

The Life of the Right Honourable Horatio Lord Viscount Nelson, Volume 1 (of 2) eBook

The Life of the Right Honourable Horatio Lord Viscount Nelson, Volume 1 (of 2)

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The life of
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HORATIO lord viscount Nelson:

Baron Nelson of the Nile,
and of Burnham-Thorpe and Hilborough in the county of Norfolk;
Knight of the most honourable military order of the Bath;
Doctor of laws in the University of Oxford;
vice-admiral of the white squadron of his majesty's fleet;
duke of Bronte, in farther Sicily;
grand cross of the order of st. Ferdinand and of merit;
Knight of the imperial order of the Ottoman Crescent;
Knight grand commander of the equestrian, secular, and capitular,
order of st. Joachim of WESTERBURG;
and
honorary grandee of Spain.

By Mr. Harrison.

IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I.

Lord Viscount Nelson's transcendent and heroic services will, I am persuaded, exist for ever in the recollection of my people; and, while they tend to stimulate those who come after him, they will prove a lasting source of strength, security, and glory, to my dominions.

*The King's Answer to the City of London's Address
on the Battle of Trafalgar.*

London:

=====

Printed, at the Ranelagh Press,
by Stanhope and tilling;
for C. Chapple, Pall Mall, and Southampton Row,
Russell square.
1806.

To
the king;
and
his subjects, in every quarter of the globe,



*forming what is denominated
the country;
THESE MEMOIRS
of
LORD NELSON'S LIFE,
which was so honourably devoted to,
and so gloriously lost in,
their service,
are most humbly and respectfully dedicated,*

*By
James Harrison.*

*London,
January 4,
1806.*

* * * * *

ADVERTISEMENT.

Never, perhaps, was a greater panegyric pronounced on any human being, than that which is comprised in the motto to this biographical account of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, delivered from the lips of the Sovereign who had experienced his worth; and who, with a noble gratitude, deigned thus publicly to acknowledge, and record, the transcendent heroism of his Lordship's meritorious services: heroism and services, the recollection of which, His Majesty generously anticipates, must not only exist for ever in the memory of the people; but, by continually stimulating future heroes, prove

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a perpetual source of strength, security, and glory, even to the country itself. A reflection worthy of a King! Inciting to heroism, by the consideration of a more enlarged motive than seems to have been heretofore sufficiently regarded; and thus entitling himself to participate the very praise he is so liberally bestowing. The expressive voice of gratitude is thus, sometimes, surprised by a similar unexpected but grateful echo; and the rays of royalty, beaming with their fullest lustre on a brilliant object, are in part reflected back to their source.

The general history of the world, to almost every part of which the influence of Lord Nelson's services may be considered as having in some measure extended, must most assuredly preserve the remembrance of one of it's chiefest heroes; and the future historian of our own country, in particular, will not fail exultingly to dwell on each of his Lordship's great and glorious victories, with all the animated and enegertic glow of conscious dignity and truth.

Still, however, we are desirous to know more of so exalted a character than any general history can with propriety supply. We wish to see him not only as a hero, but as the hero of a respectable historian; and are anxious, with a laudable zeal, for such minuteness of detail, in the developement of every circumstance, not only relative to his public and professional character, but even to his private and domestic transactions, as is to be alone expected from what may be denominated the more humble labours of the biographer: who, nevertheless, must not be permitted to boast much of extraordinary humility, if he pretends to combine, in a single picture, any tolerable portion of that sublime grandeur, and that delicate simplicity, which constitute the Iliad and the Odyssey of literature.

To produce a work not altogether unworthy the hero whose life it records, is the utmost that his present biographer can reasonably hope to accomplish. Even this, he freely confesses, he must have despaired of ever effecting, had he not been indulgently honoured by the kindest communications from some whose near affinity to the immortal Nelson, is evidently more than nominal; who not only have the same blood flowing in their veins, but whose hearts possess a large portion of the same unbounded goodness, generosity, and honour: as well as from other dear and intimate friends, professional and private, who were united to his Lordship by the closest ties of a tender reciprocal amity.

Encouraged by such generous aids, the author may be allowed to boast that he has, at least, a considerable store of novelties to offer: it will be for the public to judge, on perusing the work, how far he has succeeded in making a suitable arrangement of the excellent information acknowledged to have been thus bountifully and benignantly afforded him.

Particular acknowledgments will be seen in the preface, to such of the family and friends of Lord Nelson as may have generously assisted the researches of the author; the number of whom are likely, from obvious circumstances, to be considerably augmented during the progress of the work.

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It may seem scarcely necessary to add, that the preface, though always placed, as the very name imports, at the beginning of a book, is usually the last part printed.

* * * * *

PREFACE.

There are few works, the authors of which can possibly be permitted to recommend them as worthy of universal regard, without the imputation of intolerable vanity; an imputation little likely to be diminished by the consideration, that other writers, over whom a decided preference is claimed, may have previously occupied the same subject.

A Life of Lord Nelson, however, replete with original anecdotes, many of them from the mouths of his lordship's nearest and dearest relatives and friends, with whom the author has, for many months, been honoured with an almost constant communication; and abounding in a profusion of interesting letters, and extracts of letters, written by the hero himself, which have generously flowed in, from all quarters, to aid the biographer; he may surely, without the charge of presumption, these facts being self-evident on the slightest inspection, be allowed to assert, must necessarily be entitled to very general notice and esteem.

So numerous, indeed, have been the invaluable documents kindly tendered to the author's acceptance, that he has not only been under the necessity of greatly enlarging his original design; but may, probably, at a future and no very distant period, feel encouraged to present those who have so indulgently expressed their approbation of his present labours, with a sort of supplementary work, not necessarily attached, but still more minutely illustrative of many circumstances which relate to the life and character of this greatest and best of heroes and of men.

It is not without painful sensations, that the author feels compelled to notice the many dishonourable insinuations which have been promulged by bold speculators on public credulity: some of whom, by prematurely publishing, have already sufficiently evinced their want of genuine information; and others, after the most illiberal reflections on all contemporaries, have found it expedient entirely to abandon their own boasted performances, or to wait the completion of the very work which they have thus meanly and insidiously laboured to depreciate, before they could possibly advance.

This biographical memoir, like the character of the immortal man whom it proudly aspires to commemorate, rests on no false claim. It offers not any meretricious attraction to the eye; it submits itself, wholly, to the understanding, and to the heart. Should it fail considerably to gratify the one, and powerfully to interest the other, it will be in vain for the author to urge, however true, that he has exerted himself, with a due

sense of the dignity of his subject, and of the difficulty of the task, to produce a work which, though it can never sufficiently honour the incomparable

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hero, should as little as possible disgrace the kind contributory aids, and the generous patronage, which he has had the distinguished favour to receive from so many estimable and illustrious personages. To add a list of names, might seem ostentatious; but, certainly, such a list would contain almost every great and virtuous character allied to his late lordship, in the bonds of affinity as well as of friendship. With most of these, it will ever constitute the chief pride and happiness of the author's life, that he is also permitted to boast a considerable degree of intimate friendship; and, in the delightful retreat of Merton Place, surrounded by all who were most dear to the heart of the hero, in consanguinity as well as amity, have many of those valuable anecdotes been obtained, with which the work is so abundantly enriched.

Prompted to this undertaking, by a strong sense of conviction, that our chief hero, when his character was clearly understood, would be found as eminently good as great, the biographer has fearlessly endeavoured freely to investigate transactions of the utmost delicacy in private life; and he is fully prepared to assert, and as far as possible to prove, that there seldom has existed any human being adorned by the practice of so many positive virtues, so little sullied by any actual vice, as that immortal man, the chief particulars of whose history will be found, the author may, at least, be permitted to maintain, most faithfully recorded in the work now confided, with all it's imperfections, to the just judgment of the world; a tribunal which seldom fails doing compleat justice, either sooner or later, to all the merits both of heroes and of authors, of men as well as of books.

*The life
of
LORD NELSON,
duke of Bronte, &c.*

* * * * *

When we survey, with rapture, the state of an exalted hero, arrived at all the honours which it is possible for a human being to receive from the gratitude, the veneration, and the love, of his fellow-mortals; seen, as he then is, like a luminary of the first magnitude in the full blaze of meridian glory, we are generally too dazzled by the lustre we behold, to penetrate, or even to reflect on, the circuitous, the tedious, or the perplexed path, through which he may have been constrained to pass, in pursuit of the splendid destiny at length happily attained.

In this sublime situation, we have lately beheld a British naval hero, who has scarcely ever been equalled, and certainly never surpassed. As a nation, we have been charmed with his brilliant refulgence; we have been cheared by his vivifying influence;

and we lament the short duration of his splendor with a grief so general, that it appears to be without parallel in the history of any age or country.

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To trace the progress of this heroic and inestimable character, through the various vicissitudes of his eventful life, from it's commencement to it's close, with all the accuracy and minuteness which circumstances will admit; contemplating and comparing the several causes and effects which may have retarded or accelerated the progress of his public career, which may have blessed or embittered his private comforts; is the arduous task of the present biographer: who holds, with a trembling; hand, the pen that would presumptuously aspire to record, with suitable dignity, the history of one of the very greatest and most successful naval heroes that has ever yet astonished and adorned the world.

Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronte—for he always, very properly, signed with both these titles, from the moment of obtaining them—was the offspring of parents on each side highly respectable.

The family of the Nelsons had been long resident in the county of Norfolk: they possessed, for many years, and their posterity still possess, a small patrimony at Hilborough, with the patronage of that rectory.

The Sucklings, likewise a Norfolk family, of lofty alliances, have been resident at Wooton nearly three centuries.

On the 11th of May, in the year 1749, the Reverend Edmund Nelson, son of the then venerable Rector of Hilborough, and himself Rector of Burnham-Thorpe, was married to Catharine daughter of Dr. Maurice Suckling, Rector of Basham in Suffolk, as well as of Wooton in Norfolk, and a Prebendary of Westminster.

By this union the Nelson family gained the honour of being related to the noble families of Walpole, Cholmondeley, and Townshend: Miss Suckling being the grand-daughter of Sir Charles Turner, Bart. of Warham, in the county of Norfolk, by Mary, daughter of Robert Walpole, Esq. of Houghton, and sister to Sir Robert Walpole, of Wolterton, whose next sister, Dorothy, was married to Charles, second Viscount Townshend.

The honour, however, so conferred, has since been abundantly recompensed to all these illustrious families, by a single Nelson, the offspring of this very union; to whom, in their turn, they may now proudly boast their alliance, without any degradation of dignity.

Of these virtuous and most respectable parents, was Horatio Lord Viscount Nelson born, at the parsonage house of the rectory of Burnham-Thorpe, on Michaelmas-day 1758: a place which will be ever renowned for having given him birth; and a day of annual festivity, which every Briton has now an additional motive to commemorate.

He was their fifth son, and their sixth child: his eldest sister, Mrs. Bolton, the amiable lady of Thomas Bolton, Esq. by whom she has a son and four daughters, being about three years older than her renowned brother.

There had been a former son christened Horatio, who only survived about twelve months; and another, named Edmund, after the father, who also died in early infancy: both of whom are entombed in Hilborough church.

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The name of Horatio, or Horace, which is thus once more destined to live for ever honoured, was doubtless adopted, and persisted in by Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, as a compliment to the memory of their noble relative, the first Lord Walpole; brother of the highly celebrated Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards first Earl of Orford. It was then little imagined, even by the boundless partiality of parental affection, looking forward to sanguine hopes of a powerful family patronage, that this infant could ever possibly live to eclipse all the glory of his most brilliant ancestors!

The name of Maurice, after Dr. Maurice Suckling the grandfather, and his son Captain Maurice Suckling, had been previously given to another son, born May 24, 1753: who held a situation in the Navy Office, and died so recently as the year 1801, three days after receiving news of the battle of Copenhagen; leaving a widow, but no issue.

Had this last gentleman survived his illustrious brother, he would, of course, have succeeded to his lordship's titles; which now devolve, augmented by an earldom, on the Reverend William Nelson, Rector of Hilborough; the sole remaining brother of this numerous family, most of whom died in their minority. The Earl, who was born April 20, 1757, married, in November 1786, Sarah daughter of the Reverend Henry Yonge, of Great Torrington in the county of Devon—cousin to the Right Reverend Philip Yonge, late Bishop of Norwich—by whom he has issue, Charlotte-Mary, born September 20, 1787; and Horatio, born October 26, 1788, successor-apparent to the honours of his immortal uncle.

Of the whole eight sons, offspring of Lord Nelson's parents, it seems remarkable that only the present Earl ever had any issue; while, of their three daughters, one died in her infancy, and the two who reached maturity, Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Matcham, have both several children: Mrs. Bolton, as already noticed, having five now living; and Mrs. Matcham, her amiable younger sister, the lady of George Matcham, Esq. being the mother of no less than three sons and five daughters.

We usually expect, that the life of a great character should commence with some early indication of his future excellence. This, being an apparent principle in nature, is probably just. That divine genius, of whatever description, which "*nascetur, non fit*;" is born with a man, and not possible to be made or acquired; must, necessarily, exist at his birth, whatever may be the period when, or the circumstance by which, the dormant spark is first awakened into action. Parents, it is true, are in general great observers of infantine occurrences; and very apt to be presageful of wonderful results expected from trivial causes. Few parents, however, are so blessed, as to have children who possess genius: of those who are, some silently treasure up their hopes, which may be buried with them in an untimely grave; some are too incessantly busied in the cares of providing

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for a numerous offspring, to be capable of indulging minute attentions to any particular infant; and some are altogether unconscious, or regardless, of the presence of genius, amidst the clearest manifestations of it's existence. To most other persons, but the parents, if we except a good old grandmother, or an artful or affectionate nurse, the actions and the sayings of a child seldom afford much interest; and the relation of them often gives rise to no inconsiderable degree of animosity. The parents of other children, and even the other children of the same parents, not unfrequently hear such praises with distaste and aversion; and, if they do not soon entirely forget them, it is, perhaps, only because their unextinguishable envy condemns them to preserve the remembrance of the circumstance by which it was originally excited.

These, among various other causes, prevent our always becoming acquainted with the early occurrences which distinguish genius, even where they soonest appear: but, genius is not always apparent in early infancy; and, where it is, every hero does not, like Hercules, find a serpent successfully to encounter in his cradle.

Of Lord Nelson's infancy, from whatever causes, scarcely any anecdote is now preserved. That which may, probably, be considered as the first, has often been related; but never, heretofore, in a manner sufficiently accurate and circumstantial.

At the very early age of not more than five or six years, little Horatio, being on a visit to his grandmother, at Hilborough, who was remarkably fond of all her son's children, and herself a most exemplary character, had strolled out, with a boy some years older than himself, to ramble over the country in search of birds-nests. Dinner-time, however, arriving, and her grandson not having returned, the old lady became so excessively alarmed, that messengers, both on horseback and on foot, were immediately dispatched, to discover the wanderer. The progress of the young adventurers had, it seems, been impeded by a brook, or piece of water, over which Horatio could not pass; and, his companion having gone off and left him, he was found ruminating, very composedly, on the opposite bank. It is not ascertained, whether his companion had got across the water, or gone back again by the way they had approached it: whether the young hero was meditating how it might be passed; or too weary, or unwilling, to retread all his former steps. Who shall pretend to say, that this child, thus sitting, in a state of abstraction, by the side of an impassable piece of water, might not first feel that ardent thirst of nautical knowledge excited, the gratification of which has since led to such glorious consequences! Be this as it may—for even himself, if living, might not now be conscious of the fact—it is perfectly well remembered that, on his being brought into the presence of his grandmother, the old lady concluded her lecture respecting the propriety of children's rambling abroad without the permission of their friends, by saying —“I wonder, that fear did not drive you home.”—“Fear, grandmama,” innocently replied the child, “I never saw *fear*; what is it?”

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Perhaps, the frequent repetition of this anecdote, and the admiration which the sweet simplicity of the child's wonderful answer must naturally create in the bosom of every virtuous friend, had no small share in fixing his heroic character. He had never seen fear, he knew not what it was. What a reflection for an incipient hero, when he became capable of comprehending the full force of his own artless expression! If he ever lived to see fear, it was only in the enemies of his country; if to know it, it was only by name.

There seems good reason to suppose, that his invincible spirit was visible at an early age, as well as his generally mild and amiable disposition. He was a prodigious favourite with his indulgent mother: who was herself a woman of considerable firmness and fortitude, though of a delicate habit, as well as of great meekness and piety: and, in one of the little customary strifes of brothers, the present earl being his antagonist, when requested, by some friends, who were alarmed at the noise, to interfere in behalf of the youngest, is well recollected to have replied, with the utmost composure, and a very visible satisfaction depicted on her expressive countenance—"Let them alone, little Horace will beat him; let Horace alone!"

The brother of Mrs. Nelson, Captain Maurice Suckling, married to a sister of the present Lord Walpole, was a naval commander of very considerable skill and bravery: he frequently visited his sister; and was, also, particularly fond of Horatio. He had, doubtless, heard the anecdote respecting fear; to which, in his own person, he felt himself as much a stranger as his little nephew: and, probably, was the first friend to hail and encourage the future hero.

His sister, partial to the honourable profession of her brother, would naturally interpret every proof of her darling son's attachment to his uncle's person, his conversation, or even any of his professional habiliments, as well as each appearance of spirited resolution which he occasionally displayed, into an inclination, as well as fitness, for the service. She, like the Holy Mary, "kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart:" but, she lived not to behold the accomplishment of her cherished hopes!

The principles of piety were carefully implanted in his infant mind, by the example, as well as precepts, of both parents; and, amidst all the tempestuous passions by which mankind is agitated during his progress through the various scenes of active life, these principles could never be eradicated from his bosom.

The celebrated grammar-school at Norwich, called the High School, of which a Mr. Symonds was then master, and which was afterwards superintended by the learned Dr. Parr, has the honour of having given him the first rudiments of a respectable education. How long he continued at Norwich school is not now known, any more than the particular reason why he quitted it. From thence, however, he went to the grammar-school at North Walsham; and was placed under the tuition of the Reverend Mr. Jones, whose abilities are said to have then acquired much celebrity.

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It seems likely, that this removal might take place at the period of his mother's death, which happened on the 24th of December 1767; being about nine months after she was delivered of Mrs. Matcham, her eleventh and last child.

The death of this excellent lady was a severe loss to her affectionate husband, and his infant family; who do not appear to have experienced any very substantial proofs of friendship from their illustrious relatives in general, after Mrs. Nelson's decease. It is, indeed, but too common for the affluent to neglect those of their humbler kindred who have a numerous offspring; as if marriage were a crime, and the fruits of virtuous love a reproach rather than a blessing. The Reverend Mr. Nelson, however, was never in necessitous circumstances; and, as he felt no solicitude for any self-indulgences not always within his reach, he was enabled to effect the respectable establishment of all his children, without that assistance, or those attentions, which he might naturally have expected, and which it would certainly have been pleasing to receive.

The good grandmother, at Hilborough, however, did all in her power to promote the happiness and comfort of her son's children; and her kindness and affection supplied, as much as it can be supplied, the want of a mother. She was a fine old lady, and possessed uncommon wisdom, with extreme goodness of heart. Her faculties were so lasting, that she could see to read the smallest print, and execute the finest needlework, till the close of her prolonged life, which extended to ninety-three years.

Captain Suckling, too, seems to have formed one exception, at least, to the almost general indifference on the part of their maternal relations. He continued his occasional visits; and engaged, the first moment possible, to take Horatio under his immediate protection.

The child, in the mean time, was acquiring the advantages of a good education, at North Walsham grammar-school; and it seems evident, from subsequent circumstances, that he must have been making considerable progress in learning, under Mr. Jones's able tuition, when he was suddenly withdrawn, at the tender age of only twelve years, from that respectable seminary, to commence his professional career on the perilous ocean.

About the autumn of 1770, when the aggressions of the Spaniards, who had violently taken possession of the Falkland Islands, so far alarmed the country, that a naval armament was prepared to chastise this indignity, Captain Suckling, having obtained the command of the *Raisonable*, of sixty-four guns, one of the ships put into commission on the occasion, immediately ordered his nephew from school, and entered him as a midshipman.

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The youth, after being properly equipped for this situation, was sent to join the ship, then at Sheerness. It should seem, however, that his uncle could not at that time be on board, or any person whatever who knew of his coming: for he has been repeatedly heard to say, by one of his oldest and most esteemed friends, that he paced the deck, after his arrival from Greenwich, the whole remainder of the day, without being in the smallest degree noticed by any one; till, at length, the second day of his being on board, some person, as he expressed it, “kindly took compassion on him.” It was then discovered, for the first time, that he was the captain’s nephew, and appointed to serve on board as a midshipman. What a primary reception was this, for such a youth to experience! It did not, however, dispirit him; and he was, no doubt, now heartily greeted and encouraged, with the golden hopes always inspired, among young seamen, by the prospect of a Spanish war.

Whatever might be the extent of these hopes, they were destined to be speedily dissipated. The Spaniards very readily made such concessions as administration thought it expedient, at that juncture, to accept, respecting this business; Mr. Harris, his majesty’s minister at Madrid, who had been recalled on the 21st of December 1770, was ordered to return thither on the 18th of January 1771; and, of course, all the ships which had been just commissioned for that service, were directed to be immediately laid up in ordinary, and paid off.

This, on the whole, seemed no very auspicious commencement for the young hero. His father was in the condition of the country; he had incurred the expences of fitting out, for services which this compromise rendered unnecessary. Peace, however, while it can be preserved with safety and honour, is always preferable to war; and initiation in an honourable profession, where so much depends on seniority, though it may not be immediately productive, is undoubtedly better than nothing.

Horatio, though discouraged, was not disgusted: on the contrary, he felt delighted with the profession of a sailor. Under the eye of his respectable uncle, during the short time he had been on board, he became fully satisfied that, to form an accomplished seaman, would require no small degree of application, and no few years of experience. It was ever the opinion of the Reverend Mr. Nelson, founded on an early and acute observation of his son’s character, that Horatio, in whatever station placed, would climb, if possible, to the very top of the tree: this sentiment seems to have swelled the bosom of the youth, at an age when few boys indulge any serious anticipatory reflection. With all that regarded nautical knowledge, he was studious to become thoroughly acquainted; and, being ardently desirous of making his first voyage, which was now impracticable in the navy, his uncle placed him under the care of Mr. John Rathbone, an excellent seaman, who then had the command of a West-Indiaman belonging to the respectable house of Hibbert, Purrier, and Horton. With this skilful and brave commander, who had formerly served under Captain Suckling, in the Dreadnought, he now joyfully proceeded on his first expedition, by sailing to the West Indies.

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The numerous and agreeable novelties continually presenting themselves to the view of the young adventurer, during this interesting voyage, could not fail to prove highly gratifying. He was beholding a new world, while he was gaining practical skill in a new profession: and, if the latter might be considered as a substitute for the school studies so lately quitted at North Walsham; the former amply compensated the loss of those hours of vacation amusements, the enjoyment of which he might now recollect without any regret. The enervating influence of the torrid climes had no ill effect on his constitution; which was radically good, though partaking of his mother's slowness and delicacy: and he had been too virtuously educated, hastily to indulge that rash and dangerous intemperance which proves so often fatal to inconsiderate Europeans, on their first visiting the West Indies. With a considerable store of local and professional information, he returned to England about the middle of the year 1772.

It has been said that, at this period, his mind had acquired, without any apparent cause, an entire horror of the royal navy; that Captain Suckling, who beheld with anxiety the critical situation of his nephew, was soon convinced, by the sentiment he appeared to indulge in—"Aft, the most honour; but forward, the better man!"—his too credulous nephew had acquired a bias utterly foreign to his real character; and that it was many weeks before all the firmness of the captain, assisted by his thorough knowledge of the human heart, could overcome these prejudices in his nephew, and reconcile him to the service on board a king's ship.

Admitting the truth of this relation, it would be natural to suppose that Mr. Rathbone, who was probably a worthy but disappointed man, had inspired the youth with his own aversions to serving in the royal navy, without a due consideration being made for the differences of their respective interests. This gentleman, with the utmost purity of design, might wish to prepare the nephew of his friend for mortifications and disappointments to be expected in the profession he had just embraced; it was not his fault, if pictures, which he perhaps feelingly and faithfully portrayed from the life, excited too much abhorrence in the mind of his young pupil. The sentiment of "Aft, the most honour; but forward, the better man!" might come with no ill grace from the lips of Mr. Rathbone, but could never originate with a boy of thirteen. So far, the fact may be supported by some degree of probability, but it seems incapable of proof.

In the family, no such circumstance appears to be remembered. It is well recollected—in some degree, to the contrary—that, on a slight intimation from his father, of a wish that he might entirely quit the sea-service, he resolutely declared, that if he were not again sent out, he would set off without any assistance.

It may, however, be taken for granted, that he wished for more active employment in seamanship, than he could well expect to obtain, on board a man of war, in the capacity of a midshipman. The mode which his uncle is said to have adopted for what is called the recovery of the original bias of his nephew's mind, was to work on the ambition

which, it is on all hands agreed, he in a supereminent degree possessed, to become a thorough seaman.

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Captain Suckling had recently been appointed to the command of the *Triumph*, then lying at Chatham; on board of which ship he placed his nephew, in July 1772, immediately after the youth's return from the West Indies, in his old situation on the quarter-deck: and, though he had, thus, the "aft" situation of "most honour," the uncle contrived that he should, at the same time, be permitted to enjoy all the advantages of the "forward," which might be supposed to form "the better man." This he judiciously effected, by permitting him to go in the cutter and decked long-boat attached to the commanding officer's ship at Chatham: an indulgence which afforded him the highest satisfaction; while it tended so largely to promote his practical knowledge of navigation, that he is said to have soon actually become an excellent pilot for such vessels as sail from Chatham to the Tower of London, and down the Swin Channel to the North Foreland.

It was thus that this young seaman, by being continually engaged in the successful navigation of difficult passages, or dangerous coasts, habitually acquired that experimental reliance on his own skill, and that internal self-possession, which so essentially contribute to establish the dauntless intrepidity of a truly heroic mind. He felt a conviction of his growing powers, and panted for opportunities of bringing them to the proof. His present sphere of action, confined to a comparatively small spot, for the *Triumph* never once went out to sea while he remained on board, made him languish for some new situation, better suited to his enterprising spirit; and it was not long before an occurrence took place, which seemed to promise the gratification of his most sanguine wish.

About the beginning of February 1773, the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, in consequence of an application which had been made to him by the Royal Society, laid before the King a proposal for an expedition to try how far navigation might be practicable towards the North Pole; which his Majesty was pleased to direct should be immediately undertaken, with every encouragement that could countenance such an enterprise, and every assistance that could contribute to its success. The *Racehorse* and *Carcass* bombs, being selected as the strongest, and therefore the properest, vessels to be employed in this voyage, were taken into dock, and fitted in the most complete manner for the service. The command of the former was given to Captain Constantine John Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave; and that of the latter, to Captain Skeffington Lutwidge, now Admiral of the White. The complement for each was fixed at ninety men; and the ordinary establishment departed from, by appointing an additional number of officers, the whole recommended by their respective captains, and entering effective men instead of the usual number of boys. Two masters of Greenlandmen were employed as pilots for each ship; the *Racehorse* was furnished with new chain-pumps on Captain Bentinck's

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improved plan; Dr. Irving's apparatus for distilling fresh water from the sea was adopted; Mr. Israel Lyons was engaged, by the Board of Longitude, to embark in this voyage, for the purpose of making astronomical observations; the board also sent two watch machines for keeping the longitude by difference of time, one on Mr. Harrison's principles, the other by Mr. Arnold; and, in short, every possible arrangement was made effectually to decide the long-agitated question concerning the practicability of a north-east passage into the Pacific ocean.

The report of this scientific voyage, from which so much nautical knowledge could not fail to be derived by a youth thirsting for professional information, most powerfully attracted the enterprising spirit of young Nelson; who resolved, if possible, to participate in it's advantages, without any apprehensions from the perils to which he must necessarily be exposed in it's pursuit. It may, indeed, be justly doubted, whether the hope of successfully encountering these very perils might not constitute one of its chief charms for his intrepid mind.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the implied interdiction of the Admiralty, respecting the employment of boys on this hazardous voyage, he so powerfully pleaded with Captain Lutwidge to be appointed coxswain, and so fully satisfied him he was not unqualified for the task, that the worthy captain at length, kindly consented to receive him in this capacity; and, though the Carcass, when fitted, being found too deep in the water to proceed to sea with safety, was constrained to put part of her guns on shore, and reduce her complement to eighty men, the young coxswain felt himself already too firmly fixed in his captain's favour to dread being one of the dismissed number.

On the 30th of May 1773, Captain Lutwidge, in the Carcass, joined Captain Phipps, in the Racehorse, at the Nore: but, being delayed, by the easterly winds, till the 4th of June, his majesty's birth-day, at six o'clock that morning, both ships weighed; and Captain Lutwidge, having received his orders from Captain Phipps, they immediately sailed on the expedition.

The journal of this important voyage, during which so much was seen and suffered, Captain Phipps published soon after his return, in a respectable quarto volume, which contains a large fund of scientific and professional information.

Our young hero had recently felt the enervating effects of a burning sun, in the torrid regions of the west; he had now speedily to encounter the benumbing influence of a frozen atmosphere, in the torpid confines of the north.

On the 13th of June, in the evening, land was first seen by the Carcass: it was light enough to read on deck all night; and, the next day, some Shetland boats came on board with fish.



After proceeding along the coast of Spitsbergen, and ranging between the land and the ice several days, at half past four, in the afternoon of the 7th of July, the ice setting very close, they ran between two pieces, and were suddenly stopped. The ice, indeed, now set so fast down, that they were soon fixed; and obliged to heave through, for two hours, with ice-anchors from each quarter, nor were they quite out of the ice till midnight.

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On the 25th, the Carcass being becalmed very near Moffen Island, Captain Lutwidge took the opportunity of obtaining its exact extent, which he communicated to Captain Phipps. The master had been on shore for the purpose of this survey; and with him, doubtless, our young adventurer. They found the island to be nearly of a round form, about two miles in diameter; with a lake or large pond of water in the middle, all frozen over, except thirty or forty yards round the edge of it, which was water, with loose pieces of broken ice, and so shallow, that they walked through it, and went over on the solid ice. The ground between the sea and the pond was from half a cable's length to a quarter of a mile broad, and the whole island appeared covered with gravel and small stones, without the smallest verdure or vegetation of any kind. They met with only one piece of drift wood, about three fathom long, with a root on it, and as thick as the Carcass's mizen mast; which had been thrown up over the high part of the land, and lay on the declivity towards the pond. They saw three bears; and a number of wild ducks, geese, and other sea fowls, with birds-nests all over the island.

Off this island, the survey of which must have afforded a high treat to Horatio, one of the Carcass's boats were attacked by a herd of sea-horses, as they are corruptly called by the sailors, from the Russian name of morses, which were with difficulty driven away. These marine animals are the *Trichecus Rosmarus* of Linnaeus, and the Arctic Walrus of Pennant and most other naturalists.

On another occasion, two officers, in a boat belonging to the Racehorse, having fired at and wounded one of these animals, it immediately dived, and brought up a number of others; which all joined in an attack on the boat, wresting an oar from one of the men, and were with difficulty prevented from staving or oversetting the boat: but a boat from the Carcass, guided by the intrepid young coxswain, soon arrived, and effectually dispersed them.

This was on the 29th of July, near what they called the Low Island; of which Dr. Irving, who went on the party to visit it, gives in substance the following account. On the shore were several large fir-trees lying sixteen or eighteen feet above the level of the sea: some of these trees were seventy feet long, and had been torn up by the roots; others cut down by the axe, and notched for twelve feet lengths. This timber was not in the least decayed, nor the strokes of the axe at all defaced. There were, likewise, some pipe-staves, and wood fashioned for use. The bench was formed of old timber, sand, and whale-bones. The island, which is flat, was found to be about seven miles long. It was formed chiefly of stones from eighteen to thirty inches over, many of them hexagons, and commodiously placed for walking on. The middle of the island was covered with moss, scurvy-grass, sorrel, and a few ranunculuses then in flower. Two reindeer were feeding on the moss: one of these they killed, and found the venison to be fat and of high flavour. They saw a light grey fox; and a spotted white and black animal, somewhat larger than the weasel, with short ears, and a long tail. The island abounds with small snipes, similar to the English jack-snipe. The ducks were hatching their eggs, and many wild geese feeding by the water-side.

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From this pleasing scene, however, they found themselves, the next day, very differently situated.

On the 30th of July, in the afternoon, they were among what are called the Seven Islands, and in the ice, with no appearance of any opening for the ships. Between eleven and twelve at night, Mr. Crane, master of the *Racehorse*, was dispatched by Captain Phipps, in the four-oared boat, to try if he could get through, and find an opening for the ship which might afford a prospect of getting farther; with directions, if he could reach the shore, to go up one of the mountains, in order to discover the state of the ice to the eastward and northward. Captain Lutwidge, who had employed a boat, conducted by his young coxswain for the same purpose, joined Mr. Crane on shore, and they proceeded to ascend a high mountain, from whence the prospect extended ten or twelve leagues to the east and north-east, over one continued plain of smooth ice, bounded only by the horizon. They also saw land stretching to the south-east, laid down in the Dutch charts as islands: and now plainly discovered that the main body of ice, which the ships had traced from west to east, actually joined to these islands; and, from them, to what is called the north-east land. In returning to their ships, about seven in the morning, round which the ice had, in their absence, so completely got, that with their ice-anchors out they had moored alongside a field of it, they were frequently obliged to haul the boats, over ice which had closed since they went, to other openings.

At nine o'clock, in the morning, the 31st, having a light breeze to the eastward, they cast off, and endeavoured to force through the ice; but, at noon, finding it too close to proceed, again moored to a field. In the afternoon they filled their casks with fresh water from the ice, which they found very pure and soft. The field of ice, to which both vessels were now moored, was found to be eight yards ten inches thick at one end, and seven yards eleven inches at the other. The ice closed fast, and was all round the ships; no opening to be any where seen, except a hole of about a mile and a half, where the ships lay fast to the ice, with ice-anchors. It being calm the greater part of the day, and the weather very fine, the ships companies amused themselves, almost the whole time, in playing on the ice. The pilots, however, finding themselves much farther than they had ever before penetrated, and reflecting on the advanced state of the season, seemed alarmed with apprehensions of being beset.

On the 1st of August, the ice pressed in so fast, that there was now not the smallest opening. The two ships were within less than two lengths of each other, neither of them having room to turn. The ice, which had been all flat the day before, and almost level with the water's edge, was now in many places forced higher than the main-yard by the pieces squeezing together. Their latitude this day at noon, by the double altitude, was eighty degrees thirty-seven minutes.

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On the 2d, it was thick, foggy, wet weather, the wind blowing fresh to the westward; but, though the ice immediately about the ships seemed rather looser than the day before, it hourly set in again so fast, that there appeared no probability of getting the ships out, without a strong east or north-east wind.

On the 3d, the weather being very fine, clear, and calm, they perceived that the ships had been driven far to the eastward. The ice, however, was much closer than before; and the passage by which they had come in from the westward quite closed up, with no open water any where in sight. At five in the morning, the pilots having expressed a wish to get, if possible, farther out, the ships companies were set to work, that they might cut away the ice, and warp through the small openings to the westward. They found the ice so very deep, that they were often obliged to saw through pieces twelve feet thick; and, after toiling in this manner the whole day, with all their utmost efforts, had not been able to move the ship above three hundred yards to the westward, through the ice. They had, in the mean time, been driven, with the ice field itself to which they were fast, to the north-east and eastward, by the current; which had also forced the loose ice from the westward between the islands, where it became what the Greenlandmen call packed, or one piece thrown up above another to a considerable height, and as firm as the main body.

On the 4th, it was quite calm, till the evening; when they were flattered with a light air to the eastward, which produced no favourable effect.

On the 5th, the probability of getting the ships out appearing every hour less, and the season being already far advanced, some speedy resolution became necessary for the preservation of the people. As the situation of the ships prevented them from seeing the state of the ice to the westward, by which, their future proceedings must be in a great measure determined, Captain Phipps sent Mr. Walden, one of his midshipmen, with two pilots, to an island twelve miles off, since distinguished, in the charts, by the name of Walden's Island, to see where the open water lay.

On the 6th, in the morning, Mr. Walden and the two pilots returned; with an account that the ice, though close all about the ships, was open to the westward, round the point by which they had got in. They also remarked that, on the island, they had the wind very fresh to the eastward, though it had been almost calm the whole time where the ships lay. This circumstance considerably lessened the hopes, hitherto entertained, of the immediate effect of an easterly wind in clearing the bay. Having now only one alternative; either patiently to wait the event of the weather on the ships, in hopes of getting them out, or to betake themselves to the boats. The ships had at this time driven into shoal water, having only fourteen fathom; and, should either the ships, or the ice to which they were fast, take the ground,

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they must be inevitably lost, and probably overset. The hopes of getting the ships out, however, were not hastily to be relinquished; nor, on the other hand, obstinately persisted in, till all other means of retreat were cut off. After a due consideration of the various difficulties which presented themselves in this perilous state, Captain Phipps thought it proper to send for the officers of both ships, and to inform them of his intention to prepare the boats for going away. They were, accordingly, hoisted out, and every precaution taken to make them secure and comfortable; which, however, would necessarily occupy some days. In the mean time, the water shoaling, and the ships driving fast towards the north-east rocks, a man was sent, with a lead and lines, from the Racehorse, to the northward, and another, from the Carcass, to the eastward, to sound, wherever they found cracks in the ice, that notice might be obtained before either the ships, or the ice to which they were fast, took the ground; as, in that case, they must, as before observed, instantly have been crushed or overset.

On the 7th, in the morning, Captain Phipps set off in the launch, which hauled much easier than was expected. After getting it about two miles, he returned with the people for their dinner; and, finding the ice rather more open near the ships, he was encouraged to attempt moving them. The wind, though little, being easterly, they set the sails, and got both ships about a mile to the westward. They moved, indeed, very slowly; but were not, now, by a great deal, so far to the westward as where they were beset. In the mean time, all the sail was kept on them, that they might force through whenever the ice in the smallest degree slacked. Though the people behaved very well in hauling the launches, and seemed reconciled to the idea of quitting the ships, having the fullest confidence in their officers; yet, as the boats could not, with the greatest diligence, be got to the water-side in less than a week, it was judiciously resolved to carry on both attempts together: moving the boats constantly, but without omitting any opportunity of getting the ships through.

On the 8th, Captain Phipps got his launch above three miles; but the weather being foggy, and the people having worked hard, he returned on board in the evening, and found the ships had moved something through the ice, while the ice itself had drifted still more to the westward.

On the 9th, in a thick morning fog, they moved the ships a little through some very small openings; and, in the afternoon, on it's clearing up, were agreeably surprised to find the ships had driven much more to the westward than they could have expected. Thus encouraged, they laboured hard all day; but got very little to the westward, through the ice, in comparison to what the ice itself had drifted. Having passed the launches, a number of men were sent to get them on board. Though the people were much fatigued, the progress which the ships had made through the ice was a most favourable event; and, notwithstanding the drift of the ice was an advantage which might be as suddenly lost as it had been unexpectedly gained, by a change in the current, they

began again to indulge hopes that a brisk gale of easterly wind might soon effectually clear them.

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On the 10th, the wind springing up, in the morning, to north north-east, they set all the sail they could, and forced through a great deal of very heavy ice. The ships, it is true, often struck excessively hard; and the Racehorse, with one stroke, broke the shank of the best bower anchor; but, about noon, they had the unspeakable happiness to get through all the ice, and were safely out at sea.

Accordingly, on the 11th, they came to an anchor in the harbour of Smeerenberg, where they were comfortably refreshed after their dreadful fatigues. The island where they lay is called Amsterdam Island, the westernmost point of which is Hacluyt's Headland. Here the Dutch once attempted to make an establishment, by leaving some people to winter, who all perished. The Dutch, however, still resort thither for the latter season of the whale-fishery; and it afforded a very excellent retreat to our adventurers, who remained there till the 20th.

After this, they made a few feeble attempts, but they were without hope of being able to penetrate farther. The summer had proved uncommonly favourable for the purpose; and, having enjoyed the fullest opportunity of repeatedly ascertaining the situation of that wall of ice which extends for more than twenty degrees, between the latitudes of eighty and eighty-one, without the smallest appearance of any opening, they were sufficiently satisfied of the impracticability of effecting any passage to the Pacific Ocean, and agreed on immediately returning to England.

In steering to the southward, they soon found the weather grow more mild; or, rather, as Captain Phipps expresses it, to their feelings, warm.

On the 24th of August, they perceived Jupiter; and the sight of a star was now become almost as extraordinary a phenomenon to them, as the sun at midnight had appeared on their first getting within the Arctic circle. For some part of their voyage back, the weather was very fine; but, from the 7th of September, when they were off Shetland, till the 24th, when they made Orfordness, they had hard gales of wind, with little intermission. In one of these violent gales, accompanied by a heavy sea, they lost three of their boats, and were obliged to throw two guns overboard.

Thus ended this famous voyage; happily, without the loss of a single person: and which was so far successful, at least, in accomplishing it's object, that it seems to have satisfactorily negatived the long-agitated question concerning the practicability of a north-east passage into the Pacific Ocean. Perhaps, however, the increasing civilization of nations who are nearer neighbours, may awaken the spirit of enterprise in some hardy bosom, and conduct a new adventurer farther over the vast plains of ice descried from the mountains on this occasion, by means of sledges, &c. as well as boats, both properly prepared and furnished, than it has ever yet been penetrated, or is ever likely to be penetrated, by ships and their customary boats

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alone. Not that any nearer approach to the pole, or even the discovery that it might be passed on solid ice, could ever facilitate, or render possible, the attainment of a way for navigating vessels through such insurmountable barriers of ice as nature has provided, at each pole, to sustain what may, perhaps, be denominated the two extremities of our globe. Still it would be desirable, not only as an object of curiosity, but of science. Those are much mistaken, who think there is nothing left for our posterity to discover.

“Whatever might be the decree of general satisfaction obtained from this voyage; which was so liberally fitted out by his majesty’s command, and so ably conducted by those skilful and intrepid commanders, Lord Mulgrave and Admiral Lutwidge: to such individuals as had undertaken it for the attainment of nautical knowledge, scientific experience, or even the gratification of laudable curiosity, it had afforded a very considerable degree of profit and delight, to compensate the difficulties and perils so successfully surmounted; and, to the youthful Nelson, whose aspiring mind was desirous of embracing the whole of these interesting objects, it proved a continued scene of pleasure.

At the dreadful period when they were so long fast in the ice, he had earnestly solicited, and at length obtained, the command of a four-oared cutter, with twelve men, ingeniously constructed for the purpose of exploring channels, and breaking the ice: yet, while in this perilous situation, such was the irresistible force of the large bodies of floating ice, that several acres square were often seen lifted up between two much larger pieces, and becoming, as it were, one with them; and, afterwards, the piece, so formed, acting in the same manner on a second and third; which would probably have continued to be the effect, till the whole bay had been so filled with ice that the different pieces could have had no possible motion, had not the stream taken an unexpected turn, and providentially set the ice out of the bay.

An anecdote is related, as a proof of that cool intrepidity which this young mariner possessed, even among scenes of such stupendous horror, which seems well worthy of being also exhibited as a fine picture of filial affection. During one of the clear nights common to these high northern latitudes, young Nelson, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the cold, was missing from the ship. Diligent search being immediately made after him in vain, he was given up for lost. As the rays of the rising sun, however, began to open the horizon, the adventurous youth was discovered, with astonishment, on the ice, at a considerable distance, anxiously pursuing a huge polar bear. He carried a musket in his hand; but, the lock being injured, the piece would not go off: he was, therefore, endeavouring to weary the animal, that he might be able to effect his purpose with the butt-end. Captain Lutwidge, who had been extremely uneasy during

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his absence, reprimanded him, on his return, for quitting the ship without leave; and asked, in a severe tone, what motive could possibly induce him to commit so rash an action? All the manliness of the hero now subsiding into the simplicity of the child—"I wished, Sir," replied the ingenuous youth, "to get the skin for my father!" An answer which, doubtless, not only obtained him the pardon, but the praise, of Captain Lutwidge; and confirmed that ardent friendship which ever after subsisted between them.

Captain Phipps, too, had seen enough of the young adventurer, during this voyage, to form a high opinion of his character; but he had, under his own more particular care, another youth of much promise, the present Rear-Admiral Philip D'Auvergne, Prince of Bouillon, who made several of the original drawings which were afterwards engraved and published in his celebrated Journal of the Voyage. Though this young gentleman, who had been placed under Captain Phipps's protection by his noble patron, Lord Howe, possessed the advantage of having received instructions in the arts and sciences to which Horatio was, at that time, almost a stranger, the latter had liberality enough not only to admire, but to applaud, the ingenuity which he witnessed in a youth four years older than himself. He was present when some of these sketches were taken, and viewed the process with delight and attention; particularly, that pleasing and accurate delineation of the celebrated iceberg in Amsterdam Island, opposite where the ships lay; which measured three hundred feet high, and out of which a cascade of water was then flowing.

It may not be improper to mention, that these icebergs are large bodies of ice which fill the vallies between the lofty mountains; and present, towards the sea, an almost perpendicular face of a very lively light green colour. In these regions, it will readily be conceived, the numerous black mountains, white snow, and beautiful green of the ice, must form a very romantic and peculiar picture. Large pieces frequently break off from these icebergs on the Coast; and fall, with great noise, into the water: one such piece, which was observed to have floated out into the bay, grounded in fourteen fathom; yet was still fifty feet above the surface of the water, and preserved all the lustre of it's enchanting original colour. Thus, amidst the dreariest scenes, has nature bounteously provided that there shall still be something to delight the eye; amidst the most imminent dangers, something to animate the heart.

The pleasures and the perils of this voyage, however, were now equally at an end; but it's beneficial effects, and it's agreeable recollections, were never to be eradicated or effaced.

In October 1773, the Racehorse and Carcass were both paid off; and these friends and companions, fully sensible of each other's worth, separated with sentiments of a sincere mutual esteem.

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Captain Suckling, as usual, welcomed the young hero on his return; and had the satisfaction to learn, from Captain Lutwidge, as well as from Captain Phipps, that his nephew was in all respects worthy of every encouragement that could be bestowed on him. There wanted not, however, this stimulus, in the bosom of that worthy man, to excite his affectionate regards for the promising son of his deceased sister. With the honest and feeling heart of a true British naval commander, he ever acted as a parent to all her children.

A squadron was, at this time, fitting out for the East Indies, under the command of Admiral Sir Edward Hughes. Horatio, delighted with the prospect of visiting regions so different from those which he had just quitted, and anxious to enjoy all the professional advantages derivable from so distant and interesting a voyage, earnestly solicited his esteemed uncle to obtain him a situation in one of the ships intended for this expedition. Captain Suckling, accordingly, procured him a birth under that gallant and able officer, Captain Farmer: who, since, in the year 1779, so nobly but unfortunately perished in the flames of the Quebec of thirty-two guns, which had accidentally taken fire, during it's engagement with La Surveillante of forty guns, off Ushant; which he refused to quit, though severely wounded, and was blown up with his ship, colours flying.

With this excellent commander, in the Sea-Horse of twenty guns, did the adventurous and heroic youth sail to the East Indies. He was, at first, stationed to watch in the fore-top; but Captain Farmer, who early discovered how very superior his abilities were to his age and appearance, soon placed him on the quarter-deck, and treated him with the most indulgent kindness. It may readily be supposed that, under such an officer, in the progress of a voyage to the East Indies, and the subsequent visits of the Sea-Horse to almost every part of the East Indies from Bengal to Bussorah, a youth of his talents must necessarily gain a large accession of nautical knowledge. Though there happened not, on this occasion, to be any opportunity offer for evincing the heroism and bravery of his mind, sufficient instances presented themselves of his unusual proficiency in seamanship, and of his mild and amiable manners, to conciliate the esteem not only of all with whom he more immediately acted, either as superiors, equals, or inferiors, but to attract the notice, and fix the friendly regards, of the commander in chief. From Sir Edward Hughes, he received many pleasing proofs of friendly attention, which he never forgot. He had, indeed, considerable claims to indulgence from his humane and generous superiors. The climate proved too powerfully relaxing for his delicate frame; and, braced as it had recently been, by the frozen atmosphere of the north, the sultry airs of these torrid regions were now rapidly undermining his constitution. Alarmed for the danger of a youth thus distant from his friends, whose life was ever precious, even from his tenderest infancy, to all who had opportunities of once knowing the goodness of his heart, Captain Farmer and Sir Edward Hughes united in recommending his return to England, as the only chance that remained for restoring him to health.

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Captain James Pigot, now Admiral of the White, was at that time coming home with the Dolphin of twenty guns. To this gentleman's care, Horatio was particularly recommended by Sir Edward Hughes; and such were the tender and humane attentions of the worthy commander, that he may be considered as having been greatly instrumental in the preservation of a life which has since proved so substantially beneficial to the country. Such, indeed, were the salutary effects of Admiral Pigot's soothing kindness, and generous aids, added to the gradual change of air experienced on the passage to England, that his young charge arrived almost entirely restored to health, and again visited his beloved uncle.

That worthy and gallant gentleman, who was now become Comptroller of the Navy, having succeeded Sir Hugh Palliser in April 1775, received him with his accustomed benignity. His tenderness was alarmed at the ravages which he beheld in his nephew's countenance; and he resolved that, if he could not instantly reinstate his vigour, he would at least endeavour to recruit his spirits by the choicest of all professional cordials, an immediate and merited promotion.

On the 24th of September 1776, the Dolphin was paid off at Woolwich; and, on the 26th of the same month, three days before his nephew completed his eighteenth year, he received, through the comptroller's influence, an order from Sir James Douglas, then commanding in chief at Portsmouth, to act as lieutenant, in the Worcester of sixty-four guns, under Captain Mark Robinson. This meritorious officer, who afterwards distinguished himself in Admiral Keppel's memorable action of the 27th of July 1778; as well as in that of Admiral Greaves, off the Chesapeake, the 5th of September 1781, where he lost a leg; was then under sailing orders for Gibraltar, with a convoy. He had too much merit of his own, not soon to discover it in another; and was so well satisfied with his young officer, as to place the utmost confidence in his skill and prudence.

Under this able commander, he remained at sea, with various convoys, till the 2d of April 1777; and Admiral Robinson—for this worthy man was, in consequence of his misfortune, placed on the list of superannuated rear-admirals—has often been heard to remark, that he felt equally easy, during the night, when it was young Nelson's turn to watch, as when the oldest officer on board had charge of the ship.

These flattering testimonials to the merits of his nephew, which never failed to be obtained from every commander under whom he had yet served, could not but prove highly gratifying to an uncle in whose estimation he had always been held so dear: who had first nurtured him for the profession; and who, as soon as he could wield a sword, had presented him with an honourable and well-tried one of his own, which he charged him never to relinquish but with life.

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The pleasure thus received by his delighted uncle, was constantly communicated to the venerable and worthy pastor of Burnham-Thorpe: and the anxieties of the father, for the perils to which his son must necessarily be exposed, were calmed by that pious resignation to the will of Heaven, in every situation of duty, with which he had early endeavoured to fortify the hearts of all his offspring; and which taught himself to hope, that perseverance in good would always be likely to receive the highest degree of requisite protection and safety. Nor did he fail, to correspond with his son, at every convenient opportunity; and to inculcate, in writing, those pious and paternal precepts which had so often flowed from his venerable and revered lips.

On the 8th of April 1777, within a single week of quitting the Worcester, this youth, who had not yet completed the nineteenth year of his age, passed his professional examination for a lieutenancy; and, on the day following, received his commission as second lieutenant of the Lowestoffe of thirty-two guns, commanded by Captain William Locker, since Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital, in which situation he died on the 26th of December 1800.

This ship, in consequence of the dispute with the American colonists, who had, on the 4th of July 1776, declared themselves free and independent states, under the name of the Thirteen United Provinces, and which terminated in their separation from the mother-country, was ordered to the West Indies; there to remain, as one of the squadron under the good and gallant Admiral Gayton: an old officer of such distinguished activity and success, that his cruisers captured, while he commanded on the Jamaica station, no less than two hundred and thirty-five American vessels.

The worthy Comptroller of the Navy having thus secured rank, and a prospect of active employ, for his meritorious nephew, they parted with most affectionate adieus, and in the fullest hopes of again meeting. This, however, was not to happen: they never more beheld each other! His uncle was elected member of parliament for Portsmouth, in 1778: and died, in the month of July, that year; leaving a handsome legacy to his nephew, as well as to all the rest of his sister's children.

Captain Locker, who was a very friendly man, as well as an intelligent and skilful commander, became greatly attached to his young lieutenant, and very liberal of scientific and professional instruction. The youth had been powerfully recommended; and, as usual, he recommended himself still more powerfully. On his voyage to Jamaica, therefore, where he had before sailed, in a merchantman, with his early friend Mr. Rathbone, he was now a second time receiving nautical instruction; nor did he at present feel inclined to cherish, whatever he might formerly have done, the smallest dread of any professional disappointments in the naval service of his country. He had been fortunate in patronage; and he had also been fortunate enough, through the circumspection of his excellent uncle, to have been constantly placed under none but skilful, brave, and worthy commanders.

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Shortly after the Lowestoffe's arrival at Jamaica, a circumstance took place, during a cruize off the island, which affords a striking proof of that inherent firmness of character, and cool presence of mind, for which this heroic youth was always remarkable.

In a strong gale of wind, and a heavy sea, an American letter of marque was discovered by Captain Locker; which, after a short chace, finding it could not escape, struck it's flag to the Lowestoffe. The captain, accordingly, ordered his first-lieutenant to board and take possession of the captured vessel; but, owing to the tremendous sea which was then running, he found himself unable, though a very brave man, to approach sufficiently near, with the boat, to get on board the prize, and had the extreme mortification of being obliged to go back without effecting his purpose. On his return to the Lowestoffe, Captain Locker, who was not a little chagrined at the disappointment, hastily exclaimed—"Have I, then, no officer who can board the prize?" The master, at hearing these words, instantly ran to the gangway, that he might jump into the boat; but the intrepid second-lieutenant, who had been full as attentive and alert as himself, suddenly stopped him—"It is my turn, now," cried young Nelson; "if I come back, too, it will be your's." He then leaped into the boat; and, from his superior expertness in managing it, soon contrived to get on board, and take possession of his first prize.

This, though no real disgrace to the first-lieutenant, was certainly a very high honour to such a stripling as the second; who owed his success, on the present occasion, as he did at many future periods, to the practical knowledge of seamanship which he had always, from his first entering on the service, been sagaciously solicitous to acquire. He seems to have been early of opinion, that a commander who is not capable of being a master, in every sense of the word, must always, necessarily, have a master, in it's worst sense, on board his own ship. This maxim is earnestly recommended to every British youth who enters into the naval service of his country.

Captain Locker was quite charmed with his young lieutenant, and heartily congratulated him on the event. He assured him of his constant friendship; and encouraged him always to ask any indulgence which it might be in his power to grant.

The Lowestoffe, from it's situation with the fleet, had at this time but small scope for active service, Lieutenant Nelson, therefore, ever anxious for professional employ, and ever thirsting for enlarged improvement in experimental seamanship, requested that Captain Locker would favour him with the command of the schooner which was attached as a tender to the frigate. This being readily complied with, he immediately proceeded, in that small vessel, to render himself a complete pilot for all the intricate passages of those islands, which are situated to the northward of St. Domingo, or Hispaniola, and known by the general appellation of the Keys; and soon became as familiarly acquainted with the navigation of them, as he had long been with that of the British channel.

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On the 3d of March 1778, Sir Peter Parker, who had, on the preceding 29th of January, been promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the White, arrived at Port Royal, in the Bristol of fifty guns; having been appointed to succeed the brave old Admiral Gayton, as commander in chief on the Jamaica station, who was desirous of retiring to England. He, accordingly, sailed; and, attended by his usual good fortune to the last, added another American capture, of considerable value, on his passage; making, in all, two hundred and thirty-six prizes.

The character which Lieutenant Nelson had acquired, occasioned him soon to be taken notice of by Sir Peter Parker; who immediately appointed him third-lieutenant of his own flag-ship, the Bristol. The pleasing manners of Lieutenant Nelson, added to his manifest spirit and talents, so perfectly gained the esteem of the commander in chief, as well as of his amiable and excellent lady, to whom he had been kindly introduced on shore, that he was promoted, in the course of a very few months, by the regular gradations, to be first-lieutenant, and even enabled to conclude his services in that rank.

On the 8th of December, in this very year, he was appointed, by Sir Peter Parker, Commander of the Badger brig; in which he was, shortly after, ordered to protect the Musquito shore, and the Bay of Honduras, from the depredations of American privateers. So ably did he acquit himself in the discharge of this duty, and so greatly had he endeared himself to the settlers during the short time he was among them, that they unanimously voted him their thanks for his services, and sensibly expressed their regrets at the necessity of his quitting the station.

While he commanded the Badger, being at anchor in Montego Bay, Jamaica, his majesty's ship the Glasgow, of twenty guns, Captain Thomas Lloyd, came into the bay. At six o'clock in the evening, about two hours and a half after it's arrival, the steward going down into the after-hold, with a lighted candle in his hand, for the purpose of clandestinely drawing some rum, carelessly set fire to the whole; and, notwithstanding every effort was immediately made by Captain Lloyd, his officers, and crew, the ship was entirely consumed. No sooner, however, did the humane and generous commander of the Badger perceive the nature of the disaster, than he hastened to the dreadful scene; and, by his unceasing exertions, and astonishing presence of mind, the crew were saved from the flames. At his suggestion, the powder was instantly ordered to be thrown overboard; a measure to which all the other ships in the harbour, and even the town itself, probably owed their preservation. The inhabitants, indeed, were thrown into great confusion on the occasion: for the ship's broadside lay towards the town, and all the guns were loaded; so that they went off as the fire approached them, and damaged several houses, but happily did no other execution. The only life lost, by this dreadful accident, was that of the master; who had been snatched out of the flames, miserably scorched, and died next morning on board the Badger. From the smallness of this vessel, it had no place to shelter such a number of men; and the constant rains experienced while sailing for Port Royal, greatly affected the health of the ship's company, who fell sick very fast: but, at length all the sufferers were landed in safety.

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The judgment and humanity manifested on this trying occasion, exhibited the heroic commander of this little brig in a new and amiable light. They obtained him the gratitude of every one belonging to the unfortunate ship, and the praise and admiration of all to whom the affair was related.

In the mean time, his friend, Captain Locker, of the Lowestoffe, who had been suffering ill health, from the climate, almost ever since his arrival, found it necessary, for the preservation of his existence, to quit that ship, and return to England, about the middle of the year 1779. It was soon after this period, that Sir Peter Parker, who was in February advanced to be Vice-Admiral of the Blue, detached a small squadron, among which was the Lowestoffe, then commanded by Captain Charles Parker, for the purpose of intercepting some Spanish register-ships, in the Bay of Dulce. The British squadron, under the Honourable Captain John Luttrell, found that these register-ships had taken shelter under the strong fortress of St. Fernando de Omoa, which is situated on the south side of the Bay of Honduras, and on the Gulph of Dulce: but, fortunately falling in with the Porcupine sloop, Captain Pakenham, which had a short time before been sent to co-operate with a small detachment of troops under the command of Captain Dalrymple, dispatched by the Governor of Jamaica, to drive away the Spaniards from infesting the baymen on the Musquito and Bay of Honduras shores, which service they had completely effected, it was judiciously agreed, between the naval and military commanders, to unite their forces, and proceed immediately to the attack of Fort Omoa, Accordingly, on the 16th of October, they stormed and carried the fort: taking, and carrying away, the register-ships, on board of which were about three millions of piastres; as well as two hundred and fifty quintals of quicksilver, found on shore in the fortress. From the advantages of participating in this brilliant enterprise, Captain Locker had been thus deprived by want of health; and his second lieutenant, singular as it may seem, by an excess of patronage.

While these transactions were taking place, however, Captain Nelson had, on the 11th of June 1779, obtained his post-rank, through the same generous influence as withdrew him from the now fortunate Lowestoffe. He had, therefore, neither reason nor inclination to complain, for he had not yet completed his twenty-first year. In the bloom and vigour of youth, with an age of experience in the service, acquired within nine years, he was well qualified for the situation to which he had been thus liberally promoted.

The possession of Fort Omoa continued little more than a month. A considerable body of Spaniards invested it, on the 28th of November; and the garrison and crew of the Porcupine, left for it's protection, were so reduced by a pestilential disorder which raged among them, that they were constrained to evacuate the fort, after spiking the guns and embarking the ammunition and stores.

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The first ship to which Captain Nelson was appointed, after his advancement to post rank, was the Hinchinbroke. Soon after which, in July 1779, the report of an intended expedition against Jamaica, by Count D’Estaigne, with a fleet of one hundred and twenty-five sail, men of war and transports; and having, as it was said, twenty-five thousand troops ready to embark, at the Cape; occasioned every exertion to be used for the defence of the island: and, such was the general confidence in the skill and bravery of Captain Nelson, that both the admiral and the governor agreed to entrust him with the command of the battery of Fort Charles, considered as one of the most important posts in Jamaica.

This threatened invasion, however, was never attempted: and, in the month of January 1780, an expedition began to be prepared, from Jamaica, against the Spanish territories in America.

Of this important undertaking, in which Captain Nelson bore so distinguished a part, a most interesting account has been given by Dr. Moseley, Physician to Chelsea Hospital, in his celebrated Treatise on Tropical Diseases, on Military Operations, and on the Climate of the West Indies. This gentleman was then Surgeon-General of the Island of Jamaica; and, from his intimacy with Captain Nelson, had every opportunity of knowing all such particulars as did not come under his own immediate observation. It’s uncommon excellence, notwithstanding it’s extreme length as an extract, will prevent it’s seeming tedious.

“This expedition,” says Dr. Moseley, “was directed by General Dalling, at that time Governor of Jamaica. The plan, wherever it originated, was judiciously designed; and highly approved by Lord George Germaine, then Secretary of State for the American Department.” “The intent was, to cut off the communication of the Spaniards, between their Northern and Southern American dominions, by El Rio San Juan—or, the River St. John, as it is called by us—and the Lake Nicaragua; from the interior boundary of which, to the South Sea, is only four or five leagues, through a level country. Thus, a connection from the northern to the southern sea, was to have been kept up by us; a chain of posts established; and a communication opened, and protected, with an extensive coast, and all the richest, provinces of South America.” “Every person acquainted with the geography of the Spanish territories, of the defenceless state of this approach to them, and of the insurrections that had then actually taken place in Santa Fe, Popayan, and many parts of Peru, formed the most sanguine expectations. Happy was every man who had hopes of bearing any part in the enterprise. Enthusiasm was never carried to greater height, than by those who had promised to themselves the glory of shaking Spain to her foundation. The colours of England were, in their imagination, already even on the walls of Lima.

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“And so, indeed, they might have been, had General Dalling met with no obstacles in arranging the business in Jamaica: and, had there been no delay in sending out the force from England; which did not arrive till August, when it ought to have been on the Spanish Main in January.

“The obstacles experienced by General Dalling, were many; and, from various causes.

“A long continued martial law, and military preparations against a threatened invasion by the French, had almost exhausted the island of military stores and provisions. There was but little of either, excepting in the king’s ordnance and victualling magazines. Over these the admiral claimed an exclusive command and controul, and exercised his authority.” This embarrassment, not to be viewed without regret, was however in a great measure surmounted, by the powerful resources, and spirited exertions, of a worthy and disinterested individual, Hercules Ross, Esq. a merchant of Kingston, who enabled the general to carry his government’s orders into execution. “Misunderstandings, opposition, and delays, the ruin of many military operations, were the origin of the failure of this. But even these perplexities and disappointments, great as they were, would not have defeated the expedition; or, at least, the Spaniards might have been saddled with the expence of it; if we could only have made a lodgment on the lake, to have kept open the river: which might have been done, had the first detachment that General Dalling sent taken San Juan Castle in two hours, instead of sitting down formally before it for eleven days.” The first detachment, consisting of about two hundred men, from the sixtieth and seventy-ninth regiments; one hundred of the Loyal Irish Corps; and two hundred Jamaica Volunteers; left Jamaica, under the convoy of the Hinchinbroke, on the 3d of February 1780; and directed their course to the Musquito shore, to take with them some of the Musquito Indians, who were waiting for their arrival.

“On the 11th of February, they arrived at Cape Gracias a Dios; disembarked, and encamped about a mile from the sea, on Wank’s Savanna; an unhealthful situation.

“Here they were joined by a party of men from the seventy-ninth regiment, from Black River.

“On the 10th of March, the troops re-embarked, and took their departure from Cape Gracias a Dios; and anchored at several places on the Musquito shore, to take up our allies, the Indians, who were to furnish proper boats for the service of the river, and to proceed with them on the expedition: and, on the 24th of March, they arrived at the River San Juan.

“San Juan river is the northern branch, or mouth of Lake Nicaragua; and is situated in north latitude twelve degrees, west longitude eighty-three degrees forty-five minutes.

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“The heat of the climate must necessarily be excessive; and this is augmented, in the course of the river, by high woods, without sufficient intervals, in many places, to admit of being refreshed by the winds.” The river has, in its course, many noisome marshes on its sides; and the trees are so thick, as to intercept the rays of the sun: consequently, the earth beneath their branches is covered with rotten leaves and putrid vegetables. Hence arise copious collections of foul vapours, which clog the atmosphere. These unite with large clouds, and precipitate in rains. The rains are no sooner over, than the sun breaks forth, and shines with scorching heat. The surface of the ground, in places not covered with trees, is scarcely dry, before the atmosphere is again loaded by another collection of clouds and exhalations, and the sun is again concealed. “In the rainy seasons of the year, months successively pass away in this sort of vicissitudes, without the least diminution of heat; excepting at nights, when the air is poisoned by noxious chilling dews. But, sometimes, during the periodical rains, which begin about the middle of April, and with uncertain intervals of dry weather end late in November, the torrents of water that fall, for weeks together, are prodigious, which give the river a tremendous aspect; and, from their suddenness and impetuosity, cannot be imagined, by a European, to portend any thing but a deluge. This bursting of the waters above, and the raging of the river below, with the blackness of the nights, accompanied with horrid tempests of lightning and thunder, constitute a magnificent scene of terror unknown but in the tropic world.” Of the little army destined for the San Juan expedition after some delay at the mouth of the river, two hundred regulars, with ammunition and stores; proceeded up the river with the Indians, in their several crafts. It being now near the end of the dry season, the river contained very little water, and the shoals and sandy beaches rendered the passage difficult. The men were frequently obliged to quit their boats, and unite their strength in the water, to get them through some shallow channels. This labour continued for several days after they left the mouth of the river, till they arrived in deeper water; then, they made a quicker progress. However, they met with many obstacles, by currents, and occasional rapids or falls; which would have been insurmountable, but for the skill of the Indians in managing the boats on those occasions.

“On the 9th of April, this advanced party arrived at a little island up the river, called St. Bartholomew; which they took, after receiving a few shot from the enemy, by which two men were wounded.

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"This island is situated about sixteen miles below San Juan castle; and was occupied by the Spaniards as a look-out, and defended by sixteen or eighteen men, in a small semicircular battery of nine or ten swivels. It was necessary for our purposes, as it commands the navigation of the river in a rapid and difficult part of it." On the 11th of April, the troops arrived before the Castle of San Juan; and, on the 13th, the siege commenced. The ammunition and stores were landed two or three miles below the castle; and transported through the back woods, to the place where the attack began. San Juan castle is situated sixty-nine miles up the river, from the mouth, and thirty-two from the Lake of Nicaragua; and, is a navigation of nine days: but, for loaded boats, much longer, from the harbour up to it. The return from it, down by the current, is made in a day and a half.

"On the 24th of April, the castle surrendered. During the siege, two or three more were killed, and nine or ten wounded.

"From the unfortunate delay before the castle, which surrendered when it was summoned, the season for the spring periodical rains, with their concomitant diseases, was now advanced: and the little army had lost the opportunity of pushing rapidly on, out of those horrid woods—where there are a multitude of antelopes, monkeys, parrots, vipers, and deadly venomous serpents—by which they were environed, to the dry, pleasant, and healthful plains, and agreeable towns, of Grenada and Leon, near the lake, in the province of Nicaragua; which, from it's salubrity and situation, is justly termed, by the Spaniards, Mahomet's Paradise: and where they might have maintained themselves, with the reinforcement which followed them from Jamaica on the 10th of April, till a road for carriages might have been made from Blue Fields Harbour to the lake, and the season would have permitted farther reinforcement, for the completion of a glorious enterprise; as the natives of the country were ready to revolt, and only waited for a prospect of success. But here they were shut up in the castle, as soon as they were in possession of it. The troops and Indians were attacked with fluxes, and intermittents, and in want of almost every necessary: for the river was become so swollen and rapid by the rains, that the harbour where the provisions and stores were was tedious, and almost impracticable. Here the troops, deserted by those Indians who had not already perished, languished in extreme misery, and gradually mouldered away; till there was not sufficient strength alive to attend the sick, nor even to bury the dead." Thus reduced, in the month of September, they were obliged to abandon their flattering conquest, and return to the harbour: leaving a few men behind, who were the most likely to live, to keep possession of the castle, if possible, till farther orders should be received from Jamaica.

"The Spaniards re-took the castle, as soon as the season permitted; and, with it, those who had not strength enough to make their escape.

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“The crews of the vessels and transports that convoyed and carried the troops, suffered considerably by diseases which the season produced, while lying on the coast, and a thousand seamen lost their lives.” Of about eighteen hundred people who were sent to different posts, at different embarkations, to connect and form the various dependencies of this expedition, few of the Europeans retained their health above sixteen days, and not more than three hundred and eighty ever returned; and those, chiefly, in a miserable condition. It was otherwise with the negroes who were employed on this occasion. Few of them were ill; and the remainder returned to Jamaica in as good health as they went from it.

“The survivors of the party, after they left San Juan Castle, embarked for Blue Fields, an English settlement about sixty miles to the north of San Juan River, where most of them died.

“The climate of San Juan was not more destructive to the human frame, than the harbour was to the ships: and, for the benefit of future naval operations, I think it is important to mention, here, that there is an absolute necessity for having every vessel employed on that coast copper-bottomed; especially, when there is a probability of detention: for, in our expedition, the bottoms of the ships, not being coppered, which went with the first equipment from Jamaica, were in a short time so entirely eaten by the worms, as to become useless; and, had not fresh ships been dispatched from Jamaica, the remains of the troops must have perished there, for want of transports to bring them away.” Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronte, then Captain Nelson, was the person who commanded the Hinchinbroke man of war, the convoy of the expedition. On his authority I state, that the fever which destroyed the crews of the different vessels, invariably attacked them from about twenty to thirty days after their arrival in the harbour: that, in his own ship, of two hundred men, eighty-seven were seized, and confined to their beds, in one night; that one hundred and forty-five were buried there; and, that not more than ten survived the expedition! “In mentioning this illustrious character,” adds Dr. Moseley, “to whose skill and valour the British empire is so much indebted, I cannot conceal, that I have great pleasure in recording, that it was on our San Juan expedition he commenced his career of glory.” His capacious mind gave, on this dangerous and dreadful service, an early specimen of those splendid elements, which have since decorated, with never-fading laurels, the English naval military fame; with deeds unparalleled in history, with achievements beyond the hope of envy. “When the unfortunate contentions alluded to had diffused their pernicious effects, slackened the ardour for the public-service, and

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destroyed the success of the expedition by anticipation, he did not suffer any narrow party spirit to influence his conduct. He was as zealous as intrepid. "His country's honour, was his party! A brilliant example to all military men. He did more than what he might, if he chose, have considered as his duty. Where any thing was to be done, he saw no difficulties.

"Not contented with having carried the armament safe to the harbour of San Juan, he accompanied and assisted the troops in all their difficulties, and remained with them till the castle surrendered.

"He was the first on shore, at the attack of St. Bartholomew, followed by a few brave seamen and soldiers, in the face of a severe fire. The undauntedness of the act frightened the Spaniards; who, from the nature of the ground, might have put him and his party to death: but they ran away, and abandoned the battery." By his example and perseverance, the Indians and seamen were encouraged through their toil, in forcing the boats, against the current, up the river: otherwise, not a man would have seen San Juan Castle. When they arrived at the castle—as prompt in thought, as bold in action—he advised the carrying it, instantly, by assault. That his advice was not followed, this recital is a lamentable testimony!"

Such is the grand outline of Dr. Moseley's history of this unfortunate expedition; in the miscarriage of which, it must not be dissembled that, among other causes, Colonel Polson appears in some degree inculpated. It cannot, therefore, be improper to add, at least, the account which the Colonel himself officially transmitted to Governor Dalling, the day after the surrender of Fort Juan; and which, on the 18th of July 1780, appeared in the London Gazette. His liberal praises of Captain Nelson, the first ever conveyed to the public, or possibly to government, would alone render it sufficiently interesting.

"When I reached Cape Gracias a Dios, there was not an Indian to be seen: some villains, there, having taken pains to persuade them, that the English army had come merely with an intent of enslaving them, and sending them to Jamaica. It was, therefore, some time, before any of them ventured to come in. I took the opportunity of sending them small presents, by one of their people who had ventured down to observe our motions. He, being acquainted with Mr. Campbell, was undeceived by him, and brought to me; which had the desired effect, as most of the tribes came in very soon after." Your excellency's letter of the 17th of March, I received the 20th, just as I entered the River St. John. I shall ever retain a grateful sense of the sentiments you were therein pleased to express for me: and I am sorry that the many delays I met at the cape, and other places between that and the harbour of St. John, from the want of craft, and the

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backwardness of the Indians in coming out, prevented my operations keeping pace with your excellency's expectations. I, however, hope you will do me the justice to believe, that no time was lost, which could possibly be saved, situated as I was. It was the 3d of March, before any Black River crafts arrived, and they were the only ones then provided. It is true, the Indian governor promised a great many: but, when I came to his country, there was not a single one ready; and I got them, at last, with very great difficulty. The superintendant was entirely deceived by the Indians, in the number of crafts and men; and still more so, in point of time. "Captain Nelson, then of the Hinchinbroke, came up with thirty-four seamen, a serjeant, and twelve marines. I want words to express the obligations I owe that gentleman. He was the first, on every service, whether by day or by night. There was scarcely a gun fired, but was pointed by him, or Captain Despard, chief engineer, who has exerted himself on every occasion. I am persuaded, if our shot had held out, we should have had the fort a week sooner. As Captain Nelson goes to Jamaica, he can inform you of every delay, and point of service, as well as I could; for, he knows my very thoughts. "The bearer, Lieutenant Mounsey, can inform your excellency of many things that may escape my memory. He is a very good officer, and commanded the party I sent to reconnoitre the look-out: and began the attack of it, in concert with Captain Despard and Captain Nelson; who, with his seamen, volunteered that duty."

It is easy to perceive, at this early period, the singular heroism of Captain Nelson's character; as well in the slight but forcible delineation, sketched on the instant by Colonel Polson, as in the more leisurely and finished picture of Dr. Moseley's masterly composition.

In both, we behold him seeking every opportunity to assist the enterprise, with the most magnanimous zeal, and the soundest discretion. Without his vigorous and skilful exertions, indeed, as Dr. Moseley remarks, it is more than probable that not a man among them would ever have reached San Juan Castle.

It was at the period while this brave and good man was thus honourably and actively engaged, that a circumstance occurred, which seems to indicate that he must have been under the peculiar protection of Providence.

Having, one night, as was usual with him, while proceeding by land to the scene of action, had his cot slung between two trees, he slept very soundly till the morning; when he was early awakened, and not a little startled, by a lizard's passing over his face. He now suddenly arose; and, on hastily turning down the bed-cloaths, a large snake was discovered lying at his feet, without having offered him the smallest injury, though it was of a well known venomous species. The surrounding Indians, who beheld this singular

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spectacle with astonishment—like the barbarians of Melita, when the Apostle Paul shook off the viper—began to consider him as a sort of divinity, and determined to follow him wherever he went. They now, in fact, eagerly flocked after him, in crowds, with the idea that no harm could possibly come to them while they were in his presence. This occurrence, therefore, independent of its extreme singularity, had an effect very favourable to the purposes of the expedition.

Though, however. Captain Nelson providentially escaped not only the venom of the snake, but the pestilential catastrophe which afterwards befel almost every individual of his unfortunate ship's company, as well as the land forces with whom he entered Fort Juan; he was, nevertheless, in a few days, violently seized with the contagion: and, fatigued and disappointed as he had been, in the attainment of what now manifestly appeared to him of little or no consequence, for even the treasure of the castle had been removed before its surrender, he was sinking fast to the grave; with scarcely a hope, or even a wish, to survive the brave fellows who were every day falling around him.

While he lay in this deplorable state, the reinforcement of troops which had immediately been sent from Jamaica, on the first news of the surrender of Fort Juan, brought intelligence that Captain Bonnovier Glover, the commander of the Janus of forty-four guns, died on the 21st of March, and that Sir Peter Parker had appointed Captain Nelson to succeed him. This kind promotion, he has been often heard to say, certainly saved his life. He immediately sailed to Jamaica, on board the Victor sloop, that he might take possession of the Janus; and hope, that never entirely abandoned him, began again to invigorate his heart. His spirits, however, were always beyond his strength; though that, when in full health, was by no means feeble, as his country's enemies had many subsequent opportunities to experience.

The air of Jamaica, though far less unwholesome than that which he had just quitted on the Spanish main, is not very invigorating to European constitutions; and, instead of its restoring him, he every day grew worse and worse. Sir Peter Parker, therefore, kindly invited him to make a home of his penn, which is the name of a West Indian villa; where he received the most friendly attentions from Lady Parker, and the skilfullest medicinal aids. All, however, proved ineffectual. His extreme anxiety to get on board the ship to which he had been so honourably appointed, tended now to augment his indisposition; and he was reluctantly compelled, like his worthy friend, Captain Locker, to depart for England. This, too, unwilling to resign his ship, he positively declared, till the last, he never would do, while a single person could be found who was of opinion that he might possibly recover without quitting the island. No such person was obtainable; and, accordingly, in a state of the most extreme debility, towards the close of this year, he returned home, in his majesty's ship the Lion, commanded by the Honourable William

Cornwallis, the now celebrated admiral; whose kind care and attention, during their passage, greatly contributed to preserve his valuable life.

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On his arrival in England, though then barely in existence, and almost wholly without the use of his limbs, such was the excessive ardour of his mind for employ, that nothing could prevent him from being immediately carried to the Admiralty, and applying for a ship. "This they readily promised me," he jocosely observed, soon after, to one of his relations, "thinking it not possible for me to live."

He now went, directly, to Bath: where he was, at first, under the necessity of being carried to the springs, and wherever else he wanted to go; and, for several weeks afterwards, constrained to use crutches. These, however, he at length threw aside, much sooner than his friends at the Admiralty had expected; though it was nearly three months before he entirely recovered the use of his limbs. In a letter which he wrote, from this place, dated February 15, 1781, to his friend Captain Locker, he observes that he is, thank God, very near perfectly restored; having the complete use of all his limbs, except his left arm, of which he can hardly tell the ailment: from the shoulder to his fingers ends felt as if half dead, but the faculty gave him hopes that it would all go off. He expresses his anxiety to be employed; and, as if willing to demonstrate that his spirits were more lively than his limb, he says, with considerable pleasantry and wit, speaking of three portraits—one of the present Admiral George Montague, another of Sir Charles Pole, and the third of himself, which was then painting by Mr. Rigaud as a present for Captain Locker—"I hope, when I come to town, to see a fine *trio* in your room. When you get the pictures, I must be in the middle; for, God knows, without good *supporters*, I shall fall to the ground."

After the restoration of his health, he paid a visit to his worthy and venerable father, at Burnham-Thorpe; as well as to his amiable eldest sister, then recently married to Mr. Bolton, who resided at Wells, about five miles distant, and other relatives and friends in the county of Norfolk: few of whom, except his father, had ever once beheld him for the last eleven years. The felicity of such a meeting is not to be described, and it can only be conceived by those who have experienced similar sensations.

At length, in August 1781, Captain Nelson was appointed to the command of the *Albemarle* of twenty-eight guns. In this ship, which had been a French merchantman, captured two years before, and purchased for the king's service, his delicate constitution underwent a new and severe trial; being employed, the whole winter, convoying and cruising in the North Seas. The inconvenience, too, as well as the dangers, of this service, were in no slight degree augmented, by the mast's having been made much too long for the ship; a circumstance which had, at several times, nearly occasioned it to be overset. These perils, too, were wholly unattended with what may be denominated any success; as the Dutch, the greater part of the time, had not a single trading vessel at sea: and, though a privateer, said to be the noted pirate, *Fall*, stole into the fleet which the *Albemarle* was convoying, it got clear off, after an hour's chase, owing to the necessity of Captain Nelson's returning to the unprotected ships.

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On their arrival in England, the mast was taken out, and properly shortened; and, such other improvements being made, as suggested themselves to the captain, it was, at length, far from a bad old ship. He always, however, humorously insisted, that the French had taught the Albemarle to run away; as it was never a good sailer, except when going directly before the wind.

In March 1782, he was ordered to Cork; to join the *Daedalus*, Captain Thomas Pringle, and go with a convoy to Quebec, where they were expected to winter. This was another severe blow at his tender frame, which had been so buffeted all the late season. He had, indeed, great reason to dread it's effects, and wished much to be off of this voyage; but, though he did not doubt that, if he had a little time, he might get another ship—especially, as his friend, Surgeon Adair, who also attended Admiral Keppel, had declared that, if he were sent to a cold climate, it would make him worse than ever—having received his orders from Lord Sandwich, he could not avoid thinking it wrong to ask Admiral Keppel to alter them. Such was his high sense of propriety, and so little his self-consideration.

On the 27th of May, Captain Nelson arrived in St. John's Harbour, Newfoundland, with four sail of the convoy; having parted with the *Daedalus*, twenty days before, three hundred leagues to the eastward of Cape Clear, in a hard gale of wind.

On the 3d of June, hearing that the remainder of the Quebec fleet had arrived at a harbour some leagues to the leeward, he sailed to join them; and, without losing a single vessel, they reached the place of destination on the 1st of July.

The third day after their arrival, he was ordered on a cruize off Boston; from which he returned to Quebec on the 17th of September, with the whole crew almost devoured by the scurvy. Himself and all the officers had, for eight weeks together, lived on salt beef; nor had the ship's company enjoyed a single fresh meal since the beginning of April.

During the greater part of this time, he had made a point of contriving to see Boston steeple every morning; where he watched for vessels, as they sailed in and out of the harbour.

Though this cruize was of the unsuccessful sort, not a single prize being brought into port, they took, saw, and destroyed, more enemies than are often met with in the same space of time. Some of the prizes taken, and one of them of considerable value, were lost by the mismanagement of the prize-masters. That of the principal one, was occasioned by the intoxication of the captors; who had, indiscreetly, made too free with the wine on board.

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"I do not, however," said he, in a letter to Captain Locker, "repine at our loss; we have, in other respects, been very fortunate: for, on the 14th of August, we fell in with, in Boston Bay, four sail of the line, and the Iris frigate, part of Monsieur Vaudreuil's squadron, who gave us a pretty dance for nine or ten hours. But we beat all, except the frigate; and, though we brought to for her, after we were out of sight of the line of battle ships, she tacked and stood from us. Our escape I think wonderful. They were, on the clearing up of a fog, within shot of us; and chased us, the whole time, about one point from the wind. The frigate, I fancy, had not forgotten the dressing Captain Salter had given the Amazon, for daring to leave the line of battle ships."

This is the hero's own modest account of the affair: but, in truth, he might have assumed all the merit of his escape. The pretty dance he mentions, was led and concluded, by himself, with consummate skill and address, among the shoals of St. George's Bank; where the line of battle ships were unable to follow, had they even possessed his skill in pilotage. They, therefore, at length, quitted the pursuit: though the frigate, for some time after, continued to persevere; and had, about sun-set, even approached within little more than gun-shot. At this time, overhearing some of his men remark to one another, that they thought, as the line of battle ships were not following, they should be able to manage the frigate, he immediately told his brave fellows, in the most kind and encouraging language, that he would, at least, give them an opportunity to try for it: and, ordering the main-top-sail to be instantly laid to the mast, the French frigate no sooner beheld them thus bringing to, to engage, than it suddenly tacked, and bore away to rejoin it's consorts. The ascription of this French pusillanimity, to Captain Salter's gallant chastisement of the Amazon, on a similar occasion, is a very refined compliment to that deserving officer, and an admirable specimen of Captain Nelson's excessive candour and humility; while the acknowledgment that he had, "in other respects, been very fortunate," displays the genuine operation of nature in a valorous British bosom, so successfully described by Goldsmith, in his admirable tale of the Disabled Veteran.

It was at Quebec that Captain Nelson and Alexander Davison, Esq. commenced that friendship which was continued, on his part, to what may be considered as the last moment of his life; and which, on the part of Mr Davison, extending beyond the grave, still survives for all who were dear to him, and to every thing that regards a due veneration of his memory.

In less than a month, while comfortably situated at Quebec, chiefly residing on shore at Mr. Davison's, with no other expectations, or desire, than those of returning to England, the arrival of the Drake sloop, and Cockatrice cutter, brought directions for the transports to be fitted for the reception of troops, and sent to New York; in consequence of which, Captain Nelson was ordered to conduct the fleet thither. This, as he observed, in the letter last quoted, dated from the Isle of Bec, in the River St. Lawrence, was "a very *pretty job*, at this late season of the year; for our sails are," adds he, "at this moment frozen to the yards."

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On arriving at New York, about the beginning of November, where he found Lord Hood, he requested that admiral would take him to the West Indies. Lord Hood, accordingly, wrote to Admiral Digby, who was commander in Chief at New York; and, he was, in consequence, to have sailed with the fleet: but, for some private reasons, when his ship was under sail from New York, to join Lord Hood, Captain Nelson was sent for, on shore; and informed, that he was to be kept forty-eight hours after the sailing of the fleet. Though this is said to have been for his own individual advantage, he felt much disappointed at not sailing with the fleet. In the mean time, Lord Hood had highly praised him, in a very liberal letter, for wishing to go off this station, to a station of service, concluding with the most encouraging assurances of friendship.

Without pretending to penetrate into all that relates to the private reasons above stated, it is certain that Lord Hood was desirous to have Captain Nelson, and that Admiral Digby was unwilling to part with him: so sensible, at this early period, were both these commanders of his value. The contest, however, was at length concluded, by Admiral Hood's agreeing to leave a ship of nearly double the force for the Albemarle; which, after all, Admiral Digby is said to have scarcely considered as sufficient.

On joining the fleet, Lord Hood's notice of Captain Nelson was in the highest degree flattering to so young a man. He actually treated him as a son, and was always ready to grant him every thing that he could ask. Prince William Henry, too, as the Duke of Clarence was then called, having recently entered into the navy under Admiral Digby, contracted a strong friendship for Captain Nelson, which was ever retained. Lord Hood even told the prince, on first introducing them to each other, that if he wished to ask any questions relative to naval tactics, Captain Nelson could give him as much information as any officer in the fleet. This was, indeed, acting the part of a professional father to both the young men.

In a letter from Cape Tiberoon, dated February 25, 1783, written by Captain Nelson to his friend Captain Locker, from which some of the above facts are also extracted, he says, speaking of the Duke of Clarence—"He will be, I am certain, an ornament to our service. He is a seaman; which, perhaps, you would hardly suppose: every other qualification you may expect from him. A vast deal of notice has been taken of him at Jamaica: he has been addressed by the Council, and the House of Assembly were to address him the day after I sailed. He has his levees at Spanish Town; they are all highly delighted with him. With the best temper, and great good sense, he cannot fail being pleasing to every one."

What a pity it is, that any impediment should have ever prevailed against the royal duke's taking an active command!

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Some time after Captain Nelson had joined Lord Hood, in the West Indies, the admiral having received several contradictory accounts of the number of the enemy's ships at the Havannah, and being consequently unable to rely on such varying reports, was desirous of sending, for the requisite information, one on whom he well knew he might safely depend. Accordingly, Captain Nelson was dispatched on this business, which he executed with his usual adroitness and success. He reflected that the Albemarle, from it's having been formerly a French ship, might still be taken for one on this occasion. Having, therefore, sailed for the Spanish main, he hoisted French colours, and lay off the Havannah harbour. While he remained in this situation, a boat filled with scientific gentlemen, who had been collecting curious plants, and other natural rarities, on the Spanish main, happening to pass near, he ordered them to be hailed, and invited aboard. From these persons, who had no suspicion that this French-built vessel, and under a French flag, being addressed also in that language, was any other than it pretended to be, very readily mentioned all the particulars relative to the force and number of the ships in the harbour: their astonishment, however, is not to be described, when they found themselves prisoners of war, on board an English frigate. The worthy captain soon satisfied them, that they had not fallen into the hands of free-booters; and, in consideration of the scientific pursuits in which they were manifestly engaged, the manner in which they had been captured, and the requisite information with which they had faithfully furnished him, he told them, in the handsomest way possible, after regaling them on board for some time, that they should be at liberty to depart whenever they pleased, with their boat and all it contained, on their parole of honour, to be considered as prisoners, if his commander in chief should refuse to acquiesce in their being thus liberated, which he did not think at all likely to happen. Struck with such generosity of sentiment, they earnestly entreated him to take whatever might be most acceptable from their collection of natural curiosities, or any thing else they had to offer; but he positively declined receiving any reward for doing what he felt to be his duty under all the circumstances of the case, and they parted with mutual good wishes for each other's felicity. It will hereafter appear, that this generous act was performed to one, at least, of the party, who retained a very grateful sense of the indulgence.

Captain Nelson continued actively employed in the West Indies, till the Peace of 1783; but Lord Rodney's famous victory of the 12th of April 1782, which led finally to that event, had so completely damped the ardour of the enemy, that little or nothing farther occurred, worthy of particular notice. At the conclusion of the war, he had the honour of attending his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence on a visit which he paid to the Governor of the Havannah; a circumstance which contributed still more powerfully to cement their mutual friendship. From hence, being under orders to return home, he sailed for England, where he safely arrived; and his ship was paid off, at Portsmouth, about the first week in July 1783.

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In such estimation was this brave and worthy man held, even at that period, by those who had the best opportunities of judging, that the whole of his ship's company offered, if he could get a ship, to enter for it immediately. Nor can we wonder at this attachment, when we behold him, on shore, after the conclusion of their services, employing all his activity and address in attempts to get the wages due to his good fellows, as he kindly called them, for various ships in which they had served during the war. The infernal plan of turning them over from ship to ship, he frequently declared, occasioned the chief disgust which seamen have to the navy; and both prevented them from being attached to their officers, and their officers from caring two-pence about them.

A few days after the Albemarle was paid off, Lord Hood introduced Captain Nelson at St. James's; where he remarked that the king was exceedingly attentive to what his lordship said. The beginning of the week following, he went to Windsor; and there took leave of the Duke of Clarence, who was then about to embark for the continent.

As Captain Nelson had now no thoughts of going to sea; his fortune not permitting him to live on board a king's ship, to use his own words, "in such a manner as is going on at present;" after again visiting his family and friends in Norfolk, he agreed to reside a short time in France, with Captain Macnamara, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the French language.

Sterne's Sentimental Journey, he said, was the best description he could give of this tour. He was highly diverted by looking what a curious figure the postillions, in their jack boots, and their rats of horses, made together. He was told that they travelled *en poste*, but did not get on above four miles an hour. Their chaises were without springs, and the roads paved like London streets. They were shewn into an inn, as the Frenchmen called it; but he thought it more like a pig-stye: there, in a room with two straw beds, they had two pigeons for supper, on a dirty cloth, with wooden handled knives. "Oh!" exclaimed he, "what a transition from happy England!" But they laughed at the repast; and went to bed with a determination that nothing should ruffle their temper. In their way to St. Omer's, they passed through a very fine corn country, diversified with woods; and Captain Nelson, though a Norfolk man, acknowledged it to be the best place for game he had ever known. Partridges, at Montrieul, were sold at two-pence halfpenny a brace, and pheasants and woodcocks in proportion. On arriving at St. Omer's, he was surprised to find it, instead of a dirty, nasty town, as he had always heard it represented, a large city, with good streets, well paved and lighted.

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While Captain Nelson was at St. Omer's, he received a most polite letter from the principal personage among those whom he had detained off Porto Cavallo, when he went to look into the harbour of the Havannah. This gentleman's rank he did not at all know till he got to France. His assumed name was that of the Count de Deux Ponts: but he was, in fact, a Prince of the German Empire, a General of the French Army, Knight of the Grand Order of St. Louis, and second in command at the capture of York Town. His brother was heir-apparent of the Electorate of Bavaria, and of the Palatinate. So that Captain Nelson had the honour of taking prisoner a man who was not unlikely to become a sovereign prince of Europe, and capable of carrying into the field an army of a hundred thousand men. This letter, which had been dispatched the first moment it was known by the grateful writer that Captain Nelson had arrived in France, was truly expressive of the attention that had been paid him when on board the English ship, and contained a very kind and pressing invitation to Paris; of which it was the captain's full intention to have availed himself, had he remained as long in the country as was originally intended.

Though he visited only a few English families, lest he should never speak French, he made but slow progress in learning the language; and, early in the year 1784, was recalled from it's pursuit by the prospect of an appointment.

About the 20th of March, accordingly, he was commissioned for the Boreas frigate of twenty-eight guns, then at Long Reach, under the command of Captain Wells: and, unfortunately, was attacked the very same day, by the ague and fever; which continued, every other day, for above a fortnight, and pulled him down most astonishingly. This, however, was not his sole misfortune. On his recovery, he sailed at daylight, just after high water; but the pilot run the ship aground, where it lay with so little water that the people could walk round, till next flood. That night, and part of the following day, the ship lay behind the Nore, with a hard gale of wind and snow. "On Tuesday," says he, in a true sailor's letter to Captain Locker, dated at Portsmouth, April 21, 1784, "I got into the Downs: Wednesday, I got into a quarrel with a Dutch Indiaman, who had Englishmen on board; which we settled, though with some difficulty. The Dutchman made a complaint against me; but the Admiralty, fortunately, have approved my conduct in the business; a thing they are not very guilty of, where there is a likelihood of a scrape. And yesterday, to complete me, I was riding a *blackguard* horse, that ran away with me at Common; carried me round all the works, into Portsmouth, by the London gates; through the town; out at the gate that leads to Common, where there was a waggon in the road, which is so very narrow that a horse could barely pass. To save my legs, and perhaps my life, I was obliged to throw myself from the horse; which I did, with great agility: but, unluckily, upon hard stones; which has hurt my back, and my legs, but done no other mischief. It was a thousand to one, that I had not been killed. To crown all, a young girl was with me: her horse ran away, as well as mine; but, most fortunately, a gallant young man seized the horse's bridle a moment before I dismounted, and saved her from the destruction she could not have avoided."

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This was, certainly, a most wonderful escape, though it is related with a vein of humour which takes off all apprehension from the reader; to whom it must, undoubtedly, appear little less whimsical and facetious than John Gilpin's celebrated race: while, to balance the advantage of Cowper's admirable fiction, it has the boast of Nelson's unimpeachable truth.

The Boreas, being fully equipped for the Leeward Islands, as a cruizer on the peace establishment, Captain Nelson sailed from Spithead about the middle of May 1784; carrying out Lady Hughes and her family, to Admiral Sir Richard Hughes, who commanded in chief on that station.

They arrived at Madeira, after a pleasant passage, on the 1st of June; and, on the 8th, proceeded to the place of destination, which they safely reached just before the hurricane season. The ladies expressed themselves well satisfied with their accommodation on board, which had certainly cost the captain nearly two hundred pounds extraordinary; for which Lady Hughes is stated, from most respectable authority, to have demonstrated her gratitude, by presenting him with a silver tea-caddy ladle, which could hardly be worth more than five shillings!

The service, on this station, was attended with difficulties which had, perhaps, been but little expected, either by the officers of the British navy, or those who sent them; and it was far more fortunate for government, than it was for Captain Nelson, that he had been employed on the occasion.

The Americans, while colonists of Great Britain, had enjoyed, as subjects, almost the entire trade between their country and our West India Islands. Having erected themselves into independent states, they had hoped that, on the return of peace, we should have permitted them again to enjoy the privileges of fellow-subjects, which they had, by withdrawing their allegiance, undoubtedly forfeited. This hope had not been indulged, by the Americans, through any want of political discernment on their part; they well knew themselves now to be, what on other occasions they loudly enough boasted, foreigners in every sense of the word. They were satisfied, however, at the same time, that the mother-country had not always been renowned for the highest degree of national sagacity; they felt, that they had themselves acquired, by force, the independence which they enjoyed; and they trusted that the British administration, through apprehensions of renewing an unpopular and disastrous war, would be induced to connive at, if not confirm, the privilege the Americans affected to claim under the very Navigation Act of Great Britain, the most beneficial effect of which they were thus artfully contriving to destroy.

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The West Indians, themselves, who were prevented, by an immediate prospect of the return of their own interest, from contemplating it in a remote view, they well knew, would oppose no obstacle: these, in fact, readily fell into the snare, and were clamorous for their old customers. Those persons, too, who held official situations, generally more considerate of their ease and their emoluments, than of the duties proper to be performed, in a climate so enervating, and a country so luxurious, would naturally, it was not doubted, rather contend for, than against, such claims as seemed to favour these indulgences. Here, too, with very few exceptions, they met with equally zealous and still more powerful supporters.

The governors and custom-house officers, in fact, agreed that, by the Navigation Act, the Americans had a right to trade with all our West India islands; and the merchants and planters, who likewise found it for their present interest to embrace the same doctrine, pretended that they were of the same opinion.

Captain Nelson, in the mean time, ever as studious to acquire a due knowledge of the full extent of his professional duties, as zealously determined completely to perform the utmost that they could possibly require of him, unswayed by any sinister or selfish motive, viewed the business in a very different light; and felt that, as an executive naval officer, it was his business to enforce, on all occasions, the maritime laws of his country.

Accordingly, in November 1784, the hurricane months being over, and the squadron arrived at Barbadoes, where the ships were to separate for the different islands, with no other orders than those for examining anchorages, and usual enquiries after wood and water, as this did not appear to him the intent of placing men of war, in peaceable times, he asked Captain Collingwood to accompany him, their sentiments being exactly similar, and ask the commander in chief a few questions. They, accordingly, proceeded together, to Sir Richard Hughes; when Captain Nelson respectfully asked, whether they were not to attend to the commerce of their country, and to take care that the British trade was kept in those channels which the navigation laws pointed out? Sir Richard replied, that he had no particular orders, nor had the Admiralty sent him any acts of parliament. That, Captain Nelson remarked, was very singular, as every captain of a man of war was furnished with the Statutes of the Admiralty, in which the Navigation Act was included; which act was directed to admirals, captains, &c. to see it carried into execution. On producing and reading these laws to Sir Richard, to use Captain Nelson's own words, "he seemed convinced that men of war were sent abroad for some other purpose than to be made a show of;" and, the Americans then filling our ports, orders were issued for all the squadrons to see the Navigation Act carried into execution.

When Captain Nelson went to his station, at St. Kitt's, he sent away all the Americans; not chusing to seize them at that time, lest it should have appeared a trap laid for them.

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In December, to his utter astonishment, he received an order from the commander in chief, stating that he had obtained good advice, and required that the Americans might not only be prevented from coming in, but permitted to have free egress and regress, if the governor chose to allow them. He inclosed, at the same time, a copy of the orders which he had sent to the governors and presidents of the islands. Some, on this, began by sending letters, not far different from orders, that they should admit them in such and such situations as they described: telling Captain Nelson, that Sir Richard had left it to them; but, that they thought it right to let him know it. These, however, he soon silenced. The commander in chief's was a more delicate business. He was under the necessity of either disobeying orders, or of disobeying acts of parliament which he conceived the latter was disobeying. He, therefore, nobly determined on the former: trusting to the uprightness of his intention; and fully confiding, that his country would not allow him to be ruined by protecting it's commerce. He sent to Sir Richard; expatiated on the navigation laws, to the best of his ability; and frankly told him, that some person, he was certain, had been giving him advice, which he would be sorry for having taken, against the positive directions of acts of parliament. He expressed his conviction, that Sir Richard had too much regard for the commerce of Great Britain, to suffer our worst enemy to take it from us; and that, too, at a time when Great Britain was straining every nerve to suppress illegal trade at home, which only affected her revenue: that he hoped we should not be so singular, as to allow of a much more ruinous traffic's being carried on under the king's flag. He added, in short, that he should decline obeying his orders, till he had an opportunity of seeing and talking to him; making, at the same time, an apology for any seeming impropriety.

Sir Richard Hughes was, at first, going to send a captain to supersede him: but, having mentioned the matter to his captain, was informed, that all the squadron seemed to think the orders sent were illegal; and, therefore, did not know how far Captain Nelson was obliged to obey them. Such being their sentiments, he could not have been there tried by a court-martial.

Captain Nelson now proceeded to inform the people of the custom-house, that he should, after such a day, seize all foreign vessels found in our islands; and, till then, keep them out to the utmost of his power. They fancied, however, that he could not seize, without a deputation; and, therefore, disregarded his threats.

In May 1785, accordingly, he seized the first American vessel. Immediately, he had the governor, the officers of the customs, and most of the planters, for his enemies. Subscriptions were instantly set on foot, and soon filled, to prosecute him; and the admiral stood neuter, though his flag was then flying in the roads.

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This last circumstance grieved him; but there was nothing by which he could either be dismayed or deterred from any act which he considered as forming part of his positive duty.

Though he had thus offended most of the heads of distributive justice, and the demons of the law were accordingly let loose on him, before the first vessel's complaint was brought to trial, he had seized four others under similar predicaments. On these occasions, too, having ordered the masters on board his ship, to examine them; and sent marines to take forcible possession of their vessels, without allowing any person whatever to go on shore; he had many different actions brought against him, for detention, false imprisonment, &c. and damages laid, in the various causes, at the enormous sum of forty thousand pounds!

The consequence was, that he remained a close prisoner on board his own ship eight weeks, to prevent being arrested for a sum which it would have been impossible for him to have found bail.

When the trial came on, he was protected, for the day, by the judge. The marshal, however, was engaged to arrest him, and the merchants promised to indemnify that officer for the act: but, the judge having declared that he would send him to prison, if he dared take such a step, he thought proper to desist.

Let it, however, never be forgotten, that Captain Nelson had the good fortune to find an honest lawyer; and, that the President of Nevis offered the court to become his bail for ten thousand pounds, if he chose to suffer the caption! The worthy president declared, that Captain Nelson had done only his duty; and, though himself suffered more in proportion than any of them, he could not possibly blame him.

Thus, supported by an upright judge, an honest attorney, and a sincere and opulent friend, after a trial of two days, he carried his cause, and the American vessels were condemned.

As a last resource, when under the terrors of the law, the only terrors his heroic mind ever felt, he had transmitted a memorial to his majesty; who, immediately, says Captain Nelson, "had the goodness to order me to be defended at his expence; and sent orders to Mr. Shirley to afford me every assistance in the execution of my duty: referring him to my letters, &c. as there was, in them, what concerned him not to have suffered."

This kindness was particularly grateful, as it manifested the fullest approbation of Captain Nelson's conduct; but he felt far from being pleased to find, that the chief praise bestowed by government on the occasion was addressed to the very person whom, he could not but be of opinion, least deserved it. "The treasury," says he, "by the last packet, has transmitted thanks to the commander in chief, and the officers under him,

for their activity and zeal in protecting the commerce of Great Britain. Had they known what I have told you, I don't think they would have bestowed thanks in that quarter,

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and neglected me. I feel much hurt that, after all the loss of health, and risque of fortune, another should be thanked for that which I did, and against his orders. I either deserved to be sent out of the service, or at least have had some little notice taken of me. They have thought it worthy of notice, and have neglected me. If this is the reward for a faithful discharge of my duty, I shall be careful, and never stand forward again. But, I have done my duty, and have nothing to accuse myself of."

What is thus urged against the propriety of giving most thanks to him who had, from misconception or misrepresentation, been induced rather to prevent than promote those operations by which thanks were obtained; and not particularly directing the smallest attention, otherwise than by indemnifying his law expences, to the individual who had, at all hazards, effectually performed them; is certainly very natural. Let it be considered, however, that government might not be so sufficiently informed of all the particulars as to warrant their entering into a nice degree of just discrimination.

About this period, March 1786, Captain Nelson seems to have been engaged in paying his addresses to the widow of Dr. Nesbit, of the Island of Nevis, Mrs. Frances Herbert Nesbit, who was a daughter of William Herbert, Esq. the senior judge, and niece of his brother the president: for he says, in a letter to Captain Locker, "most probably, the next time you see me, will be as a Benedict; I think, I have found a woman who will make me happy." He adds, that he shall tell him more shortly; but, that his paper is full. In two subsequent letters, however, one of the 29th of December following, and the other of the 9th of February 1787, not an additional word appears respecting the lady.

In the mean time, Admiral Sir Richard Hughes had, in August, quitted the command; and, shortly after, Captain Nelson received orders from the Admiralty, to take the Pegasus and Solebay frigates under his command, immediately on their arrival from Nova Scotia, which was about the latter end of November. The Pegasus being commanded by Prince William Henry, the Duke of Clarence, his royal highness was, of course, under the command of Captain Nelson; who did every thing in his power to prevent his illustrious friend from being a loser by this pleasing circumstance. They were, in fact, mutually attached to each other, and almost inseparable companions. He knew that the prince had foibles, as well as private men; but he knew, also, that they were far overbalanced by his virtues. In his professional line, he considered him as superior to nearly two-thirds of the list; and, in attention to orders, and respect to his superiors, Captain Nelson declared, that he hardly ever knew his equal.

The prince was every where received with all the honour and respect due to his rank, at our different islands: and was invited, also, by the French Governor of Martinico, the Viscount de Damas; and the Baron de Clugny, Governor of Guadaloupe; to favour their islands with a visit.

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On the 14th of February, Captain Nelson writes to his friend Captain Locker, from Montserrat—"I am here, with the Pegasus and Solebay. The island has made fine addresses, and good dinners. Tomorrow, we sail for Nevis and St. Christopher's, where the same fine things will be done over again. His royal highness keeps up strict discipline in his ship; and, without paying him any compliment, she is one of the first ordered frigates I have seen. He has had more plague with his officers than enough. His first-lieutenant will, I have no doubt, be broke. I have put him under arrest; he having written for a court-martial on himself, to vindicate his conduct, because his captain thought proper to reprimand him in the order-book. In short, our service has been so much relaxed during the war, that it will cost many a court-martial to bring it up again."

The affair above alluded to, which made considerable noise at the time, appears to have been this: the prince, on going ashore, is said to have left express orders, that none of the crew should, during his absence, be permitted to quit the ship. The lieutenant, however, from the general maxim, that the superior officer on board has a right to exercise uncontrouled command, permitted a boat to go on shore with some of the men. This coming to his royal highness's knowledge, who could not possibly be pleased with what appeared manifestly done in defiance of his instructions, he adopted the method which has been mentioned of expressing, in the order-book, his disapprobation of the act.

Captain Nelson proved, by his conduct on the occasion, what he thought of the business: and, without his knowledge of naval usage, a man at all conversant in legal constructions, or even the plainest principles of common sense, must see, if he is not blinded by prejudice, that the general rule above alluded to could never be intended to overthrow any positive orders left by a superior officer, at the will of the inferior. If, indeed, a case of necessity should arise, the latter would have a right to act according to his discretion; but it must always be at his peril, if he cannot prove, at least, that it appeared to be absolutely necessary; still more so, if he manifestly breaks through, wilfully or perversely, the very orders which himself received from his superior officer, and is consequently bound to see regularly carried into execution.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Captain Nelson, in writing to Captain Locker, whom he always considered as a sort of father as well as a friend, on the day preceding his departure for Nevis, where he was a few weeks afterwards married to the widow of Dr. Nesbit, a physician of that island, should not even yet muster sufficient resolution to say that he was then going to take possession of the woman who, he thought, was destined to make him happy.

To this lady, who had a son then about nine years of age, he was, at length, early in March 1787, actually united. The marriage was celebrated with considerable splendour, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence did them the honour to stand as the bride's father on the joyful occasion.

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A very few days afterwards, he proceeded, in the Boreas, on his passage to Tortola, with his royal highness, who had then only that island and Grenada left unvisited. Indeed, ever since November, his time had been entirely taken up in attending the prince on his tour round these islands.

On the 21st of March, he wrote, while at sea, to Captain Locker, expressing how happy he should be when the time arrived for a voyage to England. "No man," he observes, "has had more illness, or more trouble, on a station, than I have experienced: but, let me lay a balance on the other side—I am married to an amiable woman, that far makes amends for every thing. Indeed, till I married her, I never knew happiness. I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to her."

The prince, he adds, who has shewn him every act of kindness that the most professed friendship could bestow, was expected to leave the country in June; and, by that time, himself hopes orders will arrive for his returning to England. He wonders that any independent man will accept the command of this station: "for," he concludes, "there is nothing pleasant to be got by it."

In June 1787, accordingly, the term of three years usually allotted to ships employed on such stations in times of peace being expired, he was ordered home; and arrived at Portsmouth the beginning of July, with Mrs. Nelson and her son.

From this place he writes, on the 3d instant, to his friend Captain Locker; and, speaking of his "dear wife," says— "I have no doubt you will like her, on acquaintance; for, although I must be partial, yet she possesses great good sense, and good temper."

In all these praises of his lady may be clearly discerned, that he congratulated himself on having made, at least, a prudent choice. There is little, however, of that rapturous extasy which issues from many a finally most infelicitous husband, some days, weeks, or even months, after the conjugal union.

It was not, certainly, on his side, a mercenary match. He would have been incapable of marrying with so mean a motive. He is said, indeed, to have given, about this period, a substantial proof of very much the contrary disposition. This appears in the following anecdote, which has been repeatedly published.

The President of Nevis had been so excessively displeased with his only daughter, that he resolved to disinherit the young lady, and leave her immense fortune to his niece, Mrs. Nelson: but Captain Nelson, most generously, instead of widening the breach between them, actually made use of all his interest with the president, who had the highest regard for him, completely to close it, by bringing about a perfect reconciliation; which, at length, to his unspeakable satisfaction, he had the happiness of accomplishing.

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Dr. Nesbit, Mrs. Nelson's first husband, was a native of Scotland. He had, formerly, been an apothecary at Coventry; but, at Nevis, he practised as a physician. He had not, however, acquired any very considerable wealth. It has even been asserted, that Captain Nelson received the widow and child without any present fortune whatever; and that four thousand pounds, some years afterwards bequeathed Mrs. Nelson, on the death of her father or uncle, was the whole that ever came into his hands by his marriage with that lady. When it is considered, that he was, at this time, a post-captain in the British navy, of more than eight years standing, though only twenty-nine years of age, there could, surely, be no reason for him to expect, without saying a word about prospects from his transcendent abilities, that he was ever to hear any reflections on the pecuniary advantages which he derived from this most disinterested union!

The Boreas was paid off at Sheerness, on the 30th of November 1787; and the winter was chiefly employed in visiting places of public amusement, and introducing Mrs. Nelson to his numerous respectable friends.

In a letter, written at Bath, April 3, 1778, to his friend Captain Locker, he says, that he has been, for the last month, at a relation's near Bristol, and is only just returned, to drink the waters another fortnight. He was, in fact, very partial to Bath: not only on account of the present cure he had himself received there; but because his venerable and much afflicted father was under the absolute necessity of spending his winters in that city, during so many of the latter years of his life. The Reverend Mr. Nelson, indeed, from paralytic and asthmatic affections, which would scarcely permit him to speak for several hours after rising in the morning, had actually been given over by the physicians almost forty years prior to his decease.

From Bath, Captain Nelson proceeded, on another visit of a month, to Exmouth; and, passing through London, in the summer, went immediately into Norfolk, where it was agreed to fix his future residence.

His father, accordingly, gave him up the parsonage-house at Burnham-Thorpe, where he formed his little domestic establishment. He had, in the mean time, since his arrival in England, been again pestered with prosecutions from some of the Americans whose ships he seized in the West Indies, On this subject he says, in a letter to Captain Locker, "I have written them word, that I will have nothing to do with them, and they must act as they think proper: government, I suppose, will do what is right, and not leave me in the lurch. We have heard enough, lately, of the consequence of the Act of Navigation to this country. They may take my person; but, if six-pence would save me from a prosecution, I would not give it."

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Though this may have the semblance of treating lightly these menaced legal prosecutions, it is well known that he felt very acutely on the occasion: and nothing is more certain, than that he would have for ever quitted England, had not government so far interfered as entirely to quiet all his apprehensions on the subject. His remonstrances were too strong to be resisted. He was a man to be in no way trifled with. Thus, had a thoughtless or careless administration slighted, or neglected, his claim to protection, and left him a prey to legal machinations, the nation would have certainly lost it's chief champion; for, on the best authority, it is here repeated, he once had it in contemplation to leave for ever his native country!

What an awful consideration does this demand, from those who are entrusted with the administration of justice! How many great men have been driven into eternal exile by the terrors of abused justice, by legal constructions of equity, and by the horrors of an impending prison for the perpetual incarceration of unfortunate and injured innocence!

Not, now, likely to be disturbed in the calmness of his retirement, he willingly descended, from the hero, to the private gentleman. Nor did he even disdain to cultivate a few acres of glebe land annexed to the rectory. Known, and beloved, by all the gentry in the neighbourhood, he joined frequently in their field diversions, and was particularly fond of coursing. Though one of the best gunners in the world, he was a bad shot at a hare, a woodcock, or a partridge. In pointing a great gun, however, on grand and suitable occasions, at a ship, a castle, or a fort, he was scarcely to be equalled: so well, indeed, was this talent known, and so universally recognized, by his frequently volunteering his services on shore, that he was familiarly called the brigadier, ever after the affair of San Juan.

In cultivating the friendship of respectable neighbours, who laudably courted his society; in rendering kind offices to the humbler inhabitants of his vicinity, by whom he was universally beloved; in enriching his mind by reading and reflection, and improving his land by cultivation; this great man employed most part of the leisure which peace afforded him. Sometimes, indeed, he went to Bath, or other fashionable resorts, during the seasons, where he might meet with his old friends; and sometimes sought them in the metropolis, where he occasionally paid his respects at the Admiralty.

His heroic mind, no doubt, amidst the calm of peace, prepared for the storm of war; and, though he disdained not the culture of the ploughshare, he looked forward to the day when it would become necessary to exchange it for the sword. He was particularly fond of geographical studies: few men were so well acquainted with maps and charts; and his accurate eye frequently traced with eagerness the various parts of the globe which he had passed with difficulty or delight, and the spots at which he had successfully or unpleasantly paused.

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In the mean time, as he had become an affectionate husband to Dr. Nesbit's widow, so he proved, in every possible sense, a faithful father to his child. The youth was carefully educated, with all the advantages of this great man's excellent directions, and his progress was minutely inspected by the same truly paternal attention. Being treated, in every respect, with the most indulgent tenderness, and seeming early to evince an inclination for the naval service, Captain Nelson, who had no prospect of issue by his lady, willingly consented to take him, as an only son, under his own immediate protection.

Doubtless, while the mind of this exalted man was thus innocently and laudably engaged in attending to the various duties of private life, he not unfrequently felt disposed to indulge in deep reflections on numerous noble plans meditated for the future service of his country: for, in common with almost every gifted possessor of superior genius, he seems to have constantly borne about him an invincible conviction, that he should, at some period of his life, be enabled to give the fullest manifestation of it's presence to an admiring world. As war was his element, he could have no hope of any opportunity to demonstrate his wonderful abilities till that national calamity should arrive: and, though he was much too good and pious a man, to be desirous of war, for no other purpose than a display of his own skill and valour; he was, at the same time, far too wise and wary, to imagine that a nation so rich in commerce as Great Britain, surrounded by artful, envious, and powerful enemies, would be permitted long to preserve an honourable state of public tranquillity. He was, therefore, as an individual, ever prepared for what he naturally expected soon to occur; and he was of opinion, that the power of the country should be kept in an equal state of continual readiness.

In the year 1790, when the cruelties exercised by the Spaniards at Nootka Sound, seemed to have awakened the national vengeance, and an armament was accordingly ordered to be prepared, he immediately offered his services at the Admiralty; and is said to have felt not a little mortified, at finding his application ineffectual. The fact, however, appears to have been, that offers from commanders of longer standing had previously been made and accepted for all the ships then meant to be immediately commissioned. No blame, therefore, could be fairly imputed to the Admiralty, on the occasion: and, when that business came, soon afterwards, to be adjusted, and the ships paid off, he had reason to congratulate himself on not having been put to expences for equipment, which the advantages of so little actual service were quite inadequate to repay. This, perhaps, at that period, might be no inconsiderable consolation.

The sum finally stipulated to be paid by Spain, on this occasion, besides restoring the vessels unjustly seized, was two hundred and ten thousand dollars.

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After two years more passed in retirement, the French revolutionary war having extended its baneful influence to this country, there became an instant necessity for preparing all the strength of our navy to oppose its pernicious tendency. He had now, happily, no difficulty in obtaining a ship; but, at the very commencement of the war, having made the usual application, he immediately received a positive promise from Lord Howe, which was handsomely performed still sooner than he had the smallest reason to expect.

On the 26th of January 1793, he says, in a letter to his friend Captain Locker, "Lord Hood tells me, that I am now fixed for the *Agamemnon*, at Chatham; and, that whatever men are raised for her will be taken care of on board the *Sandwich*."

The name of the ship having been thus fixed for the purpose of his immediately raising men for sea, he had already sent out a lieutenant and four midshipmen to get men at every sea-port in Norfolk. He applied, also, to his friends in Yorkshire, and the north, who promised to obtain him what hands they could, and deliver them over to the regulating captains at Whitby and Newcastle. To Captain Locker, he says—"I hope, if any men in London are inclined to enter for the *Agamemnon*, you will not turn your back on them; as, though my bills are dispersed over this country, &c. I have desired that no bills may be stuck up in London till my commission is signed."

This was one of his delicate punctilios; for he did not expect that, from what Lord Howe had written him on the occasion, the ship would have been actually commissioned till about a fortnight longer.

On the 30th of January, however, being only four days, instead of fourteen, after the date of the above letter, his commission was actually signed; and, on the 7th of February, he joined his ship, the *Agamemnon* of sixty-four guns, which was then under orders of equipment for the Mediterranean.

His ship's company was soon raised; chiefly from Norfolk and Suffolk, and not a few from his own immediate neighbourhood. So universally was he esteemed, and such was even then the general opinion of his conduct and abilities, that many gentlemen in the vicinity were desirous of placing their sons under his command; some of whom, persons of considerable respectability, solicited and obtained this distinguished favour: particularly, the Reverend Mr. Bolton, his relation, brother of Thomas Bolton, Esq. his eldest sister's husband; with the Reverend Mr. Hoste, and the Reverend Mr. Wetherhead, his intimate friends.

Nor must it be forgotten that, on the very first appearance of actual service, he had taken his son-in-law, young Josiah Nesbit, from school, equipped him as a midshipman, and carried him on board the *Agamemnon*.

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There is a curious anecdote related, and that from the very best authority, respecting one of the young gentlemen thus taken as a midshipman by Captain Nelson. The father of this youth, though a friend of Captain Nelson, happened to be a very staunch whig. The youth, therefore, he apprehended, might possibly require some little counteraction of the principles of modern whiggism, which he did not think very conducive to the loyalty and subordination of a young British sailor. Accordingly, when this youth came on board, he called him into his cabin, and immediately addressed him in the most impressive manner, to the following effect.

“There are three things, young gentleman,” said he, “which you are constantly to bear in mind: first, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety; secondly, you must consider every man as your enemy who speaks ill of your king; and, thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil.”

The youth, who had been thus prepared, always conducted himself with great propriety; and, it is believed, ever afterwards retained a truly filial regard for his friendly patron.

Captain Nelson was perfectly indefatigable in getting his ship ready for sea. In a letter to Captain Locker, written at the Navy Office, the beginning of February 1793, where his brother Maurice had long held a situation, after requesting him to discharge Maurice Suckling, and such men as may be on board the Sandwich, into the Agamemnon, he says—“Pray, have you got a clerk whom you can recommend? I want one very much, I urge nothing; I know your willingness to serve. The Duke of Clarence desires me to say, that he requests you will discharge Joseph King into the Agamemnon; or, that I am welcome to any other man, to assist me in fitting out. He is but poorly; but expresses the greatest satisfaction at the appointment you are likely to succeed to, and in which no one rejoices more than your affectionate Horatio Nelson.”

In another letter to this much honoured and honourable officer, written at Chatham towards the end of the same month, he congratulates him on having obtained his appointment, which was that of Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital; from which, he hopes, his friend will derive every comfort: and tells him, that he need not hurry himself about the charts, as he shall certainly see him before he sails.

It was not, in fact, till about the middle of May, that the Agamemnon, in company with the Robust of seventy-four guns, Captain the Honourable George Keith Elphinstone, proceeded to it's station in the Mediterranean, under the command of Lord Hood; who followed, a few days after, with the rest of his fleet, from Plymouth, on the 22d of that month.

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About the beginning of June, he went with six sail of the line to Cadiz, where they took in water. They also took in some wine: for he tells his worthy old friend, Captain Locker, that he has got him a cask of, he hopes, good sherry; which he shall take an early opportunity of sending home, and begs him to accept as a proof of his remembrance. He observes, that they have done nothing; and, that the same prospect appears before them: for, the French would not come out, and they had no means of getting at them in Toulon. Lord Hood was to be joined, off Barcelona, by twenty-one Spanish ships of the line: “but,” adds he, “if they are no better manned than those at Cadiz, much service cannot be expected of them; though, as to ships, I never saw finer men of war.”

It was on the occasion above alluded to, when Captain Nelson put into Cadiz to water, that he exclaimed, at the moment of first beholding the Spanish fleet—“These ships are, certainly, the finest in the world: thank God, the Spaniards cannot build men!”

Early in August, Lord Hood went with the fleet to remonstrate with the Genoese respecting their supply of corn to the French, and bringing back French property under neutral papers: a practice which Captain Nelson, who was then off Toulon, justly observed, rendered the station there a mere farce, if such trade should continue to be allowed.

On the 20th of this month, writing to Captain Locker, he observes that the Agamemnon sails well, and is healthy; but, that he wants to get into port for refreshment. He says that, by all the accounts, the district of Provence would gladly become a separate republic under the protection of England; and, that the people of Marseilles declared they would willingly destroy Toulon to accomplish this measure.

There seems, at the time of his thus writing, to have been a positive proposal to this effect then under the consideration of the commander in chief: for, on the 23d of August, only three days after, did Admiral Lord Hood publish his celebrated preliminary declaration to the inhabitants of Toulon, as well as his proclamation to the inhabitants of the towns and provinces in the south of France, which ended in his taking a provisional possession of Toulon, with all the ships of war in the harbour, &c. on the 28th of the same month.

Captain Nelson, however, was not present during the period of this negociation, or the subsequent taking possession of Toulon; having been previously charged with dispatches from Lord Hood, dated off Toulon, the 17th of August 1793, and addressed to Sir William Hamilton, Knight of the Bath, his Majesty’s Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Naples.

It should seem that he had, also, some intermediate orders to execute; for, on his passage to Naples, he met with Lord Hugh Conway, at sea, who had left Toulon in the

possession of Lord Hood, and sent Sir William Hamilton a letter to that effect, dated the 31st of the same month.

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There was, evidently, more to be transacted at the court of Naples, than a mere delivery of these dispatches from Lord Hood, or Captain Nelson would scarcely have been selected for the business. He went, no doubt, with confidential communications from the commander in chief to the British minister plenipotentiary, and objects of discretionary discussion for mutual consideration, which were not possible to be transacted in writing, and consequently required the talents and address judiciously employed on the occasion. Lord Hood was no stranger to the superlative ability which he possessed for negotiation; and how much more rarely that quality is to be found in British naval officers, than the natural bravery which seems common to all, or even the great nautical skill which may justly be boasted by most of them.

It was not till the 11th of September, that Captain Nelson arrived, in the *Agamemnon*, at Naples; and so effectually did he accomplish the objects of his mission, that Sir William Hamilton, who immediately communicated the intelligence of Toulon's being in possession of Lord Hood to General Acton, procured two thousand of his Sicilian majesty's best troops to be embarked, the 16th, on board two line of battle ships, two frigates, two corvettes, and one Neapolitan transport vessel.

The next day, September 17, Sir William Hamilton sent intelligence of the above particulars to England, which appeared in the *London Gazette*, dated Whitehall, October 12, 1793: where it is added, that a Spanish frigate, returning to Toulon, had likewise taken some Neapolitan troops on board; that three more battalions were that night to embark at Gaeta, on board of two Neapolitan frigates, two brigantines, and nine large polacres; that, in a week or ten days, the Neapolitan government were to send off to Toulon the remaining ships, and two thousand more men, with thirty-two pieces of regimental artillery, and plenty of provisions; and that, should the wind remain as it then was, these succours might reach Toulon in five days, or sooner.

In the mean time, Captain Nelson had been introduced to the King and Queen of Naples, from whom he met with a most cordial and gracious reception: nor must his singular previous introduction, by Sir William, to Lady Hamilton, be passed over, without particular notice; on the result of which, so much of the felicity of this exalted hero's future life seems evidently to have in a superlative degree depended.

On Sir William Hamilton's returning home, after having first beheld Captain Nelson, he told his lady that he was about to introduce a little man to her acquaintance, who could not boast of being very handsome: "but," added Sir William, "this man, who is an English naval officer, Captain Nelson, will become the greatest man that ever England produced. I know it, from the few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce, that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here. Let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus."

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Captain Nelson was, accordingly, introduced to her ladyship; and resided with Sir William Hamilton during his short stay at Naples: and thus commenced that fervid friendship between the parties, which continued to glow, with apparently increasing ardour, to the last moment of their respective existences whom it has been Lady Hamilton's severe lot to survive.

The introductory compliment which had been paid by Sir William Hamilton, to Captain Nelson's transcendent abilities, was not ill requited by one of the latter's first salutations of the worthy envoy—"Sir William," said he, in consequence of the dispatch made use of in obtaining the Neapolitan troops, "you are a man after my own heart: you do business in my own way! I am, now, only a captain; but I will, if I live, be at the top of the tree."

These reciprocal good opinions of each other, which form the basis of all substantial friendships, could not fail to unite such excellent and enlightened minds in a sincere amity. It can never appear wonderful, then, that Lady Hamilton, herself a person of very considerable talents, and possessing a warm and affectionate heart, naturally attached to splendid abilities, should be forcibly struck with the pleasing manners, extreme goodness and generosity of mind, and evident proofs of comprehensive intellect, which she continually witnessed in the new friend of her intelligent husband, during the few days of his continuance at Naples.

The frank and friendly attentions of her ladyship, at the same time, it must necessarily be supposed, made no slight impression on the susceptible bosom of Captain Nelson; who was charmed with the characteristic sweetness of disposition which she so fascinatingly displayed for the promotion of his ease and comforts.

The imperious calls of professional duty soon separated the hero from his affectionate friends; but they parted not without mutual assurances of losing no opportunity which might occur of corresponding with or seeing each other.

It appears, from Lord Hood's dispatches to the Admiralty, that the first division of the Neapolitan troops disembarked at Toulon on the 28th of September, under the command of Brigadier General Pignatelli; and that they were a very fine body of men, in perfect health, and well appointed. The second division of Neapolitans, consisting of two thousand men, arrived on the 5th of October; and the last two thousand were to leave Naples on that very day. His Sicilian majesty, Lord Hood added, had manifested the greatest readiness and zeal in fulfilling the treaty; and confided his ships and troops solely to his lordship's discretion, as that sovereign had made known to him in writing under his own hand.

Such was the success of Captain Nelson's services at Naples, where the king and queen treated him with no less attention and regard than Sir William Hamilton and his lady, and witnessed his departure with similar regrets.

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The Neapolitan troops thus obtained, greatly signalized themselves, on several occasions, while at Toulon: but Captain Nelson, almost immediately on his arrival, received orders to join a squadron under Commodore Linzee; who had been detached by Lord Hood, at the request of General Paoli, to protect Corsica. He could, therefore, scarcely be said to have at all participated in the occurrences which took place at Toulon, farther than in thus procuring military aids.

Captain Nelson, indeed, appears to have had little concern with this unfortunate business: not the less so, perhaps, on that very account. Notwithstanding all the blood and treasure which this expedition cost Great Britain, on Toulon's being evacuated the 19th of December following, Lord Hood was only able to carry away three ships of the line and five frigates; after burning there nine ships of the line, and one at Leghorn.

About the period of these transactions, Captain Nelson was with Commodore Linzee, at Tunis, negotiating for a French convoy under an eighty-gun ship and a corvette. The English, however, he observed, never yet succeeded in a negotiation against the French. "We have not," says he, in a letter to Captain Locker, dated off Sardinia, December 1, 1793, "contradicted our practice at Tunis, for the Monsieurs have completely upset us with the bey; and, had we latterly attempted to take them, I am certain he would have declared against us, and done our trade some damage."

In this letter he also mentions, that Lord Hood has, in a very handsome letter, ordered him from Commodore Linzee's command, to take the command of a squadron of frigates off Corsica and the adjoining shore of Italy, to look out for some French frigates which were in St. Fiorenzo in Corsica. With these frigates, it seems, Captain Nelson had, joined with one or two others, what he calls "a little brush," in the preceding October. He observes that, if they are active, they may do our trade some mischief: "but," adds he, "to say the truth, I believe that they are more inclined to be passive; at least, they had much of that inclination when I saw them."

At this time, he does not appear to have thought Toulon in much danger; and, at all events, was persuaded that the French fleet and arsenal might be destroyed. Some of the ships, he remarked, were the finest he ever beheld. The Commerce de Marseilles, in particular, he says, had seventeen ports on each deck, and our Victory looked nothing to it.

Their friend, Sir Charles Pole, he observes, is gone to the West Indies, which was a thing that officer dreaded: had himself been at Toulon, he would have been a candidate for this service; for, he thought our sea war was over in the Mediterranean. He admits, however, that the Agamemnon has had it's share of service; having had the anchor down but thirty-four times since sailing from the Nore, and then only to get water or provisions. He says that, having then upwards of one hundred of his ship's company absent, they are not much better than a fifty gun ship. To another friend, however, he

jocosely observed, on this occasion, that those he had were chiefly Norfolk men, and he always reckoned them as good as two others.

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In the warmth of gratitude, he asserts that Lord Hood is a very good friend to him; and is, certainly, the best officer he ever saw: every thing from him being so clear, that it is impossible to misunderstand him.

All this day, the 1st of December, he observes, he has been in sight of the French squadron; which, he hears, has been joined by a frigate from Calvi. He misses, however, the frigate which had received most of his fire; and adds, that there are not wanting those who declare that they beheld it sink.

With these frigates, on the coast of Corsica, Captain Nelson may be said to have commenced his career as commander of a squadron; and such was his activity, skill, and bravery, that they were perpetually engaged against the enemy. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to trace every single transaction which occurred during the time which he held this command. His services were, occasionally, exerted at land as well as sea; and such was his dexterity in getting out guns, erecting batteries, and assisting the reduction of fortresses, that much of our success in gaining possession of that island was generally ascribed to his ability.

On the 10th of February 1794, the tower and garrison of Mortella surrendered; and the strong redoubt and batteries of the Convention were taken by storm on the 17th, after a severe cannonading of two days. The enemy abandoned, that same night, the tower of Forneli, and two considerable sea-batteries dependent on it.

On the 19th, they retreated from St. Fiorenzo to Bastia; having previously sunk one of their frigates, and burnt another in the gulph: and the town, forts, and port of St. Fiorenzo, were taken possession of, the same day, by his majesty's land and sea forces. The frigate which had been sunk was afterwards weighed, and taken into our service under the name of the St. Fiorenzo.

At the siege of Bastia, whither the enemy were followed, and which commenced the beginning of April, Captain Nelson bore a most conspicuous share; exerting himself with a vigour, alacrity, and judgment, which obtained universal admiration. It has been said, and re-echoed, that ample testimony was, on this occasion, given to his skill and unremitting exertions; but, it may safely be asserted, he never thought so.

Lord Hood, it is true, makes respectful mention of his services; it would be extremely wonderful if he did not, when it is considered that he was the principal naval officer actively employed there, and yet served, with the most indefatigable perseverance, nearly two months on land. What follows, however, is all that appears in his lordship's dispatches relative to Captain Nelson, which few will think too much—"Captain Nelson, of his majesty's ship *Agamemnon*, who had the command and direction of the seamen, in landing the guns, mortars, and stores, and Captain Hunt, who commanded at the batteries, very ably assisted by Captain Buller and Captain Serecold, and the Lieutenants

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Gore, Hotham, Stiles, Andrews, and Brisbane, have an equal claim to, my gratitude; as the seamen, under their management, worked the guns with great judgment and alacrity. Never was a higher spirit, or greater perseverance exhibited; and I am happy to say, that no other contention was at any time known, than who should be most forward and indefatigable for promoting his majesty's service; for, although the difficulties they had to struggle with were many and various, the perfect harmony and good humour that universally prevailed throughout the siege overcame them all."

This, certainly, is no singular praise of Captain Nelson; who, it is well known, greatly signalized himself on the occasion.

In the very next paragraph of the same Gazette, Lord Hood says—"I cannot but express, in the strongest terms, the meritorious conduct of Captain Duncan and Lieutenant Alexander Duncan, of the Royal Artillery, and Lieutenant De Butts, of the Royal Engineers: but my obligation is particularly great to Captain Duncan, as more zeal, ability, and judgment, was never shewn by any officer than were displayed by him; and I take the liberty of mentioning him as an officer highly entitled to his majesty's notice."

Such superior praise and recommendation of a military officer, however deserving, by the naval commander in chief, could not be very pleasing to Captain Nelson; who felt conscious of having merited at least equal attention, by ably performing more than could be in any way considered as his actual duty.

The slight sketch modestly given of this affair, by himself, in a letter to Captain Locker, will afford some idea of it's importance. It is dated, at Bastia, May 30, 1794, on board the Agamemnon: and states, that he has just got on board, after eight weeks service on shore; where, he trusts, he has acquitted himself in a manner his friends will be pleased with. The more he saw of this place, the more he was astonished at it's being given up: but, the truth was, that the different parties were afraid to trust each other; the surrender could be justified on no other ground.

The frigates formerly mentioned had now, most of them, fallen into his hands; for he mentions that he has then on board the Agamemnon two captains, twenty-four other officers, and three hundred seamen, of the ships he fell in with the preceding October. The officers abused the crews; the people, their officers: all joined against their commodore, for not coming down to the British ships after they were crippled. Not that Captain Nelson had any idea they could have taken his ships; but, he admitted that they certainly behaved shamefully ill. The Fortunee was burned, the Minerve and Le Fleche taken: the Melpomene got to Calvi; and would, he trusted, fall into his hands.

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He adds, that they are now taking on board shot, powder, &c. for Calvi; which, though very strongly situated, he thinks will soon fall. Agamemnon is then to go to Gibraltar, for something like a refitment, having been without the slightest repair, in hull or rigging, sixteen months. He describes Bastia as most pleasantly situated; containing fourteen thousand inhabitants, and being capable of holding twenty thousand. A few hours, he says, will carr parties to Italy: and observes that, if the Corsicans knew their own interest, they would be happy with us; but, that they cannot bear dependance.

This opinion of Captain Nelson's, respecting the disposition of the Corsicans, is a fresh proof of his acute discernment, and was abundantly confirmed by the event.

It having been agreed, by the two commanders in chief, Lord Hood and Lieutenant-General the Honourable Charles Stuart, that the utmost dispatch was necessary, in order to enable the troops selected for the siege of Calvi to begin their operations before the commencement of the unhealthy season, every effort was used to forward the necessary preparations; and so effectual were the exertions of the different departments, that the regiments embarked at Bastia in the course of a very few days. Captain Nelson, accordingly, who had been detached on the 9th of June, by Lord Hood, from the fleet off Mortella Bay, to take the charge of these embarkations, in his lordship's absence, agreed that they should proceed to Port Agra, where a landing was effected on the 19th of the same month; and, on that very day, the army encamped, in a strong position, on the Serra del Cappucine, a ridge of mountains three miles distant from the town of Calvi.

From many of the out-posts, and particularly from those which the friendly Corsicans were ordered to occupy, it was distinctly discoverable that the town of Calvi was strong in point of situation, well fortified, and amply supplied with heavy artillery. The exterior defences, on which the enemy had bestowed a considerable labour, consisted in the bomb-proof Stone Star Fort Mozello, mounting ten pieces of ordnance, with a battery of six guns on it's right, flanked by a small entrenchment. In the rear of this line, which covered the town to the westward, was placed, on a rocky hill to the east, a battery of three guns. Considerably advanced on the plain to the south-west, the Fort Mollinochesco, on a steep rock, commanded the communication between Calvi and the province of Balagori; supported by two frigates, moored in the bay, for the purpose of raking the intermediate country. The principal difficulties, however, in approaching the enemy's works, did not so much arise from the strength of the defences, as from the height of the mountains and rugged rocky surface of the country it was necessary to penetrate; and so considerable were these obstacles, against the usual mode of attack, that it was judged expedient to adopt rapid and forward movements, instead of regular approaches.

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In conformity to this plan of proceeding, the seamen and soldiers were laboriously employed in making roads; dragging guns to the tops of the mountains; and collecting military stores, for the purpose of erecting two mortar and four separate gun batteries, on the same night. One of these was intended against the Mollinochesco; the second, to be constructed on rocks, to cover the principal one, of six guns; which, by a sudden march, and the exertions of the whole army, was to be erected within seven hundred and fifty yards of the Mozello.

Owing to some mistake, the proposed battery against the Mollinochesco was built and opened two days earlier than the time appointed. Observing, however, that though this fort was considerably damaged, it seemed evidently the intention of the enemy to repair rather than evacuate it, on the evening of the 6th of July, the Royal Irish regiment was ordered to move towards their left, exposing the men to the fire of their artillery. At sun set, and during the greatest part of the night, this diversion was seconded by a feigned attack of the Corsicans: which so effectually deceived the enemy, that they withdrew a considerable piquet from the spot where the principal battery was to be constructed, in order to support the Mollinochesco; and, directing the whole of their fire to that point, enabled the troops to complete their work.

This important position established, the enemy was compelled to evacuate the Mollinochesco, and to withdraw the shipping under the protection of the town.

A heavy firing immediately commenced on both sides; which continued, with little intermission, till the 18th of that month: when, observing that their batteries were considerably damaged, and a breach appearing practicable on the west side of the Mozello, a disposition was made for a general attack on the outworks, under cover of two batteries ordered to be erected that night; which would, from their position, in the event of a check, appear the principal object of the movement.

By the greatest exertions, this battery was completely constructed, without discovery, within three hundred yards of the Mozello, an hour before day-break: a signal gun was then fired from it, for the troops to advance. Covered, in their approach, by two field pieces, they proceeded, with a cool and steady confidence, and unloaded arms, towards the enemy; forced their way through a smart fire of musquetry; and, regardless of live shells thrown into the trench, or the additional defence of pikes, stormed the Mozello: while the Royal Irish regiment, with two pieces of cannon, equally regardless of opposition, carried the enemy's battery on the left, and forced their trenches, without firing a shot.

The possession of these very important posts, which the troops maintained under the heaviest fire of shells, shot, and grape, induced an offer to consider such terms as the garrison of Calvi might incline to propose.

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An unfavourable answer, however, being returned, the navy and army once more united their efforts; and, in nine days, completed batteries of thirteen guns, four mortars, and three howitzers, within six hundred yards of the town. These opened with so well directed a fire, that the enemy were unable to remain at their guns; and, in eighteen hours, sent proposals, which terminated in a capitulation, and the expulsion of the French from Corsica, on the 10th of August, after a siege of fifty-one days.

The above account of the reduction of Calvi is extracted from the dispatches of the military commander in chief, and affords a very good idea of the siege.

Lord Hood, who arrived off Calvi on the 27th of June, where he continued during the siege, in his dispatches to the Admiralty, writes—"The Journal I here transmit from Captain Nelson, who had the command of the seamen, will shew the daily occurrences of the siege; and whose zeal and exertion I cannot sufficiently express—or, of that of Captain Hallowell—who took it by turns to command in the advanced battery, twenty-four hours at a time: and, I flatter myself, they, as well as the other officers and seamen, will have full justice done them by the general; it is, therefore, unnecessary for me to say more on the subject."

What Lieutenant General Stuart did say, respecting Captain Nelson's wonderful exertions and consummate skill, on this occasion, however, instead of doing him fuller justice, was sufficiently moderate, and very concise—"The assistance and co-operation of Captain Nelson, the activity of Captain Hallowell, and the exertions of the navy, have greatly contributed to the success of these movements."

Can any person of the smallest discernment, for a moment suppose, that a mind like that of the heroic Nelson, could feel satisfied by such indiscriminate and cold approbation as is here expressed? The slightest glance even of his own modest Journal of the siege, must have convinced every one, had it been given, as he might expect, to the public, of the prodigious fatigue and perseverance, at least, which this great man underwent, if it had not demonstrated the astonishing skill and bravery which he is so well known to have there most eminently displayed.

An intelligent Corsican, now in England, Mr. Casalonga, perfectly remembers the general estimation in which Captain Nelson was held throughout the island, for the various prodigies of valour performed there during the year 1794; particularly, at the siege of the tower of Mortella, and the towns of Bastia and Calvi. Respecting this last place, he observes, an official report was sent to the municipality of Ajaccio, where himself was a member, that during the siege, which was very obstinate and dangerous, the place being deemed impregnable, Captain Nelson ran to every direction; and, in spite of a tremendous fire kept up by the enemy, he erected his battery in such a position as to throw shot on the besieged; who, perceiving their works destroyed, and public and private buildings demolished, were soon panic struck, and sued for capitulation.

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Thus, while Captain Nelson was only considered, at home, as making one among the many brave officers employed in this service, his distinguished merits were so attractive in the eyes of foreigners, on the spot, that they ascribed nearly the whole success to his transcendent abilities.

Nothing can be more certain, than that his services were supereminently beneficial; and, that the period was not yet arrived for their being duly acknowledged.

Though not a word appears, in the official returns of the wounded at the siege of Calvi, to intimate the fact; though not a single syllable of regret is expressed, in the dispatches of either commander in chief; it was at this very siege, that the hero had the misfortune to be entirely deprived of the sight of his right eye. The calamitous accident was occasioned by a shot from one of the enemy's batteries striking the ground near the battery which he commanded; and driving, with prodigious violence, some minute particles of sand, or small gravel, into that tender organ.

Even this shocking event, with all it's attendant anguish, was incapable of forcing him from his post. With a ribbon tied over his inflamed eye, he persisted in directing the batteries, till the last fortress of Corsica had submitted to his sovereign's arms.

Surely, if the total loss of sight in one eye, which himself is said never to have considered as a wound, did not entitle his name to be placed in the list of wounded officers, which seems somewhat doubtful, the gallantry of remaining at his post would never have escaped Lord Hood, as it seems to have done the Honourable Lieutenant General Stuart, had he been present on the occasion.

On the 8th of August, two days before the capitulation was signed, Lord Hood, who had received the thanks of both houses of parliament, for his very gallant conduct in the expedition against Corsica, voted on Friday, the 20th of June 1794; when, also, the like thanks were voted to all the officers, sailors, and soldiers, engaged in that expedition; sent a letter to Captain Nelson, dated on board the Victory, off Calvi, in which he inclosed the above resolutions: observing that, having received his majesty's commands, to communicate to the respective officers, seamen, marines, and soldiers, who had been employed in the different operations which had been successfully carried on against the enemy in Corsica, a resolution of the two houses of parliament; he desires that he will make known, to all in the Agamemnon, and such other officers and seamen as are with him, and were employed at Bastia, the sense that is entertained of their spirited and meritorious conduct.

This, too, which is merely an official letter, has been magnified, by those who clearly know nothing about the matter, into an additional honour conferred on Captain Nelson, and said to have been highly flattering to his feelings.

How his feelings were in reality affected at this period, the reader will presently have an opportunity of knowing from much better authority.

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In the mean time, Lord Hood sent duplicates of his former dispatches to the Admiralty, dated on board the Victory, off Calvi, August 9, 1794. He herewith transmits a continuation of Captain Nelson's Journal, from the 28th of July, to the 8th of August: also, the copy of a letter which he had received from Captain Nelson, highly creditable to Lieutenant Harrison, a transport agent; as well as to Mr. William Harrington, master of the Willington, and the transports men; who were all anxiously eager to serve on shore, or on board his majesty's ships, mentions having taken possession of the Melpomene and Mignonne frigates: the former, one of the finest ever built in France, carrying forty guns; the other, only thirty-two. Captain Cunningham, charged with these dispatches, who had been three months cruizing off Calvi, with infinite diligence, and perseverance, under many difficulties, is recommended as an officer of great merit, and highly deserving any favour that can be shewn him.

Without wishing to detract from the merits of Captain Cunningham, it may certainly be contended that he had not, during the time mentioned, surpassed Captain Nelson, who receives no such decided praise, nor any positive recommendation whatever.

These observations are drawn from the face of the public dispatches, compared with a knowledge of the services and character of Captain Nelson, as they were at that time manifesting themselves to all who knew him.

His conspicuous merits, it should seem, were growing too conspicuous; the power of his rising splendour, it might begin to be feared, would too powerfully eclipse that which was getting into the wane; and, therefore, though praise could not be entirely denied, it was by no means to be lavishly bestowed. This is ever the cold and cautious sentiment of mean and mercenary minds: it sometimes creeps into the bosoms of even the liberal and the brave. In the former, it begets a fixed principle of action; from the latter, it is generally soon expelled by a little dispassionate reflection. It is like the last struggle of age, contending against a conviction of the superior vigour of youth: which, by a good parent, is often unwillingly relinquished, in even corporeal considerations; scarcely ever, willingly, in those of intellect.

Without meaning to hazard any particular application of these ideas, there is good reason to think that he began now to be an object of considerable attraction. His power, though still abundantly too confined for his ability, had been in some degree extended; and his services were, in consequence, so numerous and great, that he well merited recommendation to an enlarged sphere of action.

That he thought himself slighted, is beyond a possibility of doubt: smarting with the total loss of sight in one eye, and almost exhausted by fatigue, he felt conscious of deserving applause more ardent than any which he had yet obtained. He was, probably, not pleased to find that his journal of the siege of Calvi did not appear, as perhaps it ought to have done, in the Gazette; nor even the letter in commendation of his voluntary coadjutors, which he had sent to Lord Hood. His lordship, however, it is but just to

remark, could by no means be considered as accountable for these omissions, as he certainly transmitted both these documents to government.

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What were his sensations, at this juncture, it would be difficult exactly to ascertain; but his consolation is known, and it was worthy of his exalted mind—"They have not done me justice," said he, writing to his eldest sister, Mrs. Bolton, "in the affair of Calvi; but, never mind, I'll have a Gazette of my own."

On another occasion, soon after, he remarked that he had then been more than a hundred days actually engaged, at sea and on shore, against the enemy, since the commencement of the war; that he had the comfort to be ever applauded by the commander in chief, but never to be rewarded: and, what he considered as more mortifying than all the rest, for services in which he was slightly wounded, others had been extravagantly praised, who were very snug in bed all the time, far distant from the scene of action.

In October 1794, Lord Hood returned to England; when the command of the Mediterranean fleet devolved on the present Lord Hotham, with whom Captain Nelson continued to serve with equally distinguished ability wherever opportunities occurred.

At the latter end of December, and beginning of January 1795, they were cruising off Toulon for about three weeks: during fifteen days of which, in such a series of bad weather as he had scarcely ever experienced, they were almost constantly under storm stay-sails. They saw, while on this cruise, three French frigates; and had no doubt that, as one of them was a crippled ship, the *Agamemnon*, which sailed better than any ship in the fleet, and was the nearest to them by a couple of leagues, might have taken one or two of them. A line of battle ship, however, never chasing on such occasions, and the admiral's anxiety to keep the fleet together preventing him from making the signal for the frigates to chase them till too late in the day, they unfortunately effected their escape.

On the 10th of January, they arrived, from this unsuccessful cruise, in the Gulph of St. Fiorenzo; where, a few days after, in a very heavy sea, the *Berwick*, of seventy-four guns, Captain Smith, which was preparing to join the fleet, not having the rigging set up, lost all it's masts, and was rendered a complete wreck. The superiority of the Toulon fleet, at that time, rendered this a very serious misfortune, and it led to one which proved still greater.

The French, in fact, had sixteen ships of the line, besides the *Sans Culotte* of a hundred and twenty guns, with twelve frigates and five corvettes, then in the harbour; and thirty Marseilles ships were also fitting out as transports, generally supposed to be intended for the conveyance of troops on an expedition against our newly-acquired kingdom of Corsica.

Admiral Hotham, in the mean time, was desirous of getting again to sea, for the purpose of covering the convoy and expected reinforcements from England; and this he was obliged to effect without waiting longer for the *Berwick*. He had, in truth, at this period,

much to contend with. His fleet was only half manned; Italy was calling him to her defence; and Corsica perpetually demanding the reinforcements and convoy hourly expected.

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The French, well aware how inadequate, in numbers and in strength, Admiral Hotham must necessarily be for the accomplishment of all these objects in the face of such superior force, came out with positive orders to seek and to destroy the British Mediterranean fleet. This being effected, which their presumption left them no doubt would soon happen, their troops were to be landed, and the kingdom of Corsica retaken.

On the 8th of March, Admiral Hotham being in Leghorn Road, received an express from Genoa, that the French fleet, consisting of fifteen sail of the line and three frigates, was seen on the 6th instant off the Isle of Marguerite. This intelligence corresponding with a signal made from the Moselle, then in the offing, for a fleet in the north-west quarter, he immediately caused the squadron to be unmoored; and, at day-break the following morning, put to sea, in pursuit of the enemy.

The Moselle having brought intelligence that the fleet seen was steering to the southward, Admiral Hotham shaped his course for Corsica, lest their destination should be against that island; dispatching the Tarleton brig to St. Fiorenzo, with orders for the Berwick to join him off Cape Corse. He had, however, the misfortune to learn, by the return of the brig, the same night, that the Berwick had, two days before, been captured by the enemy's fleet.

Though the French ships were seen daily by the advanced frigates, the two squadrons did not get sight of each other till the 12th, when the enemy was discovered to windward.

Next morning, observing them still in that direction, without any apparent intention of coming down, the signal was made for a general chase. The weather being squally, and blowing very fresh, the *Ca-Ira* of eighty guns, formerly the *Couronne*, was discovered to be without it's topmasts; which afforded Captain Freemantle, of the *Inconstant* frigate, who was far advanced in the chase, an opportunity of shewing a good proof of British enterprise, by attacking, raking, and harassing that ship, till the coming up of Captain Nelson, in the *Agamemnon*, by whom it was soon so completely cut up, as to be incapable of getting away: his brave fellows, all the time, who appear to have been miraculously preserved, working the ship about the enemy's stern and quarters, with as much exactness as if going into Spithead. Though the *Ca-Ira* had thirteen hundred men on board, and Captain Nelson only three hundred at quarters, including himself—for this is his own account and mode of reckoning—he had, after an action of two hours, in which a hundred and ten of the enemy were killed and wounded, not one of his *Agamemnons* slain, and no more than seven wounded. The *Sans Culotte*, however, of a hundred and twenty guns, at length coming up, and the British heavy ships being still distant, Admiral Hotham called him off; making the signal for the squadron to form on the larboard line of bearing, in which order they remained during the night.

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In the morning of the 14th, the *Ca-Ira* was discovered in tow of the *Censeur* of seventy-four guns, so far separated from their own squadron as to afford a probable chance of cutting them off. The opportunity was not lost; and, all sail being made to effect that purpose, the enemy were reduced to the alternative of abandoning those ships, or coming to battle. Our advanced ships were so closely supported in their attack on the *Ca-Ira* and *Censeur*, that they were effectually cut off from any assistance; and the conflict ended by the enemy's yielding them up: satisfied, after all their boasts, by firing on the British line, as they passed with a light air of wind, and evidently happy that our van ships had suffered too much for the squadron to follow them with any prospect of success.

The grand object of their vaunted armament, however, was completely frustrated by this encounter. It could not, Captain Nelson observed, be denominated a battle, as the enemy would not afford any opportunity of closing with them; if they had, from the zeal and gallantry endeavoured to be shewn by each individual captain, there was not the smallest doubt that a glorious victory would have ensued.

The French ships had been all fitted with forges; and fired, continually, from some of their guns, hot shot and shells. The diabolical practice of having furnaces in their cockpits, however, was found too dangerous to be long persisted in.

Several of the French ships were crippled, and some of them went off towed by frigates, or without bowsprits, &c. The *Sans Culotte* got to Genoa, and others to Vado Bay. The British squadron, with the prizes, which were greatly shattered and very leaky, proceeded to St. Fiorenzo: where it remained till the 22d; and then sailed for Leghorn, to join the *Blenheim* and *Bombay Castle*, that it might again go in pursuit of some of the French ships.

Captain Nelson obtained, on this occasion, the highest approbation of our own fleet, and the handsomest and most liberal testimony from that of the enemy.

The fleet having been refitted at Leghorn, and obtained another seventy-four gun ship from the King of Naples, they proceeded to the westward, for reinforcements, about the 10th of May; and afterwards went to Minorca, where they remained some time waiting for a convoy's arrival from Gibraltar.

Having returned to St. Fiorenzo the latter end of June, Captain Nelson was dispatched, on the 4th of July, with the *Agamemnon*, *Meleager*, *Ariadne*, *Moselle*, and the *Mutine* cutter, to co-operate with the Austrian general in the recovery of Genoa.

The second day, however, he fell in with the French fleet, which Admiral Hotham had supposed at Toulon, and was chased back to St. Fiorenzo. It appears evident, from all their movements, that they did not know our fleet was in port. The chase continued twenty-four hours; and, owing to the freshness of the winds in these seas, he was

occasionally hard pressed; but they being, as he said, neither seamen nor officers, gave him many advantages.

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On the 7th, in the morning, Admiral Hotham was much surprised to learn that the above squadron was seen in the offing, pursued into port by the enemy's fleet. Immediately on their appearance, he made every preparation to put to sea after them; having the mortification, in the mean time, to behold Captain Nelson, with his little squadron, for nearly seven hours, almost wholly in their possession. The shore, and his knowledge of it, proved his greatest friends on this occasion.

Though most of the British ships were in the midst of watering and refitting, by very great exertions, the whole fleet got under weigh that night; but a calm, and swell, prevented their going out till the morning.

It was not till day-break, on the 13th of July 1795, that they were discovered by the fleet. At eight o'clock, Admiral Hotham, finding that they had no other view than that of endeavouring to get off, made the signal for a general chase. The baffling winds, and vexatious calms, which render every naval operation in this country doubtful, soon afterwards taking place, a few only of our van ships could come up with the enemy's rear about noon. These they so warmly attacked, that one of the sternmost ships, the Alcide of seventy-four guns, had struck in the course of an hour. The rest of their fleet, favoured by a shift of wind, that placed them to windward, had got so far into Frejus Bay, while the greater part of our's was becalmed in the offing, that it became impossible for anything farther to be effected.

Had the wind lasted twenty minutes longer, the six flyers, as they were called, would have been alongside as many of the enemy. Captain Nelson had every hope of getting the Agamemnon, one of these flyers, alongside an eighty-gun ship, with a flag or broad pendant flying; but the west wind dying away, and the east coming, gave them the advantage, and enabled them to reach their own shore, from which they were not three leagues distant.

Rear-Admiral Mann, who had shifted his flag to the Victory on this occasion, commanded the six ships thus distinguished by their superiority of sailing: he proved himself, Captain Nelson observed, a good man, in every sense of the word.

The disappointment of our brave countrymen, on this day, must have been prodigiously great. In the morning, there had been a hope of taking the whole of the French fleet; and, even latterly, no bad prospect of securing six sail of the line. Instead of which, they had only taken a single ship, the Alcide; and that, such was the fortune of this luckless day, took fire about half an hour after it had struck, and before being taken into possession—said to be occasioned by a box of combustibles in the fore-top—and the whole ship was soon in a blaze. Several boats, from our fleet, were instantly dispatched to rescue as many as possible of the unhappy crew from the devouring flames; and, by great exertion, three hundred were saved: the remainder, consisting of about four hundred, had the melancholy fate of being blown up with the ship.

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The Agamemnon, with it's usual good fortune, had none killed in this action, and only one wounded. It received, however, several shot under water, which kept the hands pretty well employed at the pumps: but this, Captain Nelson insisted, must have happened by accident, as he was very certain they only fired high.

The six ships engaged were the Victory, Admiral Mann, and Captain Reeve; Agamemnon, Nelson; Defence, Wells; Culloden, Troubridge; Cumberland, Rowley; and Blenheim, Bazeley.

After anchoring for a few hours at St. Fiorenzo, with the fleet, Captain Nelson was again dispatched, in the Agamemnon, with orders to sail as before directed, when he had been chased back. Accordingly, with a light squadron under his command, consisting of the Inconstant, Meleager, Southampton, Tartar, Ariadne, and Speedy, he proceeded to co-operate with the Austrian General De Vins: and, being informed by the general, that a convoy of provisions and ammunition was arrived at Alassio, a place in the possession of the French army, he proceeded thither on the 25th of August; where, within an hour, he took nine vessels, burnt a tenth, and drove another on shore. Some of the enemy's cavalry fired on the boats when boarding the vessels near shore, but not a single man was killed or wounded. The French had two thousand horse and foot soldiers in the town, which prevented his landing and destroying their magazines of provisions and ammunition.

Captain Freemantle of the Inconstant, was sent, in the mean time, with the Tartar, to Languelia, a town on the west side of the Bay of Alassio; where, Captain Nelson observes, in his dispatches to Admiral Hotham, published October 3, 1795, in the London Gazette, that commander executed his orders in a most officer-like manner. "I am indebted," he concludes, "to every officer in the squadron, for their activity: but, most particularly so, to Lieutenant George Andrews, first-lieutenant of the Agamemnon; who, by his spirited and officer-like conduct, saved the French corvette from going on shore."

The vessels taken were—a French corvette of ten guns, four swivels, and eighty-seven men; a French gun-boat of one brass gun, four swivels, and forty-nine men; a French galley of one brass gun, four swivels, and thirty men; a like galley, with twenty-nine men; a French brig, in ballast, burden a hundred tons; a French bark, burden seventy tons, laden with powder and shells; a French brig, burden a hundred tons, laden with wine; a galley, burden fifty tons, in ballast; and a tartane, burden thirty-five tons, laden with wine: those destroyed—a bark, laden with powder, drove on shore; and a ditto, laden with provisions, burnt.

Though this enterprise called for no particular exertion of great ability, it was executed with very complete success; and the result was both advantageous to the captors and their allies, and distressful to the common enemy.

Admiral Hotham, in his dispatches to government, inclosing the account of this business which he had received from Captain Nelson, handsomely remarks that "his officer-like conduct upon this, and indeed upon every occasion, where his services are called forth, reflects on him the highest credit."

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Admiral Hotham was a very brave and highly respectable commander; and, being also a worthy man, he did whatever was in his power to serve Captain Nelson, whose superior ability he would, probably, have himself readily acknowledged on any occasion. He might not be sufficiently what Captain Nelson called a man of business, to admire the agreed co-operation with the Austrian army, though as ready as any man to encounter the fleet of the enemy at sea: when, therefore, that co-operation became necessary, Captain Nelson's known habits of soldiering, immediately directed the admiral's attention to the Brigadier; who had, accordingly, a not altogether unpleasant command of the squadron at Vado Bay, consisting of thirteen sail of frigates and sloops. This little fleet, however, with the exception of the above expedition, did very little important business, not a single frigate being allowed to chase out of sight.

It was about this period, that Captain Nelson had the satisfaction of learning that he had, on the 6th of June preceding, in consequence of the then promotion of flag-officers, been appointed one of the Colonels of Marines.

He had, it seems, been in some expectation of this promotion, but little imagined that it had already taken place: for, writing to Captain Locker on the 18th of June, off Minorca, he observes that great changes had taken place in the fleet, and that more were on the eve of doing so. "Perhaps," adds he, "the Admiralty may commission me for some ship here: if so, provided they give me the marines, I shall feel myself bound to take her, much as I object to serving another winter campaign without a little rest."

His health, indeed, had been considerably impaired before Lord Hood quitted the station; but as he had, after the reduction of Corsica, less occasion for much continued exertion, it was now, on the whole, rather increased than diminished; and this timely promotion appears to have operated as a powerful cordial restorative.

With the Austrian General De Vins, at Vado Bay, on the coast of Genoa, he continued to co-operate during the whole time that Admiral Hotham retained the command; who quitted it in November 1795, and was succeeded by Sir John Jervis; the present Earl of St. Vincent.

This change seems to have been a very fortunate circumstance for Captain Nelson; and, perhaps, on the whole, little less so for Sir John Jervis. The new commander in chief was much too shrewd and discerning a character not to see the full value of such an officer as Captain Nelson. Himself a man of the highest bravery, and of the first professional knowledge, he could not fail to recognize, in every act, the vigorous intellect, and undaunted valour, which Captain Nelson possessed. It was no slight shade of an uncertain tint, but a plain and decided distinction of character clearly perceptible at a single glance. Bravery and skill abound, and will, it is hoped, always abound, in the British navy; and great, indeed, must be the merits of any one who shines with superior lustre in a constellation of such general brilliancy. Sir John had, under his command, many able officers; but he immediately perceived that Captain

Nelson was a star of the first magnitude, and nobly resolved to remove every intervening cloud which might prevent his appearing in full splendour.

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The great importance, not only to both these exalted naval characters, but to their country, which has been so much benefitted by their respective and united services, must prevent the necessity of any apology for reverting to the very origin of their acquaintance with each other: a communication which the author of these memoirs has the honour of being enabled to give, on no less authority than that of the Earl of St. Vincent himself.

His lordship, while Sir John Jervis, was returning from the House of Commons, of which he was then a member; when, in the Treasury Passage, he perceived Captain Locker at a distance, whom he instantly knew, from the singularity of his looking through an eye-glass fitted at the head of his cane. Sir John immediately hailed his old friend: and Captain Locker, coming up, expressed his happiness at seeing Sir John Jervis; as he wished, he said, to introduce his *e/leve*, Captain Nelson.

From that period, till the time when Sir John Jervis took the command of the Mediterranean fleet, he had never again beheld Captain Nelson; who, having served much with Lord Hood, and not knowing Sir John Jervis's generous intentions to bring him still more forward, expressed a wish to return to England in the *Agamemnon*. That ship, indeed, from it's then bad state, was expected to be soon sent home: but Sir John Jervis seems to have felt more unwilling to part with Captain Nelson than his ship.

On the death of Lord Hervey, the captain of the *Zealous*, which happened soon after, Sir John Jervis immediately offered Captain Nelson the command of that ship; which he declined, still persisting in his desire to go home.

It was not long, however, before he became sufficiently sensible of Sir John's great attachment to him, and now readily expressed the desire which he felt to remain under his command. They were, thus, mutually pleased with each other; and there resulted, from the harmony which continued to prevail between these two truly great and heroic characters, the utmost possible advantage to their country, and the most complete glory to themselves.

On the 23d of February 1796, Captain Nelson, after looking into Toulon, where there were then thirteen sail of the line and five frigates ready for sea, left the commander in chief to the westward of Toulon, and proceeded to Genoa.

In April, so highly did Sir John Jervis approve of Captain Nelson's conduct, that he promoted him to the rank of temporary commodore, with directions to wear a distinguishing pendant, which was accordingly hoisted on board the old *Agamemnon*.

In May, orders having arrived for a third rate, the worst ship then in the line, to return home with the convoy, there could be no doubt that the *Agamemnon* must be the ship: and John Samuel Smith, Esq. the commander of the *Captain* of seventy-four guns, being in a very ill state of health, and desirous of going to England, Captain Nelson was

appointed to Captain Smith's ship; and he was to have went home in the Agamemnon, had he not, shortly after, died at Gibraltar.

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So completely, indeed, had Captain Nelson worn out his old and favourite ship, by a series of hard service, that when it went into dock for refitment, there was not a mast, yard, sail, or any part of the rigging, which remained fit for service, the whole having been cut to pieces with shot. The hull, also, was so greatly damaged, that it had for some time been secured and kept together merely by having cables properly served or thrapped round.

On the 11th of August, he obtained the permanent rank of commodore, having a captain appointed to command under him in his new ship.

In the mean time, he had been also incessantly employed, and still continued actively engaged till October, in the various arduous services of blockading Leghorn; taking possession of Porto Ferrajio, with the island of Caprea; and, lastly, in the evacuation of Bastia.

Having convoyed, in safety, all the British troops from Corsica to Porto Ferrajio, he joined Sir John Jervis in St. Fiorenzo Bay, and proceeded with him to Gibraltar.

On his way to Gibraltar, November 5, 1796, in writing to his friend Captain Locker, he remarks that he has seen the first and the last of the kingdom of Corsica, It's situation, he says, was certainly most disirable for us; but the generality of the inhabitants were so greedy of wealth, and so jealous of each other, that it would require the patience of Job, and the riches of Croesus, to satisfy them. He adds, that they say, of themselves, they are only to be governed by the ruling power's shooting all it's enemies, and bribing all it's friends.

In this letter, too, he observes, to his old friend, with evident exultation, that as soon as the fleet is united, which was then expecting to be joined by Admiral Mann, he had no doubt that they should look out for the combined fleet; who, he supposed, were about thirty-four sail of the line, badly manned, and worse ordered: "while our's," exclaims the gallant commodore, "is such a fleet as I never before saw at sea! There is nothing, hardly, beyond our reach. I need not give you the character of Sir John Jervis, you know him well; therefore, I shall only say, that he is worthy of such a fleet, for he knows how to use it in the most beneficial manner for our country."

After landing at Minorca, the 11th of November, where he observes that they were on shore "upon velvet," the fleet proceeded to it's destination, and soon safely arrived.

The commodore, however, remained but a short time at Gibraltar with the fleet; being ordered, by the commander in chief, to remove his broad pendant on board La Minerve frigate of thirty-two guns, commanded by Captain George Cockburne; and, accompanied by La Blanche of the same force, Captain Preston commander, immediately to proceed to Porto Ferrajio, for the purpose of bringing away the troops, and naval and military stores, which still remained there, and which were much wanted

at Gibraltar, in consequence of the change of circumstances occasioned by the recent commencement of the war with Spain.

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During the night of the 19th of December, on his passage to Porto Ferrajio, Commodore Nelson fell in with two Spanish frigates of considerable force. The largest ship, which carried a poop light, was immediately attacked by the commodore; who, at the same time, directed La Blanche to bear down and engage the other. At forty minutes past ten, La Minerve brought it's opponent to close action; and the fire continued, without intermission, till half past one in the morning, when the Spaniard struck. It proved to be La Sabina Spanish frigate of forty guns; twenty-eight of them, on the main deck, being eighteen pounders; with two hundred and eighty-six men, commanded by Captain Don Jacobo Stuart. The captured ship lost it's mizen mast during the action; and the main and fore masts were so damaged, that they both gave way on the very first attempt to carry a press of sail. In this terrible conflict, one hundred and sixty-four Spaniards, more than half the crew, were killed and wounded; while La Minerve, though it's masts were shot through, and it's rigging much cut, had only seven men killed, and thirty-four wounded.

In Commodore Nelson's first letter to Sir John Jervis, relative to this action, dated December 20, 1796, he assumes not the smallest merit, but modestly gives the entire praise to his officers and crew.

"You are, Sir," says he, "so thoroughly acquainted with the merits of Captain Cockburne, that it is needless for me to express them: but the discipline of La Minerve does the highest credit to her captain and lieutenants, and I wish fully to express the sense which I have of their judgment and gallantry. Lieutenant Culverhouse, the first lieutenant, is an old officer of very distinguished merit; Lieutenants Hardy, Gage, and Noble, deserve every praise which gallantry and zeal justly entitle them to, as does every other officer and man in the ship." "You will observe, Sir, I am sure, with regret, among the wounded, Lieutenant James Noble; who quitted the Captain to serve with me, and whose merits and repeated wounds, received in fighting the enemies of our country, entitle him to every reward a grateful nation can bestow."

In the handsomest manner, he thus liberally concludes with praising his vanquished antagonist—"La Minerve's opponent being commanded by a gallant officer, was well defended; which has caused her list of killed and wounded to be great, and her masts, sails, and rigging, to be much damaged."

Lieutenants Culverhouse and Hardy, with a proper number of men, being put in charge of La Sabina, which was taken in tow, at four in the morning, a Spanish frigate, known by it's signals, was seen coming up; and, at half past four, engaged with La Minerve. Commodore Nelson now cast off the prize, and directed Lieutenant Culverhouse to stand to the southward. After a trial of strength for more than half an hour, the Spaniard wore, and hauled off; or it would, the commodore was confident, have shared the same fate as it's companion.

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At this time, three other ships were seen standing for La Minerve. The hope was now alive, that they were only frigates, and that La Blanche was one of them: but, when the day dawned, it was mortifying to find that they were two Spanish ships of the line, and two frigates, while La Blanche was far to windward. In this situation, the enemy, by bringing up the breeze frequently within shot, it required all the skill of Captain Cockburne, which he eminently displayed, to get off with his crippled ship.

“Here,” says commodore Nelson, from whose letter to Sir John Jervis the above facts are chiefly collected, “I must also do justice to Lieutenants Culverhouse and Hardy, and express my tribute of praise for their management of the prize. A frigate repeatedly fired into her without effect; and, at last, the Spanish admiral quitted the pursuit of La Minerve for that of La Sabina, which was steering a different course; evidently, with the intention of attracting the notice of the admiral, as English colours were hoisted over the Spanish. The Sabina’s main and fore masts fell overboard before she surrendered.” “This is, Sir, an unpleasant tale; but the merits of every officer and man in La Minerve and her prize, were eminently conspicuous through the whole of this arduous day. The enemy quitted the pursuit of La Minerve at dark.”

There were ten men wounded in this last attack, but none killed; and the mainmast was much damaged, and the rigging greatly cut.

D’Arcy Preston, Esq. captain of La Blanche, had brought, on the preceding night, a few minutes after La Minerve’s first broadside, the smaller Spanish frigate to close action. The enemy made but a trifling resistance, and eight or nine broadsides completely silenced them; when they called out for quarter, and their colours were hauled down.

“I am sorry to add,” says Captain Preston, in his letter to Commodore Nelson, written at sea, December 20, “the very near approach of three fresh ships, two of which we discovered nearly within gun-shot before we went into action, rendered my taking possession of her impracticable; when I wore, to join La Minerve. Finding the ships did not then close with the frigate, which I had left much damaged in her hull, sails, and rigging, I again stood after her: but she had, by this time, got her fore-sail, fore top-sail, and fore top-gallant sail, set; and not only out-sailed the Blanche, before the wind, but was joined by another ship standing from the land.” “Nothing could exceed the steadiness and good conduct of the first-lieutenant, Mr. Cowen; and the whole of the officers, and ship’s company, I have the honour to command. I have great pleasure to inform you, that not one person was hurt, or the rigging the least damaged.

“I beg leave to add, how much I am obliged to Captain Maitland, who is on board, a passenger, to join his ship, for his very great assistance on the quarter-deck during the action.”

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The worthy and gallant commodore was far less chagrined at the loss of these two prizes, than at that of his brave officers and men who were unfortunately on board that of which La Minerve had taken possession. He seized, therefore, the first possible opportunity of sending a letter, by a flag of truce, to his Excellency Don Miguel Gaston, Captain General of the Department of Carthagena, of which the following authentic copy is now for the first time printed.

"His Britannic Majesty's Ship
the Minerve, at Sea,
Dec. 24, 1796.

"SIR,

"The fortune of war put La Sabina into my possession, after she had been most gallantly defended: the fickle dame returned her to you, with some of my officers and men in her.

"I have endeavoured to make the captivity of Don Jacobo Stuart, her brave commander, as light as possible; and I trust to the generosity of your nation for it's being reciprocal for the British officers and men." "I consent, Sir, that Don Jacobo may be exchanged, and at full liberty to serve his king, when Lieutenants Culverhouse and Hardy are delivered into the garrison of Gibraltar, with such others as may be agreed on by the cartel established between Gibraltar and St. Roche, for the exchange of prisoners." "I have also a domestic taken in La Sabina, his name is Israel Coulson. Your excellency will, I am sure, order him to be immediately restored to me, for which I shall consider myself as obliged to you.

"I also trust, that those men now prisoners of war with you will be sent to Gibraltar. It becomes great nations to act with generosity to each other, and to soften the horrors of war.

"I have the honour to be, with the most perfect esteem, your most obedient servant,

"Horatio Nelson."

Not satisfied with this single application, he immediately strengthened it by another epistle, which he addressed to the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan Marenco. In this letter, he also kindly bears testimony to the merits of the unfortunate commander of La Sabina. "I cannot," says he, "allow Don Jacobo to return to you, without expressing my admiration of his gallant conduct. To you, who have seen the state of his ship, it is needless to mention the impossibility of her longer defence. I have lost many brave men: but, in our masts, I was most fortunate; or, probably, I should have had the honour of your acquaintance. But it pleased God to order it otherwise, for which I am thankful. I have

endeavoured to make Don Jacobo's captivity as easy as possible; and I rely on your generosity, for reciprocal treatment towards my brave officers and men, your prisoners."

On the 24th of December, La Minerve captured, off the south end of Sardinia, a French privateer, called the Maria, of six nine pounders, and sixty-eight men; which was taken in tow, and carried safely into Porto Ferrajio: they arrived at that port on the 27th, and found there six of his majesty's ships at anchor.

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After employing upwards of a month, in refitting ships, and obviating various objections which had been unexpectedly made to the embarkation of the troops and stores from Elba, on the 29th of January 1797, the whole being embarked in twelve sail of transports, La Minerve, with the Romulus, Southampton, Dido, Dolphin, Dromedary, and Sardine, sailed from Porto Ferrajio.

Sir Gilbert Elliot, the late Viceroy of Corsica, since Lord Minto; with the ingenious Colonel Drinkwater, Secretary at War for that island; and the rest of the establishment; took their passage in La Minerve, with Commodore Nelson: who, on his way to Gibraltar, looked into the ports of the respective enemies, that he might be enabled to ascertain, and report to the commander in chief, the apparent state of the combined fleet.

On the 30th, he parted from the convoy, accompanied by the Romulus; and, on the 1st of February, looked into Toulon harbour. They took, on the 5th, a small Spanish felucca; and, on the 6th, another. On the 9th, looked into the harbour of Carthage; and, on the 10th, safely moored in Rosier Bay, Gibraltar: a few days after the Spanish fleet from Carthage had been seen to pass through the Straits.

The next day, Commodore Nelson had the pleasure to receive on board Lieutenants Culverhouse and Hardy, with all the seamen belonging to La Minerve, who had been liberated, by the Spaniards, and returned to Gibraltar, in consequence of his judicious applications.

Anxious to join Sir John Jervis, that he might partake in the glory of an expected engagement between the two fleets, on Saturday, the 11th, at half past two in the afternoon, La Minerve weighed, and made sail; when, on proceeding westward to the appointed place of rendezvous, two Spanish ships of the line, cut or slipped from Algeiras, and gave chase. La Minerve, however, making all possible sail, left them fast; and, in the evening, was within four leagues of Cape Spartel.

In the morning of the 12th, at half past three, the report of several guns was heard; which, there seemed little doubt, proceeded from the Spanish fleet. The commodore, therefore, bore up to the northward.

Next morning, the 13th, he saw two strange sail bearing north north-west, after which he made sail; and, at half past three, heard several guns fired in that quarter, which was evidently the situation of the Spanish fleet. At half past eight, Commodore Nelson saw the English fleet; and made the private signal, which was answered by the commander in chief.

On joining the fleet, Commodore Nelson communicated to Sir John Jervis what he had remarked respecting the situation of the Spanish fleet; and which, with other intelligence, induced the commander in chief to send off dispatches to England,

expressive of his hopes soon to come up with the enemy; whom it was his determination to engage the first moment possible.

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Commodore Nelson having been made acquainted, by Sir John Jervis, with the particulars of his plan for the intended order of battle, which had several days before been imparted to the other commanders of the respective ships, shifted his broad pendant, at half past six in the morning, from La Minerve to his former ship, the Captain, of seventy-four guns, Ralph Willet Miller, Esq. commander: shortly after which, the signal was thrown out, for every ship to prepare for action.

Though, on joining the British fleet, the Lively frigate, commanded by the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Garlies, was appointed to proceed with Sir Gilbert Elliot, and the gentlemen accompanying him, to England; there being reason to expect an approaching general engagement with the Spanish fleet, the Lively, at the joint solicitations of Sir Gilbert Elliot and Lord Garlies, who were desirous of waiting and observing the issue, was detained with the squadron, and acted as a repeating frigate during the action.

This circumstance enabled Colonel Drinkwater, who was on board the Lively, to view that interesting scene with a precision and leisure which could never have occurred to any person actually engaged in the conflict.

To the elegant pen of this gentleman, the world is indebted for one of the most accurate and masterly descriptions of a naval engagement which has ever been given; and his correct and elegant pencil has also illustrated his "Narrative of the Proceedings of the British Fleet, commanded by Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B. on the 14th of February 1797," with engraved plans of the relative positions of the two fleets, at the various most momentous periods of the celebrated battle off Cape St. Vincent's.

From this ingenious pamphlet, now become exceedingly scarce, there will, perhaps, be no impropriety in extracting the chief particulars of this, at that time, unparalleled naval victory: particularly as, from the very extraordinary share which Commodore Nelson actually had in this glorious engagement, by disingenuously presenting a garbled account relative to him alone, it might seem rather to appear as his battle, than that of Sir John Jervis, the illustrious commander in chief; who derives, so deservedly, from that splendid victory, his title of Earl of St. Vincent.

The weakness of over-zealous friends is often more prejudicial than the most violent efforts of professed enemies. No man ever less needed, or less desired, to strip a single leaf from the honoured wreath of any other hero, with the vain hope of augmenting his own, than the immortal Nelson; no man ever more merited the whole of that which a generous nation unanimously presented to Sir John Jervis, than the Earl of St. Vincent.

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“Before I enter,” says Colonel Drinkwater, “on the detail of the proceedings of the important day which will certainly immortalize the name of Jervis, and of his brave seconds, it will be proper to state the relative force of the British and Spanish fleets.” The British fleet—or, to use, I believe, a more correct term, the British squadron—consisted of fifteen sail of the line, four frigates, a sloop of war, and a cutter; the Spanish fleet, of twenty-seven sail of the line, ten frigates, and a brig.

“Before sun-set, in the evening of the 13th, the signal had been made for the British squadron to prepare for battle, and the ships were also directed to keep in close order during the night.

“At day-break, on the 14th—St. Valentine’s Day—the British fleet was in complete order, formed in two divisions, standing on a wind to the south south-west. The morning was hazy. About half past six, the Culloden made the signal for five sail in the south-west by south quarter; which was soon after confirmed by the Lively and Niger frigates, and that the strange sail were by the wind on the starboard tack. The Bonne Citoyenne sloop of war, Captain Lindsey, was therefore directed to reconnoitre.

“At a quarter past eight o’clock, the squadron was ordered, by-signal, to form in a close order; and, in a few minutes afterwards, the signal was repeated to prepare for battle.

“About half past nine o’clock, the Culloden, Blenheim, and Prince George, were ordered to chase in the south by west quarter; which, upon the Bonne Citoyenne making a signal that she saw eight sail in that quarter, was afterwards strengthened by the Irresistible, Colossus, and Orion.” A little past ten o’clock, the Minerve frigate made the signal for twenty sail in the south-west quarter; and, a few minutes after, of eight sail in the south by west. Half an hour afterwards, the Bonne Citoyenne made the signal that she could distinguish sixteen—and, immediately afterwards, twenty-five—of the strange ships, to be of the line. The enemy’s fleet were, indeed, now become visible to all the British squadron. “The ships first discovered by the Culloden were separated from their main body; which, being to windward, were bearing down in some confusion, with a view of joining their separated ships. It appeared to have been the British admiral’s intention, on discovering the separated ships of the enemy’s fleet, to have cut them off, if possible, before the main body could arrive to their assistance; and, with this view, the fast-sailing ships of his squadron were ordered to chase.” Assured, now, of the near position of their main body, he probably judged it most advisable to form his fleet into the line of battle; and the signal was made for their forming the line of battle ahead and astern, as most convenient.

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A signal was made, directing the squadron to steer south south-west. "About twenty minutes past eleven o'clock, the admiral pointed out that the Victory, his flag-ship, would take her station next to the Colossus. Some variation in steering was afterwards directed, in order to let the rear ships close up. At twenty-six minutes past eleven o'clock, the admiral communicated his intention to pass through the enemy's line, hoisting his large flag and ensign; and, soon after, the signal was made to engage. "The British van, by this time, had approached the enemy; and the destination of leading the British line into action, fell to the lot of the Culloden, commanded by Captain Troubridge. About half past eleven o'clock, the firing commenced, from the Culloden, against the enemy's headmost ships to windward.

"As the British squadron advanced, the action became more general; and it was soon apparent, that the British admiral had accomplished his design of passing through the enemy's line.

"The animated and regular fire of the British squadron was but feebly returned by the enemy's ships to windward; which, being frustrated in their attempts to join the separated ships, had been obliged to haul their wind on the larboard tack. Those to leeward, and which were most effectually cut off from their main body, attempted also to form on their larboard tack; apparently, with a determination of either passing through, or to leeward of, our line, and joining their friends: but the warm reception they met with, from the centre ships of our squadron, soon obliged them to put about; and, excepting one, the whole sought safety in flight, and did not again appear in the action till the close of the day. This single ship, which persevered in passing to leeward of the British line, was so covered with smoke, that her intention was not discovered till she had reached the rear: when she was not permitted to pass without notice, but received the fire of our sternmost ships; and, as she luffed round the rear, the Lively, and other frigates, had also the honour of exchanging, with this two-decker, several broadsides. "Sir John Jervis having effected his first purpose, now directed his whole attention to the enemy's main body to windward; consisting, at this time, of eighteen sail of the line. At eight minutes past twelve, the signal was therefore made for the British fleet to tack in succession; and, soon after, the signal for again passing the enemy's line. "The Spanish admiral's plan seemed to be, to join his ships to leeward, by wearing round the rear of our line; and the ships which had passed, and exchanged shot, with our squadron, had actually borne up with this view. "This design, however, was frustrated by the timely opposition of Commodore Nelson; whose station in the rear of the British line afforded

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him an opportunity of observing this manoeuvre, and of frustrating the Spanish admiral's intention. His ship, the Captain, had no sooner passed the rear of the enemy's ships that were to windward, than he ordered her to wear, and stood on the other tack towards the enemy. "In executing this bold, and decisive manoeuvre, the commodore reached the sixth ship from the enemy's rear, which was the Spanish admiral's flag, the Santissima Trinidad, of one hundred and thirty-six guns; a ship of four decks, and said to be the largest in the world. Notwithstanding the inequality of force, the commodore instantly engaged this colossal opponent; and, for a considerable time, had to contend not only with her, but with her seconds ahead and astern, of three decks each. While he maintained this unequal combat, which was viewed with admiration, mixed with anxiety, his friends were flying to his support: and the enemy's attention was soon directed to the Culloden, Captain Troubridge; and, in a short time after, to the Blenheim, of ninety guns, Captain Frederick; who, very opportunely, came to his assistance. "The intrepid conduct of the commodore staggered the Spanish admiral, who already appeared to waver in pursuing his intention of joining the ships cut off by the British fleet; when the Culloden's arrival, and Captain Troubridge's spirited support of the Captain, together with the approach of the Blenheim, followed by Rear-Admiral Parker, with the Prince George, Orion, Irresistible, and Diadem, not far distant, determined the Spanish admiral to change his design altogether, and to make the signal for the ships of his main body to haul their wind, and make sail on the larboard tack. "Advantage was now apparent, in favour of the British squadron, and not a moment was lost in improving it. As the ships of Rear-Admiral Parker's division approached the enemy's ships, in support of the Captain, and her gallant seconds, the Blenheim and Culloden, the cannonade became more animated and impressive. The superiority of the British fire over that of the enemy, and its effects on the enemy's hulls and sails, were so evident, that there was no longer any hesitation in pronouncing a glorious termination of the contest. "The British squadron, at this time, was formed in two divisions, both on the larboard tack: Rear-Admiral Parker, with the Blenheim, Culloden, Prince George, Captain, Orion, and Irresistible, composed one division, which was engaged with the enemy's rear; Sir John Jervis, with the other division, consisting of the Excellent, Victory, Barfleur, Namur, Egmont, Goliah, and Britannia, was pressing forward in support of his advanced squadron, but had not yet approached the real scene of action. "While the British advanced division warmly pressed the enemy's centre and rear, the admiral meditated, with his division, a co-operation

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which must effectually compel some of them to surrender."In the confusion of their retreat, several of the enemy's ships had doubled on each other; and, in the rear, they were three or four deep. It was, therefore, the British admiral's design to reach the weathermost of these ships; and, then, to bear up, and rake them all, in succession, with the seven ships composing his division. His object, afterwards, was to pass on to the support of his van division; which, from the length of time they had been engaged, he judged might be in want of it. The casual position, however, of the rear ships of his van division prevented his executing this plan. The admiral, therefore, ordered the Excellent, the leading ship of his own division, to bear up; and, with the Victory, he himself passed to leeward of the enemy's rearmost and leewardmost ships; which, though almost silenced in their fire, continued obstinately to resist the animated attack of all their opponents."Captain Collingwood, in the Excellent, in obedience to the admiral's orders, passed between the two rearmost ships of the enemy's line; giving to the one most to windward, a seventy-four, so effectual a broadside, in addition to what had been done before, that her captain was induced to submit. The Excellent, afterwards, bore down on the ship to leeward, a three-decker: but, observing the Orion engaged with her, and the Victory approaching her, he threw into her only a few discharges of musketry, and passed on to the support of the Captain, at that time warmly engaged with a three-decker, carrying a flag. His interference here was opportune, as the continual and long fire of the Captain had almost expended the ammunition she had at hand, and the loss of her fore-topmast, and other injuries she had received in her rigging, had rendered her nearly ungovernable."The Spanish three-decker had lost her mizen-mast; and, before the Excellent arrived in her proper station to open on this ship, the three-decker dropped astern aboard of, and became entangled with, a Spanish two-decker, that was her second. Thus doubled on each other, the Excellent gave the two ships her fire; and then moved forwards to assist the headmost ships in their attack on the Spanish admiral, and the other ships of the enemy's centre."Meanwhile, Sir John Jervis, disappointed in his plan of raking the enemy's rear ships, and having directed, as before observed, the Excellent to bear up, ordered the Victory to be placed on the lee-quarter of the rearmost ship of the enemy, a three-decker; and having, by signal, ordered the Irresistible and Diadem to suspend their firing, threw into the three-decker so powerful a discharge, that her commander, seeing the Barfleur, carrying Vice-Admiral the Honourable William Waldegrave's flag, ready to second the Victory, thought proper to strike to the British commander in chief. Two of the enemy's ships

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had now surrendered; and the Lively frigate, and Diadem, had orders to secure the prizes. The next that fell, were the two with which Commodore Nelson was engaged. "While Captain Collingwood so nobly stepped in to his assistance, as already mentioned. Captain Ralph Willet Miller, the commodore's captain, was enabled to replenish his lockers with shot, and prepare for a renewal of the fight. No sooner, therefore, had the Excellent passed on, than the gallant commodore renewed the battle. "The three-decker with which he was before engaged having fallen aboard her second, that ship, of eighty-four guns, became now the commodore's opponent. To her, therefore, he directed a vigorous fire; nor was it feebly returned, as the loss on board the Captain evinced, nearly twenty men being killed and wounded in a very few minutes. It was now that the various damages already sustained by that ship, through the long and arduous conflict which she had maintained, appearing to render a continuance of the contest in the usual way precarious, or perhaps impossible, that Commodore Nelson, unable to bear the idea of parting with an enemy of whom he had so thoroughly assured himself, instantly resolved on a bold and decisive measure; and determined, whatever might be the event, to attempt his opponent sword in hand. The boarders were accordingly summoned, and orders given to lay his ship, the Captain, on board the enemy. "Fortune favours the brave! nor, on this occasion, was she unmindful of her favourite. Captain Miller so judiciously directed the course of the Captain, that she was laid aboard the starboard quarter of the Spanish eighty-four; her spritsail-yard passing over the enemy's poop, and hooking in her mizen shrouds: and, the word to board being given, the officers and seamen, destined for this duty, headed by Lieutenant Berry, together with the detachment of the sixty-ninth regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Pearson, then doing duty as marines on board the Captain, passed with rapidity on board the enemy's ship; and, in a short time, the San Nicolas was in the possession of her intrepid assailants. The commodore's impatience would not permit him to remain an inactive spectator of this event. He knew, that the attempt was hazardous; and his presence, he thought, might contribute to it's success. He, therefore, accompanied the party in this attack: passing, from the fore-chains of his own ship, into the enemy's quarter gallery; and, thence, through the cabin, to the quarter-deck, where he arrived in time to receive the sword of the dying commander, who was mortally wounded by the boarders. For a few minutes after the officers had submitted, the crew below were firing their lower-deck guns: this irregularity, however, was soon corrected, and measures taken for the security of the conquest. But this labour was no sooner atchieved, than he found himself engaged in another, still more arduous.

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The stern of the three-decker, his former opponent, was directly amidships on the weather-beam of the San Nicolas; and, from her poop and galleries, the enemy sorely annoyed, with musketry, the British who had boarded the San Nicolas. The commodore was not long in resolving on the conduct to be adopted on this momentous occasion. The two alternatives that presented themselves to his unshaken mind, were to quit the prize, or instantly board the three-decker. Confident of the bravery of his seamen, he determined on the latter. Directing, therefore, an additional number of men to be sent from the Captain on board the San Nicolas, the undaunted Commodore headed, himself, the assailants in this new attack; vehemently exclaiming—"Westminster Abbey! or, glorious victory!" "Success, in a few minutes, and with little loss, crowned the enterprise. Such, indeed, was the panic occasioned by his preceding conduct, that the British no sooner appeared on the quarter-deck of their new opponent, than the commandant advanced; and, asking for the British commanding officer, dropped on one knee, and presented to him his sword; mentioning, at the same time, as an excuse for the Spanish admiral's not appearing, that he was dangerously wounded. For a moment, Commodore Nelson could scarcely persuade himself of this second instance of good fortune: he, therefore, ordered the Spanish commandant, who had the rank of a brigadier, to assemble the officers on the quarter-deck, and direct steps to be instantly taken for communicating to the crew the surrender of the ship. All the officers immediately appeared; and the commodore had the surrender of the San Josef duly confirmed, by each of them delivering to him his sword." William Fearney, one of the commodore's bargemen, had attended close by his side throughout this perilous adventure. To him the commodore gave in charge the swords of the Spanish officers, as he received them; and the jolly tar, as they were delivered to him, tucked these honourable trophies under his arm, with all the *sang-froid* imaginable. It was at this moment, also, that a British sailor, who had long fought under the commodore, came up, in the fullness of his heart; and, excusing the liberty he was taking, asked to shake him by the hand, to congratulate him on seeing him safe on the quarter-deck of a Spanish three decker. "This new conquest had scarcely submitted, and the commodore returned on board the San Nicolas, when the latter ship was discovered to be on fire in two places. At the first moment, appearances were alarming; but presence of mind, and resources, were not wanting to the British officers in this emergency. The firemen were immediately ordered from the Captain; and, proper means being taken, the fires were soon got under. "A signal was now made, by the Captain, for boats to assist in separating her from her two prizes: and, as the Captain was

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incapable of farther service till refitted, Commodore Nelson hoisted his broad pendant, for the moment, on board La Minerve frigate; and, in the evening, shifted it to the Irresistible of seventy-four guns, Captain Martin. "Four of the enemy's ships were now in possession of the British squadron—two of three decks, the Salvador del Mondo, and the San Josef, of a hundred and twelve guns each; one of eighty-four, the San Nicolas; and the San Ysidro, of seventy-four guns—and the van of the British line still continued to press hard the Santissima Trinidad, and others, in the rear of the enemy's flying fleet. "The close of the day, before the four prizes were secured, undoubtedly saved the Spanish admiral's flag from falling into the hands of the victors. The Santissima Trinidad, in which he carried it, had been so much the object of attention, that the ship was a perfect wreck when the action ceased. Many, indeed, aver that she actually struck both her flag and ensign; hoisting a white flag, as a signal of submission: but, as she continued her course, and afterwards hoisted a Spanish jack, others doubt this circumstance. It is, however, an indisputable truth, that her fire had been silent for some time before this event is reported to have occurred. It was a defensive combat, entirely, on their parts, after Commodore Nelson obliged them to haul their wind on the larboard tack. "The loss of the enemy, in this engagement, must have been very considerable. The fire of the British squadron was, throughout the action, superior, in the proportion of five or six to one; and, if we were to judge from the number of killed and wounded found on board the prizes, their casualties, must greatly exceed the numbers that have been usually computed. Almost all their wounded, that had lost limbs, died for want of assistance; and many others, who were wounded in other parts, were found dead in the holds. "The loss of the British squadron, in killed and wounded, amounted to exactly three hundred: moderate, indeed, when compared with that of the enemy, and considering the duration of the action! But the expenditure of ammunition was beyond any recent example. The Culloden, it is said, expended one hundred and seventy barrels of powder; the Captain, one hundred and forty-six; and the Blenheim, one hundred and eighty: other ships expended in similar proportions. It is by no means unworthy of remark, however, that not a single British gun burst. "The Captain fired more shot than are usually given to a ship of her rate, at her first equipment in England: and it was observed that, when shot or grape were wanting, on board this ship, for the carronades, the tars substituted, in their place, nine-pounds shot, seven of which were frequently discharged at one time; and this at so short a distance, that every shot of the seven must have had effect.

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"I could wish to convey, in some adequate manner, the merits of the chief personages in this glorious engagement; but the praise of those who were most conspicuous will, after all, be best collected from this faithful narrative of their actions: to express it, is far above the power of my pen. I confess, the admiration with which I viewed their conduct, would not permit me to be silent; or to suppress the strong feelings excited in my mind, by all the glories of that memorable day—if it were not for a real despair of reaching the extraordinary merits of some, and for a sincere apprehension of doing injustice even to those whom I might name, as well as to those whom I might, from ignorance, omit. Certain it is, that while the admiral, and some distinguished actors in this scene, are covered with never-fading laurels—if others of the squadron had not the same important share in the transactions of the day, it was owing to circumstances not dependent on themselves, and to no want of ardour or personal exertion." "If I may be permitted to hazard an opinion, the whole squadron have gained immortal honour; for the victory of the 14th of February stands, in all its circumstances, first and unparalleled in naval history." "The time mentioned in the narrative is taken from the minutes kept on board the Victory. Some difference occurs between them and those kept on board other ships; but I have thought proper to follow the former, conceiving them to be the most correct."

Such is the account of this glorious victory, as described by Colonel Drinkwater; who not only had the best possible view of the transactions in general, but was favoured with many particulars from some of the most intelligent officers who commanded or served on board the respective ships.

The official letter of the commander in chief, as addressed, on this occasion, by Sir John Jervis, to Evan Nepean, Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty, and published in the London Gazette, it has been frequently observed, was remarkable for not containing a single syllable of individual praise. This circumstance has been differently accounted for, by different persons, as they have been swayed by their prejudices, their partialities, or their imaginations; few, however, appear to have been very solicitous about the truth. Indeed, there are no inconsiderable number of writers, and of readers too, who would be rather mortified than pleased to discover any positive verity which might overthrow, or even oppose, their own preconceived notions, however unjust or erroneous.

That the omission to mention names was the result of design, and not of accident, in the public letter of the commander in chief, is certainly true; and the Earl of St. Vincent need never blush at avowing the motive by which he was laudably actuated to avoid mentioning the names of individuals. He had seen an instance of the fatal consequences of such selections, in the then recent example of Lord Howe; who, with the best intentions, had thus unfortunately excited the most cruel pangs in the bosoms of many brave commanders. He resolved, therefore, with the most humane and benevolent view, to speak only, to the public, in terms of general approbation.

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Having had occasion to say so much respecting this public letter, it's omission might, by the malignant, be construed into a wish to prevent it's being sufficiently investigated. Truth, however, is always a gainer by minute enquiry: notwithstanding, therefore, the repetition which this letter necessarily contains of what has been already seen by the reader in Colonel Drinkwater's Narrative, it is here subjoined—

"Victory,
off Lagos Bay,
February 16, 1797.

"SIR,

"The hopes of falling in with the Spanish fleet, expressed in my letter to you of the 13th instant, were confirmed, that night, by our distinctly hearing the report of their signal-guns, and by intelligence received from Captain Foote, of his majesty's ship Niger, who had, with equal judgment and perseverance, kept company with them for several days, on my prescribed rendezvous; which, from the strong south-east winds, I had never been able to reach: and, that they were not more than three or four leagues from us. I anxiously waited the dawn of day; when, being on the starboard tack, Cape St. Vincent bearing east by north seven leagues, I had the satisfaction of seeing a number of ships, extending from south-west to south, the wind then at west by south. At forty minutes past ten, the weather being extremely hazy, La Bonne Citoyenne made the signal that the ships were of the line, twenty-five in number: his majesty's squadron, consisting of the fifteen ships of the line named in the margin, were happily formed, in the most complete order of sailing, in two lines. By carrying a press of sail, I was fortunate in getting in with the enemy's fleet at half past eleven o'clock, before it had time to connect and form a regular order of battle. Such a moment was not to be lost: and, confident in the skill, valour, and discipline, of the officers and men I had the happiness to command, and judging that the honour of his majesty's arms, and the circumstances of the war in these seas, required a considerable degree of enterprize, I felt myself justified in departing from the regular system; and, passing through their fleet, in a line formed with the utmost celerity, tacked, and thereby separated one-third from the main body. After a partial cannonade, which prevented their rejunction till the evening, and by the very great exertions of the ships which had the good fortune to arrive up with the enemy on the larboard tack, the ships named in the margin were captured, and the action ceased about five o'clock in the evening. I inclose the most correct list I have been able to obtain of the Spanish fleet opposed to me, amounting to twenty-seven sail of the line; and an account of the killed and wounded in his majesty's ships, as well as in those taken from the enemy. The moment the latter, almost totally dismasted, and his majesty's ships the Captain and Culloden, are in a state to put to sea, I shall avail myself of the first favourable

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winds to proceed off Cape St. Vincent, in my way to Lisbon. Captain Calder, whose able assistance has greatly contributed to the public service during my command, is the bearer of this; and will more particularly describe, to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the movements of the squadron on the 14th, and the present state of it. I am, &c.

“J. Jervis.”

“Evan Nepean, Esq.”

This is, certainly, a very fair hasty sketch of the business; in which, though the names of particular commanders are not mentioned, for the reasons already stated, they are, perhaps, more than sufficiently hinted, to an eye of any discernment, by those of the ships described as having suffered most severely in the action.

Nor is this all. Sir John Jervis, in his private letter, of the same date, addressed to Lord Spencer, then First Lord of the Admiralty, as a guide for merited promotion, was by no means backward in naming those commanders who had been enabled most to distinguish themselves.

Of this important letter, which cannot fail to demonstrate that he did ample justice to individual gallantry and exertion, the author has been kindly honoured with an extract; which is now, for the first time, presented to the public, with the consent of the Earl of St. Vincent.

“The correct conduct of every officer and man in the squadron, on the 14th instant, made it improper to distinguish one more than another, in my public letter; because I am confident that, had those who were least in action been in the situation of the fortunate few, their behaviour would not have been less meritorious: yet, to your lordship, it becomes me to state, that Captain Troubridge, in the Culloden, led the squadron through the enemy in a masterly stile, and tacked the instant the signal flew; and was gallantly supported by the Blenheim, Prince George, Orion, Irresistible, and Colossus. The latter had her fore and fore-topsail yards wounded, and they unfortunately broke in the slings in stays; which threw her out, and impeded the tacking of the Victory.” Commodore Nelson, who was in the rear on the starboard tack, took the lead on the larboard, and contributed very much to the fortune of the day; as did Captain Collingwood: and, in the close, the San Josef and San Nicolas having fallen foul of each other, the Captain laid them on board; and Captain Berry, who served as a volunteer, entered at the head of the boarders, and Commodore Nelson followed immediately, and took possession of them both. The crippled state of these ships, and the Captain, entangled as they were, and that part of the enemy’s fleet which had been kept off in the morning—as described in the public letter—joining at the instant, it became necessary to collect the squadron, to resist an attempt to wrest these ships, the

Salvador del Mundo, and San Ysidro, from us, which occasioned the discontinuance of the action.”

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It is evident from this letter, and it's consequences, that the merits of Commodore Nelson were now duly appreciated. The handsome acknowledgment, by the commander in chief, that he had contributed much to the fortune of the day, was a very sufficient hint that he ought to participate in the honours and advantages which it might be expected to produce. Sir John Jervis, accordingly, became the Earl of St. Vincent; and Commodore Nelson, Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B.

In the mean time, so enraptured was Sir John Jervis, with the skill and bravery which he had witnessed in the gallant commodore, that he literally clasped him in his arms, when he came on board the Victory, after the action—dirtied and disfigured as he was, with great part of his hat shot away—and pressed to his own valiant bosom one of the most heroic hearts that ever inhabited a human breast.

This undoubted fact is given on no less authority than that of Thomas Bolton, Esq. who received it from the honourable lips of his immortal brother-in-law.

A week after the action, on his way to Lisbon, the commodore wrote a letter to Captain Locker, dated on board the Irresistible, Lagos Bay, February 21, 1797; in which, observing that he had been too unwell to write by the Lively frigate, which carried the news of victory to England, he mentions that, as he knows how anxious his friend would be for his welfare, both in health and reputation, he sends him a short detail of the transactions of the Captain: adding that, if he approved of it, he was at perfect liberty to insert it in the newspapers; inserting the name of "Commodore," instead of "I." He mentions, that Captain Miller and Berry, &c. authenticated the truth, till he quitted the San Josef, to go on board La Minerve; and that, farther than this, the detail should not be printed. As he does not write for the press, he modestly intimates, there may be parts which require the pruning-knife, which he desires him to use at discretion, without fear. "I pretend not to say," concludes he, "that these ships might not have fallen, had I not boarded them: but, truly, it was far from impossible that they might have forged into the Spanish fleet, as the other two ships did."

Though the account inclosed in the above letter is in a considerable degree anticipated by the more copious and general narrative of Colonel Drinkwater, and in some measure by the letters of the commander in chief, the circumstance of it's having been written by the heroic commodore himself will be a better apology for inserting it, than any that could be offered by his biographer for it's omission.

*A few Remarks relative to the Proceedings of his Majesty's Ship
Captain, on board of which Ship Commodore Nelson's Pendant was
flying on the 14th of February 1797.*

WRITTEN BY THE COMMODORE.

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“At one P.M. the Captain having passed the sternmost of the enemy's ships, which formed their van, and part of their centre, consisting of seventeen sail of the line, they on the starboard, we on the larboard tack, the admiral made the signal to tack in succession; but, perceiving all the Spanish ships to bear up before the wind, evidently with an intention of forcing their line, going large, and joining their separated divisions, at that time engaged with some of our centre ships, or flying from us—to prevent either of their schemes from taking place, I ordered the ship to be wore; and, passing between the Diadem and Excellent, at a quarter past one o'clock, was engaged with the headmost, and of course leewardmost, of the Spanish division. The ships, which I knew, were the Santissima Trinidad of one hundred and thirty-six guns, San Josef of one hundred and twelve, Salvador del Mundo of one hundred and twelve, San Nicolas of eighty; there was another first-rate, and a seventy-four, names unknown.” I was immediately joined, and most nobly supported, by the Culloden, Captain Troubridge. The Spanish fleet, not wishing, I suppose, to have a decisive battle, hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, which brought the ships abovementioned to be the leewardmost and sternmost ships in their fleet. For near an hour, I believe, but I do not pretend to be correct as to time, did the Culloden and Captain support this not only apparently, but really, unequal contest; when the Blenheim, passing between us and the enemy, gave us a respite, and sickened the Dons. At this time, the Salvador del Mundo, and San Ysidro, dropped astern; and were fired into, in a masterly stile, by the Excellent, Captain Collingwood, who compelled the San Ysidro to hoist English colours; and, I thought, the large ship, Salvador del Mundo, had also struck: but Captain Collingwood, disdaining the parade of taking possession of a vanquished enemy, most gallantly pushed up, with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate; who was, to appearance, in a critical state. The Blenheim being ahead, the Culloden crippled and astern, the Excellent ranged up within two feet of the San Nicolas, giving a most tremendous fire. The San Nicolas luffing up, the San Josef fell on board her; and the Excellent, passing on for the Santissima Trinidad, the Captain resumed her station abreast of them, and close alongside. At this time, the Captain having lost her fore-top-mast, not a sail, shroud, nor rope left, her wheel away, and incapable of farther service in the line or in chace, I directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard; and, calling for the boarders, ordered them to board. The soldiers of the sixty-ninth, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pearson of the same regiment, were almost the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizen chains was Captain Berry, late my first-lieutenant—Captain

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Miller was in the act of going, also, but I directed him to remain—he was supported by our spritsail yard, which hooked in the mizen rigging. A soldier of the sixty-ninth regiment having broken the upper quarter-gallery window, I jumped in, myself, and was followed by others as fast as possible. I found the cabin doors fastened, and some Spanish officers fired their pistols: but, having broke open the doors, the soldiers fired; and the Spanish brigadier—commodore, with a distinguishing pendant—instantly fell, as retreating to the quarter-deck; where immediately onwards, for the quarter-deck; where I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. I passed with my people, and Lieutenant Pearson, on the larboard gangway, to the forecastle; where I met two or three Spanish officers, prisoners to my seamen. They delivered me their swords. A fire of pistols or muskets, opening from the admiral's stern-gallery of the San Josef, I directed the soldiers to fire into her stern; and, calling to Captain Miller, ordered him to send more men into the San Nicolas, and directed my people to board the first-rate, which was done in an instant, Captain Berry assisting me into the main-chains. At this moment, a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail, and said they surrendered. From this most welcome intelligence, it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck; where the Spanish captain, with a bow, presented me his sword, and said the admiral was dying of his wounds. I asked him, on his honour, if the ship surrendered. He declared, she was. On which, I gave him my hand; and desired him to call in his officers, and ship's company, and tell them of it: and, on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of vanquished Spaniards; which, as I received, I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen; who put them, with the greatest *sang-froid*, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pearson of the sixty-ninth regiment, John Sykes, John Thompson, Francis Cooke—all old Agamemnons—and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers. Thus fell these ships.“N.B. In boarding the San Nicolas, I believe, we had about seven killed, and ten wounded; and about twenty Spaniards lost their lives by a foolish resistance. None were lost, I believe, in boarding the San Josef.

“Rear-Admiral Don Francisco Winthuysen died of his wounds on board the San Josef, and Commodore Gerraldelino on board the San Nicolas, soon after the action ceased.

“Don Enrique M'Donal was killed on board the San Nicolas, when boarded by the Captain.”

The second day after writing the letter which inclosed the above admirable account of the proceedings of the Captain, on the memorable 14th of February, the fleet sailed from Lagos Bay, and proceeded to Lisbon, which they reached on the 27th instant.

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The rejoicings of the Portuguese at this glorious victory over the Spaniards were little less ardent than if it had been their own; and their reception of the British heroes, at Lisbon, was cordial beyond conception.

While the fleet remained at anchor in the Tagus, his majesty's ships the Orion, Minerve, Romulus, Southampton, Andromache, Bonne Citoyenne, Leander, and Raven, received orders to put themselves under the command of Commodore Nelson; and, on the 6th of March, sailed from the Tagus, with sealed instructions to the squadron, which were only to be opened in case of separation.

The intention of this cruize is fully unveiled in a letter, written to a friend in England, dated on board the Irresistible, off Lagos Bay, March 16, 1797; in which he observes—"I am here, looking out for the Viceroy of Mexico, with three sail of the line, and hope to meet him. Two first-rates, and a seventy-four, are with him; but the larger the ships, the better the mark.

"The Spanish fleet," he adds, "is in Cadiz; the officers hooted, and pelted, by the mobility. Their first report was, the action happening in a foggy day; when the fog cleared up, they only saw fifteen sail of the line: therefore, concluded that, at least, five of our's were sunk in the action. My usual good fortune attended me; which, I know, will give you, among my other friends, satisfaction."

This letter is extracted from the Naval Chronicle: the following is from a private letter to the Earl of St. Vincent, bearing the same date—"Our cruize, as yet, has been unfortunate; but, I believe, no vessels have passed, which were not examined. The squadron want nothing, and are remarkably healthy. I shall remain off Cape St. Vincent's till I receive your farther orders."

Though the object of this cruize was pursued with uncommon ardour, the viceroy appears to have eluded all the vigilance of the British squadron; which, on the 20th of March, was joined by the Captain, when Commodore Nelson again hoisted his broad pendant on board that ship.

On the 2d of April, he joined the commander in chief off Cadiz; and, on the 11th of that month, having received orders to blockade this port, wrote to apprise the American and Danish consuls of the event.

About the middle of this month, having been promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the Blue, he was ordered, by Sir John Jervis, to bring off the garrison of Porto Ferrajio; a service which he performed with his usual address: and, as usual, he gives all the praise to his coadjutors. This will abundantly appear in the following letter to Sir John Jervis, dated on board the Captain, off Cape Pallas, May 1, 1797.

"DEAR SIR,

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“As I shall send away the Rose Cutter the moment I see the Rock, you will know, from her arrival, that we are in a fair way for arriving safe at Gibraltar. I spoke a Danish frigate, on the 27th of April, from Malaga four days. He says, the Spanish fleet has most positive orders to come to sea, and fight you. This makes me doubly anxious to join you. I have not interfered with Captain Freemantle’s charge and arrangement of the convoy: it could not be in better hands; therefore, I only overshadow them with my wings. I have the satisfaction to tell you, that all the troops—except the Royals, who were always intended to be embarked in the ships of war—are embarked in the transports; with the exception of twenty, and General Horneck, who are in two vessels loaded with wine. I offered to take a hundred into each ship of my squadron, but I found there was not the smallest necessity for it. I hope, Sir, you will state this point at home; as it would have been a severe reflection on me, not to have left what was necessary for the embarkation of the army. I rejoice in this opportunity of vindicating my conduct; and beg leave again to recommend Lieutenant Day, agent for transports, to your notice. I placed my reliance on his judgment, not to leave a ship more than was necessary; and, I am not deceived: a more zealous, active officer, as agent for transports, I never met with. General De Burgh also speaks of him in the highest terms; and, I hope, the Transport Board will keep their promise of recommending those officers in their service who eminently distinguish themselves; which, I take upon myself to say, Lieutenant Day has not only done at Bastia, but at Porto Ferrajio. For his conduct at the former place, you was so good, on my stating his services, to recommend him to the Admiralty; I should not do justice to his majesty’s service, were I not to urge it again.

“I have the pleasure to add, that all the captains under my orders have conducted themselves like zealous, good officers.

“I have the honour to be, Sir, with the greatest respect, your most obedient servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

On the 20th of May, having arrived safely at Gibraltar, he received a letter from James Simpson, Esq. the American consul; mentioning, that twelve sail of vessels belonging to the United States of America, with their cargoes on board, were in the road of Malaga, unable to proceed on their respective voyages, because three French privateers were waiting to seize on them the moment they got from under the guns of that port, and there was no doubt that the French consul would adjudge them to be good prizes, as he had recently adjudged several American vessels and cargoes. The consul added, that it was impossible to get protection for them, unless the commodore should be pleased to afford them that of his majesty’s fleet till they got close to the Barbary coast, where they would

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consider themselves as safe. He accordingly sent, the very next day, the *Andromache* frigate, Captain Mansfield, for that purpose. In the mean time, he returned a polite answer to the consul: in which he observed that, by thus freely granting the protection of the British flag to the subjects of the United States, he was sure of fulfilling the wishes of his sovereign; and, he hoped, of strengthening the harmony which at present so happily subsisted between the two nations.

On the 27th, he shifted his flag from the *Captain* to the *Theseus*; and was appointed to the command of the inner squadron, at the blockade of Cadiz.

A curious proof occurs, at this period, of the conciliatory conduct, amiable manners, and more than chivalrous gallantry, of the heroic commodore and his commander in chief. This is contained in a letter addressed to the Spanish admiral, Don Josef de Mazerendo, dated on board the *Theseus*, May 30, 1797, as follows—

“SIR,

“I have the honour of sending your excellency a packet from Sir John Jervis; and I embrace the opportunity of assuring you of my high esteem for your character. The 4th of June being the birth-day of my Royal Master, Sir John Jervis intends firing a *feu de joye*, at eight o'clock in the evening; and has desired me to mention it to your excellency, that the ladies at Cadiz may not be alarmed at the firing. Believe me your excellency's most faithful servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

The Spanish admiral's answer, addressed to Sir Horatio Nelson, equally deserves to be recorded, as partaking of the same liberal spirit.

“On board the *Conception*,
off Cadiz,
1st June 1797.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I correspond to the urbanity merited by the letter with which you honoured me the 30th of May last.

“The ladies of Cadiz, accustomed to the noisy sounds of salutes of the vessels of war, will sit, and will hear what Sir John Jervis means to regale them with, for the evening of the 4th current, in honour of his Britannic majesty's birth-day; and the general wish of the Spanish nation cannot but interest itself in so august a motive.

“God preserve you, many years. I kiss your hands.

“Your attentive servant, “Josef de Mazerendo.

“P.S. I beg that you will be pleased to direct the two adjoined letters to the Admiral Jervis and to Sir James Saumarez.”

Flags of truce, indeed, were continually passing, at this time, between the British and Spanish commanders; and peace, by the latter, at least, was ardently wished for.

The naval fete, proposed for his majesty’s birth-day, had another object, which could not very courteously be hinted to the Spanish admiral. On that day, it seems, Rear-Admiral Nelson was invested, by his commander in chief, who personated the king on this occasion, with the insignia of the order of the Bath, and the gold medal, which had been transmitted by the sovereign, in consequence of the glorious victory of the 14th of February over the Spanish fleet.

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The mutual civilities between the Spanish and British officers, while in expectation of peace, were certainly to the honour of both parties. It seems, however, to have been soon suspected, that advantage was taken of a most humane indulgence.

On the 30th of June, a letter was addressed, by Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, to Don Josef Mazerendo, the Spanish admiral, from on board the Theseus, which evidently intimated apprehensions of such an effect.

“SIR,

“I am directed by my worthy commander in chief to inform your excellency, that numbers of the Spanish fishing-boats are found at such a distance from the land as plainly to evince that they have something farther in view than catching fish; and, therefore, that orders are given, that no fishing vessel be in future permitted to go farther from the shore than their usual fishing ground; which, we understand, is in about thirty-five fathoms water. Your excellency, I am confident, will receive this communication as an additional mark of attention from my commander in chief to the inhabitants of Cadiz and it's environs; and will take measures for the information of the fishermen that their boats will be sunk, if found acting in contradiction to this notification of the British admiral. With every sincere good wish towards your excellency, believe me, your most obedient,

“Horatio Nelson.”

This seems the prelude of augmented precaution, and a more rigid adherence to the closeness of the blockade. It was usual to send, nightly, a guard of one or two boats, manned and armed, from each ship, into the very mouth of the harbour. These were supported by some gun-boats, purposely fitted for the occasion; and which, in case of attack, depended for their own protection on the interior line of ships under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson. With a view to enforce a strict attention throughout all the inferior branches of the service, the rear-admiral was accustomed to be rowed, in his barge, through these guard-boats, after they had been duly stationed for the night. Thus officers and men were kept constantly in a state of alertness; and ready to repel any attack which might be meditated against them from the blockaded port itself. The Spaniards, too, had equipped a number of gun-boats and large launches, in which they also rowed guard during the night, to prevent any nearer approach of the blockaders; who might, otherwise, they feared, suddenly annoy their fleet. On these occasions, they sometimes approached each other; and several little skirmishes had occurred, but none of any importance.

As the Spaniards seemed to be perpetually increasing the number of these gun-boats and armed launches, the British commander in chief thought it necessary to give them a timely check. So that, notwithstanding the occasional civilities of their epistolary correspondence, such are often the necessary deceptions of war, that hostilities were, perhaps, all the time, meditating by both parties. Certain it is, that on the night of the 3d

of July, only three days after the date of the above letter, Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson received orders actually to bombard Cadiz, without any polite intimation to the ladies of that city of the real danger which now awaited them.

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His letter to the commander in chief, on this occasion, will inform the reader how far it was successful.

"Theseus, July 4, 1797.

"SIR,

"In obedience to your orders, the Thunder bomb was placed, by the good management of Lieutenant Gomley, her present commander, assisted by Mr. Jackson, master of the Ville de Paris, who volunteered his able services, within two thousand five hundred yards of the walls of Cadiz; and the shells were thrown from her, with much precision, under the direction of Lieutenant Baynes of the Royal Artillery. But, unfortunately, it was soon found, that the large mortar was materially injured, from it's former services; I therefore judged it proper to order her to return, under the protection of the Goliah, Terpsichore, and Fox; which were kept under sail for that purpose, and for whose active services I feel much obliged."The Spaniards having sent out a great number of mortar and gun-boats, and armed launches, I directed a vigorous attack to be made on them; which was done with such gallantry, that they were drove and pursued close to the walls of Cadiz, and must have suffered considerable loss: and I have the pleasure to inform you, that two mortar-boats, and an armed launch, remain in our possession."I feel myself particularly indebted, for the successful termination of this contest, to the gallantry of Captains Freemantle and Miller, the former of whom accompanied me in my barge: and to my coxswain, John Sykes; who, in defending my person, is severely wounded, as was Captain Freemantle, slightly, in the attack: and my praises are, generally, due to every officer and man; some of whom I saw behave in the most noble manner, and I regret that it is not in my power to particularize them."I must also beg to be permitted to express my admiration of Don Miguel Tyrason, the commander of the Spanish gun-boats. In his barge, he laid my boat alongside, and his resistance was such as to honour a brave officer; eighteen of the twenty-six being killed, and himself and all the rest wounded.

"Not having a correct list of our killed and wounded, I can only state that, I believe, about six are killed, and twenty wounded.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"Horatio Nelson."

The encounter so modestly described in the above letter, was one of the sharpest conflicts in which the heroic writer had ever been engaged. Sir Horatio fought, hand to hand, with the Spanish commandant; and, though the crew of his own barge consisted only of himself, Captain Freemantle, the coxswain, and ten bargemen, they killed or wounded the whole of the twenty-six men, with the commandant, who were in the

Spanish armed launch. Never, indeed, had the rear-admiral been in a more perilous state. It was always his opinion, that he would probably have lost his life, if his

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brave and most faithful coxswain, John Sykes, whose name deserves to be coexistent with that of Nelson, had not wilfully interposed his own head to save him from the blow of a Spanish sabre, which this generous man plainly perceived must otherwise prove fatal to his beloved master; and, though the poor fellow thus readily received the diverted stroke, it inflicted on his skull a very dangerous wound, which was for some time thought to be incurable. Even before this unexampled proof of attachment, had that worthy and gallant man saved Sir Horatio, more than once during the conflict, from the dangerous blows of his numerous assailants; several of whom Sykes, as well as his master, had mortally wounded.

Sir John Jervis, in his letter to the Admiralty, on this occasion, dated the 5th of July 1797, gives the handsomest and the highest possible encomium to Rear-Admiral Nelson.

"The rear-admiral," says he, "who is always present in the most arduous enterprises, with the assistance of some other barges, boarded and carried two of the enemy's gun-boats, and a barge-launch belonging to some of their ships of war, with the commandant of the flotilla. Rear-Admiral Nelson's actions speak for themselves; any praise of mine would fall very short of his merit!"

A second and more effectual bombardment of the city of Cadiz, and the shipping in the harbour, under the direction of Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, took place on the evening of the 5th of July. The bomb vessels, arranged by his instructions, suddenly opened a most tremendous discharge on the town, as well as on the fleet; which was vigorously kept up, till they had expended the whole of their allotted portion of shells: when, having greatly annoyed the enemy, and considerably diminished the force of the warlike preparations which had been collecting, they retired in good order, without themselves receiving the smallest injury.

Even these hostile attacks, however, do not appear to have extinguished civilities between the contending commanders, though they must certainly have diminished their satisfaction at receiving them.

Two or three days after, thirty Spanish prisoners having been taken in a ship from the Havannah, with the captain of a Spanish frigate which had been burnt there, and who was a passenger in the captured vessel, Rear-Admiral Nelson wrote a letter to Don Josef Mazerendo, dated on board the Theseus, July 8, 1797; in which he says, that he is directed, by Sir John Jervis, to acquaint his excellency that these thirty men are at liberty to return into Cadiz, whenever he may be pleased to send for them, on condition that they do not serve till regularly exchanged. Of the Spanish captain, taken as a passenger, he generously adds—"I know it to be my commander in chief's intention, that he should not be considered as a prisoner of war. The distresses occasioned by

the known laws of war," liberally concludes this exalted man, "are miserable enough, without adding to them!"

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The prisoners, accordingly, were immediately sent for; but there seems to have been a backwardness in the Spanish admiral's performance of the conditions proposed: and, on the 10th, Rear-Admiral Nelson resolutely demanded them again, that they might be immediately sent to England, if they were not received as prisoners of war; which, at length, was reluctantly agreed to.

It appears that, about this time, intelligence had been received, by the commander in chief, of a prodigiously rich ship, *El Principe d'Asturias*, belonging to the Philippine Company, and bound from Manilla to Cadiz, being then in the port of Santa Cruz, the capital of the island of Teneriffe; where the treasure was intended to be landed for security, as had previously been the case with several other rich cargoes. With a view of obtaining possession of these valuable treasures, an expedition against that place was determined on, under the conduct of Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson.

He was accordingly detached, by Sir John Jervis, on the 15th of July, with three ships of the line, the *Theseus*, *Culloden*, and *Zealous*; the *Terpsichore*, *Emerald*, and *Seahorse*, frigates; and the *Fox* cutter. These were afterwards joined by the *Leander* of fifty guns. The general orders which Sir Horatio Nelson received were, to make a vigorous and spirited attack; but, on no account, personally to land with the forces, which were to be under the command of Captain Troubridge, unless his presence should be absolutely necessary. These particular injunctions were generally thought to have been most humanely given, by the commander in chief, for the sake of preserving the valuable life of the rear-admiral; which might, otherwise, from his known disregard of danger, be too much exposed: and some also ascribed them to the wish of giving Captain Troubridge a considerable share in the glory of that intended brilliant enterprise.

The plan of this expedition was contrived with all that masterly address and precision which ever marked the operations projected by the judicious and gallant rear-admiral; and, as the author is favoured with the opportunity of giving them in detail, the principles which they comprise may be adopted, perhaps, with deserved success, by other commanders, on many future occasions.

The first order issued by Rear-Admiral Nelson was addressed to Thomas Troubridge, Esq. captain of his majesty's ship *Culloden*, and commander of the forces ordered to be landed for taking Santa Cruz.

"Theseus,
at Sea, July 20, 1797.

"SIR,

"I desire you will take under your command the number of seamen and marines named in the margin, who will be under the command of Captains Hood, Freemantle, Bowen, Miller, and Waller, and the marines under the command of Captain Thomas Oldfield,

and a detachment of the Royal Artillery under the command of Lieutenant Baynes; all of whom are now embarked on board

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his majesty's frigates Seahorse, Terpsichore, and Emerald. With this detachment, you will proceed as near to the town of Santa Cruz as possible, without endangering your being perceived; when you will embark as many men as the boats will carry, and force your landing in the north-east part of the bay of Santa Cruz, near a large battery; which, when carried, and your post secured, you will either proceed by storm against the town and mole-head battery, or send in my letter, as you judge most proper, containing a summons, of which I send you a copy, and the terms are either to be accepted or rejected in the time specified, unless you see good cause for prolonging it, as no alteration will be made in them: and you will pursue such other methods as you judge most proper for speedily effecting my orders; which are, to possess myself of all cargoes and treasures which may be landed in the island of Teneriffe. Having the firmest confidence in the ability, bravery, and zeal, of yourself, and all placed under your command, I have only to heartily wish you success; and to assure you, that I am your most obedient and faithful servant,

"Horatio Nelson."

The number of seamen and marines mentioned in the margin of the above letter were—Theseus, Culloden, and Zealous, two hundred each; Seahorse, Terpsichore, and Emerald, one hundred each: making, in all, nine hundred, exclusive of officers and their servants.

The Summons alluded to, addressed to the Governor or Commanding Officer of Santa Cruz, was as follows.

"By Sir Horatio Nelson, Knight of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and Commander in Chief of His Britannic Majesty's Forces by Sea and Land, before Santa Cruz.

"Theseus, 20th July 1797.

"SIR,

"I have the honour to acquaint you, that I am come here to demand the immediate surrender of the ship El Principe d'Asturias, from Manilla, bound to Cadiz, belonging to the Phillipine Company, together with her whole and entire cargo; and, also, all such other cargoes and property as may have been landed in the island of Teneriffe, and not intended for the consumption of it's inhabitants."And, as it is my earnest wish, that not one individual inhabitant of the island of Teneriffe should suffer by my demand being instantly complied with, I offer the following most honourable and liberal terms; which, if refused, the horrors of war, which will fall on the inhabitants of Teneriffe, must be, by the world, imputed to you, and to you only: for I shall destroy Santa Cruz, and the other

towns in the island, by a bombardment, and levy a very heavy contribution on the island.

“ARTICLE I.

“The forts shall be delivered to me; and, instantly, a party of the British troops shall be put in possession of the gates.

“ARTICLE II.

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"The garrison shall lay down their arms, but the officers shall be allowed to keep their swords; and the garrison, without the condition of being prisoners of war, shall be transported to Spain, or remain in the island while their conduct is orderly and proper, as the commanding officer pleases.

"ARTICLE III.

"On the express condition, that the full and entire cargoes of the El Principe d'Asturias, and all such other cargoes and property as may have been landed on the island of Tenerife, and not intended for the consumption of it's inhabitants, be given up, and the first article complied with, not the smallest contribution shall be levied on the inhabitants, but they shall enjoy the fullest protection in their persons and property.

"ARTICLE IV.

"No interference whatever shall be made in the holy catholic religion; the ministers of it, and all it's religious orders, shall be considered as under my especial care and protection.

"ARTICLE V.

"The laws and magistrates shall be continued as at present, unless by the general wish of the islanders.

"These terms subscribed to, the inhabitants of the town of Santa Cruz shall lodge their arms in one house, under the joint care of the bishop and chief magistrate; and it will be my pride to consult with these gentlemen what may be most advantageous for the inhabitants.

"Horatio Nelson."

"I allow half of one hour for acceptance or rejection.

"Horatio Nelson."

These articles being transmitted to Captain Troubridge, special orders were sent, the same day, to Captain Thomas Oldfield, senior captain of the marines ordered to disembark; and to Lieutenant Baynes, of the Royal Artillery; directing them to attend, respectively, to all the desires of Captain Thomas Troubridge, who was to command all the forces landed for taking the town of Santa Cruz. To the latter officer, a copy of the third article of the following regulations was, at the same time, particularly addressed.

"Regulations recommended by Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson.

"1.

“That each ship’s boats should be kept together, by towing each other, which will keep the people of each ship collected; and the boats will be in six divisions, and nearly get on shore at the same moment.

“2.

“The marines of each ship of the line to be put in their launches—which will carry them.

“3.

“The moment the boats are discovered, by a firing being made on them, the bomb vessel to commence her fire on the town, and to keep it up till the flag of truce is hoisted from either the enemy or from us.

“4.

“That a captain should be directed to see the boats put off from the beach, that more men may be speedily got on shore with the field pieces.

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“5.

“Frigates to anchor as soon as possible after the alarm is given, or the forces ashore near the battery in the north-east part of the bay.

“6.

“Immediately as the forces get ashore, they are to get in the rear of the battery marked S, in the north-east part of the bay, and to instantly storm it; and, also, to take post on the top of the hill which is above it.”Every ship to land the number of men as against their names expressed, with a proper proportion of officers, exclusive of commissioned officers and servants—[as stated in the letter to Captain Troubridge]—and the captains are at liberty to send as many more men as they please; leaving sufficient to manage the ship, and to man the launch and another boat. Every captain, that chuses, is at liberty to land and command his seamen, under the command of Captain Troubridge.

“It is recommended to put as many marine coats or jackets on the seamen as can be procured; and, that all should have canvas crop belts.

“The marines to be all under the direction of Captain Oldfield, the senior marine officer: and he is directed to put himself under the direction of Captain Troubridge; as is Lieutenant Baynes of the Royal Artillery, with his detachment.”

To these general regulations were added the following particular instructions—

“Theseus, July 21, 1797.

“The Culloden’s officers and men, with only their arms, to be ready to go on board the Terpsichore, at one P.M. this day. To carry with them four ladders—each of which to have a lanyard four fathoms long—a sledge hammer, wedges, and a broad axe.

“The boats oars to be muffled with either a piece of canvas or kersey.

“Horatio Nelson.

“Memorandum—The Culloden and Zealous to each make a platform for one eighteen pounder, the Theseus to make a sley for dragging cannon.

“Each ship to make as many iron ramrods as possible; it being found that the wooden ones are very liable to break, when used in a hurry.

“The Seahorse to make a platform for one nine pounder.”

The whole plan of proceedings being thus judiciously arranged, the attempt was commenced with every hope of success: but it turned out, that a very erroneous representation had been given of the forces of the enemy, which appear to have been far too numerous for so small a body of men successfully to encounter; and, indeed, there were other unexpected difficulties and disappointments.

The following letter, from Captain Troubridge to Sir Horatio Nelson, will account, in a considerable degree, for the miscarriage of the enterprise.

“Culloden, 25th July 1797.

“SIR,

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“From the darkness of the night, I did not immediately hit the mole, the spot appointed to land at; but pushed on shore under the enemy’s batteries, close to the southward of the citadel. Captain Waller landed at the same instant, and two or three other boats. The surf was so high, many put back. The boats were full of water in an instant, and stove against the rocks; and most of the ammunition in the men’s pouches was wet.”As soon as I collected a few men, I immediately pushed, with Captain Waller, for the square, the place of rendezvous, in hopes of there meeting you and the remainder of the people, and waited about an hour; during which time, I sent a serjeant, with two gentlemen of the town, to summons the citadel. I fear, the serjeant was shot on his way, as I heard nothing of him afterwards.”The ladders being all lost in the surf, or not to be found, no immediate attempt could be made on the citadel. I, therefore, marched to join Captains Hood and Miller; who, I had intelligence, had made good their landing to the south-west of the place I did, with a body of men. I endeavoured, then, to procure some intelligence of you, and the rest of the officers, without success.”By day-break, we had collected about eighty marines, eighty pikemen, and one hundred and eighty small-arm seamen. These, I found, were all that were alive, that had made good their landing. With this force, having procured some ammunition from the Spanish prisoners we had made, we were marching to try what could be done with the citadel without ladders: but found the whole of the streets commanded by field-pieces; and upwards of eight thousand Spaniards, and one hundred French, under arms, approaching by every avenue. As the boats were all stove, and I saw no possibility of getting more men on shore, the ammunition wet, and no provisions, I sent Captain Hood with a flag of truce to the governor, to say I was prepared to burn the town; which I should immediately put in force, if he approached one inch farther: and, at the same time, I desired Captain Hood to say, it would be done with regret, as I had no wish to injure the inhabitants; and that, if he would come to my terms, I was ready to treat. These he readily agreed to: a copy of which I have the honour to send you by Captain Waller; which, I hope, will meet your approbation, and appear highly honourable.”From the small body of men, and the greater part being pike and small-arm seamen, which can be only called irregular, with very little ammunition in the pouches but what was wet in the surf at landing, I could not expect to succeed in any attempt on the enemy, whose superior strength I have before mentioned.”The Spanish officers assure me, they expected us, and were perfectly prepared with all the batteries, and the number of men I have before mentioned under arms; which, with the great

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disadvantages of a rocky coast, high surf, and in the face of forty pieces of cannon, though we were not successful, will shew what an Englishman is equal to. I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that we marched through the town, on our return, with the British colours flying at our head.

"I have the honour to be, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"Thomas Troubridge.

"P.S. I beg to say that, when the terms were signed and ratified, the governor, in the handsomest manner, sent a large proportion of wine, bread, &c. to refresh the people, and shewed every mark of attention in his power."

When the treaty just mentioned was first proposed to the Spanish governor, he told Captain Hood that they ought to surrender as prisoners of war: to which he replied, that Captain Troubridge had directed him to say that, if the terms offered were not accepted in five minutes, he would set the town on fire, and attack the Spaniards at the point of the bayonet; on which, the governor instantly closed, by signing the following treaty—

"Santa Cruz, 25th July 1797.

"That the troops, &c. belonging to his Britannic majesty, shall embark, with all their arms of every kind; and take their boats off, if saved, and be provided with such other as may be wanting. In consideration of which, it is engaged, on their part, that they shall not molest the town, in any manner, by the ships of the British squadron now before it, or any of the islands in the Canaries, and prisoners shall be given up on both sides.

"Given under my hand, and word of honour,

"Samuel Hood.

"Ratified by—

"Thomas Troubridge, Commander of the British Troops.

"Juan Antonio Gutierrez, Commandant General de las Islas Canarias."

The next public document relative to this unfortunate expedition, it was the melancholy lot of the rear-admiral to pen with the left hand, his right arm having been shot off on the evening of the 24th, for the information of the commander in chief, to whom it was immediately transmitted.

"Theseus,
off Santa Cruz,
27th July 1797.

"SIR,

"In obedience to your orders to make a vigorous attack on the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, I directed, from the ships under my command, a thousand men, including marines, to be prepared for landing, under the direction of Captain Troubridge of his majesty's ship Culloden; and Captains Hood, Thompson, Freemantle, Bowen, Miller, and Waller, who very handsomely volunteered their services: and, although I am under the painful necessity of acquainting you, that we have not been able to succeed in our attack, yet it is my duty to state that, I believe, more daring intrepidity never was shewn, than by the captains,

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officers, and men, you did me the honour to place under my command; and the Journal which I transmit you herewith will, I hope, convince you, that my abilities, humble as they are, have been exerted on the occasion. "Inclosed, I also transmit you a list of killed and wounded; and, among the former, it is with the deepest sorrow I have to place the name of Captain Richard Bowen, of his majesty's ship *Terpsichore*—than whom, a more enterprising, able, and gallant officer, does not grace his majesty's naval service: and, with great regret, I have to mention the loss of Lieutenant John Gibson, commander of the *Fox Cutter*; and a great number of gallant officers and men.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, with the greatest respect, your most faithful and obedient servant,

"Horatio Nelson."

The Journal mentioned in this letter, as written by the rear-admiral, with his left hand, and transmitted to Sir John Jervis, was as follows. It is remarkable, that neither the letter, nor this Journal, make the smallest mention of his having lost his arm on the occasion; which information merely occurs in the list of the killed and wounded. This singular mode of omitting to particularise himself, forms a curious trait in the character of the immortal hero.

A Detail of the Proceedings of the Expedition against the Town of Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL NELSON.

"On Friday the 21st inst. I directed to be embarked, on board the *Seahorse*, *Terpsichore*, and *Emerald* frigates, one thousand men—including two hundred and fifty men under the command of Captain Thomas Oldfield—the whole commanded by Captain Troubridge; attended by all the boats of the squadron, scaling ladders, and every implement which I thought necessary for the success of the enterprise. I directed that the boats should land, in the night, between the fort on the north-east side of the Bay of Santa Cruz and the town, and endeavour to make themselves masters of that fort; which, when done, to send in my summons: the liberal terms of which, I am confident, you will approve. Though the frigates approached within three miles of the place of debarkation, by twelve o'clock; yet, from the unforeseen circumstance of a strong gale of wind in the offing, and a strong current against them in shore, they did not approach within a mile of the landing-place when the day dawned, which discovered to the Spaniards our force and intentions." On my approach with the line of battle ships, Captains Troubridge and Bowen, with Captain Oldfield of the marines, came on board, to consult with me what was best to be done; and were of opinion, if they could possess the heights, over the fort before mentioned, that it could be stormed. To which, I gave

my assent; and directed the line of battle ships to batter the fort, in order to create a diversion.

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But, this was found impracticable; not being able to get nearer the shore than three miles, from a calm, and contrary currents: nor could our men possess themselves of the heights, as the enemy had taken possession of them, and seemed as anxious to retain as we to get them. Thus foiled in my original plan, I considered it for the honour of our king and country, not to give over the attempt to possess ourselves of the town; that our enemies might be convinced there is nothing that Englishmen are not equal to: and, confident in the bravery of those who would be employed in the service, I embarked every person from the shore on the 22nd at night. "On the 24th, I got the ships to an anchor, about two miles to the northward of the town, and made every shew for a disposition of attacking the heights; which appeared to answer the end, from the great number of people they had placed on them. The Leander, Captain Thompson, joined this afternoon, and her marines were added to the force before appointed; and Captain Thompson also volunteered his services. At eleven o'clock at night, the boats of the squadron, containing between six and seven hundred men, a hundred and eighty men on board the Fox cutter, and about seventy or eighty men in a boat we had taken the day before, proceeded towards the town; the divisions of boats conducted by all the captains, except Freemantle and Bowen, who attended with me to regulate and lead the way to the attack: every captain being acquainted, that the landing was to be made on the mole; from whence they were to proceed, as fast as possible, into the great square; where they were to form, and proceed on such services as might be found necessary. We were not discovered, till within half gun-shot of the landing-place: when I directed the boats to cast off from each other, give a huzza, and push for the shore. "A fire of thirty or forty pieces of cannon, with musketry from one end of the town to the other, opened on us; but nothing could stop the intrepidity of the captains landing the divisions. Unfortunately, the greater part of the boats did not see the mole; but went on shore, through a raging surf, which stove all the boats to the left of it. "For a detail of their proceedings, I send you a copy of Captain Troubridge's account to me; and I cannot but express my admiration of the firmness with which he and his brave associates supported the honour of the British flag. "Captains Freemantle and Bowen, and myself, with four or five boats, stormed the mole; though opposed, apparently, by four or five hundred men; took possession of it; and spiked the guns: but such a heavy fire of musketry, and grape-shot, was kept up from the citadel, and the houses at the head of the mole, that we could not advance; and we were all, nearly, killed or wounded. "The Fox cutter, in rowing towards the town, received a shot under water, from one

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of the enemy's distant batteries, and immediately sunk; and Lieutenant Gibson, her commander, with ninety-seven men, were drowned. "I must not omit to acquaint you of the satisfaction which I received from the conduct of Lieutenant Baynes of the Royal Artillery; not only from the ardour with which he undertook every service, but also from his professional skill."

List of Killed, Wounded, Drowned, and Missing, of his Majesty's Ships undermentioned, in storming Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, in the Night of the 24th of July 1797.

Theseus, eight seamen, four marines, killed; twenty-five seamen wounded; and thirty-four drowned.

Culloden, one seaman, two marines, killed; twelve seamen, six marines wounded; and thirty-six drowned.

Zealous, three seamen, two marines, killed; and nineteen seamen, two marines, wounded.

Leander, one seaman, five marines, killed; one seaman, four marines, wounded; and one missing.

Seahorse, two seamen killed; and thirteen seamen, one marine, wounded.

Terpsichore, eight seamen killed; nine seamen, two marines, wounded; and four missing.

Emerald, five seamen, three marines, killed; eleven seamen wounded; and ten drowned.

Fox cutter, seventeen drowned.

Total killed, wounded, and missing, two hundred and fifty-one.

OFFICERS KILLED.

Richard Bowen, Captain of the Terpsichore.

George Thorpe, First-Lieutenant of ditto.

John Wetherhead, Lieutenant of the Theseus.

William Earnshaw, Second Lieutenant of the Leander.

Raby Robinson, Lieutenant of Marines, ditto.

Lieutenant Baisham, Marines, of the Emerald.

Lieutenant Gibson, of the Fox Cutter, drowned.

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Rear-Admiral Nelson, right arm shot off.
Captain Thompson, Leander, slightly.
Captain Freemantle, Seahorse, in the arm.
Lieutenant J. Douglas, ditto, in the hand.
Mr. Waits, Midshipman, Zealous.

In a small Spanish pamphlet, published at Madrid, with a translation of which the author has been most obligingly furnished by Sir John Talbot Dillon, though the account of our loss is so prodigiously exaggerated, as to state the killed to be twenty-two British officers and at least five hundred and sixty-six men, and adding that some accounts even make it eight hundred, there are certainly several interesting particulars which bear every mark of authenticity. The acknowledged loss of the Spaniards, however, said to be only twenty-three killed, and thirty-eight wounded, may be considered as not a little apocryphal. Indeed, no reliance can be placed on their numerical exactness; for the Fox cutter is asserted, by them, to have contained three hundred and eighty men, instead of one hundred and eighty; and Rear-Admiral Nelson is said to have lost his right arm, when in his boat, and before landing, which obliged him to re-embark on board the Theseus, with the other officers who accompanied him badly wounded, on the 23d, instead of on the 24th.

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This pamphlet informs us, that Captain Bowen, of the *Terpsichore*, who was killed, had first proposed the attack of Santa Cruz to Admiral Sir John Jervis; which he represented as very easy, having previously cut out of that bay the Spanish frigate, *Prince Ferdinand*, from the Philippine Islands. His chief pilot was a Chinese, taken out of his former prize, who was also killed on the present occasion.

Lieutenant Robinson, of the marines, badly wounded, was properly attended in the Spanish hospital. A copy of Captain Thompson's orders had been found on him, by Don Bernardo Collagon; a brave and most gallant Spanish youth, who had, sword in hand, defended his country with great spirit, and was so generous and humane to the unfortunate wounded enemy, that he is said to have actually stripped himself of his shirt to make bandages for the wounds of the English. Great humanity, indeed, was shewn to all the wounded; who were carefully re-embarked, many of them in a dying state, immediately after the capitulation was signed. The Spanish governor generously regaled all the English troops with bread and wine, before they went into their boats, and invited the principal officers to dine with him that day. This, however, they politely declined; fearing some irregularity among their soldiers, from the effects of the wine: but agreed to wait on the governor next day. They accordingly did so: when, instructed by Rear-Admiral Nelson, they offered, in his name, to take charge of the governor's dispatches for the Spanish court; and he thus actually became the first messenger of his own defeat.

In the mean time, he returned thanks to the Spanish governor, for his great care of the sick and wounded, by writing him the following letter; dated on board his majesty's ship *Theseus*, opposite Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, July 26, 1797.

"SIR,

I cannot take my departure from this island, without returning your excellency my sincerest thanks for your attention towards me, by your humanity in favour of our wounded men in your power, or under your care, and for your generosity towards all our people who were disembarked, which I shall not fail to represent to my sovereign; hoping, also, at a proper time, to assure your excellency, in person, how truly I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"Horatio Nelson.

P.S. I request your excellency will do me the honour to admit of a cask of English beer, and a cheese."

"His Excellency, Don Antonio Gutierrez, Commandant General of the Canary Islands."

To this friendly epistle, the Spanish governor immediately returned the following liberal answer—

“Santa Cruz de Teneriffe,
26th July 1797.

“SIR,

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With the highest pleasure, I received your esteemed favour, proceeding from your generous and well-disposed mind; since, on my part, I conceive, no laurel is due to him who only fulfils what humanity dictates: and I have done no more, in behalf of the wounded men, as well as others who disembarked; and whom, after all warfare has ceased, I ought to consider as brothers. "If, in the state to which the uncertain fate of war has led you, it were in my power, or could any thing that this island produces afford the least comfort or aid to you, it would yield me the truest satisfaction: and, I hope, you will admit of a couple of large flasks of Canary wine; which, I believe, is none of the worst that this island produces." A personal intercourse will give me great pleasure, when circumstances permit it, with a person so deserving, and of such distinguished qualifications as you so feelingly indicate. Meantime, I pray God to preserve you in his holy keeping; and am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"Don Antonio Gutierrez.

"P.S. I have received, and highly esteem, the cask of beer, and cheese, which you have done me the favour to send me."

"Rear-Admiral Nelson."

On the 27th of July, there was a solemn Te Deum sung by the Spaniards, in the parochial church of Santa Cruz: that day being the festival of St. Christopher, the tutelary patron of the island; on which an annual thanksgiving is celebrated, as being the identical day when that island was first conquered, three hundred and one years prior to this period.

Such are the chief particulars of the Spanish account, as supplied by Sir John Talbot Dillon's most respectable translation; and which places in a very amiable point of view the characters of the respective commanders.

On comparing the various accounts of this unfortunate expedition, there are certainly some incongruities. In the numerous biographical memoirs of Lord Nelson, either abridged or amplified from that in the Naval Chronicle, it is stated that the rear-admiral "received his wound soon after the detachment had landed." In these, too, it is added that, "while they were pressing on with the usual ardour of British seamen, the shock caused him to fall to the ground; where, for some minutes, he was left to himself, till Lieutenant Nesbit, missing him, had the presence of mind to return: when, after some search in the dark, he at length found his brave father-in-law weltering in his blood on the ground, with his arm shattered, and himself apparently lifeless. Lieutenant Nesbit, having immediately applied his neck-handkerchief as a tourniquet to the rear-admiral's arm, carried him on his back to the beach; where, with the assistance of some sailors, he conveyed him into one of the boats, and put off to the Theseus, under a tremendous, though happily ill-directed, fire from the enemy's batteries. The day after the rear-admiral lost his arm," concludes the Naval Chronicle account, "he wrote to Lady Nelson;

and, in narrating the foregoing transaction, says—"I know it will add much to your pleasure, on finding that your son Josiah, under God's providence, was instrumental in saving my life."

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On the other hand, it seems remarkable that the Spanish relation of this catastrophe positively pronounces him “to have lost his right arm when in his boat, and before landing.”

This, too, corresponds with the following short description of that unhappy business; which, without any essential alteration as to facts in it's transit, most assuredly proceeded from the ever to be revered hero's own faithful lips.

The circumstance of so few boats hitting the mole with the rear-admiral, who had appointed it as the general place of landing, after having been baffled in his first design, proved fatal to the enterprise. By landing in the surf, they lost their scaling implements; and Captain Troubridge was not prepared instantly to storm the citadel, before the approach of the Spanish troops, which could only have been carried by a sudden *coup de main*. Rear-Admiral Nelson had only one foot out of the boat, and was in the act of landing on the mole, under a most tremendous fire from the batteries, when his arm was shot nearly off; and he fell back in the boat. At that awful moment, he recollected the injunction of his deceased uncle, on receiving the sword which he had thus been compelled to drop; and, groping at the bottom, speedily recovered it, and firmly grasped it in his remaining hand. He called to his brave companions in arms, who had already landed to storm the mole, and directed them to force the gate of the citadel; a task which, with all their exertion, they found it impossible to accomplish, though they succeeded in spiking several of the guns. At this juncture, Lieutenant Nesbit very humanely took the handkerchief from his neck, and tied it round the shattered arm of his father-in-law, a little above where it had been shot. The boat, in the mean time, was hastening to return on board the *Theseus*, amidst a most dreadful discharge from the batteries. It soon approached where the *Fox* cutter had just been sunk by a shot under water; and the unhappy men with which it had been charged, consisting of one hundred and eighty persons, were in the act of struggling for their lives. This was a scene of distress too dreadful to be passed, by their humane commander, without at least endeavouring to lessen the extent of the calamity. As many as possible of these poor fellows were instantly taken into the boat; an office of humanity in which the rear-admiral himself eagerly assisted, with his sole arm, smarting as he then was under the agony occasioned by the recent separation of the other. The corporeal anguish which he now felt, however, was mitigated by the solace he received in thus rescuing a few of his brave fellows from impending destruction; but, alas! the mental horror which he suffered, at beholding some of the noblest of the human race compelled to be forcibly rejected, and abandoned to their wretched fate, through dread of sinking his own overcharged boat, admitted of no alleviation, and inflicted pangs on his heroic

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heart, to describe which the powers of language are incapable of yielding any adequate expression. Every possible exertion was used to reach the Theseus, with a faint hope of the boat's returning in time to save a few more of these unhappy victims; and, a chair being called for, to accommodate the rear-admiral in getting on board, so impatient was he for the boat's return, that he desired to have only a single rope thrown over the side, which he instantly twisted round his left arm, and was thus hauled up into the ship. It appears, on referring to the account of the drowned, in the list of killed and wounded, &c. that eighty-three only were saved; so that ninety-seven men, including officers, from the different ships, thus miserably perished!

The rear-admiral, on getting aboard the Theseus, immediately suffered the amputation of his arm; but, some mistake having occurred, in taking up one of the arteries, which is described as having been united with a nerve, by an ingenious French surgeon, he long felt the most excruciating tortures.

The Earl of St. Vincent, in his dispatches to government relative to this expedition, dated on board the Ville de Paris, off Cadiz, August 16, 1797, observes that, though the enterprise had not succeeded, his majesty's arms had acquired a very great degree of lustre. "Nothing," says his lordship, "from my pen, can add to the eulogy the rear-admiral gives of the gallantry of the officers and men employed under him. I have greatly to lament," continues the noble earl, "the heavy loss which the country has sustained in the severe wound of Rear-Admiral Nelson, and the death of Captain Richard Bowen, Lieutenant Gibson, and the other brave officers and men who fell in this vigorous and persevering assault. The moment the rear-admiral joins, it is my intention to send the Seahorse to England with him, the wound Captain Freemantle has received in his arm also requiring change of climate; and I hope, that both of them will live to render important services to their king and country."

Accordingly, after receiving the kindest condolences from the Earl of St. Vincent, and sending into Cadiz the dispatches of the worthy governor of Santa Cruz, he immediately sailed for England.

This affair of Teneriffe, however unfortunate, being the first expedition against a place, the whole of which was undertaken and planned by himself, has been thought worthy of very particular attention. That the plan was not defective in wisdom, the reader has had an opportunity of sufficiently judging, by a perusal of the various preliminary documents actually issued on the occasion. The undertaking could only be expected to prove with certainty successful, by a secret and rapid *coup de main*, which should suddenly have obtained possession, in the first place, of the fort on the north-east side of the bay; and, in the second, of the heights by which it was commanded. The primary of these objects was wholly frustrated

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by the non-arrival of the boats at the place of destination under cover of the night; for, at the dawning of day, the Spaniards having discovered both the forces and their intention, were induced to lose as little time as possible in previously occupying the heights above the fort. Thus, by the delay of the boats, in the first instance, and by waiting, in the second, to consult with the rear-admiral, instead of at once pushing forward to secure this essential post, the business was completely reduced to a merely forlorn hope; and had better, from that moment, have been entirely abandoned. The exalted mind of the rear-admiral, however, though it felt, there is good reason to believe, the full force of this opinion, being conscious of having received instructions, from his commander in chief, to make a vigorous and spirited attack, and convinced that such attack had not been yet made, could by no means have satisfied itself, had he not at least endeavoured, whatever the risque might prove, to execute, with every effort, the utmost intention of his orders. With a promptness which never failed him, he now directed the troops to be embarked from the shore; having resolved on vigorously attacking the town, and even the citadel itself. This design, however, he ingeniously contrived to cover, by remaining apparently inactive on the 23d, as if he had entirely abandoned his intentions against the place: and, on the 24th, by approaching and anchoring to the northward of the town, and making every apparent disposition for assailing the heights, he drew the notice of the Spaniards entirely to that quarter; who, consequently, left less invulnerable the objects of his real attention. The design of this meditated assault was certainly desperate; and so conscious did he feel of it's danger, though nothing could deter him from the attempt, that he has been frequently heard to declare the sensation he experienced, on going over the ship's side, to enter his boat, on the 24th at night, was a full conviction that he should never return. There was, indeed, a hope of success, but it was a faint one, and the evil genius of the expedition again interposed to defeat it. The boats did not keep together, as instructed; they did not all land, as directed, on the mole: and, in consequence, they were stove, by running ashore through a raging surf; the ammunition in the men's pouches got wet; and the scaling ladders were either lost, or forgotten in the confusion of the scene. Even those who landed with Captain Troubridge, and whose valour instantly got entire possession of the town, lost the only chance there seems to have remained for successfully storming the citadel, by waiting so long in expectation of the rear-admiral, who had been fatally prevented from landing, and other aids and augmentations, that the Spanish troops gained time to collect, and approach them, from the vicinity, in such force as nothing but the matchless address and intrepidity of British officers, and British men,

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could possibly have braved and surmounted. That they were extricated, by a daring resolution and determined valour, in Captain Troubridge and Captain Hood, which would have done honour even to Rear-Admiral Nelson himself, is as certain, as that no want of courage prevented, in the smallest degree, the success of the enterprise. There can be no such possible imputation. By bravery, alone, it was wholly unaccomplishable; it might, possibly, have been effected, but even that is by no means certain, if they had not been deprived of the chief hero's most fertile mental resources, ever rising with the exigency, which his fatal wound had effectually prevented—and which no other man must be censured for not possessing; because, perhaps, no other man ever did possess them in so eminent a degree. Besides, justice demands a due acknowledgment, that those who may rank among the greatest of men, having others at hand whom they consider as still greater than themselves, are to be excused for not hastily relying on their own judgment; though delay should, as it generally does in the operations of war, prove ultimately dangerous. The same persons, left under the necessity of acting for themselves, might be inspired with more confidence in their own ability, and proceed very differently in their operations.

In lamenting that the several trials were not instantly made, which have been suggested as remaining at all practicable, during the critical periods alluded to, due regard must be paid to the opinions of those who had better opportunities of judging from intervening circumstances. Not, indeed, that it is by any means unusual for the most exalted characters to discover, themselves, after the event, opportunities which might have been seized, and which they have for ever lost, of performing some peculiarly brilliant achievement. This is no disgrace. Of much regret, it may often constitute a subject; of just reproach, never.

By indulging these reflections, there is no other object in contemplation, than that of assisting to afford an accurate view of the ability which was exerted in this unfortunate enterprise; and thus demonstrating, by a new example, the force of the old observation—that success is not always acquirable, even where it is most merited.

About the middle of September 1797, Sir Horatio Nelson having arrived safely in London, had apartments engaged in Bond Street; where he was attended by Dr. Moseley, the late celebrated Surgeon Cruikshanks, and other gentlemen of the faculty.

It appears that, in consequence of a nerve having been improperly included in one of the ligatures employed for securing a bleeding artery, at the time of the operation—which ligature, according to the customary practice of the French surgeons, was of silk instead of waxed thread—a constant irritation, and perpetual discharge, were kept up; and, the ends of the ligature, hanging out of the wound, being daily pulled, in order to effect their separation, occasioned the severest agony to the heroic sufferer, who had scarcely any intermission of pain, either by night or day. His excellent spirits, however,

never deserted him: and, in fact, he had not felt the slightest degree of fever on the occasion; a very unusual circumstance, after the loss of a limb.

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His deserved popularity had already acquired such a height, that the nation might be said to participate in his sufferings; and he received the most consoling civilities from the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, and other illustrious and noble characters. Friends flocked around him. His worthy relatives hastened to attend and console him, from the country; and Mr. Bolton, in particular, was his constant companion.

Besides the order of the Bath, and the gold medal, which he had received from his sovereign, in consequence of his important share in the victory of the 14th of February, he had also been presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box; and, in the month of October 1797, it was generously resolved, by his majesty, to recompence his services, and ameliorate his sufferings, by granting him a pension of one thousand pounds a year.

The indispensable custom of presenting a memorial to the sovereign, before any such grant can be issued, stating the nature of the services for which it is intended, gave rise to the following very singular recapitulation.

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

"The Memorial of Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B. and a Rear-Admiral in
Your Majesty's Fleet,

"Sheweth—

"That, during the present war, your memorialist has been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy: viz. on the 13th and 14th of March 1795; on the 13th of July 1795; and, on the 14th of February 1797. In three actions in boats, employed in cutting out of harbours; in destroying vessels; and, in taking three towns. Your memorialist has also served on shore, with the army, four months; and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi. That, during the war, he has assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes; and taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels: and, your memorialist has actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times. In which service, your memorialist has lost his right eye and arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body; all of which services, and wounds, your memorialist most humbly submits to your majesty's most gracious consideration.

"Horatio Nelson."

The pension thus granted proved highly acceptable: but his wound continued to torment him with unabated violence, till about the latter end of November; when, having one night experienced the unusual refreshment of a sound and lasting sleep, he was, on awaking, astonished to find, that his wound felt nearly free from pain. Impatient to have it examined, he sent for his surgeon; and, to their mutual surprise, the silk instantly

came away, at a single touch, without the smallest difficulty. From this hour, the wound began to heal; and, with all that characteristic piety of disposition, and that sincere gratitude to Providence for signal deliverances, which he never failed to profess, he gave the late Reverend Mr. Greville, of St. George's, Hanover Square, the following form of thanksgiving, to be read at that church during the time of divine service—

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"An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God, for his perfect recovery from a severe wound; and, also, for the many mercies bestowed on him."

"December 8th 1797; for next Sunday."

The original of the above thanksgiving, in his own hand-writing, is still carefully preserved by the present Reverend Mr. Greville, son and successor of the venerable clergyman to whom it was delivered by Sir Horatio Nelson.

On the 13th of December, having been pronounced fit for service, by his surgeons, he made his appearance at court; and his majesty received him in the most gracious and tender manner: expressing, with peculiar marks of sensibility, his excessive sorrow for the loss which Sir Horatio had suffered, and the regret which he felt at beholding him in a state of health apparently so far reduced as to deprive the country of his future services. The brave admiral, however, immediately replied to his sovereign, with the most respectful but dignified tone of expression, in the following energetic and affectionate speech—"May it please your majesty, I can never think that a loss, which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and, while I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country!"

His majesty appeared deeply affected by this manly and loyal answer; and, in consequence, on the 19th, only six days after, Sir Horatio Nelson received orders to hoist his flag on board the Vanguard, and again proceed to the Mediterranean, as soon as that ship could be properly equipped for the voyage.

Not having been before in England since he lost, at Calvi, the sight of his right eye, it was about this period that he went, accompanied by Mr. Bolton, to receive a year's pay, as smart-money; that being the customary allowance, in the navy, on losing an eye or a limb: but could not obtain payment, for want of the formality of a certificate from the faculty, to testify that the sight was actually extinguished. Vexed, for a moment, at what he considered as a superfluous and almost impertinent requisition, it's loss being sufficiently notorious, though by no means apparent, he not only immediately procured the desired certificate; but, from whimsical pleasantry, humorously requested, and actually obtained, at the same time, a certificate from his surgeons of the loss of his arm, which was sufficiently obvious: asserting—with much propriety, in his particular instance, at least—that one might just as well be doubted as the other. On going, afterwards, to receive the sum, which was the annual pay of a captain only, that being his rank when he sustained the loss, the clerk observed that he thought it had been more. "Oh, no!" jocosely replied the hero, "this is only for an eye: in a few days, I shall come for an arm; and, in a little time longer, God knows, most probably, for a leg!"

Accordingly, he soon after went again to the office, accompanied by the same gentleman as before; and, with perfect good-humour, exhibited the supererogatory certification of the loss of his arm.

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In January 1798, Sir Horatio Nelson having presented to the city of Norwich the sword of the Spanish admiral, delivered to him on the memorable 14th of February 1797, an ingenious device, executed by Mr. Windham of that city, was erected in the council-chamber of the town-hall, to commemorate this event, and the consequent gift, which has been thus described—To the ring of an anchor, is suspended a yard and sail, supposed to be torn in action: on which is inscribed—“The Sword of the Spanish Admiral, Don Xavier Winthuysen, who died of the wounds he received in an engagement with the British fleet, under the command of Admiral Earl St. Vincent, 13th of February 1797, which ended in the most brilliant victory ever obtained by this country over the enemy at sea; wherein the heroic valour, and cool determined courage, of Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B. had ample scope for their display. He, being a native of Norfolk, has honoured the city, by presenting this sword, surrendered to him in that action.” From the flukes of the anchor, the sword is suspended. Underneath, is the coat of arms of Sir Horatio Nelson, which was given to him by the king. The crest is the stern of a man of war; the supporters, are a sailor bearing a British lion, trampling on the Spanish colours. The motto is—“Faith and works.”

Sir Horatio appears to have spent his preceding Christmas, and commencement of the present year, with his venerable father, and the esteemed husband of his amiable younger sister, Mrs. Matcham, at Bath; where, also, he might be desirous to recruit his health and vigour for his approaching voyage. Certain it is, that he quitted Bond Street in December, and was at Bath the beginning of February.

It was not till the 1st of April 1798, that the convoy which he had in charge for Lisbon was completely ready; and, though he sailed with it, on that day, from Spithead, the wind, at the back of the Isle of Wight, coming to the westward, he was constrained to return to St. Helen's.

After waiting till the 9th, he proceeded to Lisbon with the convoy; and, on the 29th of April, joined the Earl of St. Vincent, off Cadiz.

Not a moment was lost by these great men, in proceeding to co-operate for the glory of their country. The crisis was peculiarly portentous. Bonaparte, baffled in his views of invading England, or even Ireland—after the last and most serious disaffection, recently extinguished, in the mutiny of the home fleet, produced an almost general unanimity of the country—had been engaged in preparing an expedition, on a scale of imposing grandeur, for some object which was endeavoured to be carefully concealed, till it should be manifested by it's tremendous effects. The armament destined for this grand secret expedition, which was collecting at Toulon, under Bonaparte, consisted of thirteen ships of the line, and seven forty-gun frigates, with twenty-four smaller vessels of war, and nearly two

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hundred transports; the latter filled with troops, horses, artillery, provisions, and military stores. In this fleet, it was said, were also to embark artists and scientific men of every description, with ancient and modern linguists, and all sorts of useful and curious instruments and machinery, calculated to promote knowledge, and extend improvement, in the intended country which they were about thus to seize and newly colonize.

It was immediately agreed, by the Earl of St. Vincent, and Sir Horatio Nelson, that the latter should the next morning sail, with the Vanguard, Orion, and Alexander, of seventy-four guns each, the Emerald and Terpsichore frigates, and La Bonne Citoyenne sloop of war, to watch the motions of this formidable French armament. The Earl of St. Vincent was at no loss to know who was the senior officer under his command, and what was the customary etiquette; but he knew, at the same time, that he had, as commander in chief, a discretionary power; and carrying, in his own bosom, a dread responsibility to his country, he had not an instant to hesitate on whom it was his duty to depend. To the noble earl's magnanimity, therefore, is the country to be eternally considered as indebted for affording our favourite hero the opportunity of demonstrating his unequalled powers. By other commanders, as he formerly most feelingly remarked, he had been always praised, but never promoted; he was now promoted by his commander, and praised by all the world, while his commander generously declared that no praise could do justice to his actions. The confidence of the fleet, and of the nation too, were with the Earl of St. Vincent; and, though a few mean and malignant characters, envious of superior merit, Mould occasionally suggest their base insinuations, that Sir Horatio Nelson might not be equal to the management of a large fleet, the commander in chief, one of the first naval tacticians any country ever produced, had early seen who had the readiest and clearest conceptions of his own numerous plans, and well knew that Nelson's genius would keep full pace with any augmentation of command which it was possible he should ever obtain.

Sir Horatio, with the squadron abovementioned, sailed from Gibraltar on the 9th of May; and, on the 17th, having captured a small corvette, which came out of Toulon the preceding night, gained some little intelligence respecting the fleet, but none to be relied on as to their destination. His letter to the Earl of St. Vincent, mentioning this circumstance, concludes with these words—"You may rely, my lord, that I shall act as occasion may offer, to the best of my abilities, in following up your ideas, for the honour of his majesty's crown, and the advantage of our country." A sufficient proof of the concurrence of sentiment in these two heroic commanders, which led to so glorious a result.

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On the 22d, being in the Gulph of Lyons, at two in the morning, a most violent squall of wind took the Vanguard, which carried away all the topmasts; and, at last, the foremast. The other ships also experienced, though in a less degree, the ill effects of this severe gale. To add to the disaster, the line of battle ships lost sight of their three frigates on this eventful day; which proved to be that on which the French armament had, at length, taken it's departure from Toulon, and was then actually passing within a few leagues of the unconscious sufferers employed to watch it's motions.

The little squadron now bore up for Sardinia; the Alexander taking the Vanguard in tow, and the Orion looking out ahead for a pilot to conduct them into St. Pierre's Road. This anchorage they happily reached on the 24th; and expected to have met with that friendly reception which their distresses demanded, from a power professing neutrality. The governor of St. Pierre, however, had received orders from the French, not to admit any British ship; but no dread of hostilities could prevent the brave admiral from resolutely anchoring in the road.

In a letter, written this very day, dated on board the Vanguard, St. Peter's Island. Sardinia, May 24, 1798, and addressed to Lady Nelson, he thus describes the effect produced on his mind by the dangers just escaped.

"MY DEAREST FANNY,

"I ought not to call what has happened to the Vanguard, by the cold name of accident: I believe, firmly, it was the Almighty's goodness, to check my consummate vanity. I hope it has made me a better officer, as I feel it has made me a better man. I kiss, with all humility, the rod. Figure to yourself, on Sunday evening, at sun-set, a vain man, walking in his cabin, with a squadron around him, who looked up to their chief, to lead them to glory; and in whom their chief placed the firmest reliance, that the proudest ships, of equal numbers, belonging to France, would have bowed their flags; and, with a very rich prize lying by him—Figure to yourself, on Monday morning, when the sun rose, this proud, conceited man, his ship dismasted, his fleet dispersed, and himself in such distress that the meanest frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome guest. But it has pleased Almighty God to bring us into a safe port; where, although refused the rights of humanity, yet the Vanguard will, in two days, get to sea again as an English man of war."

This is the letter of a truly Christian hero, as well as of a most affectionate and tender husband. It will not be hastily believed, by the reflecting part of mankind, that he who possessed so high a sense of all the relative duties as the immortal Nelson, had not afterwards good reasons for being separated from the wife whom he could once consent thus to address. What those reasons were, the reader will, probably, in the sequel, be enabled to form a tolerably correct judgment.

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Notwithstanding the unfavourable reception encountered at St. Peter's Island, as hinted in the above letter, the resources of British seamen, which are seldom known to fail, enabled them soon to surmount most of their difficulties. Captain Berry, with the very able assistance which he received from Sir James Saumarez and Captain Ball, contrived to equip the Vanguard with a jury foremast, jury main and mizen topmasts, and to fish the bowsprit, which was sprung in many places; and, on the fourth day after anchoring in St. Pierre's Road, they again put to sea, with top-gallant yards across.

In the mean time, Sir Horatio Nelson had addressed a letter to the Viceroy of Sardinia, dated on board his Britannic majesty's ship, the Vanguard, at anchor off the Island of St. Peter, 26th May 1798; in which he remonstrated, with becoming dignity, but not without considerate kindness, against the conduct he was experiencing.

"SIR,

"Having, by a gale of wind, sustained some trifling damage, I anchored a small part of his majesty's fleet under my orders, off this island; and was surprised to hear, by an officer sent by the governor, that admittance was to be refused to the flag of his Britannic majesty into this port. When I reflect that my most gracious sovereign is the oldest, I believe, and certainly the most faithful, ally which his majesty of Sardinia ever had, I could feel the sorrow which it must have been to his majesty to have given such an order; and also for your excellency, who has to direct it's execution. I cannot but look at Afric's shore; where the followers of Mahomet are performing the part of the good Samaritan, which I look for in vain at St. Peter's, where it is said the Christian religion is professed. May God Almighty bless your excellency, is the sincere wish of your most obedient servant,

"Horatio Nelson."

It is not improbable, that this letter immediately occasioned a little secret assistance to be bestowed. Certain it is, that some aid was actually received, or they could not so soon have conveniently taken their departure.

They now steered for their appointed rendezvous, which they reached on the 4th of June; and were joined, next day, by La Mutine, Captain Hardy, who was charged with orders to the admiral, and brought the highly acceptable information, that Captain Troubridge, with ten sail of the line, and a fifty-gun ship, had been detached to reinforce him. The knowledge of this circumstance diffused universal joy throughout the little squadron; which could scarcely be felt in a superlative degree by the heroic commander himself, who was now about to obtain what it had been the business of his life to acquire, an opportunity of evincing the ability with which he felt conscious of having been gifted by Heaven. In the exultation of his open and generous heart, he observed to Captain Berry, that he should soon be a match for any hostile fleet in the Mediterranean; and his only desire would then be, to encounter one.

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The squadron, on the 6th, were widely spread, in anxious expectation, looking out for the expected reinforcement. They were informed, that several sail, then in sight, were Spanish ships, richly laden; but the love of glory now filled too powerfully the hero's breast, to admit the presence of any sordid or selfish passion. He had heard that, with the storm in which his ships so severely suffered, the grand armament had set out from Toulon; and, perhaps, but for this apparently unfriendly gale, his little squadron might have become the prey of such greatly superior force. The fury of that tempest, however, though violent, was soon exhausted, and its ill effects were quickly repaired: but the dark storm of desolation, proceeding from the collected thunders of France issued at the port of Toulon, was now passing dreadfully over the menaced world; and every country seemed waiting, in awful horror, to behold where it should finally burst, and fatally descend.

The consideration of the important part which Sir Horatio Nelson had to act, in the grand theatre of the universe, now absorbed every other consideration. The Alexander, indeed, had stopped one of the Spanish ships; but, Captain Ball finding that it had on board eighty or ninety priests, driven by French persecution from the papal sanctuary of Rome, considered it would be an act of inhumanity to prevent their seeking an asylum. He accordingly suffered the ship to proceed: bringing away only a few volunteer Genoese seamen from the Spanish vessel, who expressed their desire of the honour to serve in the British fleet, and their resentment of the ill usage which they had recently experienced from the detested French.

In a state of the most pleasingly painful anxiety did this little squadron, and their impatient commander, continue to watch, for the expected reinforcement, till the 8th at noon; when they had the happiness to discover, from the mast-head, ten sail; and it was not long before these were recognized to be British ships of war, standing on a wind, in close line of battle, with all sails set. Private signals were now exchanged; and, before sun-set, this important junction was completely effected.

Captain Troubridge brought no instructions to Admiral Nelson respecting the course he was to steer, nor any positive account of the destination of the enemy's fleet. Every thing was left to his own judgment. The pleasure which he felt at being thought worthy of such a command, called forth every power of his grateful and magnanimous mind.

He had soon the felicity to find, that the captains under his authority, had no need of particular instructions to keep in constant readiness for battle; the ardour of their zeal anticipated his utmost wishes. The decks of all the ships were perfectly clear night and day, and every man was ready to take his post at a moment's notice. He perceived them, with unspeakable satisfaction, daily exercising their men at the great guns, as well as with small arms; and, in short, placing every thing in the best state of preparation for actual service.

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Knowing that the enemy had sailed with a north-west wind, he naturally concluded that their course was up the Mediterranean. He sent La Mutine to Civita Vecchia, and along the Roman coast, for intelligence; and, in the mean time, steered with the fleet to Corsica, which he reached on the 12th of June, without obtaining any intelligence. The next day, he continued his course between Corsica and Elba, and between Planosa and Elba; through the latter of which passages large ships, or fleets, had not been accustomed to pass. On making the Roman coast, they were rejoined by La Mutine; but Captain Hardy, with all his exertions, had been unable to acquire any information.

Admiral Nelson now resolved to steer towards Naples, with the hope of proving more successful in his enquiries. It had been rumoured, that the plundering of Algiers was the object of the French armament; but this account he considered as much too vague to warrant implicit adoption.

On the 16th, they saw Mount Vesuvius; and Captain Troubridge was detached, in La Mutine, with letters to Sir William Hamilton, making earnest enquiries respecting the French fleet, as well as of the powers and disposition of the court of Naples to accommodate the British squadron. In one of these letters, he says—

“If their fleet is not moored in as strong a port as Toulon, nothing shall hinder me from attacking them; and, with the blessing of Almighty God, I hope for a most glorious victory. I send Captain Troubridge to communicate with your excellency; and, as Captain Troubridge is in full possession of my confidence, I beg that whatever he says may be considered as coming from me. Captain Troubridge is my honoured acquaintance of twenty-five years, and the very best sea-officer in his majesty’s service. I hope, pilots will be with us in a few hours; for I will not lose one moment after the brig’s return, to wait for any thing.”

In the mean time, knowing the anxiety of his country, at this period, he wrote to Earl Spencer, informing him of his belief that, if the French fleet passed Sicily, towards which they had been seen steering, he should imagine they were going on their scheme of possessing Alexandria, and getting troops to India, on a plan concerted with Tippoo Saib.

“But,” adds the hero, “be they bound to the Antipodes, your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action, and endeavour to destroy their transports. I have sent Captain Troubridge on shore, to talk to General Acton, and hope the King of Naples will send me some frigates; for mine parted company on the 20th of May, and have not joined me since. The whole squadron is remarkably healthy, and perfectly equal to meet the French fleet.” After observing, that he shall make sail the moment Captain Troubridge returns, he concludes thus—“Highly honoured as I feel with this very important command, I beg you will believe that I shall endeavour to approve myself worthy of it; and that I am, with the highest respect, your lordship’s most obedient servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

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On the 17th, in answer to a letter sent by a boat from Sir William Hamilton, he writes—
“Captain Troubridge will say every thing I could put in a ream of paper. I have only to observe, in my present state, if I meet the enemy at sea, the convoy will get off, for want of frigates. I submit this to you, to urge General Acton upon. The King of Naples may now have part of the glory in destroying these pests of the human race; and the opportunity, once lost, may never be regained. God bless you! Depend on my exertions.”

This day, too, he wrote the following very laconic, but truly characteristic letter, for the Earl of St. Vincent; to be forwarded, by Sir William Hamilton, from Naples.

“Vanguard,
off Naples,
17th June 1798.

“MY LORD,

“I have only to assure you, I will bring the French fleet to action
the moment I can lay my hands on them. Till then, adieu.

“Horatio Nelson.”

Having received information, by Captain Troubridge, that the French were at Malta, on the 8th, going to attack it; and that Naples, being at peace with the French republic, could afford us no assistance; he seemed to lament that even a day had been lost, by visiting the Bay of Naples, and resolved instantly, by the shortest cut, to make the Pharos of Messina.

Such, at least, was the apparent face of the business; but, in truth, one grand object of Captain Troubridge’s mission had been secretly successful to a very high degree. He had reached Naples at five in the morning: when Sir William Hamilton immediately arose, and communicated on the business with the King of the two Sicilies and General Acton; who, after much deliberation, agreed, that nothing could possibly be done, which might endanger their peace with the French republic. Lady Hamilton, in the mean time, aware what would be the decision; and convinced, by all she heard from Captain Troubridge, of the importance to the British fleet, as well as to the real security of the Neapolitan and Sicilian territories, that the ports of these countries should by no means be closed against those who were alone able to protect them from the force or perfidy of General Bonaparte; without consulting any thing but her own correct judgment, and well-intentioned heart, she contrived to procure, from some being of a superior order, sylph, fairy, magician, or other person skilled in the occult sciences, as many in Naples, as well as elsewhere, positively profess themselves to be, a small association of talismanic characters, fraught with such magical and potential influence, in favour of the possessor, that the slightest glance of this mystic charm no sooner saluted the eye of a



Sicilian or Neapolitan governor, than he was incapable of regarding any other object except what the bearer presented to his dazzled view, or of hearing any other injunction but that which the same person addressed to his astonished ear; while his tongue

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was, at the same time, impelled to secrecy, by the dread of an assured death. Possessed of this treasure, Sir Horatio had immediately sailed; but, as his possession of this talisman was to remain a profound secret, till those periods should arrive when it must necessarily be produced, the same sort of correspondence continued to be kept up, between the parties, as if no such favour had been conferred on the hero by any friendly enchantress whatever. Accordingly, the following epistle, dated on board the Vanguard at Sea, the 18th of June 1798, was sent to Sir William Hamilton, apologizing for not having answered the letter of that worthy and most esteemed gentleman previously to sailing.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I would not lose one moment of the breeze, in answering your letter. The best sight—as an Irishman would say—was, to see me out of sight: especially, as I had not time to examine the Marquis de Gallo’s note to you. I send you an extract of the Admiralty orders to the Earl of St. Vincent, by which it would appear as determined by the cabinet, to keep a superior fleet to that of the enemy in the Mediterranean; for the Admiralty, you know, can give no such orders, but by an order from the secretary of state. As for what depends on me, I beg, if you think it proper, to tell their Sicilian majesties, and General Acton, they may rest assured that I shall not withdraw the king’s fleet, but by positive orders, or the impossibility of *procuring supplies*. I wish them to depend upon me, and they shall not be disappointed. God forbid it should so happen, that the enemy escape me, and get into any port! You may rely, if I am properly supplied, that there they shall remain, a useless body, for this summer. But, if I have gun and mortar boats, with fire-ships, it is most probable they may be got at: for, although I hope the best, yet it is proper to be prepared for the worst; which, I am sure, all this fleet would feel to be, the escape of the enemy into port. My distress for frigates is extreme; but I cannot help myself, and no one will help me. But, I thank God, I am not apt to feel difficulties. Pray, present my best respects to Lady Hamilton. Tell her, I hope to be presented to her crowned with laurel or cypress. But, God is good; and, to him, do I commit myself and our cause. Ever believe me, my dear Sir, your obliged and faithful

“Horatio Nelson.”

On the 20th of June, the British fleet passed through the Pharos of Messina, with a fair wind. The joy with which the Sicilians hailed the squadron, when they discovered it to be British, gave the most heartfelt satisfaction to all on board. A vast number of boats came off, and rowed round with the loudest congratulations, and the most sincere exultations of delight; as they had been apprehensive that the French fleet, having secured Malta, was coming to act against them.



Having learned, from the British consul, that Malta had certainly been attacked, and was reported to have, at least, in part, surrendered to the French, he now addressed a letter to the most illustrious Grand Master of Malta: apprizing him, that he was hastening to prevent that island from falling into the hands of the common enemy; and instructing him how to proceed till his arrival, which might be expected the following Friday.

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He had, at this time, reason to suppose, that the French were only in possession of the old city; and, that their fleet was anchored between Goza and Malta. Accordingly, he again wrote to Sir William Hamilton, requesting him to procure, from the court of Naples, at least, a few gun-boats, if they could supply nothing more, to assist in dislodging the enemy from Malta, and prevent their expected subsequent designs on Sicily.

Both the above letters were delivered to the British consul, who had gone on board from Messina on the 20th; and, next day, the fleet proceeded, with a press of sail, for Malta.

In the evening, being close off Syracuse, they hoisted their colours, when a boat rowed out for about a mile; but, though the fleet brought to, and the Mutine was sent in shore, it immediately rowed back again. At day-break, the following morning, La Mutine, being off Cape Passaro, spoke a Genoese brig which sailed from Malta the day before; and the master informed Captain Hardy, that Malta having surrendered on Friday the 15th, the French fleet had left it the very next day, and were gone, as it was supposed, for Sicily. The wind then blowing Strong from the west north-west, there was no possibility of getting to Malta till it should moderate; and, even there, no better information might be obtainable, while the French were in possession of the place. In the mean time, he greatly suspected the truth of what the Genoese reported; well knowing how often vessels had been stationed by the enemy to give misinformation respecting their intended course. He would himself have examined the master, but found that he had been gone some hours.

Thus situated, the admiral had no other guide than his own judgment; and, after a due consideration of all the circumstances, having been assured, by Sir William Hamilton, that Naples was at peace with the French, and Sicily positively declared, by Bonaparte, not to be the object, he determined to steer for Alexandria; with the hope of frustrating the intentions of this armament, whatever those intentions might finally prove.

From this period, to the 28th of June, only three vessels were spoken with; neither of which, though two were from Alexandria, had seen any thing of the enemy's fleet. This day, the Pharos tower of Alexandria was perceived by the British squadron: and they continued wearing the land, with a press of sail, till the whole of them had a distinct view of both harbours; where, to the general surprise and disappointment of all, not a French ship was visible.

Having arrived off this port, Captain Hardy was directed to run close in with La Mutine, and send an officer on shore with the following letter to Mr. Baldwin—

“SIR,

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“The French having possessed themselves of Malta, on Friday the 15th of this month, the next day the whole fleet, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, frigates, bomb vessels, &c. and near three hundred transports, left the island. I only heard this unpleasant news on the 22d, off Cape Passaro. As Sicily was not their object, and the wind blew fresh from the westward; from the time they sailed, it was clear that their destination was to the eastward: and, I think, their object is, to possess themselves of some port in Egypt, to fix themselves at the head of the Red Sea, in order to get a formidable army into India; and, in concert with Tippoo Saib, to drive us, if possible, from India. But, I have reason to believe, from not seeing a vessel, that they have heard of my coming up the Mediterranean, and are got safe into Corfu. Still, I am most exceedingly anxious to know, from you, if any reports or preparations have been made in Egypt for them; or any vessels prepared in the Red Sea, to carry them to India: or for any other information you would be good enough to give me, I shall hold myself much obliged. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

The officer charged with this letter, brought back information that Mr. Baldwin had left Alexandria nearly three months. There were, it appeared, in the old port, one Turkish ship of the line, four frigates, and about twelve other Turkish vessels; and, in the Franks port, about fifty sail of vessels belonging to different nations. The line of battle ship was observed to be landing it's guns, and the place filling with troops.

What the brave admiral felt, at being thus disappointed, it would be less difficult to conceive than to describe: certain it is, that the anxiety which he suffered in consequence of this so long baffled pursuit, brought on such violent spasms in the regions of his heroic heart as continued occasionally to afflict him during the remainder of his days.

In a letter which he wrote to his commander in chief, the Earl of St. Vincent, immediately on discovering that the French were not at Alexandria, after relating the particulars of his unfortunate progress, he pours forth the effusions of his honourable bosom, in a strain so affecting, that his biographer has been incapable of transcribing the passage without tears.

“To do nothing,” says this incomparable man, was, I felt, disgraceful; therefore, I made use of my understanding: and, by it, I ought to stand or fall. I am before your lordship's judgment—which, in the present case, I feel, is the tribunal of my country—and if, under all circumstances, it is decided I am wrong, I ought, for the sake of our country, to be superseded: for, at this moment, when I know the French are not in Alexandria, I hold the same opinion as off Cape Passaro; viz. that, under all circumstances, I was right in steering for Alexandria; and, by that

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opinion, I must stand or fall. However erroneous my judgment may be, I feel conscious of my honest intentions; which, I hope, will bear me up under the greatest misfortune that could happen to me as an officer, that of your lordship's thinking me wrong."

It was now the object of his incessant contemplation, to ascertain the possible course of the enemy, and what could be their ultimate design. He feared, indeed, that Sicily, in his absence, had fallen under the French yoke. With a mind too perturbed for repose, he was wholly incapable of remaining inactive. He shaped his course, therefore, to the northward, for the coast of Caramania; that he might, as expeditiously as possible, arrive at some quarter where information was likely to be obtained. On the 4th of July, he made that coast; and, steering along the south side of Candia, and carrying a press of sail, both night and day, with a contrary wind, being also in want of water, the fleet came, on the 18th, in sight of the island of Sicily, and he determined to enter the port of Syracuse.

Such instructions, however, had been sent to the governor of Syracuse, through the preponderancy of French interest at this period, that he would have found it difficult even to enter, and probably have obtained little or no refreshment of any kind, though much was absolutely necessary, had he not, very fortunately, experienced the beneficial effects of Lady Hamilton's powerful influence secretly exerted in the only quarter which was not rendered impenetrable by the menacing insinuations of the then Gallic resident at Naples. It was the assistance he now procured, by virtue of the talismanic gift received from Lady Hamilton, and without which he could not, in any reasonable time, have pursued the French fleet, and possibly might never have come up with them, that he so solemnly recognized, a short time before his death, as to make it the subject of a codicil annexed to his will, in which he expressly *bequeaths that lady to the remuneration of his country*. On the 20th, in a letter to Sir William Hamilton, he says—

"It is an old saying, the devil's children have the devil's luck. I cannot find, or to this moment learn, beyond vague conjecture, where the French fleet are gone to. All my ill fortune, hitherto, has proceeded from want of frigates. Off Cape Passaro, on the 22d of June, at daylight, I saw two frigates, which were supposed to be French; and, it has been said, since, that a line of battle ship was to leeward of them, with the riches of Malta on board; but it was the destruction of the enemy, and not riches for myself, that I was seeking. These would have fell to me, if I had had frigates: but, except the ship of the line, I regard not all the riches in this world. From my information off Malta, I believed they were gone to Egypt: therefore, on the 28th, I was communicating with Alexandria, in Egypt, where I found the Turks preparing to resist

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them, but knew nothing beyond report. From thence, I stretched over to the coast of Caramania; where, not speaking a vessel who could give me information, I became distressed for the kingdoms of the two Sicilies: and, having gone a round of six hundred leagues, at this season of the year, with an expedition incredible, here I am, as ignorant of the situation of the enemy, as I was twenty-seven days ago. I shall be able, for nine or ten weeks longer, to keep the fleet in active service, when we shall want provisions and stores. I send a paper on that subject herewith. Mr. Littledale is, I suppose, sent up by the admiral to victual us; and, I hope, he will do it cheaper than any other person. But, if I find out that he charges more than the fair price, and has not the provisions of the very best quality, I will not take them: for, as no fleet has more fag than this, nothing but the best food, and greatest attention, can keep them healthy. At this moment, we have not one sick man in the fleet. In about six days, I shall sail from hence; and, if I hear nothing more of the French, I shall go to the Archipelago; where, if they are gone towards Constantinople, I shall hear of them. I shall go to Cyprus; and, if they are gone to Alexandretta, or any other part of Syria or Egypt, I shall get information. You will, I am sure, and so will our country, easily conceive what has passed in my anxious mind; but I have this comfort, that I have no fault to accuse myself of: this bears me up, and this only."

The next day, July 21st, he writes to Sir William—

"What a situation am I placed in! as yet, I can learn nothing of the enemy; therefore, I have no conjecture, but that they are gone to Syria; and, at Cyprus, I hope to hear of them. If they were gone to the westward, I rely that every place in Sicily would have information for me; for, it is too important news to leave me one moment in doubt about. I have no frigate, or a sign of one. The masts, yards, &c. for the Vanguard, will I hope be prepared directly: for, should the French be so strongly secured in port that I cannot get at them, I shall immediately shift my flag into some other ship, and send the Vanguard to Naples, to be refitted; for, hardly any person but myself would have continued on service so long in such a wretched state."

The following letter of complaint, calculated to blind the Neapolitan government, as well as the French resident, is a masterpiece of requisite political duplicity, fabricated at the very instant when he was receiving every possible assistance.

"Vanguard,
Syracuse, 22d July 1798.

"MY DEAR SIR,

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"I have had so much said about the King of Naples's orders only to admit three or four of the ships of our fleet into his ports, that I am astonished. I understood, that private orders, at least, would have been given for our free admission. If we are to be refused supplies, pray send me, by many vessels, an account; that I may, in good time, take the king's fleet to Gibraltar. Our treatment is scandalous for a great nation to put up with, and the king's flag is insulted at every friendly port we look at. I am, with the greatest respect, your most obedient servant,

Horatio Nelson.

P.S. I do not complain of the want of attention in individuals, for all classes of people are remarkably attentive to us."

"His Excellency, the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, K.B."

A secret epistle, at the same time, addressed to Sir William and Lady Hamilton, has these words—

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,

"Thanks to your exertions, we have victualled and watered: and, surely, watering at the Fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory! We shall sail with the first breeze; and, be assured, I will return either crowned with laurel, or covered with cypress."

Though no person in the fleet was acquainted with the harbour of Syracuse, such was the skill and exertion of the officers that every ship got safely in: and, full permission having been secured, by the admirable management and address of Lady Hamilton, not only water, but other articles of the first necessity, were obtained with the greatest expedition. Indeed, though there was no proper or regular water-place, the classical Fountain of Arethusa, that celebrated daughter of Oceanus, and nymph of the Goddess of Chastity, supplied them copiously with her pure and traditionally propitious libations; and the hero, it has been seen, did not fail to anticipate, with becoming gratulations, his sense of their indisputable efficacy. Such were the exertions of the officers and men, and such were the facilities, in other respects, which they now enjoyed, that the whole squadron were in a condition to put to sea by the 25th.

In the mean time, Admiral Nelson had addressed a letter to the Earl of St. Vincent, on the 20th instant, stating what he had done since his last, and his future intentions. "Yesterday," says he, "I arrived here; where I can learn no more than conjecture, that the French are gone to the eastward. Every moment, I have to regret the frigates having left me; to which must be attributed my ignorance of the movements of the enemy. Your lordship deprived yourself of frigates, to make mine, certainly, the first squadron in the world; and I feel that I have zeal and activity to do credit to your appointment: and yet,

to be unsuccessful, hurts me most sensibly. But, if they are above water, I will find them out; and, if possible, bring them to battle. You have done

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your part, in giving me so fine a fleet; and I hope to do mine, in making use of them. It is my intention to get into the mouth of the Archipelago; where, if the enemy are gone towards Constantinople, we shall hear of them directly: if I get no information there, to go to Cyprus; where, if they are in Syria or Egypt, I must hear of them. We have a report that, on the 1st of July, the French were seen off Candia; but, near what part of the island I cannot learn."

Being now ready for sea, and finding that the French fleet had neither been seen in the Archipelago, nor the Adriatic, nor gone down the Mediterranean, he concluded that the coast of Egypt must still be the object of their destination. With this impression on his anxious mind, it is not to be supposed that he would for a moment hesitate in again seeking them there, through any consideration of the immoderate heat of climate, or other experienced or apprehended hardships.

On the 25th of July, accordingly, the British squadron sailed from Syracuse; and, hoping some positive information might be obtained in the Morea, he steered first for that coast: having, on the 28th, made the Gulph of Coron, Captain Troubridge was dispatched with the Culloden, into the port of Coron; off which place, owing to the usual active exertion of that able officer, the fleet was not detained longer than three hours. The Turkish governor, with great pleasure, gave Captain Troubridge the welcome intelligence, that the enemy had been seen steering to the south-east, from Candia, about four weeks before. The captain had, also, during his very short visit, the satisfaction of observing that the inhabitants of Coron entertained the most serious apprehensions from the French armament, and expressed the greatest possible detestation and abhorrence of that people.

The reasons now became evident, which had before seemed unaccountable, how it happened that the enemy should have been missed by the British squadron, both in it's passage to Alexandria, and in it's return to Syracuse. The French, having steered a direct course for Candia, had necessarily made an angular passage towards Alexandria; while Admiral Nelson, by immediately proceeding to Alexandria, most materially shortened the distance. The smallness of his squadron, too, making it expedient to sail in close order, the space which it occupied was extremely limited; and, having no frigates to detach on the look out, the chance of descrying the enemy, unless very near, amid the haze of the atmosphere in that climate, was prodigiously circumscribed. Under these circumstances, the distance of about thirty-five leagues, between Candia and the Barbary coast, must be considered as leaving more than sufficient space for two of the largest fleets ever known mutually to pass without the smallest observation of one another. In returning to Syracuse, the British squadron, by steering up to the northward, while the enemy kept a southern coast for Alexandria, had the chance of falling in with them rendered still less likely than before.

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Pleased with the information which they had received, though still unable implicitly to rely on the fact, after such repeated disappointments, not a moment was lost in carrying all possible sail for Alexandria.

On the 1st of August, at noon, they had the happiness to descry the port of Alexandria; with an aspect, however, far different from what it had before presented to their disappointed view. They perceived, with delight, that it now appeared filled with ships; and had, soon, the undescribable transport to behold the French flag flying on board several of them. A tumult of joy animated every bosom in the British squadron, at sight of the enemy. The humblest individual felt himself a hero; and had a great right so to feel, since every individual was eagerly prepared to risque his life for the safety and glory of his king and country. The brave admiral was calm, but no mortal can convey to another the sense of ineffable delight which glowed in every fibre of his frame. The bliss of his bosom, at this impressive moment, was that of extatic perfection; for, it admitted not the smallest doubt of success. His calmness was the result of his piety; for his noble heart was pouring forth to Heaven the sacred effusions of gratitude, anticipatory of the glorious conquest which he was about to prove the honoured medium of atchieving. This perfection of bliss is felt but by a few favoured mortals, and with none will it consent to abide. That it was, for a moment, felt by the immortal Nelson, when he first beheld the French fleet, a due consideration of his entire character, so powerfully presses on the mind of his biographer, that he cannot resist the temptation to tender it as an assumed fact.

In a narrative, formed from the minutes of an officer of rank, reported to be the present Sir Edward Berry, then captain of the Vanguard, first published in the Naval Chronicle, it is observed, that the pleasure which the admiral himself felt was perhaps more heightened than that of any other man, as he had now a certainty by which he could regulate his future operations. "The admiral had," continues this narrative, and, as it subsequently appeared, most justly, "the highest opinion of, and placed the firmest reliance on, the valour and conduct of every captain in his squadron. It had been his practice, during the whole of his cruise, whenever the weather and circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the Vanguard: where he would fully develop to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack; and such plans as he proposed to execute, on falling in with the enemy, whatever their position or situation might be, by night or by day. There was no possible position in which they could be found, that he did not take into his calculation, and for the most advantageous attack of which he had not digested and arranged the best possible disposition of the force which he commanded. With the masterly ideas of their admiral, therefore,

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on the subject of naval tactics, every one of the captains of his squadron was most thoroughly acquainted; and, on surveying the situation of, the enemy, they could precisely ascertain what were the ideas and intentions of their commander, without the aid of farther instructions. Thus, signals became almost unnecessary; much time was saved; and the attention of every captain could almost undistractedly be paid to the condition of his own particular ship: a circumstance from which, on this occasion, the advantages to the general service were almost incalculable. It cannot here be thought irrelevant, to give some idea of what were the plans which Admiral Nelson had formed, and which he explained to his captains with such perspicuity as to render his ideas completely their own. To the naval service, at least, they must not only prove interesting but useful. Had he fallen in with the French fleet at sea, that he might make the best impression on any part of it that should appear the most vulnerable, or the most eligible for attack, he divided his force into three sub-squadrons, *viz.*

VANGUARD ORION CULLODEN
MINOTAUR GOLIAH THESEUS
LEANDER MAJESTIC ALEXANDER
AUDACIOUS BELLEROPHON. SWIFTSURE.
DEFENCE
ZEALOUS.

Two of these sub-squadrons were to attack the ships of war; while the third was to pursue the transports, and to sink and destroy as many as it could. The destination of the French armament was involved in doubt and uncertainty; but it forcibly struck the admiral that, as it was commanded by the man whom the French had dignified with the title of the Conqueror of Italy, and as he had with him a very large body of troops, an expedition had been planned which the land force might execute without the aid of their fleet, should the transports be permitted to make their escape, and reach in safety their place of rendezvous: it therefore became a material consideration with the admiral, so to arrange his force, as at once to engage the whole attention of their ships of war, and at the same time materially to annoy and injure their convoy. It will be fully admitted, from the subsequent information which has been received on the subject, that the ideas of the admiral on this occasion were perfectly just, and that the plan which he had arranged was the most likely to frustrate the designs of the enemy. It is almost unnecessary to explain his projected mode of attack at anchor, as that was minutely and precisely executed in the action about to be described. These plans, however, were formed two months before an opportunity presented itself of executing any of them; and the advantage now was, that they were familiar to the understanding of every captain in the fleet.



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"It has been already mentioned, that the Pharos of Alexandria was seen at noon on the 1st of August. The Alexander and Swiftsure had been detached ahead on the preceding evening, to reconnoitre the port of Alexandria, while the main body of the squadron kept in the offing. The enemy's fleet was first discovered by the Zealous, Captain Hood, who immediately communicated, by signal, the number of ships, sixteen, lying at anchor in a line of battle, in a bay on the larboard bow, which was afterwards found to be Aboukir Bay. The admiral hauled his wind that instant; a movement which was immediately observed, and followed, by the whole squadron: and, at the same time, he recalled the Alexander and Swiftsure. The wind was, at this time, north north-west; and blew what seamen call a top-gallant breeze. It was necessary to take in the royals, to haul up on a wind. The admiral made the signal to prepare for battle; and, that it was his intention to attack the enemy's van and centre as they lay at anchor, according to the plan previously developed. His idea, in this disposition of his force was, first, to secure the victory; and, then, to make the most of it, as circumstances might permit. A bower cable of each ship was immediately got out abaft, and bent forward. They continued carrying sail; and standing in for the enemy's fleet, in close line of battle. As all the officers of the squadron were totally unacquainted with Aboukir Bay, each ship kept sounding as she stood in." "The enemy appeared to be moored in a strong and compact line of battle, close in with the shore; their line describing an obtuse angle in it's form, flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van. This situation of the enemy seemed to secure to them the most decided advantages; as they had nothing to attend to but their artillery, in their superior skill in the use of which the French so much pride themselves, and to which, indeed, their splendid series of land victories are in general chiefly to be imputed." "The position of the enemy presented the most formidable obstacles: but the admiral viewed them all with the eye of a seaman determined on attack; and it instantly struck his eager and penetrating mind, that "where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for one of our's to anchor." No farther signals were necessary, than those which had already been made. The admiral's designs were fully known to his whole squadron; as was his determination to conquer, or perish in the attempt. The Goliah and Zealous had the honour to lead inside, and to receive the first fire from the van ships of the enemy, as well as from the batteries and gun-boats with which their van was strengthened. These two ships, with the Orion, Audacious, and Theseus, took their stations inside the enemy's line, and were immediately in close action. The Vanguard

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anchored the first on the outer side of the enemy; and was opposed, within half pistol-shot, to Le Spartiate, the third in the enemy's line. The shores of the Bay of Aboukir were soon lined with spectators, who beheld the approach of the English, and the awful conflict of the hostile fleets, in silent astonishment. "Sir Horatio Nelson, as Rear-Admiral of the Blue, carried the blue flag at the mizen; but, from a standing order of the Earl of St. Vincent, the squadron wore the white, or St. George's ensign, in the action. This being white, with a red cross, the first quarter bearing the union, it occasioned the display of the cross on the renowned and ancient coast of Egypt. "So entirely was the admiral resolved to conquer, or to perish in the attempt, that he led into action with six ensigns, or flags, viz. red, white, and blue, flying in different parts of the rigging. He could not bear to reflect on the possibility of his colours being carried away even by a random shot from the enemy. "In standing in, the leading ships were unavoidably obliged to receive into their bows the whole fire of the broadsides of the French line, till they could take their respective stations: and it is but justice to observe, that the enemy received their opponents with great firmness and deliberation; no colours having been hoisted on either side, nor a gun fired, till our van ships were within half gun-shot. At this time, the necessary number of our men were engaged aloft in furling sails, and on deck in hauling the braces, and other requisite employments, preparatory to casting anchor. As soon as this took place, a most animated fire opened from the Vanguard; which ship covered the approach of those in the rear, who were following in a close line. The Minotaur, Defence, Bellerophon, Majestic, Swiftsure, and Alexander, came up in succession; and, passing within hail of the Vanguard, took their respective stations opposed to the enemy's line. All our ships anchored by the stern; by which means, the British line became inverted from van to rear. Captain Thompson, of the Leander of fifty guns, with a degree of judgment highly honourable to his professional character, advanced towards the enemy's line on the outside, and most judiciously dropped his anchor athwart house of Le Franklin, raking her with great success; the shot, from the Leander's broadside, which passed that ship, all striking L'Orient, the flag-ship of the French commander in chief. "The action commenced at sun-set, which was at thirty-one minutes past six, with an ardour and vigour which it is impossible to describe. In a few minutes, every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the Vanguard's deck, was down, killed or wounded, and one gun in particular was repeatedly cleared: one of the midshipmen was just remarking the escapes he had experienced, when a shot came, and cut

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him in two. At about seven o'clock, total darkness had come on; but the whole hemisphere was, at intervals, illuminated by the fire of the hostile fleets. Our ships, as darkness came on, had all hoisted their distinguishing lights, by a signal from the admiral. "The van ship of the enemy, *Le Guerrier*, was dismantled in less than twelve minutes; and, in ten minutes after, the second ship, *Le Conquerant*, and the third, *Le Spartiate*, very nearly at the same moment, experienced a similar fate. *L'Aquilon*, and *Le Souverain Peuple*, the fourth and fifth ships of the enemy's line, were taken possession of by the British at half past eight in the evening. Captain Berry, at that hour, sent Lieutenant Galway, of the *Vanguard*, with a party of marines, to take possession of *Le Spartiate*: and that officer returned, by the boat, the French captain's sword, which Captain Berry immediately delivered to the admiral; who was then below, in consequence of the severe wound which he had received in the head during the heat of the attack."

This wound seems to have been inflicted by langridge shot, or a piece of iron; which, cutting his forehead at right angles, the skin hung over his face, Captain Berry, fortunately happening to be sufficiently near, caught the admiral in his arms, and prevented him from falling. It was, at first, the universal opinion, that their beloved commander had been shot through the head; and, indeed, the appearance was rendered dreadfully alarming, by the hanging skin and the copious effusion of blood. Not a man on board was now solicitous for his own life; every brave fellow was alone anxious for that of the worthy admiral. This, however, far from repressing their ardour, served only to animate their fury, and prompt them, if possible, to still greater exertions. On being carried into the cockpit, where several of his gallant crew were stretched with their shattered limbs, and lacerated wounds, the surgeon, with the most respectful anxiety, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend on the admiral.

"No," replied the heroic commander, with the utmost composure, though he had then no hope of surviving, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows."

"The agony of his wound, in the mean time, greatly increasing, he became satisfied that the idea which he had long indulged of dying in battle was now about to be accomplished. He desired to see his chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Comyn, and begged he would bear his remembrances to Lady Nelson; and, as the last beneficial office that he conceived he should be able to perform, he appointed Captain Hardy, of *La Mutine*, to be Captain of the *Vanguard*. Having expressed a wish to see Captain Louis, of the *Minotaur*, Captain Berry had hailed that ship, and the commander came on board. The admiral was desirous of personally thanking him for the assistance which he had, in the height of danger, been enabled to render

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the Vanguard. "My dear Louis," said the admiral, "farewell! I shall never, should I survive, forget the obligation I am under to you. Whatever may become of me, my mind is at peace." He, then, with the most pious composure, seemed resigning himself to death. As soon as the surgeon had, according to the express injunctions of the admiral, paid all necessary attention to every person previously wounded, he came forward to examine the wound of their commander. An awful silence prevailed; but it was of short duration, for the surgeon almost immediately pronounced it to be merely superficial, and of no dangerous consequence. The pleasing intelligence speedily circulated through the ship, and the excess of sorrow was instantaneously converted into the excess of joy: nor did the hero feel less delighted at hearing the grateful expressions of gladness from his generous crew, than at the unexpected announcement of his life's being considered, by the surgeon, as in no sort of danger. This circumstance, indeed, greatly tended to alleviate his sufferings during the painful operation of dressing his wounded forehead. "At this time, it appeared that victory had already declared itself in our favour; for, though L'Orient, L'Heureux, and Le Tonnant, were not taken possession of, they were considered as completely in our power: which pleasing intelligence Captain Berry had likewise the satisfaction of communicating in person to the admiral. "At ten minutes after nine, a fire was observed on board L'Orient, the French admiral's ship, which seemed to proceed from the after part of the cabin; and which increased with great rapidity, presently involving the whole of the after part of the ship in flames. This circumstance Captain Berry immediately communicated to the admiral; who, though suffering severely from his wound, came immediately on deck: where, the first consideration that struck his benevolent mind was, concern for the danger of so many lives; to save as many as possible of whom, he ordered Captain Berry to make every practicable exertion. A boat, the only one that could swim, was instantly dispatched from the Vanguard; and other ships, that were in a condition to do so, immediately followed the example: by which means, from the best possible information, the lives of about seventy Frenchmen were saved. The light thrown by the fire of L'Orient on the surrounding objects, enabled the commanders to perceive, with more certainty, the situation of the two fleets, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. The cannonading was partially kept up to leeward of the centre till about ten o'clock, when L'Orient blew up with a most tremendous explosion. "An awful pause, and death-like silence, for about three minutes, ensued; when the wreck of the masts, yards, &c. which had been carried to a vast height, fell down into the water, and on board the surrounding ships. A port

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fire from L'Orient fell into the main-royal of the Alexander; the fire occasioned by which was, however, extinguished in about two minutes, by the active exertions of Captain Ball. "After this awful scene, the firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, till twenty minutes past ten; when there was a total cessation of firing, for about ten minutes: after which, it was revived till about three in the morning; when, it again ceased." After the victory had been secured in the van, such British ships as were in a condition to move, had gone down on the fresh ships of the enemy. At five minutes past five in the morning, the two rear ships of the enemy, Le Guillaume Tell and Le Genereux, were the only French ships of the line that had their colours flying. At fifty-four minutes past five, a French frigate, L'Artemise, fired a broadside, and struck her colours: but such was the unwarrantable and infamous conduct of the French captain, that after having thus surrendered, he set fire to his ship; and, with part of his crew, made his escape on shore. Another of the French frigates, La Serieuse, had been sunk by the fire from some of our ships; but, as her poop remained above water, her men were saved on it, and were taken off by our boats in the morning. The Bellerophon, whose masts and cables had been entirely shot away, could not retain her situation abreast of L'Orient, but had drifted out of the line to the lee side of the bay, a little before that ship blew up. The Audacious, in the morning, was detached to her assistance. At eleven o'clock Le Genereux and Guillaume Tell; with the two frigates, La Justice, and La Diane; cut their cables, and stood out to sea: pursued by the Zealous, Captain Hood, who handsomely endeavoured to prevent their escape. But, as there was no other ship in a condition to support the Zealous, she was recalled. "The whole day of the 2d of August was employed in securing the French ships that had struck; and which were now all completely in our possession, Le Tonnant and Timoleon excepted. As these were both dismasted, and consequently could not escape, they were naturally the last of which it was necessary to think of taking possession." On the morning of the 3d, the Timoleon was set fire to; and Le Tonnant had cut her cable, and drifted on shore: but that active officer, Captain Miller, of the Theseus, soon got her off again, and secured her in the British line. "The British force engaged, consisted of only twelve ships of seventy-four guns, and the Leander of fifty: for, from the over anxiety and zeal of Captain Troubridge to get into action, his ship, the Culloden, in standing in for the van of the enemy's line, had unfortunately grounded on the tail of a shoal, running off from the island on which were the mortar and gun batteries of the enemy; and, notwithstanding all the exertions

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of that able officer, and his ship's company, she could not be got off. This unfortunate circumstance was severely felt, at the moment, by the admiral, and all the officers of the squadron: but their feelings were nothing, compared to the anxiety, and even agony of mind, which the captain of the Culloden himself experienced for so many eventful hours. There was but one consolation which could offer itself to him, in the midst of the distresses of his situation—a feeble one, it is true—that his ship served as a beacon for three other ships, *viz.* the *Alexander*, *Theseus*, and *Leander*, which were advancing, with all possible sail set, close in his rear: and which, otherwise, might have experienced a similar misfortune; and thus, in a greater proportion still, have weakened our force. It was not till the morning of the 2d, that the Culloden could be got off: and it was then found, that she had suffered very considerable damage in her bottom; that her rudder was beat off; and the crew could scarcely keep her afloat, with all pumps going. The resources of Captain Troubridge's mind availed him much, and were admirably exerted, on this trying occasion. In four days, he had a new rudder made, on his own deck, which was immediately shipped; and the Culloden was again in a state for actual service, though still very leaky. The admiral, knowing that the wounded of his own ships had been well taken care of, bent his first attention to those of the enemy. He established a truce with the commandant of Aboukir; and, through him, made a communication to the commandant of Alexandria, that it was his intention to allow all the wounded Frenchmen to be taken ashore to proper hospitals, with their own surgeons to attend them: a proposal which was assented to by the French, and carried into effect the following day. The activity and generous consideration of Captain Troubridge were again exerted, at this time, for the general good. He communicated with the shore, and had the address to procure a supply of fresh provisions, onions, and other necessary refreshments, which were served out to the sick and wounded, and which proved of essential utility. On the 2d, the Arabs and Mamelukes, who had, during the battle, lined the shores of the bay, saw with transport that the victory was decisively on the part of the British fleet: an event, in which they participated, with an exultation almost equal to that of the conquerors; and, on that and the two following nights, the whole coast and country were illuminated as far as the eye could penetrate, in celebration of the happy event. This had a great effect on the minds of the prisoners; as they conceived that this illumination was the consequence not entirely of the defeat of their fleet, but of some signal success obtained by the Arabs and Mamelukes over Bonaparte. Though it is natural to suppose, that the time and attention of the admiral, and

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all the officers of his squadron, were very fully employed in repairing the damages sustained by their own ships, and in securing those of the enemy which their valour had subdued, yet the mind of that great and good man felt the strongest emotions of the most pious gratitude to the Supreme Being, for the signal success which, by the Divine favour, had crowned his endeavours in the cause of his country; and, in consequence, on the morning of the 2d, he issued the following memorandum to the different captains of his squadron—

“MEMORANDUM.

“Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile, 2d Aug. 1798.

“Almighty God having blessed his majesty’s arms with victory, the admiral intends returning public thanksgiving for the same at two o’clock this day; and he recommends every ship doing the same, as soon as convenient.”

“To the respective Captains of the Squadron.”

“At two o’clock, accordingly, public service was performed on the quarter-deck of the Vanguard, by the Reverend Mr. Comyn; the other ships following the example of the admiral, though not all exactly at the same time. This solemn act of gratitude to Heaven, seemed to make a very deep impression on several of the prisoners, both officers and men: some of the former remarked—“That it was no wonder such order and discipline were preserved in the British navy, when the minds of our men could be impressed with such sentiments after a victory so great, and at a moment of such seeming confusion.”

On the very same day, the following Memorandum was likewise issued to all the ships; expressive of the admiral’s sentiments of the noble exertions of the different officers and men of his squadron—

“MEMORANDUM.

“Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile, Aug. 2, 1798.

“The admiral most heartily congratulates the captains, officers, seamen, and marines, of the squadron he has had the honour to command, on the event of the late action; and he desires they will accept his most sincere and cordial thanks, for their very gallant behaviour in this glorious battle. It must strike, forcibly, every British seaman, how superior their conduct is, when in discipline and good order, to the riotous behaviour of lawless Frenchmen. The squadron may be assured, the admiral will not fail, with his dispatches, to represent their truly meritorious conduct, in the strongest terms, to the commander in chief.”

“To the Captains of the Ships of the Squadron.”

“The praise expressed in this memorandum, could not fail to be highly acceptable, and gratifying, to every individual in the squadron; and the observation which it endeavoured to impress on the minds of all, of the striking advantages derived from discipline and good order, was so much the effect of recent experience, that every bosom immediately assented to it’s justice.

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The benefit of this important truth will not, we trust, be confined to any particular branch of the British navy: the sentiment of the Hero of the Nile must infuse itself into the heart of every British seaman, in whatever quarter of the globe he may be extending the glory and interests of his country; and will there produce the conviction, that courage alone will not lead him to conquest, without the aid and direction of exact discipline and order, "Let those who desire to emulate, as every British seaman must, the glory acquired on this signal occasion, pursue the same means; which, principally, led to it's acquisition. Let them repose the most perfect reliance in the courage, judgment, and skill, of their superior officers; and let them aid the designs of these, by uniformly submissive obedience, and willing subordination: so shall the British navy continue to prove the admiration of the world, till time shall be no more." Immediately after the action, some Maltese, Genoese, and Spaniards, who had been serving on board the French fleet, offered their services in the British; and, being accepted, expressed the greatest happiness, at thus being freed, as they said, from the tyranny and cruelty of the French."

It has been thought proper to adopt the description of the battle of the Nile from this unadorned narrative, not only because it is said to have been originally sketched by Captain Berry; but because there seems no small degree of internal evidence that it was originally founded on the minutes of the hero himself, to whose most glorious victory it adverts with far less admiration and applause than it probably would have received from any other pen.

The following Journal of the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of August 1798, said to have been written by a French officer of high rank, will be found to comprehend a more just and animated picture of this grand naval engagement, and it's consequences, than could have been reasonably expected from what is usually seen of Gallic candour and impartiality.

"The 1st of August 1798, wind west north-west, light breezes, and fair weather. The second division of the fleet sent a party of men on shore to dig wells. Every ship in the fleet sent twenty-five men, to protect the workmen from the continual attacks of the Bedouins and vagabonds of the country. At two in the afternoon, L'Heureux made the signal for twelve sail, west south-west; which we could easily distinguish, from the mast-heads, to be ships of war. The signal was then made, for all the boats, workmen, and guards, to repair on board their ships, which was only obeyed by a small number. At three o'clock, the admiral, not having any doubt that the ships in sight were the enemy, ordered the hammocks to be stowed for action; and directed L'Alert and Ruiller brigs of war to reconnoitre the enemy; who, we soon perceived, were steering for Bequier Bay, under a crowd of canvas, without observing any

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order of sailing. At four o'clock, we saw, over the fort of Aboukir, two ships, apparently waiting to join the squadron: without doubt, they had been sent to look into the port of Alexandria. We likewise saw a brig, with the twelve ships; so that they were, now, fourteen sail of the line, and a brig. L'Alert then began to put the admiral's orders into execution, viz. to stand toward the enemy till nearly within gun-shot, and then to manoeuvre, and endeavour to draw them towards the outer shoal lying off the island. But the English admiral, without doubt, had experienced pilots on board; as he did not pay any attention to the brig's track, but allowed her to go away, hauling well round all the dangers. At this time, a small boat, dispatched from Alexandria to Rosetta, voluntarily bore down to the English brig, which took possession of her, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of L'Alert to prevent it, by firing a great many shot at the boat. At five o'clock, the enemy came to the wind in succession. This manoeuvre convinced us, that they intended attacking us that evening. The admiral got the top-gallant yards across; but, soon after, made the signal, that he intended engaging the enemy at anchor. After this signal, each ship ought to have sent a stream-cable to the ship astern of her, and to have made a hawser fast to the cable about twenty fathoms in the water, and passed the opposite side to that intended as a spring; *this was not generally executed*. Orders were then given, to let go another bower anchor; and the broadsides of the ships were brought to bear upon the enemy, having the ships heads south-east from the Island of Bequier, forming a line about thirteen hundred fathoms north-west and south-east, distant from each other eighty fathoms, and with an anchor out south south-east. At a quarter past five, one of the enemy's ships that was steering to get to windward of the headmost of the line, ran on the reef east north-east of the island. She had immediate assistance from the brig, and got afloat in the morning. The battery on the island opened a fire on the enemy, and their shells fell ahead of the second ship in the line. At half past five, the headmost ships of our line being within gun-shot of the English, the admiral made the signal to engage; which was not obeyed, till the enemy was within pistol-shot, and just doubling us. The action then became very warm. Le Conquerant began to fire, then Le Guerrier, Le Spartiate, L'Aquilon, Le Peuple Souverain, and Le Franklin. At six o'clock, La Seriese frigate and L'Hercule bomb, cut their cables, and got under weigh, to avoid the enemy's fire. They got on shore; La Seriese caught fire, and had part of her masts burnt; L'Artemise was obliged to get under weigh, and likewise got on shore. The two frigates sent their ships companies aboard the different line of battle ships. The sloops of war, two bombs, and several transports that were with the fleet, were more successful; as they got under weigh, and reached

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the anchorage under the protection of the fort of Aboukir. All the van were attacked on both sides by the enemy, who ranged close along our line. They had each an anchor out astern, which facilitated their motions, and enabled them to place themselves in the most advantageous position. At a quarter past six, Le Franklin opened her fire on the enemy from the starboard side; at three quarters past six, she was engaged on both sides. L'Orient, at this time, began firing from her starboard guns; and, at seven, Le Tonnant opened her fire. All the ships, from Le Guerrier to Le Tonnant, were now engaged against a superior force: this only redoubled the ardour of the French, who kept up a very heavy fire. At eight o'clock at night, the ship which was engaging L'Orient on the starboard quarter, notwithstanding her advantageous position, was dismasted; and so roughly treated, that she cut her cables, and drove farther from the line. This event gave Le Franklin hopes that L'Orient would now be able to assist her, by attacking one of the ships opposed to her; but, at this very moment, the two ships that had been observed astern of the fleet, and were quite fresh, steered right for the centre. One of them anchored on L'Orient's starboard bow; and the other cut the line astern of L'Orient, and anchored off her larboard quarter. The action, in this place, then became extremely warm. Admiral De Brueys, who had at this time been slightly wounded in the head and arm, very soon received a shot in the belly, which almost cut him in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die on deck: he lived but a quarter of an hour. Rear-Admiral Blanquet, as well as his aid-du-camp, were unacquainted with this melancholy event till the action was nearly over. Admiral Blanquet received a severe wound in the face, which knocked him down; he was carried off the deck, senseless. At a quarter past eight o'clock, Le Peuple Souverain drove to leeward of the line, and anchored a cable's length abreast of L'Orient: it was not known what unfortunate event occasioned this. The vacant place she made, placed Le Franklin in a more unfortunate position; and, it became very critical, from the manoeuvre of one of the enemy's fresh ships, which had been sent to the assistance of the ship on shore. She anchored athwart Le Franklin's bows, and commenced a very heavy raking fire. Notwithstanding the dreadful situation of the ships in the centre, they continually kept up a very heavy fire. At half past eight o'clock, the action was general from Le Guerrier to Le Mercure. The Admiral De Brueys's death, and the severe wounds of Admiral Blanquet, must have deeply affected the people who fought under them: but, it added to their ardour for revenge; and the action continued, on both sides, with great obstinacy. At nine o'clock, the ships in the van slackened their fire; and, soon after, totally ceased: and, with infinite sorrow, we supposed they had surrendered. They were

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dismasted very soon after the action began; and so much damaged that, it is to be presumed, they could not hold out any longer against an enemy so superior by an advantageous position, in placing several ships against one. At a quarter past nine o'clock, L'Orient caught fire in the cabin; it soon afterwards broke out on the poop. Every effort was made to extinguish it; but, without effect; and, very soon, it was so considerable, that there was no hope of saving the ship. At half past nine, Citoyen Gillet, Capitain de Pavilion of the Franklin, was very severely wounded, and was carried off the deck. At three quarters past nine, the arm-chest, filled with musket-cartridges, blew up, and set fire to several places in the poop and quarter-deck, but was fortunately extinguished. Her situation, however, was still very desperate; surrounded by enemies, and only eighty fathoms to windward of L'Orient entirely on fire, there could not be any other expectation, than falling a prey either to the enemy or the flames. At ten o'clock, the main and mizen masts fell, and all the guns on the main-deck were dismounted. At half past ten, Le Tonnant cut her cables, to avoid the fire of L'Orient. The English ship that was on L'Orient's larboard quarter, as soon as she had done firing at her, brought her broadside on Le Tonnant's bow, and kept up a very heavy raking fire. L'Heureux, and Le Mercure, conceived that they ought likewise to cut their cables. The manoeuvre created so much confusion amongst the rear ships, that they fired into each other, and did considerable damage. Le Tonnant anchored ahead of the Guillaume Tell; Le Genereux and Timoleon, the other two ships, got on shore. The ship that engaged Le Tonnant on her bow cut her cables; all her rigging and sails were cut to pieces; and she drove down, and anchored astern of the English ship, that had been engaging L'Heureux and Le Mercure before they changed their position. Those of the etat-major and ship's company of L'Orient, who had escaped death, convinced of the impossibility of extinguishing the fire, which had got down on the middle gun-deck, endeavoured to save themselves. Rear-Admiral Ganteaume saved himself in a boat, and went on board of Le Salamine; and, from thence, to Aboukir and Alexandria. The Adjutant-General Motard, though badly wounded, swam to the ship nearest L'Orient, which proved to be English. Commodore Casabianca, and his son, who was only ten years old, and who gave, during the action, proofs of bravery and intelligence far above his age, were not so fortunate. They were in the water, on the wreck of L'Orient's masts, not being able to swim, seeking each other, till three quarters past ten, when the ship blew up, and put an end to their hopes and fears. The explosion was dreadful, and spread the fire all around to a considerable distance. Le Franklin's decks were covered with red-hot seams, pieces of timber, and rope, on fire. She was on fire, but luckily got it under. Immediately after the

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tremendous explosion, the action ceased every where, and was succeeded by the most profound silence. The sky was darkened by clouds of black smoke, which seemed to threaten the destruction of the two fleets. It was a quarter of an hour before the ships crews recovered from the kind of stupor into which they had been thrown. Towards eleven o'clock, Le Franklin, anxious to preserve the trust confided to her, recommenced the action with a few of her lower-deck guns; all the rest were dismounted: two thirds of the ship's company were killed and wounded, and those who remained prodigiously fatigued. She was surrounded by enemy's ships, who mowed down the men every broadside. At half past eleven o'clock, having only three lower-deck guns that could defend the honour of the flag, it became necessary to put an end to so disproportioned a struggle, and Citoyen Martinet, captain of a frigate, ordered the colours to be struck. "The action in the rear of the fleet was very trifling, till three quarters past eleven o'clock, when it became very warm. Three of the enemy's ships were engaging them, and two were very near. Le Tonnant, already badly treated, who was nearest the ships engaged, returned a very brisk fire. About three o'clock in the morning, she was dismasted, and obliged to cut her cables a second time; and, not having any more anchors left, she drove on shore. Le Guillaume Tell, Le Genereux, and Le Timoleon, shifted their births, and anchored farther down, out of gun-shot. These vessels were not much damaged. At half past three o'clock, the action ceased throughout the line. Early in the morning, the frigate La Justice got under weigh, and made several small tacks to keep near the Guillaume Tell; and, at nine o'clock, anchored: an English ship having got under weigh, and making small tacks to prevent her getting away. At six o'clock, two English ships joined those who had been engaging the rear, and began firing on L'Heureux and Le Mercure, which were aground. The former soon struck, and the latter followed the example, as they could not bring their broadsides to bear on the enemy. At half past seven, the ship's crew of L'Artemise frigate quitted her, and set her on fire: at eight o'clock, she blew up. The enemy, without doubt, had received great damage in their masts and yards, as they did not get under weigh to attack the remains of the French fleet. The French flag was flying on board four ships of the line and two frigates. This division made the most of their time; and, at three quarters past eleven, Le Guillaume Tell, Le Genereux, La Diane, and La Justice, got under weigh, and formed in line of battle. The English ship that was under sail stood towards her fleet, fearing that she might be cut off; but, two other enemy's ships were immediately under weigh to assist her. At noon, Le Timoleon, which probably was not in a state to put to sea, steered right for the shore, under her fore-sail; and, as soon

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as she struck the ground, her foremast fell. The French division joined the enemy's ships, which ranged along their line on opposite tacks, within pistol-shot, and received their broadsides, which it returned: they, then, each continued their route. The division was in sight at sun-set. Nothing remarkable passed, during the night of the 2d. The 3d of August, in the morning, the French colours were flying in *Le Tonnant* and *Timoleon*. The English admiral sent a flag of truce to the former, to know if she had struck; and, on being answered in the negative, he directed two ships to go against her. When they got within gun-shot of her, she struck, it being impossible to defend her any longer. *Le Timoleon* was aground, too near in for any ship to approach her. In the night of the 2d, they sent the greatest part of their ship's company on shore; and, at noon the next day, they quitted her, and set her on fire. "Thus ends the journal of the 1st, 2d, and 3d, days of August; which will ever be remembered, with the deepest sorrow, by those Frenchmen who possess good hearts, and by all those true republicans who have survived this melancholy disaster."

To the above anonymous French account, may be added that of the celebrated scientific traveller, soldier, and artist, *Monsieur Denon*; who was one of the chief Scavans in the Egyptian expedition, and an anxious spectator of the interesting scene. It is to be remarked that, though his description of the battle, like that by which it is preceded, has less want of candour than is commonly found in French narratives of this nature, neither of them is altogether free from the characteristic partiality of that boastful nation. Both of them fail to state the true number of British ships; but, as frequently happens with those who are not remarkably tenacious of truth, though both make the number greater than it actually was, they do not agree with each other any more than with the fact, and thus mutually aid to produce a conviction of their own want of veracity. Our true force was fifteen sail only.

Denon, in order to gain an accurate view of the expected engagement, hastened to a lofty tower—

"When," says he, "we had reached the tower which commands the monastery, we descried a fleet of twenty sail. To come up, to range themselves in a line, and to attack, were the operations of a minute. The first shot was fired at five o'clock; and, shortly after, our view of the two fleets was intercepted by the smoke. When night came on, we could distinguish somewhat better; without, however, being able to give an account of what passed. The danger to which we were exposed, of falling into the hands of the smallest troop of *Bedouins* which might come that way, did not draw our attention from an event by which we were so strongly interested. Rolls of fire, incessantly gushing from the mouths of the cannon, evinced clearly that the combat was dreadful, and supported with an equal obstinacy

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on both sides. On our return to Rosetta, we climbed on the roofs of the houses; whence, at ten o'clock, we perceived a strong light, which indicated a fire. A few minutes afterwards, we heard a terrible explosion, which was followed by a profound silence. As we had seen a firing kept up, from the left to the right, on the object in flames, we drew a conclusion that it was one of the enemy's ships, which had been set fire to by our people; and we imputed the silence which ensued, to the retreat of the English: who, as our ships were moored, were exclusively in possession of the range of the bay; and who, consequently, could persevere in or discontinue the combat, at pleasure. At eleven o'clock, a slow fire was kept up; and, at midnight, the action again became general. It continued till two in the morning. At day-break, I was at the advanced posts; and, ten minutes after, the fleets were once more engaged. At nine o'clock, another ship blew up. At ten, four ships, the only ones which were not disabled, and which I could distinguish to be French, crowded their sails, and quitted the field of battle; in the possession of which they appeared to be, as they were neither attacked nor followed. Such was the phantom produced by the enthusiasm of hope!

"I took my station at the tower of Abumandur; whence I counted twenty-five vessels, half of which were shattered wrecks; and the others incapable of manoeuvring to afford them assistance.

"For three days, we remained in this state of cruel uncertainty. By the help of my spying-glass, I had made a drawing of this disastrous scene; that I might be enabled the better to ascertain, whether the morrow would be productive of any change." In this way we cherished illusion, and spurned at all evidence; till, at length, the passage across the bar being cut off; and the communication with Alexandria intercepted, we found that our situation was altered; and that, separated from the mother-country, we were become the inhabitants of a distant colony, where we should be obliged to depend on our own resources for subsistence, till the peace. We learned, that it was L'Orient which blew up at ten o'clock at night, and L'Hercule the following morning; and that the captains of the ships of the line, Le Guillaume Tell and Genereux—and of the frigates, La Diane and La Justice—perceiving that the rest of the fleet had fallen into the enemy's hands, had taken advantage of a moment of lassitude and inaction on the part of the English, to effect their escape. We learned, lastly, that the 1st of August had broken the unity of our forces; and that the destruction of our fleet, by which the lustre of our glory was tarnished, had restored to the enemy the empire of the Mediterranean: an empire which had been wrested from them by the matchless exploits of our armies, and which could only have been secured to us by the existence of our ships of war.

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“The shore, to the extent of four leagues, was covered by wrecks, which enabled us to form an estimate of the loss that we had sustained at the battle of Aboukir. To procure a few nails, or a few iron hoops, the wandering Arabs were employed in burning on the beach the masts, gun-cariages, boats, &c. which had been constructed at so vast an expence in our ports.”

In both these accounts it is sufficiently manifest, that the French were fully convinced there could be no possibility of denying their defeat, however they might seek to disguise the extent of their disaster. The grand designation of their expensive and numerous armament was thus, at a single blow, completely frustrated: and, instead of finding themselves, flushed with success, in a treacherously subjugated country, with a view of extending their conquest to India; they became, at once, reduced to depend on their own resources for even their subsistence, in a distant land, without any other hope of ever returning home, than what was afforded them by the remote prospect of a peace.

Though Admiral Nelson had written his dispatches for the commander in chief immediately after this glorious victory, he was unable to send Captain Berry, of the Vanguard, in the Leander of fifty guns, to the Earl of St. Vincent, off Cadiz, till the 5th of August.

In a few days after, as if the admiral had foreseen the fate of the Leander, which it will appear he certainly apprehended, he prepared a copy of these dispatches to the Earl of St. Vincent; and transmitted it to Evan Nepean, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty, by the Honourable Captain Thomas Bladen Capel, in La Mutine brig, to which he had just been appointed on Captain Hardy's promotion to the Vanguard. In these will be seen his own modest and pious account of a victory, perhaps, without parallel, when duly considered in it's completeness and consequences.

“Vanguard,
Mouth of the Nile, 7th August 1798.

“SIR,

“Herewith, I have the honour to transmit you a copy of my letter to the Earl of St. Vincent, together with a line of battle of the English and French squadrons; also, a list of the killed and wounded. I have the honour to inform you, that eight of our ships have already top-gallant yards across, and are ready for any service: the others, with the prizes, will soon be ready for sea. In an event of this importance, I have thought it right to send Captain Capel, with a copy of my letter to the commander in chief, overland; which, I hope, their lordships will approve: and I beg leave to refer them to Captain Capel, who is a most excellent officer, and fully able to give every information; and I beg leave to recommend him to their lordships notice.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"Horatio Nelson.

"P.S. The island I have taken possession of; and brought off the two thirteen-inch mortars, with all the brass guns, and destroyed the iron ones."

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“Evan Nepean, Esq.”

His celebrated letter to the Earl of St. Vincent was in the following words—

“Vanguard,
off the Mouth of the Nile,
3d August 1798.

“MY LORD,

“Almighty God has blessed his majesty’s arms, in the late battle, by a great victory over the fleet of the enemy; whom I attacked, at sun-set on the 1st of August, off the mouth of the Nile. The enemy were moored in a strong line of battle, for defending the entrance of this bay (of shoals;) flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van: but nothing could withstand the squadron your lordship did me the honour to place under my command. Their high state of discipline is well known to you; and, with the judgment of the captains, together with their valour, and that of the officers and men of every description, it was absolutely irresistible. Could any thing from my pen add to the characters of the captains, I would write it with pleasure; but, that is impossible. I have to regret the loss of Captain Westcott, of the Majestic, who was killed early in the action; but the ship was continued to be so well fought by her first-lieutenant, Mr. Cuthbert, that I have given him an order to command her till your lordship’s pleasure is known. The ships of the enemy, all but their two rear ships, are nearly dismasted; and these two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say, made their escape: nor was it, I assure you, in my power to prevent them. Captain Hood most handsomely endeavoured to do it; but I had no ship in a condition to support the Zealous, and I was obliged to call her in. The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head, and obliged to be carried off the deck; but, the service suffered no loss by that event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on; and, to him, I must beg leave to refer you, for every information relative to this victory. He will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the commander in chief being burnt in L’Orient. Herewith, I transmit you lists of the killed and wounded; and, the lines of battle of ourselves and the French.

“I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship’s most obedient servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

“To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, Commander in Chief, &c. off Cadiz.”

BRITISH LINE OF BATTLE.

Ships.	Captains.	Guns.	Men.
1. Culloden	Thomas Troubridge	74	590
2. Theseus	Ralph Willet Miller	74	590
3. Alexander	Alexander John Ball	74	590
4. Vanguard	{Rear-Adm. Sir H. Nelson, K.B.} {Edward Berry }	74	595
5. Minotaur	Thomas Louis	74	640
6. Leander	Thomas Boulden Thompson	50	343

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7. Swiftsure	Benjamin Hallowell	74	590
8. Audacious	Davidge Gould	74	590
9. Defence	John Peyton	74	590
10. Zealous	Samuel Hood	74	590
11. Orion	Sir James Saumarez	74	590
12. Goliath	Thomas Foley	74	590
13. Majestic	George B. Westcott	74	590
14. Bellerophon	Henry D'E. Darby	74	590

BRIG.

15. La Mutine Thomas Hardy

Horatio Nelson.

Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile,
3d August 1798.

FRENCH LINE OF BATTLE.

How disposed

Ships. Commanders. Guns. Men. of.

1. Le Guerrier	74	700	Taken.
2. Le Conquerant	74	700	Taken.
3. Le Spartiate	74	700	Taken.
4. L'Aquilon	74	700	Taken.
5. Le Souverain Peuple	74	700	Taken.
6. Le Franklin	{Blanquet, 1st Contre }		
{ Admiral	}	80	800 Taken.
7. L'Orient	{Admiral Brueys, }		
{ Commander in Chief }	120	1010	Burnt.
8. Le Tonnant	80	800	Taken.
9. L'Heureux	74	700	Taken.
10. Le Timoleon	74	700	Burnt.
11. Le Mercure	74	700	Taken.
12. Le Guillaume Tell	{Villeneuve, 2d Contre }		
{ Admiral	}	80	800 Escaped.



13. Le Genereux

74 300 Escaped.

FRIGATES.

14. La Diane 48 300 Escaped.

15. La Justice 44 300 Escaped.

16. L'Artemise 36 250 Burnt.

17. Le Serieuse 36 250 Dismasted

and sunk.

Horatio Nelson.

Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile,
3d August 1798.

No mention is made, in the above French List, of the numerous gun-boats employed by the enemy; while the Culloden, though not engaged, is preserved in the British Line of Battle.

A Return of the Killed and Wounded in his Majesty's Ships under the Command of Sir Horatio Nelson, K. B. Rear-Admiral of the Blue, &c. in Action with the French Fleet, at Anchor, on the 1st of August 1798, off the Mouth of the Nile.

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+-----+ +-----+ +-----+ +-----+
--+
|      || Killed      || Wounded      || T K W | | | | | | |
|      | +-----+ +-----+ | o i o |
|      || O | S | M | T || O | S | M | T || t l u |
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|      || r | | r | || r | | r | || n |
|Ships Names. || s | | s | || s | | s | || d |
+-----+ +---+---+---+---+ +---+---+---+---+ +-----+
|Theseus      || | 5| | 5|| 1| 24| 5| 30|| 35 |
|Alexander    || 1| 13| | 14|| 5| 48| 5| 58|| 72 |
|Vanguard     || 3| 20| 7| 30|| 7| 60| 8| 75|| 105 |
|Minotaur     || 2| 18| 3| 23|| 4| 54| 6| 64|| 87 |
|Swiftsure    || | 7| | 7|| 1| 19| 2| 22|| 29 |
|Audacious    || | 1| | 1|| 2| 31| 2| 35|| 36 |
|Defence      || | 3| 1| 4|| | 9| 2| 11|| 15 |
|Zealous      || | 1| | 1|| | 7| | 7|| 8 |
|Orion        || 1| 11| 1| 13|| 5| 18| 6| 29|| 42 |
|Goliath      || 2| 12| 7| 21|| 4| 28| 9| 41|| 62 |
|Majestic     || 3| 33| 14| 50|| 3| 124| 16| 143|| 193 |
|Bellerophon  || 4| 32| 13| 49|| 5| 126| 17| 148|| 197 |
|Leander      || | | | || | 14| | 14|| 14 |
|      | +---+---+---+---+ +---+---+---+---+ +-----+
|      || 16| 156| 46| 218|| 37| 562| 78| 677|| 895 |
+-----+ +---+---+---+---+ +---+---+---+---+ +-----+
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OFFICERS KILLED

Of what Ships. | Names and Rank.

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Vanguard      | Captain William Faddy, Marines.
| Mr. Thomas Seymour, Midshipman
| Mr. John G. Taylor, Midshipman.
Alexander     | Mr. John Collins, Lieutenant.
Orion         | Mr. Baird, Captain's Clerk.
Goliath       | Mr. William Davies, Master's Mate.
| Mr. Andrew Brown, Midshipman.
Majestic      | George B. Westcott, Esq. Captain.
| Mr. ZebedeeFord, Midshipman.
| Mr. Andrew Gilmore, Boatswain.

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Bellerophon | Mr. Robert Savage Daniel, Lieutenant.
 | Mr. Philip Watson Launder, Lieutenant.
 | Mr. George Jolliffe, Lieutenant.
 | Mr. Thomas Ellison, Master's Mate.
 Minotaur | Lieutenant John S. Kirchener, Marines.
 | Mr. Peter Walters, Master's Mate.

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OFFICERS WOUNDED

Of what Ships. + Names and Rank.

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 Vanguard | Mr. Nathaniel Vassal, Lieutenant.
 | Mr. John M. Adye, Lieutenant.
 | Mr. John Campbell, Admiral's Secretary.
 | Mr. Michael Austin, Boatswain.
 | Mr. John Weatherstone, Midshipman.
 | Mr. George Antrim, Midshipman.
 Theseus | Lieutenant Hawkins.
 Alexander | Alexander John Ball, Esq. Captain.
 | Captain J. Creswell, Marines.
 | Mr. William Lawson, Master.
 | Mr. George Bulley, Midshipman.
 | Mr. Luke Anderson, Midshipman.
 Audacious | Mr. John Jeans, Lieutenant.
 | Mr. Christopher Font, Gunner.
 Orion | Sir James Saumarez, Captain.
 | Mr. Peter Sadler, Boatswain.

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| Mr. Philip Richardson, Midshipman.
| Mr. Charles Miell, Midshipman.
| Mr. Lanfesty, Midshipman.
Goliath | Mr. William Wilkinson, Lieutenant.
| Mr. Lawrence Graves, Midshipman.
| Mr. Peter Strahan, Schoolmaster.
| Mr. James Payne, Midshipman.
Majestic | Mr. Charles Seward, Midshipman.
| Mr. Charles Royle, Midshipman.
| Mr. Robert Overton, Captain's Clerk.
Bellerophon | Henry D'E. Darby, Esq. Captain.
| Mr. Edward Kirby, Master.
| Captain John Hopkins, Marines.
| Mr. Chapman, Boatswain.
| Mr. Nicholas Betson, Midshipman.
Minotaur | Mr. Thomas Irwin, Lieutenant.
| Lieutenant John Jewel, Marines.
| Mr. Thomas Foxton, Second Master.
| Mr. Martin Wills, Midshipman.
Swiftsure | Mr. William Smith, Midshipman.

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Horatio Nelson.

It appears, from these lists, that sixteen officers, one hundred and fifty-six seamen, and forty-six marines, making in all two hundred and eighteen persons, lost their lives; and that thirty-seven officers, five hundred and sixty-two seamen, and seventy-eight marines, amounting to six hundred and seventy-seven persons, were wounded: forming a total, in killed and wounded, on board the British fleet, if the admiral be included, who has, as usual, omitted himself, of eight hundred and ninety-six. Such was the dreadful price paid by the conquerors for this glorious victory; to the vanquished, the loss was incalculable. On a moderate estimate, for the exact number has not been ascertained, there could scarcely be less than three thousand French killed and wounded in this most memorable conflict. Certain it is, that the Bay



of Aboukir, for many days after the battle, was so covered with the floating bodies of the slain, as to exhibit a most horrid and painful spectacle; and, though all possible endeavours were exerted to keep sinking them whenever they appeared, the shot used for this intention so frequently slipped off, that many of the bodies perpetually rose again to the surface. Indeed, from the excessive heat of the weather, the survivors, besides the offensive disgusts naturally excited, felt very alarming apprehensions of some pestilential visitation; which, however, they happily escaped. The numerous prisoners, including all the wounded, were immediately restored, on condition of not serving against England till exchanged.

In the mean time, from parts of the floating wreck of L'Orient, the officers of the fleet vied with each other in causing numerous articles to be manufactured, as commemorations of this glorious victory, which they most affectionately presented to their respected commander. Captain Hallowell, in particular, with singular zeal and attachment, procured a coffin to be made, by his carpenter, on board the Swiftsure, entirely from the wreck of L'Orient, iron as well as wood, in the most elegant manner that the workman could effect with such limited materials, and so little skill in that particular branch of business; which was delivered to Admiral Nelson with the following letter.

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Swiftsure,
August 1798.

“SIR,
“I Have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin made from the mainmast of L’Orient; that, when you have finished your military career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies: but, that that period may be far distant, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend,
“Benjamin Hallowell.”

The present of this worthy and brave officer, however singular, was received with an affectionate regard equal to that felt by himself. So highly, indeed, did the hero prize this gift, that he had it immediately placed upright in his cabin; and, though he was at length prevailed on, by the intreaties of an old and favourite servant, to have the coffin carried below, nothing could possibly prevent his resolution to have it finally made use of for the purpose originally intended by the gallant and esteemed donor.

While the various dispatches were preparing to be sent by Captain Capel to England, as soon as La Mutine could be got ready for sailing, those of Bonaparte to France were fortunately intercepted; as appears in the continuation of the following letter from Admiral Nelson to Sir William Hamilton.

“Vanguard,
Mouth of the Nile,
8th August 1798.

“MY DEAR SIR,
“Almighty God has made me the happy instrument of destroying the enemy’s fleet; which, I hope, will be a blessing to Europe. You will have the goodness to communicate this happy event to all the courts in Italy; for my head is so indifferent, that I can scarcely scrawl this letter. Captain Capel, who is charged with my dispatches for England, will give you every information. Pray, put him in the quickest mode of getting home. You will not send, by post, any particulars of this action; as I should be sorry to have any accounts get home before my dispatches. I hope there will be no difficulty in our getting refitted at Naples. Culloden must be instantly hove down, and Vanguard have all new



masts and bowsprit. Not more than four or five sail of the line will probably come to Naples: the rest will go with the prizes to Gibraltar. As this army never will return, I hope to hear the emperor has regained the whole of Italy. With every good wish, believe me, dear Sir, your most obliged, and affectionate,

“Horatio Nelson.

“9th August.

I have intercepted all Bonaparte’s dispatches going to

France. The army is in a scrape, and will not get out of it.”

These intercepted dispatches were transmitted to Earl Spencer, as First Lord of the Admiralty, with the following letter.

“Mouth of the Nile,

9th August 1798,

“MY LORD,

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“Were I to die this moment, *want of frigates* would be found stamped on my heart. No words of mine, can express what I have suffered, and am suffering, for want of them. Having only La Mutine brig, I cannot yet send off Captain Capel, which I am very anxious to do: for, as an accident may happen to Captain Berry, it is of some importance, I think, for your lordship to be informed of our success as speedily as possible. If the King of Naples had joined us, nothing at this moment could prevent the destruction of the store ships, and all the transports, in the port of Alexandria; four bomb vessels would burn the whole in a few hours: but, as I have not the means, I can only regret the circumstance. I send you a packet of intercepted letters, some of them of great importance; in particular, one from Bonaparte to his brother. He writes such a scrawl, as no one not used to it can read: but, luckily, we have got a man who has wrote in his office to decypher it. Bonaparte has differed with his generals here: and he did want—and, if I understand his meaning, does want, and will strive to be, the Washington of France. “*Ma mere*,” is evidently meant for “*my country*.” But, I beg pardon: all this is, I have no doubt, well known to administration. I believe, our victory will, in it’s consequences, destroy this army; at least, my endeavours shall not be wanting. I shall remain here for some time. I have thought it right to send an officer (by Alexandretta, Aleppo, and Bussorah) over land, to India, with an account of what I have gathered from these dispatches; which, I hope, will be approved. I have sent a copy of my letter to the Board of Controul, that they may give the necessary directions for paying the officers bills. If it should have gone to the East India Company, I hope that board will forward it. Ever believe me, your lordship’s most obliged and obedient servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

The letter thus mentioned, as being addressed to the Board of Controul, was written to the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, then President of that Board, the present celebrated Lord Melville, in these words—

“Vanguard,
Mouth of the Nile,
9th August 1798.

“SIR,

“As President of the Board of Controul for India, I have addressed this letter to you: if I ought to have addressed it to the India House, I request you will have the goodness to send it to the Chairman of the Company; and, that you will excuse the trouble I have given you. I have thought it right to send an officer, Lieutenant Duval, who very handsomely offered his services, by Alexandretta, Aleppo, and Bussorah, to Bombay, to give all the accounts I know of the movements of the French army, and their future intentions. Herewith, I send a copy of my letter; and of the orders I have given him, to

draw for money on the East India Company, &c. If I have done wrong, I hope the bills will be paid,

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and I will repay the company; for, as an Englishman, I shall be proud that it has been in my power to be the means of putting our settlements on their guard. Mr. Baldwin not having been for some months at Alexandria, has been a great misfortune. I have the honour to be, Sir, with the greatest respect, your most obedient servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

With a hundred dollars, in cash, and letters of credit to his Britannic majesty’s consuls, vice-consuls, and even British merchants, on his prescribed route, Lieutenant Duval was this day dispatched by Admiral Nelson, as bearer of the following letter to his Excellency the Governor of Bombay.

“Vanguard,
off the Mouth of the
Nile,
9th August 1798.

“SIR,
“Although, I hope, the consuls who are, or ought to be, in Egypt, have sent you an express of the situation of affairs here; yet, as I know Mr. Baldwin has, some months, left Alexandria; it is possible you may not be regularly informed. I shall therefore relate to you, briefly, that a French army of forty thousand men, in three hundred transports, with thirteen sail of the line, eleven frigates, bomb vessels, gun-boats, &c. arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July. On the 7th they left it, for Cairo; where they arrived on the 22d. During their march, they had some actions with the Mamelukes, which the French call grand victories. As I have Bonaparte’s dispatches before me, which I took yesterday, I speak positively. He says—“I am now going to send off, to take Suez and Damietta.” He does not speak very favourable of either the country or people; but there is so much bombast in his letters, that it is difficult to get near the truth. He does not mention India, in these dispatches. He is what he calls organizing the country: but, you may be assured, is master only of what his army covers. From all the enquiries which I have been able to make, I cannot learn that any French vessels are at Suez, to carry any part of the army to India. Bombay, I know, if they can get there, is their first object. But, I trust, Almighty God will, in Egypt, overthrow these pests of the human race. It has been in my power to prevent twelve thousand men from leaving Genoa; and, also, to take eleven sail of the line, and two frigates: in short, only two sail of the line, and two frigates, have escaped us. This glorious battle was fought at the mouth of the Nile, at anchor. It begun at sun-set, August 1st, and was not finished at three the next morning. It has been severe, but God blessed our endeavours with a great victory. I am now at anchor between Alexandria and Rosetta, to prevent their communication by water; and nothing, under a regiment, can pass by land. But, I should have informed you that the

French have four thousand men posted at Rosetta, to keep open the mouth of the Nile. Alexandria, both town and shipping, are so distressed for provisions, which they can only get from the Nile, by water, that

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I cannot guess the good success which may attend my holding our present position; for Bonaparte writes his distress for stores, artillery, things for their hospitals, &c. All useful communication is at an end, between Alexandria and Cairo. You may be assured, I shall remain here as long as possible. Bonaparte had never yet to contend with an English officer, and I shall endeavour to make him respect us. This is all I have to communicate. I am confident, every precaution will be taken to prevent, in future, any vessels going to Suez, which may be able to carry troops to India. If my letter is not so correct as might be expected, I trust for your excuse; when I tell you, that my brain is so shook with the wound in my head, that I am sensible I am not always so clear as could be wished: But, while a ray of reason remains, my heart and my hand shall ever be exerted for the benefit of our king and country. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

“Horatio Nelson.

“The officer,
Lieutenant Duval, who carries this dispatch
voluntarily to you,
will—I trust—be immediately sent
to England,
with such recommendations
as his conduct will deserve.”

The importance of thus sending this information to India, which few other naval commanders would have thought necessary, proved prodigiously great. Expensive preparations were at that moment making, by the East India Company, for a most powerful armament to oppose any force which the French might be enabled to send against their possessions, in conjunction with Tippoo Saib: and this timely intelligence, by instantly quieting every apprehension of that sort, suddenly arrested the progress of all extraordinary warlike operations, and consequently saved a vast sum of money to the company; which, without the wonderful circumspection of this great man, must necessarily have been expended.

The dispatches to England, however, were unable to be forwarded, for several days. In the mean time, on the morning of the 11th, the Swiftsure brought into the fleet a captured French corvette of eighteen guns, and seventy men, called La Fortune. On the

12th, Sir James Saumarez, captain of the Orion, was directed to take the Bellerophon, Minotaur, Defence, Audacious, Theseus, and Majestic, under his command; and proceed with the prizes, Le Souverain Peuple, Conquerant, Spartiate, Aquilon, Franklin, and Tonnant, for Gibraltar: where, if he found no orders, he was to join the commander in chief off Cadiz, or go to Lisbon. Sir James sailed, accordingly, on the 15th; and Admiral Nelson having, on this very day, received secret orders and letters from the Earl of St. Vincent, found it requisite to destroy the other French prizes. The necessity of this measure is explained in the following letter of the succeeding day, addressed to Evan Nepean, Esq. for the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

“SIR,

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“Six of the prizes sailed yesterday, under Sir James Saumarez. Three others, *viz.* Guerrier, Heureux, and Mercure, are in the act of repairing. In this state, I last evening received the Earl of St. Vincent’s most secret orders, and most secret and confidential letters, relative to the important operations intended to be pursued in the Mediterranean. Thus situated, it became an important part of my duty, to do justice between my king and country, and the brave officers and men who captured those ships at the Battle of the Nile. It would have taken one month, at least, to have fitted those ships for a passage to Gibraltar; and not only at a great expence to government, but with the loss of the services of at least two sail of the line. I, therefore, confiding that the lords commissioners will, under the present circumstances, direct that a fair value shall be paid for these ships, ordered them to be burnt, after saving such stores as would not take too much time out of them: and, I have farther thought it my duty to tell the squadron the necessity I am under, for the benefit of the king’s service, of directing their property to be destroyed; but, that I had no doubt government would make them a liberal allowance. All which, I hope, their lordships will approve.

“I have the honour
to be, Sir, with great respect, your most
obedient servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

La Mutine being at length ready, these letters were dispatched to England, by the way of Naples, on the 16th of August.

The sword of the captured French Admiral Blanquet was also sent, by Captain Capel, from Admiral Nelson to the city of London, with the following letter, which he had several days previously written for the lord-mayor.

“Vanguard,
Mouth of the Nile,
8th August 1798.

“MY LORD,
“Having the honour of being a freeman of the city of London, I take the liberty of sending to your lordship the sword of the commanding French admiral, Monsieur Blanquet, who survived after the battle of the 1st, off the Nile; and request that the city of London will honour me by the acceptance of it, as a remembrance that Britannia still rules the waves: which, that she may for ever do, is the fervent prayer of your lordship’s most obedient servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

“Right Honourable
Lord Mayor of London.”

On the 13th, the Alcmene, Emerald, and Bonne Citoyenne frigates, at length, joined the squadron; and, on the 17th, the Seahorse.

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Admiral Nelson now arranged every thing necessary with Captain Samuel Hood, who was to remain with his own ship, the *Zealous*; the *Swiftsure*, Captain Hallowell; the *Goliah*, Captain Foley; the *Alcmene*, Captain Hope; the *Seahorse*, Captain Edward James Foote; and the *Emerald*, Captain Waller: for the purpose of cruising off Alexandria, or continuing at anchor, as he might judge most proper, more effectually to prevent any supplies being thrown into that port for the French fleet; and, also, to intercept an expected French convoy with provisions, as well as to prevent, if possible, all communication between the French army at Rosetta, and their fleet at Alexandria. This business being settled, he sailed, on the 18th, from Alexandria; and having, on that day, received a letter from the Honourable William Windham, the British minister at the court of Florence, he wrote the following answer, dated on board the *Vanguard*, 21st August 1798, which presents some additional information respecting the glorious victory off the Nile, and it's beneficial effects.

“My Dear Sir,
“I received, three days ago, your letter of June 20th, and I beg leave to thank you for it. I send you a paper, which will inform you of the extent of our victory. My health, from my wound, is become so indifferent, that I think of going down the Mediterranean as soon as I arrive at Naples; unless I should find any thing very extraordinary to detain me, when my health is of no consequence. The command, in my absence, will devolve on Captain Troubridge; than whom, the king has not a better sea-officer. Sir James Saumarez is on his way to Gibraltar, with six of our prizes: the others I burnt, that the Mediterranean might not be left without ships; for each prize takes a ship of the line to man her, and attend to her wants. This you will believe, when I tell you that only two masts are standing, out of nine sail of the line. *L'Orient* certainly struck her colours, and did not fire a shot, for a quarter of an hour before, unfortunately for us, she took fire: but, though we suffer, our country is equally benefitted. She had on board nearly six hundred thousand pounds sterling: so says the adjutant-general of the fleet, who was saved out of her; and, although he does not say she struck her colours, yet he allows that all resistance on her part was in vain. Admiral Brueys was killed early in the battle; and, from the commencement of the fight, declared all was lost. They were moored in a strong position, in a line of battle, with gun-boats, bomb-vessels, frigates, and a gun and mortar battery on an island in their van; but, my band of friends was irresistible. The



French army is in possession of Alexandria, Aboukir, Rosetta, Damietta, and Cairo; and Bonaparte writes, that he is sending a detachment to take possession of Suez and Fayume. By the intercepted letters from the army, for we took the vessel with Bonaparte's courier, they are grievously

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disappointed, the country between their posts being completely hostile. I have little doubt but that army will be destroyed, by plague, pestilence, and famine, and battle and murder; which, that it may soon be, God grant. The Turks will soon send an army into Syria; and as, for the present, we block them up by sea, they must soon experience great distress. I hope to find, on my arrival at Naples, that the emperor, and many other powers, are at war with the French; for, till they are reduced, there can be no peace in this world."

This letter appears to have remained unfinished, for want, probably, of an opportunity of sending it away, about three weeks. It then received the following conclusion.

"September 7th. I feel myself so much recovered, that it is probable I shall not go home at present. The Turks have seized all French ships in the Levant, in consequence of their taking a Turkish sixty-gun ship at Alexandria, and seizing all Turkish property. This was done on the 14th of August. I shall always receive pleasure in hearing from you, both as a public and private man; and believe me, dear Sir, with the greatest respect, your most obedient servant,

"Horatio Nelson."

In the mean time, Admiral Nelson had written the following letter to Francis J. Jackson, Esq. his Britannic majesty's minister to the Ottoman Porte, dated on board the Vanguard, off the Isle of Rhodes, 27th August 1798.

"Sir,

"I have the honour to acquaint you, that I attacked the French fleet off the Mouth of the Nile, on the 1st inst. the result of which you will see by the inclosed paper; and that, on the 14th, the French took possession of the Turkish admiral's ship at Alexandria, hauled down her colours, and hoisted French colours, and seized on all the Turkish property on shore. The French are in possession of Alexandria, Aboukir, Rosetta, and Damietta, on the coast, and of Grand Cairo: but all communication is cut off between their army and their transports at Alexandria, by sea, by an English squadron of three ships of the line and four frigates, which I have left cruising there; and, by land, by the Bedouins. So that, if the Grand Signior will but send a few ships of the line, and some bombs, he may destroy all their transports in Alexandria; and an army of ten thousand men may retake Alexandria immediately, as the French have only four thousand men in it, and the whole French army are very sickly." I have been informed, that the French have put to death two hundred Turks at Alexandria, for rejoicing at our victory; and that General Bonaparte only wants a communication opened by sea, to march into Syria, that the transports with stores, &c. for the army may go along shore with him.

"I have the honour
to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

The inclosed papers, mentioned in this and the preceding letter, were lists of the forces of the English and French fleets at the battle off the Nile shewing which were taken, burnt, &c. and copies of this last letter were sent to the Earl of St. Vincent and Earl Spencer.

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On the 8th of September, at sea, he addressed a letter to the Marquis De Niza, commander of the Portuguese squadron; regretting that they had not joined him prior to the 1st of August, when not a single French ship could have escaped: but, as he observes, that being without remedy, it is necessary to look forward to the next important service for the common cause; which, in his opinion, is that of preventing the French from getting any supplies of stores, by water, from Alexandria. He concludes with observing, that the Grand Signior will, he hopes, not only send an army into Syria; but also send ships of war, with bomb-vessels, gallies, &c. in order to destroy all the vessels in Alexandria: and concludes with inviting his excellency to be a partaker in these joyful events.

In a very few days, however, he learned that the Marquis De Niza had returned from Alexandria; and he now, with equal address, sent him to Malta.

On the 14th, by La Mutine, he dispatched letters to the Earl of St. Vincent, in which he expresses his fear that it will be thought wrong, not to have returned any of the “numerous frigates, brigs, cutters, &c. which had been sent to Egypt “It was,” says he, “only on the 13th of August, that the Alcmene, Emerald, and Bonne Citoyenne, joined me. On the 17th, the Seahorse joined; and, till September 7, I neither saw nor heard of any. The Earl of St. Vincent cutter then joined me, forty leagues from Messina; where I was informed that the Portuguese squadron, with the Lion and Terpsichore, had passed the Pharos, the 28th of August, on their way to Egypt. I therefore sent the cutter with a letter to the Marquis De Niza, and to Captain Hood.” He then proceeds to state, that the Thalia had just brought him accounts from Captain Hood, which he sends; and considers the exertions of the officers as great, and highly to be approved. He thinks that the two men who saved the dispatches ought to have a pecuniary reward.



“You will see,” he adds, “by my second letter to the Marquis De Niza, that I have requested him to go off Malta, which may be the means of driving the French out of that island.” After expressing his confidence that, with a little exertion, the French army in Egypt will fall a prey to plague, pestilence, famine, and Mamelukes, he concludes with praying that the earl will give him credit for his earnest endeavours to do what is right.

This day, the hero of the Nile received a letter from General Sir John Acton, transmitting the congratulations of the King and Queen of Naples; to which he returned the following most elegant epistolary acknowledgment, by the Culloden.

“Vanguard,
at Sea,
15th September 1798.

“SIR,

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I was yesterday honoured with your excellency's very handsome and flattering letter of the 9th, conveying to me their Sicilian Majesties congratulations on the victory obtained by my royal master's fleet over the enemy. I have to request, that your excellency will have the goodness to assure their majesties, that I am penetrated with their condescension in noticing this battle; which, I most fervently pray, may add security to their majesties throne, and peace and happiness to all mankind. The hand of God was visibly pressed upon the French; and, I hope, there is not a person in the British fleet, who does not attribute this great victory to the blessing of the Almighty on our exertions in a just cause. With every sentiment of respect, believe, me, your excellency's most obedient,

“Horatio Nelson.”

“Sir John Acton,
Bart.”

On the 16th, being off Strombolo, he inclosed General Acton's letter, which contained some state secrets of importance, in a private letter to Earl Spencer. The Portuguese, he observes, having been got, with no small difficulty, from Naples, went to Egypt; where, however, they would neither stay, nor give our ships water, which was all Captain Hood requested. Having watched for them off Messina, he had now sent them to Malta; but hoped that his lordship would not build hope on their exertions. “The moment,” says he, “I can get ships, all aid shall be given the Maltese. What would I give for four bomb-ships! all the French armament would long since have been destroyed. Pray, if the service will admit of it, let me have them: I will only say, I shall endeavour to make a proper use of them.”

He complains, also, in this letter, of the uncertainty of our situation with regard to Genoa; which, he says, has been at war with us during the two past years. Even at this period of our hero's glory, he seems to have been suffering under what he considered as legal persecution; and animadverts, with much severity, on the conduct of the Judge of the Admiralty.

“He has cited me to appear before him,” complains the indignant hero, “and shew cause why I seized a Genoese ship; the accounts of which I long ago sent to the board of Admiralty, for the sale of her cargo, and which I have long wanted to be taken out of my hands. The ship was liberated, when our troops evacuated Porto Ferrajio. The seas are covered with Genoese ships; but the Judge of the Admiralty's conduct has, to me,



so repeatedly militated against my duty in the service of my king and country, that I dare not do my duty. I have already been half ruined by him; and condemned, without knowing I was before him. The treasury, it is true, paid part of the expence, but that does not make the judge's conduct less grievous." In all this, there is much to regret; but the judge could scarcely entertain the smallest personal prejudice against our hero, though he might appear too favourable to the frauds of neutral powers

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from even a laudable anxiety to prevent any national embroilment. Nelson, on the spot, could better penetrate their artifices, than the judge on his distant bench of justice; and, fearing nothing, he spurned at every law subtlety which he perceived sanctioning fraud, to the present injury of his king, his country, and their brave defenders. It was, ever, far less for himself, than for others, that he was solicitous. In this very letter to Earl Spencer, he thus concludes—"I am looking, anxiously, for the Foudroyant; and, also, for your lordship's goodness to my son-in-law: I, of course, wish he had a good frigate."

Three days after, in another letter to Earl Spencer, the benignity of his excellent heart pleads powerfully for a son of the late Captain Faddy. It's perusal cannot fail to gratify every feeling reader.

"Vanguard,
at Sea,
19th Sept. 1798.

"MY LORD,
"Captain Faddy, of the marines, who was killed on board the Vanguard, has a family of small children: his eldest son is now on board this ship, only fourteen years of age. I beg to solicit your lordship for a commission in the marines for him. I understand, it has been done; and the youth permitted to remain at school, till of a proper age to join the corps. If, however, this should, in the present instance, be thought wrong, may I request that his name may stand as an eleve of the Admiralty, and Mrs. Faddy acquainted of it; which must give her some relief, under her present misfortune.

"Ever your lordship's
most obedient servant,

"Horatio Nelson."

With his mind thus humanely and diligently employed, amidst the toil and bustle inseparable from an active naval commander, on the 22d, early in the morning, the hero approached within view of Naples. No sooner was the Vanguard perceived, at the distance of several leagues, than upwards of five hundred boats and pleasure-barges, having been apprised of his coming, by the previous arrival of the Culloden and Alexander, on the 16th, immediately went out to meet him; with bands of music in most of them, and joy depicted on every countenance. Sir William and Lady Hamilton, in their state-barge, accompanied by several of the Neapolitan nobility, led the way, and were consequently



his first visitors. The transports of Sir William, and his amiable lady, at seeing their friend return covered with laurels, and of the thus honoured hero, at once more beholding his estimable friends, can only be conceived by minds of equal susceptibility. The interview, indeed, was exquisitely impressive, and even affecting, to all by whom it was witnessed. While the company were partaking of some refreshment in his cabin, a small bird familiarly perched on his shoulder. On the circumstance being remarked—"It is," said he, "a very singular thing; this bird came on board the day before the battle off the Nile: and I have had other instances of

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a bird's coming into my cabin previously to former engagements." This is the more remarkable, as the same thing is said to have afterwards happened prior to the battle of Copenhagen. In superstitious times, some inference would probably have been made from such facts; but philosophy will not warrant any other deduction, than that, as birds of passage frequently seek shelter in ships, these visits were merely accidental. The coincidence, however, is certainly somewhat curious.

In a short time, the King of Naples, and his suite, who had also come out full three leagues, in the royal barge, to greet the victorious British admiral, went on board the Vanguard; where the king affectionately embraced the Hero of the Nile; and, taking him by the hand, expressed the effusions of his gratitude in terms of the most flattering regard for our king, our country, and the immortal Nelson: whom the sovereign of the two Sicilies, his ministers, and all classes of his subjects, hailed with the appellation of "*Nostro Liberatore!*"—"Our Deliverer!"

The King of Naples, who prides himself on being a seaman, went all over the ship, and examined every thing with apparent delight and satisfaction. His Neapolitan majesty sailed with Admiral Nelson, for about three hours, on board the Vanguard; which was saluted, as they passed, by all the forts. As soon as the Vanguard anchored in the bay, the King of Naples returned on board his own barge, and Admiral Nelson accompanied Sir William and Lady Hamilton.

Immediately on landing, Sir William's open carriage conveyed the hero, in triumph, to the house of his esteemed friends, surrounded by the enraptured Neapolitans; who gave every possible proof of their joy, admiration, and gratitude. The Lazzaroni, in particular, crowded round him in multitudes: vast numbers of them bearing birds of different species, in curious wicker baskets; which they displayed to the hero as he passed, and then giving them their liberty, watched their flight

with all the anxiety and assumed importance of the ancient Roman augury.

The Queen of Naples had also gone out, with her numerous family, in another barge; but had, unfortunately, been too late to greet the hero on board his victorious vessel, from which he had taken his departure previously to her arrival. Her majesty, however, after being rowed round the Vanguard, no sooner returned on shore, than she immediately addressed a letter to Lady Hamilton; requesting to see, as soon as possible, the Hero of the Nile. Sir William and Lady Hamilton, accordingly, accompanied him to the palace, in the afternoon, where he experienced a most gracious and flattering reception. On this visit, Lady Hamilton acted as interpreter between the queen and Admiral Nelson, neither of them understanding each other's language sufficiently to converse together. The queen constantly addressed him by the appellation of "Our virtuous and brave admiral."

Such, in short, was the universal transport at Naples, on this occasion, that general illuminations, with apt and ingenious devices, and one grand scene of unbounded festivity and rejoicing, were continued for three successive days.

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The Queen of Naples, immediately after her interview with Admiral Nelson, addressed a letter to the Marquis De Circello, the Neapolitan Ambassador at the court of London, from which the following is said to be a correctly translated extract—

“I write to you with joy inexpressible! The brave and enterprising British Admiral Nelson has obtained a most signal and decisive victory. My heart would fain give wings to the courier who is the bearer of these propitious tidings, to facilitate the earliest acknowledgments of our gratitude. So extensive is this victory in all its relative circumstances, that were it not that the world has been accustomed to see prodigies of glory achieved by the English on the seas, I should almost question the reality of the event. It has produced, among us, a general spirit of enthusiasm. It would have moved you much, to have seen my infant boys and girls hanging round my neck in tears, expressing their joy at the happy tidings, made doubly dear to us by the critical period at which they arrived. This news of the defeat of Bonaparte’s Egyptian fleet has made many disaffected persons less daring, and improved the prospect of the general good. Make my highest respects acceptable to their majesties of England. Recommend the gallant hero, Nelson, to his royal master. He has raised, in the Italians, an enthusiastic reverence for the English nation. Great expectations were naturally founded on his enterprising talents, but no one could look for so total an overthrow of the enemy. All here are frantic with excess of joy!”

In a letter, of the 25th of September, written to Earl Spencer, by Admiral Nelson, after slightly mentioning the reception with which he had thus been honoured, particularly by their Sicilian majesties, he makes use of these modest and pious expressions—“You will not, my lord, I trust, think that one spark of vanity induces me to mention the most distinguished reception that ever, I believe, fell to the lot of a human being; but, that it is a measure of justice due to his Sicilian majesty and the nation. God knows, my heart is amongst the most humble of the creation, full of thankfulness and gratitude.”

Even before Admiral Nelson’s arrival at Naples, Lachavardiere, the French consul for Palermo, who had just escaped from Egypt, thus laments the decline of French influence, and announces the triumph of the English. “The French name,” says he, “is heard here with horror. The king is arming eighty thousand men. The cabinet either



refuses to answer, or answers with insolence, the notes presented by our Charge des Affaires, La Chaise, who is an excellent republican. The French are forbade to enter the country, and the most extravagant predilection prevails in favour of the English. The people of Sicily are still more incensed against us. Our vessels are driven out of their ports; and, wherever the French appear, the populace pelt them with stones, and sometimes fire on them.

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Not one French cockade is suffered. In a word, there only wants Frenchmen, in order to celebrate again Sicilian vespers. The day before yesterday”—(this letter is dated the 20th of September)—“two English vessels arrived; and Nelson himself is expected to-morrow, in a third. To give you some idea of the favour in which the enemies of our country are held here, you must know that, with my own eyes, I saw the King of Naples go more than two leagues to sea, to meet the English, to applaud and congratulate them. The two vessels which are arrived have brought two French officers with them, one of them is Vice-Admiral Blanquet.” Lachavardiere also gives an account of the battle; which, however, contains nothing of peculiar importance. One circumstance, indeed, is sufficiently singular—“Admiral Brueys,” he says, “was wounded in the head and the hand: but continued to command, till a cannon-ball cut him in two; and,” adds this Frenchman, “*he lived a quarter of an hour afterwards!*”

The integrity of our heroic Nelson seems to have revolted at the characteristic falsehood and deceit so generally experienced in the French. He could not be prevailed on, by his friends at Naples, to visit Admiral Blanquet, who had his nose shot off, and was otherwise dreadfully wounded in the face. On this occasion, he seems to have adopted all the rough bluntness of a British tar. He had beaten him, he said, and would not insult him. “Seeing me,” added the hero, “will only put him in mind of his misfortune. I have an antipathy to Frenchmen; which is so powerful, that I must, I think, have received it from my mother, at my birth.”

He was, himself, at this period, though in excellent spirits, so corporeally weak and reduced, that he was obliged to be kept chiefly on ass’s milk for some time after his arrival. Indeed, though excess of joy, at the first meeting of such friends



as Admiral Nelson, and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, absorbed every other consideration, a most essential personal difference was manifest in the hero from that which had appeared on his former visit to Naples. It is to be recollected, that neither Sir William nor his lady had ever beheld him, prior to this period, except for a very few days, while the Neapolitan subsidiary troops were embarking for Toulon, when he was without any wound or disfigurement whatever, though always of a plain but pleasingly expressive countenance: he was now returned, in the short space of about four years, having achieved victories which might have graced an age of absence; but, at what a price were they purchased! The vision of an eye had been completely extinguished, at Calvi; an arm totally lost, at Teneriffe; and a hideous wound, leaving its indelible scar on his manly forehead, had recently been inflicted on their heroic friend, at the battle of the Nile. To say nothing of various slighter casualties; of the effect of climate; and of those incessant excessive cares, anxieties, and disappointments,

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which so soon and so deeply wrinkle the smoothest brow, and so cruelly furrow the comeliest countenance. If they were shocked, at reflecting what their incomparable but mutilated friend must have suffered, in the severe and disastrous fortune of war; they were enraptured to perceive him by no means impaired in any of those higher qualities which had given birth to their reciprocal attachments. Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, returning from his glorious victory off the Nile, was the same kind, affable, intelligent, and virtuous friend, as Captain Nelson had formerly been, when departing for Toulon. An amity thus founded on a union of superior intellect in the respective parties, could only be destroyed, however it might be envied, by the decay of that celestial principle which had served to cement it's origin.

The hero's birth-day occurring on the 29th, when he completed his fortieth year, a most splendid fete, with a ball and supper, were given by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, to the nobility and gentry of Naples, at which upwards of eighteen hundred persons are said to have been entertained. On this occasion, a grand rostral column was erected in the principal saloon, with the celebrated old Roman motto—

“VENI; VIDI; VICI!”

which was never more appropriately applied, since it's original adoption by Julius Caesar.

It is to be regretted, that the harmony of this festival, which cost Sir William Hamilton two thousand ducats, was considerably deranged, towards it's conclusion, by the hero's son-in-law; who, it seems, so far forgot himself, as grossly to offend the very man whom every other person was delighting to honour. To such a height, indeed, was this young gentleman's intemperance unfortunately carried, that Captain Troubridge and another officer felt themselves under the absolute necessity of conducting him out of the room.



This disagreeable occurrence, naturally agitating the breast of the worthy admiral, who was at that very period soliciting the indiscreet young man's preferment, in a letter then on it's way to England, occasioned a violent return of those internal spasms to which all excesses of the passions had constantly subjected him since the time when this grievance first commenced, while his anxious mind was occupied in vainly pursuing the French fleet: indeed, he always said, and it seems highly probable, that the disappointment, had it much longer continued, and his expectation of encountering them been finally frustrated, would certainly have "broke his heart." It is from no disrespect to Captain Nisbet that this affair is mentioned: nor is it for the sake of observing, what that gentleman must be sensible is the undoubted fact, that he was indebted for a reconciliation with his father-in-law, shortly after, to the kind interference of Sir William and Lady Hamilton; who, very properly representing it as solely the effect of a young man's pardonable inebriety on so joyous an occasion, again introduced him to favour at their rural villa in the vicinity of Naples. The fact, in itself, is trivial; but, on subjects of domestic or family delicacy, the minutest thread of verity may chance to have it's use in conducting through the intricate labyrinth by which the temple of truth is generally found to be environed.



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It was not till after Admiral Nelson's arrival at Naples, that he heard of the capture of the *Leander*, with his dispatches for the Earl of St. Vincent respecting the battle of the Nile; an event for which, as has been seen, he had judiciously and almost prophetically prepared, by transmitting copies to England. By letters from Corfu, he now learned that, on the 16th of August, the *Leander* of fifty guns, Captain Thompson, having Captain Berry on board, with the dispatches for the Earl of St. Vincent, fell in with *Le Genereux* of seventy-four guns, Captain Lejoille, Jun. one of the French ships which had escaped after the battle of the Nile. The *Leander*, with eighty men short of it's complement, and a number of wounded on board, being off the island of Candia, was chased by *Le Genereux* under Neapolitan colours; which, on approaching nearly within gun-shot, about eight in the morning, were changed to French. Captain Thompson had not been deceived by this artifice, but the *Leander*'s inferiority of sailing rendered it impossible to escape. At nine, being within half gun-shot of the *Leander*'s weather-quarter, Captain Thompson hauled up sufficiently to bring his broadside to bear, and immediately commenced a vigorous cannonade, which was powerfully returned. The ships continued nearing each other till half past ten, under a constant and heavy fire; when the enemy, taking advantage of the disabled condition of the *Leander*, endeavoured to enter on the larboard bow: but the small party of marines, on the poop and quarter-deck, by a most spirited and well-directed fire, aided by a furious cannonade, repulsed them with great slaughter. A light breeze now springing up, enabled Captain Thompson to disentangle himself; and, soon after, he had the satisfaction to luff under *Le Genereux*'s stern, and discharge every gun into that ship, at the distance of only ten yards. The action continued, within pistol-shot, till half past three in the afternoon; when *Le Genereux*, with a light breeze, passed the *Leander*'s bows, and brought itself on the starboard side, where the guns had been all nearly disabled



by the wreck of the spar, which had fallen on that side. This necessarily producing a cessation of the Leander's fire, the enemy hailed, to know if the ship had surrendered. Being now a complete wreck; the decks covered with killed and wounded; and Captain Thompson himself badly wounded, without the most distant hope of success; that brave officer asked Captain Berry, if it appeared that more could be done: who, agreeing that farther resistance would be in vain, they consented to submit. Le Genereux had on board nine hundred men; one hundred of whom were killed, and a hundred and eighty-eight wounded, in the action; the Leander had thirty-five killed, and fifty-eight wounded. The captain of Le Genereux, in an official letter of true French gasconade, describes the Leander as carrying "seventy-four guns, twenty-four, and thirty pounders on the lower deck, and twelve pounders on the upper!"

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Captain Thompson and his officers no sooner arrived on board *Le Genereux*, than they were plundered of every article they had possessed, except the apparel which covered them. On this harsh treatment, they vainly expostulated with the captain, and reminded him of the different situation of the French officers made prisoners by Admiral Nelson. He coolly answered—"I am sorry for it; but, the truth is, that the French are good at plundering." Captain Berry expressed his wish to have a pair of pistols returned, and pointed out the man who had stolen them. Captain Lejoille, Jun. by immediately securing them for himself, proved the truth, in his own person, of what he had just observed respecting French expertness at pillage: for, though he told Captain Berry that he would give him, in return, a pair of French pistols, to protect him on his journey home, this mean French officer never performed his promise. To such a pitch, indeed, did these miscreants carry their cruelty and theft, that they purloined the English surgeon's instruments, while he was performing operations on the wounded; and nearly rendered mortal the wound of Captain Thompson, by forcibly obstructing his attendance. In short, the miseries suffered by this unfortunate crew, both before and after their arrival at Corfu, were greater than, it is to be hoped, for the honour of humanity, often occurs on such occasions; bad as the usage of the French is generally described to be—not, indeed, by English speculative writers; but by brave men, speaking from their own melancholy and repeated experience!

On the 2d of October, the Honourable Captain Capel arrived in England, with the joyful intelligence of Admiral Nelson's glorious victory off the Nile: a victory which, from the peculiar period at which it occurred, the extent of it's beneficial effects, and it's splendid and complete success, excited in every British bosom such rapturous sensations as had never, in the memory of any living person, been before felt by the nation. General illuminations,

both in town and country, were continued for three days; and every other species of public rejoicing, demonstrative of universal admiration, affection, and gratitude, to the Hero of the Nile, and his brave associates in arms, prevailed for several weeks. Even infants were instructed to articulate the name of Nelson; and to clap their little hands, with transport, in rapturous applauses of the preserver and protector of innocence, from their threatened invaders, the corrupters and destroyers of the human race.

Subscriptions were immediately opened, for the relief of the widows and children of all those brave men who had lost their lives on this glorious occasion; and a large fund was soon established, by a committee at Lloyd's coffee-house, Cornhill, the beneficial effects of which have since been prodigiously extended.

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On the 3d of October, at a court of common-council, the Lord-Mayor of London read the letter addressed to him by Admiral Nelson; and, when the tumult of applause had subsided, the sword of Vice-Admiral Blanquet was ordered, on the motion of Mr. Deputy Lecky, to be placed among the city regalia. The thanks of the court were then unanimously voted to Admiral Nelson, and to the officers and seamen under his command. The next day, having again assembled, the French admiral's sword was ordered to be placed in an elegant glass-case, in the most conspicuous part of the council-room, with an inscription expressive of the gift on a marble tablet. It was then resolved, that a sword of two hundred guineas value should be presented to Admiral Nelson from the city of London; and the freedom of the city, in a gold box worth one hundred guineas, to Captain Edward Berry: and the lord-mayor, Sir William Anderson, Bart, was requested to provide and present the said sword to the Hero of the Nile.

On the 6th of October, his majesty created Admiral Nelson a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham-Thorpe in the county of Norfolk; and, at the meeting of parliament, in November, a message from the king was presented by Mr. Pitt, preparatory to the motion which he immediately afterwards made for a pension of two thousand pounds per annum, commencing on the 1st of August 1798, to be granted Admiral Lord Nelson of the Nile, and his two next successors in the title. General Walpole, who seconded the motion, having expressed an opinion, that Lord Nelson should also have a higher degree of rank; Mr. Pitt observed that, entertaining the highest sense of the transcendent merits of Admiral Nelson, he thought it needless to enter at any length into the question of rank. His fame, he added, must be coeval with the British name; and it would be remembered that he had obtained the greatest naval victory on record, when no man would think it worth his while to ask, whether he had been created a baron, a viscount, or an earl. Such a motion was not likely to be

opposed; and the annuity recommended by his majesty was unanimously granted. It may be remarked, however, that General Walpole's opinion respecting higher rank, was certainly that of the public.

The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted, and ordered to be transmitted by the respective speakers, to the brave admiral, the captains, officers, seamen, and marines, for their resolute and intrepid conduct displayed on this glorious occasion.

A gold medal, of peculiar elegance and beauty, emblematical of the victory, executed by the inimitable Louis Pingo, Esq. principal engraver of the Royal Mint in the Tower of London, was struck on the occasion, by command of his majesty; who ordered one to be given, and in future worn by, each of the captains, all of whom afterwards received the honour of knighthood. The obverse of this medal displays a fine figure of Victory placing a laurel wreath on the head of Britannia, in a stile of the most chaste simplicity. The reverse incloses each respective name, which is engraved in the centre, with two branches, one of oak and the other of laurel. The motto—"In memory of the defeat of the French fleet on the coast of Egypt."

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Various other medals were struck on this memorable occasion; and one, in particular, most liberally distributed at the expence of Alexander Davison, Esq. the valuable friend of Lord Nelson, has peculiar claim to attention. The obverse side of Mr. Davison's medal, to commemorate his friend's great victory, has the figure of Hope, crowned with laurel, standing on a rugged rock, with an olive-branch in her right hand; and supporting, with her left arm, the profile of Lord Nelson on a medallion, to which her fore-finger is evidently pointing. The motto to the medallion—"Europe's hope, and Britain's glory." The legend—"Rear-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson of the Nile." The reverse represents the French fleet at anchor in Aboukir Bay, with the British fleet advancing to the attack; the fortified islands in the enemy's van; the four frigates moored within their line, to cover their flank; the gun-boats near the islands; the setting-sun; the coast of Egypt; the mouth of the Nile; and, the castle of Aboukir. The legend—"Almighty God has blessed his majesty's arms." Beneath the view—"Victory of the Nile, August 1, 1798."

This handsome and valuable medal was presented, by Mr. Davison, struck in gold, to Admiral Lord Nelson, and every captain of the British squadron; in silver, to every other warrant officer; in gilt metal, to every petty officer; and, in copper, to every individual seaman and marine serving on board during the action. The whole, as it is said, at the expence of little less than two thousand pounds: an instance of private and patriotic munificence, as well as generous friendship, which has, perhaps, seldom been surpassed.

The government of Ireland, immediately on receiving the joyful intelligence of this glorious victory, passed a vote of thanks similar to that of the British parliament, and granted the hero an additional annuity of one thousand pounds during the same term.

The Honourable United East India Company, which felt so immediately benefitted on the occasion, unanimously voted him a gift of ten thousand pounds; the London Turkey Company, plate of very considerable value; and several other corporate bodies, as well in the metropolis as in our first provincial cities, the freedom of their respective corporations, in elegant gold boxes.

To these tributes of esteem from a grateful country, must be added, as by no means the least acceptable, the proof of affectionate regard prepared for their beloved commander, by those most honourable and brave associates in arms, the captains of his own squadron, whom he so emphatically denominates, “the band of brothers.” By these worthy and valorous officers, was their revered chief, the Hero of the Nile, presented with a magnificent sword; the hilt of which most appropriately represented a crocodile, very finely executed in gold.

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To enumerate the various epistolary plaudits and congratulations, and other demonstrations of admiration and applause, expressed by individuals, in England, of all ranks, to the hero and his friends, on account of this most splendid victory, is quite impracticable. The following extract of a letter, however, written by the worthy and venerable father of the immortal hero, to his friend the Reverend Mr. B. Allot, in answer to a very kind congratulatory epistle from that gentleman, is so exquisitely and amiably characteristic both of father and son, that it cannot, under any consideration, be omitted. It is, indeed, a charming picture of parental and filial affection.

“My great and good son,” says this excellent and intelligent parent, “went into the world without fortune; but, with a heart replete with every moral and religious virtue. These have been his compass to steer by; and it has pleased God to be his shield in the day of battle, and to give success to his wishes to be of service to his country. His country seems sensible of his services: but, should he ever meet with ingratitude, his scars will cry out, and plead his cause—for, at the siege of Calvi, he lost an eye; at Teneriffe, an arm; on the memorable 14th of February, he received a severe blow on his body, which he still feels; and, now, a wound on the head! After all this, you will believe, his bloom of countenance must be faded; but the spirit beareth up, yet, as vigorously as ever. On the 29th of September, he completed his fortieth year: cheerful, generous, and good. Fearing no evil, because he has done none: an honour to my grey hairs; which, with every mark of old age, creep fast upon me.”

While these various honours and gifts were preparing for the hero, in his native country, foreign nations, not less sensible of his worth, and in some instances scarcely less benefitted by his exertions and valour, were emulously pouring, with a laudable profusion,

their richest presents before him, and investing him with their most distinguished dignities.

On the 8th of September, immediately after receiving information of the battle off the Nile, the Grand Signior directed a most superb diamond aigrette—called, by the Turks, a chelengk, or plume of triumph—taken from one of the imperial turbans, to be sent for our victorious admiral, with a rich pelisse of the choicest sable fur; and a purse of two thousand sequins, in cash, to be distributed among the wounded British seamen. A note, at the same time, was delivered to Mr. Spencer Smith, his majesty's minister at Constantinople, of which the following is given as a correct translation.

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“It is but lately that, by a written communication, it has already been made known, how much the Sublime Porte rejoiced at the first advice received of the English squadron’s having defeated that of the French, off Alexandria, in Egypt. By recent accounts, however, comprehending a specific detail of the action, it appears now more positive, that his Britannic majesty’s fleet has actually destroyed, by that action, the best ships the French had in their possession. This joyful event, therefore, laying this empire under an obligation, and the service rendered by our much-esteemed friend, Admiral Nelson, on this occasion, being of a nature to call for public acknowledgment, his imperial majesty, the powerful, formidable, and most magnificent Grand Signior, has destined as a present, in his imperial name, to the said admiral, a diamond aigrette, and a sable fur with broad sleeves; besides two thousand sequins, to be distributed among the wounded of his crew: and, as the English minister is constantly zealous to contribute, by his endeavours, to the increase of friendship between the two courts, it is hoped that he will not fail to make known this circumstance to his court; and to solicit the permission of the most powerful and august King of England, for the said admiral to put on, and wear, the said aigrette and pelisse.”

These presents were conveyed, under the care of Mahomet

Kelim, an Effendi, or secretary of state, in a Turkish frigate, to Alexandria; from whence, on finding the hero had departed for Naples, the Effendi, and his suite, immediately followed, in the Alcmena frigate.

The Turkish secretary, and his twelve associates, on their arrival, performed their parts with suitable solemnity and address. They put on their state robes in the hero’s anti-chamber; and presented the aigrette, seated on cushions, after the oriental method. The pelisse was composed of the finest scarlet cloth, lined and enriched with the most beautiful sable fur imaginable. The aigrette, which is a sort of artificial plume, or feather, represents a hand with thirteen fingers, covered with diamonds; allusive to the thirteen ships taken and destroyed by the hero: and it’s size is that of a child’s hand, at the age of five or six years, when open. The centre diamond, and the four by which it is surrounded, are estimated at a thousand pounds each, and there are said to be at least three hundred diamonds of smaller sizes. This immensely rich and beautiful jewel is more particularly described in the following extract of a letter, said to have been written by the Grand Signior himself. In this letter, it is called, a chelengk, or plume of triumph: such as has been, on every famous and



memorable success of the Ottoman arms, conferred on
victorious Mussulmen, Seraskiers—"never,
before, I believe," says the imperial writer,
"on any disbeliever—as the *ne plus*
ultra of personal honour, separate from official
dignity. The present is esteemed rich in it's

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kind; being a blaze of brilliants, crowned with a vibrating plumage, and a radiant star in the middle, turning on it's centre, by means of watch-work which winds up behind. This badge, actually taken from one of the imperial turbans, can hardly, according to the idea of such insignia here"—(the letter was dated, at Constantinople, October 3, 1798)—"be considered as less than equivalent to the first order of chivalry in Christendom: such, at least," concludes the imperial donor, "was my view in the indication."

By these remarks, added to the verbal communications of Mahomet Kelim, at the time of investiture, Lord Nelson was led to consider this honour as the Ottoman Order of Merit. It could, certainly, be nothing less; and the civilized world has to felicitate itself on the brilliance of our immortal hero's glory, which could, at length, dissipate the cloud of prejudice, that had so long obscured, from the sincerest followers of Mahomet, the lustre of every Christian virtue.

Even the Dowager Sultana, mother of the Grand Signior, caught the enthusiastic admiration of our hero from her generous and illustrious son, and sent his lordship the superb and flattering present of a very rich diamond ornament, in the form of a rose.

No sooner were the honours conferred on our hero by the Grand Signior, and his wish respecting the wearing them, made known to his majesty, than the imperial desire was immediately complied with, and the following royal grants and concessions were also published in the London Gazette—

"The king has been graciously pleased to give, and grant, to the Right Honourable Horatio Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham-Thorpe in the county of Norfolk, Rear-Admiral of the Blue Squadron of his Majesty's Fleet, and K.B. in consideration of the great zeal, courage, and perseverance, manifested by him on divers occasions, and particularly of his able and gallant conduct in the glorious and decisive victory obtained over the French fleet, at the mouth of the Nile, on the 1st of August last, his royal licence and authority, that he, and his issue, may bear the following honourable augmentations



to his armorial ensign: viz. "A chief, undulated, argent—thereon, waves of the sea; from which, a palm-tree issuant, between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister; all proper." And, for his crest, "On a naval crown, or; the chelengk, or plume of triumph, presented to him by the Grand Signior, as a mark of his high esteem, and of his sense of the gallant conduct of the said Horatio Baron Nelson in the said glorious and decisive victory; with the motto—*Palmam qui meruit ferat*:" and, to his supporters, being a sailor on the dexter, and a lion on the sinister, the honourable augmentation following; viz. "In the hand of the sailor, a palm branch, and another in the paw of the lion, both proper, with the addition of a tri-coloured flag and staff in the mouth of

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the latter;" which augmentations to the supporters are to be borne by the said Horatio Nelson, and by those to whom the said dignity shall descend in virtue of his majesty's letters patent of creation; and, that the same may be first duly exemplified, according to the laws of arms, and recorded in the Herald's Office: and, also, to order that his majesty's said concession, and especial mark of his royal favour, be registered in his College at Arms."

The above most appropriate motto was adopted by the express desire of his majesty: who, also, with the utmost possible propriety, fixed the honourable plume of triumph on the hero's crest; a circumstance which could not fail to afford the Grand Signior a pleasing proof, that his present had been duly appreciated both by the hero and his sovereign.

The Emperor Paul, of Russia, wrote Lord Nelson a congratulatory epistle, with his own hand, and accompanied it by a valuable portrait of himself, superbly surrounded with brilliants, and a gold box set with diamonds, estimated at two thousand five hundred pounds. The King of Sardinia also sent him a letter, and a gold box richly ornamented with diamonds; the King and Queen of Naples made him many valuable presents; from Palermo, he received a gold box and chain, brought on a silver waiter, containing the freedom of that city, which also conferred on him the honour of being a grandee of Spain; and even the island of Zante, in grateful remembrance that they had happily been liberated from French cruelty by the good effects of the battle of the Nile, sent the illustrious hero their epistolary acknowledgments, with a valuable gold-headed sword and cane.

Numerous other presents were received by, and honours conferred on, the immortal hero of the Nile, as well at Naples, as elsewhere, for a considerable time after this splendid victory; which, from it's brilliant success, and important consequences, had powerfully attracted the attention and admiration of all mankind, in every quarter of the globe not contaminated by French principles.

During the period while these honours were universally

soliciting the acceptance of this exalted man, his great and active mind, amid every corporeal lassitude and fatigue, was unceasingly engaged in pursuits calculated to merit additional renown, and consequently to augment their acquisition.

With an eye to the recapture of Malta, which the Neapolitans seemed rather to expect from our hero's prowess than their own exertions, he had, immediately on his arrival at Naples, detached the *Terpsichore* to that island, for the purpose of gaining such intelligence as might enable him to form the best plan for effectually accomplishing this purpose; and, a few days afterwards, sent Captain Ball, in the *Alexander*, with a frigate and sloop, to cruise off Malta, which was then under the blockade of the Portuguese squadron.

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On the 9th of October, writing to Lord Spencer, he says—"Three weeks, I admit, is a long time to refit a fleet after a battle; but, when it is considered that nearly every mast in the fleet has taken much more time than if they had been new; that Naples Bay is subject to a heavy swell, of which we have felt the inconvenience; and that we go to sea victualled for six months, and in the highest health and discipline; I trust, some allowance will be made for me." He adds, with an almost prophetic foresight—"Naples sees this squadron no more—except the king calls for our help; and, if they go on, and lose the glorious moments, we may be called for *to save the persons of their majesties*." Of General Mack, who was then at Naples, for the purpose of taking under his command the Neapolitan army, which had been recently raised to oppose the French, he thus expresses his predictive apprehensions—"General Mack cannot move without five carriages. I have formed my opinion—I heartily pray, I may be mistaken."

On the Tuesday following the date of this letter, General Mack arrived at Caserta; and Lord Nelson, the next Thursday, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, went to meet him at dinner with the King and Queen of Naples. Their majesties introduced them to each other, with every expression of esteem and regard. The queen, however, could not help saying—"General, be to us, by land, what my hero Nelson has been at sea!" The emperor, it seems, had desired the King of Naples to begin, and promised that he would support him. At this interview, Mack said he would march in ten days; and, by his conversation and address, seems to have temporarily withdrawn our hero from the contemplation of his actions, that unerring criterion of character. The judgment which Lord Nelson had first formed of General Mack, on this principle, has since appeared to be just. With such a general as Mack, and such a minister as

our hero describes the Marquis De Gallo to have been, in a letter to Earl Spencer, we can scarcely wonder at any misfortunes which might befall the amiable sovereigns with whose welfare they were fatally entrusted.

“This Marquis De Gallo,” says our hero, “I “detest. He is ignorant of common civility. Sir William Hamilton has just found out, that a messenger sets out for London within an hour; yet, I was with this minister for an hour last night. He admires his ribbon, ring, and snuff-box, so much, that an excellent *petit-maitre* was spoiled, when he was made a minister. The sentiments of my heart have flown from my pen, and I cannot retract them.”

After observing, that he has not, owing to the above circumstance, time to write what he wished, he concludes, with the most perfect good-humour—“Pray excuse this short letter, and abuse of the Marquis De Gallo.”

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On Monday, the 15th of October, being ready to sail from Naples, at eight o'clock in the morning, the King and Prince Leopold, as well as Sir William and Lady Hamilton, went on board the Vanguard, to breakfast with Lord Nelson. At ten, the British squadron, consisting of the Vanguard, Minotaur, Audacious, Goliath, and La Mutine brig, weighed anchor; and, at eleven, the royal and illustrious visitors quitted the ship, taking an affectionate leave of their heroic protector and friend—"The king expressed himself," says Lord Nelson, in a letter to the Earl of St. Vincent, dated off Marsala, the West End of Sicily, October 22, 1798, "in the most flattering manner towards me. His majesty had all the respect paid him, by the squadron, which our situation would admit of, and which it was not only our duty, but so much our inclination, to pay him. The king," he observes, "having desired my return to Naples in the first week in November, I shall, after having arranged the blockade of Malta, return to Naples, and endeavour to be useful in the movements of their army. In thus acquiescing in the desire of the King of Naples, I give up my plan; which was, to have gone to Egypt, and attended to the destruction of the French shipping in that quarter: but, I hope, before Captain Hood quits his station, both the Turks and Russian squadron will be on that coast; when all will be right, I hope: although I own myself not willing to trust any of our allies to do that which we could do ourselves. I have reason for thinking, that a strong wish for our squadron's being on the coast of Naples is, that in case of any mishap, their majesties think their persons much safer under the protection of the British flag, than under any other." After observing, that the Culloden would be ready for sea about the time mentioned, and that he had directed Captain Troubridge to wait his arrival, with the transports which he had at first intended to take to Syracuse, he concludes with remarking that he had not a sick man in the squadron.

On the 24th, Lord Nelson arrived off Malta; when he immediately wrote the following letter to Sir William Hamilton.

“Vanguard,
off Malta,
24th Oct. 1798.

“MY DEAR SIR,
“I am just arrived off this place, where I found Captain Ball and the Marquis De Niza: from these officers, I do not find such an immediate prospect of getting possession of the town, as the minister at Naples seems to think. All the country, it is true, is in possession of the islanders; and, I believe, the French have not many luxuries in the town: but, as yet, their bullocks are not eat up. The marquis tells me, the islanders want arms, victuals, and mortars and cannon to annoy the town. When I get the elect of the people on board, I shall desire them to draw up a memorial for the King of Naples, stating their wants and desires, which I shall bring with me. The marquis sails for Naples to-morrow morning. Till he is gone, I shall not do any thing about the island; but I will be fully master of that subject, before I leave this place. God bless you! is the sincere prayer of your affectionate
Horatio Nelson.”

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The very next day, he sent into Malta, by Captain Ball, the following admirable and most spirited letter, addressed to the French General and Admiral commanding in the town of Valetta and fort of Malta. It breathes, throughout, that liberal and manly spirit which so highly distinguishes our hero, and which conveys to the heart such irresistible proofs of honour and veracity.

“His Britannic
Majesty’s Ship Vanguard,
off Malta,
25th Oct. 1798.

“GENTLEMEN,
“In addressing to you this letter, containing my determination respecting the French now in Malta, I feel confident that you will not attribute it either to insolence or impertinent curiosity, but a wish of my sentiments clearly understood. The present situation of Malta is this: the inhabitants are in possession of all the island; except the town of Valetta, which is in your possession—that the islanders are in arms against you—and, that the port is blockaded by a squadron belonging to his Britannic majesty. My objects are, to assist the people of Malta in forcing you to abandon the island, that it may be delivered into the hands of it’s lawful sovereign; and, to get possession of Le Guillaume Tell, La Diane, and La Justice. To accomplish these objects as speedily as possible, I offer that, on the delivery of the French ships to me, all the troops and seamen, now in Malta and Goza, shall be landed in France, without the condition of their being prisoners of war; that I will take care that the lives of all those Maltese who have joined you shall be spared, and I offer my mediation with their sovereign for the restoration of their property. Should these offers be rejected; or the French ships make their escape, notwithstanding my vigilance; I declare, that I will not enter, or join, any capitulation, which the general may hereafter be forced to enter into, with the inhabitants of Malta; much less will I intercede for the forgiveness of those who have betrayed their duty to their country. I beg leave to assure you, this is the determination of a British admiral; and I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

Though this notice was not successful to the full extent of his wish, it seems to have accelerated the surrender of Goza. In the mean time, all possible aid was given to the Maltese; who, it appears, had been shockingly neglected by the Neapolitan government.



In a letter of the 27th, addressed to Sir William Hamilton, the indignant hero enlarges on this topic with a feeling and energy incomparably expressive of his heroic and independent character.

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“When I come to Naples, I can have nothing pleasant to say of the conduct of his Sicilian majesty’s ministers towards the inhabitants of Malta, who wish to be under the dominion of their legitimate sovereign. The total neglect and indifference with which they have been treated, appears to me cruel in the extreme. Had not the English supplied fifteen hundred stand of arms, with bayonets, cartouch boxes, and ammunition, &c. and the marquis supplied some few, and kept the spirit of those brave islanders from falling off, they must long ago have bowed to the French yoke. Could you, my dear Sir William, have believed, after what General Acton and the Marquis De Gallo had said, in our various conversations relative to this island, that nothing had been sent by the governor of Syracuse—*secretly*, was the word used to us—or openly, to this island! and I am further assured, that the governor of Syracuse never had any orders sent him, to supply the smallest article. I beg your excellency will state this, in confidence, to General Acton. I shall most assuredly tell it the king. The justice I owe myself, now I feel employed in the service of their Sicilian majesties, demands it of me; and also the duty I owe our gracious king, in order to shew that I am doing my utmost to comply with his royal commands. As I have before stated, had it not been for the English, long, long ago, the Maltese must have been overpowered. Including the fifteen hundred stand of arms given by us, not more than three thousand are in the island. I wonder how they have kept on the defensive so long. At least, two thousand stand of small arms complete, ammunition, &c. should be sent by the Emerald. This is wanted, to defend themselves; for offence, two or three large mortars, fifteen hundred shells, with all necessaries; and, perhaps, a few artillery. The Bormola, and all the left side of the harbour, with this assistance, will fall. Ten thousand men are required to defend those works, the French can only spare twelve hundred; therefore, a vigorous assault being made in many parts, some one must succeed. But, who have the government of Naples sent, to lead or encourage these people? A very good, and I dare say brave, old man; enervated, and shaking with the palsy. This is the sort of man that they have sent; without any supply, without even a promise of protection, and without his bringing any answer to the repeated respectful memorials of these people to their sovereign. I know their majesties must feel hurt, when they hear these truths. I may be thought presuming; but, I trust, General Acton will forgive an honest seaman for telling plain truths. *As for the other minister, I do not understand him.* We are different men. He has been bred in a court; and I, in a rough element: but, I believe, my heart is as susceptible of the finer feelings as his, and as compassionate for the distress of those who look up to me for protection.”

Having thus very justly and indignantly censured the Neapolitan government; particularly, the then first minister, the Marquis De Gallo; he proceeds most judiciously and forcibly to state, not only what ought to have been done, but what still should be attempted. In doing this, he has admirably sketched the characteristic outlines of a good commander.

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“The officer sent here should have brought supplies, promises of protection, and an answer from the king to their memorials. He should have been a man of judgment, bravery, and *activity*. He should be the first to lead them to glory; and the last, when necessary, to retreat: the first to mount the wall of the Bormola, and never to quit it. This is the man to send. Such, many such, are to be found. If he succeeds, promise him rewards: my life for it, the business would soon be over.” God bless you! I am anxious to get this matter finished. I have sent Ball, this day, to summon Goza; if it resists, I shall send on shore, and batter down the castle. Three vessels, loaded with bullocks, &c. for the garrison, were taken yesterday, from Tripoli: ten more are coming, but we shall have them. I had almost forgot to mention, that orders should be immediately given, that no quarantine be laid on boats going to the coast of Sicily for corn. At present, as a matter of favour, they have fourteen days only. Yesterday, there was only fourteen days bread in the island; luckily, we got hold of a vessel loaded with wheat, and sent her into St. Paul’s. Once more, God bless you! and ever believe me, your obliged and affectionate

“Horatio Nelson.

“This day I have landed twenty barrels of gunpowder—two thousand eight hundred pounds—at Malta.”

The Island of Goza, in consequence of the summons mentioned in this letter, surrendered to his majesty’s arms: and Admiral Nelson, in the evening of the 30th, having received particulars of the capitulation from Captain Ball, sailed again for Naples; leaving that excellent officer, the present Sir John Alexander Ball, Governor of Malta, to continue the blockade, with the same ships as were before employed on that service.

These particulars were, on the 2d of November, forwarded to the commander in chief; with the following letter, by which they are here preceded.

“Vanguard,
at Sea,
1st Nov. 1798.

“MY LORD,
“I have the honour to transmit to you a letter received from Captain Ball, dated October 30th, together with the capitulation of the Castle of Goza, and a list of ordnance, &c.



found in it. The prisoners are embarked in the Vanguard and Minotaur, till I can get a vessel to send them to France. Captain Ball, with three sail of the line, a frigate, and fire-ship, is entrusted with the blockade of Malta, in which are two sail of the line and three frigates ready for sea; and, from the experience I have had of Captain Ball's zeal, activity, and ability, I have no doubt that, in due time, I shall have the honour of sending you a good account of the French in the town of Valetta. I am, with the greatest respect, your lordship's most obedient servant,

“Horatio Nelson.”

“Earl of St. Vincent.”

“Alexander,
off Malta,
30th Oct. 1798.

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“SIR,

“I have the honour to acquaint you, that the commandant of the French troops in the Castle of Goza signed the capitulation on the 28th inst. which you had approved. I ordered Captain Cresswell of the Marines to take possession of it in the name of his Britannic Majesty, and his majesty’s colours were hoisted. The next day, the place was delivered up, in form, to the deputies of the island, his Sicilian Majesty’s colours hoisted, and he acknowledged their lawful sovereign.” I embarked, yesterday, all the French officers and men who were on the Island of Goza, amounting to two hundred and seventeen. I inclose the Articles of Capitulation, and an Inventory of the Arms and Ammunition found in the Castle; part of which, I directed to be sent to the assistance of the Maltese who are in arms against the French. There were three thousand two hundred sacks of corn in the castle; which will be a great relief to the inhabitants, who are much in want of that article. I have the honour to be, &c.

“Alex. John
Ball.”

“Rear-Admiral
Sir H. Nelson, K.B.”

“Articles of Capitulation, between Alexander John Ball, Esq. Captain of his Majesty’s Ship the Alexander, appointed to conduct the Blockade of Malta, under Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B. on the Part of Great Britain; and Lieutenant-Colonel Lockey, Aju. de Battailon, Commander of the French Troops in the Castle of Goza.

“1.

“The French troops
shall march out of the Castle of Goza with the
honours of war, and
shall lay down their arms as they get out of
the gate.

“2.

“The Castle of
Goza, with all the military implements and stores,
shall be delivered up
to the British officer appointed to take
charge of them.

“3

“The French officers and troops shall be protected in their persons and effects, and the officers allowed to retain their side-arms. They shall be embarked, immediately, on



board his Britannic majesty's ships; and sent to France, in transports, at the expence of the French government They are not to serve against his Britannic majesty, or his allies, during the war, till regularly exchanged."Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B. has entered into articles with the inhabitants of Goza, that if the French surrender to the British, they shall be considered as under their protection, and they will not offer them the smallest insult or molestation.

"Signed, 28th Oct.
1798.

"Alexander John Ball,
Captain of his Britannic Majesty's
Ship Alexander.

"Approved,

"Lockey, Aju. de Battailon.
Horatio Nelson."

*"Extract of
Articles found in the Castle of Goza, the 28th of
October 1798.*

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“Fifty barrels of powder, nine thousand ball-cartridges, one thousand musket-cartridges without ball, one thousand flints, thirty-eight eighteen-pound cartridges filled, one hundred and forty twelve-pound ditto, four hundred and fifty six-pound ditto, two hundred and sixty-eight four-pound ditto, twenty-five three-pound ditto, eighty-eight two-pound ditto, eighteen good eighteen-pounder guns and two hundred shot, two good twelve-pounder guns and nine hundred shot, four good six-pounders and two thousand nine hundred and eighty-five shot, four hundred hand-grenades filled, ninety-nine pikes, ninety halberts, and three thousand two hundred sacks of corn.

“N.B. No small-arms, except those laid down by the French troops.”

On the 12th of November, Admiral Nelson, having a few days before arrived safely at Naples, went to the camp at St. Germaine’s, in consequence of a request from his Sicilian Majesty, to meet General Mack and General Acton, at a grand review of the whole Neapolitan army; and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, with all the English nobility and gentry then at Naples, accompanied our hero, where they joined the king, queen, and royal family. The account of this meeting, and it’s results, including an intended attack of Leghorn, are sufficiently explained in the following very interesting letter to Earl Spencer: which is farther remarkable for being the first epistle that our hero appears to have ever signed with the omission of his Christian name, in consequence of being advanced to the peerage; of which honour he had, even yet, it should seem, by what will be seen hereafter, no official information from the noble earl to whom he was writing, though he must certainly have received some regular previous information on the subject.

“Camp,
St. Germaine’s,
13th Nov. 1798.

“MY LORD,
“A desire from his majesty called me here yesterday, to concert with General Mack and General Acton the commencement of the war. Thirty thousand of—*Mack says—“La plus belle d’armie d’Europe,”* was drawn out, for me to see; and, as far as my judgment goes in these matters, I agree, that a finer army cannot be. In the evening, we had a council; and it was settled, that four thousand infantry, and six hundred cavalry, should take possession of Leghorn. The infantry—(having stopped Captain Troubridge’s



squadron for Corfu)—I shall embark in the Vanguard, Culloden, Minotaur, two Portuguese ships, (if I can get them ready, not that I see they have any wants) and the Alliance storeship. A Neapolitan ship brings the cavalry, in a convoy, after us. The king's order for the destination was to be given to me; and, when at sea, I was to give it to the general commanding the troops: who was to be totally ignorant, that Leghorn was the object, and not Malta; which, as a secret, was communicated to him. His majesty approved of this plan, and Mack was to march—I repeat

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it with pleasure—"with thirty thousand of the finest troops in Europe," on Saturday, the 17th, to Rome; and keep advancing, trusting to the support of the emperor. Every hour, the French are increasing their Italian army, and two new generals are arrived at Rome. Thus I went to bed last night; and, at six this morning, came to take leave of their majesties. I found them in great distress. The courier who left London on the 4th, has not brought any assurance of support from the emperor. M. Turget is evasive; and wishes, he says, the French to be the aggressors. It is aggression, if this court knows—all the world knows—that the French are collecting an army to over-run Naples; in a week, destroy the monarchy; plunder, and make it a republic. As this is fully known; surely, it is an aggression of the most serious nature. The emperor's troops have not yet been in the habits of retaking kingdoms; and it is easier to destroy, than restore. I ventured to tell their majesties, directly, that one of the following things must happen to the King, and he had his choice—"Either advance, trusting to God for his blessing on a just cause, to die with *l'epee a la main*; or remain quiet, and be kicked out of your kingdom." The king replied, that he would go on, and trust in God; and desired me to stay till noon, to consult with Mack on this new face of affairs."November 15. I came from the king after dinner; and their majesties both told me, that things stood precisely as they did before the receipt of the dispatches from London and Vienna. There was, evidently, a great disappointment at not getting money from England. That they want, is certain; nor do the ministers, I believe, know how to get it. Their paper money is at forty per cent. discount. I long ago told the queen, I did not think Mr. Pitt would go to parliament, and ask money of the country, in the present moment; that, if England saw every exertion made, in this country, to save themselves, John Bull was never backward in supporting his friends in distress. Good God, my lord, can the emperor submit to this!"November 18. Last evening, Lady Hamilton received a letter from the queen, full of the idea that money was indispensable: and desired her ladyship to shew it to me; and, that I would say what I saw. That I can do, very soon. I see the finest country in the world, full of resources; yet, without enough to supply the public wants: all are plundering, who can get at public money or stores. In my own line, I can speak. A Neapolitan ship of the line would cost more than ten English ships fitting out. Five sail of the line must ruin the country. Every thing else is, I have no doubt, going on in the same system of thieving: I could give your lordship so many instances of the greatest mal-conduct of persons in office, and of those very people being rewarded. If money could be placed in the public chest at this moment, I believe it would be well used:

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for the sad thing in this country is, that although much is raised, yet very little reaches the public chest. I will give you a fact—When the order of Jesuits was suppressed in this country and Sicily, they possessed very large estates: although these, with every other part of their property, were seized by the crown; yet, to this moment, not one farthing has reached the public chest. On the contrary, some years, the pretended expence of management was more than the produce. Taxes have been sold for sums of money; which, now, are five times more than when sold. This, it is true, was done by viceroys, to please their distant masters. But, I am tiring your patience. In short, their majesties look to us for every succour; and, without it, they are undone.

“I have wrote
to the Turkish and Russian admirals, and shall take
care to keep on the
very best footing with all the allied powers.

“Believe me, your
lordship’s most obedient and obliged servant,

“Nelson.”

At this Neapolitan review, a curious circumstance is said to have occurred. By some mistake of General Mack’s, in directing the operations of a feigned fight, it so happened that his own troops were completely surrounded by those of the enemy; when Lord Nelson, vexed at the unfortunate and inauspicious blunder, immediately exclaimed, to his surrounding friends—“This fellow does not understand his business!”

It having been agreed, in a council held at the camp of St. Germaine’s, as suggested in the foregoing letter, to take possession of Leghorn, not a moment was lost, by Lord Nelson, in preparing for that expedition. The King and Queen of Naples, affected by the very indifferent state of his lordship’s health, and fearing that the exertion might prove too much for their chief protector, wished him to remain at Naples. When the queen, accordingly, through the medium of Lady Hamilton, advised him to send the troops; he instantly directed her to inform her majesty, that it was his custom, in order to succeed, not to say—“Go!” but—“Let

us go!”

Such was the dispatch used on this occasion, that all the troops were embarked, and his lordship sailed from the Bay of Naples, on the 22d instant. The Vanguard, Culloden, Minotaur, and Alliance, were the only British ships, on board of which were about two thousand seven hundred soldiers; and, in the Portuguese Principe Real, Albuquerque, and St. Sebastian, two thousand four hundred. In all, five thousand, one hundred and twenty-three. As it blew a strong gale all that night, and the following day, none but the British kept company with the Vanguard, which arrived in Leghorn Road on the 28th.

The ministers of their Majesties of Great Britain and of the Two Sicilies, the Honourable William Windham and the Duke Di Sangro, immediately going on board the Vanguard, and being of opinion that a summons in the name of Admiral Lord Nelson, as well as that of the Neapolitan General Naselli, would be proper, the following was instantly prepared.

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“We, the commanders of the troops of the King of the Two Sicilies, and of the squadron of his Britannic Majesty, now before Leghorn, demand of the Governor of Leghorn the free and instant admission of his Sicilian Majesty’s troops into the town and fortress of Leghorn, and every thing thereunto depending. If you refuse, we have power to enforce our just demand; which will, undoubtedly, instantly be done.

“Naselli, General.

“Nelson, Rear-Admiral.”

Captain Troubridge, accompanied by the two ministers, went on shore with this summons: and he returned, at eight in the evening, with a capitulation signed; in consequence of which the troops were immediately landed, and possession taken of the town and fortress of Leghorn.

On the following day, the Portuguese squadron also arrived, and landed the remainder of the troops. In the mean time, the Neapolitan general refused to seize the French vessels at Leghorn, under pretence that the King of Naples was not at war with France; and the Neapolitan minister, the Duke Di Sangro, was likewise weak enough to maintain the same opinion. The vexation which these impolitic scrupulosities occasioned in the superior mind of our decided hero, is difficult to be described. He saw the destructive tendency of such mental imbecility, and trembled for the fate of a country which was condemned to be thus served. His lordship’s feelings will be best conceived, by his own account of what passed in his anxious bosom on the occasion, thus addressed to Mr. Windham.

Vanguard, 30th Nov.
1798.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I have been thinking, all night, of the General Naselli and the Duke Di Sangro’s saying that the King of Naples had not declared war against the French. Now, I assert, that he has; and, in a much stronger manner than the ablest minister in Europe could write a declaration of war. Has not the king received, as a conquest made by him, the republican flag taken at Goza? Is not the king’s flag flying there, and at Malta; not only by the king’s absolute permission, but by his orders? Is not his flag shot at, every day, by the French; and returned, from batteries bearing the king’s flag? Are not two frigates,



and a corvette, placed under my orders? and they would fight the French, meet them where they may. Has not the king sent publicly, from Naples, guns, mortars, &c. with officers and artillery, to fight against the French in Malta? If these acts are not tantamount to any written paper, I give up all knowledge of what is war. So far, then, I assert, that the general is authorized to seize all French and Ligurian vessels. But that is a small matter, to what will happen if he permits the many hundreds of French which are now in the mole to be neutral, till they have a fair opportunity of being active. Even the interest of the Grand Duke calls loudly, that the Neapolitan general should act with vigour;

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for, if all other schemes fail, they have one sure: viz. set one vessel on fire, and the port of Leghorn is ruined for twenty years. Pray, say this to Seratti. I have, you know, no interest personal to myself, in this advice. I wish the great duke to have no unnecessary risk, and for the Neapolitan general and myself to take all the odium on ourselves. Pray, excuse this letter; but, I could not resist writing it. Ever your, &c.

“Nelson.”

The unanswerable reasoning in this letter could not fail to produce perfect conviction; and General Naselli, at his lordship’s request, consented to lay an embargo on all the vessels at Leghorn, till he should receive orders for their disposal from his Sicilian majesty. Among these ships, were a great number of French privateers; some of them, his lordship observed, in a letter to Sir William Hamilton, of such force as to do the very greatest mischief to our commerce, if permitted to sail. There were also about seventy sail of vessels, calling themselves belonging to the Ligurian Republic, before called Genoa, ready to sail, loaded with corn, for Genoa and France; the arrival of which, must expedite the entrance into Italy of more French troops. “General Naselli,” says Lord Nelson, “sees, I believe, the permitting these vessels to depart, in the same light as myself; but, there is this difference between us—the general, prudently, and certainly safely, waits the orders of his court, taking no responsibility on himself; I act from the circumstance of the moment, as I feel it may be most advantageous for the honour of the cause which I serve, taking all responsibility on myself.”

Having left Captain Troubridge at Leghorn, to act as exigencies might require, Lord Nelson immediately returned to Naples; where he arrived on the 5th of December, having been absent little more than ten days. During this time, letters had arrived from Commodore Duckworth, relating to the conquest of Minorca; and, these letters having been forwarded after him to Leghorn, he wrote the following apology and congratulation to his friend the commodore, now Admiral Sir John Duckworth, who commanded the squadron which had sailed from Gibraltar on this expedition.

“Naples, 6th Dec.
1798.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“On my arrival here, yesterday, I found Lieutenant Gregory, who had been charged with your letters to me; but which were, unluckily, sent after me to Leghorn: and, as Lieutenant Gregory is very anxious to return to you, it is out of my power to answer such part of your public letter as might require. However, I most heartily congratulate you on the conquest of Minorca; an acquisition invaluable to Great Britain, and which completely, in future, prevents any movements from Toulon to the westward. My situation in this country has had, doubtless, *one* rose; but, it has been plucked from a bed of thorns. Nor is my present state that of ease;

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and my health, at best but indifferent, has not mended lately. Naples is just embarked in a new war: the event, God only knows; but, without the assistance of the emperor, which is not yet given, this country cannot resist the power of France. Leghorn is in possession of the King of Naples's troops, as is Civita Vecchia. I have Troubridge, with Minotaur, Terpsichore, and Bonne Citoyenne, &c. on the north coast of Italy. Three sail of the line, under Ball, are off Malta: and Hood, with three sail of the line, and two frigates, is in Egypt; but I expect his return every moment, and that the Turks and Russian ships and flotilla have relieved him. I am here, *solus*; for, I reckon the Portuguese as nothing. They are all flag-officers, and cannot serve under any of my brave friends.

"With every good
wish, believe me your most obedient servant,

"Nelson."

From the following congratulatory letter which Lord Nelson wrote, at the same time, to his old "brother brigadier," the Honourable Lieutenant-General Stuart, commander in chief of the forces at the reduction of Minorca, may be learned the very unpromising state of military affairs with the Neapolitan army at this important period. It also clearly develops the secret cause of his lordship's sudden recall from Egypt.

Naples, 6th Dec. 1798.

"MY DEAR SIR,
"Allow me to congratulate you on the conquest of Minorca; an acquisition, as a sea-port, invaluable to our country. I hurried from Egypt, early in August; as, by the Earl of St. Vincent's orders, I was in expectation of being summoned to attend you. However, I am sure, my place was much better filled by Commodore Duckworth. The new war commenced here, it is yet impossible to say how it may turn: whether it will really hasten the ruin, or save the monarchy. At all events, if the king had not began the war, he would have soon been kicked out of his kingdom. The king is at Rome; but five hundred French still hold possession of St. Angelo. General Mack is gone to Civita Castellana, where thirteen thousand French have taken post. Mack's force, with him, is twenty thousand fine young men; but, with some few exceptions, wretchedly officered. If the French are not soon driven from their post, which is very strong by nature, Mack must fall back to the frontier on the side of Ancona. The French have drove back, to say no more, the right wing of the king's army, and taken all their baggage and artillery. The emperor has not yet moved, and his minister, Thugut, is not very anxious to begin a new



war; but, if he does not, Naples and Tuscany will fall in two months. I shall be happy if you will honour me, at any time, with your commands, here or elsewhere; being, with the highest respect, your most obedient servant,
“Nelson.”

A letter from Earl Spencer had likewise reached Naples, at this period, with the official intelligence of Admiral Nelson’s elevation to the peerage; an elevation which, it is certain, the Hero of the Nile by no means considered as excessive, any more than his particular friends, and even the country in general. In the following answer to Earl Spencer, it will appear, however, that his zeal kindles with far more ardour for his friend Troubridge, than for himself.

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Naples, 7th Dec. 1798

“MY DEAR LORD,

“On my arrival here, from Leghorn, I received your lordship’s letter of October 7, communicating to me the title his majesty had been graciously pleased to confer upon me; an honour, your lordship is pleased to say, the highest that has ever been conferred on an officer of my standing, who was not a commander in chief.” I receive, as I ought, what the goodness of our sovereign, and not my deserts, is pleased to bestow: but, great and unexampled as this honour may be, to one of my standing—yet, I own, I feel a higher one, in the unbounded confidence of the king, your lordship, and the whole world, in my exertions. Even at the bitter moment of my return to Syracuse, your lordship is not insensible of the great difficulties I had to encounter, in not being a commander in chief. The only happy moment I felt, was in the view of the French; then, I knew, that all my sufferings would soon be at an end!” I observe what your lordship is pleased to say, relative to the presenting myself, and the captains who served under me, with medals; and, also, that the first lieutenants of the ships engaged will be distinguished by promotions, as well as the senior marine officers. I hope, and believe, the word “engaged” is not intended to exclude the Culloden; the merit of that ship, and her gallant captain, are too well known to benefit by any thing I could say. Her misfortune was great, in getting aground, while her more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness. No; I am confident, that my good Lord Spencer will never add misery to misfortune. Captain Troubridge, on shore, is superior to captains afloat. In the midst of his great misfortunes, he made those signals which prevented, certainly, the Alexander and Swiftsure from running on the shoals. I beg your pardon for writing on a subject which, I verily believe, has never entered your lordship’s head; but my heart, as it ought to be, is warm to my gallant friends.

“Ever your lordship’s
most faithful and obedient

“Nelson.”

So anxious was Lord Nelson for his gallant friend Troubridge, and the other brave officers of the Culloden, that he thus urges, at the same time, in a letter to the Earl of St. Vincent, the subject which occupied his feeling heart. “I received, yesterday,” writes he, “a private letter from Lord Spencer; saying, that the first lieutenants of all the ships engaged would be promoted. I sincerely hope, this is not intended to exclude the first of the Culloden. For Heaven’s sake, for my sake, if it be so,



get it altered! Our dear friend Troubridge has suffered enough; and no one knows, from me, but Culloden was as much engaged as any ship in the squadron. His sufferings were, in every respect, more than any of us. He deserves every reward which a grateful country can. bestow on the most meritorious sea-officer of his standing in the service. I I have felt his worth every hour of my command. I have before wrote you, my dear lord, on this subject; therefore, I place Troubridge in your hands.”



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Of his own disappointment, at not having obtained higher rank, he writes nothing to his commander in chief; but, among his most intimate friends, he is known to have freely expressed his grief and indignation at receiving the title of baron only. Had they left him as he was, he has been heard repeatedly to say, he would not have complained; but, he thought, his services merited more than a barony. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find any substantial objection against his having been made, at least, a viscount; which would still have left the commander in chief his superior in rank. Indeed, on such peculiarly great and glorious occasions, there need be little dread respecting precedents. No minister would have been impeached, who had even advised his being created a duke; and, most assuredly, the country would have rejoiced at his merited elevation to that dignity. Why should not the navy possess honours equal to those of a military Marlborough? and, when do we expect to behold the hero on whom they may with more propriety be bestowed?

It is a positive fact, that Lord Nelson would never wear his own gold medal, till he had obtained one for his friend Captain Troubridge; who, by the strictness of official etiquette, without any actual blame in administration, had been at first excluded.

The following laconic epistle to Captain Troubridge, at Leghorn, exhibits a true sailor's letter.

“Naples, Dec.
10th 1798.

“MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE,
“I have just received Mr. Windham's letter of November 30th, and find it is settled that all the cargoes of the Genoese ships should be landed; and all the French privateers disarmed, and their crews sent away. So far, I am content. Money is not our object; but to distress the common enemy. I hope, if you liked it, you visited the Grand Duke, in my stead; I could not have been better represented—the copy is a damned deal better than the original.

“Nelson.”

“Duckworth has
a captain under him; John Dixon, from England, is
Post Captain; and Mr.
Grey arrived.”

At the same time, he wrote to his Excellency the Honourable
Mr. Windham, apologizing for not having himself accepted
his Royal Highness the Grand Duke’s invitation
to visit him at Pisa. “I have,” says
he, “to request that you will present my most
profound acknowledgments to his Royal Highness.
I was under a sacred promise, to return here as expeditiously
as possible; and not to quit the Queen and Royal Family
of Naples, without her majesty’s approbation.
This will plead my cause for quitting Leghorn so expeditiously.”

Another letter, written to Mr. Windham this day, is
too interesting to be omitted. It presents his
opinion of the patriotic character of Mr. Windham,
the disinterestedness of his own, and the wretched
pusillanimity of the Neapolitan officers.

Naples, 10th Dec. 1798.

“MY DEAR SIR,

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“Your several letters of November 30, came to me this moment. Believe me, no person can set a higher value on your friendship than I do; for, I know, from experience, that you have nothing more at heart, than the honour of our king and country. I rejoice to hear, that the cargoes of corn in the Mole of Leghorn will be landed; and the privateers disarmed, and the scoundrels belonging to them sent away. The enemy will be distressed; and, thank God, I shall get no money. The world, I know, think that money is our God; and, now, they will be undeceived, as far as relates to us. “Down, down with the French!” is my constant prayer. I hope, that the emperor is marched to support this country: for, unused to war, it’s officers seem alarmed at a drawn sword; or a gun, if loaded with shot. Many of them, peaceable heroes, are said to have run away when brought near the enemy. The King and General Acton being at Rome, I know not what orders will be sent to General Naselli; but, you may depend, I will do nothing which can do away your just demand of retribution to our merchants robbed by the French at Leghorn. I arrived here on the 5th of December, and found my presence very comfortable for the poor queen. Ever believe me, my dear Sir, your most faithful and obliged

“Nelson.”

Our indefatigable hero wrote, also, on this day, two letters to his Excellency, the Right Honourable Sir Moreton Eden, K.B. Minister Plenipotentiary at Vienna. In the first of these, he says, with his usual excellence of heart, “I have to thank you, for your kindness to Captain Berry. Poor fellow, he has suffered greatly, both in body and mind; but, I hope, his reception in England will perfectly restore him.” The other letter fully demonstrates that his head was no less excellent than his heart. It would have been well for the repose of Europe, and particularly for the welfare of the Emperor of Germany, and his hereditary dominions, as well as of his royal relatives at Naples, had our hero’s advice, even at this late period, been sufficiently regarded. We give, with peculiar pleasure, the whole of this almost prophetic document.

Naples, Dec. 10, 1798.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I received, with thanks, your favour of November the 15th: and perfectly agree with you, that a delayed war, on the part of the emperor, will be destructive to this monarchy; and, of course, to the newly-acquired dominions of the emperor in Italy. Had the war commenced in September or October, all Italy would at this moment have been



liberated. This month is worse than the last; the next will render the contest doubtful; and, in six months, when the Neapolitan *republic* will be organized, armed, and with it's numerous resources called forth, I will suffer to have my head cut off, if the emperor is not only defeated in Italy, but that he totters on his throne at Vienna. Pray, assure the empress, from me, that, notwithstanding the councils which

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have shook the throne of her father and mother, I shall remain here, ready to save the sacred persons of the king and queen, and of her brothers and sisters; and, that I have also left ships at Leghorn, to save the lives of the Great Duke and her imperial majesty's sister: for all must be a republic, if the emperor does not act with expedition and vigour. "Down, down with the French!" ought to be placed in the council-room of every country in the world: and, may Almighty God give right thoughts to every sovereign! is the constant prayer of your excellency's most obliged and obedient servant,
"Nelson."

"Whenever the
emperor acts with vigour, your excellency may say
that a proper naval
force shall attend to the safety of the
Adriatic, as far as
in my power."

At this period, it appears, the unfavourable news from the royal army, and the manifest cowardice, treason, and treachery, every where seeming to pervade the unhappy and devoted kingdom of Naples, plunged the excellent queen into an agony of grief which admitted not of consolation. "None, from this house," says Lord Nelson, writing on the 11th of December to Earl Spencer, "have seen her majesty these three days; but, her letters to Lady Hamilton paint the anguish of her soul. However," adds his lordship, "on enquiry, matters are not so bad as I expected. The Neapolitan officers have not lost much honour; for, God knows, they had not much to lose: but, they lost all they had. Mack has supplicated the king to sabre every man who ran from Civita Castellana to Rome. He has, we hear, torn off the epaulets of some of those scoundrels, and placed them on good serjeants. I will, as briefly as I can, state the position of the army, and it's lost honour; for, defeat they have had none. The right wing of nineteen thousand men under General St. Philip, and Micheux (who ran away at Toulon) were to take post between Ancona and Rome, to cut off all supplies and communication. Near Fermi, they fell in with the enemy, about three thousand. After a little distant firing, St.



Philip advanced to the French general; and, returning to his men, said—*I no longer command you!*" and was going off to the enemy. A serjeant said—"You are a traitor; what have you been talking to the enemy?" St. Philip replied *I no longer command you!*"—"Then you are an enemy!" and, levelling his musket, shot St. Philip through the right arm. However, the enemy advanced; he was among them; Micheux ran away, as did all the infantry; and, had it not been for the good conduct of two regiments of cavalry, they would have been destroyed. So great was this panic, that cannon, tents, baggage, military chest, all were left to the French. Could you credit—but, it is true—that this loss has been sustained with the death of only forty men! The French lost many men by the cavalry; and, having got the good things, did not run after an army three times their

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number. Some ran thirty miles, to Pesara. The peasantry took up arms, even the women, to defend their country. However, the runaways are not only collected, but advanced to Arcoti; which they took from the French, cutting open the gates with hatchets. It is said, they have got a good general; Cetto, a Neapolitan prince; and, I hope, will be ashamed of their former conduct. General Micheux is bringing a prisoner to Naples. This failure has thrown Mack backward. It is the intention of that general to surround Civita Castellana. Chevalier Saxe advanced th Viterbi; General Metch to Fermi; and Mack, with the main body, finding his communication not open with Fermi, retreated towards Castellana. In his route, he was attacked from an entrenchment of the enemy, which it was necessary to carry. Finding his troops backward, he dismounted, and attempted to rally them: but they left their general, and basely fled. The natural consequence was, he was sorely wounded; but saved by some gallant cavalry, and carried off by the bravery of a coachman: and is safe, poor fellow, at Rome; and, hopes are entertained of his recovery. The fugitives are fled to Rome, fancying the French at their heels; who never moved from their entrenchment, which was carried by another party of troops, under General Dumas. It is reported, that the king has stripped the Prince di Tarante, Duc di Tranouille, of his uniform, and disgraced him. He commanded under Saxe; and fled, among the first, to Rome. It is for the traitorous and cowardly conduct of these scoundrels, that the great queen is miserable, knowing not whom to trust. The French minister, and his legation, went off by sea yesterday.”

On the 14th, the King of Naples returned home; and notice was immediately given, by Lord Nelson, through the medium of Sir William Hamilton, with as much secrecy as circumstances would admit, that three English transports, then in the Bay of Naples, had directions to receive on board such valuable effects as could be stowed in



them, from British merchants, and other residents, and that the whole squadron would be ready to receive their persons, should such a measure be found necessary, in consequence of the kingdom's being invaded by a formidable French army. The Marquis De Niza, at the same time, was desired, by his lordship, to spare a number of Portuguese officers and seamen, for the purpose of assisting to fit some of the Neapolitan ships for sea. He wrote, also, to Captain Ball, at Malta, for the Goliath, Captain Foley, to be sent immediately; and to Captain Troubridge, at Leghorn, whom he desired to join him without one moment's loss of time; leaving the Terpsichore in Leghorn Roads, to bring off the Grand Duke, should such an event be necessary. "The King," writes he, "is returned home, and every thing is as bad as possible. For God's sake, make haste. Approach the place with caution. Messina, probably, I shall be found at; but you can enquire, at the Lipari Islands, if we are at Palermo. Caution Gage to act with secrecy; and desire him to write to Windham, and give him those instructions which may be necessary, at this time, for his guarded conduct and secrecy."

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It had, at this time, been fully resolved, that the King, Queen, and Royal Family, of Naples, should embark, with all their richest moveable effects, on board Lord Nelson's ship, for Sicily. In the mean while, it was necessary to conceal such an intention from the Neapolitans in general; who would, probably, never have consented to their departure. Most of the nobility, who were disaffected, and of the common people, who were loyal, it was not doubted, would object, for different reasons, to a measure which they must behold in different points of view, and consequently both conspire to defeat: while, by the dangerous collision, a spark might be struck on materials of so inflammable a nature as the rude populace, and particularly of a populace so very rude as the Lazzaroni of Naples; which, suddenly blazing forth into a devouring flame, might fatally involve the whole royal family, and their most faithful and friendly adherents, and render them the unfortunate victims of the cruel and destructive conflagration.

It was, therefore, at the extreme hazard of their lives, that Lord Nelson, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, for several days preceding the meditated departure, took in charge the various articles secretly conveyed from the palace, and concerted the different operations necessary for effecting the escape of the royal family without discovery or suspicion. Every day, Lady Hamilton assisted and advised with the King and Queen of Naples, and their jewels, cloaths, &c. were conveyed in boxes, during the night. Neither Sir William Hamilton, nor Lord Nelson, for several days, judged it safe to appear publicly at the palace; but his lordship secretly accompanied Lady Hamilton, one evening, for the purpose of exploring a subterraneous passage leading from the queen's bedchamber to the sea, by which it was agreed that they should get off; and settled every preliminary preparation with the few loyal nobility in whom the royal family could confide. Great anxiety was expressed for the cardinals, and other members of the

Romish church, who had taken refuge, in Naples, from French persecution, and might now be expected to fall the first victims of their cruelty; but Lord Nelson desired they might be humanely informed that, on coming in boats alongside any of his ships, and displaying their red stockings, they should be instantly received on board.

In the midst of this important business, his lordship had written, on the 18th, the following very concise epistle to Earl Spencer.

Naples, Dec. 18, 1798.

“MY DEAR LORD,
“There is an old saying—that, when things are at the worst, they must mend.” Now, the mind of man cannot fancy things worse than they are here. But, thank God, my health is better; my mind never firmer; and my heart in the right trim, to comfort, relieve, and protect, those who it is my duty to afford assistance to. Pray, my lord, assure our gracious sovereign—that, whilst I live, I will support his glory; and that, if I fall, it shall be in a manner worthy of your lordship’s faithful and obliged
“Nelson.”

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“I must not write more. Every word may be a text for a long letter.”

In spite of every precaution, however, an idea of what was going forward, seems to have prevailed among the people; and, on the 20th, riotous proceedings began to take place, and some murders were committed, which filled the royal family, and their loyal adherents, with new alarms. This was a most critical period for our hero, and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, who would certainly have been sacrificed to the fury of the populace, had a full discovery been then made of the important parts they were acting. Nothing, however, could deter these firm friends from continuing to assist the royal family in escaping from the perils by which they were so cruelly surrounded: and, at night, they were got off, by his lordship, through the subterraneous passage; and conveyed, in barges, amidst a most tremendous sea, on board the Vanguard, where they safely arrived about ten o'clock.

Among this unfortunate royal family, thus constrained to quit their kingdom, under protection of the British flag, was the amiable Princess Royal, and with her infant of only a month old. They sailed, on the 23d, at night; and, in addition to their misfortunes, a more furious tempest the next day arose than Lord Nelson had ever before witnessed. It was borne, however, by the royal sufferers, with all the magnanimity which can distinguish minds worthy of majesty. Scarcely had the storm subsided, when their estimable hearts were subjected to a still more severe trial: for, next morning, being Christmas-day, their third son, Prince Albert, seven years of age, was suddenly taken ill; and, at six o'clock in the evening, died in Lady Hamilton's arms. This was an affliction too poignant for nature to be defeated of her tribute; and the unhappy pair were overwhelmed, on the melancholy occasion, with a grief which adorned their illustrious character, and communicated even to the most heroic of their friends. At ten o'clock,

they entered the Bay of Palermo; and, at midnight, the viceroy and nobility arrived on board, and informed the royal mourners that all their Sicilian subjects were ready to receive their majesties with joy.

The following most interesting letter, written by Lord Nelson to the Earl of St. Vincent, the third day after their arrival, contains a valuable narrative of the various proceedings by which this important business was preceded, and at length thus successfully accomplished.

“Palermo, Dec.
28, 1798.

“MY LORD,
“On the 22d, I wrote a line to Commodore Duckworth, telling him that the Royal Family of the Two Sicilies were safely embarked on board the Vanguard; and requested him to take the first opportunity of acquainting your lordship of this event. For many days previous to the embarkation, it was not difficult to foresee that such a thing might happen. I, therefore, sent for the Goliath, from off Malta; and for

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Captain Troubridge in the Culloden, and his squadron from the north and west coast of Italy: the Vanguard being the only ship in Naples Bay. On the 14th, the Marquis De Niza, with three of the Portuguese squadron, arrived from Leghorn; as did Captain Hope, in the Alcmena, from Egypt. From this time, the danger for the personal safety of their Sicilian Majesties was daily increasing; and new treasons were found out, even to the minister at war. The whole correspondence relative to this important business was carried on, with the greatest address, by Lady Hamilton and the queen; who, being constantly in the habits of correspondence, no one could suspect. It would have been highly imprudent, either in Sir William Hamilton or myself, to have gone to court; as we knew that all our movements were watched, and that even an idea was entertained, by the Jacobins, of arresting our persons, as a hostage—as they foolishly imagined—against the attack of Naples, should the French get possession of it. Lady Hamilton, from this time, to the 21st, every night received the jewels of the royal family, &c. &c. &c. and such cloaths as might be necessary for the very large party to embark; to the amount, I am confident, of full two millions five hundred thousand pounds sterling. On the 18th, General Mack wrote, that he had no prospect of stopping the progress of the French; and intreated their majesties to think of retreating from Naples, with their august family, as expeditiously as possible. All the Neapolitan navy were now taken out of the mole, consisting of three sail of the line and three frigates. The seamen, from the two sail of the line in the bay, left their ships, and went on shore; and a party of English seamen, with officers, were sent from the Vanguard, to assist in navigating them to a place of safety. From the 18th, various plans were formed for the removal of the royal family from the palace to the water-side. On the 19th, I received a note from General Acton; saying, that the king approved of my plan for their embarkation. This day, and the 20th, and 21st, very large assemblies of the people were in commotion; several people were killed, and one was dragged by the legs to the palace. The mob, by the 20th, were very unruly, and insisted that the royal family should not leave Naples. However, they were pacified by the king and queen's speaking to them. On the 21st, at half past eight, three barges, with myself and Captain Hope, landed in a corner of the arsenal. I went into the palace, and brought out the whole royal family; put them in the boats; and, at half past nine, they were all safely on board the Vanguard: when I gave immediate notice to all British merchants, that their persons would be received on board every and any ship in the squadron, their effects of value being before embarked; and I had directed that all the condemned provisions should be thrown overboard, in order to make room for their effects. Sir William Hamilton had also directed two vessels

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to be hired for the accommodation of the French emigrants, and provisions were supplied from our victuallers. In short, every thing had been done for the comfort of all persons embarked. I did not forget, in these important moments, that it was my duty not to leave the chance of any ships of war falling into the hands of the French; therefore, every preparation was made for burning them, before I sailed. But the reasons given me by their Sicilian majesties, induced me not to burn them till the last moment. I, therefore, directed the Marquis De Niza to remove all the Neapolitan ships outside the squadron under his command; and, if it were possible, to equip some of them with jury-masts, and send them to Messina: and, whenever the French advanced near Naples, or the people revolted against their legitimate government, then immediately to destroy the ships of war, and to join me at Palermo; leaving one or two ships to cruise between Capri and Ischia, in order to prevent the entrance of any English ships into the Bay of Naples. On the 23d, at seven in the evening, the Vanguard, Samnite, and Archimedes, with about twenty sail of vessels, left the Bay of Naples. The next day, it blew much harder than I ever experienced since I have been at sea. Your lordship will believe, that my anxiety was not lessened by the great charge that was with me; but, not a word of uneasiness escaped the lips of any of the royal family. On the 25th, at nine in the morning, Prince Albeit, their majesty's youngest child, having eat a hearty breakfast, was taken ill; and, at seven in the evening, died in the arms of Lady Hamilton! And here it is my duty to tell your lordship, the obligations which the whole royal family, as well as myself, are under, on this trying occasion, to her ladyship. They necessarily came on board without a bed, nor could the smallest preparation be made for their reception. Lady Hamilton provided her own beds, linen, &c. and became their slave; for, except one man, no person belonging to royalty assisted the royal family. Nor did her ladyship enter a bed the whole time they were on board. Good Sir William, also, made every sacrifice for the comfort of the august family embarked with him. I must not omit to state, the kindness of Captain Hardy, and every officer in the Vanguard; all of whom readily gave their beds for the convenience of the numerous persons attending the royal family. At three in the afternoon, being in sight of Palermo, his Sicilian majesty's royal standard was hoisted at the main top-gallant mast-head of the Vanguard: which was kept flying there, till his majesty got into the Vanguard's barge; when it was struck in the ship, and hoisted in the barge, and every proper honour paid to it from the ship. As soon as his majesty set his foot on shore, it was struck from the barge. The Vanguard anchored at two in the morning of the 26th. At five, I attended her majesty, and all the princesses, on shore: her majesty being so much affected, by the death of Prince Albert,

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that she could not bear to go on shore in a public manner. At nine, his majesty went on shore; and was received with the loudest acclamations and apparent joy. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,
"Nelson."
Earl of St. Vincent."

It has been said, that the King of Naples had not, without much difficulty, been induced to quit the seat of his government. Doubtless, as will ever be the case, where various powerful parties unhappily divide a country, each chiefly regardful of it's own particular interest, the leaders of the several factions would struggle, by all imaginable stratagems, to draw into their own vortex the sovereign on whose debasement they could alone hope to erect any satisfactory individual exaltation. The King of Naples, though a man of excellent dispositions, and neither defective in valour nor in wisdom, might possibly have fallen a prey to some of the numerous deceptive artifices which originated in these causes, if the admirable political sagacity of his vigilant and august consort, the worthy daughter of Maria Theresa, aided by the keen council of our immortal Nelson, and the penetrative wisdom and address of the British minister and his accomplished lady, had not preserved his Sicilian, majesty's unsuspecting mind from the ruinous effects of such, destructive machinations. Nothing can possibly be more obvious, than that the advice of these friendly fellow-sufferers must necessarily have been sincere; and, if the king really did hesitate, before he embraced a design which nothing but necessity could justify, it must only be ascribed to that ardent desire of constantly doing what is right, which finally induced his majesty to adopt the proposed salutary measure. The king, however, had by no means abandoned his loyal Neapolitan subjects, in thus guarding against the treasons of the disloyal; that would not have been a measure for our exalted hero or his estimable friends ever to have advised, or either of their Sicilian majesties to have adopted. On the contrary, Prince Pignatelli had been previously created a viceroy; a grand, police guard established, to preserve the



tranquillity of the city during his majesty's absence, commanded by officers selected equally from the respective classes of the nobility and private citizens; and large sums of money, with a prodigious number of arms, freely distributed among the Lazzaroni, to preserve all the advantages of their accustomed ardent zeal and loyal attachment. It was, therefore, in fact, only a temporary removal of the court of the King of the Two Sicilies, from his capital of Naples, in one grand division of his dominions, at a most critical period, to that of Palermo, in the other. In short, the prudence of the precaution soon manifested itself by the event; and the noble part which our immortal hero so successfully performed, by his consummate wisdom, on the important occasion, liberally interwove, with the civic laurels of Italy, the honoured wreath of naval glory, which had been recently and universally yielded to his invincible valour on the banks of the Nile.

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END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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