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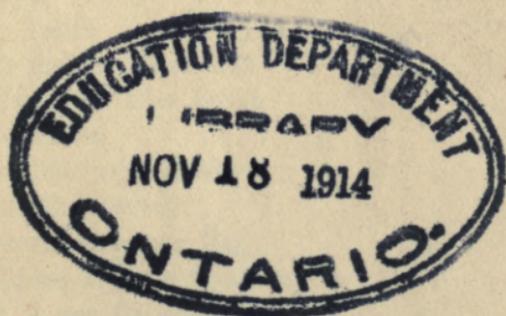
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DEEDS OF
NAVAL DARING

ANECDOTES OF THE BRITISH NAVY

BY THE LATE ADMIRAL
EDWARD GIFFARD



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

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INTRODUCTION.

A NAVAL writer has asserted, that none but a naval man can write naval history; and therefore, from parity of reasoning, it may be inferred, that none but naval men can understand naval history when written. Without admitting the truth of this assertion, certain it is, whatever may be the cause, that something operates against the popularity of this subject with the general mass of readers, and it is but fair to suppose, that, in this country, where our ideas of national glory have been for many years chiefly identified with the actions of our seamen, nothing but the use of technical phrases, and such expressions as are necessary to the right understanding of nautical manœuvres, but which are, at the same time, unintelligible to the majority of the reading world, prevents the history of our navy, as it is full of romantic incidents, from being as interesting as the most striking tale of fiction; and after a perusal of some of the following anec-

dotes it may be well affirmed that truth is stranger than fiction.

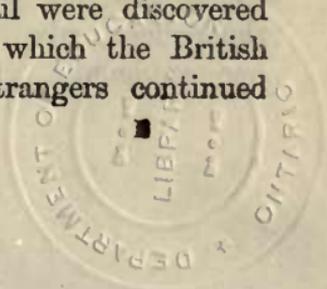
Without pretending, therefore, to write naval history, our object has been to set forth, in everyday language, such traits of courage and feats of individual daring as may best serve to illustrate the generally received idea of the British sailor's character for "courage verging on temerity." These narratives have, with few exceptions, already appeared in print, chiefly in the *Gazette*, but they have in all cases, where it has been possible, been verified by reference to the original documents, and relieved of their dry official tone, by a detail of minor incidents communicated to us in many instances by participators, and which, like the minute touches in a painting, bring out the lights and shades, and make the picture more resemble nature.

DEEDS OF NAVAL DARING.

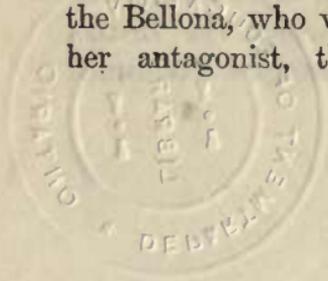
BELLONA AND COURAGEUX.

THE year 1761 witnessed an action which may fairly be set down as one of the most conspicuous for the daring it exhibited, most successful in its results to the victors, and most singular in the circumstances under which it was fought; for we see an officer carrying valuable freights, which would, had merely prudential considerations existed, have been sufficient justification for his avoiding an action with an enemy of equal force, seeking out and pursuing with energy an antagonist far superior to himself in every respect, under the following circumstances.

The *Bellona*, of 74 guns and 558 men, commanded by Captain R. Faulknor, and the *Brilliant*, 36-gun frigate, Captain Loggie, sailed in company from the *Tagus*, in the month of August, 1761—the line-of-battle ship having a large freight on board on merchants' accounts. When a little off *Vigo*, on the evening of the 14th of that month, three sail were discovered approaching the land, along which the British ships were running. The strangers continued



their course until they had come within six or seven miles, when suddenly, on making out the character of the hostile ships, they changed their course and made sail before the wind, in flight. Upon this the Bellona and Brilliant stood after them, and crowded all the canvas they could carry in pursuit, and, being favoured by a bright moonlight, they managed to sight the enemy during the whole night; and, gaining a little in the chase, at sunrise were within five miles, and made out the enemy's squadron to consist of one ship of 74 guns, the Courageux, with 700 men, and two frigates of 36 guns each, the Malicieuse and Ermine (and it may here be stated that the Courageux was a crack ship and a model of her class). At five o'clock, A.M., on the 15th August, the English ships were almost up with the frigates, and the action commenced between the Brilliant and Malicieuse. After exchanging a few broadsides, the Frenchman shot ahead; when Captain Loggie, perceiving, by the disposition of the French, that he should have both the frigates upon him at once, observed to his officers, that in his present circumstances he could not expect to take either of them, but that all he could propose to do was to avoid being taken himself, and at the same time to find sufficient employment for both the frigates, so that neither might be able to annoy the Bellona, who was no more than a match for her antagonist, the line-of-battle ship. With



admirable judgment and presence of mind he formed his plans, and executed them with such steadiness and resolution, that during the whole time the Bellona and Courageux were engaged, and for above half an hour afterwards, he withstood the united attacks of both the frigates, each of them of equal force with his own, and at last obliged them to sheer off, greatly damaged in their hulls and rigging, while the Brilliant had suffered much less than could have been expected. Meanwhile the Courageux and Bellona had approached each other very fast, the first lying to, and the other advancing under her topsails—the sea, though there was a fine working breeze, being as smooth as a pool of standing water, so that the men in both ships could stand and work their guns as firmly as at a land battery. The Courageux, when within musket shot, fired her first broadside, and there appeared some impatience on the main deck of the Bellona to return it; but Captain Faulknor called out to them to hold hard, and not to fire till they saw the whites of the Frenchmen's eyes, adding, "take my word for it, they will never stand the singeing of their whiskers." At the second discharge from the Frenchman the Bellona commenced her fire, and with such precision that almost every shot took full effect. The French still kept up a very brisk fire, and in a moment the Bellona's shrouds and rigging were almost all cut to pieces, and in nine minutes her mizen-

mast fell over the stern. Upon this Captain Faulknor gave immediate orders for boarding; but the position of the two ships rendered this impracticable, and the Bellona was wore round by means of her studding-sails (the halliards and all other ropes that could be serviceable in that manœuvre being already shot away), so as to fall upon the starboard quarter of the Courageux. The officers and ship's company, with a promptitude and regularity men thoroughly disciplined are alone capable of, flew each to their respective opposite guns, and carried on from the larboard side a fire even more terrible than that they had hitherto kept up from the starboard guns. It was impossible for mortal beings to withstand a battery so incessantly repeated and so fatally directed, and, in about twenty minutes from the first shot, the French colours were hauled down, and orders were immediately given in the Bellona to cease firing, the enemy having struck. The men had left their quarters, and all the officers were on the quarter-deck congratulating one another on their victory, when unexpectedly a round of shot came from the lower tier of the Courageux. It is impossible to describe the rage that animated the Bellona's crew on this occasion; without waiting for orders, they flew again to their guns, and in a moment poured in what they familiarly termed two "comfortable broadsides" upon the enemy, who now called out loudly for quarter, and firing at length ceased on both sides.

On board the *Bellona* six men were killed outright, and about twenty-eight wounded, few of them dangerously; the *Courageux* lost 240 killed, and 110 were put ashore wounded at Lisbon. Had it not been for the loss of her mizen, and the tattered condition of her sails, you would hardly have known the *Bellona* had been in action, there not being above five or six shot in her hull; whereas the *Courageux* was a mere wreck, having nothing but her foremast and bowsprit standing, several of her ports knocked into one, her guns dismantled, and her decks torn up in a hundred places. The following letter describing this memorable action*, from Commander Johnstone (afterwards better known as Governor Johnstone) to Lord Howe, will repay a perusal, from its quaint and original style. Notwithstanding the high eulogium and well-turned compliments to the noble lord with which it commences, it is curious to note that, a very few years after, Governor Johnstone, at that time in the House of Commons, rendered himself very notorious by a most outrageous professional attack on Lord Howe. The letter to which we have alluded is as follows:—

“ MY LORD,

“ Lisbon, September 4, 1761.

“ As I have always considered your Lordship’s character incapable of admitting the smallest spot of envy to sully its lustre; so I sincerely believe

* Extracted from the *Naval Chronicle*.

no man rejoices with greater warmth at the noble actions of others. It is from this consideration that I venture to send you some account of the taking the *Courageux* by Captain Faulknor, of the *Bellona*. His conduct naturally calls your Lordship to my mind, and therefore I hope it will prove the more agreeable, since it seems to confirm the method of attack, which you were pleased to illustrate at the beginning of this war. But I feel my own weakness. Who is capable of painting the lightning of Jupiter, or what words can convey the idea of his thunder? It was Apelles alone who could communicate those terrors among the ancients; it is your Lordship's imagination that now must supply their place.

“The *Bellona*, of 74 guns, Captain Faulknor, and the *Brilliant*, of 36 guns, Captain Loggie, sailed from Lisbon with immense treasure on board. In passing by Cape Finisterre they had sight of the *Courageux*, of 74 guns, the *Malicieuse*, of 36, and the *Ermine*, of the like number. These were returning, full of wealth and full of pride, from a successful voyage round the French West India Islands, in which they had made many prizes, having now eight ransomers on board. The 74 was commanded by Monsieur Du Gue Lambert, who was esteemed the best officer in France, and had been entrusted with discretionary power under promise of what he was to perform. The glory of his scheme departed on the issue of the battle. The French

ships (intending for Vigo) bore down to make the British distinctly; the close of the evening left them uncertain, but rather inclined to believe both of the line-of-battle. The French fled, the British pursued, during a serene night, a pleasing gale, and every circumstance that could keep the imagination employed. The beams of Aurora discovered the force of the Brilliant; the French Commodore immediately shortened sail, and made the signal for the frigates to attack her. At six the combat began between those three, when Monsieur Lambert, like a fair gamester, hauled for the Bellona, so that their bows pointed to each other, and at the distance of two cables' length the enemy began to fire. Captain Faulknor received his second broadside before he permitted a gun to be discharged; this enabled him to lock the yards, when he gave orders to begin. The execution, as I had it from the French, was incredible. They received two broadsides in that situation, when the Bellona backed astern, in order to run on the other side. In performing this, her mizen-mast went away, and fell directly over the stern; several were bruised, none killed, and all the men in the top got in at the gun-room ports. The driver-boom broke the fall; this rather served to assist Captain Faulknor's scheme of wearing quickly under the Courageux's stern; and, ranging on the other side, it was performed to a miracle; every gun was told on the quarter as they passed, till the Bellona was placed

on the *Courageux's* bow, whose jib-boom was entangled in the other's fore-shrouds. Here the guns were as quickly traversed, and as keenly plied. Taken in all directions, beat, and buffeted on every quarter, her captain killed, her mizen-mast gone, her main-mast wagging, her tiller-rope cut, her quarters laid open, 240 of her crew carnaged, 130 wounded, courage submitted to superior power; the main-mast fell with the flag. The action lasted 55 minutes.

"The prize was conducted into Lisbon, under the eyes of the King and Court, as well as those of every nation in Europe. The opposite shores were covered from St. Julien's to the town with millions of people. What is strange, the *Bellona* had only a few shots which pierced her hull, though shattered and torn in the sails and rigging. She lost but five men, and twenty wounded! mostly by musket balls, and the tumbling of destruction. It is natural to inquire into the reason of this disproportion, and it is imputed with truth to superior management, for the ship was more shattered than the *Formidable**.

* In Admiral Hawkes' action with *Confians*, Lord Howe, at that time in command of the *Magnanime*, was engaged successively with the *Formidable* and *Heros*. Having commenced the action by bearing down upon the former with such force as to bury the *Magnanime's* prow in her lower tier of guns, he left her engaged with several other ships, to which she surrendered, with a loss of 200 men killed, and proceeded to attack the *Heros*, which shortly struck to him; but, in consequence of the high sea, she was not taken possession of, and next morning was discovered on shore, and set on fire. In this same action Captain Keppel's ship was full of water, and thought to be sinking. A sudden squall emptied the ship, but the captain was informed all his powder was wet. "Then," said he, "I am sorry I am safe." They

She appears to have been appointed in every respect superior to any of the French captures which have fallen under my notice: short guns, smooth cylinders, good powder, and grape well prepared; clear of cabins and other obstructions; the officers regarded as the best in France; the captain confident in his strength, and daily wishing for an opportunity to redeem the credit of his country; but the fact is, he was fairly out-worked. I can only compare the conduct of the *Bellona* to a dexterous gladiator, who not only plants his own blows with surety, but guards against the strokes of his antagonist. Fortune had but little to say in the action; because it appeared that everything that happened was told and foreseen. Each design was carried into execution; no confusion, no balk, no powder blown up, no cannon fired in vain. The people, it is true, had been twice in action; all the officers were of a superior class. The first lieutenant, Mr. Male, is not to be equalled for modesty or merit, nor can the master be compared with any of his corps. Captain Faulknor's speech to the people will explain what I mean by saying everything was foreseen.

“Gentlemen, I have been bred a seaman from my youth, and consequently am no orator; but I promise to carry you all near enough, and then

came and told him a small quantity was undamaged. “Very well,” said he, “then attack again.”—*Honour Walpole*.

you may speak for yourselves. Nevertheless, I think it necessary to acquaint you with the plan I propose to pursue in taking this ship, that you may be the better prepared to execute my orders with quickness and facility. French men-of-war have been taken with their guns lashed on the opposite side. They know little of this business ; put them to management, and they run into confusion ; for this reason I propose to lead you close on the enemy's larboard quarter, when we will discharge two broadsides, and then back astern, and range upon the other quarter and so tell your guns as you pass. I recommend it at all times to point chiefly at the quarters with your guns slanting fore and aft ; this is the principal part of a ship. If you kill the officers, break the rudder, and snap the braces, she is yours of course ; but for this reason I desire you may only fire one round shot and grape above, and two round shot only below ; take care and send them home with exactness. This is a rich ship ; they will render you in return their weight in gold.'

“ Every action corresponded with the speech, which is the circumstance I admire the most. It appears wonderful to some, that so many men should be killed in so short a space. But on viewing the ship, that passion is called to account how any could escape ; the force of a man-of-war when well applied was never more evident. Your Lordship will easily conceive this.

who knows the slaughter committed in the Heros * about the same time.

“There is an anecdote of Faulknor, which I think not unworthy of being related even to your Lordship. It is true, and it is natural, and I think savours more of presence of mind than some I have met with in noted histories. When the Bellona’s mizen-mast went away, a fellow, looking afraid, cried out, ‘Oh Lord! we have lost our mizen-mast!’ Faulknor immediately replied, ‘D—— your liver, you rascal, what has a two-decked ship to do with a mizen-mast in time of action? See and knock away his mizen-mast.’ Not to interrupt the thread of the principal action, I seem to have forgot poor Loggie in the Brilliant. We left him engaged with two. He never perfectly closed with either, but pursued his excellent plan of employing both, to prevent any from interfering with the gladiators who were fitted. He succeeded, and they left him. They are since got into Vigo. The circumstance which amazes foreigners most in this affair is, the pursuing a superior force with so much money on board. It shows so much despite, so much confidence, and the issue appears so complete a proof, that even the French, on this occasion, yield with the tongue what they lost with the sword. When the second captain came on board, he told Faulknor he had got a rich prize! ‘By Jove,’ says Bob, ‘I gave you a

* See note p. 8.

chance for a better. There is 100,000*l.* in the hold; you might have divided without agency.' The man stood amazed, as he declared himself. I hope your Lordship will not think this tedious. One is willing to know everything in so noted an action."

ADMIRAL HOPSON.

The story connected with this officer's name which is generally current deserves a record, and although it may appear incredible to many, and I have been unable to authenticate the fact, still, as such an occurrence is not altogether impossible, I here give it to my readers as I have received it. Left an orphan at an early age, he was apprenticed to a tailor on the sea-coast; but, disliking his employment, he ran away and entered the Navy as a common boy about the year 1680. The ship and fleet in which he was embarked, then on the point of sailing, soon fell in with a French squadron, and in a few hours after the boy's entry into the service a warm action was commenced, which was maintained on both sides with equal bravery. During this time young Hopson obeyed his orders with great alacrity; but after fighting some hours he became impatient for the result, and inquired when it would be over. On being told the action would continue until the white flag at the enemies' mast-

head was struck, he exclaimed, "Oh! if that's all, I'll see what I can do." At this moment the ships were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, and obscured in the smoke of the guns. Our hero, taking advantage of this circumstance, determined to haul down the enemies' colours; he accordingly mounted the shrouds, and from the main-yard gained that of the French ship, unperceived by any of the crew, and, ascending with agility to the main-top-gallant mast-head, he struck and carried off the French flag, with which he retreated to his own ship. Before he had regained the deck the British shouted victory, without any other cause than that the enemies' flag had disappeared. The crew of the French ship, thrown into confusion by the same circumstance, and believing that her colours had been struck by order, ran from their guns, and although the French Admiral and officers, who were equally surprised at the event, endeavoured to rally them, it was a vain attempt, for the British tars seized their opportunity, boarded the vessel, and took her. At this juncture Hopson descended the shrouds with the French flag round his arm, and displayed it triumphantly to the sailors, who received the prize with the utmost astonishment. This heroic action reaching the quarter-deck, Hopson was ordered to attend there, and the Admiral, praising his gallantry, ordered him to be rated as a midshipman, telling him that upon his future conduct depended his patronage and protection.

Hopson soon convinced his patron that his favours were not misplaced; his rise was rapid, and his actions in each subsequent grade were not unworthy of the high rank he subsequently attained, or of the boyish daring that placed him in the position to attain it.

CAPTAIN SETH JERMY.

For the details of the following action, we are, strange to say, indebted to a French narrative. Of Captain Jermy, and his defence of the *Nightingale*, no record is preserved at the Admiralty, beyond that contained in the sentence of the court-martial; but this bare record has enabled me to ascertain the name of this brave man, which the French historian had left untold. Captain Jermy, indeed, "had no poet, and he died," for the different naval biographies pass him over in almost as few words as that he lived and died. Let it be my task, therefore, to rescue from this comparative oblivion the name of a brave officer, who, although conquered, won for himself the esteem and admiration of his enemies.

In the month of August, 1707, a French force of six galleys*, under Commodore the Chevalier

* The galleys employed in the Mediterranean, which we suppose, from its being said that the French Commodore in his single galley thought himself a match for the English frigate were similar to those employed on this expedition, were very powerful vessels, about 150 feet long, and 32 wide, furnished with 3 masts, and also propelled by 32

Langeron, under the guidance of an English traitor, a Captain Smith, who had been in the navy, were off the mouth of the Thames, proceeding to attack the town of Harwich; here they chanced to fall in with a fleet of thirty-six merchant vessels from the Texel, under convoy of the *Nightingale*, a small frigate of twenty guns. The French commodore, anticipating an easy prey in these merchant ships, gave orders to four of the galleys to pursue, and, if possible, master the merchantmen, while he himself, assisted by a galley under the command of Chevalier Manvilliers, should attack and capture the frigate. Captain Jermy, whose object it was, at all hazards, to save his convoy, had given orders to the merchant vessels to crowd all sail and run up the Thames, and doubted not but that he should be able, with his little frigate, to cut out work for the six French galleys. In pursuance of this resolution he bore down upon them under full sail, as if he intended to be the aggressor; but the French Commodore would not alter his arrangements, and although the galley appointed to second him was not in a capacity to render any immediate assistance, having fallen at least a league behind, either from inferior sailing, or her captain wishing to give his Commodore the honour of striking the first blow, he, noways

banks of oars, to which 200 galley slaves were chained. Their armament consisted of 12 guns of different calibre, and their complements varied from 1000 to 1200 men.

disturbed, waited the frigate's approach, thinking his single galley would be more than a match for the Englishman ; the sequel, however, showed, as the French writer states, that he was somewhat deceived in this conjecture. As the two vessels mutually approached each other, the combatants were soon within cannon range, and accordingly the galley discharged her broadsides, while the frigate bore down, silent as death, and without firing a gun, seeming steadily resolved to reserve all her terrors for more close engagement. The French Commodore, whose object was to fight at close quarters, called out, " We shall take her before she strikes a blow." The frigate still stood on, and the two vessels were now within musket shot of each other, the galley incessantly pouring in her broadside and small arms, when the Englishman seemed all at once struck with a panic, and began to fly. This proceeding gave fresh spirits to the Frenchmen, and nothing was heard but their boasts of what they could do. The frigate's flight, however, proved to be a feint, with the view of enticing the French to endeavour to board her, for, as galleys in general attacked the stern of their opponents, she thus offered them a desired advantage. The French Commodore, in this apparently favourable conjuncture, fell into the snare, and ordered his galley to board, bidding the men at her helm to bury her beak in the frigate's stern. All were immediately in readiness for this manœuvre, but Captain Jermy per-

ceived their intention, and, dexterously avoiding the beak by a movement of his helm, the Frenchman, instead of seeing the frigate sink in the dreadful encounter, had the mortification to behold her fairly alongside, and his own galley firmly held by the frigate's grappling irons, while the English artillery now opened with dreadful execution, for the decks of the galley were as much exposed as a raft, and they were near enough to be scorched by the flames from the guns, while the English sailors from the rigging at the same time threw grenades like hail, scattering death and wounds wherever they fell. The French now no longer thought of attacking; they were unable even to make defence, and the panic was as great among the officers as the men. At this moment the British, encouraged by the enemy's disorder, ventured to board, hewing down all that opposed them, but sparing the unresisting galley slaves chained to their oars. French numbers, however, still preponderated, and they succeeded in repelling the boarders, and the Chevalier Langeron, seeing himself reduced to extremity, made a signal of distress, calling the whole of his force to his assistance. The galley which had been selected to co-operate with the Commodore, and the other four, leaving their intended prey to escape, soon encompassed the frigate, and succeeded in throwing large numbers on board her; the resistance, however, was still maintained, until, at length, the British crew was constrained to surrender,

although their officers still continued to hold the fore-castle, from which they kept up a brisk fire; but they also were at last reduced, and all were prisoners, except the indomitable captain, who took refuge in his cabin, swearing that he would spill the last drop of his blood, and blow up the vessel, before he would see the inside of a French prison. The passage to the powder-room led through the cabin, and even the conquerors trembled before his expressed determination; but all this seeming resolution was artfully assumed, in order to gain time for the escape of the merchant fleet; for when Captain Jermy perceived from his cabin window that they were in safety, he began to listen to terms, and after some parley, stipulating to deliver up his sword to the French Commodore only,—a stipulation which was indignantly refused,—he at last yielded it without ceremony. The French account states that, when brought before their Commodore, “he could not help testifying his surprise at the inconsiderable figure which had made such a mighty uproar—he was hump-backed, pale-faced, and as much deformed in person as beautiful in mind.” Commodore Langeron complimented him on his bravery, and said he should have no reason to regret being made a prisoner, as his bondage would be merely nominal. The Commodore at the same time returned him his sword, adding, “Take, sir, a weapon no man better deserves to wear; forget

you are my prisoner, but remember I expect you for my friend."

The narrative proceeds to state, that in the French officer's cabin Captain Jermy met a Captain Smith, the English traitor mentioned before, and upon whose head a reward had been set. Unable to master his indignation, he was with difficulty, and only by force, restrained from attacking him. This Smith appears to have been a Captain Thomas Smith, who, adhering to the fallen fortunes of James II., had been deprived of his commission in the English navy, and was a volunteer on board the French ship. He was rewarded by the French court for his services in this action, by an appointment to command the captured *Nightingale*, but only to enjoy a short career, for in the following year he was taken by Admiral Haddock, and hanged for an attempt to destroy the town of Harwich. Fourteen months after, when Jermy was exchanged, the court-martial assembled to try him for the loss of his ship, found that the *Nightingale* was for "a considerable time engaged with a much superior force of the enemy, and did make so good a defence as thereby to give an opportunity to all the ships under her convoy to make their escape;" and he was immediately appointed by the Lord High Admiral to the command of the *Swallow*.

DEATH OF SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

The circumstances attending the close of the career of Sir Richard Grenville, Vice-Admiral of the Royal Navy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, affords an instance of that chivalrous sense of honour, and contempt of foreign prowess, which, in many instances, induced our naval commanders to brave certain destruction rather than submit even to overwhelming odds of number. This hero was sprung from an ancient and gallant race, claiming their descent from the dukes of Normandy, and was grandfather of that Sir Beville Grenville whose courage and activity long sustained the cause of Charles I. in the West of England, and whose death at the battle of Lansdowne, in the moment of victory, was a heavy blow to the Royalist cause. Sir John Grenville, son of Sir Beville, and great-grandson of the Admiral, commanded a regiment for the King at the age of fifteen, and at the Restoration was rewarded for his services by the earldom of Bath. It has been observed, that every noble family which could claim descent from the Grenvilles, has embodied its name or its titles with their honours. The family of Thynne has taken the title of Bath, that of Gower the Viscounty of Grenville, and Lord Shelburne, in adopting the title of Lansdowne, paid the like homage to his loyal ancestor.

According to the old county historian, Prince,

Sir R. Grenville, the Vice-Admiral, performed the noblest sea action of the kind that "ever was made by men," and, making some little allowance for the reverend writer's predilections in favour of his own county, the reader will not be much disposed to dispute his assertion, for Sir Walter Raleigh's contemporaneous account, which is substantially that which I have adopted in giving the following narrative, bears out this high praise.

In the month of August, 1591, while the Admiral, Lord Thomas Howard, was recruiting his squadron of six ships at Flores, one of the Azores, he received intelligence that a Spanish fleet, under Don Alphonzo Bazan, consisting of fifty-three large ships, and divided into two squadrons, was close upon him. Indeed, so nearly had the enemy, shrouded by the islands, approached him, that some of the English ships were obliged to slip their cables, not having time to weigh anchor. The *Revenge*, commanded by Sir R. Grenville, was the last that weighed, having delayed doing so, for the purpose of recovering some of her men who were on shore. Finding themselves unable to rejoin the Admiral, without the desperate alternative of forcing a way through the main body of the enemy's fleet, the master and others counselled Sir Richard to "cast about," and, by trusting to the good sailing of the ship, endeavour thus to escape. Sir Richard, however, utterly refused to turn his back upon the enemy, alleging he would rather choose to die, than dishonour

himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship ; he at the same time persuaded the ship's company that he could pass through the two hostile squadrons in despite, and enforce one to give way. The spirit of his men responded to the Admiral's hopes, and, boldly dashing forward, he attempted the manœuvre. Successful upon divers of the foremost of the enemy's ships, who, as mariners term it, sprung their luff, and fell under her lee, the *Revenge* stood on almost unmo- lested, until she got near the great *San Philip*, a ship of 1500 tons, and mounting 80 guns on three decks, when she was quite becalmed under her huge bulk, and while thus entangled four other ships boarded her, two on each side, and the fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all the evening ; the huge *San Philip*, "misliking her first entertainment," soon sheered off, and some assert she foundered ; but, single-handed against such a host of enemies, this success of the *Revenge* was but transient ; the Spaniards redoubled their efforts, and fresh ships, crowded with soldiers, made desperate attempts again and again to carry her by boarding, although repeatedly repulsed with dreadful slaughter. The action had now lasted without intermission during the hours of daylight, and up to midnight, when Sir Richard, who had been hurt early in the action, received a fresh wound, and was carried down to be dressed ; while below, he was again

struck by a shot on the head, and the surgeon was killed by his side. But let us return to the fight : the Spanish ships, as they were beaten off, were successively replaced by others, so that the *Revenge* had never less than two mighty galleons at her side, and, ere the morning, from three o'clock P.M. of the previous day, fifteen several ships had assailed her and been repulsed. At break of day their desperate situation was apparent to all on board the doomed ship. None appeared in sight but enemies ; the ship's company, which, at the beginning of the fight, numbered but 100 free from illness (ninety being sick in the hold), were now reduced to sixty, and the majority of these had been wounded ; their powder was spent to the last barrel, their small arms were all broken or useless, their masts were beaten overboard, and their ship lay a hulk on the water. In this situation, Sir Richard proposed to the ship's company to trust to the mercy of God, and not to that of the Spaniards, and blow up their ship, so that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniard, who, with 10,000 men, and fifty-three sail of men-of-war, had been unable in fifteen hours to take them. The master gunner and one party concurred in their Admiral's proposal, and others were disposed for a composition, and answered that the ship, having six feet water in her hold, could never be kept afloat, and remain a prize in the enemy's hands.

While the matter was still being disputed, the master of the *Revenge* went on board the Spanish Admiral, who, for fear of further loss, granted the lives of the ship's company, and promised that they should be sent to England; and on these terms being communicated to the crew, all who had hitherto stood by the Admiral in his desperate resolution to blow up the ship, with the exception of the master gunner, drew back. That officer, thus prevented, would have slain himself with his sword, but was by force withheld and locked up in his cabin, while the enemy took possession of their hard-earned prize. The Spanish Admiral sent an officer to his dying foe, to inquire if he would remove out of the *Revenge*, who replied that "he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not." When he was carried out of his ship, Sir Richard swooned; but, reviving again, desired the ship's company to pray for him. The Spaniards used him with great humanity, and left nothing unattempted that might tend to his recovery. He survived his removal a very few days, during which his last words were, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his queen, religion, and honour; my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do." The Spaniards lost in this sharp, though unequal action, four ships and

about 1000 men, two of their ships sinking by the side of the *Revenge*, one in St. Michael's roads, and the other was run on shore to save her crew; while Grenville's own ship perished soon after her capture, with 200 Spaniards on board her.

CAPTAIN FAULKNER AT FORT ROYAL.

The reduction of the French West India Islands, at the commencement of the revolutionary war with France, brought into notice an officer whose career was as brilliant as it was unfortunately short. When the combined naval and military forces under Sir John Jervis and Sir George Grey had united for the attack on Martinique, the Admiral and General, encouraged by the spirit shown in an impromptu attempt to cut out a frigate, the *Bienvenu*, lying in the Carenage, decided on an immediate attack on the strong works of Fort Royal, which commanded the harbour, and which they hoped to carry by escalade. With this object the naval and military forces were embarked in the boats of the fleet; it having been arranged that they were to advance to the attack under cover of the guns of the *Asia*, of 74 guns, and of the brig *Zebra*, commanded by Captain Faulkner. From some unexplained cause, the *Asia* either could not, or would not, approach near enough

the fort to render the desired service of distracting the enemy's attention and drawing off their fire from the troops. Under these circumstances, Captain Faulknor, seeing that it would be almost impossible for the troops to effect their landing under such a fire as the fort, if undisturbed, could maintain against them, determined in his little brig to attempt the service which his more powerful colleague seemed desirous of avoiding, and to show the line-of-battle ship the way in. The gallant example thus set was not, however, followed, and "the Zebra, whose puny broadside was of little avail against stone walls" (here we quote the official dispatch), "having been under a heavy fire of grape shot for a great length of time, which Captain Faulknor, his officers, and ship's company, stood with a firmness not to be described, he determined to undertake the service alone; and he executed it with matchless intrepidity and conduct, running the Zebra alongside the walls of the fort, there being deep water close to, and, leaping overboard at the head of his sloop's company, assailed and took this important post; the enemy, terrified at his audacity, striking their colours before the boats could get ashore, although they rowed with all the force and animation which characterize English seamen in the face of an enemy." Sir John Jervis goes on to say, "No language of mine can express the merit of Captain Faulknor upon this occasion, but every officer and man in the army and squa-

drum bears testimony to it. This incomparable action cannot fail of being recorded in the page of history. It was my duty to reward it at the moment, which I did, by purchasing the French frigate *Bienvenu*, captured that morning, and giving him the rank of Post Captain in her, and naming her the *Undaunted*." In the execution of this important service, four seamen were wounded, and one only, the pilot, killed. This man's death was attended with the following singular circumstances. Captain Faulknor, having observed a visible confusion in this man's countenance when he gave him the orders to place the sloop close under the walls of Fort Royal, said to one of his officers, "I think —— seems confused, as if he did not know what he was about ; was he ever in action before ?" "Many times, sir ; he has been twenty-four years in the service." Captain Faulknor, however, convinced that his suspicions were well founded, went up to the pilot, and asked some trifling question, when his agitation was such as to render him entirely incapable of giving a collected answer. But he added, in a low tone of voice, and without raising his eyes to his captain's face—"I see your honour knows me. I am unfit to guide her. I don't know what is come over me. I dreamed last night I should be killed, and am so afraid, I don't know what I am about ; I never in all my life felt afraid before." Captain Faulknor, with that presence of mind that marked his character,

replied in a still lower tone, "The fate of this expedition depends on the helm in your hands. Give it to me, and go and hide your head in whatever you fancy the safest part of the ship; but fears are catching, and if I hear you tell yours to any one of your messmates, your life shall answer for it to-morrow." The poor fellow, panic-struck, went away, and, overcome with shame, sat down on the arm-chest, whilst Captain Faulknor seized the helm, and with his own hand laid the Zebra close to the walls of the fort; but before he had got upon them at the head of his gallant followers, a cannon ball struck the arm-chest and knocked the pilot to atoms. We here subjoin a private letter of Captain Faulknor's to his mother, giving an account of the capture of the island.

"HONOURED MADAM,

"On the 20th of this month I was made Post Captain in the Undaunted, a French frigate of 28 guns, captured in Fort Royal Harbour, the magazine and arsenal of all the French West India Islands: the whole island has surrendered to the British arms. The Zebra has been employed during the whole siege, and I have moved alternately on land and on shore. At the storming of Fort Royal, a circumstance so fortunate happened to myself that I cannot help relating it. I had a ship's cartouche-box, which is made of thick wood, buckled round my body, with pistol cartridges for the pistol I carried by my

side. As the Zebra came close to the fort, a grape shot struck, or rather grazed, my right-hand knuckle and shattered the cartouche in the centre of my body. Had it not miraculously been there, I must have been killed on the spot. Thanks to Almighty God for his kind preservation of me in the day of battle.

“This important island being secured, the fleet and army will next proceed to St. Lucia, and then to Guadaloupe, where we expect to find but little resistance. The Admiral told me to-day I was immediately to go into the Rose, a removal which will be very pleasant to me, as she is an excellent English frigate, quite manned, and in good order. . . Adieu, my dearest mother ; may this find you well and happy, prays your most affectionate and dutiful son,

“ ROBERT FAULKNOR ”

“ P. S.—The Admiral has appointed me to the Rose, paying me such compliments, that it is impossible for me to relate them. The sword and colours of Fort Royal were delivered to me by the Governor of the fort, and I take the credit to myself, that after the Zebra had stood a heavy fire, and when we had the power to retaliate, for we were mounted on the walls, I would not allow a man to be hurt on their being panic-struck and calling for mercy. It would take a volume to relate the events which have happened to me since I left England. The Zebra, when she came

out of action, was cheered by the Admiral's ship, and the Admiral himself publicly embraced me on the quarter-deck and directed the band to play, 'See the Conquering Hero comes.' Such compliments are without example in the navy, I never could have deserved them."

The island of Guadaloupe was subsequently taken, as Captain Faulknor had contemplated, without much resistance; but again, this easy capture must be attributed to his daring; for having taken the strong fort of Fleur d'Epée by a sudden assault, climbing the side of an almost perpendicular mountain, all further resistance ceased, and the fate of the island was decided. In this assault Captain Faulknor had another narrow escape; for when the party under his command had mounted on the ramparts, they were so blown by the steepness of the ascent, and their strength so much exhausted, that the strongest amongst them was unmanned, and at the moment the alarm was given, Captain Faulknor was attacked by two soldiers, one of whom made a thrust at him with a bayonet, which went through the sleeve of his coat, without, however, wounding him, and the other made a blow at him, which he parried; the Frenchman, eluding his thrust in return, immediately sprung upon him, clasped his arms round his neck, and, fixing his teeth in the breast of his shirt and wrenching the sword out of his hand, tripped him up and fell with great violence upon him, and Captain Faulknor's

life was only saved by two of his seamen, who flew to his relief at the moment that his antagonist's hand was raised to stab him.

These escapes, however, gave but little additional length to his short and brilliant career; on the 5th January, 1795, a very few months after he had earned his post rank and imperishable fame on the walls of Fort Royal, Captain Faulknor, then in command of the *Blanche* frigate, fell, shot through the heart, in an action with the French frigate *La Pique*, which had come out on purpose to fight him, but remained a prize to her antagonist. Honours and speeches in Parliament were lavished on the dead hero, and a public monument in St. Paul's Cathedral marks the sense entertained of his extraordinary services by a grateful country, and will, it is hoped, serve as an incentive to similar deeds of daring should war again call forth the energy of the British character in the stern encounter of hostile arms.

BENBOW'S LAST FIGHT.

Nothing connected with the British navy would be complete without a notice of the old Admiral, whose name is as familiar in our mouths as household words, and upon which even that phlegmatic prince William the Third ventured a joke, when, in reply to objections that had been

urged against the employment of some Court favourite upon an expedition which it was supposed would be attended with great danger, he said, "Well, then, I suppose we must spare our beau, and send honest Benbow."

Celebrated in story and in song, the beau ideal of the honest and rough and ready British sailor, although no monumental brass or marble records his deeds, and no proud column is reared to his memory,—tradition alone pointing to Deptford churchyard as his last resting-place,—still he has built for himself a lasting fame; and Benbow's name lives in many a yarn, and will only be forgotten with that of Nelson and the deeds of the English navy. The particular incident in his eventful life that I propose to narrate is the sad conclusion of his career of glory, and this fairly falls within the catalogue of deeds of daring. In the autumn of the year 1702, having received notice that the French Admiral Ducasse, with a squadron of five ships, was in the neighbourhood of Carthagena, Benbow sailed from the West Indies, in order to engage him, with his flag flying in the *Breda*, having under his orders seven ships, carrying from 70 to 48 guns. He succeeded in falling in with the enemy on the afternoon of the 19th August, and immediately made the signal to his ships to engage; but the leading vessels of his squadron, either from disaffection or cowardice, held back, and were only partially engaged that

day. The following morning, the 20th, the Admiral determined to change his order of attack, and himself to lead into action, thinking that the other ships would not leave him to contend single-handed with the enemy; but the majority were either traitors or cowards, and Benbow, in the Breda, supported by the Ruby, of 54 guns, Captain George Walton, and the Falmouth, 48 guns, Captain Samuel Vincent, had, during that day, the running fight all to themselves. On the 21st, the third day of the action, the Ruby was disabled, and ordered by the Admiral to proceed to Port Royal, while the Falmouth was so far astern as to be unable to get into action. Benbow, notwithstanding, still continued the chase, with the signal for close action flying night and day; and on the 24th came up with the sternmost of the enemy's ships, and commenced an animated contest. Three times he boarded the French Admiral in person, receiving a severe wound in his face, and another in his arm, and at last his right leg was shattered to pieces by a chain shot; he was carried below, but presently ordered his cot to be brought on deck, whence he continued for the whole day to give the necessary orders with the same resolution as before; and, when one of his lieutenants expressed his sorrow for the loss of his leg, he replied, "I am sorry for it, too; but I had rather have lost them both than have seen this dishonour brought upon the English nation; but—do you hear?—if another shot should take

me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out." At this stage of the action, the main body of the French, seeing four of the English ships not only refraining from engaging, but almost running away, immediately bore down upon the Admiral, and ranging up between him and their now disabled consort, poured all their fire into the Breda, by which that ship's rigging was so shattered that she was obliged to lie by to repair it. When refitted, however, Benbow again gave orders to pursue the enemy, sending an order to the malcontent captains to keep their line and behave like men. Upon this, Captain Kirby, who was one of them, came on board the flag ship and gave his opinion that the Admiral "had better desist, as the French were very strong, and that from what was past he might guess he could make nothing of it;" the rest of the captains, when sent for, concurred in the opinion, and signed a joint paper to the same effect. This proceeding satisfied the Admiral that they would not fight, and, disheartened and wounded in mind as well as body, he at length gave way. At this time the English force consisted of six ships in good condition, with only eight men killed, except in Benbow's own ship, the Breda; whereas the enemy had only five ships, and one of those disabled and in tow. The following letter from the French Admiral Ducasse to Benbow, shows his opinion of what might have been the result:—

" SIR,

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

" Yours,

" DUCASSE."

Benbow, with his malcontent squadron, returned to Jamaica, which island he only reached to die of his wounds and broken-hearted ; but in the sequel the French Admiral's advice was followed, justice executed, and Benbow's fate avenged, for, of the four traitorous captains, Kirby and another were executed immediately on arriving in England, one died before his trial, and the fourth was cashiered and sentenced to imprisonment during the Queen's pleasure. Captain G. Walton, of the Ruby, who on this occasion acted the part of a brave man, is the author of the celebrated laconic dispatch announcing the destruction of six Spanish men-of-war, besides fire-ships and bombs, in scarcely as many words :—

" Canterbury, off Syracuse,
" 16th August, 1718.

" SIR,

" We have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels that were upon the coast ; the number as per margin. Yours, &c.

" G. WALTON."

" To Sir G. BYNG,
" Commander-in-Chief."

CAPTURE OF A FORT BY A SAILOR, 1757.

In the infancy of our vast Indian empire, and very shortly after the intelligence had reached Madras that Fort William had been taken by the native chiefs, an expedition was fitted out for the recovery of that important post (destined to be the future seat of our Indian government and the capital of the Bengal Presidency), and to revenge the cruel murder of our countrymen, whose sufferings and death in the black hole of Calcutta now form part of history. The naval portion of the forces employed on this occasion was under the orders of Admiral Watson, while Colonel Clive, then at the commencement of that brilliant career which restored the supremacy of the British arms, commanded the military. The proceedings of this armament, and the successful issue to which it was brought, are far beyond the scope of this work, but the capture of one of the forts on the Hooghly by a single seaman falls within its limits. The expedition, having sailed from Madras on the 6th of October, had, on the morning of the 29th December, arrived off a port called Busbudgia, upon which a heavy fire was immediately opened by the shipping, Colonel Clive disembarking with the troops, and a detachment of seamen under Captain King, to attack it from the land side, while the navy were employed in breaching the sea front. The enemy's

troops without the walls having been driven back after a trifling skirmish, and the fire from the fort having been silenced early in the forenoon, it was resolved to wait for the cool of evening to make an attempt to carry the works by storm. The troops and sailors were therefore called in, and placed close to the walls in positions sheltered from the hostile fire, and protected by an occasional shot from the ships, whenever the enemy were observed to endeavour to bring a gun to bear upon them. As the fort was extremely well situated for defence, and had the advantage of a wet ditch round it, a stubborn defence was anticipated; but while all was still apparently quiet on shore, and the forces supposed to be enjoying their mid-day repose, the Admiral, and those remaining on board the ships, were startled by a loud and general shout, and immediately after they received the agreeable information that the fort was in their hands.

The circumstances attending this capture were as follows, and are given in the letter of an officer of the Kent, which was one of the ships forming the expedition:—"During the tranquil state of the camp, one Strahan, a common sailor, belonging to the Kent, having just received his allowance of grog, found his spirits too much elated to think of taking any rest; he therefore strayed by himself towards the fort, and imperceptibly got under the walls. Being advanced thus far without any inter-

ruption, he took it into his head to scale the breach that had been made by the cannon of the ships, and having fortunately reached the bastion, he there discovered several Moors (the native troops are invariably thus described in the official dispatches) sitting upon the platform, at whom, nothing daunted, he flourished his cutlass, and then fired his pistol, and having given three loud huzzas, cried out, "The place is mine." The Moorish soldiers immediately attacked him, and he defended himself with incredible resolution, but in the encounter had the misfortune to have the blade of his cutlass cut in two, about a foot from the hilt; this, however, did not happen until he was warmly supported by two or three other sailors who had accidentally straggled to the same part of the fort on which the other had mounted; they, hearing Strahan's cries, immediately scaled the breach likewise, and with their triumphant shouts roused the whole army, who, taking the alarm, presently fell on pell-mell, without order and without discipline, following the example of the sailors. Luckily, the enemy were equally ill-prepared for this sudden and ill-disciplined attempt, and fled from the fort upon the opposite side, as the attacking party poured in, leaving the works, with twenty cannons, and a large store of ammunition, in the hands of the English, whose only loss was that of a Captain Dougall Campbell, of the East Indian army, who was accidentally killed by a musket discharged

by one of his own party. On the following day, Strahan, the hero of this adventurous action, was brought before the Admiral, who, with assumed anger, inquired—"Strahan, what is this you have been doing?" The sailor made his bow, scratched his head, and replied—"Why, to be sure, sir, it was I who took the fort; but I hope, your honour, as how there was no harm in it." This was almost irresistible; but the Admiral restrained himself sufficiently to expatiate on what might have been the fatal results of his irregular conduct, and dismissed him with hints at punishment at some other time for his temerity. Poor Strahan, astonished at the result of his interview, receiving blame where he expected praise, muttered to himself on leaving the cabin, "Well, if I am flogged for this here action, I will never take another fort by myself as long as I live."

The novelty of the case, and the courageous spirit he displayed, however, pleaded strongly for the offender, and the Admiral made inquiries with the view of advancing him to a boatswain's warrant, but, unfortunately, the whole tenor of Strahan's life was so irregular, that it was found impossible to promote him to any higher rank.

MONMOUTH AND FOU德罗YANT.

This action, which, says Campbell, is "one of the most g'orious in the naval history of Britain,

and must ever remain an incontestable proof of our naval superiority," is the more interesting as having been fought by an officer whose mind had been set on a contest *à l'outrance* with the very ship which he thus engaged, in the hope of wiping out a stain upon his fair fame. Captain Arthur Gardiner, the officer to whom we allude, had been flag-captain to the unfortunate Admiral Byng, in his encounter with Gallifonière, and never appears to have recovered the melancholy with which the ill success attending that day's manœuvres affected his mind. Being a man of very nice feelings, he was impressed with the idea that he must in some degree participate in the censure and clamour which had been so generally raised against his unhappy chief. Only a few days before the action I am now about to narrate, when he was in company with Lord Robert Bertie and other persons, he told them, with great anguish of soul, that Lord Anson, First Lord of the Admiralty, had reflected on him, and said that he was one of the men who had brought disgrace upon the nation; that it touched him excessively, but it ran strongly in his mind that he should shortly have an opportunity to convince his Lordship how much he had the honour of the nation at heart, and that he was not culpable. This impression was destined to be fulfilled in an extraordinary manner, and thus it happened: not long after the conclusion of Byng's trial, Captain Gardiner was appointed

to the Monmouth, of 64 guns, and ordered to the Mediterranean, to join Admiral Osborne's squadron. While cruising, in February, 1758, they fell in with a small French armament, under the Marquis du Quesne, bound from Toulon to Carthage, which, immediately on discovering the British fleet, scattered in flight in opposite directions. In obedience to the signal for a general chase, it fell to the lot of the Monmouth to be ordered, with two others of the squadron, in pursuit of the flag ship, and it must have proved most grateful to Captain Gardiner's feelings, when he found that the Marquis's flag was flying on board the identical Foudroyant, in which Gallifonière's flag had been hoisted at the time of his encounter with Byng. Captain Gardiner, after his appointment to the Monmouth, had often been heard to declare that if ever he was fortunate enough to fall in with the Foudroyant, he was determined to attack her, though he should perish in the attempt. He now saw the fulfilment of his wishes, and the zeal and energy that filled his breast seem to have been imparted to the ship's company; for although the Swiftsure, of 70 guns, and the Hampton Court, of 64 guns, both fast-sailing vessels, were dispatched with him in the chase, the Monmouth was conspicuous for the celerity of her movements, and soon far outstripped her companions. During the excitement of the pursuit, Captain Gardiner addressed a land officer on board, saying, "What-

ever becomes of you and me, that ship, pointing to the enemy, must go into Gibraltar ;” and haranguing his people just before the action, he said, “That ship must be taken; she appears above our match, but Englishmen are not to mind that, nor will I quit her while this ship can swim, or I have a soul left alive on board.” With such a spirit he succeeded in bringing his enemy to action; the other two ships being nearly out of sight at the time. At the very commencement of the fight, he was shot through the arm by a musket-ball; but the wound was not sufficient to prevent him from continuing his exertions. Having luckily succeeded in disabling the rigging of the *Foudroyant*, he seized the opportunity thus given him of placing himself on his antagonist’s quarter, in which position he had maintained a very close action for upwards of two hours, when, while in the act of encouraging his people, and inquiring what damage had been sustained between decks, he was struck by a second ball in the forehead, which shortly rendered him insensible, although he lived until the next day. Immediately on receiving this wound, he sent for the first lieutenant, and made it his last request that he would not give up the ship, or quit the enemy. That officer pledged himself to his captain’s wish, and returning to the deck, ordered the colours to be nailed to the mast, and, taking a pistol in each hand, swore that he would shoot any one who should attempt to strike them.

The Monmouth's mizen-mast soon after came by the board, on which the enemy gave three cheers; but the crew of the British ship returned the compliment in a few minutes, when the mizen-mast of the Foudroyant was also shot away. This disaster was soon followed by the fall of her main-mast, and this giving fresh spirits to the English, their fire became so incessant and intolerable that the French sailors could no longer be kept to their guns. The action had been maintained with great animation by the lieutenant (Mr. Carkett) for four hours after the captain's wound, when the French ship, which had been completely disabled, surrendered on the Swiftsure's coming up about midnight. The Foudroyant mounted eighty guns, and had at the commencement of the action a chosen crew of 880 men. Her lower battery consisted of thirty French 42-pounders; on her upper deck she carried thirty-two 24-pounders, and on her quarter-deck eighteen 12-pounders. The Monmouth, on the other hand, carried only sixty-four 24-pounders, and had a complement of 470 men. The French ship was esteemed the finest at that time in their whole navy; and the captain of a French privateer, taken a short time before by the Monmouth, had boasted that she was a ship capable of resisting any force by which she might be attacked. "She would fight," he said, "to-day, to-morrow, and the next day, but could never be taken." Admiral Osborne appointed Mr.

Carkett to command the Foudroyant, as "a reward for his conduct, and an encouragement for future emulation."

The British loss was 27 killed and 79 wounded; that of the French, 190 killed and wounded; and some idea may be formed of the warmth, and closeness of the firing, when we learn from official documents that more than 100 shots had entered the hull of the Foudroyant, many of which had gone through both sides; and that, with the exception of her fore-mast and bowsprit, both badly wounded, she had not a mast or spar left in any way serviceable.

INSULTED HONOUR GAINS THE DAY.

Influenced by motives of a similar character to those which had impelled Captain Gardiner to seek a mortal combat with the Foudroyant, Captain Clark Gayton, at the capture of Guadaloupe in 1759, exhibited a spirit of obstinate resolution, which, by great good fortune, conduced to the successful result of the attack, and saved his commanding officer from the dishonour of a repulse, while, at the same time, it proved that a reflection which the latter had allowed to escape upon Captain Gayton's courage was as unmerited as it was uncalled for. The citadel of Guadaloupe, possessing great natural advantages of situation, had been further strengthened by

French engineers, so that when the British armament appeared before it, and the defences had been thoroughly examined, a council of war assembled by the Commodore were almost unanimous in their decision, that the works were impregnable to an attack from the seaboard. Commodore Moore, however, had formed a different judgment, and, contrary to the expressed opinion of the majority, decided on an immediate assault. In the disposition of the ships for the attack, the task of reducing the citadel was allotted to Captain Gayton's ship, the *St. George*. This officer, who had formed one of the majority in the council, had, more than any of his brother officers, excited the Commodore's anger by his opposition—perhaps from the firmness with which he had maintained his opinion. Whatever may have been the case, Commodore Moore took the unusual—and, to an officer of spirit, insulting—step of sending Captain Gayton a written order to proceed on the service. Burning with indignation under an affront, which as a junior officer he could not openly resent, and which, from his whole previous character and conduct in action, was entirely undeserved, Captain Gayton took the *St. George* to her appointed post under a fire which completely enveloped her. The action had lasted with great fury for some hours, and all the British ships had suffered most severely without having produced any apparent effect upon the citadel and forts, when Captain Moore began to be doubtful of

success, and his pride must have been humbled, and his mortification great, when at length he was induced to give the signal to the *St. George* to desist and haul off. At this time that ship's fire was still maintained with great fury, and upon the nature of the signal being reported to Captain Gayton, he determined to take no notice of it. The Commodore now sent a boat with a verbal order to enforce his previous signal, but Captain Gayton, instead of obeying it, returned an answer by the officer who brought it, that he had taken up his present position in pursuance of written orders, and that he should be equally punctilious in requiring a written order before he should feel justified in retreating from his post. During the time occupied in going to and fro with these messages, the fire of the *St. George* was by no means relaxed, while that from the citadel began to grow feeble, and at length a lucky shell having blown up the magazine, it entirely ceased, before the written order was received.

Captain Gayton's affronted honour thus proved the means of securing the Commodore's triumph, and negatived the opinion he had himself expressed at the council of war

The damage sustained by the *St. George* was very considerable, and the quantity of powder she expended far exceeded that of any former ship on any previous service.

LIEUTENANT LYONS AT FORT MARRACK.

In the summer of 1811, when the British forces were assembling for the meditated attack on Java, the commander of the naval forces in the Straits of Sunda, having satisfied himself that the harbour of Marrack was the only anchorage to which certain French frigates, daily expected with reinforcements from Europe for the Dutch allies, could run for safety, had determined, by a night attack with the boats of the *Minden* and *Leda*, under Lieutenant E. Lyons*, to attempt to make himself master of a strong fort which stood on a promontory and defended the anchorage, and thus deprive the French ships of their port of refuge. Only a few hours, however, before the boats were to have pushed off on this service, intelligence was received that a large addition had been made to the Dutch garrison, and the attempt was, therefore, abandoned as hopeless. On the 25th of July, a few days after, Lieutenant Lyons, who was to have commanded in this intended night attack, was detached with the *Minden's* launch and cutter, containing nineteen prisoners, with orders to land them at *Batavia*. Having executed these orders on the 27th, and ascertained, in conversation with some of the intelligent residents, that the Dutch had

* Now Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., our Minister at Stockholm.

had no intimation of the close propinquity of the British forces, and, indeed, were under no expectations of an attack during that monsoon, Lieutenant Lyons wrote to his captain that he was convinced that an attack on Fort Marrack would prove of great advantage to the main object of the expedition by causing a diversion, and that he intended making that attack with the boat's crew under his command, at midnight, on the 29th, with every hope of a successful result. Returning, therefore, along the coast, Lieutenant Lyons made every preparation during the day, and placed his boats at sunset behind a point which sheltered them from the view of the enemy's sentinels. At half-past twelve o'clock, the moon sinking in the horizon, they proceeded to the attack, but were challenged by the sentinels on opening the point, and at the same moment a volley of musketry from the enemy precluded all hopes of taking them by surprise. Lieutenant Lyons, therefore, ran the boats aground in a heavy surf, under the embrasures of the lower tier of guns, and placed the ladders against them, which were mounted, and the fort entered with the bravery inherent in British seamen, whilst a few men, stationed for the purpose, killed three of the enemy in the act of putting matches to the guns, the remainder flying from their posts. A few minutes had thus put them in possession of the lower battery, when the men were formed, and led on to storm the upper one. On reach-

ing the summit of the hill, they perceived the garrison drawn up to receive them, and the conflict became for about ten minutes an extremely warm one; but the gallant tars adopted on shore a truly nautical manœuvre, and, charging, broke the enemy's line. The moment the latter were in disorder they fled in all directions (Lieutenant Lyons calling out that he had 400 men, and would give no quarter), and left behind them two officers and fourteen privates killed, and twenty-seven wounded, a number exceeding by eight the total of the British force; fifty-four 32-pounders, principally brass, also remained in the hands of the assailants. The captors were not, however, allowed to remain in quiet possession, and at one o'clock a battery in the rear and two gun-boats opened their fire, which was returned from the fort with a few guns, and with such effect as to sink a schooner of ten guns, although the majority of the small party were necessarily employed in disabling the cannon and such parts of the battery as it was practicable to destroy. The fire from these inner works, upon which the enemy had retreated, was well directed, and as the whole of the Dutch troops in the barracks, only half a mile distant, were now under arms, the position of our adventurous party was extremely critical.

The work of destruction was still proceeding, when the enemy, preceded by two field-pieces, advanced, in hopes of blowing open the postern

gate, and retaking the fort. Anticipating their intentions, Lieutenant Lyons placed two 32-pounders, loaded up to the muzzles, near the entrance, leaving the gates invitingly open, so that when the head of the column arrived within about ten yards and perceived their apparent advantage, they rushed on with a cheer. At the same instant the guns were discharged with murderous effect, and completely dispersed the Dutch troops, who retreated pell-mell down the hill, while the gate was again closed, and the British left to complete their work of destruction unmolested. By the dawn of day they had spiked the last gun, when Lieutenant Lyons judged it prudent to re-embark, but, on proceeding to his boats, he had the mortification to find the launch bilged, and beaten up so high by the surf as to leave no prospect of getting her off. Here it may be asked, what would have become of the adventurers had the cutter been lost also? but Lieutenant Lyons, having a perfect knowledge of the place, had foreseen this event, and sent a boat to the Minden the previous day to announce his intended attack, and as the fort was ditched all round, and was only assailable by the gateway on the land side, it could easily have been retained until that ship's arrival. As it was, having rendered the fort wholly incapable of protecting the French ships expected from Europe, he thought it would be cruel to risk the lives of his wounded men (four in number), and all were

therefore embarked in the cutter, leaving the British flag, which had been hoisted under a heavy fire by a midshipman, C. H. Franks, flying on the fort. The sun was now rising, and the momentary gratification the enemy may have felt at their leaving the launch, must have vanished when they beheld one small boat bearing away their colours. The numbers of the contending parties was strangely disproportionate, the English amounting to only 35, including officers; while the Dutch garrison consisted of 180 soldiers and the crews of the gunboats. When Lieutenant Lyons reached his ship, which was in the middle of the night, he proceeded to the captain's cabin to report what he had done. Captain Hoare at first refused to believe him; but when he was convinced by seeing the colours taken from the fort, which Lieutenant Lyons held in his hand, he jumped out of his cot and exclaimed, "I should as soon have thought of your having snuffed the moon, so impossible does it seem." Lieutenant Lyons' gallantry was fully appreciated by all his brother officers, but, strange to say, Commodore Broughton, in his dispatch, stated that he had acted *contrary* to orders; thus putting it out of the power of the Admiralty to mark their approbation of his conduct by promotion; nor, indeed, did he receive his well-earned rank until after an interview with the First Lord, Mr. Yorke, who was convinced of the Commodore's error by the private letters then produced,

and said, "It is a brilliant exploit, Mr. Lyons, and it is painful to me that you should leave this room without your commander's commission. I see that Commodore Broughton was mistaken in saying '*contrary* to orders,' for that was not the case, and there is a wide distinction between *contrary* to orders and *without* orders, which was really the case; but as the Commodore's letter has appeared in the *Gazette*, we really must delay your promotion a little, or every lieutenant sent in a launch for a load of water will steer for the nearest fort and attack it."

Mr. Yorke was as good as his word, and an official minute, left on record, marks his conviction of Commodore Broughton's error, and his expressed intention of advancing Lieutenant Lyons and Mr. W. Langton, his second in command, to a higher rank; and within three months these officers received their well-merited promotion.

THE DEFENCE OF THE DIAMOND ROCK.

A solitary islet,—indeed, little more than a bare rock among the West Indian Islands,—situated at the south end of Martinique, and about three quarters of a mile from the shores of that island, figured, about fifty years since, on the list of the Navy as his Majesty's ship *Diamond Rock*, and carried the pennant of Commander (the late Ad-

miral*) James Wilkes Maurice. Commodore Hood, who at the time commanded a small squadron on those seas, thinking this rock would, if occupied, prove an eligible position from which to harass the enemy's coasting trade, while at the same time he might establish sick quarters on shore for his invalids, the difficulties of the apparently inaccessible and iron-bound rock were soon surmounted by British energy; and some novel applications of mechanical skill, called forth by the necessities of the case, enabled the Commodore to land the requisite guns and stores, and to place the garrison, with provisions and water, on this hitherto untrodden islet.

By means of a hawser, made fast by one end to the mainmast of the *Centaur* (the Commodore's ship), while the other end was secured to the rock, a perilous sort of flying bridge was formed, along which the guns and other stores were conveyed in cradles, and by which the officers and men occasionally effected a landing, though not without danger; indeed, on one occasion, Captain Vaughan, of her Majesty's ship *Imogen*, who had expressed a great desire to travel in this novel sort of coach, had a narrow escape of passing a considerable time in an awkward position suspended in mid air. It so chanced that, whilst making the passage, his wig by some accident, when about three parts of the way over, got into the sheaf of the block by which he was tra-

* Only just deceased.

velling, and had he not recovered it instantaneously, it would have become jammed in the block, and the task of removing it and landing the captain would have proved a lengthened and difficult undertaking. A writer, who was on the spot, in describing these operations, says, "Were you to see how, along a dire, and I had almost said a perpendicular acclivity, the sailors are hanging in clusters, hauling up a 24-pounder by hawsers, you would wonder. They appear like mice hauling a little sausage; scarcely can we hear the governor on top directing them with his trumpet, the Centaur lying close under it, like a cocoa-shell to which the hawsers are fixed."

The rock, thus made a dependency of the British Crown, is about 600 yards above the level of the sea, and not quite a mile in circumference; it is perfectly inaccessible on three sides, and on the other, the west side, a landing can only be occasionally effected. At the time of its occupation, even when the shore had been attained, the sailors of the garrison had to creep on hands and knees through crannies and along precipitous paths—in which a false movement would at any moment have endangered their lives—until they reached a grove of fig-trees under an overhanging grotto, in the shape of a horse-shoe, beneath which the governor of the island fixed his head-quarters, whilst the remainder of the garrison sought for shelter, and built their nests, like sea birds, in the numerous caverns with

which the face of the rock abounded. In his small command, Governor Maurice had some difficulty in ensuring that scrupulous attention to habits of cleanliness which a very circumscribed locality, and a numerous population, render necessary. Very stringent regulations were laid down, and, in order to enforce attention to them, any person, of whatever rank, transgressing them was the appointed scavenger of the rock, until he could discover a fresh delinquent.

Once, a negro, upon whom these duties devolved most frequently, discovered Captain Crozier, the marine officer, transgressing the standing orders, and without ceremony placed the broom, the symbol of his occupation, in the Captain's hands. He in great wrath demanded of the black man what he meant, and was coolly informed that it was his duty to keep the rock clean, until he found another upon whom he could saddle that unpleasant duty. Such was the Diamond Rock, while it remained in our hands for nearly twelve months. At length, the French, who had now a preponderating naval force, harassed in their trade by the incessant activity of the garrison, whose observation allowed nothing to pass their guns, commenced a strict blockade with two ships of the line, a frigate, brig, and schooner, and eleven gun-boats, with at least 1500 troops. The resistance was continued for nearly three weeks, during which the French accompanied their blockade by incessant attacks, and for the

last three days, indeed, the bombardment was almost incessant. The hardship and fatigue endured by the garrison during this period were beyond description. During the last twenty hours, while labouring under a vertical sun, the men had only a pint of water each, and had not a moment's rest day or night. On the last morning of the siege, when no water remained, six brave men volunteered to go down a most dangerous path, exposed to the enemy's fire, to a spring, which, owing to the dangers attending the access, had not been visited for some days, and which was known to ooze about a quart of water a day. They succeeded in their object, and returned unhurt, bringing their breaker full and a teakettle for their Commander's sole use, which, however, he declined to accept, determined to share all the privations of his men. The relief thus obtained was but transient, and their ammunition and powder being all expended, while no hope of succour could exist, the Commander and his brave garrison of 107 officers, men, and boys, at last surrendered on terms, having thus maintained their post to the last extremity. Their loss was two killed and one wounded; while that of the enemy, who suffered dreadfully during the attack from the discharges of grape-shot poured down on their exposed decks, has been set down at 600 men in killed and wounded. Commander Maurice's services were acknowledged by the Admiralty giving him an appointment to a ship imme-

diately on his arrival in England; and, whilst equipping her at Portsmouth, he had the highly-prized honour of receiving Nelson's encomiums on his conduct; that hero, lamenting that he had not arrived in the West Indies in time to succour him and raise the blockade, assured him at the same time that no one entertained a higher sense of his gallantry in defence of his post than he did.

I shall soon return to Captain Maurice's services: having served an apprenticeship in the defence of the Diamond Rock, he shortly after earned fresh laurels in his repulse of the Danes from Anholt, the account of which will form a separate narrative.

NETUNO WITH A PIRATE.

On the 6th of March, 1826, the *Netuno* and *Esperanza*, two slavers, captured by her Majesty's ship *Esk*, were dispatched in company from the river *Formosa* to *Sierra Leone* for adjudication. The latter, being greatly superior in point of sailing, soon outstripped her companion, leaving the *Netuno*, which we will accompany, to prosecute her voyage alone. In addition to ninety-two slaves, and four of her late Brazilian crew, who were on board the *Netuno* as prisoners, the prize crew, under Mr. R. R. Crawford (now Commander Crawford), consisted of Mr. Finch, master's assistant (a lad of sixteen years of age), five seamen, and

another lad named Olivine, about seventeen years old.

For a fortnight after leaving Formosa nothing occurred to break the monotony of a tedious voyage, until, on the morning of the 20th March, they were favoured with a tolerable breeze, and every sail was set to speed them on their way. The prize crew and their commander took advantage of the steady breeze and the hours of daylight to obtain that rest which the smallness of their numbers precluded their taking during the night, when a sharper look-out was necessary, and all were asleep except the man at the helm, when the late Brazilian captain, who was one of the prisoners, roused Mr. Crawford, and acquainted him that a large square-rigged vessel was in pursuit of them, and fast approaching, with the wind in her favour. Leaving his sleeping berth, a sort of box on deck, Mr. Crawford soon made out that the stranger, which I will call a pirate, was about four miles off, and in full chase, with every inch of canvas set that she could carry, and, although far out of gun-shot, she was firing her chase guns. Various speculations were hazarded amongst the crew as to the character of their pursuer, Mr. Crawford being at first under an impression that it was her Majesty's ship Redwing; but the Brazilian, a very intelligent man, kept repeating "Ladrone, Ladrone;" and in order to be prepared for the worst, the Netuno's two small 6-pounders were loaded, and the powder and shot

brought on deck. When the pirates first fired, the Netuno had hoisted an English red ensign, and maintained her course, crowding all sail; but as it was soon evident that her endeavours to escape by flight would be vain, Mr. Crawford, still under the impression that it might be the Redwing, and that her commander might be displeased at his leading him a long chase, shortened sail, and waited the stranger's approach; the latter was soon within hail, and proved to be a brig with ten guns and two swivels mounted, and her decks crowded with men; but as she displayed no colours, while her dirty appearance, and the noise and confusion prevailing on board,—which was perceived from the Netuno's deck,—showed her discipline to be anything but that of a ship of war, Mr. Crawford again attempted to make sail on his course. On this the pirate fired a shot between her masts, upon which Mr. Crawford exclaimed, "I will have a shot at her, if I die for it;" and this he attempted, but the gun missing fire, the remonstrances of his small crew, who feared to provoke so powerful an antagonist, and the appearance of French colours, which the stranger now ran up, induced him to desist; and the pirate coming within fifty yards, hailed, and asked what ship it was, ordering the commander to come on board with his papers. Mr. Crawford, having no boat, made that an excuse for declining a compliance with this order, and a boat with five

hands, with one exception all swarthy fellows, and by no means like the crew of a French ship, commanded by an officer in an Havannah hat, and without a waistcoat, came alongside, and were preparing to spring on the *Netuno's* low deck, when they were stopped, and desired at their peril to remain in the boat. After a considerable altercation, in which some words of Spanish had escaped from the officer, and Mr. Crawford had remarked, "That is damned rum French," and all doubt as to their real character was put an end to, Mr. Crawford exclaimed, "They are a set of piratical Spaniards;" but the pirate officer, still trying to preserve his assumed character of a legitimate cruiser, again ordered him into his boat with the *Netuno's* papers. Mr. Crawford pretended compliance, and requesting him to wait a little, went to his cabin as if for the papers, telling the prize crew to be on the alert, and not to let the Spaniards get on deck. While in his cabin he fresh primed his pistols, and returned to the gangway, holding them behind his back, demanding to know whether the pirate was determined not to quit the *Netuno* without having him in the boat.

The Spaniard, seeing the butt of the pistols, made no reply; but, springing up, caught at the rigging, and Mr. Crawford discharging the pistol while it was actually in contact with his breast, he fell back dead over the gunwale of

the boat. Another man now attempted to board, but Mr. Crawford, levelling the other pistol with both hands, took deliberate aim, and shot him through the breast, and he also fell dead into the boat. The remainder, one of whom was an Irishman, who had acted as interpreter, now begged for mercy, and were ordered to jump into the water and hold on by the sides of the boat. Meantime the pirate vessel, on observing the fray, had commenced a heavy fire while her boat was still alongside, and her first broadside did considerable damage. This was quickly returned by Mr. Crawford, who, assisted by only one man (Frost) and the boy Olivine, and eventually by the Brazilian captain, who begged to be allowed to aid him,—the others of the prize crew having left the deck when the first pistol shot was fired,—now prepared to work and fight his ship. When the crew first deserted the deck, Mr. Crawford had upbraided them *all* as a set of cowards, upon which Frost called out, “Don’t say *all*, sir, for I will stand by you as long as there is a button on your jacket;” and the boy, when he saw the two Spaniards fall, called out, “Well done, sir, kill them all;” and at the same time, suiting the action to the word, he struck at them with his cutlass. With such aid, the man Frost attending the helm and sails, Mr. Crawford and the boy loading and firing the gun, while the Brazilian brought ammunition, the action continued for nearly two hours; and, fortunately for

the defenders of the *Netuno*, the piratical vessel did not avail herself of her superior powers of sailing, but remained so close that the canister shot from the former penetrated her slight sides, and did great execution amongst her numerous crew, more than twenty having been killed, in addition to a large number wounded, while the pirate's guns were pointed so high that the shot passed over or through her antagonist's sails; but before the close of the action a shot passed through the *Netuno's* slave-hold, killing a woman and taking off a girl's arm, while a splinter wounded Mr. Crawford severely on the temple. At this critical moment, when they had only four or five cartridges left, Mr. Crawford was about to fire at a group of the pirates on the forecastle of their ship, but was checked by Frost calling out, "Your head is badly wounded, sir, pray let me have a crack at them," which he did with visible effect. This was the last discharge on either side. The Brazilian captain, who appeared to understand his piratical compatriots, called out, "They have had enough, they do not like your papers;" and the strange vessel now filled her sails and hauled off; and from the fearful noise that proceeded from her, the crew appeared engaged in some deadly contention amongst themselves. For some time the defenders of the *Netuno*, astonished at their escape, could scarcely imagine they had done with their enemy, who remained near them for two hours longer, inactive, and ap-

parently panic-stricken; but at length the breeze freshened, and the pirate was seen no more. The excitement of action had, while it lasted, sustained Mr. Crawford in his exertion, but directly that stimulus was withdrawn, the prostration of bodily strength was most complete, and he fell exhausted on deck, gasping for water, until restored by bumpers of wine administered by the Brazilian captain. His forehead was scalped and the bone broken, and his hand severely hurt; but with this exception, and that of the two slave women already mentioned, none were injured.

The antics of two Kroomen, natives of the Coast, who formed part of the Netuno's crew, were very ludicrous after the action,—looking upon Mr. Crawford, no doubt, as a sort of demi-god: no sooner were they assured of their safety than they came aft on the quarter-deck, and, squatting like apes close to Mr. Crawford, stared him intensely in the face, and commenced loud bursts of laughter; then running forward on all fours, they returned again, repeating the same ridiculous gestures three or four times, nor did they desist until ordered to do so. On the ship's arrival at Sierra Leone, all sorts of honours were shown Mr. Crawford, both afloat and on shore; and he had the gratification of receiving from the Admiralty, as soon as the intelligence arrived in England, his well-deserved promotion to the rank of lieutenant.

We subjoin the evidence of the Brazilian cap-

tain given before the Mixed Commission Court, in the exact words.

“Q. Who shot the Spanish captain ?

“A. It was Señor Crawford.

“Q. Who shot the other man in the pirate’s boat ?

“A. It was Señor Crawford.

“Q. Who fired the gun ?

“A. It was Señor Crawford. Me see no one fight much but Señor Crawford. I tell you me fear too much. Me poor man ; have wife and family in the Brazils, at Bahia ; but English mariners fear more bad than me ; before this me hear English mariners brave past all men ; this time me no see it ; one or two men not fear very much, but fear a little bit.”

The Brazilian’s allusion to the men who deserted their officer in the hour of danger is expressed in very mild language, for such cowardice as they exhibited deserves every reprobation.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN FARMER.

At daybreak, on the 6th October, 1779, the 12-pounder 32-gun frigate Quebec, Captain Farmer, while on a cruise in company with the Rambler cutter, when about fifteen leagues from Ushant, discovered a large French frigate and cutter ;

these proved to be the *Surveillante*, of 40 guns, 18-pounders, and a cutter of 16 guns. Captain Farmer immediately made the *Rambler's* signal to come under his stern, and desired Lieutenant George, her commander, to keep close to him; at nine o'clock the enemy's frigate opened her fire, although at too great a distance to do any execution; but the *Quebec*, still edging down to come to a close engagement, did not hoist her colours, nor return the enemy's fire, until ten o'clock, when she was within point blank range. Meanwhile the *Rambler* stood in between the French frigate and the cutter, with the intention of cutting the latter off from her consort, and bringing her to a close action; in this object she succeeded, and the two cutters continued warmly engaged until nearly two o'clock, when the Frenchman, who had suffered very slightly in sails and rigging, crowded all sail, and bore away, leaving the *Rambler* incapable of pursuit, owing to the disabled state of her masts and rigging. During all this time the two frigates had remained close alongside each other, and continued furiously engaged, with their yards locked together, for three hours and a half, until they were both dismasted. The French ship first ceased firing, but the *Quebec* was not in a state to take advantage of it; for unfortunately, after the fall of her masts, she had taken fire, from the explosion of her own guns, which had been fired through the sails, then lying over the side, and in despite of every

effort to extinguish the flames, she continued to burn with unremitting fury, till six in the evening, when she blew up, with her colours still flying; her brave commander, with those of her officers and crew who had survived the fight, perishing in her, as all her boats had been destroyed. During the action, almost all the officers in the Quebec, and between seventy and eighty men, were either killed or wounded; the Captain, towards the close of the engagement, received a shot through the arm and hand, but merely binding his handkerchief round the shattered parts of the bone, he addressed his men in the following words:—

“ My lads, this is warm work, therefore keep your fire with double spirit; we will conquer or die.” When the flames had communicated to the rigging, the Captain, the first lieutenant, and many of the crew, used every exertion for the preservation of the ship, but several of the men jumped into the sea, where they perished in sight of those who remained on board. While the fire was raging with fearful violence, the Captain was requested by the ship’s company to attempt saving himself, but his noble spirit made him refuse every solicitation, declaring that he would not quit the ship while there remained another man on board. He continued to issue his orders, but the number of his companions grew less and less, while inevitable destruction was fast approaching those that remained, whom he earnestly

entreated to jump into the sea and attempt to reach the Rambler. Mr. William Moore, one of the mates of the Quebec, who stood by the Captain to the last moment, when he could no longer bear the heat of the flames, offered to take his disabled commander upon his back, and, trusting to his powers of swimming, thus convey him to the cutter; but Captain Farmer still refused to leave his ship, and was last seen seated on the fluke of the sheet anchor, waiting with heroic fortitude the dreadful explosion which at last numbered him with the dead. Of those who had thrown themselves into the sea, but few escaped. Mr. Moore, the officer above-mentioned, and sixteen others, were picked up by the Rambler; a Russian vessel that passed saved thirteen more; while the lives of Mr. Roberts, first lieutenant, the second lieutenant of Marines, the surgeon, and thirty-six of the crew, were preserved by their late antagonists. Some idea of the effect produced in official quarters, when this gallant action and self-sacrifice became known, may be formed on reading the memorial presented to the King in Council by the Lords of the Admiralty, who, while they recommend the widow and children for large pensions, "farther take leave most humbly to represent to your Majesty, that some lasting mark of your royal favour conferred upon the eldest son of this brave man, now a youth of seventeen years of age, would excite an emulation in other officers

to distinguish themselves in the same manner, and render Captain Farmer's fate rather to be envied than pitied, as it would give them reason to hope, that if they should lose their lives with the same degree of stubborn gallantry, it would appear to posterity that their services had met with the approbation of their Sovereign." The mark of royal favour thus solicited was granted, for on reference to the *Gazettes* of that date we find that the honour of a baronetage was conferred on the eldest son of the late commander of the Quebec. Mr. Roberts, the first lieutenant, was also promoted; and Mr. William Moore, above mentioned, whose devotion and gallantry displayed towards his captain is specially mentioned in the same memorial to the Council, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, although he had not served the time prescribed by the regulations of the service.

It happened, by a curious coincidence, that, on the day after the above was written, I was attracted by a painting in a shop window, representing two dismasted vessels, English and French, each with their colours flying from the stumps of their masts. The vessel with the English colours was in flames fore and aft, and a conspicuous figure was standing on the anchor. On inquiring of the proprietor if he was aware of the subject, the answer was in the negative, and that he only knew it was a famous ship action that was fought about the time that papier maché

had been introduced, in 1780, and that it had been painted for the purposes of their trade. Perchance, in country parts, tea-trays still preserve the record of Captain Farmer's heroism.

DEFENCE OF ANHOLT.

The services of Rear Admiral Maurice, then a commander, are noticed in the account of the defence of the Diamond Rock, and the same officer now appears as captain on a similar arena, which, by his brilliant defeat of a Danish flotilla and army, he has made for ever famous. The island of Anholt, of which Captain Maurice had been appointed governor in July, 1810, is a small island in the Cattegat, and situated within a short distance of the main land; and, though entirely valueless in itself, was found very useful as a depôt, and point of communication with the Continent during the operation of Buonaparte's rigorous edicts against British commerce. The Danes, irritated by the presence of an enemy upon their own soil, and prompted by the desire of recovering its possession, began their preparations for the attack, shortly after its occupation, in the summer of 1810; but so long as the navigation remained open to British cruisers, they were unable to make the at-

tempt. When spring, however, came, hoping to anticipate the return of the English ships to their cruising ground, the Danish flotilla, taking advantage of the first melting of the ice, pushed across the bay, and, on the morning of the 27th March, effected their landing unseen and unopposed, in the midst of darkness and heavy fog, to the number of nearly 4000 men, according to Captain Maurice's estimate, although other calculations have reduced that number by one-half. The landing had been scarcely effected, when the out-pickets on the south side of the island made the signal for the enemy being in sight. The garrison was immediately put under arms, and Captain Maurice lost not a moment in proceeding with the brigade of howitzers, and 200 infantry, accompanied by Captain Robert Torrens, R. M. (who had hitherto acted as major commandant to the battalion), in order to oppose their landing. On ascending an elevation for the purpose of reconnoitring, these officers discovered that the landing had already been effected under the cover of darkness and fog; and also, that the enemy were advancing rapidly, and in great numbers. On both wings the enemy now far outflanked them, and Captain Maurice saw that, if they continued to advance, the Danes would get between them and their works. He instantly ordered a retreat, which was effected in good order and without loss, although the enemy were within pistol-shot of their rear, and seemed

determined to enter their works by storm; but Fort Yorke and the Massareene battery opened such a well-directed fire of grape and musketry, that the assailants were obliged to fall back and shelter themselves behind the sand-hills. As the day lightened, the English garrison perceived that the enemy's flotilla, consisting of eighteen gun-boats, had taken up a position on the south side of the island, at point blank range, upon which Captain Maurice ordered the signal to be made to the Tartar and the Sheldrake*, then on the other side of the island, that the enemy had landed, and these vessels immediately weighed, and, under a heavy press of sail, used every endeavour to beat up to the south side; but the extent of the shoals threw them out so many miles, that it was some hours before their intention could be accomplished. The enemy's gun-boats meantime opened a very heavy fire on the British works, while a column of about 600 men, crossing the island to the westward, took up a position on the northern shore, covered by hillocks of sand, breaks, and inequalities in the ground. Another column made many attempts to carry the Massareene battery by storm, but were as often repulsed and compelled to cover themselves in a similar manner under the sand-hills, which on this island are thrown up by every gale. The attacking column

* These ships had only just arrived from Yarmouth Roads.

on the south side had now succeeded in bringing up a field-piece against the works, and at this critical period Captain William Holtaway, R. M., who commanded at the advanced post, and who had been cut off by the enemy's advance, joined the main body by water. The governor had been under great apprehensions that this officer had fallen into the hands of the enemy; but he, finding, after several gallant attempts, that he was unable to reach head-quarters by land, with the coolest judgment, launched a boat, and landed his party under Fort Yorke, amidst the acclamations of the garrison, and immediately afterwards Lieutenant Henry Loraine Baker, R. N., who (with Lieutenant Richard Turnbull, of the Marines, and some brave volunteers) had, in the Anholt schooner, gone on the daring enterprize of destroying the enemy's flotilla in his own ports, bore down along the north side of the island.

Things were in this position when the column on the northern side, covered by the sand-hills, approached within fifty paces of the lines, and made another desperate effort to carry the Massareene battery by storm. The column to the south-east also pushed on, and the reserve appeared on the hills ready to support them; but while the Danish commanding officer was leading on his men with great gallantry, a musket-ball put a period to his life. Panic-struck at the

loss of their chief, the enemy again fell back, and sheltered themselves behind the sand-hills, and at the same moment Lieutenant Baker, with great skill and gallantry, anchored his vessel on their flank, and opened a well-directed fire. Finding that the sand-hills were no longer a protection, and that they were hemmed in between two fires, while it was impossible either to advance or retreat, the assailants held out a flag of truce, and offered to surrender upon terms; but Captain Maurice would listen to nothing less than an unconditional submission, and this corps laid down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

The body of Danes who had attacked Fort Yorke having also meanwhile submitted, the prisoners, now more numerous than the small garrison, were no sooner secured than operations were commenced against the reserve, which had been seen retreating to the westward of the island. The governor took the field with Captain Torrens (who, though wounded, insisted on accompanying him); but, as their prisoners were so numerous, and they had no place of security in which to place them, Captain Maurice could only employ on this occasion the brigade of howitzers, under Lieutenants Richard C. Steele and John Besant, of the Royal Marine Artillery, (the former subaltern acting as adjutant,) and part of the light company commanded by Lieutenant Turnbull. When they arrived at the west end

of the island, they found that the enemy had formed on the beach, and were protected by fourteen gun-boats towed close to the shore. To attack such a force with four howitzers and forty men, seemed a useless sacrifice of brave men's lives, and Captain Maurice, therefore, with the advice of Captain Torrens, halted on the hills, from which he reluctantly saw the reserve embark under cover of the gun-boats, and the flotilla take a final leave of the island. The British loss was not so considerable as might have been expected from so desperate an attack; they having two killed and thirty wounded. The enemy suffered severely. Between thirty and forty of their dead were buried, and twenty-three wounded received into the hospital, most of whom underwent amputations. A great number were carried off the field in their boats. Major Melsteat, the Commandant, an officer of great distinction, fell in the field; Captain Borgan, the next in command, was wounded in the arm; Captain Prutz, Adjutant General to the Commander of the Forces in Jutland, lost both his legs, and, with three others, subsequently died. Thus, after a close combat of four hours and a half, the enemy received a most complete and decisive defeat, and fled back to their ports, with the loss of three pieces of cannon and upwards of 500 prisoners, a number greater by 150 men than the English garrison.

This gallant and successful defence was the

theme of universal praise: Captain Maurice received the highest approbation of the Admiralty, and Lieutenant Baker was promoted, as well as the officers of Marines who were engaged.

The Danish official narrative is very straightforward, and does not attempt to account for the repulse they experienced in any way but that most gratifying to the gallant garrison—viz., the dreadful fire which the English maintained, which rendered it impossible for their troops to advance. Besides three of their commanding officers, several others fell on the field of honour.

The English garrison consisted of 350 marines. One of these men had fired five times ineffectually at the Danish commandant, who advanced within pistol-shot, encouraging his troops; at the sixth discharge he brought him down, and, exclaiming, "Take that pinch of snuff, old fellow!" he immediately began to reload his piece with all the coolness imaginable.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

In the year 1810, when a squadron of light frigates and sloops was blockading Corfu, the Kingfisher sloop, Commander Ewel Tritton, was stationed off the island of Fano, at the entrance of the north channel of Corfu. At daybreak one

morning (after a strong north-west wind had been blowing throughout the night), a fleet of Trabaccolas, which had left Brindisi the evening before, was descried making for the channel, and chase immediately given. The jolly-boat, manned by a young midshipman, a corporal of Marines, and four boys, with a musket and a few cartridges, was lowered down in passing, to take possession of the nearest vessel, which had lowered her mainsail, while the Kingfisher, under a crowd of sail, pursued the remainder in shore. The youngster, on nearing the stranger, saw only a woman on deck, and she was making signs, with her finger up, to preserve silence. He immediately boarded, and found, on looking down the main hatchway, that the hold was full of troops. To secure the hatch was but the operation of a moment, and lowering the foresail, he placed a hand at the helm to keep the vessel in the trough of the sea, increasing thereby the motion, and the sea-sickness evidently prevailing among the troops below; in this situation he kept them till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when his ship returned, having been unsuccessful in capturing either of the others, when he was hailed by his captain, and asked what the vessel was laden with. "Troops, troops," was his reply. "Why, boy, what do you mean—soldiers?" "Yes, sir." "How many?" "I have not ventured to count them."

The cutter was soon on board, and search made, when upwards of a hundred officers and men,

belonging to the 14th Regiment of the line, intended as a reinforcement to the garrison of Corfu, with part of a surgeon's staff, were discovered to be the cargo; the prisoners, all sturdy young men, were soon removed to the Kingfisher, and, after a fortnight's passage, during which the sloop's small crew of 75 officers and men were kept constantly under arms, they were safely landed at Malta. The most remarkable occurrence in this affair was, that the lady on deck was the wife of the surgeon, and had accidentally met the middy some months before, while he was at Prevesa in a prize, to which place she had accompanied her husband and some French officers, from the garrison of St. Maura, on a shooting excursion, when an acquaintance and exchange of civilities, not uncommon in those war days, had taken place. She stated she knew him directly in the boat.

ACTION OF THE BUCKINGHAM WITH FLORISSANT AND FRIGATES.

Captain Tyrrell, of her Majesty's ship Buckingham, of 65 guns, having been detached from the Leeward Island squadron in November, 1758, for a cruise, and joining company with the Weazle sloop, commanded by Captain Boles, between the islands of Montserrat and Guadaloupe, soon afterwards discovered a fleet of nineteen sail, under

convoy of a French 74-gun ship and two large frigates. Confident in a tried ship's company, and unmindful of the vast odds opposed to him, Captain Tyrrell immediately gave chase with all the sail he could carry, while the little Weazle, which was nearer the enemy, running close to the huge 74, received a whole broadside from her, which, luckily, caused her but little damage. Captain Tyrrell, nevertheless, not choosing that she should be exposed to the chance of a better-directed broadside, ordered her commander to keep aloof, as she could not be supposed capable of bearing the shock of such heavy metal, and he himself prepared for the engagement. The words of his own dispatch to the commander-in-chief, detailing the action, will be found full of spirit, and the more amusing from the homely character of some of the metaphors employed by the gallant captain. Having stated, as above, that he had ordered the Weazle not to approach their adversaries, "the smallest of which was vastly superior to him in force," he proceeds to say,—“While I made all the sail I could, they (the enemy) were jogging under their foresails and topsails, and when we came up within half gun-shot, they made a running fight, firing their stern chase. The frigates sometimes raking fore and aft, annoyed me very much, but also so retarded their own way that I got up with my bowsprit almost over the Florissant's (74) stern. Finding I could not bring the enemy to a general action, I gave the Buckingham a yaw

under her lee, and threw into her a noble dose of great guns and small arms, at about the distance of half musket-shot, which she soon after returned, and damaged my rigging, masts, and sails considerably. The largest frigate being very troublesome, I gave him a few of my lower-deck pills, and sent him scouting like a lusty fellow, so that he never returned into action again. The Florissant likewise bore away, by which means he got under my lee and exchanged three or four broadsides (endeavouring still to keep at a distance from me), which killed and wounded some of my men. I presume, however, we did him as much damage, as our men were very cool, took good aim, were under good discipline, and fought with a true English spirit. An unlucky broadside from the French made some slaughter on my quarter-deck; at the same time I myself was wounded, losing three fingers of my right hand, and receiving a small wound over my right eye, which by effusion of blood blinded me for a little while. I also had several contusions from splinters, but recovering immediately, I would not go off the deck till the loss of blood began to weaken me. The master and lieutenant of Marines were dangerously wounded at the same time. I called to my people to stand by and do their duty, which they promised, with the greatest cheerfulness. I just ran down and got the blood stopped, but returned upon deck again, till, finding the straining made my wounds bleed afresh, I sent

for the first lieutenant and told him to take the command of the deck for a time. He answered me that he would, and run alongside the Florissant yard-arm and yard-arm, and fight to the last gasp; upon which I made a speech to the men, importuning them to do their utmost, which they cheerfully promised, and gave three cheers. I went down the second time much more easy than before. Poor Mr. Marshall, the first lieutenant, was as good as his word—he got board and board with the Florissant, and received a broadside from her which killed him, as he was encouraging the men; thus he died an honour to his country and the service. The second lieutenant then came upon deck and fought the ship bravely, yard-arm and yard-arm. We silenced the Florissant for some time, and she hauled down her colours; but after that fired about eleven of her lower tier, and gave us a volley of small arms, which our people returned with great fury, giving her three broadsides, she not returning even a single gun. Captain Troy, at the same time, at the head of his Marines, performed the service of a brave and gallant officer, clearing the Florissant's poop and quarter-deck, and driving her men like sheep down their main-deck. Our top-men were not idle; they plied their hand-grenades and swivels to excellent purpose. It is impossible to describe the uproar and confusion the French were in. It being now dark, and we having all the rigging in the ship shot away, the

enemy, aware of our condition, took the opportunity, set her foresail and topgallant sails, and ran away; we endeavoured to pursue her with what rags of sails we had left, but to no purpose. Thus we lost one of the finest two-decked ships my eyes ever beheld. I cannot bestow encomiums too great on the people and officers' behaviour, and I hope you will strenuously recommend the latter to the Lords of the Admiralty, as they richly deserve their favour. Notwithstanding the great fatigue the ship's company had experienced during the day, they cheerfully continued up all night, knotting and splicing the rigging, and tending the sails. I flatter myself, when you reflect that one of the ships of your squadron, with no more than 65 guns (as you know, some of them were disabled last January, and not supplied), and 472 well men at quarters, should beat three French men-of-war, one of 74 guns and 700 men, and another of 38 guns and 350 men, and one of 28 guns and 250 men, you will not think we have been deficient in our duty. If we had had the good luck to join the Bristol, it would have crowned all. Before I conclude, I cannot help representing to you the inhuman, ungenerous, and barbarous behaviour of the French during the action; no rascally picaroon or pirate could have fired worse stuff into us than they did, such as square bits of iron, old rusty nails, and in short everything that could tend to the destruction of men, a specimen of which,

please God, I shall produce to you on my arrival."

The loss of the Buckingham in this action did not exceed 7 killed and 31 wounded; whereas, according to Smollett,—we know not on what authority,—the number of slain on board the Florissant did not fall short of 180, and that of her wounded is said to have exceeded 300. She was so disabled in her hull that she could hardly be kept afloat until she reached Martinique, where she was repaired; and the largest of the two frigates, together with the loss of forty men, received such damage as to be for some time quite unserviceable.

A monument in Westminster Abbey, upon which the particulars of the above action are inscribed, records the gallantry of Admiral Tyrrell; but his body was, at his own desire, thrown into the sea; his death having occurred on the element which had been the scene of his fame.

CAPTAIN MORDAUNT'S DEFENCE OF THE RESOLUTION.

On the 19th April, 1706, the Resolution, of 70 guns, commanded by Captain Mordaunt, with the Milford frigate in company, fell in with six large French ships of war. The celebrated Earl of Peterborough, the father of Captain Mordaunt, was at this time on board the Resolution, on

his passage to Genoa, together with the Spanish Envoy to the court of the Duke of Savoy. The Resolution having been much shattered a few days before in a heavy gale of wind, and being at no time a fast sailer, the enemy's ships gained fast upon her, and, in order to avoid capture, it was deemed advisable to put the Envoy and the Duke on board the Milford, with instructions to make their escape into Ongelia, the nearest friendly port. Being now relieved of his fears for the safety of his illustrious passengers, Captain Mordaunt, notwithstanding the great disparity of force, determined on defending his ship, and maintained the unequal contest for some time, and then, to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands, by the advice of his officers, he ran her aground, under the guns of a Genoese fort. From this, however, the ship received no manner of protection, and the Captain, having been severely wounded in the thigh, was carried, most unwillingly, on shore. The defence had now been protracted from before noon until five o'clock P.M., and the French Commodore sent in all the boats of his squadron, under the cover of a 70-gun ship, to board the Resolution; but the officers and crew, fired with their captain's ardour, repulsed the enemy, and obliged them to retire to their ships. The state of the English ship was, however, hopeless. Her enemies preserved their position during the night, and next morning a French 80-gun ship brought

up close under the Resolution's stern, with a spring upon her cable, and opened a heavy raking fire upon her, to which none could be returned. The officers, now finding that there was no prospect of saving the ship, the water being up to the gun-deck, resolved, with their captain's consent, to set her on fire. This was accordingly done, and the well-defended Resolution was soon consumed, her surviving officers and crew reaching the shore in safety.

The Earl of Peterborough above mentioned was the peer of that name who commanded the English forces sent to Spain in support of the Archduke Charles, and must have been on board the Resolution at this time in the execution of matters connected with that service. He had himself, as Lord Mordaunt, been engaged in the naval service, and had signalized his courage against the Moors, at Tangier; and we can well imagine that his spirit could have ill brooked leaving his son in the moment of danger. In that curious book, "The Diary of Henry Teonge," chaplain of his Majesty's ships Assistance, Bristol, and Royal Oak, will be found a notice of this nobleman, which shows that, in addition to his prowess on the field and the ocean, he wished to try his powers as a member of the church militant; the following is the chaplain's narrative:—

"The Lord Mordaunt, taking occasion by my not being very well, would have preach't, and

ask't the captaine's leave last night, and to that intent sate up till four in the morning to compose his speech, and intended to have Mr. Norwood to sing the psalme. All this I myself heard in agitation, and, resolving to prevent him, I got up in the morning before I should have done had I had respect to my owne health, and cam into the greate cabin, where I found the zealous Lord with our captaine, whom I did so handle in a smart and short discourse, that he went out of the cabin in greate wrathe. In the afternoone, he set one of the carpenter's crewe to woorke about his cabin, and I being acquainted with it, did by my captaine's order discharge the workeman, and he left working; at which the reverent Lord was so vexed that he borrowed a hammer and busyed himselfe all that day in nayling up his hangings; but being done on the sabbaoth day, and also when there was no necessity, I hope the woorke will not be long-lived. From that day he loved neyther me nor the captaine."

SIR SIDNEY SMITH IN BREST HARBOUR.

Sir Sidney Smith, celebrated for his defence of St. Jean d'Acre, was one of those whose character appears to coincide with the estimate and opinion of Lord Howard of Effingham, viz., that a portion of madness was a necessary ingrédient

in the character of a genuine English seaman. There is no officer of modern times whose life presents more examples of courage (in many instances verging on temerity); and it may be safely asserted, that no officer in his career of victory received more rebukes from head-quarters for squandering away the lives of his men in useless enterprises, where the object, even if attained, was by no means commensurate with the loss sustained, or the risks incurred. The following case does not, however, fall within this category; for although the temerity or daring that was exhibited was very great, yet it was unattended with loss, and does honour to the memory of the "Christian Knight," who on Acre's walls

"The blood-red flag of England reared,"

from the Christian feeling which resisted the temptation to the wanton effusion of blood, even though it was that of an enemy. I cannot do better than give the narrative in his own words:—

"SIR,

"Diamond, at Sea, January 4, 1795.

"In pursuance of your orders, I this morning looked into the port of Brest, in his Majesty's ship Diamond, under my command, in order to verify the intelligence of the enemy's fleet being at sea.

I went round the west point of Ushant yesterday, and the wind being easterly, I was obliged to work to windward between the shoals

off Point St. Matthew, and the rocks to the southward, in order to come near enough to look into the road. We observed a large ship under French colours working in ahead; she took no notice of us, probably supposing that we were of her own nation, from our making so free with the coast. I hoisted French colours, having previously disguised the figure of the ship, in order to favour such a deception. The tide of ebb coming strong out of the harbour, the enemy's ship anchored, and I accordingly at sunset anchored astern of her. I was in hopes, when the flood made again, that she would have weighed and proceeded up the passage, so that we might have done the same without approaching her so near as to risk the frustration of our object; but she continued to lie fast, and I was obliged to relinquish the going close enough to the harbour to make my observations, or to alarm the coast by attacking her, or else to pass her silently, and thereby to leave her in the channel of my retreat. I considered the occasion of my being detached from the squadron as an object of sufficient national importance to justify all risks, and accordingly weighed, and passed her sufficiently near to observe by the light of the moon that she was a line-of-battle ship. As we proceeded we saw two other ships at anchor, one of which was evidently a frigate. Not being satisfied that I should be able to discern the anchorage plainly, when

the day broke, from my present position, I was obliged to go between these ships and the Toulinquet rocks, observing the precaution, in passing, to give all orders in a low tone of voice, that the enemy might not hear us speak English; they took no notice of us, and by daylight in the morning of this day I had obtained a position from whence I could discern the anchorage of Brest sufficiently distinct to ascertain that there were no men-of-war in the road, which is the usual anchorage.

“N.B. The Basin is not discoverable from without the fort.

“I observed the wreck of a large ship on Mingan Island. It now became necessary to make the best of my way out of the passage; I accordingly altered my course for that purpose, taking a direction to repass the line-of-battle ship. A corvette, which was steering in a parallel direction to us, was the first to take alarm at this change of movement. She brought to, making signals, which communicated the alarm to the other two ships, and both hoisted their topsail-yards immediately, and began getting under sail; my situation was now extremely critical. I saw, by the course the line-of-battle ship had taken, her intention to cut me off in my passage between her and the rocks, so that I could not effectuate it. There seemed no alternative, but to remove their alarm, by a conduct that should bespeak ourselves unconcerned. I

accordingly steered down directly within hail of this ship, which lay in my way between Basse Beusec and the Trepieds. I could by this time see she was a disabled ship, pumping from leaks, with jury top-masts, and that some of her upper-deck ports were without guns; and to avoid being questioned in any way that might embarrass me to answer, I began the conversation in French with the captain, who was in the stern gallery. I accounting for my change of course by saying I observed his disabled state, and came down to him to know if I could render him any assistance; he answered, thanking me for the offer, but saying he had men enough, which indeed I could plainly perceive, as they were crowded on the gunwale and quarter looking at our ship.

“I could not but form hopes, from the disabled state of this ship, that I should be able to preserve my present position under her stern, so as to rake her repeatedly; and thus beginning an action with such advantages as would be sufficient to ensure us a favourable issue to the contest. My guns were, of course, ready pointed; but I reflected that it was useless to fire, since I could not hope to secure the ship, and carry her off from the two others; and the execution of the service I was sent upon would be rendered totally abortive by the unfavourable issue of so unequal a contest as fighting the three together; the utmost, then, we could do, would

be to give her a most destructive raking fire, and sail away. This my men were both ready and eager for; but I overruled the proposition, considering the carnage must have been shocking from the effects of our guns, double loaded, enfilading a crowded ship within half a pistol-shot, and conceiving it unmanly and treacherous to make such a havoc, while speaking in friendly terms, and offering our assistance. I trusted, therefore, that my country, though it might be benefited in a trifling degree by it, would gladly relinquish an advantage to be purchased at the expense of humanity and the national character; and I hope for these reasons I shall stand justified in not having made use of the accidental advantage in my power for the moment. We parted, after much conversation, with mutual compliments; the French captain telling me his ship's name was *Le Caton*, and I, in answer to his query, named my ship as one of the Norway squadron, which it was not likely he would know by sight. The other ships, observing we were spoken to by the *Caton*, discontinued the pursuit, and we passed them unmolested.

“ I am, Sir,

“ W. SIDNEY SMITH.

“ To Sir John Warren, Bart, C.B.”

Sir Sidney was anticipated in this adventure by a bold sea captain, whose name is still preserved on our Navy List, with honour undiminished, if not increased, by the present represen-

tative, the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir G. Cockburn. Captain Cockburn, in the Hunter sloop, a little craft, with only forty men and a few swivel guns, was, in the year 1756, stationed off Brest, and on one occasion, after having been loitering about the mouth of the harbour all day, he took advantage of nightfall, and went boldly into the harbour in a little boat, with only five men, and, after rowing all round the men-of-war, and taking a particular account of the number and force, in order not to return empty-handed, he cut the cables of a French barque, boarded her, and carried her away from the midst of them. She was laden with wine, and proved a most acceptable prize to the fleet cruising off Ushant, by whom due honour was done to the health of the daring captain in many a bumper.

CAPTURE OF THE CERBERE.

Captain Jeremiah Coghlan, more familiarly known in the service as Jerry Coghlan, first introduced himself to fame and the naval service on the occasion of the wreck of the Dutton, East Indiaman, at Plymouth, in 1796, when, by his almost superhuman exertions, in a boat manned by volunteers, it is supposed that not less than fifty men were rescued from a watery grave before a single boat from any man-of-war dared

venture to his assistance. It was on this occasion that Sir E. Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, was so struck by his decision and gallantry, that he offered Mr. Coghlan, who had been then three years in the merchant service, to place him in the navy, and secure his advancement in it. Fired with ambition, our hero consented, and was entered on board the *Indefatigable* as midshipman, and then in the *Impetueux*, from which ship he soon earned his advancement to the command of the *Viper* cutter, as a reward for several acts of conspicuous gallantry; and in her he performed a most brilliant exploit, which is so well described in the following official dispatch from Sir E. Pellew to Lord St. Vincent:—

“MY LORD,

“I have true pleasure in stating to your lordship the good conduct of Lieutenant J. Coghlan, to whom, for former gallant behaviour, you had given an acting commission to command the *Viper* cutter. This gallant young man, while watching Port Louis, thought he could succeed in boarding some of the cutters or gun-vessels which have been moving about the entrance of that harbour, and for this purpose he entreated a ten-oared cutter from me, with twelve volunteers. On Tuesday, the 19th (July), he took the boat, with Mr. Silas H. Paddon, midshipman, and six of his own men, making, with himself, twenty; and, accompanied by his own boat and one from

the Amethyst, he determined on boarding a gun-brig mounting three long 24-pounders and four 6-pounders, full of men, moored, with springs on her cable, in a naval port of difficult access, within pistol-shot of three batteries, surrounded by several armed craft, and not a mile from a 74, bearing an admiral's flag, and two frigates. Undismayed by such formidable appearances, the early discovery of his approach (for they were at quarters), and the lost aid of the other two boats, he bravely determined to attack alone and boarded her on the quarter ; but, unhappily, in the dark, jumping into a trawl-net hung up to dry, he was pierced through by a pike, several of his men hurt, and all knocked back into the boat. Unchecked in ardour, they hauled the boat further ahead and again boarded, and maintained, against eighty-seven men, sixteen of whom were soldiers, an obstinate conflict, killing six and wounding twenty, among whom were every officer belonging to her. His own loss was one killed and eight wounded, himself in two places, Mr. Paddon in six. I feel particularly happy in the expected safety of all the wounded. He speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Paddon, and of the whole party, many of whom were knocked overboard, and twice beat back into the boat, but returned to the charge with unabated courage. I trust I shall stand excused to your Lordship for so minute a description, produced by my admiration of that courage which, hand to hand,

gave victory to our brave fellows over four times their number, and of that skill which formed, conducted, and effected so daring an enterprise.

(Signed) "E. PELLEW."

This is a high and valuable testimony from him who afterwards formed, conducted, and effected the equally daring enterprise of the bombardment of Algiers, and well supported by the more veteran hero of St. Valentine's Day—Lord St. Vincent,—who, in transmitting to the Admiralty the above letter, thus expresses himself:—

"I did not think the enterprise of Sir E. Hamilton*, or of Captain Campbell†, could have been rivalled, until I read the enclosed letter from Sir E. Pellew, relating the desperate service performed by acting Lieutenant Coghlan, of the Viper cutter, on the 20th July, which has filled me with pride and admiration; and although the circumstance of his not having completed his time in his Majesty's navy operates at present against his receiving the reward he was most ambitious of obtaining, I am persuaded the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty will do all in their power to console him under his severe wounds, and grant him promotion the moment he is capable of receiving it."

* In cutting out Hermione.

† For the capture of the *Désirée*.

Lord St. Vincent's trust in the Admiralty was more than repaid, for the Board did not wait until Mr. Coghlan was qualified by the regulations for his promotion, but obtained a special order from the King in Council, which enabled them to grant him his commission before he had served his time, and confirm him to the command of the *Viper*. This gallant officer distinguished himself on many subsequent occasions, and is well remembered in the navy for his sang froid and speeches, to which the circumstances under which they were uttered gave additional force. For instance, at the commencement of an action between *Le Renard*, under his command, and the privateer *General Arneuf*, which ended in the destruction of the latter, the French captain, confident in his superior force, hailed *Le Renard* and ordered her to strike; upon hearing which, Captain Coghlan took the trumpet and coolly replied, "Ay, I'll strike, and d—d hard too, my lad, directly." And again, on another occasion, when the national brig *La Diligente* hauled down her colours without offering any resistance, although of at least equal force to *Le Renard*, the captain, on ascertaining the size of *Le Renard*, asked permission to return to his ship and fight it out, a request which, of course, Captain Coghlan refused. The Frenchman then solicited a certificate that he had not acted *cowardly*. Captain Coghlan replied, "No, I cannot do that, but I will give you one that shall specify you acted *prudently*."

BOATS OF SCORPION AND BEAVER WITH
ATALANTE.

The following private letter from Commander Hardinge to his father, gives an animated account of a cutting-out expedition on the coast of Holland. In all respects, this was an exploit worthy of British seamen, and the officer who so judiciously planned and gallantly executed the enterprise met with his reward from the Admiralty, who gave him immediate promotion. Captain Hardinge did not long survive this action; he fell in the arms of victory, after an action renewed for three successive days, when the *San Fiorenzo*, under his command, captured the *Piedmontaise*, a large French frigate, which had long been the terror of the Indian seas. The letter alluded to is as follows:—

“ H.M.S. *Scorpion*, April, 1804.

“ MY EVER-DEAREST FRIEND,

“ I am on my way to the Nore, after six days of severe but unrepented fatigue, and have sixty Dutch prisoners on board. We are accompanied by the *Atalante*, a Dutch war-brig of 16 guns, prize to us. I was ordered on the 28th to reconnoitre at *Vlie*, and perceived a couple of the enemy's brigs at anchor in the roads. Despairing to reach them with my ship, on account of the shoals that surrounded the entrance, I determined upon a dash in one of the boats, if a good oppor-

tunity could be made or found. It came unsolicited: March the 31st, preparing to embark, we accidentally were joined by the Beaver sloop, who offered us her boats to act in concert with ours. We accepted the reinforcement, under an impression that it would spare lives on both sides, and would shorten the contest. At half-past nine in the evening we began the enterprise in three boats from 'Scorpio,' and in two from the Beaver. Captain Pelly, a very intelligent and spirited officer, did me the honour to serve under me as a volunteer in one of his boats. We had nearly sixty men, including officers, headed by your humble servant in the foremost boat. As we rowed with tide-flood, we arrived alongside the enemy at half-past eleven. I had the good fortune, or, as by some it would be considered, the honour, to be the first man who boarded her. She was prepared for us, with boarding nettings up, and with all the customary implements of defence; but the noise, and the alarm, &c., so intimidated her crew, that many of them ran below in a panic, leaving to us the painful duty of combating those whom we most respected. The decks were slippery, in consequence of rain, so that, grappling with my first opponent, a mate of the watch, I fell, but recovered my position, fought him upon equal terms, and killed him. I then engaged the captain, as brave a man as any service ever boasted; he had almost killed one of my seamen; to my shame

be it spoken, he disarmed me, and was on the point of killing me, when a seaman of mine came up, rescued me at the peril of his own life, and enabled me to recover my sword. At this time all the men were come from the boats, and were in possession of the deck: two were going to fall upon the captain at once; I ran up, held them back, and then adjured him to accept quarter.

“With inflexible heroism he disdained the gift, kept us at bay, and compelled us to kill him: he fell covered with honourable wounds.

“The vessel was ours, and we secured the hatches, which, headed by a lieutenant who had received a desperate wound, they attempted repeatedly to force. Thus far we had been fortunate; but we had another enemy to fight, it was the element. A sudden gale, in which the wind shifted against us, impeded all the efforts we could make. But as we had made the capture, we determined at all events to sustain it or to perish. We made the Dutch below surrender, put forty of them into their own irons, stationed our men to their guns, brought the powder up, and made all the necessary arrangements to attack the other brig. But as the day broke, and without abatement of the wind, she was off at such a distance, and in such a position, that we had no chance to reach her.

“In this extremity of peril we remained eight-and-forty hours. Two of the boats had broken adrift from us, two had swamped alongside. The

wind shifted again, and we made a push to extricate ourselves, but found the navigation so difficult that it required the intense labour of three days to accomplish it. We carried the point at last, and were commended by the Admiral for our perseverance. You will see in the *Gazette* my letter to him. I aimed at modesty, and am a little afraid that in the pursuit of this object I may have left material facts a little too indefinite, if not obscure. The Atalante's captain, and four others, were killed, eleven are wounded, and so dreadfully that our surgeon thinks that every one of them will die. To the end of my existence I shall regret the Captain: he was a perfect hero; and if his crew had been like him, critical indeed would have been our peril. The Atalante is much larger than my vessel, and she mounted sixteen long 12-pounders; we have not a single brig that is equal to that calibre. Her intended complement was 200 men, but she had only 76 on board. I expect your joy by return of the post.

"P.S. In two days after the Captain's death he was buried with all the naval honours in my power to bestow upon him. During the ceremony of his interment the English colours disappeared, and the Dutch were hoisted in their place. All the Dutch officers were liberated, one of them pronounced an *éloge* on the hero they had lost, and we fired three volleys over him as he descended

into the deep.—Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,

“GEORGE N. HARDINGE.”

SIX TO ONE.

During the operations on the coast of Syria in 1840, an Irish gentleman performed a feat which excited the admiration of all who beheld it, and caused many a laugh at its singularity, the hero having performed the thoroughly Irish task of *surrounding* and capturing six foemen in his own proper person. It chanced, after the capture of Sidon, while the Cyclops steam-frigate was lying at anchor off the ruined city of Tyre, where she had the previous day or two been engaged in the stern and unromantic occupation of shelling an Egyptian force, which she had succeeded in dispersing and driving inland, our hero, who was a volunteer on board, asked and obtained permission to land and examine the beautiful ruins which studded that romantic coast. Before pushing off from the frigate he armed himself, by the advice of his friends, with an unwieldy ship pistol; a precaution, however, which almost *seemed* unnecessary, as all the enemy were supposed to have retreated. Landed on the beach, he strolled from point to point, those on board from time to time observing his movements, and

some of them envying the happy idler, who, unsuspecting of danger, wandered through the mazes of ruin. At length, jumping over a low wall, our hero found himself, to his great amazement, in the midst of six soldiers, who, on the retreat of their comrades from under the fire of the Cyclops' guns, had there ensconced themselves, and remained concealed from view. The Egyptians were no doubt equally surprised at the sudden appearance of one of their enemies, and probably supposed that he was supported by others. Be that, however, as it may, the Irishman did not allow them time to recover from their astonishment before he presented his pistol at the centre of the group, whose loaded muskets were lying by their sides. Threatening instant death to the first that moved, he then advanced, still holding his pistol pointed at them; and, taking possession of their muskets, he quietly shook out the priming from the pans, one after another, and made assurance doubly sure by spitting into the touch-holes. So far safe, he thought he would parade before his comrades the captives of his bow and spear, or rather his ship's pistol, and thereon, making them fall into line, with muskets shouldered, and placing himself in the rear, he enfiladed them with his trusty weapon, and in this guise was seen from the ship, conducting his prisoners to the beach. One managed to escape, but the remaining five were secured and taken on board by a boat, which

had been hastily manned and sent to the gallant captor's assistance as soon as his position had been perceived by those on board. Thus it was that one Irishman surrounded and took six Egyptians.

BOATS OF THE TRENT AT LA GUIRA.

The mutiny of the *Hermione*, and the subsequent delivery of that vessel by the mutineers into the hands of their national enemy, the Spaniards, seems to have inspired all British hearts with a desire to wipe out the stain on the national honour, and at the same time to punish the Dons for having countenanced that bloody and inhuman massacre, by affording protection to its perpetrators. In addition to the successful attempt of the ship's company of the *Surprise*, under their gallant Captain, Sir E. Hamilton, a somewhat similar though unsuccessful attempt was made by the boats of the *Trent*, commanded by Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Thomas) Ussher, to cut out from La Guira a frigate, which the information he had received led Captain Otway to believe was the much-desired *Hermione*. This officer, after a long and anxious search to discover the place of the *Hermione's* retreat, having thus, as he supposed, attained his object, determined to make an attempt to restore her to the British Navy. For this purpose the barge and cutter

of the Trent, manned by volunteers, of whom the Captain himself was one, left that ship on the afternoon of the 7th July, 1799, and at midnight, after a fatiguing row of eleven hours, reached the harbour of La Guira. Falling in with a fishing vessel, they took a pilot out of her, and both boats entered the harbour with muffled oars. They pulled in every direction, anxiously looking out for the object of their search, and, notwithstanding the perfect calm that prevailed, remained undiscovered until they had clearly ascertained, with feelings of the bitterest disappointment, that the Hermione was not there; she had, in fact, sailed a few days previously for Port Cabello, where she was subsequently captured by the boats of the Surprise. Returning mortified and disheartened, the boats perceived in the inner harbour a low ship, which the pilot said was a corvette recently arrived from Spain; and in order that their night's labour might not be entirely fruitless, and that they should not return empty-handed, it was determined, after a very brief consultation, to make a dash at a foe of whose strength they were comparatively ignorant. Both boats were ordered to board on the larboard side—the cutter at the bows, and the barge at the gangway; but the men were directed not to use firearms, in order to avoid giving the alarm to the shore. The Spaniards on board were aroused before the boats came alongside, and, rushing on deck, defended themselves with great

resolution; but the cold steel of the British seamen, who soon swarmed upon their decks, prevailed in the hand-to-hand encounter, and the vessel was carried in a style that left no doubt as to what would have been the result had they met with the *Hermione*.

But in the meantime, notwithstanding all their precautions, the alarm had been communicated to the shore. The drums beat to arms, the batteries were lighted up, and before the cable could be cut and the vessel taken in tow, nearly 100 guns opened their fire upon her. The obscurity of the night, and the denseness of the smoke, which, owing to the perfect calm then prevailing, hung motionless over the water and the ship, prevented the Spaniards from taking good aim, and by break of day the corvette was far beyond the reach of shot from the batteries; she was not, however, destined to remain a prize to her captors. As the sun arose and dispelled the haze, the exhausted crew in vain looked for their own ship, the *Trent*; while in full pursuit a most formidable flotilla of gun-boats was seen advancing. A contest with such a force by worn-out men would have been madness, and yet it was impossible to leave their hard-earned prize without striking a blow for her. In this emergency, the course pursued was dictated by humanity, as well as by a resolution not to suffer the recapture of the prize. The British crews, with the exception of

double sentinels over the hatchway, were ordered back into their boats. Two 12-pounder guns, treble-shotted, were pointed down the main hatchway, and thus prepared, Mr. Ussher awaited the arrival of the flotilla, still hoping the breeze might spring up, and enable them to escape from their pursuing foes, and carry off the captured ship. Fortune did not, however, favour them so far, and when at length the gun-boats arrived within sufficient distance to pour in a shower of grape, the word was given, and the 12-pounders were discharged through the ship's bottom; while Lieutenant Ussher retreated with his men into the barge, leaving the Spaniards, whom he had previously liberated, to rush from their place of confinement into the rigging, whence, by their signals and gestures, they made known the sinking state of their ship, thereby drawing off the attention of the headmost gun-boats to the preservation of their fellow-countrymen, and enabling the British to effect their escape unscathed and without further annoyance, although it was many hours before they fell in with the Trent.

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

Lord Dundonald, better known in the navy for his actions as Lord Cochrane, is one whose name has been before the world for more than

half a century as an example of successful daring. The activity he displayed, and the success that crowned his enterprises, are almost unparalleled, from the date of his extraordinary capture of *El Gamo**,—a vessel fitted out for the avowed and express object of the capture of the *Speedy* under his Lordship's command,—and the destruction of the French fleet in Basque Roads, until, in more recent times, his name figures as the naval hero of the Spanish provinces of the New World, where, more from the terror inspired by his name than from the force under his orders, whole infant navies surrendered to his bidding, and his single voice effected the freedom of struggling States. The following incident in his earlier career is well adapted to our subject. In the year 1808, Lord Cochrane having been detached by Lord Collingwood, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, with discretionary orders to assist the Spaniards—at that time struggling to escape from French domination—wherever it could be done with most effect, hastened in his frigate, the *Imperieuse*, to the relief of the fortress of Rosas, which had been attacked by a large French and

* The *Speedy*, a sloop of 14 guns and 54 men, on the 6th May, 1801, being off Barcelona, fell in with the Spanish frigate, *El Gamo*, of 32 heavy guns, and 319 men, fitted out expressly for his capture. Undaunted by a force so comparatively enormous, Lord Cochrane instantly closed for action, and after a cannonade of three quarters of an hour's continuance, ran alongside his antagonist, and boarding her at the head of every man and boy, except the surgeon, who took the wheel, carried her. The British loss was, three killed and eight wounded, out of her total complement of fifty-four; and that of the Spaniards, fifteen killed and forty-one wounded, being two more than the number of the *Speedy's* crew.

Italian force. When he arrived, on the 22nd November, the citadel was already half invested, and the enemy making his approaches towards the south-west bastion, which had been blown down in the previous war, by the explosion of a magazine, and tumbled into the ditch. A few thin planks and dry stones had been since put up by the Spanish engineers, perhaps to hide the defect, as they were useless for defence; and all things were in the most deplorable state, both without and within. Even measures for their powder and saws for their fusees were not to be had; hats supplied the place of one, and axes did duty for the other. The Castle of Trinidad, situated on an eminence attached to the fortress, but commanded by some heights in the neighbourhood, was also invested, and three 24-pounders, to which a fourth was afterwards added, battering in breach, had nearly effected a passage through the wall to the lower bomb-proof. Under these discouraging circumstances, the garrison, then consisting of about eighty Spaniards, were on the point of surrendering, when Lord Cochrane thought this a good opportunity of carrying out the orders he had received to give every possible assistance to the Spaniards, and, by occupying a post upon which the acknowledged safety of the citadel depended, while he gave some *amusement** to his crew, endeavour to avert the fate that seemed to await it. He accordingly threw him-

* His Lordship's own word.

self into Fort Trinidad, with fifty seamen and thirty marines of the Imperieuse. The mind of the gallant officer, fruitful in expedients, soon, in a measure, made good the crumbling walls—thousands of sand-bags, besides barrels and palisades, presented a considerable obstacle to the attacking forces; while, on the night before the expected assault, it is stated that he removed everything that could afford foothold from the apparently easy way up the breach, and sending to the frigate for large quantities of grease and slush, he caused it to be poured over the steep and smooth ascent, while heavy planks, filled with spike-nails and barbed hooks, stood at the sides ready to grapple with such of the falling foe as might seek their treacherous aid to regain their footing. At length, on the morning of the 30th November, a general assault was made by 1000 picked men, who advanced unmolested by the garrison until they gained the breach; but here, while struggling up the slippery ascent, a tremendous fire was opened upon them from every gun that could be brought to bear; and now the means adopted for repelling the foe proved most successful. The unfortunate assailants, unable to maintain their footing, could not advance, and scarcely retreat, under the heavy fire, while those who grasped at the side planking to aid their footsteps were unable to extricate their mangled flesh or accoutrements, and this formidable force was thus signally repulsed, with the

loss of their commanding officer, storming equipage, and all who had attempted to mount the breach.

A very few days, however, served to convince Lord Cochrane that his efforts were unavailing, and the Spaniards, finding it impossible to resist the overwhelming numbers of the French, surrendered the citadel of Rosas on the 5th December following. Any further resistance in Fort Trinidad would have been useless and impracticable against such a force as could now be brought to its reduction; Lord Cochrane, therefore, blowing up the magazines, returned to his ship, after a protracted defence of a fortnight, with the loss of three killed and seven wounded. His Lordship's gallantry in this instance called forth the praise of the Commander-in-Chief, who, in his official letter, remarks that "the heroic spirit and ability which has been evinced by Lord Cochrane in defending this castle, although so shattered in its works, against the repeated attacks of the enemy, is an admirable instance of his Lordship's zeal." During this siege a circumstance occurred, which was given to the world at that time in the Spanish papers. The *Gazette*, after noticing his great services to the cause in very handsome terms, concludes by saying:—"It is a sufficient eulogium upon his character to mention, that in the defence of the castle of Trinidad, when the Spanish flag hoisted on the wall fell into the ditch, under a most dreadful fire from the enemy, his Lordship was

the only person who, regardless of the shower of balls falling about him, descended into the ditch, returned with the flag, and happily succeeded in placing it where it was before." But with all Lord Cochrane's spirit of adventure—and no officer ever attempted or succeeded in more arduous enterprises—it will be found that his objects were effected with trifling loss of life. No officer was ever more chary of men's lives; he always reconnoitred in person, and even under the enemy's batteries took the requisite soundings and bearings. He never allowed his boats to depart on any service unprotected by his ship, if it was possible to bring her within reach; and in case of any reverse or check, his plans were so formed that the retreat was effected without confusion. Lord Dundonald still lives, and within the last few months, the flag of the octogenarian chief has been flying as Naval Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West India station.

CORNWALLIS'S RETREAT.

There is no occasion upon which a contrast more flattering to our national vanity can be drawn between the respective navies of France and England, than that presented on the 16th and 17th June, 1795, when France had at sea a fleet far superior to the opposing British force,

which, instead of proving a source of triumph to herself, only afforded an opportunity to her foe for the display of the finest example of united courage and coolness to be found in naval annals. We allude to the masterly retreat of Admiral Cornwallis, the Billy Blue of the sailors, before his numerous enemies. Cornwallis, at that time cruising off the Penmarks with a squadron of five sail of the line and two frigates, received an intimation from one of the latter, that an enemy's force was in sight to leeward; but as the signal conveying the intelligence gave no intimation of their numbers, and as it was generally supposed that the French had very few ships of the line at sea, the English fleet stood on, under the idea that the hostile fleet consisted of frigates only. When, however, he had ascertained that the opposing force consisted of thirteen sail of the line, fourteen frigates, two brigs, and a cutter, thirty sail in all, for the seven British ships to cope with, Admiral Cornwallis determined to haul off, and was hotly pursued by the enemy. The chase and retreat continued through that day, and the wind shifting in the course of the evening, the French, who had hitherto been to leeward, were enabled to assume a more advantageous position, and at daylight on the following morning appeared on both sides of the little squadron.

During the preceding day and night the Admiral himself had led the retreating ships in the

Royal Sovereign, in order to be able to take advantage of any favourable opportunity that might present itself in the night for altering his course and getting away in the darkness unperceived by the enemy; but with daylight he changed his disposition, ordering the two heavy sailing ships, the Brunswick and the Bellerophon, to lead, and the Mars and Triumph to form the rear, while he himself, in the Royal Sovereign, formed a connecting link, and was prepared, like a hen in defence of her chickens, to bear down to the assistance of any of his squadron that might be particularly menaced by the enemy. It was now in the power of the French Admiral to have engaged closely, and at about nine o'clock in the morning a line-of-battle ship and a frigate opened their fire upon the Mars. From this time a pretty constant cannonade was kept up, the French ships firing at a distance as they came up, and three of the English ships returning it. Such was the bad sailing of the Brunswick and Bellerophon, that their fire was quite lost, and they were obliged to keep their course without retaliating; in fact, it became necessary to cut away their anchors and launches, throw overboard part of their ballast, and crowd all the sail they could carry, to enable them to keep their proper place, while the Mars and Triumph continued under easy sail. The day had nearly passed over, and there was no serious appearance of attack; but as the afternoon drew on, the enemy,

as if ashamed of having yet done nothing effectual to check the progress, or even to ruffle the majestic steadiness of our little line, seemed to be inclined to close upon the rear ship, the Mars. Two or three of them had fore-reached upon her beam, and a beautiful 84-gun ship was hauling towards her, as if determined to act as champion, and by arresting one of the ships to bring the matter to an immediate issue, when an incident occurred which, though almost laughable, yet must be recounted at some length, as manifesting the skilful head of the noble subject of this memoir, while the other manœuvres of this eventful day display his lion heart.

In the early morning he had called by signal for a boat from the Phaëton, and as her young officer* was eagerly springing up the Royal Sovereign's side, he was met by the noble old Admiral's foot in his face, saying kindly, but peremptorily, "Stop, sir; listen: go back immediately, and tell your captain to go ahead of the squadron a long way, and, when far enough, to make the signals for seeing first one or two strange sail, then more, and then a fleet; in short, to humbug those fellows astern. He will

* Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, K.C.B., the present Hydrographer to the Admiralty, the young officer here alluded to, informs me that he has seen several French officers, present on the occasion, whom nothing could persuade that the Phaëton did not see Lord Bridport's fleet, and it so happened that five days after the French actually fell in with that fleet, and lost three of their ships.

understand me. Go." The Phaëton sailed well, but it took a long time to get to the Admiral's "far enough," in order to give colour and credibility to what she might affect to see. At length, about three o'clock P.M., she made the signal for a stranger, then two, five, and then for a fleet, which was made according to the old fashion of letting fly the top-gallant sheets and firing a lee gun. It was well known that the French had copies of our "Tabular" signals, and by them Captain Stopford announced that the fleet was English; the large recall flag (the Dutch ensign) was hoisted to bring them into the squadron, and when time had been given for the supposed answer, the Phaëton wore round, under easy sail, towards the squadron, thus implying that they were following her, and, passing under the Admiral's stern, gave him three cheers.

By a happy coincidence two or three small distant vessels were at that time actually peeping up on the horizon; but the bait had been fully swallowed; a flood of signals was made by the enemy—their fire became languid—and at half-past six their whole force tacked off to the eastward, leaving our gallant squadron to enjoy the fruit of their bravery, fortitude, and discipline, in a triumph far more glorious than many a splendid victory.

In the official announcement of this encounter, the Admiral gives full credit to his gallant companions, as well to Sir C. Cotton

and Sir Erasmus Gower, who, in the Mars and Triumph, bore the brunt of the fray, as to Lord C. Fitzgerald in the Brunswick, and Lord Cranstoun in the Bellerophon, which latter ship he kept "in some measure as a reserve (having reason at first to suppose there would be full occasion for the utmost exertion of all), and considering that ship as a treasure in store, having heard of her former achievements, and observing the spirit manifested by all on board when she passed him." Of the officers, seamen, and marines, he says that, "instead of being cast down at seeing thirty sail of the enemy's ships attacking our little squadron, they were in the highest spirits imaginable, and although, circumstanced as we were, we had no great reason to complain of the conduct of the enemy, yet our men could not help repeatedly expressing their contempt of them. Could common prudence have allowed me to let loose their valour, I hardly know what might not have been accomplished by such men."

Of Billy Blue himself* we are told that, more than once during the day, he repeated that, sooner than abandon his comrades in the Brunswick and Bellerophon, the Royal Sovereign should go down with her colours flying.

Admiral (then Captain) Cornwallis had previ-

* On the anxious morning he continued the operation of shaving, dressing, and powdering with his usual composure, and observed to Captain Whitby, in his customary cool and dry manner, that he had been in similar situations before, and knew very well what they, the French, would do.

ously exhibited great daring in Rodney's celebrated action, when, in the *Canada*, 74, after having defeated the *Hector*, a ship of equal force, single-handed, he bore down upon the huge *Ville de Paris*, and, laying her alongside, commenced a combat which lasted two hours. A point of honour prevented De Grasse striking to anything short of a flag; but when Sir Samuel Hood came up in the *Barfleur*, the Count surrendered, having only three men, of whom he himself was one, alive and unhurt upon his upper deck. He declared, after the action, that the little red-sided ship (the *Canada*) had done him more harm than all the rest with which he had contended.

It scarcely is perhaps worthy of special remark, but I cannot omit noticing the aristocratic character of Cornwallis's fleet. The senior officer in each ship was either a peer, a baronet, or closely connected with the peerage.

The Honourable William Cornwallis was in the	} Royal Sovereign.
Capt. Lord Cranstoun	„ Bellerophon.
Lord C. Fitzgerald	„ Brunswick.
Hon. Capt. Curzon	„ Pallas.
Hon. Robert Stopford	„ Phaëton
Sir C. Cotton	„ Mars.
Sir Erasmus Gower	„ Triumph.

NELSON AND HARDY.

The life of Nelson, of course, abounds with illustrations of my subject, but all are so well known that great difficulty has been experienced in presenting any to the reader with a feature of novelty. One, however, narrated by Colonel Drinkwater Bethune, the historian of "The Siege of Gibraltar," and an eye-witness of what follows, is as well worthy of general fame as some of Nelson's more splendid achievements; and the more so as, on this occasion, that personal affection to his more immediate followers, which in every case secured their devoted attachment to himself, was the inciting cause to the display of that gallantry which, a day or two after, was more conspicuously called forth in the cause of his country, at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, after which "Nelson's patent bridge for boarding first-rates" (he having boarded one enemy's first-rate from the deck of another) became a boasting by-word of the English sailor. Commodore Nelson, whose broad pendant at that time was hoisted in the *Minerve*, Captain Cockburn, got under weigh from Gibraltar on the 11th February, 1797, in order to join Sir John Jervis's fleet. The frigate had scarcely cast round from her anchorage, when two of the three Spanish line-of-battle ships in the upper part of Gibraltar

Bay were observed also to be in motion. The headmost of the Spanish ships gaining on the frigate, the latter prepared for action, and the Minerve's situation every instant becoming more hazardous, Colonel Drinkwater asked Nelson his opinion as to the probability of an engagement; the hero said he thought it was very possible, as the headmost ship appeared to be a good sailer; "but," continued he, looking up at the broad pendant, "before the Dons get hold of that bit of bunting I will have a struggle with them, and sooner than give up the frigate I'll run her ashore. Captain Cockburn, who had been taking a view of the chasing enemy, now joined the Commodore, and observed that there was no doubt of the headmost ship gaining on the frigate. At this moment dinner was announced; but before Nelson and his guests left the deck, orders were given to set the studding sails. Seated at dinner, Colonel Drinkwater was congratulating Lieutenant Hardy, who had been just exchanged, on his being no longer a prisoner of war, when the sudden cry of a "man overboard" threw the dinner party into disorder. There is, perhaps, no passage in naval history of deeper interest than the following account of what then occurred :—

"The officers of the ship ran on deck; I, with others, ran to the stern windows to see if anything could be observed of the unfortunate man. We had scarcely reached them before we noticed

the lowering of the jolly-boat, in which was my late neighbour, Hardy, with a party of sailors, and before many seconds had elapsed the current of the Straits (which runs strongly to the eastward) had carried the jolly-boat far astern of the frigate, towards the Spanish ships. Of course the first object was to recover, if possible, the fallen man, but he was never seen again. Hardy soon made a signal to that effect, and the man was given up as lost. The attention of every person was now turned to the safety of Hardy and his boat's crew. Their situation was extremely perilous, and their danger was every instant increasing from the fast sailing of the headmost ship of the chase—the *Terrible*,—which by this time had approached nearly within gun-shot of the *Minerve*. The jolly-boat's crew pulled 'might and main' to regain the frigate, but apparently made little progress against the current of the Straits. At this crisis, Nelson, casting an anxious look at the hazardous situation of Hardy and his companions, exclaimed, 'By G—, I'll not lose Hardy; back the mizen-topsail.' No sooner said than done; the *Minerve's* progress was retarded, having the current to carry her down towards Hardy and his party, who, seeing this spirited manœuvre to save them from returning to their old quarters on board the *Terrible*, naturally redoubled their exertions to rejoin the frigate. To the landsmen on board the *Minerve* an action now appeared to be inevitable, and so,

it would appear, thought the enemy, who, surprised and confounded by this daring manoeuvre of the Commodore's (being ignorant of the accident that led to it), must have construed it into a direct challenge. Not conceiving, however, a Spanish ship of the line to be an equal match for a British frigate, with Nelson on board of her, the captain of the *Terrible* suddenly shortened sail, in order to allow his consort to join him, and thus afforded time for the *Minerve* to drop down to the jolly-boat to take out Hardy and the crew, and the moment they were on board the frigate, orders were given again to make sail. Being now under studding sails, and the widening of the Straits allowing the wind to be brought more on the *Minerve's* quarter, the frigate soon regained the lost distance, and in a short time we had the satisfaction to observe that the dastardly Don was left far in our wake; and at sunset, by steering to the southward, we lost sight of him and his consort altogether, and Commodore Nelson thus escaped, to share in the battle of St. Vincent, and win fresh laurels from the Spaniard."

CUTTING OUT HERMIONE.

The bloody mutiny on board the *Hermione*, in which the captain and all the officers, excepting the master's mate and two midshipmen, had been

murdered in cold blood, was still a recent event, and indignation at the conduct of the Spanish authorities, who had received and sheltered the authors and promoters of the massacre, and retained possession of the blood-stained ship, still rankled in the breasts of our seamen, when Captain Edward Hamilton, of his Majesty's ship *Surprise*, at that time cruising in the neighbourhood, received information that the *Hermione* was fitting out as a Spanish man-of-war, in the harbour of Puerto Cavallo, and determined on attempting to cut her out from her anchorage with the boats of the ship under his command. The *Hermione* was lying, strongly moored, between two powerful batteries, mounting about 200 pieces of cannon; but the "honour of his country and the glory of the British navy" were the great inducements for his making the attempt. Having well observed her position, and the evening of the 24th of October, 1799, being favourable, all hands were turned up on board the *Surprise*, and Captain Hamilton communicated to the officers and ship's company his intention to lead them to the attack; the answer was three vociferous cheers, and that all would follow him to a man. This general expression of feeling increased the Captain's hopes, and made him sanguine of success. The hundred volunteers, including officers, required for the service, were soon told off into the boats, and their specific duties assigned them. Fifty chosen men, headed

by himself, were to board the *Hermione*, and the remaining fifty, cutting her cables, were to take her in tow, and, while the struggle on board should still be going on, move her towards the mouth of the harbour, where the *Surprise* would be in waiting to take up the contest on more favourable terms, should the boarding party be repulsed. At half-past twelve o'clock on the morning of the 25th, the boats put off from the ship, all hearts beating high with hope, and their crews observing the most profound silence; but, notwithstanding every precaution, they were discovered at some distance by the Spanish guard-boats, and the frigate, already forewarned by the appearance of the *Surprise* off the harbour, had ample time to take all additional measures for defence, while two of the English boats in the confusion ran foul of the guard-boats, and did not join in the attack until after considerable delay, and the loss of much precious time. Captain Hamilton himself, with eight or ten men, got first on board, and took possession of the fore-castle without much resistance, and the gig, under the command of the surgeon, was equally successful on the larboard bow; both cutters were, however, beaten off, and some difficulty was experienced by the boats selected to take the frigate in tow. The Captain, however, at the head of his two boats' crews, advanced to the quarter-deck, which was obstinately defended (principally by the Spanish officers) for upwards of a quarter of

an hour, by which time the other boats had boarded, and the cables having been also cut, the frigate began to move ahead. Great numbers of the enemy were killed, some ran below, and others jumped overboard; Captain Hamilton had already received several very severe wounds; but soon every man and boat were in their assigned position, and the quarter-deck was taken possession of by the assailants, whose numbers had been increased by the marines and others from the different boats. No time was now lost in making their attack on the main deck. Following the Spaniards down pell-mell, they did not allow them time for regular defence, and, assisted by the fire kept up by those remaining on deck, the British carried their point. After a dreadful slaughter upon the main deck, the Spaniards retreated to the 'tween decks, and continued firing until their ammunition was expended, and then, and not till then, did they cry for quarter. While the firing was still kept up on board, the enemy on shore, uncertain as to who had possession of the ship, hesitated in opening their fire; and before the batteries opened, the *Hermione*, by means of her sails, by this time set, and the boats towing her, had considerably increased her distance from the shore; and notwithstanding the forts commenced a tremendous cannonade, she passed them without much loss, and at two o'clock, exactly one hour and a half from the time of the boats putting off from the *Surprise*, the *Hermione*

was out of gun-shot of the forts, and completely in the hands of the British.

The Spanish captain of the *Hermione* informed Captain Hamilton that she was nearly ready for sea, mounting 44 guns, with a complement of 321 officers and men, 56 soldiers, and 15 artillery-men; of whom 119 were killed and 97 wounded, the assailants having had only 12 wounded. Sir Hyde Parker, the Admiral on the station, in transmitting the account of this gallant and daring affair to the Admiralty, pronounces it to be "one that merits even rank among the foremost of the many gallant actions executed by our Navy." Honours were showered upon the gallant officer. He was knighted, and decorated with a gold medal commemorative of the action; while presentation swords, and the freedom of the city of London, attested the sense entertained of his services by his fellow countrymen and citizens.

DART AND DESIREE.

In the year 1800, Captain Inman, of the *Andromeda*, whose name as lieutenant of the *Hector* will appear as the hero of a subsequent anecdote, and who was at this time stationed with a small squadron to watch the port of Dunkirk, submitted to the Admiralty a plan for destroying four French frigates, one of 50,

and three of 40 guns, then lying in the roads. The proposal having met with approval, and the necessary fire-ships having arrived, it was decided to make the attempt on the night of the 7th July ; and Commander Patrick Campbell, of the Dart sloop of 20 guns, an officer of proved ability, was selected to lead the attacking force. The boldness of this enterprise may be imagined, when we are told that, before any decisive blow could be struck, it was necessary that each vessel should pass so close to a battery of 100 guns as to be challenged by the sentinels. On this night the vessels of the expedition evaded this danger by giving such answers as induced the belief that they were coasting vessels running for Dunkirk. The Dart stood boldly on in execution of her orders, which were to attack the innermost frigate while the fire-ships should grapple with those lying outside her. It is conjectured by Captain Inman that the enemy had been apprized of his intention ; for the attacking force, although it succeeded in passing the battery, was much obstructed by gun-boats and other vessels which had been anchored in advance of the frigates, and which afforded the latter an opportunity of cutting their cables and avoiding the fire-ships ; but Commander Campbell, who was far in advance of his colleagues, about midnight got sight of the four French ships, and answered the hail from the headmost, that he was "from Bordeaux ;" and to the second

question—which was, what was the convoy astern—the reply given was, “Je ne sais pas.” The interval of time thus occupied enabled the Dart to pass the two outermost frigates, and when alongside the third she exchanged a tremendous broadside, her guns having been double-shotted with round and grape shot. Passing on, she reached her appointed antagonist, the innermost frigate, and running her bowsprit into the Frenchman’s foremost rigging, she at the same time let go an anchor from the stern to check her way. This daring manœuvre was perfectly successful, for on the two vessels coming in contact, the first lieutenant of the Dart, at the head of fifty men, boarded the Frenchman with a shout, carrying everything before him, and the sloop almost immediately swinging alongside in the tide-way, enabled the second lieutenant, with another division, to follow in support at the critical moment when the French crew were rallying at the after hatchway of their ship. The united efforts of the two parties bore down all opposition, and, driving the enemy below and cutting the frigate’s cables, they got her under weigh without any further struggle. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, the *Desirée*, of 40 guns, long 24-pounders, with a complement of 330 men, was captured single-handed by a sloop of 20 guns and 120 men. Captain Inman, in reporting the action, states that “one spirit seemed to animate the whole of her company,” and “the handsome and

intrepid manner of carrying her must convince their Lordships of Commander Campbell's unparalleled bravery." Had the struggle for mastery been of a more protracted character, the results would have been serious to the conquerors; for as it was, they had barely time to cut the cables of their prize, and get her under sail and over the banks, before the tide turned. In this service the Dart lost one man killed, and eleven wounded; while the French loss is computed at above 100 killed and wounded; and amongst the former every officer of the *Desirée* was numbered, except a single midshipman.

The attack on the three other frigates failed, although the captains of the several fire-vessels remained on board until they were completely enveloped in flames, for the frigates, cutting their cables, ran before the wind out of the roads and within the Braeck sand.

During the progress of this hazardous attempt, Commodore Inman had a very narrow escape. For the purpose of more nearly observing the attack, he had left the *Andromeda* and gone on board the *Vigilant* lugger. In the darkness of the night, and great confusion arising from the number of French gun-boats that were moving about, the *Vigilant* was mistaken by one of the English squadron for an enemy's gun-boat, and a broadside was consequently poured into her, which, if well directed, might have sent her to the bottom; fortunately the guns had been

levelled too high, and every shot cleared the heads of the lugger's crew, who lost no time in calling out the watchword, thereby avoiding a repetition of what might have been an error fatal to themselves.

LEANDER AND GENEREUX.

That "his gallant and almost unprecedented defence of the *Leander* against so superior a force as that of *Le Genereux* was deserving of every praise his country and the assembled Court could give, and that his conduct, with that of the officers and men under his command, reflected not only the highest honour on himself and them, but on their country at large," was the deliberate judgment of the court-martial assembled to try Captain Thompson for the loss of the *Leander*, a frigate of 50 guns, which, after having shared in the glories of the battle of the Nile, was bearing dispatches to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord St. Vincent, conveying the news of that victory, when she fell in with the *Genereux*, of 74 guns, one of the French ships that escaped capture on that eventful day, and fought the celebrated action marked by the eulogy above quoted. The battle of the Nile occurred on the 1st August; and on the 18th, when off the west end of Candia (at daybreak), a large sail, evidently a ship of the line, was observed from

the *Leander*, standing directly towards her. The latter was at this time becalmed, while the stranger brought up a strong breeze, so that, although Captain Thompson (his ship being eighty men short of complement, and having on board many that were wounded in the Nile action), tried to avoid an action with a ship so superior in size and force, he soon perceived that it was inevitable, and therefore steered a course to put himself in the best position for the approaching contest. At eight o'clock A. M. the *Genereux*, whose nationality had been known from the first*, still keeping the breeze, had come within distant shot, hoisting Neapolitan colours and then Turkish, by way of deception, and at nine A.M. had ranged up within half gun-shot, and fired the first shot across the *Leander's* bow. This was immediately answered by the latter's broadside, and the two ships continued nearing each other, keeping up a constant fire, until half-past ten, when the *Genereux* laid the British fifty on board, with a crash that bent double several of her lower-deck port-lids. At this moment her capture appeared inevitable; but the *Leander's* Marines, commanded by a sergeant (no superior officer being on board), supported by a furious cannonade from the quarter-deck guns, kept up

* It has astonished many that Captain Thompson, knowing his enemy, did not attempt to disable her as she advanced, but, on the contrary, allowed so powerful a foe to take up his position undisturbed; as we all know that a lucky shot fired in chase has often proved the salvation of the pursued vessel.

so spirited and well-directed a fire, that the numerous crew of the *Genereux* were unable to take advantage of their position, and were repulsed in every attempt to board, until at length a light breeze enabled Captain Thompson to steer clear of his enemy, and, passing under her stern, he had the satisfaction of discharging every gun of his starboard broadside into her: but again the breeze died away; and on a sea smooth as glass the cannonade continued without intermission until half-past three o'clock, when a light air enabled the *Genereux* to take up a commanding position on the *Leander's* starboard bow, where the latter's guns were unfortunately disabled by the wreck of the fallen spars. In this condition, and unable to bring a single gun to bear upon her antagonist, when the Frenchman hailed to know if she had struck, the surrender of the defenceless frigate, after her close and bloody conflict of six hours' duration, was notified by holding out a pike with a French flag at the end of it. When this painful event occurred the *Leander* was totally ungovernable—her yards were on the boom, and no stick was standing but the bowsprit and the stumps of the fore and main-masts; her hull was also cut to pieces, and the decks strewed with killed and wounded. The *Genereux*, on the contrary, had only lost her mizen top-mast; but the *Leander's* fire, which had been directed at her hull, had left her no boats that would float; and the English frigate was taken possession of by the

French boatswain and one of their midshipmen. The *Leander* commenced the action with 282 men and boys, of whom 35 were killed and 57* wounded; and the *Genereux*, whose crew numbered 936 men and boys, sustained a loss of about 100 killed and 188 wounded.

No sooner had the republican crew taken possession of their prize than a general scene of plunder was presented—the English officers and men were even stripped of their private property, and nothing left them but the clothes on their backs; the surgeon was robbed of his instruments, so that he was unable to perform the necessary operation for removing a musket-ball from Captain Thompson's arm; in fact, the greatest inhumanity was displayed by the victors, and the sufferings of the prisoners did not cease with their arrival at Corfu, to which island the two ships proceeded †. While lying in that harbour the *Genereux* was blockaded by a Russian squadron, and Captain Lejoille tried to induce the *Leander's* men to assist him in forcing his

* Captain Thompson was amongst the latter, having been severely wounded in three places. Captain Berry, the officer charged with the dispatches, received a singular wound, a part of a man's skull having been driven through his arm.

† The different charges against the French appear almost incredible; we are told, for instance, that Captain Lejoille refused Captain Thompson, although so badly wounded, even his cot, and when the latter remonstrated with the Frenchman, pointing out the opposite treatment shown to the French officers taken prisoners at the Nile, he only replied, "I am sorry for it, but the French are good pillagers;" and such he showed himself, for when Captain Berry asked to have some pistols returned, of which he had been plundered, Captain Lejoille, when they were produced by the man who had taken them, very coolly secured them for himself.

way to sea. Promises of reward, which were bountifully proffered, proved unavailing, and one man in particular, a main top-man, named George Bannister, replied, "No, you d—d French rascal, give us but our little ship, and we will fight you again till we sink." The *Leander* was retaken by the blockading squadron, and presented by the Russian Emperor to this country, and subsequently added to her career of glory—winning fresh laurels at Algiers; thus being first and last to distinguish herself in the war.

On returning to the shore, after his trial by court-martial, Captain Thompson was saluted by three cheers from all the ships in harbour, and his merits were acknowledged by his Sovereign by the honour of knighthood and a pension of 200*l.* per annum.

DEFENCE OF ACRE.

In the year 1799, when Buonaparte—having achieved the conquest of Egypt—turned his thoughts of conquest towards regions further east, and when England was alarmed for the safety of its Indian empire, our Ministers entered into a treaty of alliance with the Sublime Porte, under the provisions of which a Turkish army was to traverse Asia Minor, in order to threaten the French general's rear, while advancing towards British India. Buonaparte,

having intelligence of the arrangement, determined to forestall it, and, by commencing offensive operations, prevent the combined action of the forces destined to operate against him. With this view he marched with an army of 13,000 men against St. Jean d'Acre, the appointed rendezvous of the Turkish forces, which the Governor of the fortress, Djezzar Pasha, had been selected to command. Captain Sir Sidney Smith, then at Constantinople, on hearing of Napoleon's movements, proceeded in the Tigre to Alexandria, hoping by a bombardment of that city to arrest his march, and gain time for Acre to be put into a state of defence. Failing in this, Sir Sidney sailed for Acre, where he anchored on the 15th March, and found the fortifications in a ruinous and dilapidated condition, and almost destitute of artillery; in fact, to most men the place would have appeared incapable of defence, as will appear from the following account of an experienced English officer of artillery who arrived at the close of the operations, and who thus describes it:—"It is situated upon a rectangular piece of land, two sides close to the water's edge, the other two terminating and meeting in a square tower towards the main land. There is no flanking fire from the place; the wall is not anywhere proof against a 3-pound shot; the ditch does not quite go round it; the gates are worse than good barn-doors in England; the approach is completely covered by ruins, by an aqueduct, and by hollow places

so close up to the wall, that the enemy began to break ground within 400 yards of the place. I am persuaded that most general officers would have declined defending Acre with 5000 good troops." Such was the fortress which, defended by the undisciplined Turks, animated and incited by the presence of a few English seamen, turned the modern Sesostris in his course of victory, and drove him baffled from before its walls.

While the Turkish garrison, under the direction of Colonel Philippeaux, a French emigrant officer of engineers, was strengthening the works, Sir Sidney Smith proceeded with the Tigre's boats to intercept the French maritime portion of the expedition, and on the night of the 17th March, while rowing in shore near Caiffa, he discovered the advanced guard of the French army marching along the sea-shore. Returning to his ship, he dispatched the launch of the Tigre to the mouth of the small river—the brook Kishon of Scripture—which falls into the sea in the bay of Acre, to guard and defend the ford; and the French troops, flushed with the triumph that had just attended their arms in the successful storm of Jaffa—the ancient Joppa,—were surprised at the break of day on the 18th by a fire unexpected and vigorous, which was their first intimation of the opposition they afterwards experienced, while the capture of the flotilla, which the Tigre pursued and overtook, was the main cause of the eventual successful defence; as Buonaparte was thus not only deprived

of his chief means of aggression, but the guns and stores were landed and employed in the defence of the beleaguered fortress. Under these circumstances, and obliged by the fire from the British ships to make his approaches on the north-east side of the town, where the defences were the most formidable, Buonaparte opened his trenches on the 18th March. The importance which he attached to a successful result may be gathered from some of his speeches which have been preserved: "On that little town," said he to one of his generals, as they were standing on an eminence which takes its name from our Cœur de Lion—"on that little town depends the fate of the East. Behold the key of Constantinople, or of India. The moment Acre falls, all the Druses will join me; the Syrians, weary of Djezzar's oppression, will crowd to my standard. I shall march upon Constantinople with an army to which the Turk can offer no effectual resistance, and it seems not unlikely that I may return to France by the route of Adrianople and Vienna, destroying the house of Austria on my way."

The capture of their artillery in the flotilla had been so complete, and ammunition was so scarce, that Montholon tells us, that at first Sir Sidney Smith provided the French with the balls they fired, the soldiers receiving five sous for each ball they brought in; but they afterwards received supplies, and this eventful siege

was urged on with varying success, the enemy making their chief progress during the few days that Sir Sidney Smith was driven off by the equinoctial gales. Seven weeks had elapsed, during which the breach had been practicable, and the French had made nine several attempts to storm, and each time had been repulsed with immense slaughter. The garrison had also suffered in like proportion, for the Pasha's regiment of Albanians, which at the commencement of the siege mustered 1000 bayonets, was reduced to 200 men. Besiegers and besieged were now equally anxious for reinforcements, when, on the 7th May, the fiftieth day of the siege, towards sunset, a few sails were seen on the horizon, and anxious eyes both from the camp and fortress were turned towards them; but all doubt as to their nationality vanished when the British cruisers, which had stood out to reconnoitre, joined the approaching force, and the flag that

"Has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze,"

was seen flying in amity with the Crescent of the Turks. The French general lost no time in giving orders for a most vigorous and persevering assault, in hopes of gaining possession of the town before the reinforcement to the garrison could disembark. The constant fire hitherto kept up by the besiegers was suddenly increased tenfold, while the flanking fire from the British ships

was rendered less effective by thick traverses and epaulements which the French engineers had thrown up. These traverses were composed of sand-bags, and, shocking to relate, the bodies of their dead were built in with them. Aware of how much depended upon this single day, Sir Sidney Smith left his ship at daybreak, leaving orders for the immediate disembarkation of the reinforcements as they came up. His presence was most requisite to stimulate the defenders to increased exertion, for the enemy gained ground, notwithstanding all that skill and courage in numbers so reduced could effect, and at length effected a lodgment at the north-east of the works, and daylight showed the French standard floating on the outer angle of the tower. Hassan Bey's troops were now in the boats, though as yet but half way to the shore, when Sir Sidney Smith, at this most critical point of the contest, landed with every available man from the ships, and led them, armed with pikes, to meet the French. The enthusiastic gratitude of the Turks at the sight of this reinforcement at such a time cannot be described: many fugitives returned to the breach, which had been deserted by all save a few brave men, whose most destructive missile weapons were heavy stones, which, striking the assailants on the head, overthrew the foremost down the slope, and impeded the progress of the rest. Successive detachments, however, still ascended to the assault, the heap of ruins between the two

parties serving as a breastwork for both; the muzzles of their muskets touching, and the spear-heads of the standards locked. At this moment, Djezzar Pasha, hearing that the English were on the breach, came from his station, where, according to ancient custom, he was sitting distributing rewards to such as might bring him the heads of the enemy, and, seizing some of his allies from behind, pulled them down with violence, saying, if any harm happened to his English friends, all was lost. The Commodore's secretary, in narrating this scene, gives the following account:—

“I shall ever remember the scene of that terrible night. Djezzar was sitting on an empty rice bag near the gate, in sight of the tower where the French had lodged themselves, in front of the lane leading to his palace—his sword drawn, and his tomahawk lying in front of him. They were bringing in from the trenches the heads of the French slain, which, to the number of about seventy, were all arranged by him like cabbages in a market; his secretary on one side writing down the names of those that brought them in, the cashier on the other side paying fifty piastres for each; while he was cutting with a pair of scissars, out of a thin plate of silver, a kind of plume called ‘chelengk,’ which he himself placed in their respective caps. He was so much affected at the death of the first of our brave fellows, that he gave out an order that none of the English should be allowed to pass the gates, and

that no officer should go near the breaches; and this was so rigorously observed, that Sir Sidney Smith was obliged to force his way sword in hand.

“The amicable contest as to who should defend the breach, occasioned a rush of Turks to the spot, and time was thus gained for the arrival of the first body of Hassan Bey’s troops. All the garrison was now on foot, and a sally was determined on, in order to take the assailants in flank; but the Turks were not equal to such a movement, and were driven back with slaughter; the sortie had, however, the good effect of obliging the enemy to expose themselves above their parapet, so that the flanking fire of the ships killed or dispersed the small number remaining on the lodgment in the tower.

“Sunset was now approaching: a group of generals and aides-de-camp were standing on Richard Cœur de Lion’s mount, amongst whom Buonaparte was distinguishable in the centre of a semicircle, gesticulating, and by his movements indicating a renewal of the attack, when a massive column appeared advancing to the breach with solemn step. The Pasha’s decision was not to defend it, but to let a certain number in and then close with them. This was Sir Sidney Smith’s plan of operation, who taught the Turks, on all occasions, to close with the republicans, and attack them with their sabres; which they did, with comparatively little loss to

themselves, for by rushing upon them suddenly, they did not give them time to fire a second round. To bring them to this pitch of daring, Sir Sidney had himself on many occasions led them out to the ditch, trench, and bush fighting, the Turks and Arabs following him with enthusiasm."

The attacking column was thus allowed to mount the breach, and descend unmolested from the rampart to the Pasha's garden, where in a few minutes the bravest and most advanced among them lay headless corpses, the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet ; the rest retreated precipitately, and their commanding officer, General Lannes, was with difficulty carried off, wounded, and General Rambaud was killed. This was the concluding scene of what had been a continuous struggle for more than twenty-five hours, and both parties were now so fatigued as to be unable to move.

Every division of the besieging force having in turn failed in their daily efforts to mount the breach, with the loss of their bravest men and three-fourths of their officers, Buonaparte recalled General Kleber's division, which had been sent towards the fords of Jordan. He hoped much from this division, as it had by its firmness and steady front kept upwards of 10,000 men in check during a whole day on the plain between Nazareth and Mount Tabor. Be-

fore, however, this force had arrived, the Chifflick regiment, under Hassan Bey, who on the day of their landing had shown some want of firmness, and had been in consequence censured, and were anxious to retrieve their lost honour, had made a sortie by night with such ardour and resolution that they mastered the third parapet, and spiked four of the guns before they retreated. Kleber's division, therefore, instead of mounting the breach, was on its arrival obliged to expend its time and strength in recovering these works, and only succeeded, after a conflict of three hours, in restoring matters to their previous state, with a considerable loss of men.

Now follows the closing scene of this eventful history. The fourteenth assault was made by Kleber's grenadiers, who, proud of their recent triumph at Mount Tabor, advanced to the trenches under a shower of balls. "If St. Jean d'Acre is not taken this evening," said one of the colonels, "be assured Venoux is slain." He kept his word; the fortress held out, and the gallant speaker's body remained at the foot of the walls. Again the massy column was permitted unmolested to mount the breach, but only to prove again that the sabre and the dagger were superior to the bayonet. The slaughter was terrific; General Bon was killed, and numbers of the officers of the staff were wounded. Buonaparte, who, standing on the breaching battery, had followed the movement with his glass,

and with attention so riveted that he did not notice the fall of several members of his staff by the balls from the fortress, now judging the obstacles to be insurmountable, ordered a retreat: and thus finished the siege of St. Jean d'Acre; for, although after this failure the army remained for more than a week before the fortress, the French grenadiers absolutely refused to mount the breach any more over the putrid bodies of their unburied companions—upwards of a thousand dead bodies lying in and about the breaches; and on the 21st May, after the opposing forces had been within a stone's throw of each other for two months, the retreat commenced, and the siege was raised. Sir Sidney received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for this service, and his officers their well-earned promotion from the Admiralty.

During the continuance of the siege, an English seaman, who had been struck with the gallantry of a French officer who had fallen in one of the attacks, determined to give so brave an antagonist the honours of burial, denied in most cases to the assailants. In the hottest of the fire he descended the breach with a pickaxe, and, unmindful of the shower of missiles, proceeded steadily with his task. The French, perceiving his intention, withheld their fire, and the brave tar, having completed his object, returned unmolested to the garrison.

SWALLOW WITH REYNARD.

His Majesty's ship *Swallow*, a brig of 16 guns, commanded by Commander Sibley, was in the year 1812 stationed off the French coast, near the small town of Frejus, for the purpose of harassing the French coasting trade; and the skill and activity with which she had been handled had proved so annoying as to induce the authorities of that town to make every exertion to destroy their foe. For this purpose the brig *Reynard*, armed with twenty 30-pounder carronades, and with a complement of eighty men, assisted by a schooner, mounting 16 guns, left the harbour on the 16th July, under a light favourable breeze, with the avowed determination of bringing the *Swallow* into Frejus, or of perishing in the attempt. Notwithstanding that the force bearing down upon him was more than double that of his brig, while the wind was so light and the water so smooth as to deprive him of any advantage he might have derived from superior manœuvring, Commander Sibley waited with confidence the attack of the two French vessels, which stood on until within fifty yards' distance, when the action was commenced by the *Swallow* discharging both broadsides simultaneously. Four times the enemy attempted to carry the brig by boarding, and in each attempt were repulsed with loss, while the *Swallow's* whole endeavours were

directed to getting between her opponents and their friendly coast, with the view of cutting off their retreat. Her head braces, however, having been shot away, she failed in every attempt to wear under the Reynard's stern, and at length, after a sanguinary struggle of forty minutes' duration, finding herself within gun-shot of the batteries on shore, which just then opened their fire upon her, the Swallow was reluctantly compelled to haul off, thus enabling her opponents to escape capture, by seeking the shelter of their own shores. The English brig was desperately cut up, both in hull and rigging, and out of her small complement lost five men killed, and seventeen wounded. By information obtained from a French fishing-boat, it was subsequently ascertained that the French loss was much greater; the Reynard having had her side nearly stove in, while 150 men were killed and wounded, either in her or the schooner. The little town of Frejus itself was a scene of mourning, from the number of deaths which had occurred amongst those of the inhabitants of the place who had volunteered their services in the anticipated triumph. The Swallow had suffered most from the fire of the schooner, which, during the contest between the two brigs, had been enabled to take up a most annoying position almost with impunity. Sir E. Pellew, in reporting this action to the Admiralty, states that he has noticed Commander Sibley's distinguished conduct by appointing him to the

Blossom, a post ship. A private letter of the day gives many details of this affair, from which great credit appears to attach to Mr. Ryan, the purser. Early in the action this officer's hat had been knocked off by a shot, and he fell apparently mortally wounded. His servant, an old marine, took him up in his arms, and was carrying him below, but before he got on the ladder Mr. Ryan, who had suffered no real injury, recovered sufficiently to ask whither he was taking him; on hearing that it was to the cockpit, he desired his weeping servant to take him back again, as he was unhurt, and the blood with which he was covered was not his own. An officer in command of some of the guns having had his leg taken off by a shot, Mr. Ryan succeeded to the charge, desired the men to load with double canister, and not to fire a gun until he told them. They had at that time 64 lbs. of small shot in every gun, and the men were "mad to fire;" but he said he would not fire a gun until he rubbed their muzzles against her sides. With that, as they were close alongside, he ordered a bag of musket-balls to be put into the mouth of each gun, and as each bag held 32 lbs., each gun had now thus 96 lbs. of shot in it. According to all modern rules of science, such overloading, though of frequent occurrence in the late war, is detrimental to the effect of the broadside; but in the present instance it is stated that, after the guns were discharged, the volley proved so

effective that not a Frenchman was to be seen on deck, and the Reynard made every effort to escape from the deadly combat.

The following melancholy narrative is extracted from the same authority:—

“In this gallant and sanguinary action there was a seaman named Phelan who had his wife on board; she was stationed (as is usual when women are on board in time of battle) to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded.

“From the close manner in which the Swallow engaged the enemy, yard-arm and yard-arm, the wounded, as may be expected, were brought below very fast; amongst the rest, a messmate of her husband's (consequently of her own) who had received a musket-ball through his side. Her exertions were being used to console the poor fellow, who was in great agonies and nearly breathing his last, when by some chance she heard her husband was wounded on deck; her anxiety and already overpowered feelings could not one moment be restrained; she rushed instantly upon deck and received the wounded tar in her arms; he faintly raised his head to kiss her; she burst into a flood of tears, and told him to take courage, as ‘all would yet be well;’ but had scarcely pronounced the last syllable when a shot took her head off. The poor fellow, who was closely wrapt in her arms, opened his eyes once more, and then closed them for ever. What rendered the circumstance more affecting was, the poor woman had only three

weeks before given birth to a fine boy, who was thus in a moment deprived of both father and mother. As soon as the action was over, and nature again began to take its course, the feelings of the sailors, who wanted no unnecessary incitement to stimulate them, were all interested for poor Tomny, for so he was called. Many said, and all feared, he must die; they all agreed that he should have a hundred fathers, but what could be the substitute for a nurse and a mother? However, the mind of humanity soon discovered there was a Maltese goat on board, the property of the officers, which gave an abundance of milk, and, as there was no better expedient, she was resorted to for the purpose of suckling the child, who, singular to say, is thriving and getting one of the finest little fellows in the world; and so tractable is his nurse, that she lies down when little Tommy is brought to be suckled by her. Phelan and his wife were sewed up in one hammock, and it is needless to say were buried in one grave."

SIR NESBIT JOSIAH WILLOUGHBY.

Sir N. Willoughby, who has so lately departed from the scene of earthly fame, was one of those men from whose breast all idea of danger seems to have been banished. Those to whom the veteran's person was familiar must recollect that

his maimed body bore the marks of many a fight, and of him it may truly be said that he squandered himself away in his country's cause. From his first entry into the service he seems to have been distinguished by his daring, and an apparent contempt of danger. At the battle of Copenhagen he boarded the *Provestein*, under a heavy fire from her lower-deck guns, and, with only thirty men, succeeded in keeping possession of her under the most trying circumstances. It was his "uncommon exertion and professional ability" that saved the 900 souls on board the French frigate *Clorinde* from the destruction which threatened them at Cape François, from the blacks, under Dessalines. At Curaçoa, in 1804, he had charge of the advanced batteries, and, in order to encourage his men under the tremendous fire that was kept up, he took his meals in the most exposed situation. The earth was ploughed up all around, and one man we believe was killed close to the spot; but still the table and chair of the daring young officer who sat there remained untouched. On one occasion Lieutenant Samuel Perrott, R.M., was induced to seat himself in the chair; scarcely had he done so when a shot came, took off his left arm, badly wounded the knee upon which it had been resting, and knocked the table to atoms.

At the same place, with a party of eighty-five seamen and marines, Mr. Willoughby defeated 500 French and Dutch after a severe fight, losing

twenty-three killed and wounded, and on the ultimate retreat of the attacking force from the island, he had the satisfaction of being the last to leave, as he had been first to land, destroying Fort Piscadero, of which he had commanded the storming party on the day of landing. On one occasion, while on the sick list, his ship, the *Hercule*, was caught in a fearful hurricane, and while the stoutest seamen stood appalled, Mr. Willoughby mounted to the top to clear away the wreck of the fore-topmast, thus saving the ship. At the destruction of the unfortunate *Ajax*, off Tenedos, his boat dared everything to save the sufferers from the burning wreck, Mr. Willoughby having been severely scorched by the flames ; and a few weeks after, in a desperate attack on a party who had sheltered themselves in a convent, he was so severely wounded as to be officially reported by the surgeon to be mortally hurt ; he had been struck by two pistol-balls, one of which entered his head in the direction of the brain, where it remained during his lifetime, while the other cut his cheek in two. These services, with others far too many for our enumeration, bring us down to his proceedings at the Isle of France, upon which soil he first made those hostile movements which, after such romantic variety and change of fortune, ended in its remaining a British possession. Captain Willoughby, then in command of the *Nereide*, landed at Jacotel on the 1st May, 1810, with 105 officers and men, under a most

destructive fire, and, having stormed a battery, proceeded to attack a guard-house defended by troops and militia; this he also succeeded in carrying, and afterwards crossing a river, half swimming and half wading, captured another battery at the summit of a hill, taking the enemy's colours. The troops he had driven back having been reinforced by large parties of militia, advanced with confidence to cut him off from his boats; but the undaunted Willoughby completely turned the tables upon them, for, making a rapid advance as if he intended cutting off their retreat, they, already disheartened by previous defeats, lost all courage, and retired pell-mell, leaving him to reinbark in safety and unmolested. In consequence of this gallant achievement, Captain Willoughby's acting post rank in the *Nereide* was confirmed by the Admiralty. At this time the English force in those seas consisted of five frigates, three of which blockaded Port Louis, where the French frigates *Astrée*, *Manche*, and *Venus*, with a corvette, were then lying, while the *Nereide*, with one of the others, was employed in desultory expeditions upon the coast. The boats of these two frigates having succeeded in capturing *Isle de la Passe*, a small island off Grand Port, Captain Willoughby, who was left in sole charge, proceeded from that stronghold to harass the enemy's coasts, and while so employed he discovered two French frigates, *Bellona* and *Minerve*, and the *Victor* corvette, passing the island.

Knowing how important it was to prevent the junction of these vessels with those blockaded in Port Louis, Capt. Willoughby, who had obtained possession of their signals, hoisted French colours, and succeeded in decoying them into Grand Port. As the ships passed, the *Nereide* and the *Fort* upon *Isle de la Passe*, shifting their flags to English, opened a fire upon the foremost—the *Victor*,—which struck; upon discovering his mistake, the French Commodore made a signal to his squadron to come to the wind; but it was too late, and, finding himself unable to retreat, he determined on the bolder course of forcing his way into the harbour; and this he succeeded in effecting, the vessel that had struck running in with him, and the whole squadron came safely to their moorings under the protection of their own batteries. Having secured his enemy in this species of trap, Captain Willoughby sent intelligence of the event to his consorts, and was soon joined by three of them—*Sirius*, *Iphigenia*, and *Magicienne*; and Captain Pym, the senior officer, decided on attacking the three French ships in their harbour. The *Nereide* was selected to lead, which Captain Willoughby did with his accustomed gallantry; but the other ships failing from accidental circumstances in taking up their allotted positions, the *Nereide* was placed unsupported close abreast the French Commodore. What followed was a scene of defeat and bloodshed, and after a lengthened struggle, the *Nereide*, with

a loss of 230 persons killed and wounded (including the Captain), out of 281, and with her hull riddled from end to end, struck her colours. The *Sirius* and *Magicienne* were destroyed by their own crews, to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands; and the *Iphigenia* surrendered a few days after, with the garrison of *Isle de la Passe*, to the French squadron, now reinforced by those from *Port Louis*. The subsequent events, and how Commodore Rowley in his single frigate succeeded in winning ship after ship from the French, and again obtained a superiority of force, is matter of history. Captain Willoughby, when recovered from his wounds, and acquitted by court-martial, which was of opinion "that the *Nereide* had been carried into action in a most judicious, officer-like, and gallant manner" seems to have been so enamoured of fighting that, in the following year, he volunteered into the service of Russia. Here he was taken prisoner by the French, owing to his generosity in giving up his horse to some wounded Russian soldiers, and thus he became involved in all the horrors of the retreat from Moscow, and remained a prisoner until the peace. Such was Sir Nesbit Willoughby, whose peculiarities had obtained for him the nickname of "fighting Willoughby," and whose utter disregard of self, fearlessness, and exalted devotion to his country, are unsurpassed in the records of the Navy.

LIEUTENANT YEO IN MUROS BAY.

The following interesting account of the late Sir James Lucas Yeo's gallant action in Muros Bay, when he was lieutenant of her Majesty's ship Loire, is taken almost verbatim from the official dispatch in which Captain Maitland announces the event. Information having reached the Loire that a privateer of 26 guns was fitting out at Muros, Captain Maitland, who, as a lieutenant of the Kingfisher, had been in the bay, and had a faint recollection, although, as it turned out, a very imperfect one, of the localities, thought it practicable either to bring her out or destroy her. The Loire was consequently prepared for engaging at anchor, and all the officers and men who could be spared from working the guns and anchoring the ship, fifty in number, were appointed, under Lieutenant Yeo, to land and storm the fort, of the strength of which a very incorrect idea had been formed. On the morning of the 4th June, 1805, the sea-breeze setting in, the ship stood in for the bay; but before rounding the point they were much annoyed by a battery of two guns, which opened a fire upon the ship. Captain Maitland therefore desired Mr. Yeo and his party, who were already in the boats, to push on shore and spike the guns; reminding the men in a short speech that it was the anniversary of their Sovereign's birth, and that for his sake, as

well as their own credit, their utmost exertions must be used. Though such injunctions were unnecessary, there is no doubt but that they had great effect in animating the spirits of the men, in whose boldness and resolution every confidence was placed. Having landed under the battery at the point, agreeably to the orders he had received, Lieutenant Yeo met with no resistance, for the soldiers quitted on their approach. Meantime the Loire stood further in, and opening the bay more fully, discovered a very long corvette of 26 ports apparently ready for sea, and a large brig of 20 ports in a state of fitting; but as they neither of them fired, Captain Maitland came to the conclusion that they had not their guns on board, and that nothing remained to occupy his attention but a heavy fort, which at that moment opened to their view, and at the same time began a wonderfully well-directed fire, almost every shot taking effect on the hull. Hopeful for the result, but anticipating a very warm engagement, the Loire was anchored with a spring upon her cable, and the firing was commenced; but the honours of the capture were not for the ship, for although their fire was admirably directed, the enemy were so completely covered by their embrasures as to render the grape almost ineffectual, and the whole merit of the success must be attributed to Lieutenant Yeo and the small party on shore. This officer having, as already stated, obtained possession of the battery on the point, had

hardly completed spiking the guns, when, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, he perceived for the first time a regular fort, ditched, and with a gate, which the enemy fortunately, not suspecting their landing, had neglected to secure. Observing the heavy fire opened from it upon the ship, and judging it practicable to carry it by storm, Mr. Yeo, without waiting for orders, confident in the determined bravery of the officers and men under his orders, called upon them to follow him, and in a very short time reached the outer gate, when the French sentinel fired and retreated into the fort. The attacking party entered together with him, and at the inner gate were opposed by the governor with such Spanish troops as were in the town and the crews of the French privateers.

From the testimony of the prisoners as well as our own men, it appears that Mr. Yeo was the first who entered the fort, and with one blow laid the governor dead at his feet and broke his own sabre in two; the other officers were dispatched by such officers and men of the English as were most advanced and the narrowness of the gate would permit to push forward; the remainder instantly fled to the farther end of the fort, and many were seen from the ship to leap from the embrasures, a height of above 25 feet; such as laid down their arms received quarter, but the slaughter among those who resisted was very great. Nothing could withstand the seamen and

marines, and to their credit as Englishmen, as well as their profession, the instant the fort was in their possession, and the guns spiked, they seemed to vie with each other who could be the first to relieve and assist the poor wounded prisoners, who were lying in numbers in different parts of the fort; and their humanity was repaid by the gratitude expressed by the sufferers' friends when they came down to take them away. Indeed, greatly to the credit of the ship's company, the bishop and one of the principal inhabitants went off to the Loire, to express their gratitude for the orderly behaviour of the men—there not being one instance of pillage—and to make offers of every refreshment the place afforded. As soon as the British flag was displayed on the fort, Captain Maitland took possession of the *Confiance* French privateer, the *Belier*, 20-gun brig, and a Spanish merchant brig in ballast; then, hoisting a flag of truce, he informed the inhabitants of the town that, if they would deliver up such of the ships' stores as were on shore, there would be no further molestation. The proposal was thankfully agreed to; but as there was a large body of troops in the vicinity, it was not deemed advisable to allow the people to remain long enough on shore to embark the guns. On inspecting the brig, she was found not to be in a state to be removed, and was therefore set fire to and burnt to the water's edge, and the *Confiance* remained the only trophy of their successful enterprise.

In this attack there was no loss of life on the part of the victors. Mr. Yeo and four of the shore party were wounded, and eleven of those who remained on board ; while of the Spaniards, the governor, a Spanish gentleman who had volunteered, the second captain of the *Confiance*, and nine others, were killed, and thirty, including most of the officers of the *Confiance*, wounded ; the number of killed and wounded being nearly equal to the whole number of their assailants.

BATTLE AND SHIPWRECK.

The following incident in the life of Captain Henry Inman affords an instance not only of what the British sailor is capable in the more exciting hour of battle, but also evidences his undaunted courage and unwearied perseverance in the more trying, because less honour-bearing, scene of danger from shipwreck. Captain Inman was, at the date of which we are now speaking, first lieutenant of the *Hector*, one of Sir G. Rodney's fleet in the victory of 12th April, 1782. She was an old 74-gun ship, and had been much battered and mutilated in that engagement ; so much so, indeed, that it was found necessary, before she sailed from Jamaica for England, to take out twenty-two of her guns. Her masts had also been replaced by others of smaller dimensions, and her short complement of men

amounted to only 300, most of whom were invalids from the fleet, with their constitutions shattered by the attacks of a West Indian climate. Under the foregoing circumstances, and having, from her miserable condition and bad sailing, parted company with the remainder of the fleet, it was her fortune, on the evening of the 5th September, 1782, to fall in with two French frigates, L'Aigle and Le Lion, each mounting 40 or 44 guns, and having a complement of 300 men, exclusive of a great number of land officers and troops. The disabled state of the Hector was quickly perceived by the frigates, which, instantly bearing down and placing themselves one upon the beam and another upon the quarter, commenced a furious cannonade. A most gallant resistance was made; but the slackness of the Hector's fire, and the slowness of her movements, gave the enemy frequent opportunities of raking her. Confident in their numbers, they at length attempted to carry the English ship by boarding, but were nobly repulsed with great slaughter, and after an action of six hours with this crippled ship, they were compelled to seek safety in flight, indebted for their preservation only to the disabled state of the Hector's masts; indeed, they had been so severely handled that both fell an easy capture to our cruisers before they reached their appointed station. Forty-six of the Hector's crew were either killed or wounded in this engagement, and Captain

Bourchier, the commanding officer, received so severe a wound in the early part of it, that he was under the necessity of going below, and, excepting the first lieutenant, Mr. Inman, on whom the command of the ship devolved, every officer whose health had enabled him to appear on deck received some injury.

The damages which the *Hector* had sustained in the action were prodigious; her previously crazy hull was almost torn to pieces, whilst her masts, rigging, and sails were rendered almost useless by the shot. Her emaciated and enfeebled crew had performed prodigies of valour, but they had yet to encounter calamities more serious, and an ordeal more trying. A few days after the action a tremendous storm arose, in which the *Hector* lost her rudder and all her masts, and the leaks increased to such an extent that a great quantity of her provisions and fresh water were totally spoiled. Her dangerous situation now imperiously demanded the exertions of every individual on board; but to keep the pumps constantly going was a task greatly beyond the ordinary powers of the sickly and deficient crew to perform. Physical suffering had so enfeebled the men who, but a few days before, under the excitement of battle, had dared everything against fearful odds, that Lieutenant Inman, for the safety of the whole, was reduced to the necessity of resorting to his pistols to enforce commands at a time when bodily exertion was almost

worse than death itself. Numbers of the crew were so exhausted, and so completely worn out by incessant fatigue, that they dropped into the arms of death while in the performance of these enforced duties; while others, on being relieved, lay down amidst the torrent of waters thrown up by the pumps, until they were again aroused to their unwelcome task. To beings in this situation, life could have no charm; yet the force of rigid discipline still had power, and for a fortnight, entreaties, commands, and threats, in turn, kept the crew to their duty. We can scarce picture to ourselves the feelings of the officer who, while he thus witnessed the sure and certain approach of the destruction of his ship and men, gradually finds the stimulus to which necessity had thus compelled him to resort fail of its desired effect. For a fortnight Lieutenant Inman had not enjoyed an hour's repose. In the breasts of the few on board who were not absolutely indifferent to life, hope was nearly extinct, some of the men preferring—nay, even courting—death to a continuance of their hardships. At this time the only remaining sail had been drawn under the ship, in the forlorn hope of diminishing the influx of water through the gaping seams, but without the slightest effect; the decks were sinking, and some of the beams of the orlop-deck had actually fallen into the hold. The sick died in great numbers, and the small quantity of spirits, which for some time had kept the re-

mainder of the crew from perishing, was now exhausted, and for four days they were reduced to the deplorable necessity of existing without spirits or water. At length, when hope was almost fled, a sail was providentially seen, and life, so lately an object of indifference, was all at once desirable. It is on such occasions that every link of nature is more firmly riveted than before, and the idea of friends, and of all that is dear, rushes upon the mind, and the chain that binds us to the world, so lately broken, is again complete. The gallant Lieutenant, whose untiring courage still held out, now again found an active impulse to invigorate the minds of the crew; the pumps were once more manned and worked with alacrity, till the approaching vessel came within hail. She was the *Hawke*, of Dartmouth, commanded by Captain John Hill, to whom the situation of the *Hector* was no sooner made known than, without waiting to calculate risks, and the danger he might bring upon his own crew by receiving so many additional hands, for whom it would be necessary to find provision, he applied himself to their relief, and, remaining by the *Hector* all night, in the morning took Captain Bouchier and the survivors, 200 in number, on board his vessel. Lieutenant Inman saw every man out of the *Hector* before he quitted her, and in ten minutes after she went down. An escape more providential or more critical cannot easily be con-

ceived. For the accommodation of the men thus rescued, Captain Hill had been compelled to throw the greater part of his cargo overboard, and the *Hawke* was so overcrowded that it was necessary to make and strictly enforce a regulation, that only a small portion of her new inmates should be allowed on deck at the same time; but the evil most to be dreaded was famine, as the provisions that had been laid in for her own small crew afforded but a scant supply to the greatly-increased numbers. A suitable ration of meat and half a pint of water was, consequently, the allowance of each man daily, and at this rate of issue the last cask of water was broached when land appeared, and the wind proving favourable, they reached St. John's, Newfoundland, the same evening. The scarcity of water had been, indeed, so great as to overcome all feelings of nicety, for on one occasion, when the allowance of Lieutenant Inman, his black servant, and one other, had been served out, the black by some accident put one of his feet into the pan where the allowance was, when, to prevent loss, the stocking, which had been for some time unchanged, was wrung back into the pan, in order to save every drop of so precious an article. On landing, all the inhabitants vied in their hospitality to their distressed visitors; and the seamen, who looked upon Lieutenant Inman as their preserver, chaired him through the streets of St. John's, amidst the cheers of the populace.

A few years after, Captain Inman, at that time in command of the *Aurora*, had again an opportunity of displaying the same qualities of presence of mind and courage. He had been sent from Corsica to Gibraltar with a large number of French prisoners—far exceeding his own crew, when a plot was formed amongst them to rise against their captors, which was only checked by the betrayal of their plans to the Captain. Precautions were in consequence adopted, and on the French Colonel who conducted the conspiracy coming on deck, the gunner, by previous arrangement, presented his pistol at his head with the object of blowing out his brains; it missed fire, the Colonel escaped with his life, and the rest retreated. The ringleaders were put in irons, and all were confined in smaller parties, but they continued exceedingly noisy and turbulent, and previously to the ship's arrival at Gibraltar had bored a hole in her bottom, hoping to be able to master the crew while employed at the pumps in saving the vessel.

Fortunately the *Aurora* reached her port in safety, though at the cost of great labour to her crew, when, as a just punishment for the mischievous conduct of the Frenchmen, she was placed under the batteries in a depth of water just sufficient to allow her to sink without risking her eventual loss. The British officers and crew were all sent on shore, and the Frenchmen were told that they must find the remedy for their

own works. They at first refused to work, nor until the water came up to their middles did they make any effort to save themselves; the prospect of death, however, aroused their energies, and they applied to the pumps with great activity; but it cost them several days of hard labour before the leak was got under, and then they were delivered over to the garrison as prisoners, with a statement of their refractory conduct.

Captain Inman was subsequently commodore off Dunkirk, when the Dart, Captain Campbell, under his orders, gallantly brought the *Desirée* out of that harbour,—a feat which has been already told,—and in Sir Robert Calder's action commanded the *Triumph*. He died in the year 1809, while Naval Commissioner at Madras.

SERAPIS AND PAUL JONES.

Paul Jones, whose name is no doubt associated in the minds of most of our readers with that of a traitor and pirate, though almost, if not entirely, without justice, was the successful enemy before whose superior force British gallantry gave way in the action which I now proceed to narrate.

This officer, a Scotchman by birth, had emigrated, and early joined in the struggle for American independence. At a time when the Congress was almost without fleet and officers, his services proved very valuable. Placed in command

of a frigate squadron lent by the French Government to their American allies, the knowledge of the coast of England and Scotland, obtained in his early years, enabled him to harass our whole eastern seaboard with much effect. In September, 1779, while this American squadron was cruising off Scarborough, Captain Pearson, of the *Serapis*, who, in company with the Countess of Scarborough, was acting as convoy to a fleet of merchant vessels, fell in with them off Flamborough Head. Captain Pearson's whole endeavours were directed to the safety of his charge, and, making the signal to his consort to join him, crowded all sail, working to windward, in order to put himself between them and the enemy's ships. As soon as he had effected this object, and having made out the enemy's force to consist of three large ships and a brig, he brought to, in order that the Countess of Scarborough might come up, and cleared his ship for action. At six o'clock, P.M., he had been able to make out that the approaching force consisted of a two-decked ship and two frigates; but he had been unable to discern what colours they were under, so that when the largest ship of the three brought to on his bow, within musket-shot, at about twenty minutes past seven, he had not ascertained her nationality. Captain Pearson, in consequence, hailed, and asked what ship it was? They answered, in English, the *Princess Royal*. He then asked where they belonged

to? They answered evasively; upon which he told them that if they did not answer directly he would fire into them; they answered with a shot, which was instantly returned with a broadside. After the exchange of two or three broadsides, the enemy's manœuvres were directed to attempts to board the *Serapis*, but being repulsed, they sheered off; the two ships were very soon alongside each other again, head and stern, the fluke of the *Serapis*' spare anchor hooking on the other's quarter, while the muzzles of the guns, fore and aft, were touching each other. The Countess of Scarborough at first endeavoured to assist her consort, but, unable to distinguish the contending ships, and afraid of firing into the *Serapis* instead of the enemy, stood out to engage the attention of one of the frigates then coming up, and after an action of two hours, during which all her braces and rigging had been shot away, and seven of her guns dismantled, was compelled, on the other frigate's ranging up on her opposite quarter, and preparing to pour in a broadside, to strike to her opponent, the 32-gun frigate *Pallas*, with 350 men. Meantime the English frigate and her two-decked opponent remained locked to each other, from half-past eight until half-past ten o'clock; during this time, from the great quantity and variety of combustible matter thrown upon the deck, chains, and, in short, into every part of the *Serapis*, she was on fire not less than ten or

twelve times, in different parts of the ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion imaginable, at times, that the crew were able to extinguish the flames. At the same time the largest of the two frigates (the other was engaged with the Scarborough) kept sailing round her, and raked her fore and aft, as opportunities offered, during the action, by which means almost every man on the quarter and main decks was killed or wounded. About half-past nine, either from a hand grenade being thrown in at one of the lower-deck ports, or from some accident, a cartridge of powder was set on fire, the flames from which running from cartridge to cartridge, all the way aft, blew up the whole of the people and officers who were quartered abaft the main-mast, from which unfortunate circumstance all the after guns were rendered useless for the remainder of the action, and the greater part of the people lost their lives. At ten o'clock cries for quarter proceeded from the enemy's ship, and they called out that they had struck. Hearing this, Captain Pearson hailed her Captain to know if he had struck, or if he asked for quarter, but no answer being made after he had repeated the question two or three times, he called for the boarders and ordered them to board, which they did; but the moment they were on the enemy's deck, they discovered a superior force lying in ambush, with pikes in their hands, ready to receive them, and were repulsed in the attack. The

men returned to their guns again, until half-past ten o'clock, when the enemy's frigate coming across her stern, again poured in a broadside, without the *Serapis* being able to bring a gun to bear upon her. Further resistance with any prospect of success being now impracticable, Captain Pearson at length struck his well-defended colours, at the same moment that the main-mast went by the board. He himself and his first lieutenant were immediately escorted into the ship alongside, which proved to be the French (American-manned) ship, *Bon Homme Richard*, of 40 guns and 375 men, commanded by Paul Jones; the other frigate which had engaged the *Serapis* was the *Alliance*, of 40 guns and 300 men; and the third, which had engaged and taken the *Countess of Scarborough*, was, as already stated, the *Pallas*, of 32 guns and 275 men, which, with the *Vengeance*, an armed brig of 12 guns and 70 men, were all in the Congress service.

On going on board the *Bon Homme Richard*, Captain Pearson found her in the greatest distress, her quarters and counter on the lower deck entirely driven in, and the whole of her lower-deck guns dismounted; she was also on fire in two places, with six or seven feet water in the hold, which kept increasing on them all night and next day, till they were obliged to quit her, when she sunk, with a great number of her wounded people on board her. The *Bon Homme Richard* had 306 men killed and wounded in

this action, and the loss of the *Serapis* was also very great, amounting to more than 49 killed and 68 wounded. Although the loss of this ship was no doubt a great misfortune, yet Captain Pearson must have been consoled with the conviction that the ship was not given away, but that, on the contrary, every exertion had been used to defend her, while at the same time he had rendered two essential pieces of service to the country: the one in wholly oversetting the course and intentions of the flying squadron, thus deprived of their chief ship; the other in rescuing the whole of a valuable convoy from falling into the hands of an enemy. The *Countess of Scarborough* had four killed and twenty wounded.

The reader may form some idea of the forces of Paul Jones, thus honourably, though unsuccessfully encountered by Captain Pearson, when he is informed that the Government had previously fitted out a small squadron, under a rear admiral, for the special purpose of driving the American squadron, commanded by that desperate partizan, out of the British seas; and the rear admiral thus selected was Sir John Lockhart Ross, celebrated for his wholesale capture of enemy's privateers, he having taken seven in one year, in his ship, the *Tartar*, of 28 guns and 200 men, the last of which, the *Melampe*, of 36 guns and 320 men, was captured after a chase of thirty hours, and a desperate engagement of three. In fact, his name alone struck terror into the

French, for it is stated that a privateer belonging to Bristol, called the *King George*, and commanded by a Mr. Read, having fallen in with an enemy's ship of far superior force during the night, and finding that the exigences of her situation demanded the most prompt and vigorous exertions to preserve her from capture, her Commander spiritedly ran alongside the enemy, and hailing, commanded her to strike to the *Tartar*, Captain Lockhart,—a demand which, it is said, was without the smallest hesitation complied with.

SIR THOMAS USSHER.

A previous anecdote has brought this officer's name before my readers, and if full justice were done to his eventful career, these pages would be occupied with the deeds of Mr. Ussher, Lieutenant Ussher, Commander Ussher, and Captain Ussher. An action, however, while he was in command of the *Redwing*, demands more special notice—a notice which it received at the time from the Board of Admiralty, who in the following words communicated to Commander Ussher his promotion to post rank :—

“ SIR,

“Admiralty, 24th May, 1808.

“ My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having been pleased, as a reward for your

judicious and gallant conduct in his Majesty's service, to sign a commission promoting you to the rank of Post Captain, I have their Lordships' command to transmit you herewith the said commission, and at the same time to acquaint you that it is their direction you should for the present continue in command of the Redwing.

(Signed) "W. W. POLE."

The particulars of the above service, as officially reported, are as follows:—While cruising on the Spanish coast, the Redwing, at daylight on the 7th May, 1808, fell in with seven armed Spanish vessels, having twelve merchant ships under their convoy. The hostile armament, exclusive of the merchantmen, consisted in all of 22 guns, and 271 men, while the British ship carried only sixteen 32-lb. carronades, and had a complement of 98 officers and men. The disparity was further increased by the enemy's having some long guns, viz., one 36-pounder, and seven 24-pounders, and they had the additional advantage of smooth water and very light airs,—the description of weather in every respect favourable for the operations of vessels of the class now opposed to the Redwing. As the enemy appeared very desirous of trying their strength, Commander Ussher was not the officer to disappoint them, and he immediately made sail to close, and at the same time cut off their retreat to leeward. About seven o'clock, A.M., the Redwing got within point-blank shot of

the enemy, who opened their fire, formed line abreast, and swept towards her with resolution and confidence, and with the apparent intention of carrying her by boarding. Aware how much depended upon his first fire, Captain Ussher directed all the guns to be carefully loaded with round shot, as well as grape and canister, and 500 musket-balls in each, tied up in a bag. The best marksmen having been stationed at their respective guns, he gave orders that they should *all* be pointed at the *Diligente*, the Spanish Commodore, but the fire reserved until they were certain of hitting her. The boarding nettings were let down in order to encourage the Spaniards to the attack, while every man of the British was stationed in the most effective position. Thus prepared, the *Redwing's* crew gave three hearty cheers, which seemed to have the effect of daunting their hitherto boldly approaching foe, and caused them to back water until the Commodore again urged them on. Again they advanced, and when within pistol-shot, the *Redwing's* broadside was delivered with prodigious effect, and as one gun; the shot all struck the *Diligente* at the water line, cutting her open fore and aft, so that after giving one or two heavy rolls, she turned over and went down with all on board. The same fate awaited the *Boreas*, a vessel of similar force and size to the *Diligente*, and in a short time two other vessels had also disappeared, they having pushed through a heavy

surf for the shore, thereby sacrificing all their wounded men. Four of the merchant ships, following their example, were likewise sunk, while seven others and a *mistico* (an armed vessel of 4 guns and 20 men) were captured; and a *felucca*, of similar force to the *mistico*, one gun-boat, and one merchant vessel alone, of her nineteen opponents, effected their escape. When the *Boreas* sunk, Captain Ussher dispatched his only boat to save as many of the Spaniards as possible; but the gun vessels disregarding the flag of truce which, for the sake of humanity, he had hoisted, and continuing their fire, compelled him to recall the gallant men he had sent to the rescue of their antagonists. In this affair the *Redwing's* loss was almost nominal, amounting to only one man killed, and two officers and one man wounded, while the Spaniards acknowledged to 240 killed, drowned, and taken prisoners.

This proof of British prowess and gallantry secured the high encomiums of Lord Collingwood, who, acknowledging the receipt of the intelligence of this service, adds :—

“ I shall transmit to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a detail of this gallant affair, to whom I make no doubt it will be as gratifying as it is to me, as it affords another instance of that zeal and ability which have been so conspicuously displayed by you for the good of his Majesty's service, and the annoyance of the enemy,” &c. “ COLLINGWOOD.”

CUTTING OUT CHEVRETTE.

In July, 1801, the officers of the in-shore squadron of British frigates employed in watching the French and Spanish fleets, then blockaded in Brest Harbour, had observed the national corvette *Chevrette* lying under the protection of the batteries in Camaret Bay, in which situation she was considered as secure as if she had been lying in Brest Roads, the French having no conception that their enemies could attack her in that position. The Commander of the frigate squadron, however, formed a different opinion, and resolved on an attempt to cut her out; with this object in view, the boats of the *Doris* and *Beaulieu*, manned by volunteers, and under the orders of Lieutenant Losack, proceeded, on the night of the 20th, on their desperate attempt to bring her out; but having been separated in the darkness, and part only having succeeded in reaching the entrance of the bay, where they remained on their oars till daylight, in momentary expectation of the arrival of the remainder, they were compelled to abandon their attempt, and had the additional mortification of observing that they had been seen from the corvette, which was thus made aware of their intentions. The enemy now, finding that his situation did not afford him that entire security from attack which he had supposed, moved further up the bay, mooring the

corvette close under the batteries, and increasing her complement by troops from the shore, until it amounted to 400 men. Arms and ammunition were at the same time brought on deck, the guns were loaded to the muzzle, a gun-boat was moored at the entrance of the bay, and even temporary redoubts were thrown up on shore, at different points, to cover the ship. Having taken all these precautions against surprise, and for defence, the French displayed a large tri-coloured flag over the British ensign, as a signal of challenge and defiance. This last provocation was not wanting to rouse the English spirit of their opponents, already at the boiling point, and although they were now aware that a desperate resistance might be anticipated, the volunteers only seemed more anxious to make the attempt, which required the greatest skill in its conduct, as well as daring in execution. When nightfall had arrived, the boats from the Robust, Beaulieu, Doris, and Uranie, manned, and under the orders, as before, of Lieutenant Losack, proceeded on their enterprise. In their eagerness, they advanced too rapidly, and finding they had anticipated the hour named for the attack, lay to on their oars for some time. While thus detained, Lieutenant Losack, in his own boat, gave chase to a look-out boat from the shore, which it was deemed a matter of importance to intercept, and, carried away by the ardour of the pursuit, he had not rejoined his companions

when the proper time for action had arrived; every moment was now of importance, and Lieutenant Maxwell, the second in command, determined to proceed, and gave the signal for all the boats to follow him to the entrance of the bay, then about six miles distant. It was half-past twelve o'clock, A.M., and the moon was sinking below the horizon when they reached it; the wind, which during the early part of the night had blown into the bay, now died away, and left a perfect calm. The night being too far advanced to admit of further delay, and Lieutenant Losack being still absent, Lieutenant Maxwell decided on an immediate attack, in order to avoid a second disappointment; and, assuming the command, gave the necessary instructions to the other boats. Just at this time, by extraordinary good fortune, a gentle breeze, auspicious of success, and animating the men to enthusiasm, again sprung up right into the bay. Lieutenant Maxwell seems to have profited by the successful example afforded by the attack on the *Hermione*, and, following the same tactics, gave orders that, immediately on boarding, the smartest topmen should fight their way aloft, and cut the sails loose with their cutlasses, while a trusty few were chosen to sever the cables, and one of the best hands was selected to take the helm. These arrangements having been made, he gave the orders for a dash at the corvette. The sky being

clear, though the moon was set, they soon came in sight of the Chevrette, and were as quickly seen from her. A rapid hail was followed instantaneously by a heavy fire of musketry, accompanied by showers of grape from the great guns, while the batteries on shore opened on the boats at the same time. The boats of the Beaulieu advanced in the most gallant manner, nobly supported by those of the Uranie, commanded by Lieutenant Neville, who stood up, cheering and animating his men, while the bullets were flying about their heads like hail, many being killed or wounded before they came alongside. When they reached the vessel, the Beaulieu's boats boarded on the starboard bow and quarter; the Uranie's, one of the Robust's, and one of the Doris's*, on the larboard; and notwithstanding an obstinate resistance, in the course of which the assailants lost all their fire-arms, the boarding was effected sword alone in hand.

The gallant topmen lost no time in carrying out their orders. Scrambling up with their cutlasses, in spite of every obstacle, they executed the arduous service with inconceivable expedition, and in less than three minutes from the time the boats were alongside, in the very heat of the conflict, when almost half the British sailors were killed or wounded, and the enemy were three

* The marines of the Doris boarded with their muskets strapped across their shoulders; and as the fight was principally maintained between the quarter-deck and forecastle, the musket and bayonet gave them great advantage over the sword and pistol.

to one against them, down came the three topsails and courses, and the cable having been cut outside by the appointed party, the ship at the same time began to move. The prompt execution of these manœuvres proved decisive; many of the French jumped overboard, others threw down their arms, while the remainder, having retreated below, kept up a constant fire of musketry from the main deck. The shore batteries still continued their heavy fire, and although the wind served long enough to take the victors out of reach of the musketry, and safe from the danger of getting on shore, it again fell calm, and left them exposed to the 32-lb. shot flying all around them. The engagement had lasted upwards of two hours before they were clear of the fire from the shore, the Frenchmen on the main deck all the time keeping up their discharge of small arms; but at length they also surrendered, having been threatened that no quarter would be given, if they maintained a useless resistance, and caused unnecessary bloodshed. The dawn of morning displayed a dreadful scene of carnage on board the corvette, while the combined fleets of France and Spain had the mortification of seeing one of their ships of war carried in their immediate presence, and from a position which they had deemed almost impregnable. The English lost 18 killed, 57 wounded, and 1 missing; while the French lost 7 officers and 85 seamen and troops killed, and 5 officers and 57 seamen and troops wounded.

The unfortunate circumstance of Lieutenant Losack's absence led to much angry discussion, when Admiral Cornwallis, in filling up a commission to commander's rank, placed at his disposal by the Admiralty, named that officer for it. He was perhaps borne out in his decision by the report of the court of inquiry he had appointed to investigate the "circumstances;" but indignation at Lieutenant Maxwell's slight, no one disputing the fact that he, at least, conducted the enterprise to its successful termination, was not allayed until a similar reward was bestowed on him by the Admiralty, for his distinguished skill and bravery. One or two anecdotes of individuals engaged in this daring exploit will serve as a sample of the stuff of which all were made.

Mr. Brown, boatswain of the *Beaulieu*, after forcing his way into the *Chevrette's* quarter gallery, found the door planked up, and so securely barricadoed that all his efforts to force it were ineffectual: through the crevices of the planks he discovered a number of men in the cabin, armed with pikes and pistols, with which they annoyed him whilst attempting to burst in. He next tried the quarter, and after an obstinate resistance, gained the taffrail, and found the officer who commanded his party at this time fighting his way up a little further forward; for an instant, whilst looking round to see where he should make his push to rejoin him, he stood

exposed, a mark to the enemy's fire, when waving his cutlass, he cried, "Make a lane there," gallantly dashed among them, and fought his way forward until he reached his friends on the fore-castle, of which the men, animated by his example, soon cleared the enemy. Here Mr. Brown remained during the rest of the contest, not only repulsing the French in their frequent attempts to retake his post, but attending to the orders from the quarter-deck: he assisted in getting the ship's head round, and making sail, with as much coolness as though he had been on board the *Beaulieu*.

Henry Wallis, Quarter Master of the *Beaulieu*, had been appointed by Lieutenant Maxwell to take the *Chevrette's* helm. This gallant seaman fought his way to the wheel, killing one or two of the enemy in his progress; and although severely wounded in the contest, and bleeding, he steadily remained at his station, steering the *Chevrette* out until she was in safety from the fires of the batteries. On his officer's saying he was afraid his wounds were severe, the brave fellow said it was only a graze—a prick with a cutlass—and would not prevent him from going again on such another expedition, and wished it were the following night. He knew that another arduous and important service was in contemplation for the boats of the fleet, and, being among the volunteers from the *Beaulieu*, concealed the state of his wounds, that he

might not be laid aside. This brave man had served nearly seven years in the ship, and constantly distinguished himself on every service of danger or difficulty that occurred. Was any extraordinary exertion required, Wallis was sure to be the foremost. If a man had fallen overboard, he was always fortunately in the way; and during the time he belonged to the ship nearly a dozen men were indebted to him for their lives, which he had saved by plunging overboard, on one occasion, in a gale of wind, at the utmost hazard of his own.

One of the topmen, selected to cut loose the sails, was wounded in the body and arm, while boarding. After they had gained a footing on deck, the commanding officer, observing him going aloft with his arm bleeding fast, desired him to wait while a tourniquet was put on; the brave fellow refused, saying, it would be time enough when he had performed his duty. He persevered, and did not descend until the sails were set. The enemy, among other precautions, having removed the foot ropes, he was obliged to crawl out along the yard, and the exertion while aloft occasioned his wounds to bleed so profusely that he fainted the instant he came down. Happily, this meritorious seaman recovered.

A BRITISH SAILOR SCORNS AN ADVANTAGE.

In the *London Gazette* of the 18th December, 1769, the following singular and splendid trait of magnanimity and courage has been recorded, although the name of the hero has not been preserved by Captain Dalrymple, from whose published account of the storm and capture of the Spanish Fort of St. Fernando de Omoo, on the Mosquito Coast, it has been extracted.

It happened that, during the assault on this fort, which was taken by a well-concerted night attack, a sailor, who had scrambled over the walls, had in the confusion become separated from the main body of the assailants. Jack, like a true British tar, had provided himself with two cutlasses, one in each hand, in case of emergency, and, thus armed, met a Spanish officer, who, under the same circumstances of darkness and confusion, and suddenly roused from sleep, had rushed out unarmed. Our brave countryman without hesitation presented his opponent with one of the cutlasses, observing that he scorned to take any advantage of an enemy, and that now they were on equal terms. The Spaniard, amazed at this elevation of mind, yielded himself to so gallant a foe; and Captain Dalrymple adds, that this incident gave them a very high idea of English valour. This intrepid fellow was rewarded by promotion to the rank of boatswain

by Admiral Sir Peter Parker; but a few years after, in a fit of madness caused by intoxication, he struck the lieutenant of his ship, was tried by court-martial, sentenced, and executed.

FIRST OF JUNE ANECDOTES.

Of Lord Howe's great victory of the 1st of June several curious anecdotes have been preserved, illustrative of the Admiral as well as of his humblest companions. This victory, one of the most important in our annals, as the first of that brilliant series which grace the naval history of the revolutionary war with France, gave such a tone and character to the British sailors that, confident in their own prowess, they began to consider defeat almost impossible.

Partial actions having already occurred in the last days of May, on the morning of the first of June the French, confident in the superiority of their ships both in size and weight of metal, began to imagine that the English Admiral did not desire an action. The Rear-Admiral Neuilly, pointing out to Captain Troubridge, at that time a prisoner on board the *Sans Pareil*, our fleet sailing parallel to them, said, "Your people are not disposed to fight; they won't venture down." Troubridge, who had seen the signal flying for breakfast on board the ships of the British fleet, was at the time partaking of the

same meal, and, dropping the loaf he held, he placed his hand on the French officer's shoulder, saying, "Not fight! stop till they have had their breakfasts. I know John Bull well, and when his belly is full, you will get it. Depend on it, they will pay you a visit in half an hour." In a few minutes after, the British fleet bore up to engage. During the action Troubridge was sent below, where for some time he leaned against the foremast. Suddenly he felt the vibration of the mast as it was struck by a shot, and heard it fall over the side, when, grasping the astounded Frenchman appointed to guard him with both hands, he began to caper about with all the gestures of a maniac. Lord Howe, in the Queen Charlotte, wished to be placed alongside the Montagne, the French Admiral's ship, and gave his orders to his master accordingly. As they approached the French line, it appeared so compact and close that a doubt was expressed whether they could get through; while closing with the Montagne, the master, who held the helm, called out that they would be on board the next ship. "What's that to you, sir?" said Lord Howe. Bowen, the master, as bold a man as his Admiral, replied coolly in an under tone, "If you don't care, I am sure I don't. I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers." The Queen Charlotte dashed through the line, brushed the ensign of the French Admiral's (Villaret Joyeuse) flag-ship, on one side, grazing on the other

the Jacobin's mizen shrouds with her jib-boom, an exploit which has never been equalled, although approached by Collingwood at Trafalgar. The cannonade was tremendous, and our gunnery most effective. The broadside poured into the stern of the Montagne as the Queen Charlotte passed made a hole, said the sailors, large enough to row the Admiral's barge through it. Howe's masts were shot away as the Montagne ceased firing; this gave her the opportunity to make off to leeward. The Queen, Defence, Marlborough, Royal George, and Brunswick, were the only ships which, like Howe's, pushed through the enemy's line on that memorable and eventful day, on which not only the fate of England but perhaps of Europe depended. The Queen, in which Lord Gardner's flag was flying, was dreadfully cut up; her Captain, Hutt, died of his wounds, and has a monument in St. Paul's. Gardner learned during the engagement that a near relative, to whom he was attached, was killed. He went on giving his orders in an unaltered tone; but as the wind for a moment cleared off the smoke, marks of tears were on his face; they were easily traced, for it was besmeared with smoke and powder. The Defence, Captain Gambier, not less dashing because he was good, got into the midst of the French ships, lost her main and mizen masts, and behaved in the most gallant manner. Captain Berkeley, of the Marlborough, was carried off deck wounded, and the second lieutenant,

Seymour, afterwards Sir Michael, lost his arm. The ship was reduced to a wreck, but was fought to the last by Lieutenant Monckton. While the bowsprit of the *Impetueux* was over the *Marlborough's* quarters, a sailor, leaping over, said he would pay them a visit. He was called to take a sword. "I'll find one there," he said, and actually came back with two of the enemy's cutlasses in his hands. The *Brunswick* had a figure-head of the Duke, with a laced cocked-hat on; the hat was shot off. The crew thinking that a prince of that house should not be uncovered in the face of an enemy, sent a request to their Captain to supply the loss. He ordered his servant to give them his cocked-hat. The carpenter nailed it on, and there it remained until the battle was over. These incidents, amidst a terrific fire, paint our sailors as they were, and as they are. Harvey, the Captain of the *Brunswick*, died of his wounds. His brother, who commanded the *Ramillies*, seeing the *Brunswick* with three ships upon her, bore down to his relief, and poured such a destructive fire into the *Vengeur* that, as the action was closing, this large seventy-four sank, swallowed by the waves. The firing had not ceased, but our boats were out to help the French crew; nearly 300 were saved; the remainder, amounting to about 400, perished,—not, as was said at the time, with shouts of "Vive la République," but amidst the more natural shrieks for mercy. Thus, after little

more than one hour and a half, terminated this great battle; and on the smoke clearing away, the English fleet found itself in possession of six of the enemy's line-of-battle ships—one more, the *Vengeur*, having sunk.

LORD EXMOUTH AT WRECK OF DUTTON.

From the life of Sir Edward Pellew, Lord Exmouth, whose good fortune it was to give to the British Navy the first prize of the revolutionary war—the *Cleopatra*, and the last—the city of Genoa, and to have received the first and the last title of honour which had been conferred for naval services, there is no difficulty in selecting instances of gallantry, accompanied by daring, as well as approved by sound judgment; but as almost all these anecdotes have hitherto been taken from incidents that occurred in the stirring scenes of active warfare, it will be as well to vary them with the account of what this truly good and brave man did in the cause of humanity—an action whose splendour his biographer, Mr. Osler, truly says, leaves all the others in the shade. On the 26th January, 1796, Captain Sir E. Pellew, then in the command of the *Indefatigable*, refitting in Plymouth Harbour, was driving with Lady Pellew to a dinner party, when he saw people running towards the *Hoe*, and learning it was a wreck, he left the carriage to take her on, and joined

the crowd. We will now take up the story in the words of Mr. Osler:—"Arrived at the beach, he saw at once that the loss of nearly all on board, between 500 and 600, was inevitable, without some one to direct them. The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge, and got on shore, just as he arrived on the beach. Having urged them, but without success, to return to their duty, and vainly offered rewards to pilots and others belonging to the port to board the wreck, for all thought it too hazardous to be attempted, he exclaimed, 'Then I will go myself!' A single rope, by which *the officers* and a few others had landed, formed the only communication with the ship, and by this he was hauled on board through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, which had fallen towards the shore; and he received an injury in the back which confined him to his bed for a week, in consequence of being dragged under the main-mast. But, disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, declared himself, and assumed the command. He assured the people that every one would be saved if they quietly obeyed his orders; that he himself would be the last to quit the wreck, but that he would run any one through who disobeyed him. His well-known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by the multitude on

shore, and his promptitude at resource soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed. His officers, in the meantime, though not knowing that he was on board, were exerting themselves to bring assistance from the Indefatigable. Mr. Pellowe, first lieutenant, left the ship in the barge, and Mr. Thomson, acting master, in the launch; but the boats could not be brought alongside the wreck, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat belonging to a merchant vessel was more fortunate. Mr. Esdell, signal midshipman to the port Admiral, and Mr. Coghlan, mate of the (merchant) vessel, succeeded, at the risk of their lives, in bringing her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles, to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime a cutter had with great difficulty worked out of Plymouth Pool, and two large boats arrived from the dockyard, under the directions of Mr. Hemmings, the master attendant, by whose caution and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and received the more helpless of the passengers, who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order, a task the more

difficult, as the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick were the first landed. One of them was only three weeks old, and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would intrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next, the soldiers were got on shore, then the ship's company, and finally Sir Edward himself, who was one of the last to leave her. Every one was saved, and presently afterwards the wreck went to pieces."

Nothing could equal the lustre of such an action, except the modesty of him who was the hero of it. Indeed, upon all occasions, forward as he was to eulogise the merits of his followers, Sir Edward was reserved, almost to a fault, upon everything connected with his own services. The only notice taken of the Dutton in the journal of the *Indefatigable*, is the short sentence, "Sent two boats to the assistance of a ship on shore in the sound;" and in his letter to Vice-Admiral Onslow, who had hoisted his flag at Plymouth a day or two before, he throws himself almost out of sight, and ascribes the chief merit to the officer who directed the boats:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope it happened to me this afternoon to be

serviceable to the unhappy sufferers on board the Dutton; and I have much satisfaction in saying that every soul in her was taken out before I left her, except the first mate, boatswain, and third mate, who attended the hauling ropes to the shore, and they eased me on shore by the hawsers. It is not possible to refrain speaking in raptures of the handsome conduct of Mr. Hemmings, the master-attendant, who, at the imminent risk of his life, saved hundreds. If I had not hurt my leg, and been otherwise much bruised, I would have waited on you; but hope this will be a passable excuse.—I am, with respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

“ED. PELLEW.”

Services performed in the sight of thousands could not thus be concealed. Praise was lavished upon him from every quarter. The corporation of Plymouth voted him the freedom of the town. The merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate. On the 5th March following he was created a Baronet as Sir Edward Pellew, of Irevery, and received for an honourable augmentation of his arms a civic wreath, a stranded ship for a crest, and the motto “*Deo adjuvante Fortuna sequatur.*” This motto, so modest, and not less expressive of his own habitual feeling, was chosen by himself, in preference to one proposed which was more personally complimentary.

“Plymouth, Jan. 28, 1796.

“ We have had a terrible succession of stormy weather of late. Thursday, immediately after dinner, I went to the Hoe, to see the Dutton East Indiaman, full of troops, upon the rocks directly under the flag-staff of the citadel. She had been out seven weeks on her passage to the West Indies as a transport, with 400 troops on board, beside women, children, and the ship's crew ; and had just been driven back by stress of weather with a number of sick on board. You cannot conceive anything so horrible as the appearance of things altogether which I beheld when I first arrived on the spot. The ship had struck on sunken rocks, somewhat inclining on one side, and without masts or bowsprit standing, and her decks covered with soldiers as thick as they could possibly stand by one another, with the sea breaking in a horrible manner all around them ; and, what still added to the melancholy grandeur of the scene was the distress-guns, which were fired now and then, directly over our heads, from the citadel. When I first came to the spot, I found they had by some means got a rope with one end fast to the ship and the other held by people on shore, by which means they could yield as the ship swung. Upon this rope they had got a ring, which they could, by two smaller ropes, draw backwards and forwards from the ship to the shore. To this ring they had put a loop, into

which a man put his arms, and by this means, and holding by the ring with his hands, he supported himself hanging to the ring, while he was drawn on shore by the people there ; and in this manner I saw a great many drawn on shore. But this proved a tedious work ; and though I looked for a long time, yet the numbers on deck were apparently undiminished ; besides, from the motion of the ship by rolling on the rocks, it was not possible to keep the rope equally stretched ; and from this cause, as well as from the sudden rising of the waves, you would at one time see a poor wretch hanging ten, or twenty feet above the water, and the next you would lose sight of him in the foam of a wave, although some escaped better. But this was a scheme which the women and the helpless, and many of the sick, could not avail themselves of. I observed with some admiration the behaviour of a captain of a man-of-war, who seemed interested in the highest degree for the safety of these poor wretches. He exerted himself uncommonly, and directed others what to do on shore, and endeavoured in vain with a large speaking trumpet to make himself heard by those on board ; but finding that nothing could be heard but the roaring of the wind and sea, he offered anybody five guineas instantly who would suffer himself to be drawn on board with instructions to them what to do. And when he found that nobody would accept his offer, he gave an instance of the highest he-

roism, for he fixed the rope about himself, and gave the signal to be drawn on board. He had his uniform coat on, and his sword by his side. I have not room to describe the particulars, but there was something grand and interesting in the thing, for as soon as they had pulled him into the wreck, he was received with three vast cheers by the people on board, and these were immediately echoed by those who lined the shore, the garrison walls, and lower batteries. The first thing he did was to rig out two other ropes like the first, which I saw him most active in doing with his own hands. This quickened the matter a great deal, and by this time two large open row-boats were arrived from the dockyard, and a sloop had with difficulty worked out from Plymouth Pool. He then became active in getting out the women and the sick, who were with difficulty got into the open boats, and by them carried off to the sloop, which kept off for fear of being stove against the ship or thrown upon the rocks. He suffered but one boat to approach the ship at a time, and stood with his drawn sword to prevent too many rushing into the boats. After he had seen all the people out of the ship to about ten or fifteen, he fixed himself to the rope as before, and was drawn on shore, where he was again received with shouts. Upon my inquiring who this gallant officer was, I was informed it was Sir Edward Pellew."

ESCAPE OF THE TRANSFER.

Presence of mind and promptitude in action were never more highly exemplified than in the case of Commander William Moore, of the *Transfer*, who, in the month of February, 1799, entirely owed his escape from capture to a rare combination of these qualities.

During the lengthened period that the British fleet had blockaded the port of Cadiz, their communications with England were maintained by one or two small cruisers. Of these the *Transfer*, a small brig of 14 guns, had more than once performed the service, and her officers and crew were so accustomed each time on their arrival from England to find the British ships in the same position, that it scarcely occurred to them that they might meet foe where they expected a friend. With these feelings of confidence Commander Moore, on reaching the appointed rendezvous at the above date, before break of day, was made aware by well known sounds of the close proximity of a fleet, which he at once set down as that of his own countrymen; and, standing boldly on, when daylight came, the appearance of hostile colours gave him the first intimation that he was within gun-shot and in the midst of a Spanish squadron, which during the temporary absence of our ships, driven off by a gale of wind, had slipped out, conveying a

fleet of merchant vessels. As the slightest deviation from his course would have immediately betrayed him, flight was impossible, and therefore hoisting American colours on his brig, Commander Moore continued on his way, apparently running into Cadiz. The ruse was successful, and he passed ship after ship of the hostile force, until but one remained. She was a deeply-laden, and, as it eventually proved, rich merchant vessel. The temptation was irresistible. Fortune had so far befriended him that Commander Moore determined to make a further trial of her favour; and being now to windward of all the ships of war, and therefore in a fair position to escape by flight, although they were still within sight, he boarded the merchant ship, and carried her off, unmolested by the enemy, who, astonished at the audacity of the whole proceeding, suffered him to escape, under the supposition that the British fleet were close at hand and ready to support him.

ARROW AND ACHERON.

The Arrow sloop and Acheron bomb vessel sailed from Malta in January, 1805, under charge of a large convoy of thirty-four sail of merchant vessels. After a tedious voyage, and when every prospect offered of a safe passage through

the Straits of Gibraltar, which they had nearly reached on the morning of the 3rd February, two strange sail were seen fast coming up astern, which were at first supposed to be two lagging vessels of the convoy ; the size of the approaching ships soon, however, dispelled this delusion, and Captain Vincent of the Arrow, the senior officer, made a signal to Captain Farquhar of the Acheron, to stand towards them and ascertain their character and nationality. In pursuance of these orders, the Acheron went about, and making the private signal, which remained unanswered, telegraphed that the strange sail were suspicious, and, soon after, that they were frigates. All was now activity among the convoy, and while the merchantmen were directed to make sail to their destination, Captain Vincent steered a course which would enable him the sooner to meet the Acheron, now under all sail to rejoin him. The chase continued throughout the day ; but before nightfall it was evident that the enemy's ships were superior in speed ; and the two British captains, after consultation, resolved that their only hope of escape lay in such resistance as they might be able to oppose to their pursuers. With this view, some of the larger merchant vessels carrying guns were ordered to form a line of battle with the men-of-war, in accordance with an arrangement that had been made with them in anticipation of such an attack as was now imminent ; but these gentle-

men were of opinion that discretion was the better part of valour, and, although the very appearance of such formidable-looking ships as some of them were, coming down to the assistance of the two sloops, would probably have been of service, they did not even answer the signal. With the daylight the breeze failed, but during the night it again sprang up, and before dawn on the following morning one of the frigates was near enough to be hailed from the Arrow. To the inquiry what ship it was, the stranger replied by desiring Captain Vincent to come on board; but on receiving a similar demand from the Acheron almost at the same moment, she opened her broadside, which was returned by both English ships, until she had passed them. The second frigate also passed during the obscurity of the night, receiving the Acheron's fire as she went by; and then, as if by mutual consent, both parties waited for daylight to renew their broadsides. At seven o'clock the French ships hoisted national colours—one of them the broad pendant of a commodore—and commenced the action by both firing their broadsides into the Arrow, and then the larger—the Hortense—went after the Acheron, leaving the Incorruptible to engage the Arrow. The wind was so light that the vessels would hardly steer, and the action lasted for an hour and twenty minutes without any manœuvring, when, the Arrow's masts and rigging having been disabled, four

guns on the side on which she was engaged having been dismounted, her rudder entirely useless, and many shot between wind and water, with 13 men killed and 27 wounded, Captain Vincent, convinced that prolonged resistance would only involve a further loss of life, without the hope of saving his sloop from such superior force, ordered his colours to be struck. Scarcely had the surviving officers and crew been removed from the Arrow in the Frenchman's boats, her own having been all shot away, when the gallantly-defended little sloop settled on her beam ends and went down. The Acheron had during this time been engaged with the other frigate; but when Captain Farquhar saw the Arrow compelled to strike, he considered that further resistance on his own part could answer no good; and being unwilling to sacrifice the lives of men who had given him the highest proofs of their courage, he determined to make what sail he could, scarcely hoping to save his ship, but, with the view of prolonging the time of his being captured, in order to give the convoy a better chance of escaping: the superiority of the Hortense, in point of sailing rendered the chase but short, and after two more broadsides the Acheron was also surrendered, and the enemy, finding her much disabled, set her on fire as soon as her ship's company were removed. She lost but three killed*

* Amongst these was Captain J. Crocket, of the Marines, a passenger, killed by a cannon-ball in the throat; the miniature of his wife, covered with blood, was taken from his pocket.

and eight wounded; the fire of the Hortense passing over the heads of the crew and striking the boom, the splinters from which were above ankle-deep on the main deck. The disparity of force in this engagement was so enormous, that nothing but the duty of self-sacrifice could have induced Captain Vincent to risk an encounter. Of the English ships, the Arrow mounted 28 guns, and had a complement of 132 men, while the Acheron carried only 8 guns and 65 men. The French ships, on the other hand, were of 48 and 42 guns respectively, and each had more than 600 men on board. The sentences of the court-martial were eulogistic and flattering; Sir R. Bickerton saying, on returning Captain Farquhar his sword, "I hope you will soon be called upon to serve in a ship that will enable you to meet the Hortense upon more equal terms. The result of the contest may prove more lucrative to you, but it cannot be more honourable." And Lord Nelson told a junior officer*, my informant, when introduced to him, that they had behaved like Britons; and, while tendering him all the pecuniary aid he might require, offered to retain him in his own ship, the Victory.

Promotion from the Admiralty marked that Board's approbation of the obstinate resistance and intrepid defence made by the respective commanders, and swords and addresses were presented them by different public bodies.

* Captain J. Simpson, wounded in the action.

I have been informed by the authority already quoted, that the conduct of the French officers of the Hortense was in general polite and humane, but that the want of discipline on board was so great that they were unable to restrain their men from pillaging their unfortunate prisoners as they went on board from the boats.

On board the Incorruptible the officers were not all so considerate to their captives, and it is related that a French officer who spoke a little English, and who was employed to secure them below, taunted them with their misfortune, using very opprobrious terms, and swearing that the French would sweep the seas of the English; upon which the ship's cook, neither subdued by the thoughts of prison, nor caring for the consequence of enraging his captors, called out, "Not so fast—not so fast now, for by St. Patrick, you have not yet got the broom!"

CORPORAL OF MARINES IN CANADA.

When, in the autumn of 1838, Canadian rebels and American sympathizers disturbed the peace of our North American provinces, amongst other points attacked was the town of Prescott, in Canada West, which was defended by a few men of the 83rd Regiment, thirty of the Royal Marines, and such of the Glengarry militia as had had time

to collect. The American forces, after landing, had taken up a position in which they were protected by the walls of an orchard, from behind which they kept up a galling fire upon the advancing Marines, while the latter pushed on, firing as objects offered. In this position of affairs, Lance Corporal James Hunn, who was on the right of the British line, ran forward and jumped over the wall which covered the American sharpshooters, and found himself on their extreme left, and almost in contact with six or seven of them, who were separated from their main body by another wall running perpendicular to that which covered their front. These men were either landing or in the act of firing at the advancing Marines when Hunn leaped the wall, and were so intent on their occupation that they did not notice Hunn until he was on them; so that he was able to close with them, and was seen by his commanding officers to bayonet three one after the other before they had time to load their pieces and fire. A fourth man, whose piece was loaded, turned and fired, and his ball struck the swell of Hunn's musket, where it was grasped by the left hand, which it passed through, destroying the second finger; while at the same time the musket was driven so violently against his stomach as for a moment to suspend his breath. Recovering himself, however, he fired effectively at the enemy, now in full retreat; but his disabled hand prevented his again loading.

and he was most unwillingly obliged to give up any further share in the glory of the day, after having thus accounted for four of the enemy.

Captain Sandon, in his official dispatch, says, —“ It may appear invidious to particularise any one man of the small band of Marines engaged, where all shone so conspicuous ; but I trust I may stand excused for naming James Hunn, acting corporal, a young man twenty years of age, who, in the melée with the rebels, was seen by his officer and companions to beat back seven of the pirates, three of whom fell dead before him ; and although at this time having his left hand shattered by a rifle-ball, he still continued the unequal contest. I feelingly hope such a noble example of bravery and devotion will plead my excuse for urging you to move my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to bestow promotion and a medal upon this valiant young soldier. He is in every way fit to become an officer.”

Hunn was in consequence promoted to the rank of sergeant without passing through the intermediate grade of corporal. The poor fellow died a year or two after, a victim to yellow fever, while serving in the Arab on the coast of Africa.

THE HONOUR OF THE FLAG.

The Syrian campaign of 1840 gave ample evidence that while our fleets were as efficient, and our

officers and men as skilful and animated with the same spirit that had always led the tars of Old England to battle and victory, there was no falling off in the chivalrous feeling that would brook no second place for the flag of their country. The scene acted under the walls of Sidon, when the fair spirit of amicable rivalry spurred on the naval cadets of England and Austria, naturally takes the mind back to a similar scene painted by the mighty Magician of the North in his *Talisman*, as having occurred in this same holy region, and nearly on the same spot; and we can almost picture to ourselves the spirit of the lion-hearted Richard, looking down from the grey walls in smiling approval of the small scion of his true English heart, who thus, unconsciously, was following in his own steps, and zealously maintaining the supremacy of the British flag. The incident to which I allude took place at the capture of Sidon by Sir Charles Napier, and was by that officer deemed worthy of mention in his official dispatch. The hero was Mr. James Hunt, a midshipman of the *Stromboli*, who was landed with a party from that ship in conjunction with a force from the Austrian frigate *Guerrière*. The brave boy had been entrusted with a colour, and when both parties were eagerly pressing on to enter the fortress, his shipmates and officers were delighted to see him pushing on until at length there was a complete race under the enemy's fire between him and Don Domenico Chinca, of the Austrian ship,

for the honour of being first to place the flags of their respective countries on the walls of the city, in which the English lad, I am proud to add, was successful.

At the attack on the fortress of Gebail, also on the same coast, and about the same time, another instance occurred of this zealous care for the honour of our country's flag, which shows that not only the ardent spirit of boyhood, but the matured reason of brave men, attaches importance to what philosophical utilitarians would look upon as so many yards of cloth when weighed against the risk of human life. After the attacking party had retreated to their boats, a small boat-flag which had been planted on a garden wall during the attack on the castle as a signal to the ships, and which had been carelessly left by the pilot of the Cyclops, was seen by Lieutenant (now Captain) Sydney Grenfell, who, accompanied by MacDonal, a seaman of the same ship, volunteered to return under the enemy's heavy fire and remove it, which they succeeded in doing, bringing it off most gallantly amidst the cheers from the ships; thus risking their lives rather than that the enemy should have possessed themselves even accidentally of that emblem of their country's power.

SIR JOHN BERRY.

Born of a gentle family, in Devonshire, the hero of our anecdote found himself at the age between

manhood and boyhood suddenly thrown upon his own resources, and left to struggle against poverty and want. His father, a clergyman, who had adhered to the fortunes of Charles I., was deprived by the Puritans of his living, as well as his property, and died broken-hearted, leaving a widow and nine children, of whom John Berry was the second son. This youth, at the age of 17, bound himself apprentice to a shipmaster at Plymouth, and while in his employment experienced nothing but misfortune ; at length he went to London, about the time of the Restoration, and got the appointment of boatswain on board the King's Ketch Swallow, commanded by Captain Ensome, about to proceed to the West Indies. The ship arrived at Jamaica after several misadventures, and there Berry had the good fortune to find in the governor, Sir Thomas Muddiford, a native also of Devon, who took him by the hand and advanced him to the rank of Lieutenant. Several outrageous piracies having occurred, and one almost immediately before the Swallow's arrival, upon a vessel belonging to a Mr. Peach, the Governor, having refitted her and put additional men on board, despatched that ship in pursuit of the reputed pirate.

In three weeks after they sailed from Jamaica, the pirate was discovered at anchor, off the Island of Hispaniola. He had about sixty men and carried twenty guns. Capt. Ensome having considered the enemy's strength, and compared it with his own,

called up all his men, and addressed them in these words—"Gentlemen, the blades we are to attack are men-at-arms, old buccaneers, and superior to us in number, and in the force of their ship, and therefore I would have your opinion whether"—"Sir," interrupted Lieut. Berry, "we are men-at-arms too, and which is more, honest men, and fight under the King's commission, and if you have no stomach for fighting, be pleased to walk down into your cabin." The crew applauded this motion, and declared, one and all, for Lieutenant Berry, who undertook the affair with great disadvantage.

The pirate rode at anchor to the windward, by which the *Swallow* was obliged to make two trips under her lee, in which she received two broadsides and two volleys of small shot, without returning a gun. Mr. Berry then boarded her on the bow, pouring in his broadside, which killed the pirate and twenty-two men on the spot; they then boarded her, and fought their way to the mainmast, where they called to the doctor and his mate to get overboard,* and hang by the rudder, which they did; and soon after the pirate was taken, having only seven men left, and those all wounded, though they lived long enough to be hanged afterwards in Jamaica, and what is still more remarkable, there was nobody killed on board the *Swallow* but the boatswain's mate.

* The reason for this consideration appears to have been, that these two men were influential in saving the lives of Mr. Peach and his crew when the other pirates were about to murder him.

On their return to Jamaica, Captain Ensome brought his Lieutenant to a court-martial for usurping the Captain's office; but upon a full hearing of the matter, the court declared he had done his duty, and ordered the Captain to take him on board again and live peaceably with him.

On a subsequent occasion, Mr. Berry, then a Commodore, was going into action with nine ships against a far superior force, when one of his best ships blew up. Seeing that the ardour of his men was rather damped by this accident, he addressed them, saying—"Now you have seen an English ship blow up, let us try if we can't blow up a Frenchman. There they are, boys, and if we don't beat them they will beat us." The action ended in Commodore Berry blowing up one of the Frenchmen. The rest of the fleet escaped.

Prince sums up his account of this Worthy of Devon with the following panegyric :—"As for this gentleman's character, so far as it relates to courage and conduct in sea-affairs, we have already had a full and fair description; but there was something yet more considerable in him, and of truer honour, that he was a good Christian and a devout son of the Church of England by law established. One who did not think the least part of true valour lay in defying God or blaspheming his name, or his word, but that the truest instance thereof was to subdue those potent enemies of our souls, the world, the flesh, and the devil. Neither

did he suffer his zeal to become eccentric, and run a-meddling after every ignis fatuus of a new light that was hung out, but in the orthodox way of our Established Church he chose to worship the God of his fathers."

SANTA MARGARETTA AND L'AMAZONE.

At dawn of day on the 29th of July, 1781, the British frigate *Santa Margareta*, commanded by Captain Elliot Salter, made sail in chase of a strange sail on the coast of America. On approaching within one mile and a half, she was discovered to be a French frigate of equal force; and almost at the same moment eight ships of the line were seen bearing down under a crowd of sail. Not much time was lost in deliberation, and, after a short consultation with his officers, Captain Salter wore ship, and turned his back upon the enemy, having not only an enemy but that which by a sailor is more dreaded, a lee-shore to encounter. The frigate which he had at first chased, and which far outsailed the rest of the fleet, now in her turn pursued; but at three o'clock in the afternoon tacked and stood back to rejoin them. As they had by this time lost sight of the large ships from the mast-head—the weather being very clear, and as his officers and men expressed an eager desire to bring the French frigate to action—Captain Salter determined to tack and stand after her

for that purpose: this being observed by the Frenchman, he instantly re-tacked, in order to accept the daring challenge. Both frigates were of equal force as to number of guns, but the enemy had more men; her shot were heavier, and she was encouraged by having a fleet at her back; whereas the British captain ran a risk which even success could hardly justify; for should his ship meet with those disasters which generally attended an engagement, he was almost sure, even if victorious in the single combat, of not escaping from the enemy's advancing fleet. Prudential reasons, however, had no weight with the commander and his gallant crew, and at five o'clock the action commenced, the two ships being within a cable's length of each other. The French gave the first broadside, while Captain Salter reserved his until he had an opportunity of raking his enemy while wearing; having succeeded in this, he closed within pistol-shot, at which distance the contest was maintained for an hour and a quarter, when the French frigate was silenced and compelled to strike her colours, and proved to be *L'Amazone*, of 36 guns and 301 men. Every exertion was now made to repair the damages they had so recently been anxious to effect, and to remove the prisoners from the prize; but want of boats, and the very shattered condition of the *Amazone* (she having lost her main and mizen masts), rendered this impracticable in time, sixty-eight prisoners only having been transferred when the *Santa Margareta*, at break of the following

day, discovered the whole hostile fleet close upon her. Hitherto she had had the prize in tow, but now, recalling her own men, Captain Salter reluctantly ordered the hawser to be cut, and abandoned her, having previously destroyed all the rigging that remained standing. Time and circumstances only had prevented him from removing all the prisoners and burning her to prevent her recapture.

Captain Salter, in his official letter, pays a high tribute to the "gallant and officer-like conduct of Visconte de Montguiote in leading his ship into action." This officer was killed early in the fight, when the second in command, the Chevalier de Lepine, "did everything that an experienced officer in his situation could possibly do, and did not surrender until himself and all his officers save one, and about half his ship's company, were either killed or wounded," while his masts were so crippled as to be in danger of going over the side every moment, several guns were dismounted, and he had four feet water in the hold—"a situation sufficiently bad to justify to his king and country the necessity of surrender."

The damages of the English frigate were trifling, and she easily escaped from her pursuers. Her loss in killed and wounded was one officer and four men killed and seventeen wounded; while the French ship, from the statement of her own officers, lost about seventy killed, and between seventy and eighty wounded.

Captain Salter's action claims a proud pre-eminence in our naval annals : I can find no similar contest in any of our wars. Captain Bowen, in the *Terpsichore*, is the nearest approach to it ; but Captain Bowen only suspected the propinquity of a superior force when he engaged the *Mahonesa*. Captain Salter had seen his foes, and knew they must come down upon him ; but he still persisted, and although complete success did not crown his intrepidity, fortune yet befriended him sufficiently to enable him to carry off, in the shape of prisoners, a substantial proof of what he had effected.

THE PIRATE SLAVER.

Some of my readers may remember that a few years since—that is to say, in the year 1832—the newspapers were full of an atrocious case of piracy and would-be murder. The vessel attacked on the high seas was an American, called the *Mexican*, and belonged to the town of Salem, in Massachusetts. The pirates having boarded and pillaged her of a rich freight of dollars, secured, as they thought, the hatches over the crew, and then, having destroyed all her rigging and her only boat, they arranged matters so as to insure the ship taking fire shortly after they quitted her ; but an overruling Providence defeated their murderous intentions : the pirates had neglected securing the cabin skylight, and the crew, as soon as they perceived from the silence reigning on deck that their

enemies were gone, crept through on deck only just in time to save their lives, and the vessel from destruction. They then by great exertion put their vessel in some order, and succeeded in reaching their destination, whence the news of the outrage was soon bruited far and wide, with a tolerably minute description of the schooner by which it had been committed.

Amongst others to whom this intelligence was communicated was Captain Trotter, then commanding the English ship *Curlew* on the coast of Africa, who, on reading the account in an American newspaper, felt satisfied that a Spanish vessel, called the *Panda*, then supposed to be lying in the river Nazareth, was the guilty schooner, and he accordingly immediately proceeded in search of her; and in the prosecution of his object, viz., the capture of the pirates, gave occasion for the enterprise which brings this narrative within the catalogue of deeds of naval daring.

Arriving off the mouth of the river on the night of the 3rd June, 1833, three boats, manned and armed, left the ship, under the command of Captain Trotter in person, and, after a heavy pull, perceived about daylight a vessel lying a mile further up the stream: the current was running very strong, and some time elapsed before they got alongside, during which they saw the crew take to their boats, and escape to the shore. Unsuccessful in an attempt to intercept them, the *Curlew's* boats returned to the deserted vessel, which they found

with trains laid to the magazines, and matches lighted ; and had it not been for the promptitude of one of the seamen, who jumped below and threw the lighted matches on deck, the boarding-party would have been blown into the air. As it was, they succeeded in extinguishing the fire ; and although there were no appearances on board to justify the vessel being seized under slave-trade treaties, yet the fact of her desertion by her crew, and their attempt to destroy her, decided Captain Trotter in seizing her as the pirate vessel. But without the capture of the pirates themselves, of whom the presumed captain was one Pedro Gibert, the work was but half effected. As the king or chief of the town of Nazareth refused to surrender them, after an unsuccessful effort to obtain them by force of arms, in which, owing to the magazine of the Panda (for in that vessel they made the attack) blowing up, by which accident they lost many valuable lives, and most of their firearms, Captain Trotter was obliged to retreat and endeavour to effect his object by stratagem. Returning to Fernando Po, he secured the co-operation of Captain Fatio, of the Princess Elizabeth, a merchant vessel ; and placing Mr. Matson, one of his mates, with a party of seamen on board that vessel, in addition to her crew, he despatched her to Nazareth with the avowed object of trading, hoping that some of the pirates, or even the king and his head men might go on board for that purpose, and thus be easily detained prisoners. Ar-

iving in the river, Mr. Matson found the suspicions of the natives were roused, although the Princess Elizabeth looked as unlike a man-of-war as any vessel could be, and while many canoes came out to reconnoitre the strange vessel, none could be induced to approach near. Under these circumstances the only plan to lull suspicion appeared to be to land and ask for a pilot to take the ship to a proper anchorage; and Mr. Matson accordingly left the vessel disguised as the mate of a merchant vessel, in a red shirt and Scotch cap, with a boat's crew of two trustworthy seamen and two Kroomen, who were instructed to address him as "Mister" instead of "Sir," while he more familiarly hailed them as Bill and Jim. Aware of the risk he ran, Mr. Matson, before he left, addressed the following letter to Captain Trotter, which displays so determined a devotion to his duty that it deserves being given at length. It was as follows:—

"SIR,

"Cape Lopez, Sept. 24th, 1833.

"As I am about to proceed on what may possibly prove a dangerous expedition, I have left a few lines to explain what our movements have been. We arrived at our rendezvous on the 20th; I left on the 21st; I arrived here on the 22nd; the natives are evidently very suspicious of us; several canoes have reconnoitred us, but none would approach the vessel; therefore I conceive the only way to lull their suspicions is to go on shore and ask if they have any trade to make, and

gain what information I can respecting Don Pedro ; if I see him I shall offer to exchange cloth, &c., for dollars, to induce him to come on board. I shall of course be guided by circumstances, and act to the best of my judgment. If I am detained I think it would be better to trust to chance for an escape, and not sacrifice any more lives in carrying on what would prove an unequal warfare. I hope you will excuse my attempting to give advice, I only request that no lives may be lost on my account. If they think proper to make me suffer the fate of a spy, write to my friends and say I have done my duty. With kind regards to all shipmates, I remain your sincere friend and well-wisher,

“ H. I. MATSON.

“ To Captain Trotter, H.M. Sloop Curlew.”

When he had landed, Mr. Matson's attention was attracted by the gentlemanly appearance of a person, apparently a Spaniard, who was the first to salute him, bestowing upon him at the same time a most scrutinising glance. This was no other than the object of pursuit, Don Pedro Gibert, captain of the Panda. Unsuspecting the man's identity, and unconscious of being himself suspected, Mr. Matson passed on to the king's residence, and stating the professed object of his visit, viz., trade, requested that a pilot might be sent to conduct his vessel to the proper anchorage,

and that the king himself would come on board to receive the customary presents. While the interview was going on, several appearances of suspicion arose, but Mr. Matson lulled them all, and left the royal presence accompanied by the king's youthful son and the required pilot. On his return to the beach the same Spaniard met him in company with several others, and asked him to go into a house in the neighbourhood. Then for the first time a suspicion of their identity flashed across Mr. Matson's mind. He hesitated whether to make a dash for the boat or accept the invitation, but resolved on the latter course, and entered boldly. He was most strictly questioned as to the movements of the men-of-war on the coast, and especially of the Curlew; and his answers being given unreservedly and accurately, and corresponding with the pirate's previous information on the subject from other sources, their alarm was quieted, and he was permitted to leave unmolested, in company with the prince and pilot, and return to the Elizabeth, where his lengthened absence had given rise to fears for his safety.

His hostage now secured, Mr. Matson had not long to wait for the Curlew's arrival; and the next day both vessels stood in, and a formal demand was made for the surrender of the Spaniards. Evasion and delay were resorted to by his sable majesty: on the one hand he was influenced by the threats and promises of the pirates, on the other by the love he felt for his favourite son. Nature

at last triumphed, and Don Pedro and three others of the Panda's crew were sent off in exchange for Prince Narskim, who was dismissed in a complete suit of naval uniform, and full of gratitude for the kindness shown him during his detention. Having thus narrated Mr. Matson's deed of daring, it only remains for me to add that, thanks to the perseverance and zeal of Captain Trotter, the greater part of the Panda's crew were taken, and sent to America for trial; where the captain, Pedro Gilbert; mate, De Soto; and five others, were sentenced to death. The mate's life was spared, in consideration of his having been previously the means of saving the crew of an American vessel, for which action he had received a medal from the Government, but the remainder were executed. This whole story is full of interest, and will well repay a reference to the pages of the *Nautical Magazine* for 1851, in which the details of the Curlew's eventful cruise, and the capture and trial of the pirate band, are given at much length.

While writing the above, the intelligence of Captain Matson's death from yellow fever, while in command of the Highflyer at Barbadoes, has reached this country. Active, enterprising, and a thorough seaman, his loss must be deeply deplored; and though there may be many officers in the lists of our Navy to equal, none, we think, will be found to excel him.

THE GRAPPLER AT THE CHAUSSEZ ISLES.

The Chaussez Isles, a scattered group of rocks scarcely inhabited, about nine miles from the port of Granville and twenty from the island of Jersey, was, in the month of December, 1803, the scene of the following action, which called forth the admiration of the enemy, and was even noticed by Buonaparte, at that time First Consul:—

The Grappler, being under the command of Lieutenant Abel Wontner Thomas, had been despatched by Admiral Sir James Saumarez from Guernsey to Granville with some French prisoners, two women and two old men, whom the Admiral was desirous of setting at liberty. On the evening of the 23rd December, the same day that she had sailed from Guernsey, the Grappler encountered a heavy gale of wind, which made it necessary for Lieutenant Thomas to seek such shelter as could be found amongst the Chaussez rocks, under the largest of which—the *Maitre* isle—a sort of anchorage existed, available however only to small vessels in the hands of experienced pilots. The Grappler's pilot succeeded in taking her in in safety, and the continuance of the gale compelled her to remain at that anchorage for some days; a delay rendered very hazardous from their propinquity to the French coast, since they were liable to attack from the superior forces that might at any time be sent from the neighbouring port of Granville. The same

gale, however, which detained them at Chaussez, also befriended them by preventing the French from leaving the protection of their harbour; but at length the weather moderating sufficiently to enable the brig to return to Guernsey (although it was still too boisterous to trust her on the lee shore of the French coast), Lieutenant Thomas, on the 30th December, prepared to leave his retreat, landing his prisoners on the island by their own choice, and leaving them a boat and six days' provisions. Unfortunately, when the brig was getting under weigh, both anchors being up, a hawser made fast to the rocks, by which she was riding, either broke or slipped, and the brig, carried by the tide, drifted for a few hundred yards and then struck upon a half-tide rock. Every effort was made to heave her off, but without effect; and as the tide fell the Grappler parted in two amidship. Aware that in all probability his misfortune must have been seen by his enemies, who would now hasten to the attack, Mr. Thomas first directed his master to proceed to Jersey in the cutter, with eight men, to seek immediate assistance, whilst he prepared to maintain his position upon the rocks with the remainder of the crew, thirty-four in number. By his activity and perseverance he succeeded in a short time in removing from the wreck three of his guns, which he established in battery, and they had already landed the greater part of the provisions, small arms, and ammunition, when the look-out man who had been stationed

for the purpose reported that several small vessels were steering for the rocks. Lieutenant Thomas and the pilot observed them narrowly, and made out that they were only fishing-boats; and as it was most necessary that their situation, which they had hoped was still unknown, should not be communicated to the authorities at Granville, proceeded in the cutter with fourteen men to secure and detain these boats. Scarcely, however, had he rounded the rocks which formed the anchorage, when he came close upon three chasse-marées full of men, of whose proximity he was quite ignorant, but of whose object and intentions there could be no doubt. Although such a desperate step presented but small chance of success, Lieutenant Thomas, as he perceived they were rather confused at his sudden appearance, determined on being the aggressor, and if he could obtain possession of one, employ her against the other two. Animating his men, he advanced boldly to the attack, when an unexpected fire was opened on the boat by a body of soldiers who had been previously landed from the rocks immediately above their heads, and before they had pulled a dozen strokes, a musket-ball struck the Lieutenant, passing through his lower jaw and tongue, and rendering him incapable of further exertion or giving any orders. The boat's crew now made for the shore, closely followed by their enemy, who soon made prisoner of the wounded officer, and afterwards proceeded to summon the remainder of the crew to surrender. These, left

without any commanding officer, after a little firing yielded themselves to the French force, consisting of 160 men, under the orders of M. Epiron, Capitaine de Frégate. The French officer, in his despatch, speaks of the noble and gallant conduct of Captain Thomas; and the First Consul, in consequence, directed that Captain Thomas's sword, which had formerly belonged to Tippoo Saib, should be returned to him, and that it should be considered as a sword of honour, and he should be allowed to wear it while a prisoner at Verdun. Captain Epiron did not confine his attention to his gallant prisoner to words alone, for having been himself taken by the English shortly after this affair and subsequently exchanged, his first step was to place his purse at Mr. Thomas's command, with the simple understanding that he was to be repaid at the termination of that officer's captivity.

As soon as the loss of the Grappler and the capture of her commander and crew was communicated to Admiral Sir J. Saumarez, he sent to demand their liberation, on the plea that they were sailing under a flag of truce, as conveying liberated prisoners. The first impulse of the authorities at Granville seems to have been to acquiesce with this demand, being in all probability in some degree touched by the gallantry and sufferings of their prisoner, for Lieutenant Thomas was informed that he would soon be set at liberty. On reference, however, to Paris, the French Minister of Marine decided against the Admiral's demand,

on the ground that Mr. Thomas forfeited all the protection which the laws of war afforded to a flag of truce by commencing the attack on the French flotilla, instead of claiming their assistance; and ten years of weary imprisonment was, therefore, his fate. The Admiralty marked their sense of his gallantry by promoting him to the rank of Commander after his honourable acquittal by court martial, and the citizens of London voted him a sword of the value of 200 guineas. Commander Thomas died in July of the present year 1851, after long years of unceasing suffering.

CAPTURE OF THE FIRME.

At daylight on Sunday, the 30th May, 1841, a suspicious brigantine was observed from the deck of the *Dolphin*, then cruising off Whydah for the suppression of the slave trade. All sail was immediately made in chace, and the *Dolphin*, having the land-wind strong in her favour, at first gained so much on the stranger as to get sight of her hull; but as the breeze died away the other again fast increased her distance, and there was every fear that as soon as the sea-breeze sprung up she would get clear away. The Commander of the man-of-war, therefore, at half-past six o'clock, despatched the cutter, a boat of 20 feet, under Mr. Murray, mate, and the gig, of 22 feet, under Mr. Rees, second master, with orders to endeavour to get up with and

detain her before the setting in of the sea-breeze, which usually springs up between nine and ten o'clock. The night had been rainy, accompanied with squalls, so that the crew had been kept constantly at work trimming sails; and when the men thus started without their breakfasts, in two boats sodden with constant use and pulling very heavily, they were consequently already fatigued; but the sailor's energy seldom flags, and this occasion proved no exception to the general rule. In the cutter were nine persons, including the officer, and in the gig six. The chase had lasted nearly three hours under a burning tropical sun, when the boats having hoisted their colours got tolerably close, the gig being a short distance in advance of the cutter and within range of the brigantine. Not a soul was to be seen on board of the latter but the helmsman, when suddenly her bulwarks bristled with muskets, and a rattling volley was fired into the gig, the crew of which was ordered to lie on their oars and return the compliment, which they did accompanied with three hearty cheers. They then again got their oars out, and pulled a little further off, to wait until the other boat came up, not out of shot, but to a sufficient distance, to prevent the men being picked off. The cutter soon closed, and Mr. Murray having spoken a few encouraging words to the boats' crews, they gave way with a will. The first of the sea-breeze was just setting in, and the brigantine made an attempt to run the boats down; her sweeps were

rigged out to prevent their getting alongside, and a smart fire was maintained from the upper deck and two cabin windows. The boats advanced together cheering heartily, and as the stern of the vessel lifted with the swell, they ran in under the two aftermost sweeps, one on each side. At this moment the bowman of the gig, William Allen, was shot through the heart in the act of laying his oar in, and the bowman of the cutter, William Jacobs, met with a similar fate and went overboard. Mr. Murray was on the brigantine's deck almost as soon as his boat touched her side, but was knocked back again with his collar-bone broken by the butt-end of a musket; again he clambered up and received a cutlass cut upon his left arm, which nearly severed the hand at the wrist, while he fortunately parried a desperate blow aimed at the same time at his head, and struck down his assailant. John Smith, an old and first-rate seaman, had closely supported his officer during the *mêlée*, and although his right arm was disabled and badly fractured by the blow of a cutlass, he continued to defend himself with his sword in his left hand against three men who pressed him hardy. Meanwhile Mr. Rees had cleared the bulwarks on the opposite side of the deck, and now advanced most opportunely to Mr. Murray's assistance, wounding one of his assailants and running another through the body, while the third, who fled precipitately, was brought down by a flying shot. The gig's crew having devoted their energies to a portion

of the slaver's crew who had been lying in ambush under the port bulwarks, and who fled from the onset of their determined assailants, now united with their comrades from the cutter, made a rush, evidently meaning mischief, upon the slaver's crew, who discharged their remaining loaded muskets, and jumped down the hatchways, leaving the *Dolphins* (of whom two were killed and four wounded), after a sharp fight of twenty minutes, in possession of the *Firme*, a beautiful vessel of 179 tons.

From the passengers, of whom there were ten on board the *Firme*, Mr. Murray learned that the captain and crew of the slave-vessel had determined never to be taken by a man-of-war's boats, and had paid the greatest attention to their arms during their passage, though, as the sequel proved, with but little avail.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The daring of the British seaman in the face of the enemy, and in the fierce struggle of the tempest, has been described, and it now remains to give an instance of his coolness and presence of mind in grappling in the dark hours of night, and when suddenly aroused from his peaceful slumber, with that most appalling and invidious foe—fire. Fire, the very thought of which is sufficient to make the boldest grow pale, even when, as on land, there may be a place of retreat from the devouring

element, is so much the more to be dreaded on the wide ocean, where the only chance of life lies in successfully combating with this treacherous enemy; and therefore, unless discipline and courage prevail, panic and despair increase the danger. In the year 1831, the ship's corporal of H. M. S. *Magicienne*, then many hundred miles from land, at 4.30 A.M., in the early morning watch, on going his rounds, smelt, or fancied he smelt, fire in the fore cockpit, and on descending the cockpit ladder ascertained the correctness of his fears, finding the foresail-room to be on fire immediately over the magazine. Discipline had here a great triumph, for the man made no alarm on the lower deck amongst the sleeping crew, but, in accordance with orders, quietly made his report to the officer of the watch, who, in his turn, communicated it to the commander, Captain (now Admiral) Plumridge. Without staying to dress himself, the captain jumped on deck, and coolly gave the orders to sound the fire-roll and beat to quarters, and at the time, probably thinking of Admiral Cornwallis's ruse* in the face of the French fleet, he sent a hand aloft to see if he saw a ship to leeward: on his answering in the negative, the captain replied, "You do, sir; I can see her." Then, turning round to the man at the helm, "Do you see that ship, sir?" The poor fellow, afraid to say no, answered in the affirmative "Then put the helm up and keep towards her."

* See 'Deeds of Naval Daring,' First Series, p. 110.

By this time the word had passed, "Fire in the fore-sail-room." Every man and officer was at his respective station; sail-trimmers shortened and trimmed sails; and sentries were under arms over the boats; all hands remained steadily at their quarters; pumps, engines, and buckets were worked with more than mortal energy, and the water rushed down on the devouring element to an extent that must either have extinguished it or swamped the ship. The party whose duty necessitated them to be where the fire *was*, notwithstanding their perilous position, immediately over the magazine—the light-room, where the fire originated, being already destroyed and the flames within three inches of the powder—cleared the burning sail-room with all that energy and self-possession peculiar to British seamen in such emergencies when commanded by a rigid and determined disciplinarian. More than ten minutes had not elapsed from the time the drum beat to quarters till all was over, and the gallant "craft," under all canvas, again pursuing her course. So quietly was everything managed, that those "sail-trimmers" at the *after quarter*, never knew that the ship was actually on fire, but merely thought it a sham for exercise. Not a man or sail-trimmer was allowed to look round, or speak, or whisper to his neighbour. The piercing eye of the captain was upon them, who, in his bedgown, walked the deck with his arms folded; his step as firm and features as composed as if he had been parading the quarter-deck of the

guardship in Portsmouth Harbour. No one, save the captain, first lieutenant, and corporal, knew the ship to be on fire until every man was at his station. How long the fire had been burning was never ascertained. Suffice it to say, had it not been for the corporal discovering it at the moment he did, the ship would have been blown up, and every soul on board unconsciously hurried into eternity; and it was equally fortunate that, *when* discovered, the ship was commanded by a man possessing all the firmness, coolness, and presence of mind requisite to control and direct on such an awful occasion. Had the corporal, instead of acting according to the orders on the fire-bill, given the alarm of "Fire in the foresail-room," those in their hammocks would have been so panic-stricken, knowing the proximity of the sail-room to the magazine, that neither threats nor persuasion of any description would have tended to recall their self-possession. To leave the ship would have been impossible; the quarter-boats might have been lowered, but the large boats in-board were lashed and secured for sea, so that the crew could scarcely have made an attempt to clear them before the fire would have reached the powder in the magazine. There was but one alternative—make a desperate effort to subdue the flames—they did so, and were successful. A splendid ship and a gallant crew were saved by the force of discipline.

It may be remarked that the order given to the man at the helm to "steer direct for that ship,"

had a considerable effect on the spirits of those who knew the worst of the case ; they, no doubt, imagining all the while that there was a ship to escape to should their efforts to extinguish the fire fail.

This anecdote was given to the public in the columns of the daily press when the destruction of the West India steam-packet Amazon was fresh on the minds of the public, and was brought forward to show the advantage of perfect discipline and obedience to command on such trying emergencies.

COLPOYS AND THE MUTINY AT SPITHEAD.

The general mutiny of our seamen, both at the Nore and Spithead, in 1797, exhibited many fine traits of the British naval character, both in officers and men ; the latter displaying great patriotism and moderation in the exaction of what they imagined to be their just demands, when it might have been reasonably feared they would have been carried away by the intoxication of lawless success—while the former, though surrounded by mutineers, still endeavoured to maintain their position by an undaunted presence—which, such is the effect of habits of discipline, in some cases proved successful ; and in very few instances was insult or personal injury offered to those who thus boldly asserted their authority.

The mutiny at Spithead, and some of its attendant circumstances, is that to which I more par-

ticularly draw attention, since the behaviour of the Admiral, Sir John Colpoys, and the misguided crew of the "London" afford evidence of the characteristic traits to which I have alluded. This mutiny, which preceded by a few days that at the Nore, had been apparently quieted by concessions to the demands of the seamen, and the greater part of the fleet had dropped down to St. Helen's, leaving the London at Spithead. While in this position the officers of the London perceived symptoms of an outbreak amongst the ships at St. Helen's, and having communicated the fact to the Vice-Admiral, he called his crew together, and addressing them in a few energetic words, persuaded them to take no share in it, and to go below. When there, however, and released from the influence of their commander's presence and words, the bad spirits again prevailed, and the approach of boats from the mutinous ships excited them to endeavour to force their way upon deck: a contest consequently ensued between them and their officers, who, trusting to the fidelity of the marines, resisted their attempts. Shots were exchanged, and several lives were lost, when the marines, with the exception of two foreigners, having laid down their arms, no further resistance was offered to the mutineers, who, forcing the hatchways and assembling on the gangways, tumultuously approached the quarter-deck, where the admiral and his officers stood prepared for the worst, yelling out "Blood for blood!" and as a further excitement to

vengeance, many of the men came on deck smeared with the blood of their comrades who had fallen below. The delegates from the other ships, who were now mingled with them, encouraged them in this cry; muskets were at the same time pointed at the small knot of officers, and numerous voices were heard calling out to fire, while others were as vehemently raised to avert that catastrophe.

The conduct of Sir John Colpoys at this awful moment has often been cited as an instance of calmness and self-possession; and to the fact of his thus meeting his assailants face to face without flinching must be attributed the preservation of himself and his officers. His official letter to the Admiralty, written on the same day, and in expectation of immediate death, gives a concise and interesting account of the whole proceeding, and is as follows:—

*Letter from Vice-Admiral John Colpoys to
Evan Nepean, Esq.*

“ SIR,

“ London, Spithead, May 8th, 1797.

“ I request, should this letter be allowed to reach your hands, that you will acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty of the following circumstances, which it appears to me should be known to their Lordships and the public, as a justification of my conduct in the unfortunate event which took place on board here yesterday; and I trust that their Lordships, and the community at

large, will do me the justice to believe that my conduct has not proceeded from hasty or tyrannical motives, but that my only guide has been the fulfilling my duty as a servant of my king and country: and this I can now solemnly declare, and mean to do at my last moments, should the poor misguided men who are to be my judges allow me to say so much to them, and which I am inclined to think they will, as they really paid unexpected attention to me, even at a moment when nothing was to be looked for but overboiling rage and fury at seeing several of their wounded and dying shipmates weltering in their blood; even then I say, though armed with all manner of missive weapons, they gave me a hearing, which certainly saved Lieut. Bover's life, though the rope was about his neck; and, indeed, when taken from his, I expected it would have been placed about mine. This irregular preamble will, I trust, meet with their Lordships' indulgence, which I only trouble them with in hopes of relieving my memory from disgraceful reflections, which a censorious world may be too much disposed to bestow on an officer who has been the unfortunate, but, I trust, the innocent, cause of shedding the blood of his shipmates. About one o'clock P.M. on Sunday, the 7th of May, Captain Griffith came into my cabin, and said, 'Sir, I am very sorry to acquaint you that everything appears as wrong as ever with the fleet lying at St. Helen's, where the boats are assembling, and the yard-ropes reeved as formerly.'

I immediately desired he would go on deck, turn all hands up, and let me know when they were there. As soon as they were aft, I went on the quarter-deck, and told them that I supposed they knew what was going forward at St. Helen's. They one and all assured me they did not. 'Very well, then, let me know if you have any grievances remaining.' The answer was, 'No; none.' 'Have you not had everything granted, nay, more than you expected, by the Admiralty?' 'Yes, yes,' was the word. 'This being the case, I now pledge myself, if you will follow my advice, that you shall not get into any disgrace with your brethren in the fleet, as I shall become responsible for your conduct: therefore my first wish is that you hoist all the boats in, then secure the lower deck guns and ports, and afterwards every blue jacket to remain quietly below: that I should get the marines and officers under arms.' All which was done. The officers and marines (who had all given us reason to suppose they meant to stand by us) were dispersed about different parts of the quarter-deck, poop, fore-castle, and main deck. When the boats of the fleet approached the Marlborough, then lying to the westward, our people below began to make a stir, and showed a disposition for coming up, which the officers at the hatchways prevented; they then began to unleash the middle-deck guns, point them aft and up the hatchways, and on the officers calling to me, and saying that the men were forcing their way up, and

must they prevent them by firing on them? I said, 'Yes certainly; they must not be allowed to come up till I order them.' Soon after, the confusion increased, and some shots were exchanged from the officers on deck and the men on the hatchways; the marines began to throw down their arms, and make way for the men to come up, and numbers having succeeded, in order to prevent any more shedding of blood, which would have been unavailing against such numbers, I ordered all firing to cease, and desired the officers to retire aft, and the men to come to me. Many of them did so, and the general cry was 'for Lieut. Bover,' who was immediately seized and carried forward on the forecastle, and as soon as a yard-rope could be rove they began to place it about his neck :* at which moment, fortunately, Mr. Smith, our surgeon, of whom they have justly a very high opinion, got them to allow me to be heard. By this time, also, the men of the other ships (called their delegates) had got on board, and forward on our forecastle, and I was heard. What I had to say was, 'that if anybody was culpable for what happened on that day, it was myself; for that Mr. Bover only obeyed my orders, and that I only did my duty.' This seemed to irritate them not a little: but at length, when I assured them that I had ever felt it my duty to resist such proceedings,

* A story obtained some currency that Admiral Colpoys actually placed his head in the *noose* prepared for the lieutenant: this he certainly did, figuratively, though not in reality.

but more especially just now, having received very recent instructions and orders from their Lordships for the conduct of officers towards the men : they one and all laughed at the word 'orders,' and defied me to produce any such, which I said I could do if they would allow me to go down to the cabin for them, and which, after much hesitation, was granted. Some men being allowed to attend me, I went down, and purposely delayed finding my keys, in hopes that a little time might bring them to cool reflection, and God knows it was a most doubtful moment for such a hope, as many of them seemed very much intoxicated, and which had not been the case in any former part of their mutinies. On returning to the fore-castle I found they had taken the rope from Mr. Bover's neck, which gave me some hopes for him, but I must own, from their countenances, none for myself. However, before I began to read my orders they for the most part agreed to lay down their arms, and put them in safety. Having read them, they said they must have them to consider of, and read over ; that I must retire, be put under confinement, also my captain and Mr. Bover, but all to be separate. I assured them their orders should be strictly obeyed, and that I pledged myself to them that I never meant to be base enough to quit the ship, and leave officers in the lurch who had only done their duty in obeying my orders. The answer from them was, ' We shall show, as we have power, that we can use it with discretion.' I only requested of them to be quick in

their determinations, and not to let the service of the country suffer for any faults of mine, and begged them to remember once for all that blame belonged only to me. This, sir, I solemnly declare, is the whole that passed, and on which I shall make no comments, only trust their Lordships will feel, as I did, that, to save the life of a most valuable young officer, Lieut. Bover, I am justified in having given up their orders; and I do trust, feeling as I do, that a man cannot sacrifice his life in any better cause than that of fulfilling his duty to his country, that their Lordships will not, to save that of an individual like me, suffer themselves to be driven into any improper compliance by a set of poor misguided men. As yet I have no reason to complain of my treatment. To-day Captain Owen's brother (one of our mates) is confined in irons, many of the people declaring he has shown himself too bitter against them. Captain Owen, who has been a passenger on board here, and was formerly first lieutenant of this ship, is under confinement, but allowed to remain with me: the doctor and chaplain are also allowed to come to me, without any witnesses being by; and from the great confidence the people have so justly in those two gentlemen, I am willing to hope for a happy termination of this disagreeable business, which I trust has not been brought forward by any premature or improper proceedings on my part.

“I shall now close this, probably my last, address to their Lordships, in full confidence that they in

their wisdom will make that use of it which has suggested my troubling them with it, in order to justify my conduct to the moderate and well-disposed.—I have the honour to remain, Sir, with much regard, your most obedient and most humble servant,

“ JOHN COLPOYS.

“ I close in a hurry, having a dawn of hope that I may find a proper conveyance for this.”

The finale of the affair is very creditable to the London's crew, for the Admiral and all the officers were landed without injury. When the question was raised as to handing the officers over to the civil power to take their trial for the blood shed, boats were sent from the other ships to forbid their being landed; but the London's men persisted in their resolution, and announced that they were prepared to repel force by force if any attempt should be made to harm their officers. They had decided, after much deliberation, “ that the officers in firing “ on them could do no otherwise, having only “ obeyed the Admiral's orders, and that although “ the Admiral, who had formerly been their friend, “ was now become their enemy, his life should be “ spared, as it would be no compensation for the “ valuable ones taken away by his orders.”

ESPOIR WITH LIGURIA.

The following despatch gives the details of one of the earliest actions in the late war, to which the

honour of a medal has, after the lapse of more than fifty years, been awarded by her present Majesty ; the letter is addressed to Lord St. Vincent, then Commander-in-Chief off Cadiz, who, in transmitting it to the Admiralty, styles it an action " which reflects such lustre upon his Majesty's arms that too much cannot be said in praise of it."

" Gibraltar, H. M. Sloop L'Espoir.

" MY LORD,

" I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship, having under my charge part of the Oran convoy, I, on the 7th instant, at about 5 P.M., discovered a large ship seemingly steering to cut off the convoy, or for Malaga, Cape Windmill bearing N.E. by N. four or five leagues. If she proved an enemy, I saw the preservation of the convoy depended upon my opposing her ; I therefore hauled out from them and made all sail to meet her. A little before 7 P.M., perceiving her to be a man-of-war, and hove-to to receive me, I hoisted our colours, that we might know each other, being then within musket shot ; she did not think proper to display hers, but when we came upon her weather quarter hailed, which I answered ; then she asked in Italian what brig is that, to which we replied in English, ' What ship is that ? ' He then ordered me in a very imperious manner, and in good English, to ' go to leeward of him and strike, or he would sink me ; ' and without any further ceremony began about it, first firing one shot into us, and instantly after his whole broadside ; which we returned with double

shotted guns, round and grape, and continued a very heavy fire of great guns and small arms on both sides till about $\frac{3}{4}$ past 10 P.M., when we had the satisfaction to hear him call for quarter, 'begging of us not to fire any more—he was a Genoese.' I told him again we were a British man-of-war, and ordered him to lower all his sails and come on board of me: he said he would. I told him again not to hesitate, but to do it instantly, or I would do my best to sink him; to which remonstrance he paid no attention, but kept shooting up to gain a situation to rake us: we brought our broadside to bear, and thinking him too big to be trifled with, gave it to him with its full force—double shotted every one—which I believe sickened him, although he returned it, for on our shooting ahead and tacking to give him the other, he again cried out, 'begging us not to fire again, that he was badly wounded, but would obey my orders immediately,' and on his lowering his sails all firing ceased at about 11 P.M.; but on his men not hoisting his boat out I again hailed him; he then said all his boats were shot to pieces. I told him I would send him one, and to make no delay; which I did, a prize-boat that the master's mate was in (Mr. Trinder), who gallantly, when he saw us engaged, pushed alongside with the people, a reinforcement much wanted, as the Lieutenant was away with a party of men in a Greek corn vessel. When the Captain of her (Don Francis de Orso) came on board, he said he took us for an Algerine—an excuse without a reason, and

shows his intention was to sink or take us: if the latter, he would have hoisted French colours and carried us in triumph to Malaga. This, my Lord, I am well convinced of, for why hail a Turk in English? why not hoist his colours during the action? Why should he think proper to blind himself (for blind he must be), not to see ours; and what reason could they have the day after they struck to take the advantage of a heavy squall and our reefing to put before the wind, and making all sail for Malaga, encouraging the people to fight us again, and other manœuvres, which prove him to be nothing but a pirate? After encountering many difficulties we brought him safe in, the 10th instant. I have secured him in the mole and his men in the prison ship, waiting your Lordship's orders, and hoping, as far as I have acted, to meet with your Lordship's approbation. The vessel is called the Liguria, a Dutch frigate, sold to the Genoese, and mounting* twelve 18-pounders, four 12-pounders, ten 6-pounders, twelve long wall pieces, and 4 swivels, with 120 men on board, of all nations, is now armed *en flûte*, with a valuable cargo from Lisbon, bound to Genoa.

“It would give me infinite pleasure if I could close this without having to inform your Lordship that the first hour of the action I lost my master, Mr. Solesby; a loss I felt most severely, for he was brave with the greatest coolness, and knew his

* The *Espoir's* armament was fourteen six-pounders.

duty well. I had six men wounded, two badly. The Liguria had seven killed and fourteen wounded. Among them the boatswain was killed and the first captain badly wounded.

“ No panegyric of mine can be of service to either the warrant officers or men, for the great disparity between the vessels shows that, had not each arm been strung with British nerves, we must have fallen a sacrifice to these pirates, or whatever else they may be. The service is much indebted to the spirited conduct of Captain Brown (28th regiment), who happened to be on board, by his animation, inspiring all around, and by his attention to the guns, claiming no small share in gaining the victory. Nor would I do justice if I did not beg leave in the strongest terms to recommend to your Lordship’s notice Mr. Hemphill (the purser), who, with my leave, came up from below, where he was stationed, and by his assiduity in attending to the guns, saved me much ; as, after the loss of the master, my attention was more particularly required in manœuvring the helm and sails. I am yours, &c.

“ (Signed) EDWARD BLAND.

“ H.M. Sloop L’Espoir, 18th August, 1798.”

A DOUGLAS DIES.

In the year 1667, when the Dutch destroyed our ships in the Medway, filling the breasts of the inhabitants of London with alarm and dismay, one

gallant heart, true to his heroic name, perished for his country's cause. Captain Douglas, of the Royal Oak, having defended his ship with the greatest obstinacy, in pursuance of the orders he had received, "to maintain his post to the last extremity," at length found his ship in flames from stem to stern, the enemy having succeeded in firing her; his crew, finding further resistance useless, retreated to the shore, and Captain Douglas was urged to accompany them: he replied that he had no commands to retire, and "that it should never be said a Douglas had quitted his post without orders;" and thus resolutely continued on board and was burnt with the ship, falling a sacrifice to discipline and obedience to command, and setting an example worthy all Greek or Roman fame.

THE CHALLENGE.

In the Chronicles of the year 1760 I find an example of those naval challenges which have been more often given than accepted, questions of policy or prudence having generally checked the first impulse of brave men to hazard everything in a contest from which there was no retreat; and in this instance there was no departure from the general rule: indeed, save in the case of the young Captain Byron, whose action has been alluded to in the notice of his father, the "Foul-weather Jack" of naval history, and in the still more memorable contest of more re-

cent date, viz. that of the Shannon and Chesapeake, one so well known to the present generation that I have not repeated it, it is difficult to call to mind any case of *bonâ fide* challenge given and accepted. In the autumn of 1759, when Monsieur Thurot was preparing for his descent on the coast of Ireland, he was blockaded in the port of Ostend by the Argo, a frigate of 28 guns, under the command of Captain Fisher, assisted by some smaller vessels. The gallant captain, while thus employed in observing his enemy, sent a message to the governor of the place, "that as the King his master was not at war with the house of Austria he expected to be supplied with refreshments from Ostend, although it was garrisoned with French troops, otherwise he would make prize of every vessel belonging to the place that might venture to come out of the harbour. No notice having been taken of his message he proceeded to put his threat in execution, and detained some fishing-boats. The Governor now, finding that Captain Fisher was in earnest, sent out a flag of truce, with complimentary assurances that his request should be complied with, and the English frigate thenceforth received daily supplies from the shore. In the course of this correspondence, the French Commander, whose frigate of 30 guns, was, as I have said, lying in the harbour, sent notice to Captain Fisher that if he would dismiss his small craft, and give his honour that none of the squadron under Admiral Boys should interfere in the contest, he

would next day come out and give him battle. Captain Fisher desired the messenger to tell M. Thurot that he would dismiss the cutters, and not only give his word, but even an officer as hostage for the performance of his guarantee, that he should not be assisted by any of the Commodore's squadron, which lay seven or eight leagues to leeward, but that he would engage him singly at a minute's warning. Burning with excitement, the English Captain accordingly made the ship ready for the expected engagement next morning; when he weighed his anchor, and, hoisting the British ensign, stood in-shore to the mouth of the harbour, where he brought to, with his courses cleared up and his maintop-sail to the mast. In this position he remained with flying colours, almost close to the fortifications, as long as the tide would permit him, in sight of the numerous spectators assembled to see the engagement; but, unlike our American foeman in more recent times, Thurot did not think proper to keep the appointment, although it was of his own making, and Captain Fisher in the *Argo* was thus deprived of the chance of having been the prototype of Captain Broke in the *Shannon*.

Captain Fisher seems to have been an officer who, in common parlance, would stand no nonsense. While commanding a squadron in the East Indies he appeared on one occasion with his ships off the fortress of Point-de-Galle, in Ceylon, at that time in the hands of the Dutch. The governor sent an officer to acquaint him that no men-of-war could be

admitted, his orders being to fire on such as presumed to approach the harbour. Captain Fisher coolly returned for answer, that he would not be the aggressor in any rupture, but that his Majesty's ships should come within pistol-shot of the walls, and if a single shot was fired he would not leave one stone on another in Galle. This spirited answer changed the Dutchman's tone, and the English were treated with the greatest complaisance during their stay.

“I HAVE DONE IT, AND AM ALIVE.”

The occasion on which the above words were used is so recent that they have scarcely yet become the property of history ; I am, however, induced to set forth the gallantry of Lieutenant Corbett as a modern example of my theme, and therefore give a short sketch of the naval proceedings at Lagos, in December, 1851.

The chief of Lagos, one of the most notorious slave stations on the west coast of Africa, having rendered himself amenable to punishment by firing on a flag of truce which had been sent to treat with him, the Commander-in-Chief on the station determined to avenge the insult ; and for this purpose having collected a considerable force, despatched it in the boats of his squadron, accompanied by two small steam tenders, under the command of Captain L. J. Jones and H. Lyster, to

punish the refractory chief. Leaving their ship on the 24th of December, the expedition crossed the bar of the river on which Lagos is situated, but were unable to accomplish anything that day, which was far advanced by the time they had approached the defences. On the following, Christmas-day, Captain Jones, anxious to obtain a better knowledge of the pilotage, and perhaps influenced in some degree by the remembrance that it was the anniversary of the day when angels announced “ Peace on earth and good-will towards men,” decided on employing it in the less active but not less necessary occupation of feeling his way, by sounding the channels and learning something of the pilotage of the river. At dawn of day on the 26th the boats again advanced in four divisions; two, under Captain Jones, escorted by the Bloodhound steam tender, and two, under Captain Lyster, by the Teazer, a similar vessel. The enemy, immediately the English forces came within distant range, opened a fire of great guns and musketry from their whole line of embankment—(the muzzles of their muskets only being visible)—which our men returned with their great guns, but without much apparent effect on their stockades, formed as they were of green wood. Captain Jones’ precaution of the previous day now proved insufficient, for the Teazer first, and then the Bloodhound, grounded on the sandbanks. The latter was not so badly situated as the former, for, while she was able to keep up a deliberate fire from her 18-pound gun and howitzer, which soon

silenced the enemy's great guns, the great part of the shower of musketry which the enemy discharged into them fell short; one or two balls only, falling on board, slightly wounding her crew. Comparatively favourable as it was, however, the Bloodhound's situation was such as to render it necessary to attempt to land and spike the guns. Lieutenant Saumarez was therefore despatched with the boats, which vainly endeavoured to effect a landing by a narrow channel, which had been closed by a submerged stockade. Everything was done that it was possible for men to do; the carpenter of the Sampson, Mr. W. Stivey, neck-deep in water and axe in hand, was seen hewing away at the stakes to make a passage for the boats to land; but the hurricane of shot that opened on them proving to the commanding officer that their efforts would be unavailing, he returned to the Bloodhound with the loss of two officers and ten men killed and wounded, and during the remainder of this day was obliged to content himself with keeping up a fire of shot and shell against the enemy's works. While the Bloodhound's party were thus circumstanced, those in the Teazer were in a still more perilous situation. Shortly after she grounded, the enemy brought two guns to bear upon her from a stockade, in a position unassailable from the ship. These guns were admirably served, and Captain Lyster felt satisfied that they would destroy the vessel before the tide rose sufficiently to float her off. Two courses were now open to him: either to abandon and destroy the ship, or by

making a noble rush into the midst of the armed hosts on shore, attempt to carry the guns, and thus turn the fortune of the day. He knew the sacrifice of life would be great, but the cheerful acquiescence of his officers and men, when he communicated his determination to attempt the bolder course, left no doubt in his mind as to its successful issue. Forming in line abreast, and keeping up a continued fire upon the stockade, the boats advanced steadily under the fire of at least 1500 muskets : the men landed and formed, and then entered the stockade with a rush, Lieutenant John Corbett being the foremost. The enemy did not wait to receive their foe, but retreated into the bush : the guns were quickly spiked and the object of their landing attained ; but in the moment of success Captain Lyster was informed that the enemy had got into his rear and succeeded in capturing one of his boats. Instantly all was hurry to the beach, and the crews of the several boats, including that of the one thus captured by the enemy, were re-embarked under a crushing destructive fire poured in upon them at pistol range. When they had shoved off, something was observed wrong with the rocket-boat, which was nearest the shore ; upon which Captain Lyster pulled back, and hastening to know what was the matter, was informed that the kroomen had let go the anchor without orders, and that there were not sufficient hands on board to raise it. He accordingly ordered it to be slipped, but the reply was, “ it is a chain cable clinched to the bottom,

and we cannot unshackle it." On this Captain Lyster jumped on board to lend his assistance, when he observed Lieutenant Corbett stagger up from under the stern, saying, "I have done it and am alive." Yes, in the face of that withering fire, this heroic officer devoted himself to save the boat, and, already severely wounded while on shore, had gone over the side, and by incredible exertions had succeeded in cutting the cable with a cold chisel, receiving five additional wounds in doing it.

Successful, but with a heavy loss, the victors now returned to their vessel, and the remainder of the afternoon was spent in preparations for heaving her off, which they succeeded in doing about sunset.

Next morning the Teazer rejoined the Bloodhound, and the 27th was passed in pouring a fire of shot, shell, and rockets into the town, which was shortly in a blaze. The 28th, Sunday, was spent in preparations for the general assault; but during that day the enemy, to the number of 2000, abandoned the town and works, and on the 29th Lagos and its dependencies was prostrate before the attacking force, who, out of 357 officers and men employed, lost in this blood-bought victory 15 killed and 75 wounded. Fifty-two guns were taken or destroyed, but the enemy's loss in killed and wounded it was impossible to ascertain.

It is scarcely necessary to add that, in addition to the officers senior in rank, who were promoted by the Admiralty for this gallant service, Lieu-

tenant Corbett was specially promoted to be a commander, and Mr. B. F. B. Clarke, a master's assistant, who gallantly seconded him in spiking the guns, was promoted to be midshipman.

THE POLAR REGIONS.

The day of battle and the hour of storm and shipwreck have already afforded many illustrations of my theme: an incident, therefore, taken from those startling narratives of British enterprise, the several accounts of our countrymen's attempts to force the icy barrier, which has hitherto closed the North-West Passage, attempts in which so many have failed and on which the lives of hundreds of our best and bravest are now imperilled, may fairly claim a place in these pages. When Captain Sir E. Parry, then Commander of the *Hecla*, left this country in the year 1826 to explore the Northern Seas, with a stout ship under him and stout hands and hearts to support him, he did no more than many had done before and are prepared to do again; but the peculiarity of Parry's attempt consisted in his resolution of leaving the protecting shelter of his ship when he should have reached the furthest point to which he could force her, and trusting to open boats, endeavour to penetrate where the ship could not go. Arrived at the ship's furthest point, his gallant band, provided with a store of provisions calculated to last seventy days,

started on the 21st of June on their perilous enterprise, and receiving three cheers from those they left behind, they paddled away in two boats, hopeful of success, and scarce bestowing one thought on the enormous risks they incurred. It is difficult for the imagination to picture anything more apparently hopeless than the position of these two solitary boats, not on the wide waste of waters, but in that region of eternal ice, at a season when the cold warmth of the Arctic summer had broken up the vast fields of ice into huge disjointed fragments, each of which threatened destruction to the adventurous voyagers. The daily journal of the proceedings is full of interest, and well repays a perusal. At one time we read of their progress being stayed by dense and dismal fogs ; at another we see them floundering on through deep snow and water, compelled by the rugged nature of the ice-fields over which they are travelling first to convey their stores on sledges and then to return for their lightened boats ; thus traversing the same ground five times, and accomplishing a distance of ten miles advance at the expense of a long and weary day's labour : at another a tortuous course through a lane of open water between the ice-floes, enabled them after a day passed in incessant rowing to record the fact that they had advanced five miles in their course to the northward. But all this was the sunny side of the future. Fog and frost, snow and ice, were nothing to these bold men so long as they felt that they were making some

progress towards the accomplishment of their object. One of their most distressing and toilsome modes of advance was when their course lay over a mass of floating islands of ice: on such occasions they had sometimes to use their boats as bridges between the floating fragments; at others, when the fissures were too wide, they had to launch them into the narrow channels, only to be drawn up immediately after with excessive labour, and again launched after a short traject over the field ice, repeating the operation many times in the day. At length more than half the time for which their provisions were calculated to last had passed, and these gallant hearts still held on, even though their advance to the north had been on some days almost nothing,—since while they struggled on, advancing over the ice, that ice itself was drifting with the current in the opposite direction; thus realizing in their persons the fabled punishment of Sisyphus, or that of the cruel daughters of Danaus. The persevering energy of the gallant Commander, to whom alone this disheartening fact was known, was, however, compelled to yield to circumstances which he could not control, for when, at the expiration of their last three days of labour, the result of their observations showed that they were three miles to the *southward* of their previous position, he reluctantly gave the orders to retreat; having at least the satisfaction of knowing that he had carried the British flag further north than it had ever flown before.

In this expedition they advanced 172 miles from their entry into the ice ; and their calculation was that they had actually traversed 668 miles in doing it.

DEFIANCE AND CENTURION, WITH TWO FRENCH SHIPS.

The following private letter from Mr. Sidney Cole, one of the lieutenants of the *Defiance*, in the action, which he narrates, is the only account which I have been able to find of a contest which certainly is deserving of being rescued from entire oblivion. In 'Charnock's Biography' the facts and the year are wrongly given under the name of Captain John Evans, of the *Defiance* ; and poor Captain Nicholls, of the *Centurion*, is still worse treated, for not only is his name transformed into *Mighels*, but the *Centurion's* share in the business is totally ignored. Luckily Mr. Cole has enabled me to do tardy justice to these two brave men ; and his spirited letter, which is given without curtailment, will enable my readers to judge how far these encomiums are merited :—

“ Gibraltar, 30th Nov. 1709.

“ The disappointments often, that either my letters to you have miscarried or did not deserve an answer, have discouraged me for some time past from writing ; but having been lately in an action which, perhaps, may make some noise at home as

well as in these parts, I beg leave to trouble you with the following particulars :—

“ The Defiance and Centurion having cleared at Port Mahon, the former mounted with 61 guns, 370 hands on board, the latter with 48 guns and 292 hands, sailed thence the 31st last month, in order to cruize off Malaga for two months. But on the 8th of this instant, by break of day, we spied two strange sail to windward, giving us chase ; we therefore immediately brought to and prepared to receive them, Modeil being north 4 leagues, the wind E. b. N. and a fine gale but *popling* sea. Half-past nine they came within pistol-shot alongside of us and hoisted their French colours, and then began the engagement, which lasted till a quarter after twelve at noon, in which time we had 17 killed upon the spot and 69 dangerously wounded ; of the former our master and gunner, of the latter our lieutenant of marines. In the number of the wounded I include only those who were disabled from acting, for our captain and a great many more were slightly wounded. Notwithstanding the great odds on the enemy’s side, all our men during the whole of the fight were hearty, brisk, and resolute ; but the bravery of our wounded men is hardly to be equalled, who instead of lamenting some their loss of limbs and others their certainly approaching fate, spent their dying breaths in calling to and encouraging their fellows to stand heartily to it. We had some who after they had been twice wounded returned a third time to their

quarters. The action was very sharp for two hours, but after that our antagonist did not dare to lie alongside, but kept at a distance pelting our quarter, and grew tired of that too in a hour and half more. We then had leisure to look about us for our comrade, who was vastly overmatched, for he had a 64-gun ship to deal with, whereas the Centurion could fight but five of her lower tier of guns; and at that moment the Frenchman was going to board her, but could not conveniently do it without coming under our stern and receiving all our small arms, but in return he raked us and did us great damage; but we wore upon him and fired our 30 guns into him, and were so very near him that 'tis impossible but every shot did execution, and he had no sooner got clear of us but the Centurion gave him her broadside too, and all her small arms, that his men fell off his shrouds and bowsprit as thick as leaves from a tree; so that being quite scared, he let fall his foresail and hoisted his topsails and put away for it right afore the wind, and being but little damaged either in his sails or rigging, he set his small sails, and weathering, stood for his consort, who made signals for him. We stood after them, but night and the finding we could not come up with them (for we could not make half our sail) prevented us, for we had hardly a rope in the ship either running or standing but what was shot through, so that the Queen (Anne) will have the charge of a whole suit of sails, rigging, and masts. The next morning we were chased

again by two sail, and believing them to be those we had engaged the day before, we, to save them trouble, stood towards them and prepared for a second rencontre, but found them to be Algerines, and so left them and anchored here the 10th. Here are since arrived a Dane, a Genoese, and a Spanish vessel from Malaga, whose masters report that on the 9th two French men-of-war, one of 76 guns and 600 men, the other 64 guns and 500 men, anchored there and reported they had fought two English men-of-war of 90 and 70 guns, and that they would have taken us but that they had an account we had a regiment of soldiers on board to reinforce the garrison of this place, and that they had lost but 16 men each; but we are since informed that one of them was towed in by the other, the greater by the less, and that they had 556 men killed and wounded. The Centurion had 22 men killed and between 30 and 40 wounded, and, as above stated, the Defiance had 17 killed and 69 wounded, or every fourth man killed or wounded; a loss scarce exceeded in the severest strife on record, showing the obstinacy with which the action was maintained."

THE PRIVATE SHIP OF WAR.

The actions of private ships of war have not often had the good fortune of being immortalized in the 'Gazette,' and therefore the very fact of that

honour having been conferred marks the engagement as having been thought worthy of the highest distinction ; and in the few cases that have been recorded none can be found affording an example of greater resolution and bravery than that displayed by the captain and crew of the *Chance* privateer, in her action with the Spanish ship *Amiable Maria*, on the 29th August, 1801. The *Chance*, of 16 small guns, principally 12 and 6 pounder carronades, and with a complement of 94 men, was cruising off Callao at the above date, when towards nightfall she fell in with a large ship, which was supposed to be a Spanish trader. Spanish colours were accordingly hoisted in the *Chance*, to throw the stranger off her guard, and every exertion used to cut her off from the friendly port of Lima, then only a few miles distant. In this object the captain of the *Chance*, a Mr. White, was successful, and at about ten o'clock P.M. he got within pistol-shot and hailed to ask what ship she was. Rendered unsuspecting of the nationality and hostile object of their inquirer, both by her diminutive size and their own preponderating force, the Spaniards answered, the *Amiable Maria*, from Conception, bound to Lima ; upon which Captain White, still looking upon his opponent as an unwarlike trader, announced to them his real character, and at the same time commenced a smart fire. The enemy not returning a shot, the second-lieutenant of the *Chance*, with a small party, was ordered away to board ; but before the boat was alongside, the Spaniards

had recovered from their first surprise, and opened a brisk fire from his heavy battery of 18 and 24 pounder brass guns. The *Chance* thus far had escaped with impunity, owing to the want of preparation for battle on board the *Maria*, whose decks were lumbered with her cables, all ready for use, as (when thus suddenly attacked) she was not more than seven miles from her anchoring-ground; but the heavy nature of the enemy's guns quickly undeceived Mr. White. The *Chance* being but a boat compared with the *Maria*, he became instantly aware that his only hope of success lay in boarding, while the Spaniards were still in confusion. For this purpose he tried to get his vessel's bowsprit over the enemy's stern, but the wind was so light that his ship fell off in the attempt and exposed her own stern to a crushing broadside, which dismounted some of the guns and killed one of the officers. The British, however, soon extricated themselves from their perilous position, and were more fortunate in their second attempt, for running their bowsprit over the enemy's quarter, they succeeded in lashing it to the mizen-mast. The Spaniards met their foe hand to hand with the greatest bravery, and for some minutes the strife was maintained with great severity on the *Chance's* bowsprit, where the English commander, leading his men, was kept at bay during a long struggle by a gallant Spaniard, whose life, when afterwards at his mercy, he spared in consequence of his bravery; but at length he succeeded in gaining the poop,

where the fight was prolonged, every inch of deck being disputed sword in hand. The men were falling on both sides, the enemy's superiority in numbers only making their assailants more resolute to do or die, when in a desperate sally the English succeeded in forcing their foes from the poop to the main deck, which they also cleared after a further resistance of three-quarters of an hour. In this struggle the Spanish captain was driven from the fore-castle while in the act of pointing his bow guns, loaded with grape and canister, at his antagonists on the poop: another minute and he would in all probability have saved his ship. As it was he was disabled and forced below, his crew following him and maintaining the lower deck and cabins with long pikes in a most determined manner, until their numbers were reduced to 86 out of 220 men. Then and not till then they yielded and struck. No men ever fought with greater bravery. The decks were so covered with dead bodies that it was impossible to move without treading on them; but amidst all this scene of horror the screams of a Spanish lady, a passenger in a state of phrensy, whose infant had been cut in two in her arms by a shot during the engagement, she herself being uninjured, are described as being such as to touch the most callous hearts with pity. An instance of ferocity such as has been rarely equalled also occurred during the contest: a Chilian, one of the Spanish crew, whose arm was dreadfully shattered, was seen deliberately to cut the limb entirely off, and load

his gun with it ; but a second shot killed the savage before he had power to fire.

At the close of the action the two vessels were within four miles of the hostile port, the prize having almost all her shrouds, braces, and running rigging cut up ; but a smart breeze springing up, they were soon able to get a good offing. The loss of the *Chance* in this obstinate conflict was comparatively small, having had only one officer killed and three officers and two seamen badly wounded by pikes. The Spanish authorities on the coast were indignant at the success of the British ship, and the Viceroy of Lima a few days after sent a man-of-war out expressly to take the *Chance*, offering sixty pounds for every man brought in, dead or alive ; but the gallant *Chances* did not avoid their foe. They soon met, and after receiving three ineffective distant broadsides, Captain White ordered his steward to give each man a glass of grog, and when they were now within pistol-shot he said to his crew, "Come, my lads, run your colours up and let them see to what country you belong." The ships now being yard-arm and yard-arm, they commenced firing with great effect ; and after a severe action of two hours and three-quarters the Spanish tug-of-war *Limeño*, mounting 18 long nines and 12 brass four-pounders, manned with 180 men, struck her flag to the little *Chance*, which at the commencement of the action mounted 16 twelve and six pounders, with a complement of 50 men.

The Spaniards had fourteen killed and seven wounded ; the *Chance* two killed and one wounded.

Thus strikingly was the honour of the British flag maintained by a private ship of war in two actions which will bear comparison with any in the well-filled pages of naval history.

MR. A'COURT.

The present Admiral Repington, then Mr A'Court, is the hero of a gallant boat affair, which, although most unaccountably left untold in official records, has been preserved in the pages of the naval historian James, and is as follows:—

Mr. Edward Henry A'Court, with a marine and seven seamen, was despatched from the *Blanche* in the red cutter to collect sand for the use of the ship, and although it had been ordered that youngsters sent upon services of this kind, lest their pugnacious spirit should lead them into danger, were not to be allowed arms, the men in the boat, before they pushed off from the frigate, contrived to smuggle five or six muskets through the ports. It so happened that in the dusk of evening the boat fell in with a schooner, nearly becalmed. The midshipman and his party of sanders unhesitatingly pulled towards her, and as she had the appearance of a privateer, and might open a cannonade upon them, Mr. A'Court judiciously kept in her wake. Just as the boat had approached the stern of the schooner, a fire of musketry from the latter mortally wounded one man and badly wounded another of the boat party. Mr. A'Court nevertheless pulled

straight up alongside, and with the assistance of his five remaining hands boarded and carried a French schooner, bound to Cape François, having among her passengers a detachment of between 30 and 40 soldiers, commanded by a Colonel who had fought, bled, and distinguished himself at the battle of Arcole. When asked how he could have surrendered to so insignificant a force, the French Colonel, with a shrug, replied, that it was all owing to "le mal-de-mer," and that had he been on shore the case would have been otherwise. Let that have been as it may, the conduct of young A'Court evinced unparalleled gallantry, a considerable degree of judgment, and certainly both the officer and men deserved to have their names recorded for the bravery they had displayed.

CAPTURE OF THE ST. PEDRO BY THE BOATS OF
THE COMUS, IN MAY, 1807.

From the Reminiscences of a Naval Officer.

In March, 1807, the boats of the Comus, of 24 guns, commanded by Captain Conway Shipley, were, when cruising off the Canary Islands, despatched under the orders of the Senior Lieutenant, George Edward Watts, to attempt the capture of six square-rigged vessels anchored in the harbour of Grand Canaria, under the protection of powerful batteries. This service he accom-

plished, with no casualty beyond Lieutenant Campbell of the marines wounded. Having escorted her prizes to Gibraltar, the *Comus* returned to her former cruising-ground, where two or three coasting-vessels being taken, Lieutenant Watts was sent on shore at Teneriffe to negotiate their ransom. He was courteously received by the Spanish governor, a grandee of the most dignified demeanour, who readily gave his assent to the proposal, and entered, together with his staff (some of whom spoke the purest English), into an open and friendly conversation upon the enterprising spirit of the British navy. Having discovered that the capture of the vessels in the adjoining port, six weeks previously, had been effected by the boats of the *Comus*, they gave Lieutenant Watts to understand that such success was quite attributable to the want of zeal and ability on the part of those who commanded the batteries; that they had in consequence been tried and disgraced, and their places supplied by others, who, if we ever renewed the attempt, would give us a very different reception. Lieutenant Watts expressing his conviction, that in Spaniards he would ever meet brave and determined foes, ventured at the same time to hope that, should no such attempt be renewed, it would not by them be imputed to fear of the consequences; to which a prompt and full disclaimer being given, he inquired if any Spanish vessels had lately visited the islands? "Only one," was the reply; and she, having made

good some defects, had again sailed with despatches for South America.

The hesitating way in which this statement was made, coupled with the somewhat blustering threat above named, begat a suspicion in the mind of Lieutenant Watts, that if such a vessel had really arrived she was still in the port. This impression he made known to Captain Shipley on his return, and at the same time requested to have the boats confided to his charge in order to decide the point. The wind being favourable, the entrance to the harbour was reached at eleven o'clock P.M., when the boats pushed in. The detour of the harbour was so closely made that the oars touched the beach, and the sentries were heard pacing the ramparts, without any floating object being seen. Lieutenant Watts, together with his colleagues, consequently arrived at the conclusion that the bird had flown, and returned to his ship, then five miles in the offing. On mounting the gangway he was met by Captain Shipley, who observed, he feared the boats were too late to make the attack before daylight (which he had directed him not to attempt after). "Oh no, Sir," was the reply, "we were in abundant time, have fully examined the harbour, and found it empty." "Look there," he rejoined, pointing to the port, where no less than five or six vessels were lying close under the batteries, the outer and largest bearing the colours of the King of Spain, being in fact the very vessel he had been in quest

of. To describe the look of dismay and the agonised feelings of the young Lieutenant, who, with the world before him, was panting for opportunity to earn promotion, would be indeed difficult. He, together with the Second Lieutenant, explained how the darkness had so identified the hulls of the vessels with the batteries and adjacent buildings (they being within a small inlet), that although the oars must have all but touched the large vessel, not one of the party even suspected her proximity; that such being the case, he hoped his Captain would mercifully allow him to repair the mistake by intrusting the boats to his management in a further attempt. The answer was a decided negative, grounded upon the plea, that the enemy, now so fully admonished of his danger, would make the enterprise far too hazardous for the very small force to be employed. In a word, that although success might attend it, there was no proportion between the risk to be incurred and the benefit to be derived—arguments which derived additional strength from the imposing attitude of the enemy, who, by flashing and burning blue lights every ten minutes throughout the night, proved that he was continually on the alert. For two successive days did Lieutenant Watts beseech for a relaxation without success; but on the third day Captain Shipley, observing his deep dejection, and moved by the assurance that he felt his honour lost, and his character for ever blighted, if he did not yield his assent, supported moreover by Mr. Hood Knight,

the Second Lieutenant, he at length, with many misgivings, gave way, upon condition that the attack should be confined exclusively to the large vessel bearing the national flag.

The boats, three in number, with forty officers and men, entered the harbour half an hour before midnight. On nearing the batteries some suspicious vessels resembling gun-boats appearing, the small cutter was sent to reconnoitre, while the launch, with a small carronade, was directed to occupy the attention of an enfilading battery, should its fire be opened upon them, the large cutter, commanded in person by Lieutenant Watts, lying in the mean time on her oars. The boats had hardly separated when the moon, emerging from a dark cloud in full splendour, discovered the enemy's vessel about fifty yards distant, crowded with both seamen and soldiers, and bristling from stem to stern with a phalanx of bayonets glistening in the moonbeams. To one who by his own efforts had entailed upon himself the terrible alternative of death or victory, it was indeed a thrilling and awful sight. Aware, however, of the advantage in such cases of instant action, before the agitated spirits of the adversary have time to rally, he hailed for his boats to return ; but, without waiting for their junction, he dashed forward in the midst of an enormous fire of musketry and cannon, which killed one man and wounded another mortally by his side. Calling upon his men to follow him, he sprang on the vessel's side, was met by a bayonet

in the face, and forced overboard ; being, however, an excellent swimmer, he grappled the bends, and by dint of strength and activity wrought his way without a second wound into the midst of the formidable group. And now ensued a scene of the most extraordinary and formidable character. The enemy in the van and rear, seeing the centre in action, rushed to its support, enclosing Lieutenant Watts on every point. By his plunge overboard he lost his cutlass, and his pistols being useless, he was restricted to the use of a small dagger, which, however, in such a conjuncture proved the deadliest of weapons, and enabled him to deal destruction around. But in the midst of seventy men, forty of whom were grenadiers, his fighting to desperation, unsupported as he was, could protract only for a few moments inevitable death. He had already been laid prostrate seven times by the but-ends of the soldiers' muskets, whose bayonets, when pointed at his breast, he had contrived to unscrew, and was bleeding from five sabre and seven bayonet wounds, when a grenadier, whose weapon entered behind his right shoulder and out at his left (making a groove in his back like a plough in a furrow), pinned him to the mainmast. The blow he thought mortal ; but at the moment a great and sudden movement took place, the whole body of the enemy seeming impelled, as it were, by an overwhelming wave from one side of the vessel to the other. The soldier, withdrawing his bayonet, Lieutenant Watts had still strength

enough left to close and lay him dead at his feet, and then, looking to discover the cause of the movement alluded to, found to his infinite delight that it was caused by an attack in their rear by his own boat's crew, who, at first driven off by the heavy fire, were afterwards, by the vessel being left undefended, enabled to board, and come to the rescue. Lieutenant Watts, who was bareheaded and deluged with blood, was first sighted by Patrick Lorry, an Irishman, who, with characteristic energy, exclaimed, "By J—s, my boys, here's our officer all alive yet! Have at 'em!" "Have at them, my brave boys!" shouted their Lieutenant, whose ebbing spirits and failing strength becoming instantly resuscitated, enabled him to lead an energetic assault, which in ten minutes ended by the whole body of the enemy, except seven, being killed, wounded, or driven overboard, the captain being one of the slain. The prisoners were just secured, when the other boats arriving, the cables were cut, and the prize taken in tow, when, to the dismay of the captors, she was discovered to be nearing the batteries against the strain of the tow-ropes. Lieutenant Watts instantly ordered the boats to cast off, and seek for the hawser under water by which a large force on shore were dragging her under the very muzzles of the guns. In a few seconds William Mountford, the bowman of the cutter, shouted that he had hold of it. "Nick it, my brave lad, nick it!" responded his officer; and with the aid of a tomahawk away it went with a

surge that probably laid the party engaged in the work upon their backs; for in an instant the battery opened fire, which was immediately supported by the blaze of thirty-two pieces of heavy artillery throughout the circuit of the harbour. But the boats gallantly performed their work by bearing off triumphantly the hard-won prize without any additional loss.

Lieutenant Watts had his left arm broken, in addition to thirteen wounds, besides being covered with contusions. He was awarded a sword of fifty guineas value, and a pecuniary reward of 100*l.* by the Patriotic Fund. But neither thanks nor promotion was given by the Admiralty for a service which, in point of exertion and peril, had rarely been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed, comprising in itself the concentration of a dozen actions; and it serves to prove the inadequacy of the best rules for rewarding service, when the fact is recorded, that Lieutenant Watts does not bear even a clasp for it with his war medal.

The boat which singly performed this service contained but eighteen men, only sixteen of whom boarded; one was killed and five wounded, including Lieutenant Watts, whose wounds were barely cicatrized, when he had the good fortune to win his promotion by the following exploit:— Capture of the Danish frigate *Frederickswærn*. The *Comus*, having escorted her Spanish prize to Gibraltar, sailed for Spithead.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

When our naval heroes were reaping their laurels in the flowery land of Pekoe and Souchong, the arrogant pretensions of their awkward foemen provoked them to many deeds which they would not have adventured against more active and less conceited antagonists. On one occasion, Commander Fitzjames, whose sense and enjoyment of the ludicrous fully equalled his daring, had landed from the Cornwallis, in the river Yang-tse-kiang, and, leaving his boat's crew to amuse themselves on the beach below, accompanied by the coxswain of the boat only, clambered up an almost precipitous cliff overhanging the river for the purpose of making a sketch of the surrounding scenery. While thus employed, and unsuspecting of danger, he once or twice thought he heard a movement in the dense mass of shrubs that clothed the hill side in his rear and above his head ; but, seeing nothing, he proceeded with his amusing task. At length the sounds became less equivocal, and turning sharply round he caught a glimpse of some Tartars, who, however, instantly concealed themselves. Feigning that he had not noticed their presence, Fitzjames took occasion to call to his coxswain, and desired him to go down and get the boat's crew in readiness for an instantaneous start, when he himself should come down. Left entirely alone he awaited the attack of his treacherous foes, who stealthily advanced, trusting to take their barbarian visitor

by surprise. But Fitzjames, who knew that their object would be to take him alive, was fully prepared ; and, no sooner had the boldest, a mandarin of some rank, approached within arm's-reach, than he suddenly grappled with him, and, throwing himself and the astonished celestial on the ground, commenced rolling over down the declivity with his prisoner, and amidst the cheers of his own men, and to the blank dismay of his numerous opponents, who crowned the summit, trundled the captured mandarin on board, minus something more than his silken garments, which fluttered on the rocky side of the hill. The captive was well received on board the Cornwallis, and kindly treated ; but the ignominy of his mode of capture must have rankled in his breast, and he took the first opportunity of jumping overboard and drowning himself.

The doom of Fitzjames, had he been taken, would no doubt have been one of the wooden cages in which all prisoners, however taken, were paraded about the country, and exhibited as objects of Chinese prowess. But from this he was spared, to form one of the bold band of heroes who now for seven long years have been confined, with Franklin, within their wooden walls in the icy regions of the North Pole.

BLAKE.

The life of Robert Blake, General of the Land Forces and Admiral of the Fleets of England,

during the rule of Cromwell, affords some fine examples illustrative of the daring and decision of the English character when called out by the exigencies of the naval service. Possessed with a most exalted opinion of the prowess and pretensions of Englishmen he seems to have considered no odds of numbers or disadvantages of position worthy of consideration where his country's honour was concerned, and he supported the Lord Protector most efficiently in his avowed resolution of "making the name of Englishman as great as ever that of Roman had been."* At the mature age of fifty years this extraordinary man, after having proved himself a good soldier, during the unhappy strife of the Civil Wars, by his successful defence of the town of Taunton against the Royal forces under Lord Goring, first took the command of our fleets,

* Bishop Burnet relates a story which exemplifies this resolution of making the name of Englishman as much respected as ever that of Roman had been. When Blake was at Malaga, during a time of peace between this country and Spain, some of his sailors went on shore, and meeting the procession of the Host, not only neglected to pay it any respect, but jeered at those who did. The populace, instigated by their priest, resented this insult, and falling upon the offenders beat them severely. Upon the news of their ill-treatment coming to Blake's ears, he sent to demand the priest who had incited the mob. The Viceroy answered, that, having no authority over the priests, he regretted that he was unable to send him; to which Blake shortly replied, that he did not inquire into the extent of the Viceroy's authority, but that if the priest was not sent in three hours he would burn the town. The priest was consequently sent, and in his defence pleaded the provocation given by the seamen: to which Blake answered, that if a complaint had been addressed to him, the seamen should have been punished; but that he was angry that the Spaniards should have assumed that power, as he would have all the world to know that an Englishman was only to be punished by Englishmen. Blake, satisfied with having thus asserted his power, dismissed the priest, whom he had treated with great civility.

leading them to victory, and winning fresh laurels upon their own element from his world-known opponents, Tromp, de Ruyter, and de Witt. Here his want of experience seems, although it may sound paradoxical, to have been of great service to him : he followed the light of his own genius only, and was soon seen to have all the courage, the conduct, and the precipitancy of a good sea officer. Clarendon says of him, "that he was the first man that declined the old track, and made it apparent that the sciences might be attained in less time than was imagined. He was the first man that brought ships to contemn castles on shore, which had ever been thought very formidable, but were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into seamen by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water ; and though he has been very well imitated and followed, was the first that gave the example of that kind of naval courage and bold and resolute achievement."

Such is the royalist historian's evidence of this great man, whose impetuous courage, verging on temerity in many instances, only escapes that judgment by the extraordinary success that attended his movements. One of such instances occurred in his first encounter with Tromp. The states of Holland having arrived during our civil troubles

at the height of naval power without opposition, and without competition, seem to have sought for and provoked the war of 1652, solely for the purpose of combating the long-maintained supremacy of the English flag in the narrow seas, a supremacy enforced against all foreigners almost down to our times, by compelling them to strike their colours on meeting our flag.* Hostilities had not yet been declared when Tromp, with a fleet of forty-five men-of-war, appeared in the Downs, where Blake was lying. The latter, who had but twenty ships under his orders, upon the approach of the Dutch Admiral fired three single shots across his bows to require that he should, by striking his colours, show that respect to the flag which had been always customary in what were considered the seas under British dominion. Tromp answered with a broadside, at the same time hanging out the red flag under the Dutch colours, as the signal for a general engagement. Blake, in a vehement passion, and curling his whiskers, as the old writers say he used to do when angry, commanded his men to answer the Dutch in their kind, and for some time stood alone in his flag-ship against the whole force of the enemy, when the rest of the squadron coming up

* In 1755, Captain How, of the *Dunkirk*, then forming part of Lord Boscawen's fleet, falling in with the French fleet on the coast of Newfoundland, hailed them, and ordered them to pay the usual compliments to the British flag, and, upon their refusing, fired a broadside into the *Alcide*; upon which followed an engagement which lasted five hours, ending in the surrender of the *Alcide*, and which was fought at such close quarters that a man killed on the *Alcide's* yard fell into the *Dunkirk*, which lost ninety men in the engagement.

the fight was continued from four in the afternoon until nine at night, the Dutch then retreating and leaving two of their ships in his hands. Blake, in his public letter reporting the action, concludes by recapitulating his losses, and states—"We have six men of ours slain and nine or ten desperately wounded, and twenty-four more not without danger. We have received about seventy great shot in our hull and masts—in our sails and rigging without number—being engaged with the whole body of the fleet for the space of four hours—being the mark at which they aimed." Such was the first of those sea fights in which Robert Blake nobly upheld the honour of the flag against the most renowned Admirals of Holland. This action was quickly followed up by others, not only with the Dutch, but with the Barbary States and Spaniards, in which success seems invariably to have attended all his movements; but his last and crowning victory occurred on the 20th of April, 1657, a few months before his death; and as this was the scene of our hero Nelson's defeat 150 years afterwards, I will give some detail of it. Blake had received intelligence that the Spanish fleet lay at anchor in the bay of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, where they were protected by the castle and seven other forts, close under which they were able to move owing to the great depth of water. Nothing daunted by their apparently impregnable position, he determined to attack them, and with this object ordered his

second in command, with the largest ships, to occupy the attention of the land batteries, while he himself attacked the Spanish galleons; these, after a gallant resistance, were at length abandoned by their crews, though the least of them was bigger than the biggest of Blake's ships, and the forts and smaller vessels having been meantime silenced, the whole fleet was set on fire, the Spaniards sustaining a great loss in ships, money, men and merchandise, while the English gained nothing but glory.

The historian Clarendon, whom we have already quoted, says, "the whole action was so miraculous that all men who knew the place wondered that any sober man, with what courage soever endowed, would ever have undertaken it, and they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done, whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils and not men who had destroyed them in such a manner. So much a strong resolution of bold and courageous men can bring to pass, that no resistance and advantage of ground can disappoint them; and it can hardly be imagined how small a loss the English sustained in this unparalleled action, not one ship being left behind, and the killed and wounded not exceeding 200 men, when the slaughter on board the Spanish ships and on shore was incredible."

Cromwell, on the receipt of the intelligence of this victory, communicated it to the Parliament then sitting, by whom a public thanksgiving was ordered; a diamond ring of the value of 500*l.* was

directed to be sent to Blake, and 100*l.* was presented to the captain who brought the news; and, in addition, the thanks of the House to all the officers and seamen engaged.

This was almost his last exploit, and Blake only just survived to receive the honours and rewards voted to him by Parliament. His anxiety, like that of our modern hero Collingwood, seems to have been once more to look upon his native land, but this was denied him also. Mr. Dixon, in his lately published life, has painted the noble sailor's dying hour in touching language, which I will here quote:—"Leaving Cadiz and hoisting his pennon on his old flag-ship, the *St. George*, Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts and towers before which he had kept his long and victorious vigils. While he put for fresh waters into Cascaes road he was very weak. I beseech God to strengthen him! was the fervent prayer of the English resident at Lisbon as he departed on the homeward voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold the swelling Downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land, but he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favourite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed anxious to

catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and forecastle eagerly examining every speck and line on the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were on every face. At last the Lizard was announced ; shortly afterwards the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance, but it was now too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captain and other great officers of his fleet to bid them farewell, and while they were yet in his cabin the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing in the full tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rance Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody height of Mount Edgecumbe, the low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steepes of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of the magnificent harbour, rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had so yearned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron the St. George rode with its precious burden into the Sound ; and just as it came in full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting countless boats over the smooth waters between St. Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome ;

he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God."

Such was his death. A public funeral was all that remained for a grateful country to bestow. His body was brought up to London with all public pomp,—the Lord Protector being anxious to "encourage other officers to venture their lives that they might be pompously buried,"—and was interred in King Henry the Seventh's chapel, surrounded by the monuments of our Kings.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

The following narrative derives additional interest from its having been intimately connected with the fortunes of the Young Pretender; and when we bear in mind that the bravery and daring manifested by the Captain of the Lion, unwittingly on his part, exercised a powerful influence on the eventual failure of the Stuarts, by depriving his partizans of the munitions of war which they were expecting, it may fairly be said that Captain Percy Brett was a main instrument of Providence towards insuring the stability of the House of Hanover, whose tenure of the crown of these realms might have been seriously shaken had the Elizabeth been permitted to pursue her course unmolested.

Charles Edward had embarked in July, 1745, upon his ill-starred expedition in a small frigate,

escorted by the French ship of the line Elizabeth, of 64 guns, on board which latter ship 400,000*l.* in money had been embarked, and arms for several thousand men. The Prince himself had taken a passage in the frigate, the better to escape the vigilance of the numerous cruizers which were at sea ready to intercept him. On the 9th of July, Captain Percy Brett, in the Lion of 58 guns, cruizing off the Lizard, descried this armament at three in the afternoon; and having the wind in his favour, the enemy being to leeward, without any consideration of the disparity of force, he bore down on them, when they hoisted French colours, but still continued on their course. At five o'clock the Lion had ranged up within pistol-shot of the Elizabeth, and the action commenced with great fury, the Frenchman striving to disable his adversary in his sails and rigging, so as to secure the safety of the frigate under his convoy. In this he perfectly succeeded, for by nine o'clock the Lion's masts were shot through and through, and her standing and running rigging totally destroyed, and, to use Captain Brett's own words, "he lay muzzled and could do nothing." The enemy did not receive much damage in his masts and yards, but his hull was dreadfully shattered, and at ten o'clock he sheered off, taking a farewell from two of the Lion's 24 pounders, and in an hour was out of sight. The small ship, in the beginning of the engagement, had made two attempts to rake the Lion, but her stern chase guns soon beat her off,

and after that she lay at a respectful distance. During the four hours which it lasted this action was fought within pistol-shot, and the slaughter was consequently very great—the Lion losing 52 killed and 100 wounded ; and it was subsequently ascertained that the Elizabeth reached Brest in a very disabled state, with 64 men killed and 136 wounded, many dangerously. Captain Brett, in his official letter, states that his greatest dependence during the action lay in his officers in the several stations, and that they behaved extremely well, except the Captain of Marines, whom he put under arrest for skulking behind some bags upon the poop, setting so bad an example to his men, that when they were summoned below to supply the places of the men killed at the guns it was with great difficulty that they were driven down.

The Captain, all his Lieutenants, and the Master, were wounded early in the action, but, notwithstanding, they continued to encourage the men at their guns to the last, and the First Lieutenant was only carried off when no longer able to stand.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BUCCANEERS.

At the commencement of the last century, the commerce of this country with the coast of Africa and the West India Islands was completely paralyzed by the depredations of a band of pirates, more commonly called buccaneers, who held an

almost unchecked dominion on the high seas for some years. These freebooters, under the command of a man of the name of Roberts, had established themselves in some force on the coast of Africa, whence their piratical fleet, consisting of three stout ships, one, the Royal Fortune, of 40 guns and 150 men; another, the Ranger, of 32 guns and 132 men; and the third, the Little Ranger, of 24 guns and 90 men, sallied forth in uncurbed insolence, levying their contributions not only upon the unfortunate mariners with whom they might fall in, but also frequently stretching across the Atlantic, and landing and ravaging the coasts of our West Indian colonies. Their audacity and power had at length attained to such a pitch that the government of the day issued a proclamation offering a free pardon to all who might surrender themselves within a certain time, while they also adopted the more sensible course of sending out two ships, the Swallow and Weymouth, under the command of an active and gallant officer, Captain Sir Challoner Ogle (the second of that name who has distinguished himself in the naval service), to compel that submission which they did not anticipate from the more lenient measures. For many months the exertions of the commanders of the royal ships were ineffectual; Roberts's spies were too numerous, and kept him too well informed of his pursuers' movements, even to give them a chance of coming up with them; and Sir Challoner Ogle was at length

compelled to seek some harbour where he might careen and refit his ships. While he was in this position, Roberts and his lieutenants pursued their avocations with redoubled vigour, and even ventured to show themselves within sight of the place where Ogle was refitting. When ready to proceed to sea again, Captain Ogle despatched the Weymouth to protect the trade in one direction, whilst he himself proceeded in another in pursuit of his enemy, whom at length he had the satisfaction of tracing to a bay in the vicinity of Cape Lopez. Single-handed the Swallow was hardly a match for the three desperadoes, and Captain Ogle decided on resorting to a stratagem to effect their destruction in detail. Disguising the Swallow as a French merchant ship, he passed under easy sail across the entrance of the bay, thus exciting the cupidity of the pirates with hopes of a valuable prize. Roberts himself was high up in the bay, but he made the signal to his second in command, one Skyon, who, in the Ranger, was lying in the most favourable position for chasing, to proceed and capture the supposed merchantman. The Swallow now made sail as if to escape, but only to decoy the pirate to such a distance that the report of the firing might not be heard by her consorts; when, suddenly tacking upon her surprised antagonist, and hoisting the English ensign, she brought her to close action. Skyon was wounded at the first broadside; but such was the desperation with which his people fought, knowing the ignominious death

that awaited them if captured, that they did not surrender until after a sharp contest of an hour and half's duration, when the bloody flag was hauled down and the Ranger taken possession of. Having thus secured one of his foes, Captain Ogle had next to consider how he could best capture the other two. Hoisting the piratical colours, the Death's head and crossed bones, over the French, he returned to the bay where he had left the Royal Fortune and the Little Ranger, which ships meanwhile had been prepared for sea, and were coming out to the support of their consort. Roberts, deceived by Captain Ogle's ruse, bore down without suspicion to congratulate his lieutenant on his supposed success, and was only made aware of his mistake by the rough welcome of a shotted broadside : but the pirate was not a man to surrender without a struggle ; the fight was maintained with warmth for more than two hours, nor was his ship yielded until he was himself killed and all further resistance was hopeless.

Captain Ogle carried his three prizes and the surviving prisoners, 160 in number (more than 200 having fallen in the conflict), to Cape Coast Castle, where they were directly put on their trial ; 74 were convicted, and of that number 52 were executed, having been hanged in chains at short distances from each other along the coast. For this important service the honour of knighthood was bestowed on the gallant Captain on his return to England, and the crew of the Swallow were allowed to divide the spoils taken from the pirates.

THE TABLES TURNED.

In the life of Captain John Myers, a seaman of the old war, who commenced his career in the navy, but passed his riper years as officer and commander of private ships of war, there is a strange story recorded which well deserves a place in these pages, exhibiting as it does an instance of one of the boldest stratagems that fortune ever crowned with success.

While Mr. Myers was acting as first lieutenant of the *Tamar* privateer, in September, 1806, cruising near the island of Madagascar, they captured a ship belonging to the Isle of France, called the *Bon Fortune*, into which he was put with fourteen men under his orders to navigate her to a friendly port. The day following, having lost sight of the *Tamar*, the small crew of the *Bon Fortune* perceived a strange sail bearing down on their starboard beam, which, from her mode of sailing and general appearance, they had little doubt was *Le Brave*, a French privateer of 16 guns and 130 men—a very fast sailer, and one which had long been the terror of those seas. Escape from her by flight was as hopeless as any resistance, and the prize-crew packed up their traps in readiness for their transfer to the ship of their anticipated captors; but the breeze was very light, and the privateer in consequence a long time in closing, and the respite thus afforded gave Mr. Myers time to arrange a plan for the capture of the enemy, which he informed his small crew

would certainly succeed if they would render him the necessary assistance, and all hands instantly agreed to act according to his wishes.

Mr. Myers' stratagem, and the hopes of success he built upon it, was derived from the well-known habit of Le Brave's crew of carrying all vessels that offered resistance by boarding with the whole of their force. He therefore brought his larboard guns to the starboard side, being that on which the privateer was approaching, thus showing a vessel capable of defence; and having loaded them, he ordered the remainder of the ammunition on board to be thrown into the sea. He then caused his only boat to be lowered from the stern, put some fire-arms into it ready primed and loaded, and secured it alongside close to the larboard port of the cabin. Having thus made all his arrangements, and carefully seen that all his orders were executed, Mr. Myers told his men, in the event of the privateer's crew boarding, as he expected they would, to follow him to the cabin, and thence through the port into the boat. Evening had closed round them, when the privateer ran down within pistol-shot, and received the fire from the four guns of the Bon Fortune, which she as quickly returned by a full broadside, and then running her bowsprit into the ship's rigging, with three cheers, "Vive l'Empéreur!" the privateer's crew rushed on board. Finding his expectations so far realized, Mr. Myers retreated to the cabin, followed by his crew, some of the French running

after them, and placing sentries at the cabin-door to prevent a sally.

By this time the two vessels had separated about a cable's length, when the supposed captives jumped into their boat, cut the painter, and, quietly pulling round under the stern, boarded the enemy. Only four men had been left in her, and these ran to oppose them at the gangway, but two fell mortally wounded, and the other two were secured and placed in irons, and the *Brave's* sails trimmed and course steered to take her clear of the prize. Mr. Myers, however, was not yet satisfied with his triumph, and bringing his guns to bear, he ran under his late ship's stern and hailed her. After much confusion, the French captain appeared on deck, when Mr. Myers informed him that he was quite satisfied with the exchange, and that he knew the Frenchman's position much better than he himself did, that he had no powder on board, nor a boat to follow him, and that *Le Brave* had every advantage in sailing. He added that the cargo on board was of no value, and that he would as soon sink the ship as not, but that if the Frenchman would steer the course he directed they should be treated as prisoners of war. To this they assented, and both vessels proceeded on their course until they fell in with the *Tamar* three days after. That ship's company was in every way prepared for action, and, notwithstanding Mr. Myers made every private signal, he could not convince them of the actual state of affairs. Failing in all his endeavours,

he ordered his men below, and immediately receiving the Tamar's broadside, he lowered his topsails and made every mark of submission, when Captain Wilson of the Tamar came on board, and was most agreeably surprised to find his shipmates in possession of the much-dreaded privateer. Mr. Myers continued in command of the Brave for a few months, when he was taken by the French frigate Tamise, and carried into Port Louis. Some of the Frenchmen, who were still on board, told the captain of the frigate of the way in which they had been taken. He could not refrain from most immoderate fits of laughter, and, shaking hands with Mr. Myers, informed him that all his property was sacred, and that anything on board the frigate was at his command. He was sincere in his professions, and during his subsequent captivity his attention and civility were very great; and on the evening previous to Mr. Myers' departure from Port Louis, Captain Villeneuve gave a splendid ball, to which he invited all the inhabitants, as a token of his esteem for his prisoner.

ISIS AND ZÉLÉ.

The year 1782 presents to our notice an action which demonstrates the wonders that may be performed by a well-commanded and well-disciplined British ship of war. When the British and French fleets, at that time opposed to each other on the

coast of America, had been scattered by a tempest, it chanced that the British ship *Isis*, of 50 guns and 350 men, fell in with the French 74, *Zélé* with 800 men. The French ship carried a rear-admiral's flag, and bore confidently down upon her smaller foe, and, as she was a far better sailer, soon brought her to action. Undismayed by the odds, Captain Raynor, of the *Isis*, supported, in his resolution of defending his ship to the last, by the bravery of his officers and men, employed all the resources of skilful and judicious seamanship so to manœuvre his vessel that he completely confounded his adversary. The unhesitating obedience to his orders, both of officers and men, trained to a degree of perfection in the management of the sails as well as the exercise of the guns, conspired more perhaps than their undaunted courage to defeat their enemy; who, after an action of an hour and a half, was actually beaten off, having suffered apparently most severely, and only inflicting a loss of one killed and fifteen wounded on the English ship.

ADMIRAL MACBRIDE.

Single actions between ships of the line have been of very rare occurrence in naval warfare, and whenever they have taken place they have of course so much the more attracted observation and remark. It would seem to be almost a matter of course that when such mighty foes as ships of the line are pitted against each other, such actions

must be attended with great destruction of human life ; but even in well-fought engagements this has not always been the case, and in that between the English *Bienfaisant* and French *Comte d'Artois*, each of 64 guns, while the loss of the English was so small as to appear scarcely credible, that of the French was by no means what might have been expected by the unprofessional reader, who would look for a complete annihilation of the occupants of the two wooden boxes thus pouring the iron shower of shot into each other at close quarters. Both the above-named ships may be said to have been commanded by Irishmen, for Captain Macbride of the *Bienfaisant* claimed the Emerald Isle for his birthplace, and Monsieur Clonard of the *Comte d'Artois*, although born in France, was of Irish parents. In consequence of her captain's connection with that country, the *Comte d'Artois* had been stationed to harass our trade on the coast of Ireland, and the mischief she had done had induced the Admiralty of the day to send several vessels to look out for her. It was, however, the good fortune of the *Bienfaisant* to meet her ; and that ship surprised her at daylight one morning off the Old Head of Kinsale, in the middle of a convoy of our merchant ships. Desirous of emulating the exploits of *Duguay Trouin*, whose chief successes were due to boarding, it seems that M. Clonard had trained his people to that style of warfare, and he therefore hoisted English colours in order to lure the Captain of the *Bienfaisant* to approach within grappling

distance. Captain Macbride, a thorough sailor and skilful manœuvrer, had a very shrewd guess at the stranger's real character, and, while he ranged up alongside and entered into conversation with his enemy, was endeavouring to place his ship in the most effective position. This farce of pretended ignorance on both sides soon resolved itself into tragedy; but, strange to say, when the action did commence it was with musketry only, for neither ship could bring a gun to bear upon the other. This state of affairs did not, however, last many minutes, for Captain Macbride soon placed the *Bienfaisant* in the desired position on his enemy's bow, which her superior sailing enabled him to do, and opened a raking fire fore and aft upon the *Comte d'Artois*, with such effect, that her crew were unable to stand to their guns or work their ship, and she was shortly compelled to surrender with loss of 21 killed and 35 wounded; while the *Bienfaisant* had only 3 killed and 22 wounded, and had suffered so little in other respects that no person could have told that she had been in action. Captain Macbride's judicious management induced detractors to endeavour to lessen the merit of a victory obtained with so little loss; as they, forsooth, could not understand why he did not range up, and "fight it out broadside to broadside in a manly style."

Previous to this action Captain Macbride had distinguished himself for his humanity, as well as his courage, in engaging and capturing the *Phoenix*,

bearing the flag of the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan de Langara. Having compelled that ship to strike, and sent a lieutenant and party of men to take possession of her, his humanity made him shrink from bringing any of his prisoners on board his own ship, in which malignant small-pox was raging, and thereby subjecting them to all the dangers of infection. He therefore drew up and submitted the following agreement to the Spanish Admiral, which in its fulfilment is a pleasing record of Spanish honour and English humanity, both ships subsequently arriving safely in Gibraltar Bay:—

“ Bienfaisant at Sea, January 18, 1780.

“ The small-pox being on board H.M.S. Bienfaisant of a malignant kind, the feelings of a British officer cannot allow him to introduce an infection even among his enemies. From this consideration, and the very gallant defence made by Admiral Langara and his officers, Captain Macbride consents that neither officers nor men shall be removed from the Phoenix, taken by H.B.M. ships Defence and Bienfaisant, Admiral Langara being responsible for the conduct of his officers and men; and in case that we fall in with any Spanish or French ships of war, he will not suffer Lieut. Thomas Louis, his officer, to be interrupted in conducting and defending the ship to the last extremity, agreeable to his orders; and if, meeting with superior force, the ship should be retaken, and the Bienfaisant fight her way clear, Admiral Don Juan de Langara, his officers and

men, are to hold themselves prisoners of war to Captain Macbride upon their parole of honour (which he is confident with Spanish officers is ever sacred). Likewise if the *Bienfaisant* should be taken, and the *Phoenix* escape, the Admiral Don Juan de Langara, his officers, &c., will no longer be prisoners, but freed immediately. In short, they are to follow the fate of the *Bienfaisant*.

(Signed)

“ JOHN MACBRIDE

“ JUAN IG. DE LANGARA.”

Another instance of the strange disproportion in loss of life, which so frequently occurred in encounters between our ships and those of the enemy, occurs in the naval career of Admiral Macbride. Various explanations have been offered to account for these disproportionate losses, which have been put down by many as absurd exaggerations; but there is no reasonable ground to doubt the correctness of such returns, as our own are always prepared with rigorous fidelity, and are in fact looked upon as legal documents, while those of the enemy are always taken from their own depositions and a careful reference to the ship's papers. In the action to which I now refer, Captain Macbride commanded the *Artois*, a frigate of 44 guns, when he was chased by two ships of 24 guns and 150 men each. He says:—“ About two o'clock in the morning I brought them both to action, but paid attention only to the one on our quarter till we had effectually winged her: then pushed forward and closed with the other which was engaged on

our bow. In about thirty minutes she struck, we sent a boat on board to take possession, and wore round after the other, who was making off, but who also struck on our coming up. They proved to be the Hercules and Mars, commanded by two Hogenboomes, father and son, inhabitants of Flushing. The father was well known last war by the nickname of John Hardapple: he had a privateer schooner with a French commission, and did much mischief to our trade. He was sent for on purpose to command these privateers."

In this action the Hercules had 13 killed and 20 wounded; the Mars 9 killed and 15 wounded; while the Artois had only 1 man killed and 6 wounded.

FOUL-WEATHER JACK.

"Reversed (for me) our grandsire's fate of yore:
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore."

Such are the terms in which his noble grandson the poet, speaks of his ancestor the Honourable John Byron, whose misfortunes in his naval career have become quite proverbial, and of whom it is said that he never made a voyage without encountering a tempest; a fact which gained for him in the Navy the soubriquet of Foul-weather Jack.

This officer published an account of the loss of the Wager, one of Admiral Anson's squadron in his voyage round the world; and in it he gives an amusing anecdote of the terror inspired by the English on the west coast of South America.

When the shipwrecked party, only three in number, enfeebled by privation and disease, had arrived at Lima, after almost incredible suffering, they were received by the Governor with great kindness, while every commiseration was shown them. They had not, however, been long in the port before the Captain of a large coasting ship, which had recently arrived, waited on the Governor, and told him, with a most melancholy countenance, that he had not slept a wink since he came into the harbour, as the Governor was pleased to allow three English prisoners to walk about instead of confining them, and that he expected every moment they would board his vessel and carry her away: this he said when he had above thirty hands aboard. The Governor assured him that he would be answerable for the prisoners and that he might sleep in quiet, though at the same time he could not help laughing at the man, as all the people in the town did. These assurances, however, did not satisfy the Captain; he used the utmost despatch in disposing of his cargo, and put to sea again, not thinking himself safe till he had lost sight of the port. Admiral Byron in the same narrative gives a pleasing trait of Spanish generosity. He and another prisoner had received an invitation to dine with the President to meet the Spanish Admiral Pizarro and all his officers. This was a cruel stroke, as neither of them had any clothes to appear in, and yet dared not refuse the invitation. While in this dilemma, the first-lieutenant of Pizarro's ship, who had some notion of the real state of the case, called on them and

offered his purse, to the extent of 2000 dollars, entirely out of compassion for their situation, and without any idea of being repaid. The astonished Englishmen received his offer with gratitude, and accepted 600 dollars, giving him bills on the English Consul at Lisbon for that sum, and having decently clothed themselves, were able to enjoy the parole which had been accorded them.

Admiral Byron is not the only naval hero of his family; his second son, George Anson Byron, the immediate ancestor of the present Peer, like his father, embraced the naval profession, and thanks to the almost unlimited power which Admirals on foreign stations enjoyed less than a century since, he was promoted to post rank before his twenty-first year, and was placed in command of the *Proserpine*, a fine frigate of 28 guns, on the West India station. Captain Byron's personal appearance seems to have been even more juvenile than his years, and when his ship was riding at anchor in the neutral port of St. Eustatius, with a French frigate the *Sphynx*, the rival Commander, on meeting him on shore, expressed some sort of derision at his boyish-looking antagonist, and intimated a sort of defiance. Captain Byron, notwithstanding his youth, had however all the spirit of his family, and immediately put to sea in company with the Frenchman. A battle ensued, and the British boy proved victorious, and carried the French veteran into St. Kitts, having the additional satisfaction of restoring the *Sphynx* to the service

from which she had been taken, she having been a short time previous captured by the French.

GLATTON, WITH SIX SHIPS.

Sir Henry Trollope's action in the *Glatton* against vast numerical odds, may fairly be cited as a fit pendant to Captain Luttrell's action in the *Mediator*. It is one of those instances of British courage and resolution that almost reads like romance, and takes firm hold of the youthful imagination, singled out from the many gallant achievements that mark the commencement of the Revolutionary war. The *Glatton*, an East India trader purchased by the Government, had been armed as an experiment with what was at the time a novel gun, the 68-pounder carronade; an implement of warfare not generally admired in the naval service, but of which the value was immense in the peculiar circumstances under which the present action was fought.

The *Glatton* was cruising in July, 1796, on the coast of Flanders, when on the afternoon of the 15th of that month she observed six sail of ships under the land, and on closing within signal distance, made them out to be an enemy's squadron of four frigates, two corvettes, with a brig and cutter, hastening to join them from the leeward. Nothing daunted at the formidable appearance of the enemy, but rather rejoiced at the opportunity

of trying the effect of his favourite heavy carronades, Captain Trollope ordered the ship to be cleared for action, and stood on with a light breeze in his favour, while the strangers, confident of success, shortened sail, backing their mizen topsails to keep their respective stations. The shades of a long summer night had fallen, when at 9.45 the Glatton, having hoisted her colours, arrived abreast of the three smaller and rearmost ships, but reserved her fire for the next, which from her superior size appeared to be the Commodore. Ranging close alongside, Captain Trollope hailed the ship and desired her Commander to surrender. The only answer was the display of French colours and the broad pendant of a Commodore, accompanied by a general fire from the whole squadron. The Glatton was not slow in returning it, and at the distance of not more than twenty yards poured in such a broadside as no single-decked ship probably ever before delivered. While thus mutually engaged, the efforts of the Captain of the French van ship seemed to aim, by manœuvring with the rest of his force, to drive the Glatton upon the Brill shoal close to leeward. With this object he bore down on the Glatton's weather-beam; but when within hail, received a fire from her larboard guns, the effects of which were heard above the roar of the artillery in the cries and groans of the wounded, and partially seen in the shattered state of the ship's side. The discomfited ship passed on, greeted with three British cheers, leaving the Glatton still engaged

with the French Commodore upon her lee bow and the third frigate upon her lee quarter. Her crew being insufficient to man both sides, they were divided into two gangs, one of which having loaded and run out the guns, left them to be pointed and fired by the picked hands, and then ran across and did the same to the opposite guns. The action had now lasted twenty minutes, when the pilot called out that the ship would be on the shoal if she did not tack in five minutes. Captain Trollope only replied, "When the French Commodore strikes the ground, do you put the helm a-lee." Immediately after the French Commodore tacked to avoid the shoal, the other French ships having previously gone about, when the Glatton, delivering a terrific raking fire into her, prepared to do the same, and succeeded with great difficulty, owing to the damaged state of her sails and rigging. The combatants were now all on the starboard tack; and although the three large frigates had fallen to leeward, the three smaller ones kept up a harassing fire at a respectful distance, to which the Glatton, from the nature of her armament, which was only effective at close quarters, was unable to make an effectual return. At this time the wind increasing, rendered it necessary to take in a reef in the Glatton's topsails, which the crew hastened to perform in the face of a smart cannonade, and the nearest French ship, mistaking the cause of the cessation of fire, hastened to advance to reap the fruits of supposed victory; but again the gallant

crew were at their guns, and a fatal fire convinced the Frenchmen of their error, and induced the three last ships to follow the example of their more powerful companions and beat a retreat. Thus far victorious over her six opponents, as well as the brig and cutter which had opened their fire at the close of the action, and likewise withdrawn after receiving a few volleys, the Glatton was in such a dismantled state as to render it impossible for her to pursue her advantage; almost every brace and stay had been shot away, as well as the running and great part of the standing rigging; all her lower sails were cut to ribbons, while the mainmast and fore and main yards were almost ready to fall. But few shot, however, had struck the hull, and, strange to say, no men were killed and two only wounded. One of these was Captain H L. Strangers, of the Marines, who was badly wounded by a musket-ball, and compelled in consequence to have the tourniquet applied, but insisted on returning to his quarters, and remained on deck until, faint with loss of blood, he was carried below and died shortly afterwards.

The best information as to the force of the enemy states one of the frigates to have been a 74 cut down to 50 guns, the second 38 guns, the third 36, one of 28 guns, and two ship corvettes of 22 guns, with the brig and cutter; and the Flushing fishermen reported that so much damage had been sustained by them, that one had sunk in the harbour, and that they had lost 70 men in killed and

wounded. Captain Trollope was knighted for this engagement, and received a present of plate from the merchants of London.

The King had expressed a desire to make him a Knight Banneret, but technicalities interposed, and it was decided that that rank could only be conferred on the actual field of battle; so that, unless our monarchs again buckle on their harness and sleep in the tented field, the style and dignity of a Knight Banneret may now be looked upon as a thing of past ages.

BOATS OF QUEBEC AND OTHERS, WITH GUN-BOATS, OFF HELIGOLAND.

The island of Heligoland, a sandy dependency of the British crown, situated at the mouth of the Elbe, was, during the time that Napoleon enforced his continental system, and interdicted any commercial intercourse with England, the entrepôt of British goods, which were thence smuggled to the main land; and the intermediate waters between the island and the coast of Holland swarmed with gun-boats, which were supported on shore by strong military detachments, to prevent the prohibited trade. The efforts of our men-of-war on this station were therefore directed to destroy this force; and on the 3rd of August, 1811, the boats of her Majesty's ship *Quebec*, with others from the *Raven*, *Exertion*, *Redbreast*, *Princess Augusta*, and *Alert*, under the command of Lieutenant Samuel

Blyth, of the Quebec, struck an effective blow. This officer, with ten boats, containing 117 officers and men, piloted by the mate of the Princess Augusta, James Muggridge, left the frigate on the 1st of August. The day following they fell in with six gun-boats, full of troops, and carrying heavy metal. Burning to attack them, Mr. Blyth was only held back by the utter hopelessness of attacking so vastly superior a force with any chance of success—but while he took no steps to avoid them, remarking that he would play children's play, and let them alone, if they would him, the hostile force respected his determined aspect, and stood away, without attempting to annoy him. Thus left at liberty to proceed on their projected enterprise, the boats threaded the intricate navigation, until, on the morning of the 3rd, they arrived in sight of the enemy's gun-boats, four in number, and moored in line in sight of their countrymen on shore. Each boat contained twenty seamen, beside soldiers; their guns, a long 12-pounder and two of smaller calibre in each, were loaded with grape and cannister shot, and should the hardy invaders succeed in escaping their salute and get alongside, the crews were fully prepared to receive them. After they arrived in sight, while the men lay on their oars during the pause in which the plan of attack was decided on, no thought of danger seemed to enter their minds, and jokes were passing from mouth to mouth. Lieutenant Blyth replying to a remark, that it was a hot day and they should have

warm work—by, “Yes, they seem to be waiting for us, and, as the witch said when she was going to be burnt, there will be no fun until we get there.”

The day was calm, and the water so still that had the enemy been skilled in gunnery not a boat could have reached them; as it was, when the word to advance was given the rapid strokes of the hardy crews brought the boats within and through the hostile fire before two volleys had been discharged; these, however, occasioned considerable damage. Lieutenant Blyth reserved his fire until he ran alongside the Commodore's gun-boat. Instantaneously gaining the deck he killed one man and wounded two others, while Mr. Muggridge, as he boarded, was opposed by two soldiers; one of these he shot dead, but the other thrust him through the throat with his bayonet, and forced him back into the sea. In very few minutes, however, the crew was mastered and driven below, and the Commander's sword in Mr. Blyth's hands, who instantly caused the 12-pounder to be turned on the other three gun-boats, which were so placed that they could not fire on him without killing their own people. A quantity of cartridges were lying on the deck of the captured gun-boat, covered with a sail, and with these the victors loaded the heavy cannon, but were unable to find a lighted match: in this difficulty the gunner of the Quebec discharged the gun by flashing his pistol over the touchhole, when the fire unfortunately communicating to some loose powder on the deck, and thence to the cartridges,

caused a terrible explosion, by which nineteen persons were killed or wounded. Mr. Blyth was blown into the sea, and his clothes burnt off one side, and Lieutenant Moore of the Marines was dreadfully scorched ; this fatal disaster on the deck of the Commodore's gun-boat did not check the advance of the other boats, which laid their enemies on board, and in ten minutes from the first shot the whole squadron was in our hands. There was no deficiency of courage on the part of either officers or men of the gun-boats ; their want of skill only befriended the assailants, for when our seamen gained their decks they appeared confounded rather than frightened, and neither struck their flag nor asked for quarter ; our gallant tars driving them below by the persuasive power of their fists, rather than more deadly weapons. The number of prisoners exceeded the amount of the whole victorious force, the assailants losing in the attack four killed and nine wounded, while of those who suffered from the explosion three died the following day. The enemy had two killed and twelve wounded. As a proof of the severity of the fire through which the boats passed in their onset, it may be stated that fourteen grape shot and twenty-two musket balls passed through the barge of the Quebec. Having completed this brilliant achievement, Lieutenant Blyth returned to Heligoland with the captured gun-boats and prisoners, where he was received with triumphant acclamations, and on the 5th of September following he had the

satisfaction of receiving from the Admiralty his well-earned promotion to the rank of Commander.

A PITHY SPEECH.

At the battle of the Nile, where the hero Nelson executed the unexpected manœuvre of taking his fleet between the French ships and the shore, along which they lay moored, while the British were advancing silently to the attack, the late Sir John Boscawen Savage, who died an octogenarian General of marines, and who at that time commanded the marines of the Orion, requested permission from the Captain to address a few words to his men. Leave was of course immediately granted, when Savage, pointing out the enemy's array on the one side, and the low shore of Egypt on the other, said—"There, my lads, you see the enemy's ships, and there," pointing on the other side, "is the Land of Egypt; and, by Jove, if you don't fight like devils, and give the Frenchman a d—d good licking, to-morrow you will find yourselves in the House of Bondage." The result of that glorious sea fight, in which the Orion took so proud a share, shows that the gallant marine's address, if requisite, was at all events not thrown away.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

The Mill of La Cole, situated on a stream which falls into the river St. John, between the Isle-aux-Noix and lake Champlain, was, during the American War, the scene of the following courageous act. It was the most advanced post of the British army, and garrisoned by detachments from the line and the marines, forming in all a party of about 300 men, and was surrounded by the American army of 5000 men, under General Wilkinson. The ammunition of the British force was nearly expended, and so strictly was the place invested that there was no means of communicating their position to head-quarters at Isle-aux-Noix. In this difficulty private Ambrose Brown of the marines volunteered to carry a despatch to the officer in command at the above-named island. The river at this time was frozen over, and covered with a deep coating of snow, but the ice in the centre of the stream only was sufficiently strong to allow of persons traversing it, while both banks were lined with strong and vigilant detachments of the enemy, and the distance from one bank to the other was not more than a musket shot. The danger of such an enterprise was fully explained, but did not discourage the undaunted volunteer, who, taking advantage of the darkness of night, started with the despatch, for greater security, rolled up in lead, in his mouth. The shades of night, however, proved no protection

against the vigilance of the Americans. Brown was observed almost as soon as he left the post, and a heavy fire was opened on him from both banks; but he persisted in the attempt, and although he received a musket ball in his hip he made good his way with the despatch to Isle-aux-Noix, where the necessary steps were taken to relieve the garrison, and the important post was thus saved from falling into the hands of the enemy. For his gallant conduct Brown was made a corporal, and would have been made a serjeant had he been able to write. He is now an inmate of Greenwich Hospital.

DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER.

During the last American war, and while the forces under Admiral Sir George Cockburn and General Ross were executing their gallant movements into the heart of the country, which ended in the capture of Washington, the capital of the Federal States, Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, the Naval Commander-in-Chief, with the view of causing a diversion, and calling off the attention of the enemy from the main objects of attack, directed two expeditions against other points—one under the orders of Captain Gordon, of the Seahorse (the present Rear-Admiral Sir J. A. Gordon, one of the heroes of Lissa, and the gallant Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital), which

proceeded up the Potomac, and made a successful attack on the town of Alexandria ; and the other under Sir Peter Parker, of the *Menelaus*, against Baltimore, with which our present narrative is connected. Sir Peter, an officer who had, on many previous occasions, given proofs of gallantry and daring, and whose soul was devoted to his profession and his country, while thus employed and stationed in the Chesapeake, received information from an intelligent black man that a body of militia were encamped behind a wood within sight of the ship, and distant about half a mile from the beach, with the view of surprising any parties that might be landed from the *Menelaus*, of opening their artillery against the ship, or of endeavouring, under cover of their gun-boats, if they should find the British force off their guard, to cross the bay to the relief of Baltimore itself. The description thus obtained of the American position was such as to give the gallant Captain the best hopes of being able to cut them off. Anxiety to defeat their purpose, and, by driving them from a position which threatened the safety of his ship, thus produce an impression which would be favourable to the ulterior operations of the army and fleet, determined him, if possible, by a night attack, to surprise them and storm their camp. As the service was of the most desperate nature, he resolved to lead it himself ; and accordingly, on the night of the 30th August 1814, at eleven o'clock, his preparations being all completed, he landed a

body of seamen, who had been previously well trained, in many a similar skirmish under his own eye, to the use of small arms, and a party of marines, altogether not exceeding 140 men, formed into two divisions, headed by two of his Lieutenants, Crease and Pearce, and the whole commanded by himself. Sir Peter seems to have been fully alive to the danger attendant on the expedition he had now undertaken. Before leaving the ship, he addressed these last few lines to Lady Parker :—

“ Menelaus, August 30, 1814.

“ I am just going on desperate service, and entirely depend upon valour and example for its successful issue. If anything befalls me, I have made a sort of will. My country will be good to you and our adored children. God Almighty bless and protect you all !—Adieu, most beloved Marianne, Adieu !

“ PETER PARKER.”

The whole party pushed off from their ship, in high spirits ; and having taken the look-out picquet of the enemy, and one or two dragoons, immediately on landing, they advanced in close column and in the deepest silence, in the assurance that their motions had not been discovered ; but, on arriving at the ground, they found that the enemy had shifted their position. Following them between four and five miles into the country, they at length found them drawn up in line on a plain surrounded by woods, with their camp in the rear,

comprising a total force of 500 men, a troop of horse, and five pieces of artillery, all perfectly ready to receive their foe.

Not a moment was now to be lost. Undismayed by this apparently overwhelming superiority of force, Sir Peter Parker determined upon an immediate attack. By a smart fire, and instant charge, the enemy was driven from his position, completely routed, and compelled to a rapid retreat behind his artillery, where he again made a stand; one of his guns was captured, but again abandoned. The attack was instantly renewed with the same desperate gallantry; and (as Lieutenant Crease, whose brave and meritorious conduct was equally conspicuous, states, in his official letter to Sir Alexander Cochrane, as published in the *London Gazette*, on the 27th September 1814) it was at this time, "while animating his men in the most heroic manner, that Sir Peter Parker received his mortal wound, which obliged him to quit the field, and he expired in a few minutes." The ball by which he fell entered his right thigh, and cut the main artery. On receiving his mortal wound he smiled, and said, "They have hit me, Pearce, at last; but it is nothing. Push on, my brave fellows, and follow me!" Cheering his men with undaunted heroism of spirit, that even his dying accents may be said to have been strains of triumph. The latter as enthusiastically returned his cheer. He advanced at their head a few paces further, when, staggering under the rapid flow of blood from his

wound, he grew weak, fell into the arms of his Second Lieutenant, Mr. Pearce, and, faintly desiring him to sound the bugle, to collect the men, and leave him on the field, he finally surrendered, without a sigh or a pang, his brave spirit to the mercy of Heaven. His men collected around his body, and swore never to deliver it up to the enemy but with their lives. At this moment some gallant fellows bled and died around him. The conflict was now, among those intrepid champions of their country's cause, who should bear off from the enemy the cherished remains of their Captain. At the head of these was Lieutenant Pearce, whose bravery during the action had so nobly seconded Sir Peter Parker, who, aware of the distinguished abilities and merit of this excellent and rising young officer, had applied to the Admiralty to have him appointed to the *Menelaus* prior to her leaving England. On the retreat of the enemy, Lieutenant Pearce placed him on the shoulders of his men, who, relieving each other by turns, thus bore off to the shore (a distance of five miles) the body of their fallen and beloved commander. One of these, William Porrell, seaman, evinced on this occasion a personal bravery and attachment to his Captain that would have done credit to any mind. This man was near Sir Peter when he received the fatal wound, and immediately ran to his assistance, and supported him in his arms until further help was procured. The men who bore him off were changed occasionally, but Porrell refused to quit the body

a moment, and, unrelieved, sustained his portion of the weight to the shore. When it was suggested by some present that the enemy might rally, and cut off their retreat, he exclaimed, "No d—d Yankee shall lay a hand on the body of my Captain while I have life or strength to defend it." The intrepid spirit and unconquerable mind of another British sailor, named James Perring, equally merits here the meed of admiration. He was not above twenty-four years of age. Early in the action he had been mortally wounded, under circumstances of peculiar suffering, and, calling out to his companions to draw aside and advance, he swore he would never become the prisoner of a Yankee. He subsequently crawled to a tree, against which, in great agony, he seated himself, with his cutlass in one hand and his pistol in the other. At daylight the Americans, finding the British had retreated, returned to the field of battle for the humane purpose of collecting the wounded. They found Perring in this position, life ebbing fast away. They summoned him to surrender. He answered, no American should ever take him alive. They assured him they only came to carry him off to the hospital. He still persevered in refusing to receive succour from them. He was told, if he refused giving up his arms they must fire on him. Collecting his remaining strength, he exclaimed, "Fire away, and be d—d ! No Yankee shall ever take me alive ; you will only shorten an hour's misery." The Americans

respected the heroism of this brave young man, and left him unmolested to expire on the field.

COMUS WITH FREDERICHSWÆRN.

The Comus, whose adventure at the Canary Islands in 1807 has been narrated in a previous anecdote, having shortly after refitted at Spithead, was ordered round to Harwich to receive on board Generals Sir David Baird, Grosvenor, and Warde, with their respective suites, and to convoy about 100 transports containing troops and ammunition to Copenhagen. In about a week she reached Elsinour Roads, where was presented the magnificent sight of 20 sail of the line, besides frigates and sloops, together with upwards of 500 transports, containing about 20,000 men, assembled for an approaching assault upon the Danish capital. That Government, feeling uneasy, began to concentrate their land forces, and ordered the frigate lying in the Roads, for the purpose of enforcing the Sound dues, to put to sea. She accordingly slipped in the night and got clear away unnoticed, till Sir Samuel Wood, in the Centaur, missed her about ten o'clock in the morning, and reported her absence to Admiral Gambier, on board his flag-ship. The Defence of 74 guns being ordered to Norway to look after a Danish ship of the line, was directed also to stop the frigate, and the Comus was ordered to accompany her. Captain Ekins, in command of the De-

fence, finding that the Comus greatly outsailed his ship, ordered her to proceed, and if she fell in with the frigate to stop her. Making all sail she distanced the Defence during the night nearly fifteen miles. At 6 A.M. the gladsome sound was heard from the mast-head of "a sail ho!" "Whereabouts?" was responded by the officer of the watch—"Right a-head." "What does she look like?"—"A large vessel." The officer instantly slung his telescope over his shoulder, mounted aloft, poised and pointed it on the fore-topsail yard, and in a few minutes descended and reported to the Captain that the strange sail was apparently a frigate standing the same way as the Comus, and by the colour of her canvas a foreigner.

The order was promptly given to chace, and in a few seconds the shrill whistle was heard, with the accompaniment of, "All hands make sail, a hoy," re-echoed by the boatswain and his mates. On the instant the willing seamen sprung aloft, and almost like magic every available yard of canvas was set, spreading a broad expanse to the steady breeze. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the rate at which the chace was overhauled. At 7 she was seen from the deck, at 8 her lower yards were visible, and at 11 her water line was seen from the forecastle. Shortly after noon the wind subsided entirely, leaving the two ships becalmed at a distance of six miles. They had thus each ample leisure to survey their opponent, and to compute the probable issue of the approaching

conflict. The Dane's broadside showed 13 guns, besides the bridle port on the main-deck, with 6 on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, indicating her to be what is usually denominated a two-and-thirty; while the British frigate, by the same nomenclature, was styled a four-and-twenty; divested however of such technicality, the Dane carried 26 long 12-pounders on the main-deck, with 12 on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, and 240 men; while the armament of the Comus was 22 9-pounders on the main deck, and 8 24lb.-carronades, and 145 men, 15 of whom were mere boys; a far greater disproportion than the simple statement that one carried 32 and the other 24 guns would lead the reader to suppose. The disparity, great as it was, served but to increase the measure of general satisfaction, which was manifest in the eager look, the joyous glance of every individual on board, showing that degree of confidence which is at once the type and forerunner of success.

The neutral port of Gottenburg was abreast of the chace, and the entrance to the Wingo about three leagues distant, and the fear that she might show a white feather and run in there for shelter, cramped their anticipations; but when at 8 P.M. the long-looked-for breeze sprung up, and she was seen crowding all sail in order to pass the port, these apprehensions subsided, while hope and confidence filled every British heart. It was a lovely night. the breeze, though brisk, impressed only the gentlest ripple on the surface, and after the heat of a sultry

summer's day was most invigorating. It blew off the Swedish shore, bearing on its bosom the incense of many a grateful odour. As it freshened, the gallant little ship, careening under the pressure, moved with the elasticity of a thing instinct with life and motion, and as if to add a character at once imposing and majestic to these gentler features of the scene, the western sky was illuminated by a continuous blaze of broad, soft, yet vivid lightning, which, darting in vibratory rays, bore the strongest resemblance to the coruscations of the aurora borealis.

At 10 o'clock the Captain, who was an invalid, and naturally nervous, went to bed, giving instructions to carry moderate sail, and to be called on closing with the chace, which he expected would not take place before daylight; but to accelerate and ensure this object, the wind being on the star-board beam, Lieutenant Watts shortly after quietly directed some additional sail to be set, by which the rate of sailing was increased to eight knots, and he had the gratification to find that they so decidedly outstripped the chace, that at 11:30 P.M. they were within half a mile of her. Seeing the hopelessness of escape she had shortened sail, and was now standing close-hauled, under top-sails, prepared to receive us.

Lieutenant Watts now shortened sail and the Captain was called. When told they were so near he started up in amazement, hastily dressed, and ran upon deck. The Comus now ranged up within hail on the enemy's weather quarter, the courses

were then hauled up, and every man took his station in readiness for action.

It was exactly midnight, and eight bells struck to announce the hour. It broke ominously upon the stillness of night, and might not unaptly be likened as the knell for those whose hours were numbered. Arrived within pistol shot the first Lieutenant hailed to know from whence, and what the stranger was? From *Elsineur*, bound to Norway, was the reply. She was desired to heave to and wait for our Commodore, who was coming up astern. "I want to have nothing to do with either you or your Commodore," was rejoined. Closing a little nearer, the summons was repeated in a more decided tone. "This is an English frigate, and we desire you will bring to." "And this is a Danish frigate," was the spirited and laconic reply. The wind at this moment scanting on us, we bore away to run under his lee-quarter, and fired a musket, to which he instantly replied by a shot from his stern-chase gun. The *Frederichswærn* was now manœuvred so as to place her in a position in which she might rake and cripple her foe. Had the intention been to fight it out, this proceeding would have been opposed to every rule of seamanship, but as a prelude to ensure escape was not injudicious, and might have effected that object had the guns been well directed. As it was the result was most disastrous to her, for her enemy, penetrating the intention of the evolution, altered his helm just in time to avoid the fire, receiving

part only on his bow, while most of it passed innocuously a-head. And now the Dane suffered for his error, for the Comus was enabled rapidly to close under his lee-quarter, at the distance of 20 yards, and to pour in a broadside from guns double-breeched and treble-shotted, every one of which told with the most deadly and decisive effect. Her wheel and tiller ropes being immediately shot away, and the helmsman killed, she flew to the wind. At this critical moment, laying the maintopsail to the mast, Captain Shipley took an admirable position on her lee-bow, which he maintained for 15 minutes, pouring in as many broadsides with comparative impunity; for to add to the embarrassment of his opponent, the men handing up powder from the magazine were killed, which stopped the supply; her battle lanterns were nearly all extinguished; and when an attempt was made to haul up the courses, neither clew garnet, buntline, or slabline, could be found for the purpose, every particle of running rigging being cut to pieces. Thus dreadfully and cruelly hampered she lay in irons for several minutes, but fortune again smiled upon her, for she fell round off athwart her enemy's stern (the latter having forged a-head), and thereby obtained a marked advantage, being placed in a position to rake, which, had it been improved on the instant, might have restored her lost vantage ground. But her fire, which throughout the contest had been ineffectual, and even feeble, compared with her antagonist, was delayed

till this advantage of position was lost, and it was not again regained. The evolutions which have been described had had the effect of altering the relative position of the two ships, and the *Comus* now found herself on the *Dane's* weather-bow. Her men flew from the starboard to the larboard guns, and opened so animated and destructive a fire that nothing could withstand it. The *Dane's* after guns did not bear on her, and her foremost ones, from the concentrated fire maintained on them, were apparently deserted, for not a shot latterly was returned. The breeze now became so lulled by the cannonade that neither ship had steerage way. Forty-five minutes had elapsed from the commencement of the action when they fell on board of each other, the larboard-quarter of the *Comus* in contact with the *Dane's* starboard bow. The superiority the *Comus* had hitherto maintained by the precision and rapidity of her fire was now at an end, and the enemy's excess in point of number might yet gain him the ascendancy, and be decisive of the battle. This impression, as the ships gradually approached, was confirmed in the mind of the English officers when they saw the Danish Captain, with a spirit worthy of better fortune, profiting by the occasion, to assemble the whole of his effective force in order to board them, and just when they came in contact, distinctly heard the order given, which was to impel the enemy to the assault. Not an instant was therefore to be lost, Lieutenant Watts gave the order, which

rapidly passed fore and aft—"Boarders on the larboard quarter," when instantly came dashing onwards a gallant little band of determined and ardent spirits to repel it. The adversary's cat-head touching their quarter formed a causeway of about ten inches wide, by crossing which either party could assail the other; when therefore the enemy, rushing forward with great apparent determination, was met at this narrow pass by a phalanx of pikes, supported by a fire from the two after guns, he first hesitated and then receded. "Three cheers, my lads, and carry her," shouted the first Lieutenant, and instantly burst forth that animated British peal which has so often been the harbinger of terror and defeat to the boldest of England's foes. Suiting the action to the word, Lieutenant Watts, leading the way, sprung across the narrow bridge, followed by the first division of boarders, and vaulting on the forecastle, forced the Danes headforemost into the waist, and leaping upon them sword in hand, they were driven impetuously along the starboard gangway in spite of all the efforts of their officers to rally them, while Lieutenant Hood Knight, at the head of his division, swept simultaneously the larboard gangway, and both divisions uniting on the quarter-deck, the enemy, pent up and panic-struck, called out they had surrendered, and threw down their arms.

Thus fell the Danish frigate *Frederichswærn*, affording one more instance to the many of the superiority of practice and discipline over size and

numbers. In justice to a brave opponent it must not be concealed that the loss of the wheel at the commencement of the action was mainly decisive of the final issue, being a casualty of so serious a nature, as no skill in seamanship or perfection in discipline could compensate for. But while candour compels this avowal, truth equally demands a merited eulogium upon the perfection of our artillery, which was so admirably served and so well directed, as to ensure victory under almost any circumstances. The Danish Captain declared he did not believe in the possibility of so rapid a fire; and its precision was shown by not a grape shot even being found half-courses high. It was long afterwards related in the Baltic Fleet as an amusing anecdote—the aggrieved air and simple manner with which the Danish Captain related how unfairly he had been treated; “for the English frigate, by firing five guns for his one, gave him no possible chance of success.” The damage sustained by the *Comus* was trifling, and she had but one man wounded; while the Dane had 13 killed and 20 wounded—most of them mortally—and the hull, spars, boats, masts and rigging, were completely cut up and riddled. Lieutenant Watts conducted the prize back in triumph to Copenhagen, which was then in flames from the bombardment commenced by our fleet, and was honoured by a magnificent salutation in passing the batteries of Kronberg Castle.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT HAWKEY.

The years 1808 and 1809, in our list of Medal Actions, appear to bear away the palm in the numbers at least, if not in the importance of the achievements, for which that distinction has been awarded, over other years during the long continuance of the war; and the Baltic fleet seems to have been pre-eminently fortunate, as nearly one-third of the actions in those years, thus honoured, were fought by the ships stationed in those seas. Amongst others of perhaps equal note, the capture by the British ships Centaur and Implacable of the Russian ship of the line Sewolod, in the teeth of, and under the fire of a Russian fleet of twelve sail of the line, besides frigates, deserves admiration for the skill as well as the daring displayed; for although the two English ships were united to a Swedish squadron, they only received *moral* support from their allies,—the Swedes, owing to the bad sailing of their ships, not being able to take a share in that action. But the particulars of a subsequent affair, in which the boats of the same Implacable, then as before commanded by the present Admiral of the Fleet, Sir T. B. Martin, in company with those of the Bellephophon, Melpomene, and Prometheus, captured a Russian flotilla, are more likely to be interesting to the general reader.

On the 6th July 1809, the Implacable had captured in the Gulf of Narva some merchant vessels, laden with naval stores. under the protection of an

armed ship and gun-boats. These last, together with such of the convoy as escaped, retreated on the approach of the British ships, and took up a defiant position of great strength off Percola Point. Such an attitude on the part of their enemy could not be borne by English seamen, and Captain Martin, considering that something was necessary to be done in order to impress these people with that sense of respect and fear which His Majesty's other enemies are accustomed to show to the British flag, determined to send all his boats to attack them, and selected for the command Lieutenant Hawkey, a young officer of great talent and bravery. The boats of the other ships having previously assembled round the Implacable, they all pushed off after nightfall and proceeded with "an irresistible zeal and intrepidity towards the enemy (who had the advantage of local knowledge), to attack a position of extraordinary strength, within two rocks, serving as a cover to their wings, whence they could pour a destructive fire of grape on our boats, which notwithstanding advanced with perfect coolness and never fired a gun till actually touching the enemy, whom they boarded sword in hand, and carried all before them." "I believe" (Captain Martin proceeds to say in his public letter), "a more brilliant achievement does not grace the records of our naval history: of eight gun-boats, each mounting a 32 and 24-pounder, and carrying 46 men, six have been brought out, together with the whole of the ships and vessels, twelve in number, under

their protection—laden with powder and provisions for the Russian army—a large armed ship taken and burnt, and one gun-boat sunk.” The gallant leader of the enterprise, young Hawkey, fell in the performance of the service by a grape-shot, which struck him after he had boarded and taken one gun-boat, and when he was in the act of attacking a second. “Huzza, push on, England for ever!” were the last words that proceeded from his lips; his country’s glory being thus uppermost in his thoughts. Captain Martin speaks with deep feeling of his untimely fate in his official letter:—“No praise from my pen,” he says, “can do adequate justice to this lamented young man. As an officer he was active, correct, and zealous to the highest degree; the leader in every kind of enterprise, and regardless of danger, he delighted in whatever could tend to promote the glory of his country.” The command of the boats, after his death, devolved upon Lieutenant Allen, of the *Bellerophon*, who brought the service to its successful conclusion, and received the promotion for which Hawkey had fought and died. Lieutenant Stirling, of the *Prometheus*, was also mortally wounded, and the total British loss amounted to 17 killed and 37 wounded, while the Russians, in addition to the large number who were drowned, lost 63 killed and 127 prisoners, of whom 51 were wounded.

MEDIATOR, WITH FIVE SHIPS.

That no odds of numbers daunted our seamen of the old school, is proved by the attack made by Captain Luttrell, in the *Mediator*, upon five of the enemy's ships on the 12th December 1783. At daybreak he had discovered five strange sail, and having the advantage of the wind, forthwith proceeded to ascertain their character and nationality. In a short time the pennants flying and the display of French and American colours, warned Captain Luttrell that his was an armed foe, and the fact of their shortening sail to await his approach showed that they did not wish to avoid the threatened hostilities of their single antagonist. The squadron he had thus to decide on attacking consisted apparently of a French ship of 64 guns and two frigates, in company with an American frigate and brig. Such a force it was the height of rashness to attack ; but fortune favours the *bold*, and Captain Luttrell, trusting to the well-tested sailing qualities of the *Mediator* to get him out of a scrape, determined to try and throw the enemy's squadron into confusion, and if the result of a few broadsides gave no promise of eventual success, to take to his heels and escape. Having taken in, therefore, all sail that might be in the way of quick manœuvres, Captain Luttrell continued to bear down, and at ten o'clock a few shot from the upper deck of the supposed 64 afforded him the gratifying conviction that although her lower-deck ports were complete,

no guns were mounted in them. Inspired by this discovery, he now manœuvred more boldly, and succeeded in cutting off one of the French frigates and the American brig, both of which went off under a press of sail, while his first antagonist and the French and American frigates still kept together for mutual support. He next succeeded in cutting off the American frigate from her consorts, and that vessel, after receiving a single broadside at close quarters, hauled down her colours in token of surrender, while the two French ships, after continuing their fire for a short time, crowded all sail and went away before the wind. The prize, which proved to be the *Alexander* of 24 guns, was quickly taken possession of, and 100 prisoners having been transferred to the *Mediator*, Captain Luttrell proceeded in chace of the two Frenchmen. Five hours of exciting pursuit again brought him within shot of the apparent 64, now unsupported, for the frigate had gone off in another direction. Fearful of a lucky shot from the chace disabling his masts, Captain Luttrell commenced and maintained a distant and ineffective fire, with the object of covering his ship with smoke, and while thus employed a heavy squall caught the *Mediator* at a moment when three of her lower-deck guns were run out; the water was instantly knee-deep upon the deck, but the ship was put before the wind, and having been cleared by the energy of the crew, very shortly regained her lost distance. It was dark before the action commenced; a few miles more

and the French ship would have been safe. Ferrol was under her lee only five miles off; but at nine o'clock the Mediator had ranged up within pistol-shot, on her quarter, prepared to pour in a broadside of round and grape, when the Menagère, a two-decked ship, "armée en flûte,"* carrying 30 guns and 212 men, hauled down her colours and hailed that she had surrendered. Orders were instantly given to cease all firing, and 200 prisoners having been removed from the prize, every effort was made to remove both ships from the dangerous propinquity of the hostile port. During the night they were joined by the Alexander, and at break of day they again descried the frigate and brig that had first escaped,—the former with her main topmast and the latter with only part of her lower mast standing. With only 190 of his original crew left on board (the remainder being in the prizes) to work the ship and guard 340 prisoners,† Captain Luttrell, with some reluctance, resolved to forego any attempt on them, and made sail with his two captured ships for Plymouth. On their voyage a plot, which had been laid by Captain Stephen Gregory, an Irishman by birth, and who had commanded the Alexander, was discovered and defeated by the indefatigable vigilance of the officer of Marines. Gregory had arranged for a general rising of the prisoners, the

* A technical phrase, to express that a ship's guns have been landed. to convert her into a transport or store-ship.

† She had made several prizes before the commencement of this engagement, from which some of the prisoners must have been taken.

signal for which was to have been the discharge of one of the 18-pounders in the gun-room, where he was berthed and messed with the lieutenants, and the conspirators had hoped that in the hurry and confusion arising from the unexpected explosion, they might be able to gain possession of the deck ; but the sentries were so well disposed and the hatchways so completely guarded, that when the signal was given not a man was able to gain the deck. The cries of fire having aroused all hands, Captain Luttrell, who states that he was alarmed by the sudden and terrible explosion, proceeded to the gun-room, which he found on fire, with everything shattered that had been near the gun. Gregory, with an accomplice, was found dressed, though he had previously pretended to go to bed, and in his cot was found some of the powder which he had provided to prime the gun ; in short, every proof necessary to convict him. Hitherto he had been treated with every consideration ; but now he and all the officers of the *Alexander* who were suspected of having had a share in the plot, were placed in irons, while the French officers, who had no complicity in it, continued at the captain's table on their parole, and the *Mediator* arrived in a few days with both her prizes at Plymouth.

In this extraordinary action, in which the *Mediator*, a 44-gun ship, was opposed by the enemy's united force of 132 guns and 634 men, she escaped without loss of life or limb to her crew ; the French fire having been entirely directed at her rigging, in

which she suffered a good deal. The enemy's loss gave no token of a spirited resistance; for four killed and six wounded on board the *Menagère*, and six and nine on board the *Alexander*, make up the small total of loss in their squadron.

FLAMBOROUGH AND BIDEFORD, WITH MALICIEUSE
AND L'OMPHALE.

In the month of April 1760, two ships of 20 guns each, one the *Flamborough*, commanded by Captain Archibald Kennedy, and the other the *Bideford*, by Captain Skinner, were cruising off the Rock of Lisbon, when they observed four ships, of an apparently hostile character, running before the wind, they themselves being well to leeward. Careless of the disparity in numbers, Captain Kennedy immediately stood towards them; and as the strangers did not alter their course, the *Flamborough*, about four o'clock in the afternoon, got within distant gun-shot range. The British colours were now displayed, and several shot fired to challenge an action which it was in the stranger's power to commence; but she waited until her three consorts had joined her, and then, having by signal directed two of the ships to make their way, she hoisted French colours, and, supported by one of her consorts, bore down upon the *Flamborough*. It was now the turn of the English captain to display some discretion, as he was three miles to windward

of the Bideford, with two heavy frigates bearing down on him ; and he consequently edged away to join her, making signals of the discovery of an enemy, and at six o'clock had effected a junction, when the French ships no longer seemed desirous of action, but hauled their wind, and stood away. The superior force of the French frigates (which subsequently proved to be *la Malicieuse* of 36 guns, and *l'Omphale* of 32 guns) was very apparent to the crews of the British ships ; and although the other two hostile ships were still in view when they formed in line to receive their two opponents, encouraging each other with three hearty cheers, they had firmly waited the attack ; and now that they saw them shrinking from it, their zeal was equally great to become the assailing party. The *Flamborough*, being the better sailer, first came up with the sternmost ship, and, exchanging a passing broadside, left her to the *Bideford*, while she passed on in pursuit of the headmost. At half-past six o'clock, in a dusky twilight, she came up with her, and commenced the action as near as it was possible without the two ships being actually on board each other, and continued it until nine. By this time the *Flamborough's* masts, rigging, and sails were so much shattered that there was not a rope left to govern the sails, whilst her hull had also received several shot betwixt wind and water. The firing now ceased on both sides, and the British crew worked with such energy, that in half an hour the *Flamborough's* damages were in

a measure made good, and she was once more ready for action, which she renewed and maintained until eleven o'clock at night, when the enemy, making all the sail they could carry, succeeded in their efforts to escape, although chased most perseveringly by Captain Kennedy until noon of the following day.

While the Flamborough had been thus engaged with the headmost ship, the Bideford had not been idle; at a quarter before seven o'clock she had succeeded in closing with her antagonist, when the battle commenced with great fury and determination on both sides. Early in the action Captain Skinner was unfortunately killed by a cannon-shot, but Lieutenant Knollis, upon whom the command devolved, fought the ship with the greatest presence of mind and steadiness, until eight o'clock, when he also fell, and, receiving a second shot in his body immediately after, was carried below in a dying state. In addition to the loss of two commanding officers, the Bideford was considerably damaged in her spars and rigging, while several men had been killed and many wounded; but the people were in good spirits, and the guns well served, although the enemy's fire was found to be excessively hot. Mr. State, the Master, was now senior officer, and under his orders the engagement was continued with great obstinacy, each ship striving hard for the victory. The English were now more cool and steady than at the commencement; a principle of duty had taken the place of

rage, and they fought, if possible, better than before, "one post vying with another, gun with gun and platoon with platoon, who should send the greatest and surest destruction to their foe." Such was the spirit that animated all hands, that the wounded men hurried the exertions of the surgeons, and returned with alacrity to their quarters as soon as their wounds were dressed. About ten o'clock the Frenchman's fire slackened, one gun after another becoming silent, until at length hardly any return was made to the Bideford's fire. Intent upon capture, Mr. State, who thought the enemy was going to strike, still continued his broadsides, to which only four guns were returned in the last quarter of an hour ; but the Frenchman was otherwise employed : unobserved, in the obscurity of night, all his exertions were directed to making good the damages to his rigging, while he patiently received his enemy's fire ; and when at length he was able to make a press or sail, the Bideford, shattered and disabled, was unable to follow, and had only the poor satisfaction of pouring a parting broadside into her flying foe, who was almost immediately out of sight. In this glorious double contest against such superior forces, five officers and men were killed on board the Flamborough, and ten wounded ; and on board the Bideford ten were killed and twenty-five wounded ; but owing to it, a valuable outward-bound fleet, convoyed by a single sloop of war, and which was near enough to hear the firing, escaped capture and destruction.

THE SAILOR'S BIBLE.

Amongst the official documents to which reference has been made in compiling this volume, I met with the following transcript from the fly-leaf of a brave officer's Bible, which tells a simple tale of the dangers of a seaman's life, and the source of his confidence in the hour of his greatest trial, whether battling with the elements or his country's foe. It is as follows:—

“This Bible was presented to me by Mr. Raikes, at the town of Hertford, January 1781, as a reward for my punctual attendance at the Sunday School, and good behaviour when there. And after being my companion 53 years, 41 of which I spent in the sea-service, during which time I was in 45 engagements, received 13 wounds, was three times shipwrecked, once burned out, twice capsized in a boat, and had fevers of different sorts 15 times, this Bible was my consolation; and was newly bound for me by James Bishop, of Edinburgh, on the 26th of October 1834, the day I completed the 60th year of my age, as witness my hand.

“N.B. During the whole time but one leaf is lost: the last of Ezra and beginning of Nehemiah. I gave it to my son on the 1st January 1841, aged five years, after it being in my possession 60 years, and he being enabled by the grace of God to read it at that age. And may the Lord bless it to him, and make him wise unto salvation.”

SOUTHAMPTON AND UTILE.

On the evening of the 9th of July 1796, when the English fleet, under Sir John Jervis, was blockading Toulon, a French cruiser, subsequently ascertained to be l'Utile, was discovered creeping along the land under the protection of the shore batteries, and working into Hières Bay, within the islands that cluster about the entrance. The Admiral immediately singled out the Southampton, with the dashing character of whose Captain, M'Namara, he was well acquainted, and summoned him on board the Victory. Unwilling to give a written order to Captain M'Namara to undertake so desperate an enterprise, he pointed out the Utile, and the possibility of making a dash at her through the Grand Pass, saying, "Bring out the enemy's ship if you can, but take care of the King's ship under your command." No further instructions were necessary to this officer. As the light failed, the Southampton got under way, and went in, in view of the whole British fleet, who, soon losing sight of her in the shades of night, waited in anxious suspense for the result of an enterprise in which nothing but complete success could justify the boldness of the undertaking. It was, however, executed in a masterly manner, and, as Sir J. Jervis expresses it, with admirable skill and alacrity; and at daylight, after hearing the roar of the batteries during the night, the officers and men of the fleet had the pleasure of seeing the

Southampton, return with her prize. Captain M'Namara's public letter to the Admiral will give a good idea of the formidable nature of the achievement, and will do more justice to the merits of all engaged than any account of mine :—

“ SIR,

“ Southampton, off Toulon, 10th July 1796.

“ In obedience to the orders I received from you on board the Victory's quarter-deck, last evening, I pushed through the Grand Pass, and hauled up under the batteries on the N.E. of Porquerol, with an easy sail, in hopes I should be taken for a French or neutral frigate, which, I have great reason to believe, succeeded, as I got within pistol-shot of the enemy's ship before I was discovered, and cautioned the captain, through a trumpet, not to make a fruitless resistance; when he immediately snapped his pistol at me, and fired his broadside. At this period, being very near the heavy battery of Fort Breganson, I laid him instantly on board; and Lieutenant Lydiard, at the head of the boarders, with an intrepidity no words can describe, entered and carried her in about ten minutes, although he met with a spirited resistance from the captain (who fell) and an hundred men under arms, to receive him. In this short conflict the behaviour of all the officers and ship's company of the Southampton had my full approbation, and I do not mean to take from their merit by stating to you that the conduct of Lieutenant Lydiard was above all praise. After lashing the two ships to-

gether, I found some difficulty in getting from under the battery, which kept up a very heavy fire, and was not able to return through the Grand Pass before half after one o'clock this morning, with l'Utile, corvette of 24 guns, French six-pounders, commanded by Captain François Vega, and 130 men, 25 of whom were killed and wounded.

(Signed) "J. M'NAMARA."

The difficulty alluded to above in getting from under the battery was caused by the Utile being secured to the shore by a hawser, which could not be seen owing to the darkness of the night. Lieutenant Lydiard, suspecting the reason, passed along from the bow to the stern, and at length felt the obstruction, and, by repeated blows of his sword, severed the hawser, and liberated the ship from the tie which had been thus contrived. Lieutenant Lydiard was promoted for this service, and soon had other opportunities of displaying similar gallantry. He is one of those, at that time in command of the Anson, who received a gold medal for the capture of the Island of Curaçoa, when, in company with the Arethusa, Latona, and Fisgard, on New-Year's Day 1807, by a *coup de main*, they overcame the amazing strength of the fortifications of that harbour, of which the entrance is only fifty yards wide, and is fortified by a chain of forts and batteries—Fort Amsterdam alone mounting 66 pieces of cannon, and Fort Republique, which enfladed the whole, being considered impregnable,

while two frigates and two large schooners of war lay at the entrance. Making their attack at dawn of day, the enemy were panic-stricken, and all was confusion; the ships of war were almost immediately carried by boarding, and by seven o'clock the forts, citadel, and town were in the possession of the English; the Dutch losing 200 men killed, with a loss of 3 seamen killed and 14 wounded. Captain Lydiard did not long survive this noble exploit; for, on the 27th December following, the *Anson* was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall, and this brave officer, who was resolved to stay by the ship as long as possible, in order to save the lives of his ship's company, remained at the wheel so long, exposed to the violence of the sea, that when at the last he proceeded to make an attempt to leave the ship himself, his strength was completely exhausted, and he was washed away and drowned.

CAPTURE OF AMOY.

After an interval of nearly one hundred years, the waters of the Eastern hemisphere again witnessed an action of a character similar to Stratton's extraordinary single-handed capture of a fort on the Hooghley (see 1st series, page 36), in the capture of a Chinese fort at Amoy by Lieut. (now Commander) R. B. Crawford. The latter action, however, has the additional glory of having been the premeditated achievement of a daring man, while the former was a freak of fortune wrought at

the hands of a drunken sailor. On the 26th of August 1841, as the English fleet was standing in to attack the city of Amoy, they were much annoyed by a battery of eleven guns, which, placed on a commanding eminence, continued to fire upon them as they passed up to the anchorage. When the *Phlegethon*, one of the steam-vessels of the expeditionary force, and which had the 49th regiment on board, was closing with this fort and the shore, Lieut. Crawford, a volunteer on board, thinking that his approach would not be observed by the enemy until he came into collision with them, expressed a wish to Captain M'Cleverty to be allowed to make a dash at the fort and attempt to carry it by surprise. Captain M'Cleverty, not thinking it right to risk his men's lives on so hazardous an undertaking, did not at first accede to this request; and the young officers of the 49th, who were standing on the bridge between the paddle-boxes, observed "that it was well enough to talk about such an exploit," but thought Lieut. Crawford could have no intention of really attempting it. Captain M'Cleverty, perhaps a little piqued for the honour of his cloth, replied that they were mistaken, adding, "Crawford means all he says." At the same time he decided on despatching Mr Ryves, the first lieutenant, in the gig with six picked hands, and permitted Mr. Crawford, as the originator of the plan, to ask for four volunteers for the jolly-boat. These soon came forward, and on the principle that one volunteer is better than two

pressed men, the crew of the jolly-boat, incited by their officer "to give way and beat the gig," soon passed the latter, and in a few minutes were on the beach. Nothing now remained for him but to set an example, and Lieut. Crawford, without waiting to see whether he was supported, scrambled up the hill, a sharp acclivity of about 150 yards, and entered a postern-gate, which he found open. His first glance showed him a party of forty or fifty Chinese, some lolling about and smoking, whilst others worked their guns. As everything depended on instant action and creating a sensation, he discharged his double-barrelled fowling-piece amongst them, and then a brace of pistols right and left, when the Celestials, without waiting to look at their single barbarian assailant, scampered off in such hot haste as to jam themselves up in the doorway opposite to that at which he had entered, and which Lieut. Ryves and his party of six were approaching, when the appearance of the Tartar troops rushing down, apparently on them, from the fort with matchlocks on their shoulders and pikes trailing, checked their advance. Lieut. Crawford had the pleasure, therefore, of hoisting the British colours unaided, which were saluted with cheers from the *Nemesis*, then passing with Sir Hugh Gough on board. In about twenty minutes he was joined by Mr. Ryves in resisting an attempt made by the Chinese to retake the fort, in which skirmish that officer was wounded; but a party of the 49th coming to their assistance, they were able to maintain their position, and the

battery of eleven guns, with the imperial flag of China, remained in the hands of the English.

THE BOLD RE-CAPTURE.

In the summer of 1810, Admiral Sir J. Borlase Warren, Commander-in-Chief at Halifax, received a letter from the United States, containing an account of the piratical seizure of a schooner belonging to Halifax, named the Three Sisters, by a man named Jordan, who had taken a passage in her from Canada, and who it appeared, with the connivance of the mate, had murdered all on board, except the master, who, having been chased round the decks by Jordan, had thrown a grating into the sea, and springing overboard clung to it, hoping thereby to save his life. While he was struggling in the water, Jordan fired at and missed him; but the vessel, in the confusion, running before the wind, the unfortunate man was left on the grating some leagues from land, and without any sail in sight; his would-be murderers concluding that he must inevitably perish. It was, however, ordered otherwise; for after floating more than three hours in this perilous situation, he was providentially picked up by an American vessel bound to Portland, U.S., and information of the outrage was as soon as possible communicated to the Admiral, who despatched the Cuttle schooner in search of the Three Sisters. Her Commander, Lieut. Bury, proceeded to St.

John's, Newfoundland, and while there an Irish resident informed Mr. (now Captain) Simpson, then mate of the Cuttle, that a nephew of his with several other young men, equally unconscious of the lawless character of her commander, had entered on board the Three Sisters, which was at that very time in a neighbouring bay. Mr. Simpson immediately communicated this intelligence to his commanding officer, and the same evening the Cuttle proceeded to sea in search of the murderers, and at daylight the following morning they observed a schooner some miles to windward, which they were convinced was the object of their pursuit. There was at this time a dead calm, and Lieut. Bury, at Mr. Simpson's earnest request, despatched him in the jolly-boat with four hands to examine the stranger, but with the strictest injunctions to act with the greatest caution in approaching her. After a fatiguing pull, as the boat closed with the schooner, Mr. Simpson counted eighteen hands on board, but, notwithstanding these numbers, and the certainty that he could receive no assistance from the Cuttle, then at a great distance, he boldly resolved on boarding to ascertain if his suspicions as to the vessel's identity were correct, and if so, when on board, to attempt her capture. Ordering his boat's crew to make her fast and follow him the moment they were alongside, he was quickly in the gangway, well and promptly supported by them. Here he was met by a man who asked him his business there, to which Mr Simpson replied, by way of

removing any suspicions as to the real nature of them, said, "that he belonged to the man-of-war schooner in sight, and that he should overhaul the vessel strictly, as he could not but think from the number of hands on board that she must be a smuggler." The man then said that she was a smuggler, and that he would give her up. Mr. Simpson asked who he was that could give him the vessel? He replied his name was Jordan; upon which, without more ado, Mr. Simpson drew his sword and seized him. Jordan levelled a pistol at the officer, who struck it down with his sword, and two of the boat's crew coming up, secured him. A few words addressed to the schooner's crew told them that Jordan was a murderer and pirate, and the assurance that their own lives were safe removed any idea of resistance on their part. The young officer's daring and coolness thus obtained a bloodless victory. Jordan, and Kelly, the mate, were secured with ropes, and the breeze springing up the captured crew were speedily transferred to the Cuttle. Jordan was tried and executed for the crime, but Kelly escaped through a flaw in the indictment. It transpired during the trial that it had been Jordan's intention to seize the first valuable vessel he might meet, and after disposing of her crew in his summary manner, carry her into an American port and dispose of her cargo, alleging some accident as the cause of his putting in. The miraculous preservation of the captain of the Three Sisters, and Mr. Simpson's activity and courage,

shortened his career of crime, into which he asserted he had been driven in consequence of the Three Sisters, which had once been his own property, having been seized for debt, and the desire he entertained to be revenged upon those who had thus ruined him.

DEFENCE OF THE ALEXANDER.

The defence of the *Alexander* by Admiral Bligh is one of that class of actions evidencing obstinate and enduring courage, and which has only been surpassed in naval warfare by Sir Richard Grenville's extraordinary single-handed resistance to the whole Spanish fleet, and perhaps by the Earl of Sandwich in Solebay fight. In the latter part of the year 1794, when the above-named ship and the *Canada*, of the same force, viz. 74 guns, were escorting a convoy to England, they fell in, on the 6th November, off St. Vincent, with a French squadron, consisting of five sail of the line, three frigates, and a brig, under the command of Admiral Neuilly. The hostile squadron was first discovered at three o'clock A.M. About four the *Alexander* and *Canada* passed the strange ships, at the distance of about half a mile, and although they were still unable to ascertain their character and nationality with any certainty, yet sufficient uneasiness was excited to make the English officers bear up, shake the reefs out of their topsails, and set their

studding sails. As the morning advanced, the strange ships were observed to be standing after them, and as the best chance of saving one or both vessels from falling into the enemy's hands, the Canada and Alexander, crowding all the sail they could possibly carry, each steered a different course. Upon this two of the enemy's ships of the line and two frigates went in pursuit of the Canada, while three ships of the line and two frigates gave chase to the Alexander. As her pursuers gained upon her, the Alexander commenced firing her stern chace-guns, in the hopes, by a lucky shot, of disabling their masts or rigging; but they gradually diminished their distance, and after five hours of a most exciting chace, the three ships came up in compact order and brought the British ship to close action. A spirited resistance had been maintained by her, notwithstanding the vast numerical odds, for upwards of two hours, when the Canada having escaped by superior sailing, her three opponents also bore down upon the devoted Alexander, which by this time had become a complete wreck. For another hour, however, she prolonged the unequal contest against her five foes, till at length Captain Bligh, his resources failing and all hopes of succour having fled, judged it advisable to consult his officers, who after a careful survey and examination of the state of their ship, were unanimously of opinion that nothing remained for them but to surrender. "Then, and not till then," writes Captain Bligh, "painful to relate, I ordered

the colours to be struck ;” and the British yielded to their republican foes. Their loss in killed and wounded did not exceed 40, a number very disproportionate to the length of the engagement and the odds against which it was maintained ; but it may perhaps be accounted for by the desire of the French to avoid seriously injuring what they might have considered a certain prize, and who therefore aimed solely at the sails and rigging to prevent her escape from inevitable capture. The French loss must have been much more severe, for the whole squadron was obliged to quit their cruising ground and return to Brest, from which port they had only recently sailed, for the purpose of refitting.

The gallantry displayed by their captives does not seem to have won from their victors the consideration usually shown by a chivalrous foe to defeated antagonists, and the treatment of their prisoners by the French republican authorities was very disgraceful to a civilized country. After they had been landed, officers and men shared the same lot ; they were denied the commonest rations of provisions, and reduced to starvation. A wretched dog that had crept into their cells was killed, and his head alone sold for a dollar to satisfy the cravings of hunger. A prisoner, in a state of delirium, threw himself into the well within the prison walls, and his dead body, after lying some time, was taken out ; but no other water allowed to the people to drink. An English lady and her daughters, confined along with the men, had no separate apartment, and all their privacy

was supplied by the generous commiseration of the sailors, who, standing side by side close together, with their backs towards their fair fellow captives, formed a temporary screen while they changed their garments. French authors have indulged in invectives against the treatment of French prisoners in England; but the worst that has been urged against us as a nation is, that our prisoners were confined in crowded places and under very rigorous discipline; to which the best answer is, that we had no fortified towns or garrisons within which they could be restrained with safety to ourselves and show of liberty to them, and we were consequently compelled to confine vast numbers in insufficient places of security. Here again we are able to retort upon our enemy, for they alone objected to our oft-repeated propositions of an exchange of prisoners, whereby our over-loaded prisons would have been relieved, and many a breaking heart restored to home and country, who in consequence of this barbarous policy dragged out the best years of life within the walls of a prison or the narrow precincts of a hulk.

THE SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG, 1758.

At the siege of Louisbourg, under Admiral Boscawen and General Amherst, occurred the first of those cutting-out expeditions, several of which I have had occasion to narrate, and which, while it was the forerunner of numerous similar attacks which

have been already detailed, and perchance was the exciting cause to other such exploits, has never been surpassed in daring and brilliancy of execution.

After the siege had lasted about a month, and when from various accidents the enemy's naval force in the harbour had been reduced to two ships of the line, *la Prudente* and *le Bienfaisant*, the Admiral determined to take or destroy them by a night attack. For this service, about noon on the 25th July, two boats, a barge and pinnace or cutter, from every ship in the fleet, manned with their proper crews, amounting in all to 600 men, and fully armed, rendezvoused at the Admiral's ship. From thence, in order to avoid exciting the attention of the garrison, they were detached by two or three at a time, the Rear-Admiral's ship lying at the mouth of the harbour, where, when night fell, they were arranged in two divisions under the command of the two senior masters and commanders in the fleet, viz. Captains Laforey and Balfour. In this order they put off about twelve o'clock, and taking advantage of the foggy darkness of the night and observing a strict silence, they paddled into the harbour of Louisbourg unperceived either by the island battery, which they were obliged to approach very near to, or by the two men-of-war that rode at their anchors at no great distance from them. The assailants were under no apprehension of being perceived or molested by the garrison itself, not only on account of the great distance, but because measures had been preconcerted for opening a fire

from all the British batteries, in order to draw off the enemy's attention from the real point of attack. Besides, the besieged themselves left nobody an opportunity of hearing any noise, for having in the daytime observed the scaling ladders and numerous ostentatious preparations for the feigned attack, they were under strong apprehensions of an attempt at an escalade, and consequently kept up a brisk fire of musketry from the ramparts during the whole time, with the design, if possible, of deterring the besiegers from such an attempt, by showing that they were well prepared to meet it and on their guard at all the points open to attack. During the period of seeming security obtained by these precautions, the bold stratagem of the boats for surprising their powerful foe was attended with every circumstance favourable to secure success. After pushing far up the harbour, so as to place the objects of attack between themselves and its mouth, and by this means throwing the foe, who would, of course, only expect their assailants from seaward, off their guard, the boats took a sweep towards that part where the commanding officers, who had before well reconnoitred their position, knew the two ships were, and presently came upon them. Each division of boats was no sooner within sight of the allotted object of their respective attack—Captain Laforey's of *la Prudente*, and Captain Balfour, of *le Bienfaisant*—than the sentinels on board, having hailed them in vain, commenced firing upon them, when each commander ordered his boats to give way

alongside the respective ships, and to board them with all the expedition and good order they could observe. The boats' crews, now no longer able to contain themselves after their long-enforced silence, gave loud cheers, and pulling up alongside, followed their brave leaders with the most intrepid activity and boarded the ships in an instant, and simultaneously on each bow, quarter, and gangway. After very little resistance from the surprised and terrified crews, they found themselves in possession of two fine ships, one of 74 and one of 64 guns, with the loss of very few seamen and but one officer.

The garrison was by this time sufficiently alarmed on all sides; the noise and huzzas of the seamen in boarding left no room to doubt that it proceeded from the English, added to which the direction of the confused sound of voices and subsequent firing soon led them to suspect the real fact: an attempt upon their ships. The successful adventurers were employed in securing their prisoners in the ships' holds, and concerting plans for removing their prizes out of the enemy's reach, when both ships and boats received a furious discharge of cannon, mortars, and musketry from all points whence it could be brought to bear upon them. After endeavouring in vain to tow off *la Prudente*, they found she was aground with several feet of water in the hold, and nothing therefore remained but to set her on fire, in order to prevent her being recovered by the enemy; this was therefore done with all expedition, leaving alongside her

a large schooner and her own boats, in order that her people might escape to the shore, which was at no great distance. The boats from *la Prudente* now joined those which had attacked *le Bienfaisant*, and helped to tow her off in triumph from the midst of the formidable fire opened upon them by the mortified enemy. In this they succeeded without much further loss, aided by a little breeze, which just then sprung up, and when once without range of the enemy's guns, they rested from their arduous labour and secured their prize till daylight, congratulating each other on their success and safety in this hazardous enterprise.

A contemporary writer sums up the description of this attack in the following words:—

“The capture of these two ships by our fleet's boats on this memorable occasion, as it must be a lasting indelible honour to the vigilance and activity of those who projected, and to the bravery as well as conduct of those who executed this bold design, will also be a new and perhaps a reasonable conviction to the whole world that however arduous, however apparently impracticable, any purposed naval attempt may be, the English seamen are not to be deterred from it by any prospect of difficulty or danger, but will exert themselves as far as men can do and at least deserve success, when led on to it by such as are worthy to command them.” The action commenced on the evening of the 25th July, and the Post Commissions of Captains Laforey and Balfour bear the date of the 26th.

DEFENCE OF THE PULTENEY.

The Straits of Gibraltar, the scene of English prowess and endurance, in the month of January 1743 afforded one of those spectacles so gratifying to the British garrison and inhabitants of the Rock, and so humbling to our Spanish foes, which have been repeated more than once in subsequent wars, within sight of its castellated heights. The Pulteney, a large brigantine, with 16 carriage guns, commanded by Captain James Purcell, which had been cruising in and about the Straits' mouth for some time, was seen from the town, standing into the bay from the west, with little or no wind to help her progress. While the spectators amongst the garrison were watching her movements, they soon perceived that she had been also observed by their vigilant foes at Algesiras, on the opposite side of the bay, and two great Spanish zebecs, each carrying 120 men, with 12 carriage guns, crept out from the shore, urged by the strong arms of their numerous oarsmen, and looking upon the brigantine, now lying almost becalmed, as their own. Favoured by the current which ran strongly in their favour, and propelled by the sturdy rowers, the zebecs soon came up with their expected prize. Captain Purcell, although he had only 42 men in all on board, and of those, three wounded in an action which had occurred a few days before, finding his officers and men animated with the best spirit, and determined to stand by him in his defence, resolved to main-

tain the honour of his commission and flag to the last necessity. After discharging a few single guns the Spaniards came sufficiently near to hail the Pulteney by her name, and the Captain by his, (both being well known upon the coast of Spain,) entreating him to strike, and avoid the unnecessary effusion of blood, or that otherwise they would give no quarter. These threats were answered by the guns, and so the engagement commenced, which, for the time it lasted, was as warm as perhaps ever was fought, where there was so great a disparity of force. The Spaniards made three attempts to board, but Captain Purcell always prudently reserving half his broadside, the Spaniards never had the courage to go through with it, and by that means exposed themselves so much, and were so disabled, particularly in the last attempt, that they could stand it no longer, but made off with their oars towards Malaga. The gallant Purcell still firing and endeavouring to pursue them, but there being no wind, and the sweeps of his brigantine of little use, the flying enemy was soon out of his reach.

The engagement lasted an hour and three quarters, the Pulteney having but one man shot through the body, and five more very much wounded; but what is most remarkable, every man on board was shot through his clothes. The enemy's loss is conjectured to have been very great, or they would not have fled so precipitately from a vessel which they came out with a resolu-

tion to take, and a deserter, who came into the garrison some days after, made a statement* which exceeded all expectation. The Pulteney's sails and rigging were completely destroyed, and some 9-pounders went through her hull and masts.

While the victorious ship lay becalmed after their lengthened struggle, several boats from the garrison went out to her and towed her in in a species of triumph. Many hundreds had witnessed the unequal contest, and so high was the sense entertained by the garrison of the merit of the action that the governor and officers subscribed for and presented a handsome piece of plate, with a suitable inscription, to the gallant Captain, and the merchants and other inhabitants did the same, while the ship's company each received from the same parties presents of sums of money.

SALTED HEADS.

I find many notices in our earlier annals of extraordinary advantages obtained by English ships over preponderating Turkish forces ; many of them no doubt are apocryphal, but others at all events possess some portion of truth, and perhaps are but little more marvellous than the action in our own times of the Seahorse frigate with the Baddere Jaffere and another ship, in which, after a sharp

* Not given in the report of the action.

night attack of some hours, the frigate succeeded in capturing her foes, one of far superior force to herself, with the small loss of 5 killed and 10 wounded, while the predestinarian followers of the Prophet lost the amazing number of 165 killed and 195 wounded. The almost incredible narrative which follows is related by the Earl of Castlemain, in his account of the war between the Turks and Venetians; and the hero of it is supposed to have been a son or near relative of Sir Hugh Middleton, whose more peaceful struggles with, not on, the watery element, ended in preserving his name to modern times as one of the greatest benefactors to our metropolis. His relative's less known and less bloodless achievements will fill one of my pages with, I hope, some amusement to my readers.

“Among the English that fought bravely Captain Thomas Middleton (who had his ship hired in his service) did a most prodigious action. It happened that the Admiral, intending a design against the Dardanelles, put Middleton in so desperate a place that he was in danger from land to be sunk at every shot. He advised the commander of it, and withal told him that the peril of himself and ship did not so much trouble him as to be set where it was impossible for him to offend the enemy. Having no answer, or at best a bad one, and seeing it could not prejudice the fleet, he drew off a little the vessel (his only livelihood) from the needless danger it was in. When the danger was over they dismissed him (in a council of war) with

the title of coward, and all the soldiers being taken away he was left only with some fifty English to return home, or whither else he pleased. He had not parted long from the Armata, but in a stark calm met with twenty-five sail, of which eighteen were the best gallies the great Turk could make in all his fleet. These crying out in derision that they would eat English beef for dinner, fell upon him, wanting no assurance, being assisted with the stillness of the air and their own strength and number. But for all this confidence they missed their aim, for after a long and sharp encounter, the two bassas that commanded were killed, with 1500 to accompany them, and besides the many that were wounded; the whole squadron was so shattered that they had hardly any oars to get off, and were all unfit to serve at least for that year. The Captain had neither wind, sails, nor tackle to follow them; but with much ado he yet afterwards came safe to Candie, and there presented to the General a whole ton of salted heads of those he had killed in their own boarding. His excellency was astonished at the thing, and after all the caresses imaginable, he acquainted the senate with it, who, with universal consent, ordered him a chain and medal of gold as a testimony of their high esteem and his own commendable valour. Middleton afterwards died on his journey home, leaving a son who commands a ship here, and is very well esteemed by all the nobility for his resolution and conduct. The sailor's peculiar fancy for salting

his victims' heads at first thought appears very unaccountable, but when it is borne in mind that the Turks were looked upon by all dwellers on the shores of the Mediterranean, and not without justice, as little better than brute beasts, upon whose destruction a price was set, the riddle is explained, for, no doubt, Captain Middleton only wished to preserve them from decay until he should reach a port in which he could find a profitable market for his goods."

FIRST OF JUNE, 1666.

Many instances of gallantry were displayed during the stubborn sea-fight between the English and Dutch naval forces, the former under Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and the latter commanded by De Ruyter and Tromp, which lasted four days from the 1st of June, 1666, with varying fortune, both parties claiming the victory, and of which the Pensioner De Witt, who was himself a sharer in the engagement, remarked, "If the English are beaten, their defeat did them more honour than their former victories, and all the Dutch had discovered was, that Englishmen might be killed, and English ships burnt, but that English courage was invincible." The reader's attention is drawn, however, more particularly to the action of Sir John Harman, who commanded the *Henry*. His ship being surrounded and assailed from all quar-

ters by the Zealand squadron, Admiral Evertzen, who commanded it, hailed and offered him quarter, to which this brave officer replied, "No, for it is not come to that yet." His next broadside killed the Dutch Admiral, by which means their whole squadron was thrown into confusion, and obliged to quit the *Henry*. Three fire-ships were now sent to burn her; one of them grappled her starboard quarter, but the smoke was too thick to discern where the grappling-irons had hooked until the blaze burst out, when the boatswain of the *Henry* flinging himself on board the fire-ship amidst smoke and flame, as if incapable of fear, discovered and cut off the match from the combustibles in the hold, and returned safe on board, having first disengaged the irons. Scarcely was this effected before another fire-ship boarded her on the larboard side, and the sails and rigging taking fire, destruction seemed inevitable, and several of the crew threw themselves into the sea; upon which Sir John Harman drew his sword, and threatened to kill any who should attempt to quit the ship, a threat which had the effect of making the men return to their duty and assist in quenching the flames.

The exertions at length of the remaining crew extinguished the flames. Sir John Harman, although his leg was broken, continued on deck giving directions, and sank another fire-ship which was bearing down upon him. In this crippled state he got into Harwich and repaired the ship's

damage, in time to be at sea and share in the following actions.

In the same engagement Admiral Sir George Ayscue ran his ship upon the Galloper shoal, where she was surrounded by the Dutch fleet and taken. The capture of an English admiral caused great exultation among the Dutch, and has been vulgarly assigned as the reason why the English do not wear the Red flag at the main. The fact, however, of Sir George Ayscue having only been admiral of the White at the time of his capture, as well as that the Union Jack has always been the distinguishing flag of the red squadron, negatives this fable.

In this same action Vice-Admiral Berkeley, when no longer able to make resistance, was so obstinately bent on maintaining his honour that he would take no quarter, and when the enemy's boarders had carried his ship, having been desperately wounded with a musket-bullet in his throat, he retired into his cabin, where he was discovered by the victors laid at length on the table, dead, and covered with the blood which had flowed from his wounds.

SOLEBAY FIGHT.

The battle of Southwold Bay, more generally known as Solebay fight, was marked in naval annals by the death in action of the sea officer highest in rank of any that have fallen in battle: we mean

Edward Montagu Earl of Sandwich and Vice-Admiral of England. This officer, who is described by contemporaries as a man of great courage and of that kind of merit which endeared him to the sailors, in May, 1672, had his flag flying in the Royal James, a fine ship of 100 guns and about 800 men, as second in command to James Duke of York. His Royal Highness's fleet had been collected on the breaking out of the third and last Dutch war, and had anchored on the 27th of May in Southwold Bay, for the avowed purpose of taking in water, although it has been alleged rather with the view of celebrating the festivities that would attend the anniversary of King Charles's restoration on the 29th of the same month. While thus lying at anchor, Lord Sandwich it appears was rendered anxious by the thickness of the weather and the ignorance that existed, as to the whereabouts of the Dutch fleet, at that time known to be at sea; and in a council that was held he urged the danger that there was of their being surprised in the position they were then in, and strongly advised that they should weigh anchor and get out to sea. The Duke of York, whose predilections were for the shore, made an answer, it is said, insinuating that the Earl spoke out of fear, and the latter certainly considered the remark as a reflection on his personal courage. The Duke's opinion, however, prevailed at the council board, and the preparations for festivities were all in progress, when on the morning of the 28th Lord Sandwich's prognostics proved

correct, and the Dutch fleet under De Ruyter came down upon the British fleet, which were quite unprepared for the onset. So pressing was the occasion that many of the English captains were obliged to cut their cables, but the blue squadron (that of the Earl of Sandwich) was, however, out first, and in good order, and the Vice-Admiral, knowing how much depended on checking the enemy's advance so as to allow time for the red and white squadrons to get into order of battle, fell furiously on the advancing Dutch ships under Admiral Van Ghent. He succeeded in his object, but at the expense of his own life, for the Royal James, surrounded by Dutch ships, had to maintain a most unequal contest. She disabled seven ships of the line, and repelled three fire-ships, by which time most of her men were killed, and her hull so pierced with shot, that it was impossible to carry her off. At this juncture Lord Sandwich might have been relieved by his Vice-Admiral, Sir Joseph Jordan, but had the mortification of seeing that officer sail by heedless of the condition in which he lay. Upon this he said to those about him, "There is nothing left for us now but to defend the ship to the last man;" and those who knew him readily understood that by the last man he meant himself. A fourth fire-ship had now grappled him, and the Admiral begged his captain, Sir R. Haddock, and the surviving crew to take to the boats and save themselves, he himself, apprehensive of being captured in the boats and made a spectacle to the Dutch,

determined to remain and perish with his ship. Many of the sailors would not quit their admiral, and endeavoured at his command to extinguish the flames; but their efforts were unavailing, and the ship blowing up about noon, the Earl fell a noble sacrifice to injured feelings and a high principle of honour. His Lordship's body was found floating at sea about a fortnight after the engagement, and was recognised by the Order of the Garter, which he wore upon his coat. It was conveyed by the King's commands to London, and honoured with a public funeral of the greatest magnificence in Westminster Abbey, and was interred in the Duke of Albemarle's vault. The Earl of Sandwich, who had been made a Knight of the Garter before his elevation to the peerage, was the last commoner before Sir Robert Walpole who was honoured with that distinction. Friends and foes united in this hero's praise, and he left behind him the fame of extraordinary feats, courage, fidelity, and affability—a man equally brave and honourable, and of a most engaging behaviour, and one who had rendered his country the greatest services, not only in the field, but in the cabinet.

POOR JACK SPRATT.

The Battle of Trafalgar, the brightest gem in the mural crown of England, was accompanied by many brilliant achievements, forming for it an

appropriate setting, and from amongst these the action of a junior officer* of the *Defiance*, is well worthy selection for the daring and hardihood which it exhibits.

After the *Defiance* and the French *l'Aigle* had been for some time hotly engaged, and when the fire of the latter had slackened so much as to make it evident, although her colours were still flying, that her power of further resistance was well nigh gone, Captain Durham, anxious to stop the destruction of human life, was desirous of communicating with the enemy's ship, but as it was a dead calm, and all his boats had been shot through, he found it impossible to accomplish his wishes, although the two ships were within pistol shot of each other. In this emergency Mr. James Spratt, master's mate, came forward, and volunteered to swim on board the *Aigle*, which Captain Durham at first refused to sanction, as being far too hazardous an enterprise, and it was not until Mr. Spratt had strongly pressed it, that he gave his consent; when that officer calling out "Boarders follow me," and placing his cutlass between his teeth, and his battle-axe in his belt, leaped overboard, without waiting to see whether he was accompanied or not, and swam towards the enemy's ship. He was soon seen from the *Defiance* climbing up the rudder chains of the French 74, and entering her stern port alone, but undaunted. From the gun-room he contrived to

* Now Commander James Spratt.

fight his way through the decks to the poop, where he was charged by three grenadiers with fixed bayonets; avoiding their first rush with great dexterity, he placed two of them *hors de combat* with his weapon, and grappling the third fell with him from the poop to the quarter-deck, the Frenchman broke his neck, but Mr. Spratt escaped uninjured. By this time a slight air had enabled the *Defiance* to close with her antagonist, and the boarders, at first repulsed, had succeeded in establishing themselves on the French ship's decks; joining his shipmates in the desperate hand-to-hand conflict raging on the quarter-deck, Mr. Spratt had the happiness of saving a French officer's life from the fury of his assailants. Scarcely had he discharged this act of humanity before another grenadier endeavoured to run him through with his bayonet; the thrust was parried, and the Frenchman then presented his musket at Mr. Spratt's breast, who succeeded in striking it down with his cutlass, and the contents passed through his right leg, shattering both bones; he immediately retreated between two of the guns, and continued to defend himself from his assailant and two others, who had joined him, until relieved by the approach of some of his own party. Captain Durham, in a private letter, states that Mr. Spratt hauled down the French colours, and that he afterwards saw him in the quarter galley of the *Aigle* holding up his shattered leg, and calling out "Poor Jack Spratt is done up at last." Mr. Spratt

was not however quite done up, for after seventeen weeks confinement in Gibraltar Hospital he returned to England, and was presented by Captain Durham with a lieutenant's commission, which had been placed at his disposal by the Admiralty, in testimony of the sense he entertained of the daring courage he had exhibited in striking the French colours as above described.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S ESCAPE.

The love of glory, in addition to that of country, is generally an incentive to deeds of high enterprise in the stern contest of real war. Since the days of chivalry, when knight encountered knight in the tournament, bright eyes have seldom rained their influence, and adjudged the prize to the victor; but in one instance in naval warfare such has been the case, and the eyes that then looked on were among the brightest that graced the British court, and had sufficient influence to obtain the meed of promotion for their defender. Whether the same sparks that the Westminster coalheaver solicited to light his pipe, kindled the matches that fired the British guns, must be decided by poets, while I must descend to plain prose. In the year 1799 the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire had taken a passage from the continent, with her sister and other persons of distinction, in a packet conveyed by the *Fly*, a sloop of war of 14 guns, com-

manded by Captain Garner. On their passage they were chased by two French cutter sloops of war of 20 guns each. Captain Garner, no doubt sensible of the additional glory of protecting his beautiful charge, directed the master of the packet to make the best of his way to Harwich, while he brought his own ship to and determined to abide the attack of a force so far superior. The two cutters were soon upon him, but his officers and men, seemingly inspired with the same gallantry that actuated their commander, fought like lions; after repeated attacks the enemy was beaten off with considerable loss, and the little sloop escorted her charge in triumph into Harwich. Naval biographers say nothing of Captain Garner. Charnock does not even name him; and the action, and the beautiful Duchess's narrow escape, are only briefly noted in the journals of the day. Captain Garner appears, however, from official records, to have been promoted for this service, and to have died in the following year, and we learn from other sources that the Duke of Devonshire presented him with a handsome service of plate.

CAPTAIN BOWEN,

More commonly known in the service as "Terpsichore Bowen," from the circumstance of his having, while in command of that frigate, taken three enemy's frigates of very superior force, and, although all are famous actions, perhaps distinguished

himself more particularly in his engagement with and capture of the *Mahonessa*, a Spanish frigate, the first captured after the declaration of war, and at a time his own crew were considerably reduced by sickness, and the vessel with which he risked the action was supposed to be almost within hail of a powerful fleet of her own countrymen. Captain Bowen's confidence, however, in the tried valour of his gallant crew, was amply repaid; and the particulars of the contest, with its splendid result, we think, cannot be better given than in the words of the principal actor, in his official despatch, which is as follows:—

“On the morning of the 13th October, 1796, at daylight, we discovered a frigate to windward standing towards us; about eight I could perceive her making every preparation for battle, and she was then apparently in chase of us; our situation altogether was such as to prevent my being over-desirous of engaging her: out of our small complement (of 215), we had left 30 at the hospital, and we had more than that number still on board on our sick and convalescent lists, all of whom were either dangerously ill or excessively weak. We were scarcely out of sight of the spot where we knew the Spanish fleet had been cruising only two days before; and, in fact, we had stood on to look for them, with a view of ascertaining their movements; a small Spanish vessel, which we conjectured to be a sort of tender, was passing us, steering towards Carthagena, so that I could hardly

flatter myself with being able to bring the frigate off in the event of a victory, or even of escaping myself if disabled. On the other hand, it appeared that nothing but a flight, and superior sailing, could enable me to avoid an action, and to do that from a frigate apparently not much superior to us, except in bulk, would have been committing the character of one of his Majesty's ships more than I could bring myself to resolve on. I therefore continued standing on without any alteration of course. Having, with infinite satisfaction and comfort to myself, commanded the *Terpsichore's* crew for two years and a half, through a pretty considerable variety of services, I well knew the veteran stuff which I had still left in health to depend upon for upholding the character of British seamen, and I felt my mind at ease as to the termination of any action with the frigate in sight only. At half-past nine o'clock she came within hail, and hauled her wind on our weather-beam, and I conceived she only waited to place herself to advantage, and to point her guns with exactness; and being myself unwilling to lose the position we were then in, I ordered one gun to be fired as a trier of her intention. It was so instantaneously returned, and followed up by her whole broadside, that I am confident they must have done it at the sight of our flash; the action of course went on, and we soon discovered that her people would not, or could not, resist our fire. At the end of about an hour and forty minutes, during which time we had

twice wore, and employed about twenty of the last minutes in chase—she surrendered. At this period she appeared almost entirely disabled, and we had drawn close up alongside, with every gun well charged and well pointed. It was, nevertheless, with considerable difficulty that I prevailed on the Spanish commander to decline the receiving of such a broadside, by submitting; and from everything I have since heard, the personal courage, conduct, and zeal of that officer, whose name is Don Thomas Agalde, was such during the action, notwithstanding the event of it, as reflect on him the greatest honour, and irresistibly impressed on my mind the highest admiration of his character. After (from the effect of our fire) his boom had tumbled down, and rendered his waist-guns un-serviceable, all the standing rigging of his lower masts shot away, and I believe every running rope cut through, and a great number of his people killed and wounded, he still persevered, though he could rally but few of his men to defend his ship almost longer than defence was justifiable. Had there been the smallest motion of the sea every mast must inevitably have gone by the board.”

Captain Bowen then proceeds to detail his own comparatively trifling loss of four wounded and none killed, and his masts, sails, and rigging rather cut up; while the Mahonessa had thirty killed and as many wounded, in addition to the damage detailed above. The complement of the Spanish ship was 275, against the 215 of the Terpsichore,

reduced by the 30 absent in hospital, and the like number sick on board. The number and weight of guns was also in favour of the *Mahonesa*. The officers of the British frigate are most highly mentioned; and the Admiralty marked their sense of the action by promoting the First Lieutenant, Mr. Devonshire, for this service, immediately on the receipt of the intelligence. Captain Bowen added still further to his laurels in the few succeeding months of his short career, which, like that of his friend and almost prototype, Captain Faulkner,* terminated in the field of battle, for he fell at the unfortunate attack upon Teneriffe, in July, 1797, under Lord Nelson, his body being discovered on the morning following the assault under those of his First Lieutenant and his whole boat's crew, who had been his faithful companions in many hazardous enterprises, and were now participators in his fate, in this the closing scene of his eventful life. The immortal Nelson, in reporting his fall, added this well-deserved panegyric—"A more en-

* Captain Bowen, then a lieutenant, had also distinguished himself at Martinique under the following circumstances:—A French frigate, the *Bienvenu*, was lying in the carenage, and supposed to have English prisoners on board. Lieutenant Bowen offered to board her, and release his countrymen; and at noon-day he boldly pushed into the harbour with his boats, and in spite of the batteries and the fire from the frigate he dashed alongside, and took possession of her, making the captain, officers, and greater part of the crew prisoners, and brought them out in his boats; but there were no Englishmen on board. As the frigate's sails were unbent, and it would have been a slow operation to tow her out under the heavy fire that was maintained by the batteries, the captors were compelled to relinquish their prize, though only for the short time that elapsed before the capitulation of the island placed her in their hands.

terprising, able, and gallant officer does not grace his Majesty's naval service." Lord St. Vincent also spoke of him in equally high terms ; he calls him a child of his own, and adds, that " he possesses the most inexhaustible spirit of enterprise and skilful seamanship that can be comprised in any human character."

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

The actions of this celebrated Admiral, or, as he was termed in the language of that day, General Sir John Hawkins, more especially in the West Indies, in Mexico, and the Spanish Main, though marked with heroism, and a high spirit of enterprise, would, I fear, if tried by the rules of modern warfare, be pronounced anything but justifiable ; indeed the perpetrator of such deeds as were then of common occurrence would now quickly meet the punishment of a pirate. The cruelty practised by the Spaniards on all who fell into their hands, may perhaps have called for a similar return from those who had seen their shipmates and friends the victims of it ; and these foul passions, once inflamed and indulged in, the evil appetite increased, and tales of horror, which we would fain believe to be fabulous, are linked in the narrative of these early navigators, with acts of courage and daring that merit the highest admiration. In one of his West Indian voyages, Sir

John, in his own ship, the *Jesus*, accompanied by the *Minion*, and a little bark, the *Judith*, of 50 tons, having experienced some very bad weather, was compelled to run into the port of San Juan D'Ulloa, which he entered without molestation, his ships having been indeed mistaken by the authorities of the port for the Spanish fleet, which they were daily expecting, nor were they undeceived until they had actually gone on board. No doubt Sir John seized the advantage afforded by this unintentional confidence, for the narrative tells us that he was allowed to take possession of an island in the harbour, and fortify it during his stay, which would scarcely have been done had the Spanish officers not felt themselves in his power. On the following day, when the expected fleet appeared off the port—thirteen great ships—such was the confident boldness of the English Admiral, and such the opinion entertained by Spaniards of their prowess, that Hawkins was only prevented by questions of state policy from resisting the entry of a fleet so superior, and belonging to a friendly power, into one of their own ports, while the Spaniards, on their parts, consented to give hostages for the security of English ships, as the condition of their being allowed to go in. Complimentary salutes were exchanged, and vast professions of friendship were made, but no real confidence was created. Spanish treachery was too well known, and after a few days certain suspicious movements made Hawkins send his master to the Viceroy to demand an explanation.

This proceeding seems to have brought matters to an issue, for the master was immediately seized and the alarm trumpets sounded; the English, on the fortified island, completely taken by surprise by the Spaniards, who, on one excuse or the other, had mixed among them in superior numbers, fled to their ships at the first onset, but were slain with few exceptions. When the trumpet first gave the alarm, a Spaniard, who was in the cabin of the *Jesus* with the Admiral, made an attempt to poniard him, but unsuccessfully, and was secured and placed in irons; and at the same moment 300 Spaniards, who had been concealed in one of their ships, which, during the previous show of amity, had been moored close alongside, entered on board the *Minion*, whereat the General, who was on board the flag-ship, lying on her other side, "with a loud and fierce voice, called unto us, 'God and St. George! Upon these traiterous villains, and rescue the *Minion*;' " and with that the marines and soldiers leaped out of the *Jesus* into the *Minion*, and beat out the Spaniards. The cables were now cut and the ships moved to a little distance from the shore, but the swarm of hostile ships impeded their further progress, and the fight which commenced at 10 A.M. lasted until night, the Spaniards losing 6 ships and 540 men. During the heat of the action the General courageously cheered up his soldiers and gunners, and called to Samuel his page for a cup of beer, who brought it him in a silver cup, and he, drinking to all men, willed the gunners to stand by their ordnance lustily like men.

He had no sooner set the cup out of his hand but a demi-culverin shot struck away the cup and a cooper's plane that stood by the mainmast, and ran out on the other side of the ship, which nothing dismayed the General, for he ceased not to encourage, saying, "Fear not, for God, who hath preserved me from this shot, will also deliver us from these traitors and villains." Night at last brought some relief, when Hawkins, finding his flag-ship so crippled by shot that it would be impossible to bring her away, determined to abandon her, and placing all her remaining crew on board the *Minion* and *Judith*, take advantage of the wind coming off shore to get out of reach of the enemy's shot and put to sea. But he was not able to effect his whole object, for the Spaniards, repulsed in their several attacks, at length attempted to destroy their enemy by fire-ships, which bearing down upon them, the crew of the *Minion* set sail without waiting for orders, and in such haste, that Hawkins and a few men only from the *Jesus* succeeded in reaching her. The bark *Judith* was in this fight commanded by Mr. Francis Drake, afterwards Sir Francis Drake, the hero of the Armada, and the terror of Spain; it must have been almost his first voyage, and probably he here learned that mistrust and horror of Spain and Spaniards, that influenced his whole after-life, during which he certainly more than repaid his enemies in kind as well on the shores of America as in Europe.

THE INTREPID BOATSWAIN.

The fidelity and determined conduct of Mr. Gastril, boatswain of the *Chesterfield*, saved that ship when many of his superior officers and the majority of the ship's company, had successfully plotted to obtain possession of her and turn pirates. In October 1748, that ship was lying off Cape-Coast Castle, and her Captain, Dudley, was on shore, when the lieutenant, Mr. Couchman, taking advantage of the Captain's absence, persuaded the crew from their allegiance, and hoisted in all the boats, in order that the Captain might not be able to get on board or communicate with his misguided men. In the words of the narrative, which I am quoting, Couchman coming from his cabin with a drawn sword to the quarter-deck, accompanied by the principal mutineers, said, "Here I am, I will stand by you while I have a drop of blood in my body." They then gave three huzzas, and threw their hats overboard, damning old hats, for they would soon get new. Couchman then sent for the boatswain and asked if he would stand by him and go with him. He boldly replied, "No," and implored the Lieutenant to be ruled by reason, and consider what he was about. Finding soft words of no avail with this honest man, Couchman proceeded to threaten him, but the boatswain did not flinch from his duty, nor would he join him in his piratical designs. He was then or-

dered into custody, and two sentinels placed over him. Couchman next sent for Gilham, the mate, and being equally unsuccessful with him, placed him in similar custody, as well as five or six others of the crew, who openly refused to join him in mutiny. During the night they remained in irons, and the next day Couchman, undecided whether to land them or take them away prisoners, again tried by threats and promises to induce the boatswain and mate to sign a paper, and join their conspiracy, but received the same answer from both that they never would, and would sooner suffer death. On leaving the chief cabin the boatswain went into the gunner's cabin, who was sick and had been unable to leave it during this eventful crisis. His advice and assistance strengthened the resolution of the few loyal men on board, and when the boatswain told him that Couchman's party had taken possession of all the arms, he said he could furnish them with twenty pistols from a store which had been overlooked. The six loyal men now deliberated as to the best means of retaking the ship from their mutinous comrades, and decided on making the attempt that very night. At 10 o'clock P.M., while the officers and leading mutineers were drinking in the cabin, and the decks in charge of those of the crew who had joined them, the boatswain proceeded to the forecabin to sound such of the men as he suspected of being lukewarm in the cause in which they had embarked, and, finding about thirty prepared to side with him, he

disclosed to them his scheme, and the necessity for putting it immediately into practice. Accordingly he sent for all the irons to the forecastle, and distributing the twenty pistols to such of the men as he could most depend upon, he stationed three at the magazines, leaving those who were unarmed to secure the prisoners in irons as they might be sent down to them. Having made these dispositions, he divided his small company into two parties, who were to get stealthily on deck, one by the fore, the other by the main hatchway. Their plans were completely successful; the crew on deck were secured and sent to the forecastle without the least noise, and the two parties then joined and went directly to the great cabin, where they secured Couchman and the other officers and ringleaders without difficulty, as they were taken completely by surprise, and unarmed. Thus was this infamous scheme frustrated by the intrepidity and excellent conduct of one man who set the example of resistance to usurped authority, and the ship retaken after it had been in possession of the infatuated insurgents above thirty hours.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, one of the gallant band of naval heroes that adorned the golden age of Elizabeth's reign, and who added learning and

skill to the more common attributes of a high and daring spirit, and as his stature was beyond the ordinary size, so did he in wisdom and bravery exceed most of his compeers. In his Discourse on the North-West Passage, of which by the bye, he might justly be called the Father, he gives the following opinion, which may fairly be taken by the young soldier or sailor for his text and guidance in the performance of his duty, viz., "He is not worthy to live at all who, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service or his own honour, since death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue immortal." To Sir Humphrey we are indebted for the settlement of Newfoundland, and that valuable branch of commerce, the Cod Fishery, on its coasts; and it was on his return from the formal occupation of this colony that his death occurred, the manner of which appears to me worthy of narration. He had originally left England with five ships under his command, the largest of 200 tons, and the smallest of 10 tons; but this last, and the Golden Hind of 40 tons, alone remained to him when he determined to return. In the present day, and even with the additional aids of modern science and art, we can hardly comprehend the hardihood of marines who trusted themselves on voyages of discovery over unknown seas in such cockle-shells as those in which the first navigators crossed the Atlantic; and the Squirrel, "The little Frigate" of 10 tons, must indeed have been a miserable bark. In her he had made most of his

discoveries on the coast, and up the creeks and rivers of Newfoundland, and whether it was partiality, caused by these circumstances, or a desire to show that he would not subject others to dangers which he would not himself share, he decided on returning in her in preference to the *Golden Hind* which was to accompany him. One reason assigned for his continuing in the bark so utterly unfitted for a long voyage was, that a report had reached his ears that he was afraid; but it is impossible to conceive that a man of his strength of mind and established courage would have been affected by an idle report.

There can be no doubt that the higher reason was the true one, for, when pressed and entreated to take his passage in the *Golden Hind*, he replied, "I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils." The two ships reached the latitude of the Azores without adventure, but here a violent storm arose, and "The little Frigate" was observed to be nearly overwhelmed by the huge waves. The *Hind* kept as close to her as she possibly could, and from her the *General* was seen sitting abaft with a book in his hand, and, Mr. Hayes (Captain of the *Hind*) says, was heard to call out, "Courage, my lads, we are as near to heaven by sea as by land." The same night the little *Squirrel*, and all within her, were swallowed up by the ocean, and nothing more was ever heard of her, or of her unfortunate Commander—thus

in his death affording an example of resignation which he had inculcated in the maxim I have already quoted.

BLACK JOKE WITH SLAVER.

The operations of our cruisers in the suppression of the slave trade, for many years after the peace, afforded the only opportunities of active hostility, in which British sailors could show that they still maintained the character for daring that had been earned when combating the enemies of their country,—far more worthy foes than the piratical traders in human flesh whom it is now their lot to harass and pursue.

From amongst the many gallant actions performed in the execution of this service, one or two may well be selected to illustrate our subject. Commander Crawford's defence of the *Netuno*, a captured slaver, has already been given ; and I will now proceed to narrate Captain Ramsay's spirited capture of a powerful slave vessel on the 22nd April, 1831. The *Black Joke* brig was at anchor at Fernando Po, where her Commander, Lieutenant William Ramsay, learned from the master of a colonial vessel that he had just left in the Old Calabar River a large armed Spanish slave brig, which he described as the finest slaver that had been on the coast for some years. She carried one large pivot and four broadside guns, and had

a complement of more than 70 picked men ; his informant further stated, that he had frequently met her officers on shore, and that they made no secret of their intention of fighting, if necessary, laughing at the idea of being taken by the Black Joke, of whose force (one long pivot gun and one carronade, with a complement of 44 officers and men) they were well acquainted, and entertaining no apprehension of the two gun brigs on the station, which were notorious for their bad sailing.

Immediately on receiving this intelligence, Lieutenant Ramsay proceeded to Old Calabar and commenced a strict blockade, anchoring the Black Joke every night at the entrance of the river, and weighing before daylight, and running out with the land breeze far enough not to be seen from the shore. This plan had been followed for a few days, when, on the morning of the 25th April a large brig was seen from the mast-head under all sail standing out of the river. The Black Joke's topsails were immediately lowered, so that the stranger came within sight from her deck before he himself could discern his expectant antagonist. He then altered his course so as to cross the Black Joke's bow, and pass between Fernando Po and the main land. All sail was now made in chase, and every requisite preparation for a severe contest, in doing which a spirit was evinced both by officers and men that left but little doubt as to the result, whatever might be the stranger's superiority of

force. The slaver sailed so well that it was 9 P.M. before the Black Joke could get within range of her; indeed, if she had not been becalmed it is very doubtful whether she would not have effected her escape. A shot, however, was now fired ahead of her as a signal to bring to, which she immediately returned with three of her broadside guns, and the wind then fell so light that both vessels had recourse to their sweeps, maintaining a running fight until some time past midnight. At about 1.30 A.M. of the 26th, the Black Joke was so near that it became evident a close action must ensue, upon which the Spaniard hauled up his lower sails, and with his sweeps so managed his vessel as to keep up a determined fire—almost every shot telling upon the spars, rigging, and sails of the Black Joke. Lieutenant Ramsay, in consideration of the heavier weight of metal of his adversary, and actuated by a desire to spare as much as possible the lives of the wretched slaves, resolved upon boarding, and a light air fortunately favoured his intentions. Meanwhile the men were ordered to lie down and shelter themselves from the enemy's fire. Two steady men were appointed to lash the vessels together, the two guns were loaded with grape, and their captains ordered to fire directly the word "Board" was given. All being prepared, the Black Joke ran alongside the Spaniard, the preconcerted order was given, the guns fired, and Lieutenant Ramsay, with the mate and ten men, si-

multaneously leaped on board ; but from the force with which the two vessels met, they separated again before the rest of the boarders could follow. The position of the little band on the hostile deck, opposed to more than 70 antagonists, was extremely critical, when Mr. Hinde, a midshipman not fifteen years of age, who was the only officer left on board the *Black Joke*, with extraordinary presence of mind, ordered all hands to the sweeps, pulled alongside, got the vessels lashed, and then boarded, leaving only one or two wounded men behind in their own vessel. With this reinforcement the combat was speedily decided ; those who continued to offer resistance were cut down, and the rest ran below and begged for quarter.

The prize proved to be a brig of 300 tons, one of the most beautiful vessels ever seen afloat, mounting five 18-pounders, with a complement of 77 officers and men, of whom fifteen were killed or drowned, four desperately wounded, and several others severely and slightly. The *Black Joke* lost only one man killed, and Lieutenant Ramsay, Mr. Bosanquet, the mate, and five men, were wounded. Over the sufferings of the unfortunate 496 slaves on board we will draw a veil : suffice it to say that, from the necessity of confining them below during the chase and subsequent action, 26 were suffocated, and of the remainder, 107 were found in a deplorable state from their confinement and want of air, and

of them 60 died after they were landed at Fernando Po.

Lieutenant Ramsay and Mr. Bosanquet, the mate, were promoted for this service in the following August.

THE END.

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