am,

“ Your obedient Servant,

“ JOHN E. BULMAN.”

“ To William Robinson, L.E.D.”

“ H. M. S. Rainbow, Calcutta,

“ 16th January, 1828.

“ Sir,

“ \* \* \* \* I have the Tablet for the Tomb\* on board. \* \* \* \* Wishing my communications had been on a subject less distressing to yourself and family,

“ I am, with respect,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ JOHN E. BULMAN.’

“ To W. Robinson, LL.D.”

“ *Inscription.*

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. WILLIAM ROBINSON,

MATE

OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP

RAINBOW,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,

AUG. 31st, 1827,

AGED 22 YEARS.”

\* The grave over which the tomb is built, according to the custom of the country is between four and five feet deep, lined and arched with brick. The tomb is built of brick, the foundation being sunk upwards of five feet, and above the base it is two bricks thick of cement and chunam.

A few words in recapitulation. It will have been seen that Mr. William Robinson had considerable talent in drawing, an attainment which, by his example and success, may safely be recommended to a sailor, as of great utility. His spirit of observation was also extraordinary, as has been sufficiently manifested in the preceding narrative, and in the correspondence from which such copious extracts have been derived; and the intelligent reader cannot fail to be of opinion with Captain Smyth, "that William Robinson has left sufficient data to testify what would have been his probable career."

Of a noble and aspiring genius, of an open and generous disposition; — that his affectionate and kind heart should cause him to be beloved by his family, and respected by all the officers under whom he had served during a period of six years and upwards, is the natural result of the human charities. But his were higher claims to love and admiration; . . . the good example that he had the merit of exhibiting, as a mirror to youth, was in defiance of a feeble constitution, in spite of which he voluntarily embraced an adventurous profession,

and rose equal to all its demands upon personal exertion by the force of a rare spirit.

It must be confessed as among the most inexplicable of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, that faculties so energetic should be permitted to improve themselves to a point of excellence, which should fit them for the successful exercise of the duties to which they were destined; and that then, in the hour of their maturity, they should be apparently extinguished, and precluded from exertion altogether; unless we are willing to believe that our present state of being is but a process of education for the soul, and that every mode in which her faculties can be engaged in this life, is but an introduction to employments more sublime in another, and on which it is a peculiar blessing to enter early. So thought the philosophical Heathen, who gave utterance to the fine sentiment, which has been thus expressed by a modern poet, "Whom the gods love die young."— So thought the Wise Hebrew when he penned the beautiful reflections, that ought to afford consolation to all parents for the early loss of promising children — "Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured



by number of years. But Wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. Being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long time. Thus the righteous that is dead condemneth the ungodly that are living; and youth that is soon perfected, the many years and old age of the unrighteous."

## APPENDIX.

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I. Capt. W. H. SMYTH to Dr. ROBINSON.

Crescent, Bedford, March 6th, 1828.

My dear Friend,

I hope by this time, short as it is, that your family have somewhat recovered the shock of your irreparable loss; and I now take up my pen to answer your letter of the day before yesterday. What I hinted about a Memoir of your Son, was not a notice of a more general obituary—but, in honour of his talent in drawing, and his spirit of observation, the propriety of a slight digest being compiled from his LOGS AND LETTERS of his services in the Mediterranean and East Indies, as a mark of the esteem in which his memory should be held. This I still strongly recommend to you, when you shall have received the necessary papers, certificates, &c., as, though a melancholy office, it is nevertheless a strictly parental one. Regarding it in this light, I shall be glad to render any testimony of mine to shew the esteem and affection I held him in.

I have been thus full, because I think poor William left sufficient data to testify what would have been his probable career.

Mean time a notice could be inserted of his untimely death. Mrs. Smyth joins me in condolences to Mrs. Robinson; and in the hope of seeing you before long,

I subscribe myself,

Your's sincerely,

W. H. SMYTH.

II. Captain J. G. FITZGERALD to Dr. ROBINSON.

My dear Robinson,

The announcement, in the papers of yesterday, of the death of your son, has, I can assure you, caused me more pain than I have experienced for many years. It is, I confess, a great calamity in any society to lose one of its brightest ornaments at his period of life, in whom were blended all the amiable and endearing qualities of a well-regulated mind, as well as a dutiful and affectionate son. Had he not, at his early period of life, fallen a victim to the climate, there can be no doubt but he would have been an ornament to his profession, and a bold asserter of his country's rights; but God's will be done! All that is left to us is to be resigned; for the Almighty does all things for the best; but, at the same time, I confess we cannot restrain our sorrows when we lose an amiable and promising friend, and such was your son William. I am confident his death will be sincerely regretted by all who had the happiness of

his acquaintance, and by none more so than him who subscribes himself

Your ever attached and unalterable Friend,

J. G. FITZGERALD.

March 8th, 1828.

Battersen.

III. Captain JOSIAH OAKE to Dr. ROBINSON.

Bolton, March 15th, 1828.

My dear Sir,

Truly I do very sincerely sympathize with you on the loss of your poor departed son, who, had it pleased God to spare him, would, I feel satisfied, have become an ornament to that profession of which he was a member.

He was respected and esteemed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him, for his amiability of manner and his *gentlemanly and officer-like conduct*. This must now be your greatest consolation amidst your afflictions.

May I beg of you to present my respectful compliments and sincere condolence to Mrs. Robinson and family, who, with yourself, I hope may be supported under your trial; and should you write or see my old Captain\* [Captain Smyth] I beg you will offer him and his lady my respects.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

JOSIAH OAKE.

\* Captain Josiah Oake was lieutenant in the *Adventure*, in the Mediterranean, with Captain Smyth and Mr. Robinson.

## IV. DR. MAY to DR. ROBINSON.

Enfield, March 16th, 1828.

My dear Sir,

My paper, of last evening, brought to my notice the severe calamity which has befallen you and your dear family. May I venture, deeply as I am impressed with the poignancy of your sufferings at this time, to intrude upon you my unfeigned condolence for your irreparable and truly lamentable loss. In alluding to a bereavement like this I have no apprehension of adding to your grief, which I am sure, ere this reaches you, must have arrived at its highest point; it cannot be increased—nor do I pretend to offer you any consolation. I only hope that it will please the Almighty Disposer of all events to support you and Mrs. Robinson in your distress, and to prevent its affecting your minds so deeply as to render you insensible of the many blessings He has still left you in possession of, and which, I earnestly pray, he will permit you still to enjoy. The ways of God are beyond our comprehension—they are past our finding out. He gives, or rather lends; and He takes away. May He, in mercy, impress our mind with a sense of His unerring goodness, and a conviction that He does all things well. He has not suffered your son, so amiable, so worthy, so dutiful to yourselves, so beloved by his friends, to be any loser by the change that has taken place—the loss is *your's*,

*his friends, his country's*—to him it is a gain. A longer period, had it been granted him, would have increased his reputation among his fellow-mortals? But what is the applause of men! Why? how should we lament his losing that, when he now enjoys the approbation of his Saviour, in the presence of his heavenly Father, his God! May this be a source of gratitude and praise to your family and yourself. You shall yet have pleasure in reflecting, in talking of those excellent qualities of your dear son, which now add to your grief. Excuse this interruption, and do not think me impertinent. I have written hastily; had I delayed I might not have had boldness to trouble you. I know the resources of your own well-informed mind; you will indulge, justly indulge, grief; but you will not allow it to become a sin; against the dispensation of the Almighty you will not repine.

Believe me,

Dear Sir,

Your most respectful and faithful servant,

THOMAS MAY.

