



LIVES OF

VICE-ADMIRAL

SIR CHARLES VINICOMBE PENROSE,

K.C.B.,

AND

CAPTAIN JAMES TREVENEN,

KNIGHT OF THE RUSSIAN ORDERS OF ST. GEORGE AND ST. VLADIMIR.

BY THEIR NEPHEW,

THE REV. JOHN PENROSE,

FORMERLY OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

LONDON :

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VICE ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES V. PENROSE, K.C.B.





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TO  
REAR-ADMIRAL COODE.

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MY DEAR ADMIRAL,

THE natural preface to this volume is, I think, a letter to you. As being not only yourself one of our uncle's nephews, but also as having married one of his daughters, and as the father of his grandchildren, you and they, although you can hardly any of you have loved him better than I did, are his proper representatives, and the fittest guardians of his memory. My account of Admiral Penrose is also chiefly compiled from materials with which you have furnished me; and that of Captain Trevenen from the very detailed manuscript life of him, which our uncle drew up.

All this you of course already know very well; but, as I mean this letter to take the place of a preface to a published book, I wish to state here particularly, that the materials which I have



used for Admiral Penrose's life consist, first, in a brief manuscript life of her father, written by his youngest daughter, the sister of your late wife; secondly, in the accounts of his and your professional life and services which are inserted in Marshall's and Ralfe's Naval Biographies; thirdly, in a very long and particular manuscript relation by himself of his services in the Adour and the Gironde, and afterwards in the Mediterranean; and lastly, in the miscellaneous collection which you have of various documents written or preserved by him, and among the rest two manuscript volumes, to which he gave the title of the Pilot. In some few instances I may have to refer also to my own personal recollections of him, and to his conversations with myself.

I had not at first intended to put this volume into the hands of a bookseller, but merely to print a few copies for our own relations and private friends. Any strangers to us, into whose hands the book may fall, should, I think, know that this was my first meaning; and though a very limited number of copies will now be printed for sale, my original object in compiling it remains what it was.

Our own generation, as we both of us know and feel, is fast slipping away; and I have therefore wished to put on record, before it be too late the domestic examples of active virtue and true religion which these pages contain. If my execution of this task shall be found useful or grateful to our own families and connections, and especially to yourself, and to your descendants and my own, all the end which I have proposed to myself in undertaking it will be sufficiently answered. The task itself, if a task it is to be called, has been full of pleasure to me, and in nothing more than in the personal communications respecting it which I have had with yourself, and in the opportunity which it gives me of thus subscribing myself your always faithful and affectionate relation and friend,

JOHN PENROSE.

EXMOUTH, Jan. 10, 1850.



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L I F E

O F

SIR CHARLES VINICOMBE PENROSE,

K.C.B.,

VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE,

KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE IONIAN ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND

ST. GEORGE, AND OF THE ROYAL NEAPOLITAN ORDER OF

ST. FERDINAND AND OF MERIT.



# XXXVI.D.29

L I F E

OF

VICE-ADMIRAL

SIR CHARLES VINICOMBE PENROSE,

K.C.B.

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## CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS SETTLING AT ETHY, IN 1798.

CHARLES VINICOMBE PENROSE was the youngest son and child of the Rev. John Penrose\*, vicar of St. Gluvias in Cornwall, and was born at Gluvias, June 20, 1759. He was a boy of great animation and alacrity; and the anecdote has been preserved, that one of his young friends, who had come to Gluvias at a time when he was absent from home, exclaimed in a half cry, "My heart misgave me, as I came up the lane, and heard no noise." Early in 1772 he was admitted into the naval academy at Portsmouth, under Mr. Witchell, at that time the head-master, with whom, and with whose family, he maintained through life an affec-

\* See note A at the end of this Memoir.

tionate intercourse. There were, at this time, about twenty-five youths in the academy, of from thirteen to seventeen years of age. Among these was an elder boy of the name of Macrae, of whom he used to speak in after-years with grateful remembrance, for having first introduced him into the ways of the place. Nor did he ever forget "the mild and steady friendship" borne him by Pole, afterwards Sir Charles Pole, both during the short period of their stay together in the academy, and all their subsequent, though not very frequent, intercourse in after life. The "clever but eccentric" Mr. James Ward was also at this period one of his closest intimates. But the coming to the school, in 1773, of James Trevenen, whose eldest sister he afterwards married, was the event which, as he has said himself in a brief retrospect of this period of his life, in one of his manuscript volumes, "gave him the first knowledge of that warm and endearing character of reciprocal affection, which makes friendship the true cordial in the cup of life."

In the spring of 1775, young Penrose left the academy, and was appointed midshipman on board the *Levant* frigate, Capt. Murray, under whose command he passed the whole period of his service during the next twenty-two years of his life, and who (with one trifling exception) was the only captain with whom he ever sailed, either as

midshipman or as lieutenant. While in the *Levant* he visited the Mediterranean, and in March, 1776, anchored, for the first time, in the Bay of Algiers. The object of this visit to Algiers was to restore to their country five Algerines who had been in slavery at Malta, but had escaped on board an English frigate, the *Alarm*, and so become free. The pleasing office of taking them ashore was assigned to Penrose, then a midshipman, and not seventeen years old. It also fell to his lot, at the same time, to rescue three Minorquins (the natives of Minorca being at that time English subjects) from captivity in Algiers. This adventure, if it may be so called, made a great impression on him at the time, and he has left a full account of it in one of his later journals. It will be seen hereafter that, forty years afterwards (forty years almost to a day), he again entered the same bay with the like, though larger, object of adjusting the treaty for the liberation of Christian slaves, which Lord Exmouth had begun. By a remarkable coincidence, young Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, then also a midshipman, had been at Algiers only a day or two before the arrival of the *Levant* in 1776.

Admiral Penrose, throughout life, used to speak of himself as having been treated, while in this ship, with particular kindness by the first lieutenant, afterwards Sir Erasmus Gower. He also

here acquired the friendship of Mr. W. Browell, afterwards lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital, of Sir Henry Bayntun, Mr. James Rose, and Lieutenant Maude. "These form the friendships," he says, in one of his memorandums, "established at this time among my immediate companions: but this era gave me also many other valuable friends, amongst whom Lord Hugh Seymour was most conspicuous, and our juvenile friendship never cooled."

The *Levant* returned to England in 1779, and in August of that year Penrose was made lieutenant, and, shortly after, appointed to the *Cleopatra*. In 1780 he went, for a few days, from Plymouth to his elder brother's\* at Cardynham, where he then saw his mother for the last time. His father had died in 1776.

All the summer, and a part of the winter, of 1780 was passed in cruising off the Flemish banks. Capt. Murray was then sent with a small squadron to intercept the trade which the Americans were carrying on with Gottenburgh, by passing to the north of the Shetland Islands. The biting cold made this a service of extreme hardship, and the young lieutenant, now first-lieutenant, suffered severely. The illness of his captain, and the incapacity of some of the other officers, threw on him almost the whole care of the ship, and

\* See note B at the end of this Memoir.

this under circumstances which required the skill and caution of the seaman to be ever on the alert. "I had, however," he says, "no time to nurse myself, though I had pleurisy, besides my chilblains. For these latter I used to have warm vinegar and sal ammoniac brought frequently on deck, and, to allay the raging pain, dipped thin gloves into this mixture, and put them on under thick worsted mittens. I believe that this was not a very safe experiment, but I found it absolutely necessary to allay the acute pain and to enable me to do my duty. At one time rheumatism had so got hold of me that I was not able to stand, but lay wrapped up in flannel, &c., on an arm-chest on the fore-part of the quarter-deck, to give my orders.

"On one occasion, in a very severe gale, the ship covered with frozen snow, the main topmast was carried away; we were the whole of the day clearing the wreck; and I was much fatigued, but obliged to keep the first watch. We were lying to, under bare poles, and I had sent all the men under shelter, except one man at the helm, and the mate of the watch; and I had, with much difficulty, cleared a place for myself between two of the guns, where, holding by a rope, I could move two or three short paces backwards and forwards. About nine o'clock, my messmates sent to ask if I would have anything, and I,



thoughtlessly, ordered a glass of *warm* brandy-and-water, which they as thoughtlessly sent. I drank about half, and gave the rest to the mate. In a minute or two I felt a glow of warmth, and a sensation of exquisite pleasure. Health, animation, freedom from fatigue, all came in their climax of comfort. The next minute, I said, 'I will go to sleep,' and fell, sleeping, on the deck. Fortunately for me, my comrade was an old seaman, and he instantly knew my case, and dragged me down the ladder. I was put to bed; was badly treated, as I was rubbed with spirits; but, after excruciating pain, I recovered. Had the officer of the watch been a young gentleman without experience, I should never have told my story." In August, 1781, the *Cleopatra* was in the action off the Dogger Bank; and some notes, relative to this action, which were made by Lieut. Penrose at the time, are inserted in Admiral Ekins's account of naval battles.

In 1783 the *Cleopatra* was paid off. "At this time," he says, "after having been for eleven years conversant only with nautical affairs, I really felt a great puzzle to know how a shore life could be at all endured. I had entered into my profession with all my heart, and was at this time as nearly a fish as a finless animal can become." He had not lost, however, his love for his family, nor was without a longing to revisit his native county;

and after a visit of some weeks to London, he took up his home with his unmarried sisters at Perran Uthno, where also his brother then resided. —At this time some of the leading members of the borough of Penryn, which is in the parish of Gluvias, offered to exert their influence to procure him promotion, coupling this offer, however, with the condition that he should become a voter in the borough. There is not a doubt but that the influence thus offered would have been effectual; and the proposition thus made out of respect and affection for his father's memory could not but be gratifying, and kindly received. Neither yet can there have existed in the whole navy a man more desirous to get forward in his profession, or more ambitious of the distinctions to which his advancement in it might open the way. At this period, also, many of the possessors of the borough privileges in Cornwall were greatly blinded to the corruptions of the system under which they lived; and it might be harsh to pass a severe judgment on their too great insensibility to its true nature and character. But this young lieutenant was not a man who could be either deceived or seduced into any the least compromise of integrity; and he replied immediately that he had rather remain a lieutenant all his life than become a captain by the means proposed. Consequently, he did not obtain post rank till 1794.

There is never any sacrifice made to principle which is not at some time, or in some way, fully rewarded. But Admiral Penrose's friends may be allowed here to reflect in passing how much this sacrifice cost him. If the war, which broke out in 1793, had found him a captain of ten years' standing, instead of only a lieutenant, there is hardly any place in his profession which he might not, and would not, have attained and adorned; and he would also have obtained his flag at a period when the naval greatness of England shone with its highest lustre and renown. It should be added, that his reprobation of the borough system of representation never relaxed during his after-life. —During his residence at Perran his attachment commenced to Miss Trevenen, the elder sister of his brother's wife, an attachment which the long time which elapsed before they could marry served only to strengthen, and which abated not till the bond was broken by death. They were married at Constantine, then his brother's curacy, January 2, 1787, and settled at a cottage called Pellour, in the village of Breage.

But few memorials are left of Lieutenant Penrose's personal history during the period which intervened between his return to Cornwall and the date of his marriage. It must not be forgotten, however, that in 1785 he accompanied his late commander and constant friend, Captain Murray,

from London into Scotland, and passed the Christmas at Blair Athol. He also paid other visits in that neighbourhood, in which he acquired many friends; and he always subsequently looked back on this journey as among the most agreeable incidents of his life.—One amusing recollection of it was brought back to his mind, more than twenty-five years afterwards, in a letter on service which he received when at Gibraltar, from Sir Thomas Graham, subsequently Lord Lynedoch, who was off **Tariffa**. The acting the play of the “Critic” had been among the festivities of the winter which he passed at Blair; and both he and Sir Thomas had taken parts as performers. This dispatch from **Tariffa** was expressed by quoting from that play the following appropriate line:—

“I cannot see the Spanish fleet, because ’tis not in sight.”

After his marriage Lieut. Penrose lived at Pellour between six and seven years. All his children, three daughters\*, were born at this place, which he scarcely quitted during the whole time, except on the occasion of the Spanish armament in 1790, when he accompanied Capt. Murray into

\* Elizabeth, who married in 1819, Captain, now Rear-Admiral Coode, C.B., and died at Plymouth, March 7, 1849.

Charlotte Murray, married in 1817, to Capt. William Mainwaring, died in 1823.

Jane, died at Ethy, 31st July, 1831.

the *Defence* 74. In 1793 he again joined his former captain in the *Duke* 98, in which he went with him to the West Indies, and was present at the attack of Martinique, by Lord Gardner, in the month of June in that year. After his return to England he again followed Capt. Murray into the *Glory* 98, and the *Resolution* 74. In April, 1794, Capt. Murray was made Rear-Admiral, and appointed to the command on the Halifax station; and at the same time Lieut. Penrose was made commander into the *Lynx* sloop, in which he also sailed for Halifax. He was made post into his old ship, the *Cleopatra*, in June, and his post commission bears date October 7 of the same year. When ready for sea he was sent to Bermuda for the purpose of examining the harbour and channel, which had been discovered by Lieut. Hurd, the late hydrographer to the Admiralty; and he made a report on the nature of the anchorage, and the safety of the passage into it, and suggested several improvements which have since been carried into effect\*.

\* Shortly after the performance of this service, a singular and inexplicable accident befel his ship while crossing the Gulf Stream, in its course towards Cape Hatteras. The night was densely dark, and the ship under a reefed foresail, and mizen staysail; when all at once, after very vivid lightning and a loud explosion, the wind shifted in a heavy squall, so as to bring the ship up several points, with her head to a very high and much-agitated sea, giving her at the same time

Capt. Penrose afterwards commanded for a time Admiral Murray's flag ship, the *Resolution*, during Capt. Pender's absence; and, in the latter end of 1796, again returned to the *Cleopatra*, in which ship he had the melancholy satisfaction of conveying to England his friend and admiral, who had been seized with a paralytic affection, from which he never recovered. This voyage home was trying and tempestuous; but at length, and nearly at its close, the wind had come right aft, and the Captain, who, though ill, was on deck, believed himself to be making rapid way up the channel. On a sudden a light, which he knew to be the Scilly light, flashed across him, and he saw that he was between Scilly

fresher way through the water. Capt. Penrose, who was in his cot, got a severe blow by being dashed violently against the beams. The ship, however, rose, throwing a vast body of water aft, which burst open the cabin bulkhead, breaking loose everything upon deck but the guns. In this send-aft the taffrail and after-part of the quarter-deck were far under water. Luckily, only part of the after hatchway was open, and no great body of water went below. The foresail was hauled up, and the damage found to be only the loss of the jibboom, spritsail yard, and bumpkins; the bowsprit and foreyard sprung, the spankerboom broke in two, and the small cutter carried away from the davits. There is a view of this occurrence in the thirty-first volume of the "Naval Chronicle;" and Capt. Penrose, on being asked many years afterwards by a naval friend whether it was not exaggerated in the drawing, said in answer, "It was a terrific pitch; I really think this must be a tolerable representation."

and the Land's End. He instantly stood to the south, but had hardly changed his course when he saw, close astern in the dark night, a wave break under the bow of a large ship, steering exactly in the direction which he had left. "I never felt," he said, in describing afterwards his sensations at this moment, "so sick before. I felt certain that in an hour's time she would be on the rocks, the wind blowing almost a storm. I shouted through the trumpet; I threw up lights, and fired guns, to give the alarm, but with the inward conviction at the time that it was all in vain—and so it was. This ship was never heard of again; and though fragments of a wreck were found the next morning, on the coast near the Land's End, nothing was discovered to indicate what wreck it was. There was a conjecture, however, that they were the fragments of a large ship from Quebec, with many passengers, which was about that time missed."

The death of Admiral Murray, which took place not long after his return, was an event of deep and lasting regret to the friend who was thus deprived of him. During the whole period of this close intimacy not a single circumstance ever occurred to interrupt even for a moment their regard for each other. At the close of this period, observes Capt. Penrose in one of his memorandums, "Admiral Murray said to me, after a long pause of



thought, 'I do not recollect ever to have felt anger towards you in my life.' ”

With regard to Admiral Murray himself, James Trevenen, who became acquainted with him on paying a visit to his friend Penrose, when the *Cleopatra* was refitting at Sheerness in 1780, speaks of him at that time as follows:—"I never knew," he says, "a more agreeable man than Capt. Murray. More solicitous to create in his officers a love of his person than an awe of his office, he entirely throws aside that affected state and reserve by which most captains think they preserve their authority; and though not hail fellow well met with every one he meets, his behaviour is such a well-tempered mixture of easy affability, cheerfulness, and becoming dignity, as cannot fail of making a prepossession in his favour. For Charles Penrose's sake I received many civilities from him."

The *Cleopatra*, on this return to England, was laid up for some months at Portsmouth, in dock; and, at no long time after her repairs were completed, the mutiny broke out at Spithead. No officer could, at this time, be of tranquil mind; but Captain Penrose had this unspeakable satisfaction, that his own crew, from the beginning to the end of this anxious period, resisted the mischievous influences then at work, and thus rewarded his principle of always dealing with

them as with reasonable beings, and, even while requiring the most absolute obedience, treating them as friends. But of his conduct on that occasion, further details will be found in a future chapter\*. The *Cleopatra* afterwards joined the fleet of cruisers, in the Channel, under Sir Edward Pellew. Captain Penrose's health, which had been previously in a very precarious state, could not but be much shaken by the events of this difficult time. Yet he would not quit his ship till the storm was blown over. Then, scarcely able to endure the bidding farewell to his ship's company, and the affectionate regrets and gratitude which they expressed on his leaving them, he returned to his home. A subsequent visit to Bath restored his health; and, in May, 1798, he left Pellour, and took a lease for his own life, and the lives of his daughters, of the house and farm at Ethy, near Lostwithiel. Here he entered with his characteristic alacrity of character into agricultural pursuits and improvements, by which he was always greatly attracted, and into the society of the many family and other friends who surrounded him.

\* See Chapter IX.

## CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS SETTLING AT ETHY, IN 1798, TO HIS ENTRANCE  
OF THE GIRONDE, IN MARCH, 1814.

AFTER some months passed in this charming residence at Ethy, the re-establishment of Captain Penrose's health induced, and indeed required, him to apply again for employment; and, early in 1799, he was appointed to the *Sans Pareil*, of 80 guns. General Tremenhœere, then Captain of Marines in this fine ship, still lives, almost the last of his contemporaries, to retrace the recollection, which these pages will suggest to him, of having thus served under the command of his early friend, and of the uninterrupted regard for each other which they always maintained. The *Sans Pareil* bore, at this time, the flag of Lord Hugh Seymour, and was destined for the West Indies. But Lord Hugh himself went out to his station in the *Tamar* frigate, and Captain Penrose, therefore, remained for some time attached to the Channel fleet. He was with Sir Charles Pole, when the attempt was made to destroy the Spanish ships at the Isle

d'Aix, and he afterwards proceeded with a large convoy to the West Indies, where he joined Lord Hugh. On his arrival at Barbadoes, after a long and fatiguing passage, he received the thanks of the captains of the merchantmen convoyed, expressed in a manner too honourable, both to them and to himself, not to be here preserved in a note. Many of his observations, also, on the system of agriculture which he then saw practised in Jamaica, and on the state of the slaves, will be found to deserve the like preservation\*.

Captain Penrose arrived in the West Indies in the early part of 1800, and continued on this station till the death of his friend and admiral, in 1801, when he removed to the *Carnatic*, in which ship he continued till the termination of hostilities in 1802, and in which he returned to Plymouth, in the month of July, in that year. His health was now again broken, partly by the effects of a *coup de soleil*, while in the West Indies, but, perhaps, still more by the mental anxiety brought on by the long illness of his friend and admiral, and his excellent wife Lady Horatia, to both of whom he paid the most anxious and unremitting attention. "While on that fatal station, I had to receive," he says, "the last pressure of Lord Hugh's hand, whilst his

\* See notes C and D at the end of this Memoir.

dying looks were impressively cast on me. Lady Horatia left us a little before her lord's death, which she did not survive long enough to hear of. Husband, wife, and child died within three months of each other, each ignorant of each other's death."

Besides this great loss (and no friendship was ever dearer or closer than that by which he had long been united to Lord Hugh Seymour\*), he also suffered most severely from the death of his nephew, Charles Penrose, who was nothing less to him than an adopted son, and who died in May, 1800, almost immediately after his promotion to the rank of lieutenant†. On hearing of his illness, his uncle had him brought immediately on board the *Sans Pareil*, and placed him in his own cot. When all possible care and skill had proved unavailing, and the body had, as is needful in that climate, been committed to the deep on the evening of the death, Captain Penrose immediately took possession of his bed again, and lay in it the same night. He knew how much fever is produced by the dread of it, and, consequently, understood the importance of practically evidencing the belief that it is not an infectious disease.

\* Capt. Penrose was the writer of the brief life of Lord Hugh which was published in the "Naval Chronicle."

† See note E at the end of this Memoir.

Captain Penrose, soon after his return to England in the *Carnatic*, took his family again to Bath, where both his own health, and that of his wife, which had always been infirm, were greatly renovated. From Bath he proceeded on a long visit to his brother in Nottinghamshire. On the resumption of hostilities in 1803, though still feeling the effects of the *coup de soleil*, he offered his service for sea, but was surprised by receiving an appointment to raise and command the Padstow district of Sea Fencibles, on the north coast of Cornwall, a district which extended from the Land's End to Hartland Point. The state of his health was assigned as the reason for offering him this home employ. He continued in this command till the Sea Fencibles were broken up in 1810, and, during this period, he divided his time between his residence at Ethy, and his station at Padstow. His health and strength now became perfectly re-established. He would frequently walk from Ethy to Padstow, or from Padstow to Ethy. His little farm was one of the many, but never burdensome, objects of his diligent care. Always alive to the interests of his own profession, he contributed, at this time, many letters to the "Naval Chronicle," under the signatures of A. F. Y. and E. F. G. He spared no exertion to procure the erection of a lighthouse on Trevose Head. He entered with



his characteristic eagerness into the efforts which were, at this time, set on foot, to procure a reform in Parliament, aiding them, as much as he could, both by his presence at public meetings, and by his pen. And he also completed, at this time, a lengthened memoir of his dear friend, James Trevenen, of which an abridgment will form the second portion of this volume, and which was as much a labour of love for the regretted and admired object of his own youthful attachment, as of kindness for their common friends and relatives, at whose desire he undertook the office of compiling it.

In 1810 Capt. Penrose was appointed to the chief command at Gibraltar, with the rank of Commodore. He hoisted his flag on board the *San Juan* sheer hulk in the New Mole, and had to direct the proceedings of a large flotilla which proved of great utility in the defence of Cadiz and Tariffa, and also in other operations against the French army under Marshal Soult\*.

During this period of his stay at Gibraltar, the governor's house (Governor Campbell's) was to him almost another home, and here, as everywhere, he acquired the grateful respect and affec-

\* Some account of the services of this flotilla will be found in the memoirs of Capt. Sir Thomas Fellowes, Frederick Jennings Thomas, and William Henry Smyth, in Ralfe's "Naval Biography."



tion of very many persons to whom he rendered services, or to whom he gave useful advice. Also, both on leaving this station, and in many after periods of his life, he received most gratifying testimonials of the sense entertained, by the English merchants in the place, of his unremitting care of their interests. Nor were those merchants with whom his subsequent commands brought him into communication less sensible of, or less grateful for, his attentions to them.—While at Gibraltar he was made Colonel of Marines. He returned home in January, 1813. Not well when he left his station\*, he caught cold on the voyage, and returned to his family circle weak and emaciated. But by degrees, though slowly, he recovered, and was again able to enjoy the society of his friends, and re-enter into his home pursuits.

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On the 22nd of October, 1813, Sir Thomas Byam Martin, Capt. Wainwright, and Capt. Penrose were appointed to examine and revise the

\* It is stated in the account of Sir Charles Penrose, inserted in the "United Service Journal," that his spirits had been wounded while he was at Gibraltar, by the misconduct of a near connection. Doubtless the misconduct and unhappy fate of the officer who must here be alluded to was painfully felt by a man than whom none was ever more zealous to promote the interests, and to raise in the estimation of

store department of the dockyard at Plymouth. This was a branch of the public service to which Capt. Penrose's attention had long been directed. He had had some communications respecting it in 1806, with his friend Sir Charles Pole, then a Lord of the Admiralty, and he was now engaged in a correspondence on the subject with the Duke of Clarence, whom he had known personally when on the Halifax station in the earlier part of the war. The defects of the existing system, and the indulgent spirit frequently manifested towards the contractors for stores, may be, perhaps, not unfairly judged of from the following anecdotes. A fleet, equipped about this time on the fresh-water lakes of Canada, was supplied with an apparatus for distilling salt water; and, though built on spots surrounded by innumerable birch trees, with birch brooms sent out from England in the usual abundance. Canadian spars and Canadian plank were also despatched from Deptford to Canada, at the expenditure of more than their original cost in this double voyage\*.

There cannot be a doubt but that Capt. Penrose's services would have been exceedingly useful

man (and there were many) whom he had befriended. But the author of this article in the journal is in error in speaking of this person as a near connection of Sir Charles Penrose. He was a third or fourth cousin of his wife.

\* See note F at the end of the volume.

in this office, especially as his coadjutors were men for whom he entertained the highest respect and regard, and with whom he was in perfect accordance. But his retention of it was very soon intercepted by his unexpected promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue, on the 4th of December of the same year; and by his appointment, shortly afterwards, to superintend the naval service connected with Lord Wellington's army, then advanced as far as the Pyrenees. It was surmised by many, that the recent promotion of flag officers had been made at this time chiefly for the purpose of including his own name in the list, and with a view to his appointment to this particular service. It was evidently a service which required a man not only of the ability, but also of the many conciliatory and acceptable qualities, which he was well known to possess, and which are always of peculiar value in cases in which the army and navy are called to act conjointly with each other. The new admiral was permitted to select his own captain, and named his nephew, Capt., now Rear-Admiral, Coode, who was appointed accordingly. His orders were to proceed to the small port of Passages, on the north-east coast of Spain, and there to hoist his flag on board the *Porcupine*; and the *Challenger* brig, Capt. Vernon, was fitted out, with the least delay possible, to take him to his station.

Admiral Penrose arrived at Passages\* Jan. 27, 1814. On the 29th he landed at the head of the harbour, near the convent of Renteria, and rode with Sir George Collier and Capt. Coode to the army's head-quarters at St. Jean de Luz. "One of the scenes," he says, "of deepest interest on this ride was, when, arriving at the summit of a very high hill, we saw the valley of the Bidassoa spread before us, the old town of Fontarabia on our left; and on the opposite bank of the river, and near us, the rising ground on which the British flag first waved on the land of France in modern times. We descended from this summit by a good and admirably-formed road, making the declivity almost as nothing, and crossed the bridge which had been built by Napoleon, and which had been broken down by his generals. It was now repairing by the order of Lord Wellington. This bridge was again destroyed in the August following, by orders of Ferdinand, as soon as the

\* On arriving off this little port, it was found convenient to transfer a boat, which he had brought from Plymouth in the *Challenger*, on board a small schooner which was conveying his luggage. "The jolly tar, who commanded the schooner, volunteered with great good humour to take in the boat, which was in a minute or two safe on his deck, by a simple process, which made me ashamed of the unwieldy machinery I should have adopted; but the good fellow said, 'We as has been smugglers are forced to be pretty sharpish in these here matters.'"

English troops had crossed again to the Spanish side. The contrast between the smiling aspect of the French territory, and the sombre character of the adjacent region of Spain, was, as has been a thousand times observed, remarkable, and almost startling. It was, as is well known, a common observation among the soldiery, that they were got into Yorkshire. Nor was the contrast less in the aspect of the inhabitants. Absolutely, the difference is as great on the two sides of the Bidassoa, as if the great wall of China had been there for a thousand generations without allowing of the slightest intercourse, and then suddenly thrown down. On one side, cheerful and cleanly activity; on the other, drowsy indolence. On one side, they sit during their miserable cold winters, which descend in every intolerable shape from the Pyrenees, over a charcoal brazier, with their lazy heads nodding together; whilst, a few yards off, their French neighbours are reading, singing, or acting, round the blaze of a cheerful wood fire. On one side, a century would not produce a civil expression to a stranger to put on record; whilst on the other, the first peasants you met would greet you with manners superior to your own. A Frenchman would be kinder to a foe than a Spaniard to a friend. I do not think, however, that the national character in Andalusia was so debased as I found it in Biscay."

On the Admiral's return to Passages, after a stay of three days at head-quarters, he was joined by Sir Henry Bunbury, who had been sent out from England to endeavour to check the expense of the army commissariats, and was now on his return home. The Duc d'Angoulême also, under the title of Count Pradel, and his friend, the Viscount de Damas, landed from England: unwelcome visitors at a time when it might be difficult to protect their persons, or to prevent some premature declaration in behalf of the Bourbons\*..

The chief business which now devolved on the naval service was, to make the necessary prepara-

\* During Sir Henry Bunbury's stay at Passages, Admiral Penrose paid, in company with him and Sir George Collier, his first visit to St. Sebastians. "The fine church," he says, "of that fortress, was at this time in possession of the British commissariat. Large quantities of provisions were stored in it, and mules, asses, and oxen were busily employed in bringing in wheat discharged from the vessels in the port. The organ was covered with thick dust, with corn sacks, butchers' aprons, and rags; and the butchers were cutting up fresh slaughtered meat on the high altar—one of the most elaborate compositions of collected rare marbles I ever saw. I went into a large repository, which contained a great number of images, and groups of figures, exhibited in procession on days of festa. Accident had defaced some of these, but no wilful injury had been done to any, except to those of Pilate and the apostate Judas. In no one instance had the image of the Saviour himself received the slightest injury, although the most scrupulous attention must have been used to protect it."

tions for throwing a floating bridge across the Adour. This bridge was to be composed of small coasting vessels, decked boats, cables, and planks. Above the bridge were to be anchored for its protection as many gun-boats as could be furnished, and, to guard both these and the bridge from fire-vessels or rafts, a boom was also to be laid across the river farther up the stream. These measures were consequent on the investment of Bayonne; and Admiral Penrose, for the purpose of concerting preliminaries with Lord Wellington, removed on the 18th of February to St. Jean de Luz. A flotilla was soon got ready, but the weather prevented its sailing for some time. Great difficulties were to be expected in passing the bar of the river, which, at the place where the bridge was to be built, was 400 yards wide, and where the ebb tide occasionally ran at the rate of eight miles an hour. The Admiral determined, therefore, to superintend the operation in person. On the afternoon of the 22nd he left the harbour of Socoa, in the *Porcupine*, convoying some transports and several large country boats or coasting vessels laden with materials. But squally weather and baffling winds came on during the night, and he was unable to bring up the flotilla off the bar till the morning of the 24th.

Mr. Gleig, the author of the "Subaltern," then



a lieutenant of the 85th Light Infantry, has given a lively account of the breathless anxiety with which the operation of passing it on that day was viewed from the shore. A more perilous service was never attempted, nor carried through with more ardour or perseverance. It was nearly high water, and the wind fair; both officers and soldiers gathered on the heights around, and the passage of each vessel was eagerly watched, from the moment it was immersed among the foaming breakers until it had fairly threaded the tremendous ordeal. Some few vessels unfortunately broached to, and instantly sunk\*; but, on the whole, the attempt fully succeeded, and with fewer casualties than could have been expected. General Sir John Hope, who commanded on shore, said, in a letter to the Admiral, "I have often seen how gallantly the navy will devote themselves, when serving with an army, but I never before witnessed so bold and hazardous a co-operation, and you have my most grateful thanks. \* \* \* I wrote to you, in the course of last night, to say how much we stood in need of boats, seamen, &c.; but when I saw the flotilla approach the wall of heavy surf, I regretted all I had said."\*

As soon as the boats had thus entered the river, no time was lost in running those which

\* See note G at the end of this Memoir.



were intended to form the bridge up to their stations, where the bridge was rapidly formed; and, at dawn on the following day, it was declared that infantry might cross it with safety. On the 27th, Bayonne was closely invested by Sir John Hope, and Marshal Soult completely routed, near Orthes, by the main body of the allies. On the same day, the Admiral returned to Passages. A period of very severe weather succeeded, and his private journal of this period contains much remark on the danger and inconvenience arising from the crowded state of the harbour, and on the fury with which, at this "bottom of the net" of the Bay of Biscay, and at this period of the year, the surge beat on the precipitous shore. On the 18th of March, he received a letter from the Duc d'Angoulême, dated Bourdeaux, March 14, containing intelligence of the acknowledgment of the authority of Louis XVIII. in that town, and introductory of two officers, who were bearers of despatches for England with this news. Both these officers wore the white cockade, and one of them was in the old French uniform.

On the 22nd, Admiral Penrose received instructions from the Duke of Wellington, dated the 17th, to occupy the Gironde; and this, especially with a view to the making an attack on the Fort of Blaye. In expectation that he might have to enter that difficult river, the Admiral had

previously endeavoured to secure the assistance of persons acquainted with the navigation, but without success. He therefore sent forward the *Lyra* sloop, to gain intelligence on the coast. On the 23rd, the weather forbade to leave the port; but, on the 24th, the Admiral sailed in the *Porcupine*, taking with him the *Kangaroo*, the *Vesuvius* bomb-vessel, and the brigs *Podargus* and *Martial*. On the evening of the 25th, he reached the rendezvous which he had appointed, off the Corduan Lighthouse; and had there the good fortune of being joined, before night closed in, by the *Egmont* 74, the *Andromache*, and his old acquaintance, the *Challenger*. On the next day, the *Belle Poule*, Captain Harris, was added to his force, and he removed his flag to the *Egmont*. On the 27th, at early dawn, he entered the river, the *Andromache* taking the lead. The want of pilots, and the haziness of the atmosphere, rendered the navigation difficult and intricate. The course taken was within easy reach of the shot from the enemy's batteries, on the right bank of the river. But these passed clear of the ships, and every considerable danger was successfully passed, when a clear sun and cheering glow broke forth, to animate the progress up the stream. Early in the afternoon, the whole squadron anchored in safety in the Verdun Roads. The *Belle Poule* only had grounded for

a short time, but, though within\* range of an enemy's battery, had been got off without loss. The skill with which this whole service had been conducted was very\* highly estimated by all naval men; and it was matter of much surprise to the French seamen, that a fully-equipped ship of the line should successfully accomplish such an adventure. Their own 74, the *Regulus*, had recently been sent round to the Gironde, from her station in the Basque Roads; but it had been thought necessary previously to lighten her of her guns and stores.

This ship and other smaller vessels of war were, at this time, at anchor off Royau; but on the entrance of the English, they weighed, and ran higher up the river, pursued by the *Egmont* and her consorts, under a crowd of sail. Having proceeded as high as the shoal of Talmont, the French squadron entered the narrow channel between it and the main. In the memoir of Captain Coode, which is given in Marshall's, and in the account of Sir C. Penrose in Ralfe's, Biography, the subsequent operations are stated at length. Neither in forcing the entrance of the river, nor in the many arduous services which followed, was either a single life lost, or the slightest injury sustained by the shipping.

## CHAPTER III.

HIS OCCUPATION OF THE GIRONDE AND STAY AT BOURDEAUX.  
MARCH 28 TO MAY 19, 1814.

“A SINGULAR contrast,” says Admiral Penrose, “was, at this time, presented by the two opposite sides of the Gironde. The whole of the population, on the right bank, were hearty friends to Napoleon; the population of the left bank were friends, or pretended friends, of the Bourbons. On the one side, the batteries were deserted, and the white flag was displayed on the steeples of the churches, of which the bells gave peals of welcome as the squadron advanced. On the other side, the tricolor still waved, and the batteries were manned. The English seamen talked habitually among themselves of the French side, and of *our* side of the river. It is probable, however, or rather certain, that there was much hollowness in this pretence of attachment to the Bourbons which was thus put forward. Lord Dalhousie, who, at this time, commanded in Bordeaux, was evidently of this opinion. He

had recently been offered several thousand stand of arms which had been on board the vessel captured on entering the river, and this in the belief that he might think that they would be useful in arming a portion of the French adherents to the Bourbon cause. But he declined the offer, saying, "The people are zealous and loud to shout *Vive le Roy*; but, in all other respects, are cold in the cause which they have taken up." In fact, by much the greater portion of the zeal for the restoration of the Bourbons, was based on fear of Napoleon; or on the apprehension that he might acquire the power of taking signal vengeance for the demonstrations which had been lately made in their behalf.

At Bayonne, in the following June, Admiral Penrose remarked to Baron Thevenot, that he had observed that the imperial eagle was still worn. Thevenot replied, that it would be as yet dangerous to order it to be removed; and it was ascertained that the soldiers still retained the tricolor cockades in the inside of their caps, ready for restoration to their old place. It was to be observed, also, that the white emblem of the Bourbons was as small, and as much concealed as possible. Again, at Passages, in July, a French naval officer, who sought shelter in the port, spoke of the general antipathy to the Bourbons as great and decided, and added that

there was no doubt but that they would even then be again expelled, and the Emperor recalled, if the love of peace had not taken fast hold of the minds of the great mass of the people.

The French 74, which had retreated up the river, had, at this time, taken shelter under the Talmont battery. On the 29th, Admiral Penrose dispatched Captain Coode with the *Vesuvius*, *Podargus*, *Challenger*, and *Dwarf*, together with a chasse-marée, which had been taken and fitted as a gun-boat, directing him to proceed up the Gironde as far as Medoc, or Pouillac. This movement had in view a possible attempt on the Fort of Blaye, and on a tower in the Isle Paté, a rock in the mid channel, without the possession of which the attempt on Blaye would be greatly impeded. The fort on the Paté, however, was too strong, and the shores too steep and slimy, to think of attacking it; and the attempt on Blaye was, consequently, suspended for the time, and finally rendered unnecessary by the events at Bourdeaux, and the termination of hostilities.

On the 30th, the Admiral again removed to the *Porcupine*, and proceeded, accompanied by the *Andromache*, though still without pilots, to an anchorage off the town and fort of Castillon, a midway station between the Verdun Roads on the one side, and the advanced squadron under Cap-

tain Coode on the other. An attempt had been planned on the *Regulus*, and three brigs of war, which lay near her at anchor; but the carrying this attempt into execution was intercepted by the enemy's setting the ships on fire a very short time before Captain Bingham was about to make the attack. The force which had been destined for this service was then sent, under the command of Captain Harris, to dismantle the batteries along the right bank of the river, between Talmont and the sea.

On the 12th of April, the frigates unmoored, and advanced two or three leagues farther up the river to Trompe la loupe, steering their course close to the left bank, which was studded with neat villas and farms. "As we proceeded," says the Admiral, whose words shall here be made use of as much as possible, "all the inhabitants came out of their houses, or suspended their avocations, to gaze at their protectors, as we were esteemed on this side of the river. White flags were shown, wherever they could be procured, white handkerchiefs were waved, and the bells chimed from all the steeples." On the 8th, the Admiral landed at Pouillac. "The country," he says, which I had an opportunity of seeing, on this occasion, was very singular. Far as the eye could reach there was a continued undulation, very much like an Atlantic swell in a calm, and



it looked as if a sea, in such a state, had been suddenly fixed in shape, and, at the same time, converted into milk-white pebbles, for nothing else could be seen at even a small distance.”\*

On Sunday, April 10, Admiral Penrose landed again at Pouillac, and proceeded in a carriage to Bordeaux, where he arrived at about 4 P.M. The news of the restoration of the Bourbons arrived from Paris at almost the same instant of time; and it may be worth mentioning, that at an audience held immediately afterwards by the Duc d'Angoulême, at the Archbishop's, the prelate turned to the Admiral and Lord Dalhousie, and ended a handsome compliment to the brave English, to whom all this consummation was seen to be due, by saying, in a very serious tone, “Voilà la fin d'ouvrage de M. Pitt.” The Admiral

\* “The vines,” it is here added, “were in lines or ridges of thin pebbles, and pruned low, and not yet in leaf. The mayor of Pouillac, who attended me through the vineyards and his own extensive cellars, informed me that the high flavour of the wine of this district was supposed to arise from the powerful reflection from the white pebbles, by which the lower sides of the clusters of grapes were as thoroughly ripened as the upper sides by the direct rays of the sun. In some places the vines were trained high, for the purpose of saving the fruit for raisins; and in the district of the Vin de Grave they are also trained high; but the flavour of the best claret is supposed to arise from keeping them close to the ground.”



here took up his quarters in the Hotel de Fernel; and, in the evening, obeyed the Duc d'Angoulême's command to meet him at the opera. "The opera-house was at some distance, and our slow progress through the vast assemblage was highly interesting. Every soul of the 70,000 inhabitants was out of doors, promenading in their best clothes, in the midst of as fine a night as ever was, and as bright an illumination as ever was lighted up. The gay enthusiasm of this lively people was really animating, and wherever we were recognised, the shouts of 'Vive le Roi,' 'Vive l'Anglois,' were redoubled. 'God save the King,' often followed 'Vive Henri IV.' The illuminations were repeated on the following night; and with the poor witticism of exhibiting a portrait of Napoleon, inserted in a far-waned moon, with the inscription 'la lune en quartier.' This enthusiasm was stimulated by a very acute sense of the preservation which the recent events had afforded to this great city from the horrors of a seven days' pillage, which had been promised to an army assembled under the command of General de Caen. This General de Caen was a brutal officer, whom Napoleon had lately commissioned to take signal vengeance on the Bordelais for their real or suspected enmity or indifference to him and his cause. One prudent calculator, in painting over the imperial arms

the sign of his hotel, took care to lay on colours which would easily wash off, and which were washed off accordingly, when the return from Elba had changed the Bourbon prospects for a time.

“There were still, however, some true Bourbon reminiscences. Six fine old gentlemen of the royal navy of France, who had served during the whole of the revolutionary war of America, called on me, and said through their spokesman that they felt it their duty to express their gratitude for the generosity and humanity which had distinguished the warfare in the Gironde, and declared their happiness in seeing a British admiral acting as their most powerful friend. These were celebrated men in the days of Rodney, and gloried not a little at never having served under the tricolor flag. In good truth they were such perfect specimens of the *vielle cour* that it might have been thought that they were dressed and powdered before the tocsin of revolution was first sounded.” Two frigates were at this time at Bourdeaux on the stocks, and a small quantity of naval stores, which might have been considered as a fair prize; but it was judged to be both liberal and expedient, under the particular circumstances of the case, to give them up, and the boon seemed to be very gratefully received. It seemed also to be very soon forgot. At least a young relative

of Admiral Penrose's, who happened to be in Bourdeaux in 1837, had his inquiries into the events of this campaign brought to an immediate close by assurances, given in the most perfect good faith, that no English admiral had ever been at Bourdeaux, and that as for an English squadron having entered the Gironde, the thing was impossible.

On the 14th arrived from England the news of the breaking off of the negotiations at Chatillon; and about the same time the account of the proposition of the charter by the provisional government at Paris. This proposition was very unpopular with the Bordelais, who, as having been the first to hoist the white flag, thought that no steps should be taken in bringing the king back, without their concurrence. Hence burst out a great vehemence of declarations for absolute monarchy; and "le Roi seul" became the general cry.

"Under this lively impresssion we were to meet at the theatre. The scene beggared all description. I went, as I thought, early, but the house was closely packed, nor was there space for one individual more, except in the box reserved for the British officers, and that of the Prince (the Duc d'Angoulême), which was opposite to it. I entered well attended, and for a full half hour was obliged to bow to 3200 well-dressed persons in the part of the theatre allotted to the audience, and several

hundreds on the stage close to me. I had heard that I was tremendously popular; and the good people seemed to seize the occasion thus presented of making me think so. 'God Save the King,' and even 'Rule Britannia,' were loudly called for, and played, and the English sailor's hornpipe was demanded by acclamation. The tune which bore this denomination at Bourdeaux was the old college hornpipe, the first country dance I had learned at the academy at Portsmouth, and I believe the last I ever danced in Cornwall. It was a singularly-animated spectacle when all this assembled multitude either danced, sang, or beat time to their merry roundabout tune together, not only with delight but enthusiasm. And it so happened that in the *parquette*, the part of the theatre where there are no seats, some of our jolly Jack-tars beat the flooring with heel and toe. A French assemblage only, animated by such impressions as the passing time produced, could have offered such a spectacle to a stranger's eye. There was not a man, or woman, or child in the theatre, who did not suit either voice or action to the tune. It was well that all this took place before the arrival of the Duc d'Angoulême, whose situation, if he had been present, would have been difficult. I afterwards stated to the manager that, inasmuch as the ebullition of the moment would soon pass away,

he would gratify me by a little less panegyric, and that though I hoped that 'God save the King,' and 'Vive Henri IV,' might long continue to harmonize, I doubted the policy of bringing in 'Rule Britannia' at the conclusion of the song. I liked the feast, but feared a surfeit. 'God save the King' had the honour of being exhibited on a subsequent occasion (May 10), at the *Comédie*, in the following dress :

' Dieu, conserve à jamais  
Le bon roi des Anglais  
A ses sujets.  
Touchés de ses bienfaits  
Amis, d'un cœur Français,  
Chantez tous avec moi  
Vive le Roy.' "

On the 18th, Admiral Penrose mounted the white cockade, and went to the levee to introduce his captains to the Prince. "The compliment was well and gratefully taken; and the next day the French wore small black cockades under their white ones." This good understanding, however, became clouded not long afterwards by the jealousy of many of those French officers who had served under Napoleon, and who notoriously sought occasions of quarrelling with the English. These outbreaks might have been as common at Bourdeaux as elsewhere, but for the prudence of

the first officer who was insulted. This was a young man, who was reading in a coffee-room, when one of the Emperor's old followers sat down at the table opposite to him. The English officer had placed on the table his military hat, or cap, in which was a white cockade. This cockade greatly offended the Frenchman's eye; and with much insolence and contempt of manner, he turned the hat round, and inquired, rudely, "What business an English officer had with that emblem?" The Englishman, with cool deliberation and without making a reply, put on his hat, and walked out of the room, and immediately stated his case to his colonel, and begged him to say whether it was a case for public or for private notice. The Frenchman was made to acknowledge himself in fault, and no repetition took place of this sort of insult." Napoleon's soldiers appeared to be, with few exceptions, far better gentlemen than his officers.

On the 22nd, an official notification was issued that the port and river were free from naval blockade; and at the theatre in the evening, in true French taste, the first singer came up close to the Admiral, who was in the side box, and sang a stave in honour of his humanity, and all the audience roared for joy. On a subsequent day Admiral Penrose attended at a drawing-room held by the Duc d'Angoulême, for the purpose of

receiving those ladies resident at Bourdeaux, who had had the ancient honour of being presented at the Court of Louis XVI. "When I took leave after coffee, I was invited to adjourn with the Prince, to the assembled circle, or rather square, for on entering a large room, we found arranged these relics of antiquity in most venerable and special order all around it. These worthy dames had been living in extreme poverty and close retirement, and they appeared not only in the fashion of the olden time, but in the very same habiliments which Louis and Antoinette might have seen at Versailles. But few of them had a jewel left, and their faded silks and gray locks were a melancholy sight. The poor Duke had to kiss the cheek, and receive the compliments of each of these good ladies in turn; and, as no one could have acted his part better, no one could have been happier when the scene was closed. I was informed that some of these ladies had scarcely been in the open air through the whole period of the revolution."

But in truth there seemed to be no end to what may be called the odd circumstances, and contrasts, and coincidences which Bourdeaux presented at this time to an observant eye. It was among the duties of the naval commander to forward to England the many prisoners of war who had long been detained in France, and who



now flocked in great numbers to this port as affording them the readiest means of obtaining a passage home. Among the other *détenus*, many midshipmen, who had been captured when mere lads, were now returning with French wives, and with children born during their captivity. On the 11th of May, the Admiral gave a superb French breakfast on board the *Podargus*, to the Duc d'Angoulême and his suite. Over the deck the standards of England and France formed the ceiling, and the flags of the Allied Powers the sides of the saloon. Nothing could go off better. Loud were the cheers from the floating multitude, and these were still more loudly answered by greater multitudes on the shores. The landing-place was kept by a detachment of the Black Brunswickers, who were serving with the army, and whose dark uniforms and fierce whiskers, with the death's head and crossed bones on their caps, formed a marked contrast to the crowds of Bordelaises in white dresses, who were waving their white handkerchiefs in honour of the Prince. No less singular a spectacle was presented the next day, at a dinner given to a large party at the palace, at which the whole party, the Prince, and the Viscount de Damas excepted, were in British uniform or regimentals. Two of the party were French, but in British service. "Afterwards," says the Admiral, "on the 4th of June, when



dining with Sir Charles Colville in the village of Briaritz, near Bayonne, I found myself seated between two French generals in the full costume of Napoleon's legions, and this in a booth built by Portuguese soldiers, at a dinner given to celebrate the birth-day of George III."

Enough of these anecdotes, however. The beauty and tranquillity of the agricultural scenes, in the neighbourhood of the city, formed a grateful and refreshing alternation with his professional labours, especially to a man whose favourite enjoyments were almost all of them rural, and who viewed everything with most intelligent observation. Whenever he could, he drove, after his morning work was over, into the country, accompanied by some of his officers, and often dined at some neat village auberge, making the coachman the planner of the route, according to the distance to which the time allowed him to go. He expatiates largely, in his journal, on the gratification which these excursions afforded him; on the fertility and the cultivation with which he was surrounded; on the extreme neatness of the cottages; on the cheerful welcome with which he was always received; and on the apparent prosperity enjoyed by the peasantry\*.

\* As an agriculturist he was much impressed by the apparent advantage derived from the practice of housing the

A visit, in one of these country excursions, to La Brede, formerly the residence of Montesquieu, is worth extracting at length. "We found the old baronial castle exactly," he says, "in the same state in which it had stood for centuries. Though time had caused the walls to be moss-grown, and mellowed the whole appearance of the fabric, yet its hand had otherwise dealt lightly, and no symptoms of decay abated the character of strength and solidity. The moat was deep and full of water, the drawbridge and portcullis could have been easily put into good condition, and the external defence outside the moat, and which must have been carried before the bridge could be approached, was in good repair. Here was the residence of an old feudal chief displayed to the modern observer, distinct in all its parts, and as defensible against the warfare of the olden time, as it ever could have been.

working cattle; and also, like every traveller in France, by the remarkable kindness with which the animal races seem to be, in that country, universally treated. "In many of my drives," he says, "I saw carts drawn by oxen coming in from the sandy *Landes*, the fine animals covered over with light cloths from head to tail, and reaching to the ground; and on these level roads the plan of drawing from a board hung to the horns across the forehead seemed to answer perfectly, and required less *gear* than any other method I ever saw."

“But how did it escape the ravages of the modern Goths during the reign of terror? the moat and drawbridge could not have protected it. But the name of Montesquieu did, and most effectually. The family arms in full emblazonment surmounted the entrance, and the first things I observed in the hall were the ancient oak chairs, and the family crest remaining on each. In short, in such respect was the memory held of the author of the ‘*Esprit de Loix*,’ that, during the whole reign of revolutionary fury and madness, the house he lived and wrote in was perfectly safe from intrusion—a circumstance the more remarkable, inasmuch as the present proprietor had been an emigrant, and was, I believe, in London at the time of my visit to his castle.

“All within was ancient, and if I might guess from appearances, the old steward and his wife the most ancient of any. The bed, however, in which the philosopher slept was preserved, and therefore, in fact, older than the steward. Throughout the house I do not remember to have seen a single piece of modern furniture.

“In the room in which, as we were informed, Montesquieu studied and wrote, we were shown a mark in the stone which formed one side of the open fireplace; and this, the attendant assured us, was made by the right foot of the philosopher,

who always sat near the fire in the same position, his left foot on the floor, the right pressed against the before-mentioned stone. We were shown every relic of drapery which this great man had worn, and all his ordinary haunts, both within doors and without; and abundant particulars of his life and manners were detailed to us, which an anecdote hunter might have worked out into a volume."

At the auberge at which Admiral Penrose and his party dined on the day of their visit to La Brede, a very fine old man with the strongest marks of age on his countenance, but who had his mental faculties perfect, came to pay his respects to him. This old man had been in the battle of Quebec in the year 1759, and was one of the group who attended Montcalm after his wounds, and was then a corporal or serjeant, and an old soldier. In 1814 he must have been at least a hundred years old.

To this specimen of Admiral Penrose's visits in the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux, it is to be added that he was scarcely less attracted by the many recollections of older times, and of the English rule, which were supplied by the city itself. The name of the Black Prince in particular was certainly remembered by the inhabitants with something of pride, and sometimes

apparently with a little fear intermingled. When the troops under the command of Marshal Beresford were approaching the city, an English merchant who lived near Bourdeaux was reminded by his neighbours, "that the English were long masters of this country, that they were always famous for clemency and moderation, and only came to claim their own."

## CHAPTER IV.

FROM LEAVING BOURDEAUX, MAY 19, 1814, TO HIS ARRIVAL  
AT NAPLES, MAY 23, 1815.

ON May 16th the Admiral received orders to return to Passages, in order to embark the remaining troops and stores, and forward them to England. On the 19th he left Bourdeaux, and on the 22nd the Gironde, in the *Porcupine*, and arrived at Passages on the 24th, after a period of service, as much enlivened, probably, by both entertaining and gratifying accompaniments as any service, of the same duration, which it ever fell to the lot of any officer to fill. Neither yet was there ever any English officer whose whole deportment was or could be more acceptable to the lively people, amongst whom he had been sojourning during this eventful period, and with whom, and their merchants more particularly, his line of duty, and his control of the navigation of their great river, threw him in many instances into very intimate communication. His great

versatility, and the total absence in his character of the natural phlegm of his countrymen, were advantages which the French, of all people in the world, were both the best able and the most disposed to appreciate. He gave free audience to every one; he mixed freely with all classes, and was always desirous to see all that could be seen, and to converse with all who wished to converse with him.

On the 4th of June Admiral Penrose paid a visit to Sir Charles Colville at Briaritz, a village a few miles south of the bar of the Adour, and on the following day went to the bar, and crossed the bridge and proceeded to Bayonne. He was here received by Baron Thevenot, an old soldier who had served with La Fayette in America, in the war of 1776, and who had been governor of this town during the late siege. "He asked me," says the Admiral, "what was thought of the *sortie* which had been made from Bayonne after the news of the restoration had been received. The fact, he assured me, was this. A *sortie* on an extensive scale had been previously planned, and the orders to the general who was to command were, to carry it into execution either on a certain night which was named, or on the first night after on which the weather might be favourable to the attempt. It is to be recol-

lected, that our advanced posts were close and very annoying to the inhabitants; and that, in a military point of view, the motives to dislodge us were extremely urgent. On the night proposed the weather did not admit of the sortie taking place. Thevenot, though he did hear subsequently, through the medium of his besiegers, of the fact of the restoration, yet did not think himself at liberty to withdraw, on that authority, the order which he had given. If a *ruse de guerre* had been practised, or if Napoleon had regained his ascendancy, he would have been ruined as a military man, by making a mistake. After the information which he had received, I doubt whether he would have given a fresh order; but on that subject he would not speak. Soult, also, I apprehend, acted on the same principle in the unfortunate affair at Toulouse: namely, on that of declining to refrain from hostilities on the authority of information from the enemy only.

“The Baron told Sir Charles Colville that it had been his intention, in case the siege had lasted so long as to threaten a want of provisions to the inhabitants, to leave a sufficient garrison in the citadel, and march with the remainder of his troops to join Marshal Soult. Colville smiled, and asked him how he could have managed to break through the line of the besiegers. Thevenot coolly replied, ‘I knew where the Spaniards



were posted, and *I should have just walked over them.*' \*\*

From this time to the 29th of August, which was the day on which Admiral Penrose finally left Passages on his return home, his chief business lay, of course, in superintending the embarkation of the troops and stores. The difficulties were great. The inadequate supply of transports precluded the affording, even to the sick and wounded, the accommodation of which they were in need; and the known hatred of the Spanish population to the British troops burst forth more and more as their strength diminished. It was, therefore, highly probable that some outrage would be attempted in the rear of the embarkation. A plan was laid to seize on the military chest, which was removed on board the *Lyra* for security; and a volley of stones was thrown at the last boat which left the shore. During Admiral Penrose's whole stay on the coast, he never received a visit, or the smallest mark of attention, from a single Spaniard. On the feast of

\* " 'As soon as I found myself,' he said, 'closely invested, I killed all the mules and baggage horses, and oxen, and salted them down while they were in good order, and thus I not only secured a supply of good meat at the end, but saved all the fodder.' I inquired what use he now made of the salted horseflesh and mules. 'It is issued,' he answered, 'to the Spanish and Portuguese troops in their route homewards, as rations of beef; and very good it is.' "

St. Ferdinand, the only time at which a Spanish salute was fired, he, of course, joined in the ceremony; but on the Prince Regent's birthday, although the English ships were dressed, and the royal standard displayed, the forts did not show their colours; and on his leaving Passages on the 29th, not a single individual of the town was seen even to look out at a window, for the purpose of witnessing the sailing of the fleet.

The *Porcupine* anchored in Plymouth Sound, September 6, and the Admiral struck his flag on the 12th, with but little expectation, now that peace, after so long an interval, seemed to have revisited Europe, of being again employed. On the 16th, however, he received a letter from Lord Melville, offering him the command in the Mediterranean, now become vacant by the recall of Admiral Hallowell. This offer, on finding that his wife and daughters would not be averse to accompany him, he accepted with readiness, conditioning that he was to be commander-in-chief. He received his appointment on the 23rd of the same month, and, on October 3, hoisted his flag at Plymouth, on board the *Queen* 74, to which Captain Coode, and other officers for whom he had applied, were already appointed. The still unsettled position of Europe rendered it impossible to give him any very definite in-

structions, and he was directed to act as circumstances might require. But it was evident, that the conduct to be pursued towards Napoleon was the critical and anxious point for attention. Some intrigue with Murat, however, in Northern Italy was all which any one seemed at this time to anticipate. The triumphant march to Paris was a vision which no optics, unless those perhaps of the chief actor himself in that most extraordinary drama, could as yet contemplate.

The Admiral left Plymouth October 8. The sail across the Bay of Biscay was most propitious. He passed Gibraltar, where the yellow fever was at that time raging, on the night of the 18th. His next object had been Genoa, where he expected to find Admiral Hallowell. After a tedious voyage along the coast of Spain, and by Majorca and Minorca, the information met him off Calvi, that the Admiral was gone to Palermo. He then took his course through the Straits of Bourfacio, and anchored in Palermo Bay, November 11. A few days afterwards, he landed with his family, and remained on shore several weeks. Ferdinand of Naples was at this time at Palermo, and the death of his Queen Caroline, then on her road to Vienna, took place during Admiral Penrose's residence in this city; a loss soon repaired by the King's subsequent marriage, or half-marriage.

to the Princess Paterna. During this period Murat sent over on one occasion a frigate, and on other occasions some smaller vessels, under the pretence of bringing letters from the Princess of Wales, who was at that time at his court. His real object was, to make Ferdinand and his Sicilian subjects believe that he and the English admiral were on kindly terms, and that some secret correspondence between them was carrying on. But this policy was much too shallow to succeed.

The journal now proceeds as follows: "During the time we lay at Palermo, a severe attack of fever passed through most of the ship's company, and, considering change of air the most likely cure, I left the bay in the latter part of February, and glided along a glassy sea close to the northern coast of the island. Our entrance into the Straits of Messina was marked by one of those sudden squalls and heavy showers, which are formed under the high Calabrian coast, and which, in the early days of navigation, must have rendered Scylla really a formidable rock to pass by. After this squall the weather cleared, and we had a most beautiful evening sail between the magnificent shores on either side, till we arrived in the middle of the harbour formed by that most singular curve of sand and shells, which of old pro-

cured for it the name of Zancle \*. This apparently loose texture has remained unchanged through all the ages of history, both in form and substance ; whilst the mountainous regions on either side the straits, and the fine city which borders one side of the harbour, have been rent or destroyed, and undergone a vast variety of change. It is evident that the whirlpool of Charybdis is occasioned by the projection of the nearly semicircular bank which forms the port. Although this whirlpool is so far from Scylla that they form separate and entirely distinct dangers, each must have been a real danger in the early days of navigation, when it was so requisite to keep close to the land. Then the indraught of the bay, to the north of Scylla, would render it difficult to clear the rocks of the point ; and in sweeping near the mouth of the harbour of Messina, the whirl of Charybdis would be difficult to escape. It once in a light wind got hold of the *Queen*, and before we could steer out of the vortex, the length of the ship did not prevent her turning completely round more than once. It formed a curiously-helpless situation to be in such a liquid swing, so much at its mercy ; and if it had been quite a calm, we might have remained some time the sport of the pool.

\* A scythe.

“ When we arrived at Messina, there were forty-five cases of fever on our sick list, but before a fortnight had elapsed, the fever had entirely left us. I attribute the recovery to the fine air which the draught of the straits almost continually occasions; and in case of fever I would sooner go to Messina for renovation of health, than to any other port in the Mediterranean.

“ It was, I think, on the 12th of March that we here heard of the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and of his having been seen steering for the Bay of Frejus. When I heard of this escape, I feared, at first, that some neglect of Captain Adye, in the *Partridge* sloop, might have facilitated it, but, I think, he wholly exculpated himself. I had never altered the orders given by my predecessor Hallowell. Napoleon well knew how to make use of any incident. The captains and officers of the French cruisers were, almost to a man, in his interest, and I have not the least doubt but that the captain of the *Fleur de Lys* purposely misled Captain Adye, in order to give the fugitive more time to effect his designs. The moment I heard of his departure from Elba, I sent secret instructions to all the captains, that in case he should be driven off the coast in any place where he might attempt to land, and fallen in with, he should be taken to Malta, to wait the

orders of our government from home. But his fortune was his friend. A vein of wind accompanied him from Gorgona to the coast ; leaving a dead calm in every other direction. Otherwise, the *Partridge* and *Fleur de Lys* would, at least, have made the land with him : and the *Aboukir* have had a great chance of cutting him off."

Many messages now arrived from Murat, so full of assurances that nothing could possibly induce him to take part against England, as to excite the strong suspicion that he was on the point of declaring for his former master. The Admiral, therefore, instead of going on, as he had intended, to Malta, judged it necessary to return to Palermo, for the purpose of conferring with Mr. A'court, in whom he always found a steady and clear-headed adviser, and with the Count de Narbonne, the French minister. On the 23rd, he anchored again in Palermo Bay. "News was constantly arriving, but from very uncertain sources ; though we learned with certainty that Napoleon had landed at Frejus, and made some advance from the coast. When I asked the Count de Narbonne what he thought would be the result, he assured me that he had not the least fear on the subject, and that he did not think it possible that the Emperor could move five miles into the interior. Captain Duranteau and his officers dined with me while we were

here, more than once; and appeared to be so deeply imbued with loyalty to the Bourbons, as to excite our wonder how he could ever have condescended to serve under Napoleon. He could not now keep his seat, or even consent to stand on the floor, to drink the health of Louis XVIII., but mounted either on his chair or the table, to vociferate all manner of good wishes to his cause."

The opinion of all the foreign ministers agreed with Mr. A'court's, that the Bourbons were too well established to fear the irruption from Elba. But fear rather than hope was, on the whole, the impression made on Admiral Penrose; and he accordingly thought it prudent to proceed to Malta without delay, that he might deposit his family there, and put his ship, which had been damaged by lightning while at Messina, into proper repair. He left Palermo, April 3, and on the 10th, arrived at Malta, where he was most kindly received by Sir Thomas Maitland. He settled his wife and daughters in the beautiful little country palazzo of Florian, a spot well known for its gardens and terraces to every visitor of this remarkable island, and very convenient for communication with the ships in port. On the 21st he sailed again for Palermo, where he arrived on the 23rd. On the 24th, he received intelligence that Murat had broken the armistice, and



consequently issued orders for seizing and detaining all Neapolitan and other vessels engaged in, or adhering to, the cause of Napoleon.

The Austrians were at this time advancing on Naples; and Ferdinand himself had been contemplating a rising in Calabria, which it was thought would be furthered by taking him there. It was therefore determined to receive him and his court on board the *Queen*, and also to provide the means of transporting as many troops as General Macfarlane, the commanding officer in Sicily, could collect. While the arrangements were making for this embarkation, time was given to procure fresh information from the continent. For the purpose of gaining this more readily and satisfactorily, the Admiral again sailed from Palermo on the 25th; and on the 2nd of the following month arrived off Leghorn, after chasing on his passage a French frigate, the *Nereide*, under the Napoleon flag, and commanded by the same Captain Duranteau, who had made himself so remarkable, only a few weeks before, by his demonstrations in behalf of Louis XVIII. Another French frigate, the *Melpomene*, had sailed from Toulon in company with the *Nereide*, but had separated from her, and had been taken on the preceding day by the *Rivoli*, when entering the Bay of Naples. So unsettled as yet was the feeling as to the part which England would take in these events, that Lord Exmouth,

who had now been sent out to take the command on this station, wrote a letter of congratulation to Admiral Penrose on the escape of the *Nereide*, and expressed a satisfaction that he had not taken French vessels under *any* colours\*.

From Leghorn, Admiral Penrose proceeded to Genoa, where he had a conference with Lord William Bentinck on the state of affairs. It had become evident that the sooner the Anglo-Sicilian army was put in motion the better. The Admiral therefore left Genoa, almost without stopping there, called again on the 5th of May off Leghorn, whence he forwarded plans of the intended operations to the Austrian generals, and then went on with all despatch to Palermo, where he arrived on the 10th. The preparations for the embarkation were tolerably forward. Between the 10th and 16th, the transports were despatched to rendezvous at Melazzo; it not being yet determined whether a landing should be attempted in Calabria, or

\* On the next day after the escape of the *Nereide*, the *Queen* chased and captured a market boat, under the flag of the Emperor of Elba. "This," says the Admiral, "was the only flag I ever saw of the kind. With the arms in the centre, the white field was studded with bees, in the same manner as the drapery round the throne, these insects being substituted for the old fleur de lys. Of course I suffered the poor Elban to proceed on his voyage to the Leghorn market, but I was sorry that I had not purchased his little flag from him as a curiosity."

whether the king could be roused to push for Naples itself. On the 16th, he was embarked with about fifty persons in his suite. On the 18th, information was received that Murat had made his escape from Naples, and that the ships of war and arsenals had been surrendered. On the 19th, Ferdinand landed early at Melazzo, whence he proceeded to Messina, and the *Queen* then sailed for Naples without delay. The other ships of war and transports had been sent off the evening before. During the short voyage from Sicily to Naples, the ship was becalmed nearly three days under Stromboli, and consequently did not reach Naples till the 23rd. Lord Exmouth had arrived the day before; and Fort St. Elmo had been taken possession of by Captain Coghlan. On the 24th, the two English Admirals landed to pay their respects to Prince Leopold, who had entered with the Austrian troops, and was now at the palace. "The whole mass," it is here observed, "of Neapolitan population, through which we had to pass in our way from the mole, appeared to be lost in wonder and amaze at the changes so suddenly effected, and the warlike array which surrounded them, but did not show the slightest token either of favour or dislike to us as we passed. They were in a state of surprise."

## CHAPTER V.

FROM HIS RETURN TO MESSINA, IN MAY, 1815, TO HIS  
LEAVING TUNIS, APRIL 23, 1816.

AFTER this visit to the palace, Admiral Penrose again set sail as soon as possible, and hastened to Melazzo, where he arrived on the 26th, and immediately sent off an express to Ferdinand, at Messina, in which he urged him to return to the ship as soon as he could. But the King, although he afterwards complimented the Admiral by calling him the Moses who was leading him to the promised land, could not be prevailed on to follow his guidance exactly, and preferred to embark at Messina, where he was not got on board till the 31st. On June 3, the *Queen* anchored about midnight in the Bay of Baia, and, on the following day, commenced a series of congratulatory visits to the restored monarch. "It was computed," says the Admiral, "that, on the 5th, not less than 8000 persons visited the ship, many of them not the less ardent in their expressions of loyalty because in their hearts they were earnestly desirous of

Murat's speedy return. The presents brought on board were also in profusion. Pyramids, temples, and other devices, composed of the richest fruits and flowers, and of large size, were brought from the various towns and villages, many of them containing live hares, quails, doves, or other animals, which were put into positions meant to exhibit them as quite at their ease. Small birds in cages were also grouped among the fruits. Memorials, prayers, and petitions, arrived also in equal number and variety. Calves also (the veal of Naples being remarkably fine) were presented in great number, and these decked out with festoons of flowers and ribbons. Large baskets of game of all sorts, venison, wild boar, fowls, fruits, and vegetables, in abundance and perfection, covered our decks. These presents to the King proved, if I may play upon a word, a rich feast to the *Queen*, and our crew was accordingly nobly regaled; while, to enliven the scene, bands of excellent music, and parties of well-dressed people, in richly-decorated boats, moved slowly round the ship from morning till night.

“On May 7, the King was landed at Portici. The barge in which he was conveyed, and which bore the royal standard, was surrounded on its passage to the shore by boats of every description, and by swimmers and divers who scarcely left room for the oars to play; and the applauses with

which the King was received on landing were loud and reiterated. But why were these people," the Admiral proceeds, "so delighted at his return? To this it may be answered that, independently of the easy, the too easy, freedom with which he mixed with the lower orders of his subjects, and which greatly endeared him to them, the contrast with Murat was all in his favour. Murat's war-like and architectural tastes, and his extremely vain-glorious display of dress and equipage, had nearly trebled the taxes, and had introduced a conscription. It was one of his characteristic sayings, that there is a great deal in a fine coat; and he spoiled much really splendid decoration by colours and frippery. Also he evinced, in many of his real improvements in the city and its vicinity, a downright want of feeling, a contempt of old prepossessions, and a disregard of property, which were truly tyrannical. Consequently all the good of Ferdinand, and all the bad of Murat, united to draw forth the *vivas* which now came on the ear in the indisputable accents of sincerity.—After being lodged a few days at Portici, the King made a public entry into Naples on horseback; and it was seen, at the *levée* which followed, that all the glitter of Murat's court had not even yet faded away. Two splendid figures were dressed in bright yellow pantaloons, richly embroidered in front and down the sides, and these were met by

red half-boots with gold binding and tassels. The coats or jackets were slashed in the old Spanish fashion, with hat and feathers of the same national costume—a costume as distinct from any other fashion in the mixed multitude assembled from many nations, many British naval officers and Austrian generals among the rest, as could be desired. These were two of the gentlemen, both of them men of very great, real merit, and ability, and whose names, therefore, shall not be repeated here, who were at that time members of the household of the Princess of Wales.”

Lord Exmouth left Naples for Marseilles, and, as was supposed, on his return to England, in the middle of June. The Austrians were at this time engaged in the siege of Gaeta, the governor of which strong fortress still held out, with rather an unnecessary obstinacy, for the cause of Murat. With the purpose of rendering all possible aid to the besiegers, Admiral Penrose left Naples on the 11th July, and anchored in the Bay of Gaeta on the 12th. In this siege the impunity with which gun-boats may be brought to the attack of batteries, a point of which there had been good evidence in the memorable siege of Gibraltar, in 1782, was strikingly confirmed. “At Gaeta,” says the Admiral, “our numerous boats advanced gallantly far within point blank range, and many hundred heavy guns were levelled at them: but in

their many approaches I believe that only one or two men were wounded, and not one boat received material damage. These boats were admirably directed by Col. Robinson, who had long been in the Anglo-Sicilian flotilla at Messina—a man unusually fertile in resources, and clear and cool in danger.” This siege was afterwards converted into a blockade, and the Admiral, after remaining in the Bay of Gaeta till the 20th, returned to Naples, and thence to Malta, where he arrived on the 28th. It was on this voyage that he was drawn into the vortex of Charybdis, as mentioned before.

After another visit, in which his family accompanied him, to Messina and Naples, he again returned to Malta, Oct. 18. On the 25th, the *Queen* was dispatched to England, and he then shifted his flag, first to the *Trident*, and afterwards to the *Bombay*. In January, 1816, he was promoted to the rank of Knight Commander of the Bath. On the 1st of March he received letters from Lord Exmouth, who stated himself to be detained in the Mediterranean by the affair with the Barbary powers, and appointed a meeting at Port Mahon. The whole squadron, thus reunited, sailed for Algiers, March 21. The journal now proceeds as follows:—“On arriving at this destination, the ships anchored in two lines out of gun-shot from the batteries, and by



signal made all ready for battle; but all went off quietly, and the slaves in whose behalf the expedition was undertaken were ransomed on the terms which Lord Exmouth proposed. It was well that matters were not on this occasion carried to extremities, inasmuch as the impression which could have been made by Lord Exmouth's present force would have been feeble, and the greatly superior means which he afterwards had under his command on the subsequent attack were not too great."

From Algiers the squadron sailed to Tunis, and anchored in the bay. Here also the Bey succumbed to the demand made on him, and the English Admirals were invited on shore. "Our ships lay at anchor, I believe out of long range from the fort, and in only five or six fathom water; but the bottom was muddy, and, above the good holding ground in which the anchors bedded themselves, was a great depth of soft ouze; so that, when the squadron weighed, the wakes of all the ships appeared as if they were sailing through the mud, which in truth they disturbed with their keels. The bay had never been well surveyed close to the shore; we had therefore, to find out for ourselves how near we could approach in order to make an attack; and I do not think that the *Bombay* could have been brought within 1200 yards of the Goletta, even

allowing her to be forced a little through the mud. This was too great a distance for a ship to attack a battery with effect. But there was no want of assailable points. Between Tunis and the bay in which we were is a lake, or lagoon, into which there is entrance only by a very narrow well-guarded channel, and which is secured also by floodgates and chains. On the right, as you enter the channel from the bay, are batteries with some very enormous brass cannon, and here also are the custom-house and warehouses where merchant-vessels load their cargoes; for the lagoon itself is very shallow, so that in dry seasons boats can go up to the town only in one narrow passage cleaned out not many years since.

“On the left of the entrance is the arsenal, where ships and gun-boats were crowded together amidst the materials for building, and these surrounded by a wooden fence, so that I never saw a place where shells or rockets were likely to do their duty more surely. This arsenal I think we could certainly have demolished with the force with us, but I rather think that the Goletta, which was at some considerable distance, and on the opposite side of the channel, would have puzzled us, if well defended. Battering-guns must be landed to breach this place, but we could not get near enough to discover the nature of the ditch or principal defences. Gun and mortar-

boats, or rather, in my opinion, 68lb.-caronades in boats, and some ships of small draught of water to cover a landing, would be here requisite. But whoever attacks Tunis by the Goletta and arsenal must not hold Tunisian gun-boats cheap. They are the finest vessels of the sort I ever saw, many of them with two 32-pounders in the bow, and one in the stern.

“The lake, or lagoon, was one of the ancient harbours of Carthage, and is fast filling up. In short, this large sheet of water will ere long become a plain, but in the intermediate state will be a swamp, the malaria from which is likely to depopulate Tunis. Such is the state of its effluvia at present that, in our merely passing across in a boat, the buttons and epaulets of our uniforms became tarnished, and nearly black. The present channel was, as I understood, marked out, and the fortifications at the entrance strengthened, by a Dutch renegade engineer. It ought now to be the business of the Tunisian government to deepen the channel from the town to the Goletta, and to hasten the formation of sound land. Our party drank tea one afternoon at the house of the Swedish Consul. The harp, the piano, and the tea equipages were as unlike Tunis as possible. The late Swedish Consul had married the daughter of the then English Consul, and the present English Consul had

married *his* daughter, and the whole scene was perfectly European.

“ Our Consul’s house was situated just within the city gates, where there was a large open space, in which a weekly market was held. I was roused early in the morning by the sound of a great bustle, and with great pleasure I perceived that the window of my room looked out on this busy and novel scene. The arrival from the country of camels and asses laden with various produce was highly interesting; and in a short time I saw pyramids of melons, pompions, eggs, &c., &c., rising up in neat arrangement. There were also thousands (I am sure I am correct) of little bottles of otto of roses, piled in cubes or triangles, which were very soon diminished by numerous customers. Opposite to me were several butcher’s stalls, very clean and neat; and I remarked that I did not see any large joints or pieces of meat sold, but in general very small slices. Poultry and game, with fine vegetables and fruit, were in great abundance; and I hardly ever saw a market so well supplied, and never any where the buyers and sellers were so quiet, and such good order preserved. ●

“ From this to me interesting window, I had also the opportunity of witnessing the reality of what I had often seen represented in pictures—the conveying a wealthy bride to the house of

the bridegroom, with all the presents from her friends added to the fortune given by her parents. It was a long cavalcade of much display of carpeting and embroidery; but the lady herself was entirely concealed in the close cage, covered, I think, with muslin, with gold fringes, tassels, &c., &c. There were also caskets and boxes, in which I might imagine as many jewels and as much gold as they could contain. The camel on which the bride was riding, and some also of the others were in good order and clean; but in general these poor animals were lean and dirty, and bore evident marks of the little care taken to prevent them from being cruelly chafed by their burdens. All those which I saw bringing goods to the town, or which I met afterwards on the road, were in this miserable condition.

“ I had also a full view of the chief minaret, from whence the faithful were called to prayers; and the harmonious, sonorous, and solemn appeal of the Mussulman who performed this office from the mosque nearest me, had an imposing and serious effect. It was vain, however, to preach temperance, even from the Koran, at Tunis, where it had become necessary to appoint a police to traverse the streets at sunset, to remove the scandal of the sight of drunken men. In walking through one of the streets, I one evening saw the Cadi on horseback with several municipal at-

tendants on foot, making his progress to see that all was right. He was mounted on a superb Arabian, richly caparisoned, and had a prepossessing countenance, and a long beard white as snow; and, to make out completely the description given in the "Arabian Nights," a baker was seized for using short weights, and was about to receive punishment. The attendants were well provided with ligatures and rods for inflicting the bastinado."

When treaties similar to those which had been agreed on at Algiers had been duly executed, the English Admirals, together with the Consul, went to pay a visit of ceremony to the Bey, at his palace of Bardo, a short distance from the city. "This palace contained a great number of inhabitants attached to the families of the Bey and his sons, independent of the guards. The whole was strongly walled round, with a deep ditch, and we entered through a well-constructed gateway, after passing over a draw-bridge. The etiquette of the Court of Tunis is very respectable, and in strict imitation of that of the 'brother of the sun and moon.' We were received in a large hall, one end of which was open to an inner court of the palace, and I do not recollect that there was any light except from this opening. At the upper end, on the musnud, sat the fat Bey, superbly arrayed, his two handsome sons a little behind him

on the right, their sabres, daggers, and pistols glittering with jewels, and their turbans magnificent. All the officers of the government, and guards, and janissaries, were arranged in order on three or four successive semicircular stages, rising each a foot above each other. We were placed on a commodious divan, on which we sat very comfortably, on the Bey's right hand; but though I was not afraid of treachery, I could not help observing that the sons of the Bey, and their partisans, who had almost threatened to murder their father for thinking of peace, were standing well armed close at our backs. Coffee, sherbet, and pipes, were served to us in good style by slaves superbly dressed, and the coffee was handed round in gold cups standing in larger ones of china. While we were enjoying this display of Turkish manners, the Princess of Wales, who was at this time on a visit to the Bey, was ushered with two of her attendants through part of the hall, and into a side door, to take her farewell of the ladies of the harem. The Princess embarked before our squadron left Tunis, and it was an odd scene that so considerable a force of ships of the line and frigates should have to salute the royal standard of Britain flying at the head of a little hired Italian polacre.

“Our visit to the Bey ended with mutual compliments; but we were invited to see, before we departed, any of the *male* part of the palace which



we chose to visit. We saw a den of fire lions, of which one showed an extraordinary affection to its negro keeper. This lion put his paws and tongue out through the bars, and appeared to enjoy great delight in touching his friend, who, on his side, was very proud of the honour thus conferred on him, and there seemed no love lost between them. The stud of horses was very good, but many had been just sent into the country for summer keep. A new hall of justice had been lately erected, and was not quite finished, but it was very complete: a throne, or raised musnud, for the Bey; excellent accommodation for secretaries, counsel, witnesses, and for a large audience, together with an inclosed box for the culprit, formed an assize court, in which an Englishman would miss nothing but the jury box. The elaborate finish of Moorish architecture was here minutely displayed.

“The Bey, having complained of being subject to the gout, begged that the physician of the fleet might be sent to him. Doctor Denmark accordingly attended, and I was much amused when I heard that his advice was ‘temperance and exercise.’ The whole delight of the poor man was gluttony, and he never in his life was known to show any semblance of exertion, except one night when he got out of his bed to murder his brother and usurp the throne. He had, I believe, some right to the throne, but had been put



aside, and bred up a pastrycook, in which profession he is said to excel.

“The day following was my rich treat, as it gave me an idea of the interior country. The eldest son of the Bey had just built a new house, several miles out of the town; and we set out on an expedition to see it, some of us in an old carriage, though of what description I cannot say, and others on horseback. We travelled on a wide, well-beaten road, the general approach to the city from the south. As is usual near populous places, there was garden ground and cultivation in the immediate environs; but the first thing which particularly caught my attention was the summer encampment of the Bey’s stable establishment, just formed. This was on a grassy plain of great extent, still verdant, in consequence of the cool season, but which must, I suppose, be parched up in summer and autumn. Here were many tents, of various forms and dimensions, for the officers, grooms, and guards, and another supported by poles fixed in rows, and probably twelve feet in height, for the horses, which were piqueted under it.

“I do not recollect the number of miles which we travelled on this road. We met natives of various dependent tribes, in the true Arabian costume, journeying towards the city with the produce of the interior, and passed two most con-

venient watering-places, each calculated to supply the wants of a large caravan in a short time. A house was attached to each, and the supply was under regulation, and I suppose some payment required. Beautiful marble troughs, which must have been of greater antiquity than the Saracen or Turkish sway, were kept full of water by a simple hydraulic machine; and the appearance of the whole carried my imagination back to Carthage. Very little, however, of really Carthaginian relics remains. Some parts of cisterns are the most conspicuous, and along the hills portions of an aqueduct, which conveyed water from a distance of upwards of seventy miles to that proud city. There are many Roman remains of great interest, but these cannot be examined under the present government. No recommendation from the Bey would prove a protection, but rather the contrary. He is only able to collect his own revenue by means of an army, which he sends annually to force an unwilling payment, not of fixed taxes but of arbitrary demands, from the tributary states.

“The palace of the prince was well worth seeing as a complete specimen of Saracenic architecture, with all its points and minute decorations, all of which were finished with perfect neatness. There were no large rooms, but many courts with handsome fountains, alcoves fitted for luxurious repose,

and admirably-kept flower gardens, each in separate charge of a Roman or Tuscan slave. The stronger-scented jessamines and other sweet-smelling flowers seemed to have been selected to adorn these retreats. This palace was not yet inhabited, except by Christian slaves, who were busily engaged in preparing it for their master's reception, and we therefore saw every part of it. The great object seemed to be to multiply shady places of repose, with cooling waters and rich parterres. There was a noble orange grove, in which, as at St. Antonio, in Malta, stone troughs were laid so as to convey water at the will of the gardener to each tree separately; and everything was in most exact order. The slaves were well dressed, apparently well fed, and not one with whom we conversed seemed to have any strong desire to return to Italy; although there were some who expressed a wish to do so for a while, and then to return to serve their former master as free labourers.

“After our return to Tunis, Lord Exmouth and I, hearing that the Neapolitan and Sardinian slaves, who had been ransomed according to the terms of the treaty, were collected ready for embarkation, went to see them. They had been collected at so short a notice that there could not have been time to make any change in their appearance. Out of several hundreds, there was

not one who looked squalid, or poor, or ragged, and by far the greater number were well dressed, and wore rings on their fingers, and in their ears, and had watches. To the shame of Christendom be it spoken, slavery never wore this garb under a Christian yoke. In my early days, there were Moorish and Turkish slaves at Lisbon, Cadiz, &c., all universally ill treated, badly fed, clothed, and lodged. Even at Algiers, where Christian slaves are said to have been worse treated than elsewhere, I believe that they were infinitely better used than the Moorish slaves in Spain, or Portugal, or Naples, or Tuscany. But, then, I have also the satisfaction, on the other hand, of believing that the Christian slaves in Barbary were the better treated because their Mussulman masters found that they could repose more confidence in them than in the followers of their own false religion. On Christians, therefore, devolved all the domestic arrangements; and the wealthy had Christian slaves for their treasurers; and the departure of those who were now liberated was deeply lamented. Neither yet did the slaves themselves depart without testifying, in many instances, their own gratitude for the kind treatment which they had received. I know, moreover, that many of them, and also of the Roman slaves who were liberated afterwards, returned, as freemen, to end their days in the service of their old masters. Of course I

do not mean to say that some individuals may not have had bad masters, or may not have been themselves unworthy of confidence.

“ On the day after the return of the Admirals to their ships, the sons and ministers of the Bey paid a visit of ceremony to Lord Exmouth. As it was impossible to place wine on the table for the use of these disciples of the Koran, it was suggested that rum might not be disagreeable to them; and so it turned out. They drank the pure spirit with much perseverance and apparent satisfaction, and on some it had apparent effect. We tried to impress our guests with a full sense of the power of a three-decker; but some of them had seen the *Sultan Selim*, to which the *Boyne*, Lord Exmouth's ship, was in their estimation only a bauble in comparison. We made also such a display as we could of congreve rockets; but the perverse rockets only showed on this, as they had before shown me on other occasions, that they are capable of a very distant flight of very uncertain direction: and I saw a curl of disdain on the lips of the young barbarians, the Bey's sons, at this exhibition.”

On the evening of the 23rd, Admiral Penrose sailed for Malta, where he arrived on the 28th, and Lord Exmouth proceeded to Tripoli.

## CHAPTER VI.

### EXPEDITION TO ALGIERS.

THE period of Lord Exmouth's second and signal expedition against Algiers was now fast approaching. His reception, on again calling there on his return from Tripoli, had led, as is sufficiently known, to the resumption of hostilities against that state; and to his coming out again in August in command of another and far more powerful armament, and to the memorable triumph which it achieved. There is not any one of the regrets of Admiral Penrose's whole life, concerning which he always expressed so much of the feeling of disappointment, as in having missed being a partaker of this great victory. And he regretted this the more because he had anxiously expected, and knew that he both might and ought, to have had instructions to join Lord Exmouth. He had heard, on or about the 12th of August, by a merchant-vessel from Gibraltar, that a large force was fitting out at home, for special service in the Mediterranean, under that distinguished commander. The newspapers, also,

were full of the subject; but he had himself no official intelligence respecting it, except in the following conclusion of a letter, of the date of July 16, from Lord Melville:—

“As I am not sure of the channel through which this letter may be conveyed to you, I do not touch upon other more important matters, the first intimation of which you will probably receive by sea.”

This sentence of course led him to wait at Malta as long as he could; but he at length felt that it could not be his duty to wait longer, and on the 19th August he removed his flag into the *Ister*, Captain Forrest, and sailed for Algiers. The wind was directly adverse during the whole passage; and he did not arrive till the 29th. The action had been on the 27th, and the first objects seen on entering the bay were the still smoking wrecks of the Algerine navy, and then the fleet of Lord Exmouth engaged in repairing the injuries which it had sustained.

As far as Admiral Penrose's disappointment at having thus missed, so nearly, the sharing in this glorious exploit could be compensated by the friendly and sympathizing reception which he experienced—both from Lord Exmouth himself, and every officer who served under him—he had this compensation in full. Captain Forrest said to him, on his return in the evening, after dining

with Lord Exmouth, "I should have thought the whole business of the meeting had been on your account, more than on that of the victory, and I envied you more than any of the party." But still this mortification weighed on his naturally cheerful and happy mind for a long time.

For what reason, while Admiral Penrose was on this station, another admiral should have been sent out as second in command on this service, and he himself left or kept in utter ignorance of the design, it is not now easy to surmise. This subject may, therefore, be here concluded, by inserting copies of the following letters to the Secretary of the Admiralty, of which the first was written on the day after his arrival at Algiers.

"Algiers Bay, Aug. 30, 1816.

"SIR,

"I request you to inform their Lordships that, having for a considerable time seen accounts in the foreign newspapers that a large armament was coming into these seas, my anxiety was too great to wait longer for the official account I eagerly longed for, and, on the 19th instant, I embarked on board H.M.S. *Ister*, leaving Captain Spencer, of the *Erne*, in charge at Malta; and proceeded in hopes of offering my services to Lord Exmouth in good time.



“I had (I think naturally) concluded, that some dispatches had been sent for me, and lost; for I could never allow myself to believe, that so heavy and irretrievable a mortification as I now acutely experience could be intended.

“At the end of forty-five years’ faithful service to my king and country, I could never have expected, as I am conscious I have never merited, to have a junior officer from a distant station sent to second Lord Exmouth, on a service to be performed on that station where I commanded in chief, and that service never intimated to me in the smallest degree.

“I have the honour, &c.

“To J. W. CROKER, Esq.”

The answer to this letter from the Admiralty was dated September 27, and to this answer Admiral Penrose sent the following reply:

“*Albion*, Malta, Nov. 6, 1816.

“SIR,

“I request you to do me the honour to express to their Lordships my regret that the tone of my letter, of August 30, should have displeased.

“I will not trouble their Lordships on a subject of personal feeling, even to point out the early dates of the arrival of private, yet particular,

information respecting Lord Exmouth's armament. These, however, would make it appear, that my expectation of being called on to assist Lord Exmouth in the bay in which I had so lately served with him was at least natural.

“My letter, written close to the ship fitted expressly to bear my flag, and between the victorious squadron and the ruins of Algiers, might naturally have gone into keenness of feeling, which their Lordships' candour would excuse; but I am the last person who would palliate, or defend, or hesitate to apologize for, any expression deviating from that respect which is as properly due in point of subordination as indisputably requisite for the public good.

“I have the honour to remain, &c., &c.

“To J. W. CROKER, Esq.”

Not the least remarkable part of this history is, that Admiral Penrose was afterwards informed, on good authority, that this, his “apologetical defence and excuse, gave very great satisfaction to the Admiralty.”—To these letters are subjoined, in Admiral Penrose's private journal, particular observations, both on the conduct of the action itself, and on the method of proceeding with the greatest advantage, in any future attack on Algiers. He was never wanting during his whole life, and certainly never more ready than on this

occasion, and in this record which he has left of himself, to add his own suffrage to the universal acknowledgment of Lord Exmouth's high merit and ability; and he also speaks with particular animation of the judgment and promptitude displayed by his nephew, Capt. Coode, who commanded the *Albion*, and who was severely wounded in the action. This ship had been assigned, in the line of battle, a station in the rear of the *Impregnable*. The *Impregnable*, through some mistake, let go her anchor too soon. Considering how very well she was officered, it would have been but natural that the commander of the *Albion* should follow the example which had been so set, by dropping his own anchor also, and so keeping the place assigned him in the line. But Capt. Coode, seeing the case to be what it was, passed on instantly ahead of the *Impregnable*, cheering as he passed, and took nearly the berth which that ship had been intended to fill.

On the 31st August commenced the negotiation with the Dey. If this had failed, the whole contest would have had to begin again; and, if not with a doubtful, yet with a not less bloody, result than before. "Little did I expect," says Admiral Penrose, "to be employed in any part of a business with the main struggle of which I had unfortunately no participation; but Lord Exmouth, calling me to a private audience, with a

considerable degree of embarrassment, asked me, as a mark of friendship towards him, if I would undertake to arrange the treaty, and the remaining business with the Dey. Neither private nor public considerations allowed me to hesitate, though no proposal could have come more unexpected; and within an hour or two I was standing before my old acquaintance the Dey.

“I am not about to enter into the particulars of the several interviews I had with him, nor the tedious difficulties of conversing by an interpreter. Lord Exmouth’s public letter, and Salamé’s book, have made the subject well known. All our conversations were carried on with perfect temper and composure on both sides, and I may say of yielding on the side of the Dey, except when any documents were produced which he thought would in any way bind him not to make war on the Spaniards whenever he pleased. After it had been officially stated that *all* the Christian slaves were embarked, we learned that two Spaniards were still in prison; and although these men were really bound for the payment of money due to the Dey, it was thought that our work would be imperfect if even one Christian were left in Algiers in the Dey’s power. But justice required that the sum of money should be paid for which they were bound, and this settlement did not come within Lord Exmouth’s commission. He

had no doubt, however, that he should be able to get the amount settled with the government of Spain, and therefore offered his own personal security for the immediate payment of the sum in dispute; and this I tendered to the Dey, telling him that at all events the men *must* be liberated. This was the most bitter pill of all to swallow, and he put it off to the last moment. At last, when the treaty was translated, and a fair copy ready for signature and delivery, I again demanded the Spaniards, and again tendered Lord Exmouth's security for payment of the sum he said was due to him. He would not even touch the proffered bond, and at last, with evident grief of heart, he said he would order the men to be taken down to our boat. I told his Highness that it was absolutely requisite that they should be in my power before I signed or accepted any document. They were then sent for from the prison, which, as they were brought in two or three minutes, must have been in the palace. When I had given them in charge of an officer at the foot of the stairs, I concluded the business; and glad I was when it was concluded. I really thought, at one time, that the Dey would rather have risked a rupture than have yielded the point respecting these Spaniards, who were in fact hostages, not slaves; and Lord Exmouth might have been fully justified if he

had not taken any notice of the matter. So suspicious was I of the Dey's intentions towards these men, that I kept them close to me, as I went first to our Consul's house, and afterwards to the boat. The savage thought, that if he had accepted Lord Exmouth's offer, we might interfere afterwards, if he should declare war against Spain; which, as we had tied his hands up from acting against so many other powers, it was evident that he very much longed to do.

“On one occasion I was for some time with the Dey, our interpreter only being with us, the Consul and all the rest having gone to investigate a disputed account. I took the opportunity of advising him to change the system of predatory warfare into one of commerce, and I pointed out to him the wealth acquired by improving agriculture and encouraging trade, and instanced the Pacha of Egypt. I reminded him that the territory of Algiers was in the highest degree fertile, and produced many valuable articles of trade; that he had a fine port admirably situated, and that these advantages might soon render him infinitely richer than plunder and piracy ever could; and that thus, instead of being considered as a common enemy, he might become the respectable friend, of all Christian powers, and to his own great benefit in every respect. I particularly urged on him that such a change of

system would ensure him the friendly aid of Britain, and that great part of the treasure which now went into the coffers of the Pacha of Egypt would be so brought to flow into his own. This unpremeditated address of mine was listened to by this singular chief with evident surprise and attention; and, as far as I could judge by the slower or quicker aspirations of his long pipe, and once by a sort of sigh, with something of a hope that such a state of things might possibly be. After a short pause, he calmly replied that he thanked me for my advice, and would consider the matter seriously, but that he had many difficulties to encounter; he had been but a short time on the musnud, and now our attack had almost driven him from it.

“This Dey was a man who, not long before, when general under his predecessor, had caused the rebellious governor of Oran to be flayed alive in his presence, and while he was drinking his morning coffee—of which refreshing beverage he ordered a portion to be given to his wretched victim, in order to recruit him for the more lengthened agony. His own reign, however, was not destined to be of long duration. At some period in 1817, he became plunged in a dispute with his janissaries, who insisted on permission to plunder the Jews, on pretence that they had not exerted themselves during Lord Exmouth's attack. On the Dey's



resisting this demand, the janissaries surrounded the palace, and at last obliged him to descend amongst them to be strangled. He begged hard to be allowed to return to his station as janissary; but it seems that a man who has once been honoured by the title of Dey cannot be allowed to degrade.

“One day,” the journal proceeds, “as I was examining the Consul’s house, for the purpose of noticing the damage which it had sustained in the siege, I found a carpenter busy in repairing a partition, and soon saw that he wished to enter into conversation with me. He told me that he was a German renegade, heartily wishing that he had been still a slave, and so have partaken of the effected redemption. He made many earnest and sensible inquiries about his own country and the state of Europe, earnestly longing to return home, but without any hope of being able to get away from Algiers. In return I inquired where he was during the late engagement. He informed me that when the fleet was approaching, the janissaries drove all the male inhabitants indiscriminately to the batteries, but that most of the women and children went for safety out of the city; not so far, however, but that some of those wild fires, Congreve’s rockets, which were intended for the shipping in the Mole, passed over them. My German informer was stationed,



with seventeen others, at one of the very long guns on the Mole Battery. Nine out of the seventeen were swept away at once, by the first discharge. By his account the carnage must have been very great; but this was concealed with the greatest care, and all traces of it removed by the middle of the next day when Brisbane landed. Great pains, also, were taken to clear away the rubbish, and make everything appear as if the damage was not great; and, indeed, except in the destruction of the shipping, it was not material. In the lower stories, the houses had suffered little, and the upper stories were so slight that the shot had passed through with little more effect than the round holes they had made, nor could I perceive that our bombs had done much execution. Very many of these had not burst, and were collected in piles near the palace gate; but to show that our ships were close to their work, I found the centre-spill of a grape-shot in one of the Consul's rooms, which was in the centre of the city.

“When I landed, there was much more order than I could have expected. Everything seemed in its place, as if nothing had happened but to the shipping, of which the still smoking remains of some, and the floating wrecks of others, plainly showed the devastation which had been made.

Early in the action two or three small vessels

had been sunk to preserve them; and, very much to the credit of those concerned, one fine schooner had been weighed up, and was nearly equipped for sea, in order to proceed to Constantinople, when I entered the Mole. Two or three gun-boats had also escaped, and I observed the guns and their implements all ready for immediate use.

“Lord Exmouth once talked of a renewed assault, but I am glad there was no necessity for it. Supposing a favourable wind and weather, his ships would not have been again allowed to take their stations unmolested; and it is certain they would have been very seriously damaged in their approach to the batteries.”

## CHAPTER VII.

FROM LEAVING ALGIERS, SEPT. 7, 1816, TO THE CONCLUSION  
OF HIS VISIT TO ALI PASHA, IN FEB., 1818.

ON the 7th of September, Admiral Penrose, in company with Lord Exmouth, who was now returning to England, left the Bay of Algiers for Gibraltar, where he shifted his flag to the *Albion*. He then returned to Malta, where he remained till April 17, 1817. On that day he sailed, taking his family with him, to the Ionian Islands, and on the 21st arrived at Corfu, where Sir Thomas Maitland had at this time established himself as Lord High Commissioner. After leaving Corfu he visited St. Maura and Ithaca. At Ithaca he lay in the harbour of Vathi, of which he says, that he never entered a port so thoroughly concealed from without, and that its appearance from the inside was so snug that it might be compared to a mill-pond, and some wonderment was raised "how we should get out." Was this the cave of Phorcys, in which

the sleeping Ulysses was set on shore by the Phœnicians ? ”

From Ithaca the Admiral went to Zante, where he visited the pitch-wells, and thence to Cefalonia, and returned to Malta, May 31. On the 8th of July he again sailed with his family for Palermo, where they were present during the feast of St. Rosalia, and from Palermo to Naples. At Naples he found, or was soon joined by, an American squadron under Commodore Chauncy\*.

With the exception of a duel with an American officer, which was provoked by the thoughtlessness of one of the lieutenants of the *Albion*, a perfect harmony subsisted between the two squadrons—

\* “The *Albion*,” it is here added, “was but a pigmy by the side of the gigantic *Washington*, yet I never felt that I should have had any doubt of a good result, if I had met her as an enemy. Her weight of metal was indeed vastly superior, as she mounted 32-pounders only, and of these she could fight, if I recollect right, 52 on a side. My reliance would have been on the superior activity of my own ship in manœuvring, in consequence of the great length of the *Washington*; on our having a poop, which the other had not; and on the unwieldy size of the lower-deck guns, the carriages also being made *very* high, to counteract the nearness of the lower sills of the ports to the water, so that the guns could not be elevated sufficiently for effectual service on the lee side. If, therefore, I had met this great ship as an opponent, I should have endeavoured to close her to leeward, and on the lee bow if possible; and I think that hearts of oak would have had a fair chance.”

the English and the American—during the period of their rencontre on this station. “Whenever an American boat,” says the Admiral, “passed my barge with the flag flying, the same respect was paid as if one of our own boats had been in the same situation; and the officers and men on shore were equally respectful. Not the smallest dispute between petty officers and boats’ crews ever took place, though often meeting on shore. We had such numerous engagements that I could not find a day on which I could give Commodore Chauncy and his captains ‘a grand dinner,’ as it would have been called in the newspapers; but I invited them to a ‘dèjeûner à la fourchette,’ and the party was pleasant. I asked my ladies how they liked the Americans, and the reply was, that they were too much like English captains. This was the greatest compliment they could have paid them.

“On the night of the anniversary of the battle of the Nile (August 1), the Americans paid us a very pretty compliment. Our cabin windows were all open, and Italy never could boast of a more perfect serenity of air, or a more clear cerulean sky; but the moon had not risen when our ears were pleasingly attracted by the music of an excellent band, in a boat, a short distance from the stern. Here the floating orchestra continued for an hour or more, gratifying us not only with the most popular airs of the musical world at the

time, but with our own loyal and patriotic tunes, ending with the 'Battle of the Nile.' We were much puzzled as to who might be the bestowers of this great treat, and at first felt inclined to give the credit to our Austrian friends, as we had been able to show some little attention to some of their chief officers, and I was well acquainted with General Nugent, who then held the chief command. As for the performers themselves, we could procure no information. Soon after the first party retired, another good band took their station, and continued the harmony. We learned on the following day, that the first band was from Commodore Chauncy's ship, and the second from that of Captain Shaw, who had been commodore before Chauncy's arrival."

From Naples, Admiral Penrose proceeded to Leghorn, where he arrived about the middle of August. Leghorn was at this time very full of very august personages; amongst the rest Maria Louisa, whom he proceeded to visit. "She received me," he says, "with an open frankness which was very pleasing. She asked me if I thought Napoleon was likely to escape from St. Helena, and she declared herself, and *appeared to be* pleased, when I assured her that I considered him safe in his cage. She never wished to rejoin him. Her expression afterwards was, 'He never used me ill, he never used me well; he valued, or

looked on me as his housekeeper and the mother of his son.' She seemed entirely Austrian. She spoke of her son with great affection, and became animated like a mother when she praised him. She told me that one of his great delights was the playing with a young lion, which had been brought from Tunis, by Captain Dundas, in the *Tagus*, as a present for some other person, but which had come into young Napoleon's possession. It had been taken quite young, and had been reared by a goat. Whether the nurse had changed any of its natural propensities, I do not know. It was a royal plaything."

The Admiral dined with the ex-Empress the next day, and had afterwards to exhibit the *Albion*, both to her and to a large party of royal personages, by whom she was accompanied. This party consisted of Maria Louisa, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Princess Leopoldina, who had just been married by proxy to the Emperor of Brazil, Prince Metternich, and others. From Leghorn, Admiral Penrose returned to Malta, about September 20; and the autumn and early winter passed pleasantly away, without any occurrence of moment.

On January 24th, 1818, he hoisted his flag in the *Ganymede*, Captain Spencer, and sailed again for Corfu, for the purpose of accompanying Sir Thomas Maitland on an intended visit to Ali

Pacha. He on this occasion left his family behind him, at Malta. The object of this visit to Ali was to secure the rights of the inhabitants of the seven islands; and also to enter into some discussions respecting the affair of Parga, which was at this time exciting great and painful attention. During his stay in Corfu, the Admiral made several excursions in that island, and to the opposite shores of Epirus. "Thus passed," he adds, "our time away, till we were ready to start for Prevesa to meet Ali Pacha, where the General embarked with the ladies (Lady Ponsonby, Lady Lauderdale, and her daughters) in the *Glasgow*, and with the two ships we proceeded to the anchorage off Prevesa, at the entrance of the Gulf of Arta, celebrated for the defeat of Antony, and the flight of Cleopatra. It was intended that we should land at Parga in our way, but calms or foul winds shortened our time, so that we had none to spare from the chief object of our voyage. A very strong and cold north-east wind blew directly from the land, and our anchorage was at a considerable distance from the shore. On the evening of our arrival, I dispatched the second-lieutenant to find at what time on the following day Ali would receive us, and to examine the landing-place. His report of the chief himself was wittily characteristic: 'He is exactly like a sugar hog-head, dressed in scarlet and gold.' Whoever will



look at his picture will see good ground-work for this comparison.

“A long and heavy pull we had the next day in the *Glasgow's* fine barge, against a very cold wind, but at last reached the land. The palace of the ferocious chief whom we were come to visit was built of wood, and on the water's edge, so that the boats landed at one of the doors, contrived no doubt to enable the owner to escape in that direction, if requisite. It was an immense building, badly finished, not painted, and badly furnished, but calculated to lodge about three thousand persons. The chief, with all his heads of departments, and his son and grandson, received us in a small room (small, that is, for such a purpose), one end of which was occupied by a comfortable and well-cushioned divan; and some chairs were brought, out of compliment to our mode of sitting. Here we were soon served with coffee in beautiful china and gold cups and saucers, and magnificent pipes, the long cherry-wood stems or tubes of which were of great value if of a certain length. It is the etiquette on these diplomatic occasions with the followers of Mahomet, and I believe with some others also, who ought to know better, to do nothing like business on the first day of meeting, but pay compliments, and try to sound the character of those we are to try to outwit the next day.

“Sir Thomas introduced me as the naval commander-in-chief, and, when we had been excessively civil to each other, then Sir Frederick Adam, Captains Maitland and Spencer, and then those of lower degree on the navy and army lists. Among these was Capt. Frazer, a fine tall Highlander of six feet three or four inches, and well proportioned. Sir Thomas had brought him on purpose to show, and pointed him out to Ali, asking (as well as I can recollect) whether he could furnish such another grenadier from his own troops. I rather think there was something either in the matter or manner which piqued the barbarian, and he replied, very drily, and somewhat sarcastically, ‘The tallest are not always the bravest,’ or words to that effect.

“Before we returned to our ships, an excellent collation was provided on a long table, where we cut and came again, with much approbation of Turkish cookery; but the climate was severe in this wild mansion; and after trying many bottles of execrable light wines, great was my joy in finding a flask of excellent brandy. There was an immense fire in one apartment; but open doors and badly-fitted windows rendered it of no avail, unless within a roasting distance. The fireplace was built of stone, and projected, wisely, several feet into the room. On the hearth were piled immense logs of wood in unceasing profu-

sion; and I certainly never saw so large a fire within doors, even including the kitchens of large establishments; but whilst the front was roasting or boiling, the rear was freezing.

“At one of our visits we were entertained with a review of a body of troops, trained in imitation of British; but, though I doubt not they were a set of active fellows for mountain warfare, they looked but a ragged regiment; and when the *band* played ‘God save the King,’ marching past us with an English deserter in a blue jacket and round hat, leading with a fife, it certainly created a smile. Sir Thomas had, on this occasion, brought up with him the fine band of the 10th Regiment, draperied in their full costume; but I do not think that their excellent playing had any powerful effect on Albanian ears, neither was such a display of superiority politic, and I thought Ali rather piqued. Being asked what sort of music he liked best, he abruptly answered, “Warlike, always warlike;” while his attention was chiefly drawn to a stout negro who played the cymbals with abundance of attitude and motion. With the troops were two or three small field-guns, and these they loaded and fired with a quickness which struck us all as remarkable.

“A party of cavalry was then introduced into the large square of the palace, and went through

blunt spear. This was to me a new and wonderful display of activity. If I might judge by the sound of the blow, when one of the weapons struck against and rebounded from the wall, I should think a full stroke on the head would be fatal; but the dexterity with which they were parried, and the adroitness with which they were avoided, were most extraordinary. Sometimes a passing spear was caught in the hand, and at other times taken up from the ground at full speed. Like the knights of old, the horsemen had foot attendants, and the whole scene was highly animated, and unlike anything I had before seen. A grandson of Ali's, and a common negro, were the most conspicuous for their activity and dexterity.

“On the second and third days, as our stay on shore was prolonged, the fare prepared for us was proportionally more abundant and choice. When the time came, we saw a line of at least forty slaves coming across the square from the kitchens on the opposite side, each with a covered dish on his head, or a tray with several smaller dishes of good things. These sable cooks' assistants put me in mind of many of the “Arabian Nights;” and the contents of the dishes were what we read of in these and other Eastern stories: lambs or kids, roasted whole, and stuffed with pistachio nuts, geese, turkeys, game, hashes, stews, pillaws, &c.,

with an endless variety of sweets and confectionary, which London or Paris could not excel. There was a good deal of plate, but rather of a flimsy sort, more suited to a shabby-genteel hotel than a palace. But I found nothing fit to drink but brandy, and that was excellent, and adapted to the cold north-east wind blowing from the snow-covered mountains, which bounded our eastern view across the Gulf of Arta\*.

One of Ali's secretaries was a Georgian, who spoke French so fluently, and with so perfect an accent, that we for some time supposed him to be

\* "One of our days," it is here said, "was agreeably varied by the presence of some of the ladies who had come with us to Prevesa. Two of these ladies were certainly very handsome in our estimation, but neither the attention nor eyes of Ali or his courtiers seemed attracted by them. Sir Thomas pointed out one of them in particular, as having been considered one of our London beauties, but he only gave a sort of a grunt. When the ladies and gentlemen visitors were placed on the divan, and the former declined the long pipes which were abundantly supplied, Ali produced his snuff-box, on which were his initials, slightly but neatly inlaid with diamonds; and when Lady Lauderdale had taken a pinch, she gave it to me to return to the chief; but with much neatness he desired that, as her Ladyship had honoured it so far, he hoped that she would condescend to accept it. Poor Lady Lauderdale, who all the time seemed terrified at being in the company of such a savage, asked me what she should do, when I advised a salaam and ready accordance with the offer."

a Frenchman, or at least to have lived long in France, where he had never been.

“I had several good opportunities of watching the countenance of the extraordinary man who was now our host, and I never could observe the smallest indication without of what was passing in his breast. Simple benevolence was apparently beaming from the whole expression of this human butcher. At one time particularly, when I knew for a certainty that he was both angry and mortified at some turn in the investigations, I sat opposite to him at only a yard’s distance, and could not perceive the smallest outward token of the storm within. He took a great fancy to Sir Frederick Adam, and I was once greatly amused to see him lay his hand on the General’s shoulders, and paw him for a minute or two. I was just opposite, and we could with difficulty restrain a hearty laugh. He once questioned me about my family, whether I was married, &c.; and when I told him I had three daughters, ‘What, no son? why have not you then?’ and burst forth with one of his frightful haugh-haugh laughs, which were quite disgusting, and resembled the grunt of a wild beast.

“As a high honour, on the day on which the ladies were with us, he sat at the head of the table at dinner. On this memorable occasion, the

table was laid on the platform of the divan; and this platform was elevated above the floor of the room, like the ends of the old feudal halls. The dinner was much more profuse than elegant; and one of Ali's first operations was to cut off the fore-quarter of a roasted lamb, and with his hand tear out the flesh between the shoulder and the breast, which he devoured with great glee. Lady Lauderdale sat on his right hand, and I was next her. Ali, understanding that she chose some turkey, had one brought before him, and helped her, with great gallantry, a fore quarter of an immense bird, which of course puzzled her greatly. Wherefore, bowing for permission from our host, I cut off a proper portion from the wing, and helped myself to the remainder. When Ali saw what a small portion I had allotted to the lady, he grunted out his peculiar laugh, but luckily did not persist in the cramming system. From his apparent surprise at the moderate eating of Lady Lauderdale, we must suppose that his wife Fatima, and his other ladies, had more robust appetites. Even at this our more distinguished feast, good wines were not the order of the day, and I had again recourse to the brandy bottle. I know not from experience what Ali had in a particular bottle, placed near himself, as he indulged no one but Sir Thomas Maitland with a taste of it; but I do



not recollect hearing it praised. The chief took a good portion of this bottle to himself, heedless of the Koran or the prophet.

“Immediately after dinner, dancing boys were introduced, and performed a great number of evolutions, showing the most extraordinary flexibility in every part of the body. These poor creatures must have been Nazarites from their birth, as their hair was long enough to reach the floor as they stood; and great part of their skill was displayed in throwing about these profuse locks with their arms. I think these boys must have been of Indian extraction.

“The ladies having heard that Ali had bought a diamond of great value from poor Gustavus, the ex-King of Sweden, expressed a strong desire to see it; but how to bring this about without giving offence, was the question. At last Sir Thomas privately inquired of one of the secretaries, if Ali would be displeased at being asked to show the gem, and being assured that he would not be unwilling to do so, the wish of the ladies was made known. He assented graciously, and ordered a plate (silver, I think,) to be brought to him. He then searched in the folds of his own fat neck, and at last untied a string to which was affixed a little bag of either oil-cloth or bladder. Out of this he took a coarse paper parcel, and having opened this envelope, and three or four interior



papers, he, with a pretended air of indifference, throw out on the plate a considerable number of diamonds, which some of our party, better versed in these rich articles than I am, valued at 30,000*l*. Among these was the diamond of the ex-King, which *had been* valued at 12,000*l*.; but, owing partly to his necessities, and, perhaps, partly also to a change in value, Ali had purchased it, I think, for 7000*l*. or 8000*l*.

“The strangest part of this story was, and is, in my opinion, that such a man could display such a treasure, showing that it was usually concealed about his person, before a considerable number of his own subjects as well as strangers. There seemed to be the freest possible ingress and egress to and from the hall in which we sat; and besides his officers of state, there were many menials in the hall at the time. In what, then, consisted the confidence which he must have felt? It could not have been derived from conscious virtue, or security of attachment; and, except at the gate which led from the great square of the palace towards the town, I never saw anything like guard or sentinel.

“Besides this dish of diamonds, Ali kept by his side a brace of pistols richly set with valuable jewels, a present from Napoleon; and in his girdle he always wore a dagger, the hilt of which must have been worth 2000*l*. or 3000*l*.; one stone, especially,

being very large. In the same apparently common hall were sabres and fowling-pieces, which were also ornamented with the same costly materials. Probably the reign of terror might operate to some degree as a safeguard; but the appearance of the people immediately about Ali's person indicated much more confidence than fear, and I do not recollect that any of them betrayed his confidence, when his fall drew near.

“ Before we embarked, and after we had taken leave of the chief, it was hinted to us that a visit to his favourite grandson would be well taken; and Sir Thomas and I accordingly went to the Prince's apartment, made our bows, drank a cup of coffee, smoked a few whiffs from the long pipes, and then rejoining our party, went to the boats. On the steps we found the chief secretary, who, remarking on the coldness of the weather, put a pelisse of little value on Sir Thomas's shoulders, with a request from Ali that he would accept and wear it. To Sir Frederick Adam and myself he presented snuff-boxes, in his chief's name; and I was not sorry when I found that the last act of our curious drama was concluded. My token was a very pretty Parisian box of gold enamelled, not very costly, and the jeweller's bill was remaining in it. His stock of new pretty things was, I conclude, expended, as Adam's box bore evident marks of long use, and had probably been borrowed

from one of his women, as some seed pearls were found in the not very clean interior. Our ladies had been introduced into the harem, and to the favourite Fatima, who, as we were told, was the best *scratcher* Ali ever had. One of his chief luxuries was to have his immense coarse carcase scratched for a considerable time, daily, by his female friends."

## CHAPTER VIII.

TO HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND IN MAY, 1819.

THIS curious business being thus ended, the ships separated. “The *Glasgow*,” continues the Admiral, “returned to Corfu, with the Lord High Commissioner and the ladies; and the *Ganymede* bore me once again to the snug little harbour of Vathi in Ithaca. We had sailed up the deep Gulf of Molo, and through the long and narrow passage leading to the harbour, where we cast anchor, before a single individual knew that a ship had been in sight. We were within little more than half a mile from the town, and from the house of Major Temple, the military commandant, which was in the nearest part of it; and yet even he knew not that we were in the port till we fired the watch-gun at 8 P.M.

“During our stay at Vathi, it was proposed that we should make an excursion towards the north end of the island, and search a very ancient burying-ground, concluding our day by a dinner at the country house of the native Regent. Each

island is by the constitution governed by a native chief under the title of regent, and a British officer who has the military command, and to whom, in certain cases, appeals may be made. We departed early in our pinnace, and, after a pleasant row, landed in a bay to the north of Macronia; where, after having undergone a close and irregular fire of blunderbusses, expressive of welcome and honour, we found asses ready to assist us up the hill. How our little beasts carried us up the mountain paths they did, I am at a loss to guess; but the only difficulty was in keeping my feet clear of the stony road.

“ We arrived at a ruin which bears the name of Homer’s School, and about which there were undeniable evidences of great antiquity; but though Homer may have been an itinerant, he could hardly have taught in all the places which bear the same name. Near this place we began our researches: the graves appeared to have been placed parallel to each other, the headstones at the east end. We had not time, however, for much indulgence of our antiquarian zeal; and after having disinterred the bones and relics of an ancient doctor, we bent our steps on foot to the country house of the Regent, who had very patiently, but without the smallest appearance of curiosity, attended the excavation. This house was beautifully situated, the view being down the deep bay just opposite, with Sappho’s leap

and Leucadia at no great distance. I had again to march through an avenue of blunderbusses, ready under the arms of a very wild sort of militia, who discharged each as near my whiskers as they could without singeing them. That the nearer you fire to a man's face the more honour you do him, is a notion which is very practically shown to pervade both these islands and many parts of Africa.

“ We had a very good dinner showered in successive arrivals on the table, at long intervals of time; so that I feared that, though we had begun at a moderately early hour, we should not conclude before it was time to rise from a late supper. I had here an opportunity of seeing several of the Ithacan squires, as well as the parochial Papa. This last was a very jovial soul, even amongst a flock which had no distaste to strong drink; and, if I recollect right, it was not unusual to hear that some of the parishioners had assisted in taking their minister to his home, at times when he could not have found it for himself, or have trusted to the steadiness of his own legs. I fear, indeed, that the Greek clergy of these islands are not a very exemplary set of men; and except the worthy Papa Papa at Zante, I hardly saw one who could be ranked as a gentleman. This Ithacan Papa, nevertheless, gave me a kiss and blessing at parting; and, moreover, he had presented me with three or four coins, and some im-

plements which had been taken from a grave near that which I had excavated. Just at dark we got leave to depart, and my offer to convey the Regent in my boat to Vathi was gladly accepted. When we reached the beach, we had to pass through another avenue of blunderbusses, and altogether I was not displeased to be wrapped in my boat-cloak in the stern-sheets of the *Ganymede's* pinnace.

“The night was lovely, and as we rowed close along under the bold cliffs, and round the rugged projecting points of this classical island, it was impossible not to admit a degree of romance or enthusiasm. In the stern near me was the Regent, whom I would willingly suppose to have been in direct descent from some of those worthies whom Homer’s song has made immortal; and by the side of the coxswain was one of his chief attendants. In the bow of the boat sat two Greeks, belonging to the police or militia; and there was no difficulty in persuading these people to sing some of their most ancient traditional songs, which they did, generally alternate, sometimes in chorus. The songs, or tunes, were by no means void of melody; and this Ithacan vocal concert, while coasting the shores of the land of Ulysses, was a treat of not a common sort; and, when we entered the bay, at the foot of which was the mountain on which the hero’s castle

stood, the lay was chaunted with still added animation, and I have not often been kept out of my bed beyond the regular hour with more goodwill.

“After passing a few interesting days at Vathi, we sailed for Zante, and had a most friendly and kind reception from the Capo di Governo, Colonel Stewart. With this gentleman and Captain Spencer I accomplished the not very easy task of ascending Monte Scopo, whence we had a most magnificent prospect. The town, the castle built on the site of the ancient Zacynthus, the noble plain where the currant-grape is grown, and the no less noble range of mountains which bound it, lay like a distinct map in our near view; while, across the channel, of only seven or eight miles broad, which separates Zante from the continent of Greece, the eye wandered over an apparently boundless extent of the Morea, comprising a view of many places memorable in ancient story, and which have now again acquired a painful interest from the late war. The scene was displayed under the advantage of as clear a sky and as perfect vision as ever showed the blue Apennines to an Italian. Besides Colonel Stewart, the Zantiote chief also gave me and my suite a most hospitable invitation, and begged me to come to his box at the opera, which accordingly I did.

“My run among these islands, at this time,



being merely to keep up my personal acquaintance with the principal persons, and to show them that they were not neglected by the navy of the protecting power, I soon departed from Zante, and had a pleasant passage to Argostoli in Cefalonia. In my way I contrived to get a sight of the grease-well. This is a constant and rather powerful jet of a substance much resembling ambergris, which runs into the sea through a cavern a few miles north-west of the Bay of Zante. Captain Spencer and I coasted in the gig till we discovered it. It appeared to issue into the cavern rather below the water's edge, and thence spread itself over the sea to some distance. Like the pitch-wells which I had seen on my former visit into these regions, it has issued in the same manner and in nearly about the same quantities from time immemorial. How long is Zante to continue above water? The exuded pitch and grease must have caused, in the lapse of so many centuries, no small exhaustion of internal materials.

“All our visits to these islands were remarkably pleasant. Our arrival made a sort of holiday, and all joined in their endeavours to show kindness and respect, and to indulge my propensity of seeing all that could be seen. The south end of Cefalonia is formed by the black mountain, the height of which is such as to enable its summit

and that of Etna to be at once within the sphere of vision—so I have heard. I rode, not to the summit of this mountain, but to the summit of a mountain which required several hours of zealous ascent, and from this point the black mountain seemed still to retain its original height. There was much which was curious in this ride. We passed some villages, the inhabitants of which had never visited the capital from which we came, and looked into some valleys which seemed to belong to another region.

“After a very pleasant stay of a few days, we left Argostoli, with the intention of proceeding without delay to Sta. Maura.”—This was the Admiral’s intention ; but, after rounding Cape Nicolo, he was overtaken by a most furious tempest, from which he was compelled to take shelter in the bay to the eastward of Vathi. Here he anchored, and, after a night of great risk and anxiety, proceeded the next day to Sta. Maura, where he anchored near one of Ali’s forts, which, on the chart, bears the name of Fort Giorgio.

“The views, as we passed the fountain of the Bashaw, and the small islands scattered most picturesquely all around us, were tranquilly beautiful. As to Ali’s Fort Giorgio, the smallest observation showed that it was not calculated for much resistance ; and the scandal goes that the European (I believe a British) engineer, who planned both this

and other fortresses for the Albanian chief, laid them purposely open to easy capture. This may be; and I remember that when I saw our engineers repairing the breaches at St. Sebastian, I said to my companion, ‘These people expect to attack this place again at some future time, and are making a weak place all ready for them.’

“To the south of the Bashaw’s fountain I think there is an admirable situation for a naval rendezvous, or place of equipment. The beautiful harbour which will be seen in the chart has indeed but shallow water, yet, as the bottom is a soft alluvial deposit, much may be done to deepen it if requisite: but all without the entrance is equally secure; and the cove on the left at the entrance of the harbour would allow ships of the line to lie alongside a wharf almost ready prepared by nature.”

At Sta. Maura, Admiral Penrose landed, and passed a few agreeable days with Colonel, afterwards Sir Patrick, Ross. Hence he returned to Corfu, where his residence at this time was rendered the more agreeable by his finding Lord Guildford there. It was impossible to witness the honest exertions of that excellent man to promote the welfare of the university of which he was at the head, with the same spirit and ability which

to Malta, and, after staying there about a month, made an excursion to Syracuse. In May, leaving his wife and his second daughter at Florian, he went with his other two daughters to Genoa, and from Genoa to Elba, where, like every one else who visited at this period that remarkable island, he found many proofs of the ascendancy acquired by Napoleon, during his brief sojourn, over all who surrounded him. From Elba to Civita Vecchia; then to the mouth of the Tiber, where he came to an anchor, landed at Fiumecino, and went thence to Rome. "Gonsalvi received me," he says, "with much attentive kindness, and never let an occasion slip, while we were in Rome, of causing us to partake in the best possible way of the pleasures which it could afford." The Admiral was also much impressed by the air of great sincerity and earnestness about Pius VII. "We were in luck," he adds, "not only in the being present in St. Peter's on the fête of that saint, but also in witnessing the installation of the last man who underwent the expensive and brilliant ceremony of an election as senator of Rome. It was a showy farce, and I thought it not the least farcical part of the concern, that the soldiers of the Pope, proverbially incompetent in action, were in appearance in procession the finest troops in the world. One of the cardinals, who was with me in a window to view the show, was

even jöcose upon this subject; and when the major domos of the cardinals were about to make their appearance with the immense scarlet hats of their masters hung behind their backs, he prepared me by saying, ‘Now all the people will laugh,’—and well they might. A pontifical dinner, at which the Admiral was afterwards present, bore evident features of the ancient feasts on the Palatine. The top and bottom dishes were of wood, and nearly of the breadth of a very wide table. Each contained an immense sturgeon, and was almost too heavy a burden for two servants. In this voyage to Genoa, and the subsequent visit to Rome, Admiral Penrose had again the great satisfaction of being accompanied by Captain Spencer of the *Ganymede*, a man whose life has proved too short for his country and his friends, but than whom no man seems ever to have left behind him the reputation of higher virtues, or created warmer attachments.

On July 3 the Admiral returned to the *Albion*, and then went on a final visit to Naples. He arrived at Malta on the 20th of the same month.

The time of Admiral Penrose’s command in the Mediterranean, though of course lengthened by a period equal to that during which he had been superseded by Lord Exmouth’s appointment, was now drawing fast to its close. He still remained

at Malta, however, till the spring of 1819; and he did not then leave without great regret a place in which both he and his family had been uniformly treated with the greatest possible attention and kindness, and in which, though always energetic in command, and always active in the supervision of every department of service which fell under his care, the utmost harmony had prevailed from beginning to end, between himself and all the public officers, both civil and military, with whom he had to communicate. He was succeeded in his command by Admiral Freemantle. He left Malta March 27, and reached Gibraltar April 11, where he was received with the greatest possible kindness by General Don and his family, and staid eight days, during which he was lodged, by the kindness of Mr. Buck, in his most charming residence at Mount Pleasant. He was strongly pressed to stay one day more, but he knew too well the baffling character of the winds which prevail in the straits, to be tempted to do so.\*

\* "During my first station," he says, "at Gibraltar, there was a fine class of ships trading to Turkey, well armed and manned, such as the *Britannia*, celebrated in the beautiful poem, the "Shipwreck," by the unfortunate Falconer. Two of these were at anchor in Gibraltar Bay, in 1776 or 7, and the captain of one was at dinner in the cabin of the other, when a slight air of wind sprung up from the east. The visiting captain knew the probable consequence of not hailing the breeze that blew by an immediate display of his canvas to

On the 19th, he took instant advantage of a transient levanter, and sailed from the bay.

May 2, he arrived in Plymouth Sound; he struck his flag on the 7th, and went for two days to Ethy. "I must confess," he says, "that as we mounted the hill above Torpoint, from which my flag at the *Albion* mast-head was to be plainly seen, I felt no small professional pang to think that, after having toiled so long and so hardly to reach the rank which I had now attained, I should never hoist it again. Anxious as my heart at this time was for my dear partner, whom I was longing to restore once more to her home, I certainly did cast many a lingering look behind, and was glad at last when the *Albion*, and the red cross at her mast-head, could be seen no more."

From Ethy, Admiral Penrose went of course to London, where a very general wish seemed to be expressed, on the part of the Government, to confer some new appointment on a man whose clearness of understanding and fitness for command, qualities of his character which had long been well known to his private friends, had been courted; and, in spite of the earnest entreaties of his friend, went to his ship, weighed anchor, and had just got into the Atlantic clear of the current, when the western wind returned. He made a quick passage to England, and returned with an outward-bound cargo to Gibraltar, before his friend, who had put off till to-morrow what he should have done to day, 'Had found another eastern breeze to waft him on his way.'"



eminently manifested in the stations which he had filled at Gibraltar, and still more during the last five years on the French coast, and in the Mediterranean.

But there was not any naval appointment for which he could apply, which would not have compelled a severance from his family; and to this, especially as there was now much apprehension for his wife's health, which had been long infirm, he would not consent. He would have liked, if it had been possible, to have asked for the succession to the port command at Plymouth, where his family might have accompanied him; but his comparatively low place on the list of admirals did not permit him to do so. He therefore returned from London to Ethy, where, with the exception of a long visit to his brother in Nottinghamshire, in 1822, and occasional journeys to Bath, he passed the whole remainder of his life.



## CHAPTER IX.

### OF ADMIRAL PENROSE IN HIS PROFESSION, AND OF HIS GENERAL CHARACTER.

ON this, the final close of what may be called Admiral Penrose's public life, it will be desirable to review those parts of his character which could not be brought conveniently into a brief narrative, and which yet the readers of these pages—those readers, especially, for whom they are chiefly intended—will wish to be brought before them somewhat distinctly.

To speak of him first in his profession.—There probably was never any man who had more of the science of it. His great quickness of eye and perception enabled him to take in both rapidly and correctly all its relations at once; and this not only in its properly seafaring departments, but also in the whole economy of dockyards and equipments. Some of his observations on particular points of seamanship will be found inserted at the end of this Memoir, in note E. But the character of his mind comes out most appro-

priately when viewed in the higher rank of friend, commander, and counsellor. No man was ever more determined to be obeyed where he had a right to command; yet no man ever was more loved by his dependents, or by those whom he commanded. No ship was ever more sought for than his, by parents who had "youngsters" to send to sea, and who knew where to seek. No "youngsters" ever retained, all through after-life, a warmer affection for their captain than they who had served under him. His not less observant than affectionate daughter says of him, on this point: "Of the numerous midshipmen who joined the ship he was the active friend and guardian, inspecting weekly their progress in knowledge, inquiring into their moral conduct, indefatigable in bestowing praise or reproof, cherishing or remonstrating as a parent would have done. But in every situation," she adds, "he was always the Admiral, ready for whatever occasion. I remember looking on and admiring, when the news arrived of Bonaparte's escape from Elba. It changed everything from an aspect of peace to that of war; and upset all preconceived schemes. But if it had been the most common event it could not have been met with greater readiness, or with more ease." Or, to turn to some of those commoner events themselves, which are not always less accurate indications of character than may be

found in emergencies.—On one occasion when he was at Portsmouth, one of his lieutenants, or midshipmen, a singularly gallant young Irishman, who afterwards sacrificed himself in a most remarkable manner, in one of the desperate cuttings out on the French coast, came to him in some agitation to ask leave to go on shore. “But you were on shore yesterday.” The young officer’s object was to fight a duel in his brother’s place. The captain gave instant leave, and took instant care also to prevent the duel.—Afterwards, at Passages, in 1814, he thought himself neglected by the packet-agent, and wrote to Lord Keith to complain: sending, at the same time, to the agent, to say that he had thus written. “This immediately,” says the Admiral, “brought the agent on board the *Porcupine*, where he apologized so properly, and expressed his readiness to enter into my views so fully, that I told him I would write another letter to Lord Keith to recall my complaint.” It then appeared that the agent had kept back the first letter, lest it should do him an injury. Many a quick-tempered commander would have flown out in indignation, at such an instance of unfaithfulness; but Admiral Penrose saw that he had a man of useful material to deal with; and that he would be the more useful if this fault were overlooked. “Many a time also in his life,” says his amiable daughter, “has he borne

the office of peacemaker. When kindly intercourse had been broken off, his advice to the parties used to be to meet on the broad grounds of Christian charity, to shake hands as if nothing had passed, and avoid a word which might excite recrimination."

But if such was his happiness and ascendancy in all his dealings with officers, or with officials or with gentlemen, neither were these qualities less conspicuous or remarkable in all his practical dealings with seamen. An acute eye (he was called Hawk's eye by the seamen at the time of the mutiny), a full mind, and an intrepid character, had doubtless their effect in giving to him that ascendancy over them which he had. But it was also his principle to deal with all men as with reasonable beings, as grateful for indulgence, and as alienated and made disobedient by needless restraint. A tract, which he published in 1824\*, and from which long extracts are made in Marshall and Ralfe, gives his opinion on the treatment which ought to be adopted towards seamen, at some length. On this subject he moreover says, in one of his later journals, that "it was and is my fixed principle, that men should be induced and encouraged to perform their duty by a steady and

\* Observations on Corporal Punishment and other Matters relative to the present State of His Majesty's Navy. Whittaker, 1824.

kind uniformity of manner, rather than compelled by stern authority. When men do not merit favour, power is always at hand; but there are few who will not do their duty more efficiently when actuated by the kindly, than by the contrary feelings of our nature. Above all, I believe the persuasion that a chief is desirous to be *just* to all under him, forms an attachment of confidence which is beyond all others conducive to prompt obedience and cheerful co-operation." There was more of merit in seeing these truths, incontestible as they are, at the time when this tract was published, than in seeing them now; and still more in having seen them no less clearly, and acted on them most wisely, from the very earliest period of his professional life. His eminent success in carrying his own crew, as has been observed in p. 16, through the anxious period of the mutiny, unseduced by the mischievous influences which were then at work, if partly referable to his great personal address, was yet grounded on these principles. "Early in 1797," he says in his tract, "I returned to England in the *Cleopatra* from the American station, with about three years' pay due. The day before the ship went from Spithead into the harbour, I informed the ship's company that the necessary repairs would keep us long in port, and that they would have leave to go on shore in divisions, as long as they continued to conduct

themselves well, or till the ship came out of dock. We were thirteen weeks in harbour; I had not one complaint; after about three weeks, there was seldom a man wished to go on shore. I left the port at last, with only two men absent without leave; and I should add, that during the time the ship was in dock, many were employed in the disagreeable service of fitting out other ships. From a 74-gun ship and a frigate near me, under the same circumstances of long detention in harbour, no leave was granted: boats rowed guard every night to prevent desertion, and the loss by desertion was very great.

“More than one circumstance occurred in a short time, to show that my indulgence had not been thrown away. . . . . The payment (of the three years’ pay due) was scarcely over; and while the ship was crowded with women, children, and slopsellers, a telegraphic signal announced an enemy’s frigate off Portland; and never were supernumeraries more quickly disposed of, or a ship more quickly unmoored, and under sail. We were baulked of our expected prize, and returned to Spithead just before the mutiny. Here, by a little good management and minute attention, I kept my men from cheering with the others; and although I had daily communication with the *Royal George*, three days after the yard ropes had been reeved, I punished

two men who had left their duty in the dockyard. When I received orders for sea, not a moment's lapse of good order occurred; but having information that letters had been received, threatening a visit from the delegates, if my people did not join in cheering, &c., I called the ship's company together, and informed them that I was ordered to proceed to sea; but that under the circumstances I was aware of, I should not do so till the night tide, when I expected they would show their sense of the confidence I had in their good conduct by weighing with the utmost silence and dispatch. The reply was by three hearty cheers (which I would then have gladly dispensed with), and careful obedience to my orders during the night; and I have reason to believe that the good conduct of my ship's company aided the able management of the commander\* of the western squadron I immediately joined, in the preservation of good order at that critical period. I had the honour of letters of approbation from the Admiralty, both on account of our long stay in harbour without desertion, and preventing my ships' company from taking part in the mutiny; and after the ship's company had also received their lordships' thanks, they sent me a letter full of expressions of gratitude for my having, as they

\* Sir Edward Pellew.



termed it, 'steered them clear of the troubles so many of their brethren had been involved in.'"

Thus far from the tract. One passage here omitted speaks of the suspension, at this time, of cash payments as constituting an added difficulty in the case. The account of his treatment of this case in particular will be best transcribed from a memorandum among his private papers, from which it is here subjoined.

"In the memorable year 1797 I was at Bath, on my return from a visit to my family, when the news arrived that cash payments were stopped at the bank, and it was with great difficulty that I procured change for a ten-pound bill. I saw the danger of the moment, and set out without delay to join my ship, the *Cleopatra*, at Portsmouth.

"On my arrival I found it fully requisite that I should be at my post. Orders had been given for the payment of nearly five years' wages due to the crew, and the first use of one or two pound bank notes for the payment of the navy was to be tried in our case. Already had the mischievous or the alarmists spread a report that the nation was become bankrupt, and that these new bank issues would soon be of no more worth than the paper money of the American or the assignats of the French revolution. Another and not less formidable enemy to the peaceful reception of the new paper, under the alarming circumstances of the



moment, was the offer of the Jews and slopsellers to the sailors to take their notes from them at only ten per cent. less, and this as a great favour. Such an offer naturally occasioned a greater fear of loss in the minds of the seamen than other causes which they could not so well comprehend, and alarm and discontent was evidently fast spreading among them. Mine was, therefore, a most critical situation, as our example would evidently guide all who were to follow. I therefore lost not a moment in assembling the ship's crew, and spoke to them nearly as follows:—

‘My lads,—to-morrow, if the wind admits, we are to go out to Spithead, and on the following day we are to receive our pay. This will, in great part, consist of small bank notes, instead of guineas, which, from particular circumstances, cannot now be issued for that purpose. But the small notes you will receive are exactly under the same security as the large ones you have been always in the habit of receiving; and a twenty-shilling note is as exactly worth twenty shillings as you have always found a ten-pound note to be worth ten pounds in cash. Therefore we lose nothing by the new mode of payment; and, at all events, it is the duty of all good subjects cheerfully to fall in with any measures the Government is obliged to pursue for the general advantage. Now, I have been informed that some designing people have offered

to take your notes at a considerable gain to themselves; and their making that offer is a proof that they think the notes well worth buying, as they can have no other end in view but profit. I positively forbid any of you to part with a note for less than its assigned value, and whoever does so is an enemy to his country. If any person comes again on board, and offers you less, seize him and bring him to me.' The payment took place with perfect content, and the system has continued ever since. . . . Now, if I had acted on the principle of letting the leaven work, with the design to check its effervescence by violence at whatever degree of working I thought proper, what would have been the consequence? I can have no doubt but that the small notes would have been refused; a fearful struggle would have been the result, and the mutiny which broke out so soon after from other causes would have exploded on this, and the extent of the effects can hardly be fancied. . . . As it was, we were quietly paid, and the next morning on the telegraphic news of the French frigate being in the channel, we started at a minute's warning, and in the midst of all the bustle of spending the bank notes at full value."

Copies of the letters which he received from the crew of the *Cleopatra*, after leaving the ship, have been preserved, and shall be transcribed in

a note \*. They are expressed throughout with the greatest and simplest respect, affection, and gratitude, and with many apologies and excuses, on the ground that "love will make free," for that simplicity itself which adds to their value.

Large extracts from the tract referred to, are published in the third volume of "Ralfe's Naval Biography." On the subject of corporal punishment Sir Charles Penrose there states himself to be "fully aware that it has often been injudiciously, and sometimes harshly inflicted; but I know also," he adds, "that it has been often injudiciously and weakly refrained from. I have maintained, and believe, that the advance made in the habits of reflection and exertion of the kindlier feelings in the higher classes, and of improved decency and morality in the lower, are fast blending in that happy harmony which will render corporal punishment of rare occurrence under the strictest discipline; but if there were only one dozen lashes in a year, inflicted throughout the navy, I would not withdraw the power of infliction. . . . I believe that during the whole extent of the mutinies in 1797, the seamen never once thought of petitioning for the disuse of corporal punishment, but, on the contrary, were sometimes lavish in their use of it, during their assumed command; much more so than their legal

commanders had ever been. They did, indeed, complain of some few insulated instances of the abuse of the power, hereby still more fully allowing the propriety of its use ; nor do I believe that there is an honest old seaman in the fleet, who knows the stuff some of his shipmates are always compounded of, who would not readily declare that this power is decidedly necessary for the good of the service. A very worthy old captain thought proper to introduce a novel style of discipline into his ship, and when a man committed a fault, he delegated a jury of his peers to try and pass sentence upon him ; and, if I am rightly informed (as I believe I am) the captain has often superintended a much severer punishment than would have been ordered in the common mode of proceeding." The internal evidence of this last extract certainly vouches the accuracy of the information received.

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Character private and professional so mingle together and influence each other in all things, that they can scarcely be ever regarded as wholly distinct. The same promptitude, both of seeing and acting, which marked Admiral Penrose both as seaman and as commander, he also carried with him in every walk through his farms, his garden, and his grounds ; and he consequently

ranked amongst the most improving agriculturists of the highly-intelligent neighbourhood in which he lived. Several remarks by him are inserted in the agricultural survey of Cornwall, by Mr. Worgan, and there is a sort of stamp of his ready discernment in the plan which is there given by him of a field gate, exactly on the principle of the diagonal fastenings afterwards proposed in ship-building by Sir Robert Seppings. Also in all matters of higher science, he was not only zealous to promote them himself, but also to encourage and facilitate, by every possible means within his power, the researches of others. When he arrived at Palermo in the winter of 1814, he found the now well-known Captain W. H. Smyth, then only a lieutenant, engaged in his survey of the coasts of the Mediterranean, a survey which he had commenced at his own cost, and in a borrowed Sicilian gun-boat. The Admiral would not be satisfied till he had procured him a proper ship and establishment from home, to which occurrence it is mainly owing, observes Captain Smyth, that the study of hydrography has since been so widely cultivated. When the ship arrived, the Admiral aided also all he could in Captain Smyth's farther arrangements, and urged him while waiting for it to pursue his journey to Leptis, and his search for Ghizzali. Many letters and other papers now in the Admiralty bear tes-

timony to the zeal shown by Sir Charles Penrose to promote both this, and many other objects of science; and, amongst the rest, to aid Mr. Ritchie and Captain Lyon in their mission to Bornou\*. One maxim which, as many of his friends must remember, he was always earnest to impress on others, was a maxim which certainly he himself never forgot: "Duty and difficulty," he used to say, "should never cross the mind together. Do what you can, and leave the conquest, if you are to be conquered, to fate or necessity. But you will often, if not ordinarily, conquer both."

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Such as here described, both professionally and practically, was Admiral Penrose, in resource, character, and accomplishments. Neither yet was any man, probably, ever more domestic. He was among the tenderest of husbands, and the kindest of fathers. His gaiety was exuberant. No party ever was dull at which he was present. Perhaps there never was any other man, who spoke his mind so freely, who gave in the so doing so little offence. He loved company; he was eminently hospitable; and though in the later portion of his life, the infirm state of his wife's health led him on her account almost to abstain from leaving home, and also in a great degree

\* See note L at the end of this Memoir.

from inviting his friends to visit him, he was not the less the life and happiness of his own household, and recognised as such by every member of it. "I feel," says his amiable daughter, "that I am not fitted to draw his character. In writing of him, what we have lost is always at my heart. All I say is drawing onward to the close of his life; while his likeness should be drawn with a buoyant spirit, for such was his, always hopeful, sanguine, energetic. His was the quick resolve which immediately produced action; together with the ready wit, the playfulness in table talk, which kept all in liveliness about him. When in 1807, at Ethy, he had a visit from Mr. Graham of Fintry, one of the friends of his Scottish sojourn in 1785, the tears actually ran down his guest's face, while his host, whose spirits were raised to the highest pitch by his friend's unexpected arrival, kept up an exuberant flow of anecdote and gaiety, and he exclaimed, "He is exactly the same! exactly the same!"—Also, amidst all this social liveliness, there does not seem to have been a moment to be named in which his inmost mind was not irradiated as by the special presence of that Giver of all good, to whom he habitually referred both his thoughts and his actions; or in which he was not, to use again his daughter's words, "inwardly praising Him in the spirit of the hymn he loved, that his bounteous hand had made



his cup run o'er; and grateful to Him especially for the cheerful heart that tasted those gifts with joy."

And yet it may here be asked, how many might have been set to drink of what to the outward eye might be the same cup, and yet have found in it nothing but bitterness? His friends and contemporaries had passed him by in the road to the higher honours of his profession. They made fortunes in it—he made none; and in the positions in which he was placed in his later commands, found it hard not to trench on the very small prize moneys which had fallen to his share while he was only a captain. Formed as he was, above almost all men, to delight in the happiness of domestic life, he was taken away from it, during long periods, by harassing service. In his domestic life itself, he was afflicted by the gradual decay and death of his beautiful daughter, Mrs. Mainwaring, and by the frequent and severe illnesses of his wife. His own health was often broken down by severe and painful disease; and he lost, one after another, many of those both private and professional friends with whom he was most intimate, and to whom he was most strongly attached. And yet he still was doubtless, what he believed himself to be, an eminently happy man. Such is the blessing of a boon nature, coupled, as in him, with a pure conscience and a high integrity,



together with an unceasing confidence in the goodness of that always present and presiding Power, whom he, if any man, kept always before his eyes.

Neither yet was Admiral Penrose's religion merely that essential religion of the heart (though that, indeed, in the divine estimate is everything,) which leads both the knowing and the ignorant to bow with equal acceptableness before their common God. His active mind overflowed also into many of the studies connected with religion. Many of the writings which he has left behind him are on doctrinal subjects. When he was at Malta, he wrote a long and most valuable letter to his nephew, on the Shipwreck of St. Paul, the matter of which is incorporated in the work now in course of publication by Messrs. Conybeare and Howson, on St. Paul's history. He has left behind him more than a hundred brief manuscript discourses, which he read himself, on Sunday evenings, to his family. And his warm zeal—and it was very warm—for the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, was a zeal which had its root not in his politics, but in his religion itself, or in his Christian solicitude to see all possible obstacles removed to the union of all good men in a religious sympathy, which is still rather to be prayed for than expected.

This subject may here be concluded, and the character, both of his own religious cheerfulness

and meditative habits on the subject of religion, strongly evidenced, by the following extract from his last letter to his nephew; a letter written September 17, 1829, on receiving the intelligence of the loss of his brother, and a little more than three months before his own death. "Happy are they," it is said in this letter, "who, in the performance of the duty of prayer, can experience that ready enjoyment of devotional sensation which makes the duty so feelingly delightful—such a mental gratification. It is an added pleasurable religious sense, but is not an acquirable talent, and differs from that satisfaction which arises from a consciousness of doing that which is right from proper motives, and in a proper manner. Many more there are, I hope and believe, who could neither collect their ideas in lengthened prayers of their own composing, nor even sufficiently fix their attention on the best forms composed for them, so as to feel the *enjoyment* of prayer; but who still may keep God in all their thoughts, and thank God for all the blessings they enjoy; and 'God's will be done,' whatever may befall them, will arise in their hearts with correspondent gratitude and resignation."

## CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION. 1819—1830.

LITTLE now remains except to give some account of the closing scene of this most active, and well spent, and, as it has been seen, even happy life. That scene was at once too impressive and too consolatory to be here omitted, or very briefly described. Some of the few events, however, which had previously taken place in Admiral Penrose's family, must first be stated, and some mention made of his chief occupations at Ethy, after his return there in 1819.

When he left Malta, his second daughter had remained behind with her husband, Captain Mainwaring, who unhappily fell soon afterwards into a declining state of health, which ended in consumption. He came back with his wife to England, to Ethy, where he lingered some time, and afterwards went to Bath, where he died. Admiral Penrose then fetched his daughter home; but the insidious disease had taken root in her own frame, and she died November 28, 1823.

Lady Penrose became also at this time a great sufferer from ill health. Little did any one then surmise that she would survive her husband. Her last visit to Bath, in June, 1824, failed to revive her; and he, therefore, on her account, withdrew in great measure from society; and never, after his return from this visit to Bath, slept another night out of his own house. The health also of his youngest daughter now began to fail. "And shall not that child," she says, "record what a father she found in him? Whether in sickness or in health, how full of kind and delicate attentions, how desirous to animate her to usefulness, yet how careful of her health!" She adds that her sister, Mrs. Mainwaring, had been used to ask, when nearly at her last, "Let *him* come and talk to me," thus indicating what that consolation was which she most greatly prized.

During this period of his last residence at Ethy, Admiral Penrose's pen was always busy. He wrote a great number of manuscript essays, from which fragments have been extracted in the second chapter, and in other parts of this Memoir. He printed and published tracts to help the unlearned in Scripture reading; and also tracts of advice to seamen. He published also, in 1824, his pamphlet mentioned before on naval discipline, and on the impress service. He was a most efficient member of the Christian knowledge and church missionary,

and other religious societies, and a most useful and active coadjutor to his excellent friend, Mr. Walker, the Vicar of St. Winnow, in every neighbourly and parochial office which he could fill. He wrote a series of short lectures on the liturgy for his own family use, together with another series on the Bible history, and other discourses.

But the study of the Bible itself was both his great pleasure and his first care; "and the effect," says his most amiable domestic biographer, "was seen; for we all felt that he became more and more gentle, and satisfied, and loving. His heavenly Father was leading him home, while we were delighting in his health and cheerfulness, and little anticipating his end so near."

In September, 1829, he received intelligence, after some weeks of preparatory warning, of his brother's death. Though feeling sensibly this great bereavement, it did not seem to affect his own health, and he continued well till December. Three or four weeks before his death, he found his right hand fail, in writing. He did not mention this at first, but practised making his signature with his left hand. "We all remarked," says his daughter, "how very much he felt the cold, and that he was not quite well. But it was a sharp winter with snow, and we were willing to hope that the numbness in his arm would pass away with it. On the contrary, it increased, and we

felt alarm, all but my mother, to whom so great an evil as *his* being paralytic, never occurred. *His* chief fear was that of giving her uneasiness; and, when he found that he could not refrain from rubbing his arm, he would leave the room that he might not draw her attention. She was more than usually ill, and still he continued to be her nurse and support, though fearful that if he put his hand under her, it might lose its power, and so betray him."

Unable to go to church, she proposed to him to desire that the sacrament might be administered to her at Ethy; and he embraced the idea so eagerly, that she fancied he thought that it might be *her* last opportunity of receiving it—little imagining that it might be *his own*. He was not able to go to church on Christmas Day; but he read aloud a short sermon in the evening, and afterwards joined his youngest daughter in singing one of the Christmas carols. The next day he was better, and called on Captain and Mrs. Coode, at their cottage, and on another neighbour, and read aloud in the evening. He had, however, passed much of the day in walking up and down the room; always humming the air of the Thirty-fourth Psalm, of which the words,

"Through all the changing scenes of life," &c.  
were doubtless, as his daughter well observes, passing through his mind. In the middle of the night

following, he was struck with palsy. Reviving from a strong fit, he felt that the hand of death was on him, and exclaimed immediately, that he loved his God and Saviour, and did not fear it, and referred to the text 1 Tim i. 15, the text of the sermon which he had read in the evening of Christmas Day. The few directions still left to be given with respect to his worldly affairs, were soon completed; and his only remaining thoughts were for the charities of this world, and the hopes of a better. He still lived for some days, and there seemed to be at first a hope of recovery, for which he expressed himself thankful. He would be glad, he said, to live to cheer his wife, and to resume his daily visits to his daughter and her husband, and to his grandchildren. But he soon felt that death was inevitable. That he was perfectly resigned to the blow scarcely needs, after what has been already said, to be added. Every attention paid to him he overpaid by the kindest expressions of affection and thankfulness. His countenance remained unchanged to the last, and his intellect clear. He sent his blessing to his friends, expressed himself happy in the opportunities which he had had of conciliating differences, and spoke to those around him on the beauty of the Christian virtue of charity. The most cheering and consoling texts and hymns continued to flow into his mind; and when, at his

desire, his favourite hymn was repeated to him, he emphatically joined in the lines,—

“ Welcome sleep, or death to me,  
I'm still secure, for still with thee.”

He fell into a slumber at about six in the morning of the 29th; but continued to breathe till January 1, when he expired at about four in the morning. His remains were deposited in the churchyard at St. Winnow, with every possible tribute of respect and affection from both rich and poor; and a tablet, with the following inscription, was afterwards erected by his widow to his memory, in St. Winnow Church:

“ In memory of Sir C. V. Penrose, K.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the White, who died at Ethy, Jan. 1, 1830, aged 70.

“ The voice at midnight came,  
To meet thy God prepare:—  
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame;  
He died but felt no fear;  
For Jesus, thou art strong to save,  
Thou art victorious o'er the grave.”

On the same tablet is subjoined this farther notice:—

“ In memory also of his second daughter, Charlotte Murray Mainwaring, who died at Ethy, Nov. 28, 1823.”\*

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Lady Penrose died at Ethy, April 3, 1832.

Mrs. Coode has left three sons and one daughter:

\* See note, p. 11.



Charles Penrose, born in 1820, now a Capt. R.M., married in 1845, Charlotte Sophia Frances, only daughter of Capt. Charles Basden, R.N. (by whom he has one daughter), born in 1821.

John Penrose, now Capt. 35th Regiment Madras Native Infantry.

Trevenen Penrose, born in 1822, now First Lieutenant of H. M. S. *Plumper*.

Elizabeth Penrose, married, in 1846, William Henry Prance, Esq., and has two children.

# NOTES.

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## NOTE A. p. 1.

REV. JOHN PENROSE, OF GLUVIAS.

THE Rev. John Penrose, vicar of Gluvias, was born September 22, 1713. He was brought up at the High School in Exeter, under the able tuition of Mr. Reynolds, and afterwards at Exeter College, in Oxford. On first entering into the church he became curate of Malling, in Kent, and afterwards of Shobrooke, in Devon. In 1737 he was made rector of Sowton, and in September, 1741, was collated by his friend and patron, Bishop Weston, to the vicarage of Gluvias. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. John Vinicombe, of Exeter, and sister of the Rev. Charles Vinicombe, vicar of Brixham, by whom he had seven children:

Frances, married the Rev. William Hocker, vicar of St. Enoder.

Betty, married Edward Coode, Esq., of Penryn.

Margaret, died unmarried.

Mary, married the Rev. Thomas Donnithorne.

Dorothy, married Vice-Admiral Pender.

John.

Charles Vinicombe.

He was a man of the greatest and sincerest Christian industry and zeal, and many of his manuscript sermons and lectures, which still remain in the hands of his grandson, indicate him to have possessed a high degree both of intel-

lectual ability, and of classical and professional learning. Some few hymns composed for the use of his congregation, and some few relics of very playful Latin verses, which it was his amusement to compose during the long period of bodily weakness and suffering which preceded his death, are written with very remarkable happiness and delicacy, both of thought and expression. His health became broken early in life, but was partially restored by a visit to Bath in 1766. He died June 25, 1776. He was a man of a most kindly and hospitable nature, attached his friends to him, very strongly, and had great influence in his neighbourhood, in which the traditional respect in which his memory was long held is scarcely yet forgot. His epitaph, which was written by his estimable friend Mrs. Hannah More, and is still carefully preserved in the church at Gluvias, is as follows:—

“ If social manners, if the gentlest mind,  
 If zeal for God, and love for human kind,  
 If all the charities that life endear  
 Can claim affection or demand a tear,  
 ‘Then, Penrose, o’er thy venerable urn,  
 Domestic love may weep, and friendship mourn.  
 The path of duty still untir’d he trod ;  
 He walk’d with safety, for he walk’d with God.  
 When past the power of precept and of prayer,  
 Yet still the flock remain’d the shepherd’s care ;  
 Their wants still nobly watchful to supply,  
 He taught his last, best lesson—how to die.”

Though these lines are pleasing and harmonious, they did not altogether satisfy some who knew Mr. Penrose well, and who thought that his learning and his ability, his great buoyancy of spirit, and most cheerful resignation during a long period of often acute suffering, ought not to have been forgotten in an inscription to his memory. Sir Charles Penrose, in describing in 1820 the portraits of many long lost friends,

and a few other drawings which he had collected around him in his private apartment at Ethy, speaks of his parents and of the pleasing scene at Gluvias, in which his early childhood had been passed, in the following words: "There is the likeness of my venerated father: there the scene of my birth and infant years, recalling long past hours to my recollection. I fancy I still witness my beloved father's paternal fondness strongly operating upon his hopes and expectations for the future prospects and well-being of his idle boy; and feel the fond and fostering care of a darling mother, combing the hair, or guarding the complexion, while with much devotion she was mentally imploring blessings on her child. These were happy, thrice happy days, and at this distance of time it is a truly gratifying sensation to exult in the excellence of long lost parents, and to glow from the certainty of their happiness in a better world. There are the trees I first climbed; there the tower on whose summit I delighted to play; and the church in which my good father exerted himself to secure to his flock a better pasture, and where, with those of his beloved wife, his mortal remains are deposited."

## NOTE B. p. 6.

REV. JOHN PENROSE, RECTOR OF FLEDBOROUGH.

The Rev. John Penrose, Sir Charles Penrose's elder brother, was born at Gluvias, Aug. 15, 1753. He was educated at Truro School, of which the excellent Mr. Conon was then master, and afterwards at Exeter College, Oxford, where he was elected fellow in 1774. He took a LL.B. degree in 1778. On taking orders he was for a short time curate of Camborne, and afterwards rector successively of two livings in Cornwall—Cardynham (which he held till his brother-in-law, the Rev. Thomas Trevenen, was of age to be instituted to it) and Perran Uthno. In 1786 he became curate of Constantine, and resided while he held that curacy at Carwe-

thenack, a small country house about a mile from the church. In 1801 he removed to Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire, a small living to which he had been inducted in 1784. He died of paralysis, Sept. 14, 1829. He married, April 2, 1778, Jane Trevenen, by whom he had a large family. Mrs. Penrose died at Fledborough, July 15, 1818.

Their eldest son, the compiler of this Memoir, will not trust himself to speak here of his father's character. But he cannot refuse to add that a friend, who knew and appreciated him, has within the last few months pointed out the following extract from a recent review, as conveying a ~~no less true than~~ lively representation, not indeed of his virtues, but of the manner and physiognomy which were their result. None who knew him can fail to see and appreciate the very remarkable likeness of the portraiture.

“ If a man walks with a divine spirit, those who know its effects will be able to trace its presence. It is not that he is abstracted in his look ; it is not that there is anything sanctimonious in his tone ; yet insensibly his tone and look shall be different from the voice of greed or anger, the look of cunning or selfishness. It is a rare thing to find those who walk in the spirit ; but those among us who have been privileged to hold intercourse with such persons will remember that they were affected by them almost unconsciously—a virtue went out of them : they seemed to have an ever present feeling of what was right, and true, and lovely. In danger they were calm ; in their pleasures they were innocent ; in their very censures they were lovable. When they were by, cheerfulness was refined, and the turbulence of grief was appeased. They did us good, we knew not how ; and the hours when we walked with them are those which our own spirits prompt us gratefully to retrace.”

## NOTE C. p. 18.

" TO C. V. PENROSE, ESQ., CAPT. OF H.M.S. SANS PAREIL.

" Barbados, Jan. 11, 1800.

" SIR,—We lament that this return, though of our heartiest thanks, yet so inadequate to your merits, is the only one which men in our situation can make for the protecting care and attention we have uniformly experienced in our passage to this island. The length of it might perhaps have excited some anxiety in the minds of those who from friendship or interest were expecting us, but for ourselves, secured as we were by your vigilance and good conduct, the time passed unheeded by us, and we entertained no doubt but that the event would be, what it has proved, a fortunate one to those who were immediately interested in our safety, and certainly by its consequences a beneficial one to our country at large. Sailors, sir, you know, are unused to the language of flattery, and therefore you will, we are sure, believe we are sincere when we declare that we never witnessed an instance where a fleet was conducted with superior skill, and restraints less irksome to the commanders of the merchant vessels, a declaration which we hope might be re-echoed in the ears of our gracious Sovereign, and accelerate the reward which we cannot but think is preparing for you. With the utmost respect, we remain, sir, &c., &c."

Signed by the captains of 47 merchant vessels.

## NOTE D. p. 18.

## OBSERVATIONS IN THE WEST INDIES.

" On one occasion," he says, " I paid a short visit to the proprietor of a large estate in a good part of Jamaica. Having studied my friend's land a little, at the time when they were preparing the ground for the culture of Indian corn, and seen all the *gang* at work for a day or two, I per-

suaded the proprietor himself to go with me into the field. We found there about 200 negroes drawn up in a line, each armed with a tool something like our light turnip hoes. Part of the gang consisted of stout able men, part of females of various ages, many of them large with child, and some who were nurses, and also many boys and girls. Their employ was to make holes in the ground to receive the seed. All were obliged to lift up their hoes, and strike them into or on the ground at the same moment, and as regularly as the exercise of a soldier; else the whip resounded.

“‘My dear sir,’ I began, ‘is it not clear, in the first place, that the women with child, those who are nursing, and the younger ones of either sex, do too much work by performing the same tasks as the stout men, or else that you lose considerably by allowing the stout men to perform the same task as is allotted to their feebler companions?’ This could not be controverted, and I proceeded as follows: ‘You have now,’ I said, ‘nearly fourscore oxen and mules idle, fed at great expense of labour and food; and I will show you that two of these animals will perform more of this work than your two hundred negroes, and also do it very much better.’ I then took a hoe from the hand of a negress, and having made a small hole in the surface, I put the handle of the hoe into it, and pushed it before me at a good pace, thus making with great ease a small trench, deeper than the holes the negroes were making, and at a rate which would have enabled me to prepare more opening for the reception of the seed in half an hour, than all the *gang* could do in double that time. My query then was: ‘What would not two oxen or mules do here with a small plough?’ This all seemed too evident to deny; the senses were satisfied, and the feelings gratified, and I had thanks and praises in abundance from the proprietor, but a scowl of anger and contempt from the understrappers. That I may not be thought to mean that all West-Indian lands could be so easily managed, I must state that the land in



question was light and sandy, and that when such land has been laid smooth, the warm tropical sun, succeeding heavy dews, makes a sort of light crust on the surface, strong enough to make it hard to break by the feeble stroke of slavery, though an instrument inserted beneath breaks it up with ease. This may have been an extreme case as to the degree of ease; but the general principle of what is above stated holds good in all lands. I feel much satisfaction in believing that, though unsuccessful here, I have been the means of the plough being used with success in other islands, particularly in Antigua.

“ An English agriculturist will hardly credit the fact that this planter kept the large number of animals before mentioned for the sole purpose of grinding the sugar-canes in crop time, a work of only a few weeks' duration, and that at all other times they were left entirely idle, even the canes themselves being brought from the field to the mill on the shoulders of the slaves. I trust that the steam-engine and other mechanical improvements have at length made some little progress in doing away with this clumsy system; but on inquiring some time after whether any of my lectures had produced any good effect—alas not! The manager assured his master that any change must produce ruin; that 200 negroes were sometimes wanted on the estate, and that therefore everything on the estate must be done by 200 negroes, and that oxen and mules could not possibly do anything but grind sugar-canes. My host took to his sofa, drank mandram and ate lollypot. And yet this man had been brought up at Oxford, and had succeeded to his West-Indian property unexpectedly, after the period of his academical education was over, and was far from being destitute either of good feeling or sense. But the produce of his estate could most assuredly have been doubled with ease, and at one-fourth part of the actual expense, by any experienced man who could continue in the use of his English morals and faculties of exertion.”



Thus much with regard to this Jamaica plantation. "But I will resume my narrative," he afterwards adds, "with some farther statement of bad management. At a plantation in the island of St. Christophers, I one day saw several hundred negroes go out to their labours early in the morning, each with a hoe of rather light weight in his hand. They were employed, when I afterwards saw them, to hoe between rows of sugar-cane in a light easy soil, for which their tools were well adapted. But still a pair of mules, or oxen, with a good horse hoe, followed by a banking plough, would have done with ease more work in a day than all this gang would perform in a week, and do the work much better.

"The following morning, seeing the same people go out with the same tools, I naturally concluded they were going to the ~~same~~ employ as before. But no! they were now going to clear a piece of wood ground, as difficult as an old English oak copse would be to root up, and which besides was thickly entangled with strong prickly brushwood. The strongest and heaviest tools with which human beings can labour was requisite for this work. Now, do these planters deserve to have human beings under such misdirection, even if their folly only be taken into consideration?

"I have mentioned *nurses* working at the hoe with the other negroes; and it was about this time I first saw one of the most singular scenes that can possibly meet the eye of a European: namely, a group of infants in the field in which the gang is at work. This affecting spectacle came on me by surprise as I entered an extensive sugar-cane patch, where a very large gang were at work with their hoes. Close to the part at which I entered was a large silk cotton tree spreading its branches at least one hundred feet. Under its shade were fifty or more infants, some able to crawl lustily about; others so young as to lie quietly on their backs. It resembled a great ant's nest magnified—so many black worms crawling or sprawling about. To guard these from snakes, or from wan-

dering too far, some old negresses, past any other work, were employed, forming a most singular contrast with their charge; for as no form can be more round, glossy, and sleek than that of the young African, so nothing which you can see of the most squalid old age in England can give a just idea of an old negress; her sable hue, embrowned by exposure, changed to a dirty tawny hide, and her black wool also become brown, mixed with white, and her original plump form emaciated to a skeleton. To complete this haggard and humiliating figure of a human being, fancy her hands, feet and legs, dry and scaly, and you will then have in some degree before your imagination these sentinels I saw placed over the infant blacks. . . . . Such is the field nursery of an Indian plantation. I certainly remarked, both here and elsewhere afterwards, that all the children who were able tried to crawl out into the sunshine; and I will here mention another case or two to prove the congeniality of this climate to the negro race. With all the precautions we can take by well-spread awnings, a European boat's crew suffers severely from the heat of the tropical sun. To save our people I selected a boat's crew wholly of black men, and provided them with an awning, the same as in other boats; but I found that whenever they got out of sight of the ship, they invariably furled their covering, in order to enjoy the full comfort of the sun's rays. I was once riding with a planter under the shade of a large umbrella, when I noticed in the best situation that could be found for receiving the full power of the sun's rays, and shutting out all the breeze, a large grinding stone. Near it was a large empty shed. 'Why do you not have the grindstone put under this shed, that the poor creatures may work in the shade?' The stone was placed in the shed accordingly, but in a few hours I found that the negroes, when they came to use it, had taken it out to the same place again, that they might enjoy their broil. I took some pains to discover

whether any trick was played me, but I am assured that it was the pure voluntary African taste which caused the removal.

“ It is a very mistaken notion that all negroes are alike, with thick lips, flat noses, and clumsy persons. Such is far from being the case ; and I have seen many forms from which Canova might be glad to model, even in the centre of Italy, and features which would be admired in a British court. Indeed, the features of the natives of different African nations are fully as strongly marked as the distinction between a Dane and an Italian, a native of France and a citizen of Amsterdam. Nor are their national character and habits less strongly defined ; and the result of my observation is, that the qualities of the minds and bodies of the negroes, as implanted by nature, are fully equal to those of their white brethren.”

To these observations Capt. Penrose adds many others in decisive reprobation of the whole system of slavery, and on the better and kindlier treatment of slaves in the French islands than in our own. This whole topic has been discussed too often to be enlarged on here. “ But to proceed,” he adds, “ with my account of our own management. When it was found that no more slaves could be imported after a certain time, many planters began to take more and better care of those they already possessed, and hired what are called *jobbing gangs*, which were in consequence increased. These gangs consisted of a certain number of negroes, mostly males, and were generally the property of persons living in the great towns, who had saved some money and speculated in this way, but possessing no lands from which to procure proper food, or houses in which to shelter these poor creatures when out of hire.

“ When a planter had any particular heavy work to do, or what required to be pressed on rapidly, he hired one or more of these gangs to do the work by the piece, and of course the

owner worked his slaves as hard as possible, in order to be ready for another job. Sometimes applications are made for one of these gangs while engaged in some other work, and it is then sure to have the full severity of its taskmaster enforced, for fear of losing a customer, and the very moment a job is finished at one place, is driven with all dispatch to another. I never saw in any of these gangs any changes of clothes, or any article of comfort whatever, except a few pots and kettles to dress their food. It was a melancholy spectacle to see these miserably-used people on the road from one job to another. They literally had no abiding place, and were as much worse off than plantation negroes as the worst-used hack-horses or asses are, compared with those on a gentleman's estate."

With regard to the trade in slaves, he concludes, "Our present system of capturing vessels of other nations trafficking in slaves within certain limits, is inoperative as any considerable check. We have wiped the blot from our statute books, but we have not in the smallest degree benefited the poor negroes, nor improved the character of the people whom we have so long stimulated to evil. Neither have we, I fear, much ameliorated the condition of the slaves in our own colonies."

To these statements Capt. Penrose subjoins the anecdote, that at a ball given at this time in Jamaica, by a rich planter, "one of the lieutenants of marines, who by his grandmother had some relation to the negro race, was by the ladies found guilty of a skin, and therefore could not procure a partner. I told this story," he adds, "to Lord Hugh Seymour, who was also at the ball with Lady Horatia, and he deputed me as ambassador to beg her to dance with the rejected swain, if she danced at all. She complied with great pleasure and admirable grace, and certainly I enjoyed the deep creole mortification around me." He then adds, "When I was at St. Vincent's, in 1800, I saw the last families of the aborigines—

the poor unfortunate *lairds*—and I brought away a basket of their making, as a remembrance of the interview. Their intention not to mix with any other race is inflexibly adhered to, and a small remnant of the same people in the island of Dominica are equally tenacious of the same principle."

NOTE E. p. 19.

C. V. PENROSE, JUN.

Charles Vinicombe, second son of the Rev. John Penrose, was born at Cardynham, Nov. 13, 1781. He first entered the navy on board the *Glory*, at Plymouth, in November, 1793, and afterwards went with his uncle into the *Lynx*, and subsequently into the *Cleopatra*. In March, 1800, he was made second-lieutenant of the *Amphitrite*, in the West Indies. But in the early part of the following May he contracted a fever from over-heating himself while on shore at St. Pierre, in Martinique, on the impress service, and after having been removed on board the *Sans Pareil*, where he received every comfort which care, and nursing, and the skill of Dr. Blair, then the physician to the fleet, could minister, died on the 13th. His last act was to look his uncle full in the face, and to say distinctly, and with a smile, "I know you." He then took hold of his uncle's right hand, and placed it on his breast, and soon after tranquilly breathed his last. "The only moment of alarm or mental uneasiness," says Capt. Penrose, "which I saw him labour under was when I came into the cabin one day, and found him apparently asleep. I had not slept the night before, and had had a good deal of anxiety and fatigue, which had made me hot for want of rest. I took his arm, and felt his pulse as usual, when he started up in his bed, and exclaimed in alarm, 'Why, uncle, you are as hot as I am.' No purer spirit," adds Captain Penrose, "ever sought a better world. No human being, whose thread of life was cut short at so early an age, was ever more, or more ex-

tensively, regretted." By his uncle especially he was loved as a son. "I do not think," he says in a letter to his wife, "that his parents loved him better than I did, or thought more, or more anxiously, for his welfare. When Lord Hugh first spoke to me to be his captain, Charles's interests were the first that crossed my mind. When I thought that my situation here gave me interest and influence, it was on his account I desired it." "I never before," he says again in a subsequent letter, "saw one so young with so much just and serious reflection, nor one so old with so much genuine innocence, or one who had lived amidst the scenes of the busy world with a heart so thoroughly void of guile. I was delighted with him as an officer, as he appeared to have happily a marked activity on duty, with the utmost mildness in command. I never saw such glowing unaffected tenderness as lighted up his ingenuous countenance, when *home* was the subject of our conversation; and I cannot believe that a more dutiful son, or more fond brother, or more affectionate relative, ever breathed." If anything is to be added to this portraiture, it must be from the only letter, as is believed, in which his mother, after receiving the intelligence of his death, ever trusted herself to speak of him, and in which she describes him, in words not less true than tender, as "young, gay, and fortunate, humble to his Maker, true to his friend, most fondly attached to his relatives, pure in the midst of temptation, and kind to every one in distress."

## NOTE F. p. 23.

On Admiral Penrose's going out to Passages a few months afterwards, he made many more observations of the same sort, respecting the mode in which the commissariat departments of both the army and navy were at this time *managed*. "The cost," he says, "of Lord Wellington's campaign was not less in the interval between the fall of St. Sebastian, in August, 1813, and the following February, than a million



sterling a week. The beef served up at his table at St. Jean de Luz was partly furnished by a number of beasts (27,000) bought in Estremadura at a low rate, and brought up gradually for the supply of the army. So many of these died on the road, or were condemned on their arrival as unwholesome food, that the meat, when it came to be consumed, did not cost less than one pound sterling per pound; and the live cattle sent from Ireland to Passages encountered in like manner so many casualties as to cost a third of that price." Again, "One day, when I was taxing all my ingenuity to increase my means of providing the boom for the Adour, a vessel came into the harbour of Passages, laden with spars and other parts of a wreck which had been picked up at sea. I landed directly, and told the chief commissary, that part if not all of this might be very useful in carrying on the intended operations; adding, that if he sent immediately, he would probably procure these articles at a much lower price than if the owner had time to learn that we were in want of them. 'My dear sir,' said the commissary, 'do you want them? then I am ordered to purchase; the price is not of any consideration.'" Again, under the date of the following June: "Transports were at this time hired at the rate of 1*l.* 4*s.* per ton per month. One very fine ship had been lying several weeks at the wharf, because she had one of the army portable hospitals on board, and the head of the medical staff, not wanting it, would not have it landed. I remonstrated, of course, at the extravagant rate thus paid for mere store-room, being not less than 600*l.* per month, and the article itself scarce worth 100*l.* at first cost. But this argument had no avail,—the doctor had nothing to do with the cost; and I was therefore obliged to order the hospital to be put ashore on the wharf, and trust to the doctor's care of it afterwards." Many other instances occurred of similar and even grosser improvidence. The whole expenditure of this war in the Peninsula must have been altogether enormous. It was stated on good authority, that

after all which had been paid, a sum of not less than thirteen millions sterling still remained due at its close to the inhabitants, for the hire of mules, waggons, and other articles of supply. Many of the bills were of the date of the retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna, in 1809. These statements really appear to be but fair samples of the common case. During Admiral Penrose's command at Gibraltar, a cargo of hay was landed from England which did not cost less than 200*l.* per ton before it was consumed. Lime, moreover, was sent out there from England at the same time, to be used as cement of the limestone rock.

NOTE G. p. 29.

OF THE ENTRANCE OF THE ADOUR, IN 1814.

The casualties on this service consisted in the death of Capt. Elliott, and Mr. Norman, of the brig *Martial*, and of four seamen drowned belonging to the same ship; a master's mate and five seamen drowned from the *Iyra*; two seamen drowned from the *Porcupine*; three transport boats lost, the number of men unknown; and one seaman and one artillery-man badly wounded in the gun-boat No. 20. This is the return of Capt. O'Reilly's despatch; and to this is to be added the loss of a Spanish *chasse marée*, the whole of whose crew perished in an instant. It was to the great regret of Admiral Penrose, that much of the detail of this hazardous service which he had given in his despatch to Lord Keith was omitted in the account published in the Gazette; and he particularly regretted that his tribute to the great exertions of the officers and engineers who were embarked on board the country-boats were among the parts omitted. Certainly his despatch itself was very long, and at that eventful crisis of the war there may have been reasons for curtailing it. But it was one of Admiral Penrose's first and dearest objects, throughout the whole of his life, to bring forward as much as possible the merits of all the officers employed under him. Partly in testimony to this his



constant desire, and also to present the more distinctly to the unprofessional reader such a picture as can here be given of the passing the bar, the two following extracts, the first from the Admiral's original despatch, and the second from Capt. O'Reilly's letter to him, may be here subjoined.

Admiral Penrose says to Lord Keith: "The loss of Capt. Elliott I very sincerely lament. He was not intended for the service of this bar, but was near me in his boat, for the purpose of giving every encouragement, and assistance if possible, to our gallant fellows as they approached the surf. He incautiously allowed his boat to be drawn within its action, and was overwhelmed in an instant, not many minutes after I had expressed to him my approbation of the conduct of the vessels passing in. One only of his boat's crew was saved by the judicious and prompt directions of Capt. Hill, of the *Rolla*, who ordered one of his boats to push directly to their aid, but on no account to attempt to return. I observed with much satisfaction that this well-judged order was not attended with any loss to the *Rolla*'s boat's crew; but the boat was in an instant hove upon the beach. The fate of Mr. Norman, assistant-surgeon of the *Martial*, was singularly unfortunate. He had succeeded on getting on board a gun-boat, but upon her being thrown on the beach, he was killed by the falling of her twenty-four pounder."

The extract from Capt. O'Reilly's letter is as follows:—

"Camp, South of the Adour, 26th Feb., 1814.

"I shall now inform you of the different circumstances of my landing, which was two miles to the northward of Bayonne. The pilots refusing to conduct the boat in such a surf, and being well aware of the urgency of the case, I determined at all events to try and land, for the purpose of procuring pilots, which with much danger and some loss I effected. As soon as I was at all recovered, having been some time in the water, owing to the boat striking me in the back, I got a party of

troops and launched her across the sand into the river, where she was of the most material service in passing troops, there being but five small merchantmen's boats for that purpose; the current running too strong for using the pontoons, and the enemy having made an attack before with 1400 men, which was repulsed by four companies of guards, with a rocket brigade, which did much damage.

"Notwithstanding our losses on the bar, we got boats enough in for the purpose of the bridge. The whole of the boom vessels got in; one run on shore in the harbour, but I do not think she will be lost. A gun-boat also run on shore, but I have every reason to think she will be got off, having made a dock for her.

"I must now beg leave to call your attention to the exemplary conduct of Lieut. Collins, of the *Porcupine*, who has had the whole management of moving the bridge-boats, and to whose skill and energy the army is entirely indebted for the state of forwardness in which the bridge is at this moment. To give you an idea of the difficulties which that officer had to surmount, it is only necessary to say that he succeeded in mooring thirty vessels, head and stern, in a river running seven knots; and I rest assured that, when you consider the exertions which such an operation requires, you will not withhold your satisfaction at his conduct, but rather join all the officers here high in rank in commendation of his success and ability. Lieut. Douglas has had the entire management of the boom, has succeeded in laying it once across the river, and I have no doubt but he will finish it this evening; his personal exertions on this important service have been unceasing, and well deserve to be crowned with success. Lieut. Chesshire, who commands the gun-boats, deserves all I can say of him for his judicious management of them over so dangerous a bar, and for the manner in which he anchored them afterwards for the protection of the boats during the night.

(Signed) "D. O'REILLY."

Further details of this service, together with an account of the method of constructing the bridge, will be found in the memoir of Capt. Coode, inserted in the second volume of the supplement to Marshall's "Naval Biography."

Baron Thevenot, who was at this time governor of Bayonne, subsequently told Admiral Penrose that when he saw the ships with the flotilla approach the bar, it never came into his mind that there was any intention to build a bridge, but that it had been planned to operate against the city simultaneously from the river, and from each bank. Therefore, instead of taking measures to impede the formation of the bridge, he began himself the construction of a boom, to prevent gun-boats, &c., from coming high up the stream.

NOTE H. p. 65.

#### FERDINAND OF NAPLES.

One reason which apparently weighed at this time with Ferdinand for going to Messina was, that the laudable practice of making presents to the monarch on his visits in his dominions still survived in Sicily. This practice was not discontinued on this occasion.

In the many unreserved communications which Admiral Penrose had with this good-natured monarch, both at Palermo and in this double voyage, first to Messina, and afterwards to Naples, he had full opportunity given him of making observations on a character of which, though not high, yet he thought that too low an opinion seemed to prevail. The king's circumstances had been against him. He had come to the throne when about six years old. It had been the selfish policy of bad ministers to keep him as ignorant as possible, to surround him with temptations, and to marry him at an early age to a woman whose conduct and intrigues debased both him and herself, and who usually treated and considered him as her slave.

"Thus trained," says the Admiral in his journal, "and thus united, he never could bear the tedium of business or council, but flew from it, as is well known, to his gun, and allowed the queen and her minions to have their own way. And thus were choked the feelings of what was naturally a good heart, and of an understanding not by any means below par. In the state in which I found him at Palermo, when his minister, Medici, had been sent to England, Circello had become old, and Lucchesi was at the gaming-table, he was compelled to exert himself, and showed both assiduity and understanding in the transaction of his own business, under this necessity. Our very able minister, Mr. A'Court, has told me that he never knew his affairs so well conducted as at this time. Certainly he *looked* like a king. A long series of years had made him feel as well as act as the first personage in his realm, and he would have been selected as such from a multitude around him, even though dressed in the meanest garb, and though he had an unintelligent eye. I recollect our ambassador standing with me on the poop, looking down on him and his ministers in a group, and engaged in earnest conversation on the quarter-deck, and saying to me, 'How plain it is to see which is the king.' Both in attitude and manner he often reminded me of his far superior brother-sovereign, George III. I certainly performed all my duty to him with all my heart, and with right good will, and I am sure that he felt truly grateful to me for these services, and perhaps I may add, for the plain and open manner in which they were rendered."

NOTE I (referred to as Note E. in text). p. 126.

#### SEAMANSHIP AND SIGNALS.

Amongst Admiral Penrose's observations on seamanship are several notices on the desirableness of always anchoring, when compelled by weather to anchor off a lee shore, as near the shore at the bottom or inner part of a bay as the depth of water and other circumstances permit. He had observed that,

in the hardest gales, a ship so anchored will have but little strain on the cables; for, in the first place, there is always an under-tow or offset below the surface; and secondly, the tides always sweep round the shores of the bay, and, operating on the ship's quarters, lighten the strain on the cables. He adds, that "when in Palermo Bay some of our ships were caught in a heavy gale, two or more cut away their masts to save their cables. To the great surprise of the crew, the wreck floated off directly to windward. It was the heavy motion of the ships from the great sea which caused the alarm, but in reality the cables were in no danger; and before the expensive measure of cutting away masts is resorted to, it would be well that some article should be thrown overboard, to ascertain whether such a windward current does not exist. The vast quantity of water brought into a bay in a heavy storm must in a short time bring on an offset outwards." So also, elsewhere, "I am of opinion," he says, "that many of the transports and other vessels wrecked on the coast of France might have been saved by letting go their anchors and veering as great a scope of cable as they could. The nearer the surf the less the depth of water, which would give more holding power to the anchors, and the smaller angle made by the cable would leave the vessel more lively. It is also well known that, close at the back of a surf breaking on a shore, there is below the surface an offset or under-tow which greatly eases the riding of the anchored ship." He had been led, by a similar acuteness of observation, to take the course which he pursued from Plymouth to Passages in the tempestuous winter of 1813-1814. On that occasion, after rounding Ushant, he had ordered the course to be steered for Cape Ferrot, thus keeping close along that long and remarkably-straight line of the French coast which runs from the entrance of the Gironde to the Adour. This is a course on which, under the ordinary dread of the bottom of the Bay of Biscay, a seaman is naturally unwilling to venture, and in an in-



clement season particularly. But as the wind blew fresh from the north east, and the whole Continent was covered with snow, the Admiral felt almost certain that the wind would continue to blow off the land till some change of temperature should take place; and he concluded also that, on drawing near the north coast of Spain, the same causes would draw the direction of the wind more to the south. In this expectation he was not deceived, and by steering this course made his passage in three days; while the *Desirée* frigate from Portsmouth, and a packet from Falmouth, which sailed from those ports on the same day on which he had left Plymouth, were, the former seven days, and the latter ten days, later in their arrival at Passages. These vessels had pursued their course far to the westward, and made the coast of Spain near St. Andero, and consequently encountered much bad weather on their voyage. "I acted in this case," he farther says, "from the dictates of much experience, and I was confirmed in my opinion by some judicious observations made by Sir Harry Neale, when we were serving together under Sir Charles Pole, in Basque Roads, in 1799. The tendency of his observations, the truth of which I have proved, was that if, on the west coast of France, or the west coast of any other land lying nearly in the direction of north and south, the *barometer* keeps high, and the *thermometer* low, you may expect a continuance of the wind off the land. If the barometer fall, and the thermometer continue still low, you may expect bad weather, but with the wind still blowing *from* the land. On the contrary, if the barometer fall, and the thermometer rise, you may conclude that bad weather is likely to follow, with the wind to the west, or south west. In the one case the navigator will naturally keep near the shore for the sake of smooth water, and in the other gain an offing as soon as possible, and while the wind enables him to do so. Long observation alone can teach the intermediate probable changes; but close attention to the barometer and thermometer toge-

ther (and if assisted by an hygrometer, so much the better), will inspire a confidence which may at times be eminently useful."

In Admiral Penrose's account of his voyage to Tunis in 1816, it is observed, that "it was not the quicker in consequence of my friend carrying as great a press of sail as the ships would bear—not such a proportion as would enable them to beat fastest to windward. Many a yard and mast are sprung needlessly, from a sort of pride in carrying sail, or from ignorance that the ship is to be thought of as well as the masts. There was a little schooner in company, which had been converted from a very indifferent gun-boat into a sort of tender; and this little vessel, of about 30 feet keel at the utmost, made better weather than any of the line-of-battle ships, keeping way easy to windward under trysails, whilst we were labouring under courses and close-reefed topsails. Now it is clear that if this little vessel had pressed all sail, she would very soon have been to leeward, and astern of all the ships.

"One hint more to a brother sailor. A very experienced mate, who commanded the *Wellington*, assured me that he had been several times in such weather that she would inevitably have gone to the bottom if it had not been for the protection afforded by a projecting prow and *goose* stern, similar to the polacres and other vessels of the country."

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To these notices it may here be added, that the introduction of an improved code of signals into the navy was an object which, during all the early portion of his professional life, Admiral Penrose had greatly at heart. In 1789 he submitted to the Admiralty a very elaborate volume on this subject, which he had drawn up. The history, both of the origin of this volume and of its *absorption*, shall here be copied from a memorandum left by the Admiral himself.



“ In 1781,” he says, “ I was on board a Swedish frigate in a port of Norway, where I first saw the scientific system of the French signals. These had been introduced by French officers into the Swedish marine, and the comprehensive simplicity of this system struck me in a moment. I formed a code for the government of the little squadron then under Capt. Murray’s command (adopting the numerary system, instead of the tabular plan of superior and inferior flags, which was at that time in general use). But, strange as it seems, I could persuade only my own captain, that the simplest combinations in the world could be ever understood. However, as soon as I was on half-pay in 1783, I began to arrange my materials, and formed a code exactly on the same principle and practice as that now in use. In 1789 I made a fair copy, and had it handsomely bound. In the following year, being led to London by the Spanish armament, I had the honour of presenting this copy to Lord Chatham, who was then first Lord of the Admiralty, and who received it ‘ as a mark of my zeal for the service, and attention to himself.’ ” This is all which the author ever heard of the fate or fortune of his book ; but he had the gratification of finding some expressions copied from it, in the code of signals issued from the Admiralty in 1799, and an invention of his own introduced for public use in the same code.

It is observed, in the same memorandum, “ that the naval signals in use at the time when the French joined America against us in 1778, were those compiled by James II., when Duke of York ; and it is but justice to remark, that they displayed a very considerable degree of nautical skill, and must, at the time when they were first issued, have been a very superior code of tactics, highly creditable to their royal author, who was indeed a much better admiral than he proved to be a monarch. About the period here mentioned, the defects of this ancient code became evident, and the more so as the French had already formed a scientific system, which has re-

quired little alteration to the present day. Each British admiral then made improvements on the old plan, suited to the peculiar service he was on; and as all these changes required new flags, and as these at that time were made of a large size, the expense became so enormous that the late Lord Barham asserted, when he was comptroller of the navy, that the flags issued to the fleet were as expensive as the sails. Lord Howe first formed a regular code deserving any notice. I believe," adds the Admiral, "that I possess a nearly complete series of every change, from James II. to the present day, and it is sufficiently curious."

NOTE K. p. 136.

LETTERS FROM HIS SHIP'S COMPANY, IN 1797.

The first of the two following letters was sent to Capt. Penrose by his ship's company, the day after he had given up his command; the second on their receiving, through their new captain, the thanks of the Lords of the Admiralty for their steadiness throughout the mutiny.

LETTER 1.

"Till the last hour.

"HONOURED CAPTAIN,

"Be pleased, sir, to accept these few lines as a token of our respect for you, and also of our regret for the loss of such a captain, who has always proved to us a good friend and counsellor, who has often showed us the good intent of his heart by the lenity served to many of us whom he might have justly [punished]. This much of your character we shall never forget. It is with no small concern that we see the respect you have for us, and we believe that every man of us has been very sensibly twitched by it, and inclined to inform you that the respect you have for us is not lost for want of a return of the same sort. Especially since we have experienced such a continuance of your regard for us, as we are certain that had anything particular happened many of us while you had the

honour to command the *Resolution*, should have been led to petition your favour and protection. And as to our own good fortune of late, in remaining quieter than many other ships' companies, you may in a great measure impute it to your own good management; for with us, the ship's company, you have always used your authority only with prudence and caution, which we'll impute as the great means of our being kept from taking such unguarded steps that many of our brethren, though unawares, have been shamefully led into, so that thanks and praise of the ship's company, that you are pleased to confer upon us, is originally due to you; and we must say what we believe, that the want of such good fortune in many ships in the carriage of their captain and officers has ruined many. Honoured Captain, we do not intend, as it would be endless, to mention all your good offices, and every particular instance of your regard for us, but only that you might be well assured of our sense of your goodness, and you may well take the liberty to say that you were much—add if you please, deservedly—esteemed by the ship's company, which is sorry for your departure. We only remain with a hearty wish to God, that you might soon regain your wonted state of health, and so bid you a friendly farewell, &c. Honoured Capt. Penrose, from yours,

“The *Cleopatra's* Ship's Company.

“By desire of all.”

#### LETTER 2.

“Aug. 18.

“CAPT. CHARLES PENROSE.

“HONOURED SIR,

“Please to forgive the liberties taken in these few lines more, that are wholly prompted through a grateful sense of your continued favours to us, the like of which to our knowledge has had but few equals. You have not only during your time with us piloted us clear of the troubles which many have unthinkingly slipped into, but you have raised in our favour

what is most highly prized by rich and poor, namely, a good name and character, and that in such a public and honourable manner, that none less than the rulers and patrons of our country, at least of the maritime line, have acknowledged the approbation of our conduct in a letter sent by them, that was read for our and others' encouragement; and we heartily wish that it may have, namely, we believe your intended, at least your desired effect, with adding that of our own, &c., that it might raise a laudable ambition within all of us, and that we may strive to retain what we have at present got, although we are not conscious of so much deserving it from any part of our own conduct, but are wholly inclined to impute it in particular to your own good management, through your cautious authority over us, and with that of your, or rather our, officers, for we have always accounted ourselves very fortunate in that respect when we have compared our own with those of many other ships; thus far by report, our own by experience.

But we will now, with submission to your judgment, mention one circumstance that may perhaps partly account for that rash step we had like to have set an unwary foot in, which your prudence prevented by your reasonable and reconciliatory expressions; which, however, was by a report on board, which was too freely credited as well as spread, that there was an *intreducive* letter of direction and information sent us by the delegates of the grand fleet, whilst we lay at St. Helens, which we had not received. This, and other unknown reasons to most, if not all of us, had like to have led us aside at that time; but we still hope and trust to remain in our usual state of unity, and attention to our officers and duty, &c.; especially when we consider what advantages we already have, and what a little care may keep, that has arose from the good name that you in particular, and also our other captains during their time with us this war, have been pleased to confer on us; and we could heartily wish that such advantages might be leading motives for our

greater diligence and care, and that no shipmate may think them but trifling, or unworthy of their endeavours to keep, since we have had the good fortune to attain them. It would also show our holding what none of us are ashamed to confess we profess for you. We might here say, as far as our own experience, that we thought the like was not to be seen in the service, considering the necessary distinctions in it which it requires; and we believe there has been but very few instances of captains' and crews' greater respect for each other within the navy, or otherwise. And we are rather afraid of the freedom of our expressions being beyond prudence, considering the distant line of life that we are severally placed in. But, if we might use the expression, love will make free; but we hope not so far but you may stoop to listen to the disinterested voice of simple and honest gratitude, which has sprung from a sense of continued favours, &c. Our well wishes, sir, in your favour are many, but all we can give you is a good name, with a feeling sense thereof in our expressions of it. And now, sir, we rest satisfied that you, or any one of your penetration, will overlook any unbecoming expressions that may have dropped inadvertently, either from the want of abilities, or the cultivation of such as they be, as at best they are only hammered out of a narrow conception and a faulty memory, whilst we put our wits to the rack, for want of natural acquirements. You can see, sir, from these few lines, what is meant, as we thought ourselves wanting had we neglected to express our reasonable thanks for your late favours. Whatever our wishes be, we shall say no more at present, but wish to recommend you in our prayers to God's favour and protection, and that you may soon acquire a better state of health, if so be his will. Thus much by the request of the ship's company, whilst we remain yours, with respect, honoured sir,

“The Ship's Company.



[It should be added that though these letters are too valuable in themselves, too illustrative of what human nature always is, and too honourable to Capt. Penrose to be here omitted, he himself was always eager to vindicate for his brother officers at large a full share of all the merits thus kindly and gratefully assigned to his own conduct. He took many and various opportunities of repelling, and even with indignation, the charges circulated at the time of the mutiny that it was the fault of the officers; and, on receiving the Admiralty order of June 3, 1797, which seemed to him to convey an imputation to that effect, he wrote, though he never sent, a most keen remonstrance in answer to it. In this remonstrance he affirms "the entire falsehood of all such surmises, in all their parts," and even demands a public disavowal of them.]

NOTE L. p. 139.

MR. RITCHIE AND CAPT. LYON.

"About this time," says Admiral Penrose in his journal, "I was led to expect Mr. Ritchie, and in August [1818], this very interesting young man made his appearance. He was evidently unequal to the task, and he had taken injudicious means to qualify himself. Knowing that he was likely to undergo great privations, he began to practise such in the midst of plenty, thus depriving himself of strength, when it was requisite that he should become strong. He had also been ill advised respecting the articles which he was to purchase with the very poor allowance made him for his outfit and first year's expenditure, which was so small that I am afraid to say what my memory seems to state it at. I had much satisfaction in doing all I could to add to his comforts, and to prepare a friendly reception for him from the Bashaw of Tripoli. I had had a long correspondence on the subject with our Consul, and had endeavoured to force it into the head of the Bashaw that we really esteemed an increase of geographical knowledge an ob-

ject of consequence. Amongst other things I ordered from London the last and best map of Africa, with all preceding journeys laid down, in order to show how little we had yet learned of the interior of the Continent. The Bashaw was hugely pleased with my present, but it is only honest to inform my reader that the wonders of the spring mounting were the most powerful attraction. The Consul was obliged to display the wonders of the sudden roll up without hands, many times and oft.

“ Sir Sydney Smith interested himself greatly about the success of this mission, and sent me for Mr. Ritchie many little articles which he thought would gain him friends among the Moors; and, among others, several sentences from the Koran, enjoining kindness towards Christians, which were neatly written and inclosed in glass. But the most curious part of this sanguine man's proposals or plans was a method for crossing or removing from place to place on the Niger, and on the great lake into which it was thought its waters spread themselves. Will it be believed that this man of so much experience should have recommended a raft or floating machine which would require as much timber and as many casks as would suffice to build and store a sloop of war! How Mr. Ritchie was to convey the materials with him, and form them out of sand, we were not instructed.

“ One of the most extraordinary events which arose out of Mr. Ritchie's coming among us, was the desire implanted in the somewhat versatile mind of my lieutenant, George Lyon, to partake his dangers, and share the honours. He had been charmed by Mr. Ritchie's detail of *what he was going to do*, and he longed to cross the burning sands, to chase ostriches, and ride upon dromedaries. Mr. Ritchie first sounded me on the subject, and I then told him that Lyon was old enough to speak for himself; but this he had some difficulty in bringing himself to do. When he had roused his courage to the proper height, I questioned him as to his determination, and advised



him to weigh the matter well, and at the same time told him that I would on no account permit him to proceed without the permission of his father and mother; and I wrote to the Admiralty an official letter to be presented by the father himself if he approved, or to be cancelled if he did not. I was resolved not to have the responsibility of sending any man's son on such an expedition to answer for. To my surprise, the permission, both domestic and official, was soon given, and Lyon followed Mr. Ritchie, who had been a short time at Tripoli when Lyon's leave arrived.

“These young men began unwisely by adopting all the outward appearances and habits of Moors. They should have gone as British Christians, or not at all. Buoyant spirits and good temper carried Lyon through the perils and deprivations under which poor Ritchie sunk, and his natural expressions of good feeling did him great honour when he told his adventurous tale.”

L I F E

OF

CAPTAIN JAMES TREVENEN,

KNIGHT OF THE RUSSIAN ORDERS OF ST. GEORGE  
AND ST. VLADIMIR.





Allingham Engr

M. & N. Hanhart Imp

CAPTAIN JAMES TREVENEN.

LIFE  
OF  
CAPTAIN JAMES TREVENEN.

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CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS RETURN IN 1780 FROM THE  
VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD WITH CAPTAIN COOK.

JAMES TREVENEN was third son and fifth child of the Rev. John Trevenen\*, of Rosewarne, in Cornwall, and was born at Rosewarne, January 1, 1760. He was placed at an early age at the Grammar-school at Helston, and was removed to the Royal Academy at Portsmouth, in 1773. He was there remarked as a boy of great generosity of character, eager and active in all plays and exercises, and excelling in most of them. He was a favourite with the masters, and, though a boy of high spirit, never incurred any punishment during his stay in the school. He worked so diligently at the plan of mathematical and nautical learning which is the formulary of the place, as to finish it

\* See note A at the end of the volume.

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several months within the allotted time. It was also remarked of him that he never became involved in any quarrel with his schoolfellows. One instance of his presence of mind and alacrity is recorded as follows by his dear friend, and afterwards brother-in-law, Charles Penrose, who was at this time his fellow-student in the academy. "We were learning to swim together, and after some greater efforts than usual had retired to dress; but feeling a desire of another swim, I pushed for a large mast employed in confining floating timber; when, by ceasing my stroke too soon, I missed my intended grasp, and by the retiring tide was drawn under the immense mass of wood. Half dressed as he was, Trevenen, observing me sink, instantly swam across the pond to my assistance, which he could only afford me by holding by the extreme of his fingers, and sinking his head under water, when his feet just reached my neck. Grasping me in this manner, he drew me by degrees above water, almost gone beyond the power of his friendly efforts by chafings, &c., &c., to recover." The boyish letters of Trevenen, which have been preserved, are written with the greatest possible unreserve, and are highly principled and full of observation, and show also that he very soon began to look at his profession as his first object of life, and as a pursuit from which it was not in his nature to be diverted. In the year 1775,

when the *Resolution* and *Discovery* were fitting for Cook's last voyage round the world, his natural ardour led him to desire to go on this expedition. His first mention to his family of this desire is in a letter to one of his brothers, of the date of September 5 of this year, in which he expresses his wish to have his parents' consent to his so doing. "It will," he says, "be an excellent breaking-in for me. I shall experience all climates, hot and cold, to an extremity, and consequently, shall always be prepared for any other station whatever." And again, in a subsequent letter of October 5, "I have spoken to Mr. Witchell [the then first master in the academy] about my going out in the *Resolution*. He said he had no objection in the least, but that it was a very hard voyage. That I knew before."

Accordingly, early in 1776, he was discharged from the academy, and partly through the kind introductions given him by Mr. Buller, then one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and by Captain Wallis, of Falmouth, was appointed to the *Resolution* as volunteer. Youths in this station become entitled only to able seamen's pay, but wear the uniform and do the duty, and are looked on as the first to receive the rating, of midshipmen as vacancies occur. Trevenen's joyous feeling on receiving this appointment, bursts out strongly in a letter of the date of June 1776, in which he refers to



Polycrates' distrust of his uninterrupted course of prosperity and his sacrifice of the ring: concluding his letter, however, with saying—"I shall make no such sacrifice, but hope the best and be prepared for the worst."

The *Resolution* sailed from Plymouth July 12, 1776, and the young sailor writes from Teneriffe the following brief note to his mother:—

"HONOURED MOTHER,

"I have only time to tell you that I am well and happy. I don't believe I have another moment to express what I would tell you, my dear mother; only I knew you would be happy to hear from me. I am going ashore: we sail this afternoon. I am, and ever shall be,

"Your dutiful Son,

"JAMES TREVENEN.

"Remember I am happy.

"Love to everybody."

A subsequent letter, dated from the Cape of Good Hope, was the only communication which his friends received, or could receive, from their absent sailor, till he again wrote to them nearly four years afterwards, also from the Cape.

Of the particular events of the voyage, of which the whole history has been excellently given by Cook and King, little if anything remains to be collected from the subsidiary remarks made by

Trevenen. It is, however, somewhat amusing to meet with the account of a seaman saved from drowning "by a machine called a life buoy, cut away as soon as he fell off the deck. After remaining an hour in the sea he was picked up," it is further said, "by a boat directed to him by the ringing of a bell on the top of the machine." This sentence is among the marginal notices made in a copy of the published work. From these notices the following passages may also be extracted:—

In a note on vol. ii. p. 182, it is added to the account of the method of catching turtle at Christmas Island that, "besides turning the turtle when asleep, the common mode of catching them, we took them another way, which afforded great sport. On the tide subsiding there remained about a foot of water (more or less) on the reef, which extended half a mile from the shore, where it is bounded by another ridge. But there were many deep holes, where the turtles used to remain till the rising of the water again. The water was so clear that we could see them in these holes; and as all our people could swim to perfection, they could dive down and catch them by the fins, or pull them out; and then the chase and sport began, we, as well as the turtles, dashing through thick and thin, and very ludicrous scenes occurred. In deep water they had the advantage; but when

it was not deeper than six inches, we could come up with them, and catch them by the fins; but as one had often not strength enough to hold them, he would be dragged sometimes up, sometimes down, till others came to his assistance. On meeting with a large pool, into which the sailor would be dragged head foremost, perhaps the turtle would escape; and I have seen some larger than common thus taken three times, and at last escape through a passage in the reef to the open sea. This chase was chequered with all the vicissitudes of hope and fear that can enliven any other, and was surely equally interesting—the more so, perhaps, as our dinner depended on the success of it. We once caught forty-two in half an hour.”

In vol. ii. p. 306, it is observed of the native Americans of Nootka Sound, that, “in the important operation of painting their faces, they make use of a piece of polished slate, which, when dipped in water, is a tolerable substitute for a looking-glass, and serves them in its stead. I have seen them discontented with the first and sometimes with the second attempt, and, after rubbing all their faces, begin again. A ground of grease and red ochre is first laid on, then the iron-sand, or glimmer, and the rest of the operation is performed by the finger before the wet slate.”

In speaking of the Sandwich islanders, and of the events which preceded and followed the death of Cook, everything contained in these notices confirms the belief that the natural and habitual disposition of these islanders was friendly and humane; and that the attack made on our great navigator may have arisen from some misapprehension, of which the cause cannot now, and probably never could be, explained, or was at the worst a sudden outbreak. "A constant exchange," it is said, "of good offices, and little acts of friendship obtained amongst us. I had once occasion to experience the good effects of it, where the assistance received seemed to flow entirely from a desire to be of service to those who wanted it, without any view to interest. Having occasion, with two other midshipmen, to go off to the ship at night, through a considerable surf, the canoe we had engaged filled and sunk about twenty yards from the shore, to which we had to swim, and land on a rocky beach difficult of access. Some little children playing near the spot had observed us; and whilst one or two ran to the houses close by for better assistance, the rest came down to us crying, and, leaning over the rock, reached out their little hands to endeavour to help us out of it. They afterwards conducted us to the village, running by our side, and uttering the most endearing expressions of pity and concern. We were equally

well received at the village: another large canoe was immediately launched, and we were conveyed to the ship in safety, without any demand whatever for pay or reward."

To the same effect it is stated in a note, p. 76, with respect to an Indian, who had been taken prisoner and brought on board, and who, after having been well terrified by the thought that he should be put to death, had been set at liberty: "When first unbound and set at liberty he put no trust in it, but sat silent, and totally disregarding everything and every person, till at last, being repeatedly assured of his safety, he began to raise his head and look around him; but the mingled emotions of hope and fear were strongly depicted in his countenance. By degrees he crept towards the gangway, and at last, seeing to a certainty that nobody stopped him, he returned quick as lightning, and threw himself with rapture at the feet of the officer upon deck, embracing his knees with the most lively demonstrations of joy and gratitude. Then flying away again he went on shore, and in a little time returned with a canoe full of provisions, and was very useful afterwards.

"The man who stabbed Captain Cook was, according to the best accounts of such a sudden and confused transaction, an old chief, whom Captain Cook himself had kicked out of the ship the day before, with many expressions of anger,

for having committed a theft. He was shot dead immediately by John Perkins, a marine from the boats."

"The five gentlemen who were in the boat," *i.e.*, in the small cutter mentioned vol. iii. p. 54, "were Lanyon, Ward, Taylor, Charlton, Trevenen. Although we had not seen Captain Cook in the other boats when they pulled off to the ships, and now saw the dead bodies lying on the beach, we did not think of Captain Cook's being killed; therefore we also pulled off. The fact is, that I, as well as the others, had been so used to look up to him as our good genius, our safe conductor, and as a kind of superior being, that I could not suffer myself, I could not *dare*, to think he could fall by the hands of the Indians, over whose minds and bodies he had been used to rule with absolute sway."

On the mention of the chief brandishing Capt. Cook's hanger, p. 65, it is said, "I saw this from one of the boats which was scarce more than ten yards from the man. The hanger was bloody: he washed it in the sea, and told us that he had been cutting up the body of our chief, and that if we came on shore he would serve us in the same manner."

"By the light of the fires we could plainly see the Indians in motion about them; and this sight, joined to the stillness of the night, produced the

most awful solemnity, now and then interrupted by their hideous cries and yellings, and made great impression on our already agitated feelings."

Note to p. 75. "The heads had been (before they were carried on board) stuck on poles, and waved to the crowd of Indians assembled on the hills about half a mile off. A cry of horror and an involuntary motion or starting back was instantly observed amongst them; and, coupled with the instances which we had observed of their exposing themselves to carry off the dead bodies of their friends, served to convince us that they have some superstitious notions with regard to the dependence of their condition after death on their being interred with proper ceremonies."

On the death of Captain Clerke, Trevenen removed with Captain King into the *Discovery*, and returned in that ship to England, arriving at the Nore, after a long detention at Stromness, in Orkney, on the 4th of October, 1780. At the conclusion of this long voyage, Captain King, on the presumption that the midshipmen employed in it would, on their return home, obtain their lieutenantcies, invited Trevenen to serve under him in his next ship. This kind invitation his young friend gladly accepted; and it will be seen in the next chapter,\* that he became a lieutenant to this excellent officer in the *Resistance*, and subsequently that they went abroad together after the peace,



and that Trevenen continued with him till his death at Nice, in 1784. The assistance rendered by Trevenen in the astronomical observations and calculations, made during the voyage round the world, is recognised in the volume of King's continuation.

During that long voyage, the common and trying service in which they were engaged cemented strongly Trevenen's early friendship with his friend Ward, who had also been his fellow-student at the Portsmouth academy, and with whom he kept up a close intimacy through after-life. Riou, afterwards so well known for his resolute conduct in the *Guardian*, was another of the midshipmen who were employed on this expedition. The remarkable history of the wreck of the *Guardian* became afterwards known to Trevenen when in Russia, in 1790, a very few months only before his death; and he on this occasion speaks of him as follows, in one of his letters: "He is one of the finest, handsomest, best made, strongest, honestest, cleverest, and noblest fellows that ever old England produced; and the whole of his conduct exhibits the very man, such as I have known him from a child." Another was Hergest, a friend who, if the subsequently-intended expedition to north-west America had been carried out, would have joined him in it. Another was Samwell, who was first surgeon's mate, and afterwards surgeon, the author

of an account of Captain Cook's death, with which Trevenen was on the whole well satisfied, and which he earnestly recommended to all his friends, and which he requested them to bind up with their copies of the voyage. Mr. Samwell afterwards performed a last act of friendship for Trevenen himself, by drawing up, after his death, a short notice of his life, which was inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1790. Trevenen was accustomed to speak also of Lieut. Burney, afterwards Capt. James Burney, in most kindly terms.

To Cook himself, Trevenen in common, it is believed, with all who ever served under him, always looked up both with respect and affection. The power of mind, and the unwearied assiduity of that great navigator, gave him an ascendancy which neither his severity of character, nor the passions into which he frequently threw himself on the slightest occasions, could overbear. These passions were often very vehement. It was a common saying among both officers and men, "that the old boy had been tipping a heiva to such a one." The heiva was the name of one of the dances of the southern islanders, to which Cook's violent motions and stampings on deck in his paroxysms often bore a great resemblance. But still his real ascendancy of character and ability was never forgotten. The history of his

last voyage was, down nearly to the period of his death, written by himself, and comprises the two first volumes of the complete work. “The coolness and conciseness,” says Trevenen, speaking of these two volumes, “with which he passes over the relation of the dangers which he encountered is very remarkable. These imminent dangers and hairbreadth escapes would, in other hands, have afforded subject for many laboured and dreadful descriptions, and would even have justified them. The want of such may make him lose the credit of having avoided or surmounted them. But he who once revolves in his mind the immense extent of coast that Capt. Cook has in this voyage surveyed; the earliness of the season when he began it, and the advanced state of it when he left off—the badness of the provisions, which had been already three years from England—the intricacies of the coast, the islets, rocks, and shoals, that would make when well known the boldest pilot tremble to venture on it—the length of time which his crew remained in, and bore with, the consequent fatigue of such uncommon and accumulated subjects of distress, passed among rocks and fields of ice, in thick fogs, with the entire privation of fresh meat, and such necessary comforts as alone can render men capable of undergoing extreme hardships, with the allowed hazard of navigating among ice—must wonder at and admire both his boldness

of daring and skill in executing. But, as his mind was impressed with the thoughts of duty and the grand consequence of his undertaking, no danger or difficulty had the power of turning away his attention from this object."

A somewhat less grave picture is given in a note to p. 279. "I, with several other of our midshipmen, attended Captain Cook in this expedition, in which we rowed him not less than thirty miles during the day. We were fond of such excursions, although the labour of them was **very** great, as not only this kind of duty was more agreeable than the routine on board the ships, but it was also another very principal consideration, that we were sure of having plenty to eat and drink, which was not always the case on board on our usual allowance. Capt. Cook also, on these occasions, would sometimes relax from his almost constant severity of disposition, and even descended now and then to converse familiarly with us, but it was only for a time." Trevenen had before said, in one of his private letters to his family, in which he describes his cabin in the *Crocodile*, "Right against me stands Capt. Cook, like the knight of the woful countenance, and pointing to a map of the South Sea." "Aye, aye, old boy, I remember all very well, especially the many hungry hours I have experienced while you lived in clover." Again,

in a book of scraps which seems to have been written as late as 1787 :

O genius superior, in forming whom, nature  
 Had an eye to the moulding a great navigator,  
 And though toward thy mids thou wert not very nice,  
 Declaring thou'dst have "no more cats than catch mice,"  
 "Not here do you come to see fashions, or folly, but  
 "To hold on the nippers, and row in the jolly-boat;"  
 And though still thou wouldst send me, when by the wind  
 steering,  
 To haul out the weather mizen topsail reef earing,  
 Yet not now I'll remember thy wholesome severity,  
 Or remember 'twas meant but to give me dexterity.  
 No! rather I'll think on that happier season,  
 When turn'd into thy boat's crew without rhyme or reason,  
 But proud of that office, we went a marooning,  
 And pulling 'gainst tide, or before the wind spooning,  
 Sometimes we were shooting and sometimes surveying,  
 With pleasure still watching, with pleasure obeying,  
 Till pleased with our efforts, thy features relax,  
 And thou giv'st us thy game to take home on our backs.  
 O day of hard labour, O day of good living,  
 When TOOTEE was seized with the humour of giving—  
 When he clothed in good nature his looks of authority,  
 And shook from his eyebrows their stern superiority.

The two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, reached the Cape on their return home in May, 1780, and had a tedious voyage thence to England, going round by, and being long detained in Orkney. They arrived at the Nore, October 4. Trevenen's letters to his friends, while in suspense

as to what the events might have been of the long period during which he had not heard of them, are of the most touching tenderness. He regrets especially that he could not have landed at Falmouth, where he might have heard of their welfare: "for otherwise," he adds, "I did not dare to think;" and expresses an anxiety on account of his friend Penrose, whose name he had not found in the list of lieutenants which he had seen at the Cape. But it will show sufficiently the unchanged and unchanging affectionateness of Trevenen's character, to place here in juxtaposition the two letters which he wrote to his mother from the Cape: the one written on his arrival there in 1776, on the outward voyage; the second on his return in 1780.

"Table Bay, October 23, 1776.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"A letter from James! O my dear creatures, how eager I see you to break the seal! Be happy then! for I know that it will make you so to hear that I am well, and that I like the sea as well as ever. What a great pleasure it would be to me to hear from you whom I so tenderly love! But I must content myself my old way at the academy: viz., thinking of the pleasures of meeting, and I have now more

occasion than ever. There I heard from you every fortnight ; now I am quite in the dark with regard to your health, and everything concerning you ; but I will always hope the best.

“ While at sea, I often used to hold conversation with you ; and in the dead of night during my watch upon deck, while others used to be variously engaged, and trying different ways to amuse themselves, I used to seek some corner where I was least likely to be disturbed ; and, retiring within myself, was soon at Rosewarne. Often, when thinking of you, the pearly drop would steal silently down my cheek, and at last I should melt into tears ; but they were not the tears of sorrow, they were tears of gratitude for your tenderness and love to me ; and I was quite happy at the time when, had you seen me, you would have taken me to be the most miserable person in the world. In general, I have the greatest spirits, and am remarked for it ; but so great is the contrariety, that I am most happy when I appear least so. Indeed I am never otherwise than happy ; but there are a thousand pleasures I perceive when I am thinking of you, which at other times I am a stranger to. How heartily do I pity those rough sailors, of whom we have many aboard, who have no notion of sensibility, and who laugh at those persons who show



any tenderness for their relations, or who cannot drink as much grog as themselves. They are strangers to those feelings which constitute my *summum bonum*."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Cape of Good Hope, May, 1780.

" MY MOST REVERED MOTHER,

" An address to a mother after so long an absence, and entire ignorance of what may have befallen at home, is a circumstance altogether so new to me that I find myself at a loss how to behave. The darkness and uncertainty with regard to events the most interesting cannot fail to give a serious turn to my thoughts, and I tremble with apprehension. On the other hand, when I recollect that I have once more a dawn of happiness breaking upon me—that I am once more in a fair way to see and converse with all I hold dear—the tide of joy is so tumultuous as to render me equally unfit to express my sentiments. But I feel myself already excused by you for not being more full, when I tell you that at least in a fortnight after your receipt of this, I hope to be in your embraces. Good God! the thought is too much. Far, far away, my eyes and steps have been directed from you, but my thoughts *never*. You still con-

stituted my chief happiness amidst all the bustle and variety of sea life. I have written many a long letter to you, though I knew it could never be delivered; but it relieved my mind after the variety of business I had been engaged in—was indeed my most pleasing occupation; gave me a gleam of joy that helped to dissipate the gloom around me, and whenever I was melancholy proved a never-failing consolation.”

\* \* \* \* \*

In another letter written in the same spirit during his tedious delay at Stromness, but before he could have any intelligence from his family, he says that he fears that his letter exceeds the bounds of reason and savours of novel writing. “But I care not,” he adds, “for criticism. It is the warmth of affection dictates my pen and will be obeyed. I hope you are not tired, but really I can think of nothing else.”

It is even now almost mortifying to reflect that this suspense was prolonged, though but for a few days, by his very narrowly missing his friend Penrose while on the voyage from Orkney to the Nore. Penrose had then recently been made lieutenant of the *Cleopatra*, and was cruising on the coast of Scotland; and in the course of this cruise had, during a thick fog, boarded a ship which, not more than an hour before, had been hailed by the *Discovery*, which could not then have

been more than a mile off. But the thickness of the weather cruelly prevented the actual meeting of the two friends, and delayed to Trevenen's longings the knowledge of that satisfactory report of family history which his friend could have given.

## CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND TO HIS BROTHER MATTHEW'S  
DEATH IN 1785.

SOON after Trevenen's arrival at the Nore, his anxiety to renew his intercourse with his much-loved family was partially satisfied by a visit from his brother Thomas, then a student at Cambridge. He himself, in common with the other midshipmen who had been engaged in the arduous service of the voyage round the world, was promoted, apparently as a matter of course, to the rank of lieutenant, and on or about October 30, was appointed fourth-lieutenant of the *Conquestador*, then guard-ship at the Nore. He was greatly elated by this change from what he at this time calls the lowest state of wretchedness to a decent station in life. This appointment, indeed, to a guard-ship could not be in itself a gratifying appointment to an active-minded young officer in time of war; but it was intended to insure his being in the way whenever his friend Captain King

should obtain a command. It was also an appointment which allowed him after a time to obtain leave of absence to go into Cornwall, where he went in November. In January, 1781, he returned to the *Conquestador*, but soon became heartily tired of the inactive life to which he was doomed, and of what was worse than inaction—the painful duty of pressing seamen from homeward-bound ships. In a letter of this date, he says, “I shall by and by exclaim with Cloten, in Lear, that every Jack-fool can have a belly full of fighting, while I must look on.” In the month of April following, he had, however, the pleasure of getting freed from the guard-ship, and of being appointed to the *Crocodile*, of 24 guns, then fitting out, under Captain King. The *Crocodile*, on being ready for sea, was in the first place ordered to the Downs, and afterwards joined for a time the squadron off the Dutch coast under Lord Mulgrave. During the remainder of the summer she was engaged in cruising with the grand fleet in the Channel, and was then ordered to Ireland. Throughout the winter, and the early spring of 1782, she was employed in severe service in the Channel, and in the Irish Sea, and, in March, was ordered once more to the Downs. Captain King here left her. He had been appointed to the command of the *Resistance*, of 44 guns, then on the stocks at Deptford, and

was succeeded in the *Crocodile* by Captain Albe-marle Bertie.

During Captain Bertie's command of the *Crocodile*, an action took place off Dunkirk with a French privateer of 28 guns, the *Prince de Roberg*, Captain Vanstabel, the most daring and successful of the enemy's cruisers at that time. The guns of the *Crocodile*, though of inferior weight of metal, and though her crew, which consisted of 160 men, was opposed to 220, were so well served, that in about an hour the fire of the enemy was nearly silenced. But an unfortunate explosion on board the *Crocodile* created a momentary confusion which obliged Captain Bertie to back his sails, and his opponent escaped. The capture of this privateer would have led to Tre-venen's immediate promotion to a captaincy, and the whole current of his future life would consequently have been changed. Soon after this engagement he was appointed first-lieutenant of the *Resistance* and he joined this ship in July.

The first orders to the *Resistance* were to join a squadron appointed to protect Guernsey and Jersey from an expected invasion. But the alarm respecting these islands subsided, and this ship was then ordered in charge of very valuable convoy to the West Indies. The ordinary route is to run at first to the south, and then, on getting into the trade winds, to steer direct for Barbadoes ;

but Captain King had too much reason to trust both to his own skill and that of his lieutenant in working the lunar observations, a task which was at this time often regarded as a sort of recondite science, to feel himself under any need to take this circuitous line, and therefore steered from the first the straight course for his port. This straight course saved in fact the convoy from the enemy, inasmuch as the French who, with their usual good intelligence, had obtained accurate knowledge of its sailing, had dispatched three sail of the line and two frigates, to intercept it on the usual track. The surprise and terror of the masters of the merchant ships on this occasion were, it is said, extreme. They were soon bewildered, and lost all kind of tolerable accuracy in their reckoning. But when at last they found themselves brought exactly to the desired point, nothing could exceed their admiration and astonishment.

From Barbadoes the *Resistance* proceeded to Jamaica, on which station she continued till the close of the war. A small French vessel, the *Coquette* of 28 guns and 200 men, was captured in an inconsiderable action near Turk's Island, and Trevenen took the command of the prize. An ineffectual attempt was also made by Captain Nelson of the *Albemarle*, afterwards Lord Nelson, to recapture the island itself. The *Resistance* took her share in this attempt, but certainly without



any approbation of it on the part of her lieutenant, who says, in a letter in which he gives an account of it to his friends, "But the ridiculous expedition against Turk's Island, undertaken by a young man merely from the hopes of seeing his name in the papers, ill-digested at first, carried on without a plan, afterwards attempted to be carried into execution rashly because without intelligence, and hastily abandoned at last for the same reason that it ought not to have been undertaken, spoilt all." To see NELSON thus thought of, though only perhaps at a moment of disappointment, in 1782, by a man who might have lived to be one of his warmest admirers, is a remarkable example of the many-sided aspects in which character is often viewed, and in which it exists.

This expedition against Turk's Island was among the last acts of the war. On the conclusion of peace the affectionateness of Trevenen's disposition would have brought him instantly home; but, on the other hand, his ardour and activity led him to look eagerly into the future. In a letter written in April or May, 1783, he says to his sister, "Had it been my fate to have sat down during the first years of my life amidst green fields and shady groves, I should have been perfectly contented with my station, nor ever have uttered one sigh for glory." He then argues "that the mind and disposition may receive a bent foreign to its nature, and that

he is sure that he could not be contented with that kind of life for any moderate time. Whether my happiness," he adds, "is benefited by the change I know not, neither do I know that I ought to care. If I am guided by the Supreme Disposer of events, I am happy to resign myself to him." In this state of feeling, and supposing the peace to be made a little too soon to afford him any chance of early promotion in his own service, he appears to have turned his thoughts, even before he left Jamaica, to a possible seeking of that employment and distinction in Russia of which the door now seemed to be closed on him at home. A war had broken out between that country and Turkey, and (though with some misgiving about the having to fight against the *poor Turks*) he says in one of his letters of this date, "I should not dislike going into the Russian service if I could get a command." But this thought, though it will be seen that it was resumed afterwards, was merely transient at present. His more immediate and decided project was to take the opportunity of being now in the western hemisphere, to make a tour through the new states—states which he saw to be clearly destined for eventual greatness, and to present great opportunities for observation. Neither yet did he exclude all thought of "becoming himself an American, or to come in himself for a share in raising the structure," or

forming the navy of the new empire which was about to arise. A tour, however, was everything of which he thought seriously at this time. "Charles Penrose," he says in one of his letters, "had better meet me in America. I often think how happy I should be to have him, Ward, and Riou, along with me." This intention, however, was overruled by his being seized with a violent fever, brought on by his having overheated himself while on shore at Port Royal.

Captain King, who was at this time on shore, came instantly to see him, and brought with him an old practitioner in these fevers; but the patient was already on the recovery. Trevenen speaks with gratitude of the kindness which he received on this occasion from his countryman, Humphry Cole, then a lieutenant in the 79th Regiment, and encamped in a healthy situation near Port Royal, and who had pressed him to come to the camp for change of air. He speaks also of very kind attentions which had been paid him, while in Jamaica, by Captain Curgenvven, of the *Protée*, 64.

He had not long recovered from this illness when his excellent friend, Captain King, found it necessary to return to England on account of his own state of health, which had already for some time been thought precarious, and took his passage home in the *Diamond*, Captain Rowley.

Trevenen, whose own recent illness had probably abated his zeal for travelling, and who was very unwilling to forsake this most dear friend, procured an exchange into the same ship. The *Diamond* reached Portsmouth in July, and in the beginning of August was ordered round to Plymouth, and paid off. Trevenen then returned to his mother's home at Rosewarne; and, for a time, seems to have felt no want of any enjoyment not to be found in the tranquillity of a country life, and in the society of his friends.

In November he went to London, and subsequently to Oxford, and thence to Woodstock, on a visit to Captain King, to whom he at this time gave some assistance in correcting the charts published in the voyage of discovery. He then returned in January, 1784, to Rosewarne, whence he again set out in April, in company with his brother Matthew\*, in a tour to Scotland. The two brothers travelled in a gig, and treasured up very many recollections of the little events of their tour, and of the satisfaction which they found in this method of travelling. They went by London, where they bought their gig, and their horse *Swan*, a *bird*, as they often called him, afterwards much petted in the family, and of which the remembrance long survived in it. From London they proceeded through Derbyshire to

\* See note B at the end of this volume.

York, and thence to Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and as far north as Inverness, and returned by Staffa and Glasgow and the English lakes. From the lakes they went through Liverpool and Manchester into Nottinghamshire, where they paid a visit to their brother-in-law, the Rev. J. Penrose, at Fledborough, and again to London. There exists a long journal of this tour, full of observation, but without much matter in it worth extracting, unless it deserve mentioning that the "immense" silk mills at Derby, were even at that period, an establishment which excited their attention; and that they did not miss the opportunity of admiring Wright's paintings, which were then exhibited there. At Matlock they met Dean Jebb, who must at this time have been nearly ninety years of age, and who had frequented Matlock for his health about sixty years. "I never saw," says Trevenen, "such advanced age and such spirits united. His unexpected flow of good humour delighted, and his excellent understanding instructed, every one: he was the life of the company, and evinced manners as agreeable, and an intellect as keen, as if he had been in meridian. It was a pleasant thing, and enough to reconcile the most discontented to life, to hear him assert that his last twenty years had been the happiest. Indeed, he seemed to enjoy himself and his company with the highest relish."

The two Trevenens returned to London at a time when Captain King was very ill, at Mr. Burke's at Beaconsfield. James Trevenen went down there immediately to see him; and found that in the hope (a vain hope, alas!) that his health might yet be restored by passing the coming winter in a warmer climate, he was preparing for a journey to the south of France. His intimate friend, Captain Young, afterwards Sir William Young, had agreed to go with him, and Trevenen now offered to join them. This offer was gladly accepted; and the party left London, September 12, and proceeded together to Nice by Paris and Avignon, and thence by the ordinary route through Aix and Frejus. Captain King died at Nice in the middle of November; and Trevenen says of him that, "though worn to a shadow by his disorder, he yet exhibited a noble picture of the independence of the soul on the body; every mental faculty bright and unclouded to the last minute. He might have said with Addison, 'See how a Christian can die.' I have no doubt," he adds, "but that the journey hastened his end. Easy as we made it, the fatigue was too great for his weak state, and his decline advanced rapidly from the time of our coming to Nice. He had all along been sensible of his true situation, and never flattered himself with false hopes; yet his cheerfulness scarcely ever left him; and if any-

thing could alleviate the melancholy of our situation it was his example." "Dear little man," he says in a subsequent letter, "I shall never see him more—he who has been so much to me so long a time. His gentle spirit is wafted, however, to a better world." And again, "He is gone, and we shall no more see that countenance where the sunshine of innocence, benevolence, and love, was reflected from the clear calm of a heart at ease."

After Captain King's death, Trevenen went from Nice to Marseilles and Toulon. He here hesitated for a short time which way he should turn. In one of his letters to his friend Ward he says, "Before I return to England I should like much to go to Grand Cairo." And again, "Perhaps the fate of Europe may determine mine. In case of war, I should much like to engage on one side or other. But how to do it?" He at length determined to make a tour in Italy. Mr. Ellison, of Yorkshire, and Captains Vesey and Macartney, were his companions in this tour. They went first by sea from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, and thence to Rome. Trevenen's memoranda of his stay at Rome are full of intelligence and observation, but do not afford any remarks which can now be of importance, unless it be of importance in 1849, to see it remarked by him in 1785, that "Pius VI. is disliked by almost all ranks, and that they are altogether tired of eccle-



siastical government." He says elsewhere that "the manner in which we supported the last war against so many powers is regarded as a prodigy; and more than one Italian has assured me that his countrymen during the whole time were so many English patriots."

At Rome Trevenen unfortunately fell ill of a fever; and three days after quitting his bed had the imprudence to set out for Naples. While at Naples he made two efforts to ascend Vesuvius: the first of them by night; but he was then too weak to go farther than to the burning lava. A day or too afterwards, though still very sick and feverish, he, by the help of two men, reached the summit. From Naples he returned to Rome, and went from Rome to Florence, and thence to Leghorn. Here his companions left him and embarked for Marseilles. He was himself at this time seriously ill of a second fever; of which, though he got better by slow degrees, he never thoroughly recovered the effects. He from this time became subject to pains in the breast, which were often distressing and even alarming; and a hurrying journey from Leghorn to Venice was thought to have rooted this mischief in his frame. He arrived in Venice in time to witness the ceremony of the Doge's wedding the sea, and stayed there some time, and received very particular attentions on the ground of having been round the world with

Cook, and present at his death, and of being supposed by some to be the only officer who had survived the expedition. "I was often obliged," he says, "to bite my tongue that I might not laugh in their faces, at being supposed a man of consequence to the world in general, and at the strange questions sometimes put to me. One lady asked me at what time our voyage took place; for, though older than me, she did not remember our coming to Italy. However, notwithstanding the general ignorance with regard to such matters, which is not to be wondered at, there are many sensible people in Venice who have read Cook's voyages, which are eagerly read and sought after in Italy with attention, and to such I had real pleasure in explaining the plates, &c."

To this passage, which is extracted from a letter to his eldest sister, is added a eulogium on the many excellent and agreeable companions with whom he had had the good fortune of falling in on his tour. "I have never yet," he says, "had reason to repent the confidence I have placed in any of them, have always parted with them with regret, and still keep up a correspondence with them. But still," he adds, "they were not Matthew Trevenens. How often have I wished for him on my travels! How much more so now than ever, because I am going into Switzerland, that delightful country, where there are so many things to his

taste, and especially because at last I shall be left alone. I shall lose half the pleasure of my journey in losing the pleasure of participation, and as that must be augmented in proportion to the love we bear the person participating, you will agree that I want Matthew Trevenen."

On leaving Venice, Trevenen travelled by the route of Mantua and Verona to Milan, and made afterwards the tour of Switzerland in company with Mr. Sumner, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, whom he had met at Geneva, and with whom he had previously formed acquaintance in Italy. At Geneva he formed an intimate friendship with M. Pictet. At Lausanne he consulted M. Tissot on the state of his health. M. Tissot satisfied him that his constitution had not received any permanent injury, but advised him to abstain for the present from all fatigue either of body or mind, and to pass the winter months in Italy, or in the south of France. And this he probably would have done, but that he felt himself recalled suddenly home by the death of that dear brother whom he loved so well, and for whose society he had so lately expressed his longing desire. Matthew's illness, a most rapid consumption, must have been first made known to his brother in the end of August. There was a momentary thought that he might possibly be advised to try a foreign tour for change of air; and James instantly

proffered himself as "his brother's nurse and attendant, and to go anywhere with him." Every hope, however, was soon cut short by the rapid progress of the disease. Matthew died October 27, and James's next object was to join the afflicted family circle in Cornwall, and to share its sorrows. He, therefore, immediately on hearing of his brother's death, returned to England, and reached Rosewarne, December 4.

On this sad subject all that remains to be here added is, that he wrote at or about this period of his return to his mother's roof the following verses—verses which some who have seen them in MS. would regret not to see inserted here. They are also verses which will afford proof to every reader that the language of poetry and that of deep and real feeling, when expressed in verse, is one and the same.

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MONODY ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW TREVENEN.

Why beats my heart? why burst these rending sighs?

Why seek I more his wonted voice to hear?

No more that pleasing form shall glad my eyes;

No more his accents charm th' attentive ear.

Yet why, if innocent thy life has past,

If to thee every quality was giv'n

That leads the sure unerring path to heav'n,

Why sorrow we that this day is thy last?

Not thee we grieve, but dare to hope  
 The great Jehovah to a better state,  
 Reward of virtue, hath thy soul transferr'd,  
 And though around thy mortal part, interr'd  
 In earth's cold bosom, to this stroke of fate  
 We sink subdued, and to our tears give scope,  
 Let godlike reason for a moment sway—  
 'Twere selfish envy more to wish thy stay.

Ourselves we mourn, our loss lament,  
 Who, left in wretchedness below,  
 Without thy cheering influence go,  
 And wander in the paths of discontent and woe.  
 By passion's storm our bosoms rent,  
 Reason's mild sway no longer own;  
 Thy bright example from our eyes withdrawn,  
 Our guiding star's extinct, our path no longer known.

Whene'er affliction's shafts our peace invade,  
 Or transient joys the obscur'd prospect clear,  
 In vain we seek thee for thy wonted aid,  
 In vain the momentary bliss would share;  
 In vain in crowds and noise we seek relief;  
 The mind, unoccupied, still turns to thee.  
 Religion's balm alone can heal our grief;  
 Time's healing hand from misery set us free.

Yet know'st thou, brother, time can ne'er efface  
 Thy much lov'd image from our bleeding hearts;  
 For, though fell melancholy's train we chase,  
 And in life's busy scene resume our parts;  
 Though on our fronts mild resignation shine,  
 And cheerfulness relume the clouded scene;  
 Whene'er a serious thought we entertain,  
 Thy virtues form our favourite theme divine.

Whene'er in evening solitude we stray;  
Whene'er reflection lifts our thoughts on high;  
    Whene'er assembled round th' accustom'd hearth,  
    Which, happier once, now mourns thy parted mirth;  
Then flows the silent tear, the half-check'd sigh,  
    Convulsive sobs that would not be reveal'd,  
Till griefs infectious to each bosom fly,  
    And burst at once, too great to be conceal'd.

But not do mournful thoughts alone our time employ.  
    Thy life for other feelings has given place;  
The bursts of passion past; (prepare to joy;)       
    And exultation clears each clouded face:  
Thy mother dwells with rapture on the theme;  
    Thy sister's tears awhile give way to bliss;  
Thy brothers, emulous in praise, exclaim,  
    " So pass our days, and be our end like his."

O friend! O brother! much-lamented youth,  
    Although thy praise unequal I resign,  
The friends of virtue will confirm this truth,  
    That scarce a failing, not one vice, was thine.  
And lo! already a more skilful muse  
    Has pour'd her plaintive accents o'er thy urn,  
And does thy virtues for her subject choose.  
    Hers be the lot to praise thee; mine to mourn.

How many favourite schemes with thee I've plann'd!  
    How roll'd my years in pleasing vision on!  
How many hopes have form'd, and projects scann'd!  
    But all those projects, all those hopes, are gone.  
Vain wretch! to build on such aerial toys;  
    To let thy wild imagination roam;  
Fond man, to sooth thyself in future joys,  
    And feast on fancied happiness to come!

No more thy sun of innocence shall dart  
 Its cheerful beam upon th' afflicted mind ;  
 Thy reason's force, by piety refin'd,  
 No more shall lift to hope the sinking heart ;  
 But thy example shall with us remain,  
 Thy cherish'd image in our bosoms last,  
 And hold its empire amidst joy or pain,  
 Till life ebb out, and memory be past.

And when that king of terrors, Death,  
 Shall call me to resign my breath ;  
 Whether amidst the din of war he come,  
 Or the more dreadful lingering deathbed's gloom ;  
 Tell me but I shall see thy face,  
 And I'll not shun the fiend's embrace,  
 But willing spurn this world's vain joys and cares ;  
 Whilst hope to meet thy love shall dissipate my fears.

Cease we our 'plaint. 'Tis not for mortal man  
 By constant grief to blame th' eternal plan.  
 But thou, for whom her tears unceasing flow,  
 If thou can'st still one earthly passion know,  
 Sweet angel, hear our prayer,  
 And on a sister's health bestow thy care.  
 Teach her this truth, let her no longer grieve ;  
 And bid her cease to mourn, and learn again to live.

O gracious Heaven ! when thy Providence  
 Its gracious favours scatters o'er the land  
 Shall we receive the good it does dispense,  
 And scorn the chastening ill from thy dread hand ?  
 O God of mercy ! hear our humble prayers,  
 That we such paths of wilful error shun ;  
 And whether rise our joys, or flow our tears,  
 Thy will on earth still, as in Heaven, be done.



To this tribute of warm affection, and to the many other evidences already before the reader of James Trevenen's unbounded love for his brother Matthew, may here be added the following extracts from an early letter written to him while at college—extracts here given, however, chiefly as illustrative of the reflective character of the writer. Matthew, it seems, had written to his brother, saying that he was tired of a lounging's life. Well might he be tired of it! Certainly no man was ever less intended by nature to lead it to the end. To this letter, James says in answer: "Do not be offended at what may bear the semblance of a lecture, for I am only going to tell you something about myself. A youngster, on going to sea, has ten thousand difficulties to encounter; his accommodations on board ship are so bad, and there are so many difficulties in his way, as, joined perhaps to a depression of spirits, natural on leaving friends, &c., incline him to a melancholy despondency, from which it is ten thousand to one if he rouses himself to any exertion in learning, or in his duty on board. Unless he has some friend among the officers, it is most likely he falls into foolish dissipated company, which pleases him for a time, because it drives away his melancholy, but so totally estranges his mind from all thoughts of improvement that he is certain, in the end, to turn out a blockhead.

“This was a good deal my case at first; but I grew tired of the life of a loungeur, because my mind had been used to be exercised at school. However, it was to no purpose that I resolved to amend; for the difficulties before mentioned stood in my way. And, although I every day made fresh resolutions, yet I was every day sure to break them; for, truly speaking, my mind had contracted an indolence that gave me an aversion to everything that required thought. It seemed a labour such as I could not look on without pain. But still I had my reason left, which told me I was going on quite in a wrong way; and that, if I continued to do so, I should be a block-head all my life-time, and must be content for ever to pass unnoticed in the world. But these reflections served only to augment my misery; for it was almost impossible to do anything in a midshipman’s berth, and I saw no help for my situation, which really was a most horrid one. I lounged about the ship from place to place, any how, to pass time away; at the same time that it was with the greatest regret I saw day after day go over my head, without my having improved myself in anything, or knowing more than when I first set out. I knew it, and was so unhappy that I often retired to a corner and cried like a child. Thus was my life annihilating, when two friendly hands were reached out, and saved me from the

gulf into which I was plunging; and, if ever I get any promotion in the service, which ambition bids me hope, I shall always gratefully acknowledge that it is totally owing to Captain King and Mr. Bligh, our master; they took notice of me, and offered me the use of their cabins and advice. But indolence had already got such hold on me from habit, that I had many hard battles to conquer it. I have a hundred times laid down a plan to proceed upon, made the best resolutions, and been quite happy for a time in prosecuting it with vigour, but when the first enthusiasm was abated, my diligence began to abate also, and I used to endeavour to form excuses to myself for it. Sometimes I have thought that I was naturally of an indolent disposition, and that therefore it was in vain to fight against it. But I am convinced that no man is constitutionally so: it comes at first from idleness; idleness becomes habitual, and, at last, the mind, from not being exercised, becomes relaxed, and loses all its vigour." The letter then goes on into a comment on the several objects of useful and liberal study, from which the only sentence which need be extracted is the following: "I declare to you that if the war was to finish, I myself would come to Cambridge, enter myself a gentleman commoner, and make astronomy my chief study; as painting, &c., should be my amusement."

## CHAPTER III.

TO HIS ARRIVAL AT PETERSBURGH, OCTOBER 7, 1787.

THE residue of the winter of 1785-1786 and almost the whole of the succeeding summer were passed by James Trevenen amongst his friends in Cornwall. His habits were studious, but he enjoyed society. His health seemed to his friends to be better than they had dared, after so many illnesses, to expect; and the summer months were enlivened to him by a long visit from his friend Ward, whose eccentricities and argumentations, and agreeableness, were long remembered in the hospitable circle into which his friend introduced him. An objectless life, however, seldom lasts long with a man who has once learned to exert himself. Trevenen in the autumn of this year began to entertain plans for pursuing discoveries, and of establishing a fur trade, in the North Pacific, as had been suggested by Captain King in his volume of the "Continuation of Cook's Voyages," and also of exploring the Japanese Islands, and the Bay of China. He proposed

to his friend Penrose to engage with him in a trading voyage for furs to Nootka Sound, and Cook's River. A merchant of Falmouth, Mr. Daubuz, applied to him for information on the same subject, on the part of a company which was projecting a similar scheme, and proposed to him to direct and command an expedition to consist of two ships, with this object in view. The sum which it was proposed to devote to the equipment of this expedition was sufficiently ample, and the negotiation advanced so far that Trevenen set out for London in November, in order to arrange the preliminaries with the Government. A petition was presented, which was indorsed "promised to be complied with;" but some apprehension of interfering with the rights of the South Sea Company prevented the farther prosecution of the affair. Thus thrown aback in this project, he applied for employment in the formation of the new settlement which was at this time setting on foot at Botany Bay; but he was too late. He also appears at one time to have intended to try the East India Company's service, but saw too many difficulties to be surmounted before he could attain an adequate station in it. Towards the end of November he wrote a letter on service to the Admiralty, earnestly requesting employ, either on the Botany Bay service, or on any other *out of the common routine of sea duty*. But to this ap-

plication he only received the usual official answer to letters on service.

To an ardent mind all these rebuffs could not but be mortifying. The mortification which they produced was also increased by a feeling of violent animosity against the ministry, the Pitt ministry, which was at this time in power,—an animosity if not created, yet doubtless exasperated, by the friendships to which his intimacy with Captain King had introduced him. He at this time passed some days at Beaconsfield with Mr. Burke, and paid a visit at Cliefden to Lord Inchiquin, with whom he had previously made acquaintance at Cork, in 1782. Mr. John King also, his friend's brother, who had been secretary to Lord Rockingham, and with whom Trevenen was in constant intercourse, was now in very decided opposition to Government. This society could not be without its effect on a man who seemed to himself to be beating his wings vainly against impassable bars. The Admiralty itself had, perhaps, never been in better hands under any administration than at present under Lord Howe's. But Trevenen, perhaps, forgot too much that, though he had been a sharer in Cook's memorable voyage, his own midshipman's berth had been much too subordinate a situation to allow his real abilities to be known and appreciated. He says, in letters of this date to his mother and one of his brothers, that he cannot

bear, and should pine at the idea of inaction, and that though it takes off much of his enthusiasm to be employed in the service of any country but his own, "my conscience, however, is at ease. If my own country will not employ me, I am driven to become a citizen of the world, and the world is my object."

Under this feeling Trevenen drew up and presented, early in February 1787, to the Russian ambassador in London, Count Woronzow, a plan for equipping three stout vessels in Europe, and sending them round Cape Horn to Kamschatka. This plan, which is of great length, is on the whole very similar to that which was afterwards very ably carried into effect by Krusenstern, and extended to the opening a commerce, not with North America and China only, but also with the Kurile Islands and with Japan. It is unnecessary to enter here into its details. Count Woronzow eagerly embraced the project, and transmitted it to the Empress; and Trevenen returned to Cornwall to await her decision. This decision did not arrive in England till May; but as the Ambassador had assured him that there was no doubt but that the plan would be approved, and his offer of his own services in carrying it into execution gladly accepted, he thought himself precluded from forming any interfering engagement. Otherwise he would have gladly embraced a proposition



made to him by Mr. Dalrymple, to take the command of the *Bounty*, then fitting out for the voyage subsequently made memorable by the gallantry of Bligh, by the very singular fortunes of Heywood, and by the formation of that remarkable colony in Pitcairn's Island which owes its origin to the mutineers. Thus, therefore, were prepared all the future events of that brief career which yet remained to be run by a man who certainly would not have lived long in any service without rising in it to high distinction. His Cornish friends, meanwhile, and his friend Penrose in particular, argued with him vainly against the entering into a foreign service, even with the pacific and commercial object which was now proposed. They foresaw that the entering into any such service, under any circumstances, might in some degree pledge him to continue in it, in case a war, and that a war not against England, should break out ; and they felt that the sacredness of a country's cause is indispensable to consecrate, if not to justify, the profession of arms. But the die was cast. Trevenen applied to the Admiralty for leave of absence, which was granted for a year. He left Rosewarne for London, March 22. The Empress's acceptance of his services was notified to him about May 10; and on the first of June he left London for Harwich, whence he sailed to Helvoetsluys on the following day. He

was accompanied to Harwich by his eldest brother, and his friend Ward. The following extract from the last letter which he wrote before his departure will probably be thought to have much more in it of a foreboding of misfortune than of cheerful hope :—

“ May 28, 1787.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,

“ Neither you nor any one who knows me, will, I think, do me the injustice to suppose that I leave England with a tranquil heart, or that I do not feel the sacrifice I am making of country and friends (though I hope but for a time). Nevertheless, as far as reason, hope, or conscience, are concerned, I find myself quite acquitted and encouraged.

“ It is ridiculous and burlesque to talk of what great things one may expect before anything is done or experienced ; yet man will still be frail man ; and hope, as Dr. Johnson observes, is capable of triumphing over repeated experience ; and without it nothing would be done ever. At all events, I am sure of employing my time well, and, with or without success, a few years more will content me ; and I shall be ready to embrace poverty and retirement when I can resolve that I have done my duty in this world. This is my old argument, but as I still think it a good one, it is not *mal à propos* to repeat it here, especially

as it will help to convince and reconcile you to my going away. I could quote something very much to the purpose from Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination; but it would savour too much of a caricatured hope, as there is yet no foundation for a real one. My next will probably be from Holland. Wherever I may be, I shall always be your dutiful son,

"J. T."

The voyage was tedious, and the packet did not reach Helvoetsluys till June 5. Trevenen made no stay here, but set out immediately for the Hague, where he remained till the 14th, waiting for despatches from Count Woronzow, and for a Russian officer who had been directed to join him there. He reached Berlin on the 21st, and left it again on the 22nd. His letters, both from the Hague and from Berlin, are full of the *necessity*, as he calls it, of his undertaking, and almost of regrets at the having been led to engage in it. But such is our constitution, that thoughts of the importance of any end to which we have once committed ourselves spring up readily in our minds, and, joined with the pertinacity of all strong natures, lead us to pursue it with a zeal or intentness altogether incommensurate with its real worth.

Trevenen and his companion travelled night and day from Berlin, till, on descending a hill in

Courland, down which he was leading the horses, he unfortunately became entangled in his cloak, and was thrown down. The wheels passed over his right foot and broke the leg. He was taken immediately into a house into which he was very kindly invited and received, and then carried by some peasants to a little inn in the neighbouring village of Tadaikin. At this inn he was left for a time quite alone. The Russian officer, Mr. Novikoff, who had travelled with him from the Hague, was obliged to leave him the day after the accident. The limb, when an ignorant surgeon was procured to set it, was ill set, and a fever supervened, which at length increased to a very violent degree, and was attended by a raging pain in the breast. These distressing symptoms were succeeded by a delirium for five days, during which time he never slept. But in a very few days after, he writes, "I recover daily, and am in good spirits:" so happy was the mould in which nature had formed him. "My only resource," he says at this time, in a letter to his mother, "was to sing as long as my breath lasted, and then think about you, build castles in the air, and then sing again."

This was not, however, exactly his only resource, inasmuch as he also wrote, during his long confinement, no very small quantity of gay conversational verses to his friends—verses eagerly

read by them at the time, but of which the attraction cannot be prolonged without the transference of more of the special circumstances connected with them, than can survive the lapse of upwards of sixty years.

Thus lay this ardent being, "in the worst inn's worst room," from the latter end of June to the 22nd of August. The reader will not suppose that his good spirits and his castle-building resources did not sometimes flag in this long interval. "In vain," he says in a letter of the 16th of August—"in vain do I try to amuse myself by swinging backwards and forwards a rope that hangs from the roof for me to raise myself by; in vain do I practise myself in endeavouring to hit with it the knots in the beams and planks above my head; in vain do I, my humanity lulled asleep, and urged by my impatience, dart it with unerring hand at the miserable flies who fall martyrs to my *ennui*." His situation, nevertheless, bad as it was, had improved gradually. The Russian commandant at Mittau, who had been informed by M. Novikoff of his misfortune, had sent an Italian sculptor, a M. Verdel, to visit him; and this M. Verdel procured for him from Lybau a small supply of books, and also a Swedish servant, who spoke German, Russian, and French, and was very useful to him. The books were soon, as he says, eaten up. "I own," he says, after making

this complaint, “that I have still Dr. Johnson’s resource—a book of arithmetic; and I can verify what he says of it that it is never exhausted, and always affords something new; but it is too deep for the present state of my brain: application sets it a whirling. Story, story, story, is what I want.” Of M. Verdel, he says that “he was an agreeable young man, and his company some relief to me from the silence I had been condemned to before. He being a sculptor, we talked of course of the fine arts, or rather I gave him the opportunity of talking of them. He complained that the Russian nobility were poor patrons, that they had in reality no taste for the arts, and only showed any regard to them from ostentation. He made a remark, which I doubt not is a good one, on the court and nobility of Russia, that if a man did not soon rise and make his fortune there, he should quit it as hopeless. In despotic courts and among capricious nobility I think this must hold good. He had resided two years in Petersburgh, and was now come to Courland only on the occasion of the erection of some monument.”

“In the meantime,” proceeds the journal, “I began to be visited by the people, *i.e.*, by the lords of the country; and first, M. de Sass, the proprietor of these parts, came here one day with his whole family, *i.e.*, wife, several sons, tutor, and servants, all on horseback. His wife was dressed

in men's clothes, and at first I supposed her to be his eldest son, but was soon undeceived by her voice and manner. She talked French, and was exceedingly civil, as well as her husband. Their eldest son, also a youth of about sixteen, offered me the use of his books. He had several in the English language, which he was learning, and accordingly he sent me Pope's Works, and the Persian Tales, a very great comfort to me, for I had already read out my Lybau books." Trevenen had, also, at this time several brief but very refreshing visits from persons of various nations travelling to and from Petersburg—English merchants, Germans and Poles, some of whom offered him both money and credit; and one of them, Mr. Parker of Fleet Street, offered to stay with him till his recovery should be more confirmed. M. and Madame de Sass came and stayed some days at Tadaikin, and furnished him with many of the little comforts of which he was in want. Neither yet did the especial kindness shown to him by this amiable family stop here. As soon as he could be removed, they invited him to their seat at Ilmagen, about ten miles distant; and here he accordingly went about August 22, and stayed three weeks, receiving and enjoying a most kind hospitality, for which he never ceased to be grateful to the amiable friends by whom it was bestowed. Nor did he less endear himself to his



hosts, who, when they heard three years afterwards the tidings of his death, mourned for him six months, erected a monument to his memory, and called an island and a lake by his name. One of the sons of this amiable family came a few years afterwards to England, and it was a great regret to the eldest Mr. Trevenen that he could not accept an invitation to Cornwall, where a visit from him would have been received with the greatest and truest warmth of regard.

On leaving Ilmagen, Trevenen proceeded to Mittau. He had not travelled above five miles when he met a Russian officer from Petersburg, who informed him that four ships, which he had before heard were fitting out at Cronstadt for the voyage of discovery, had already sailed for England, where they were to pass the winter. He had expected to have gone out in these ships; and, notwithstanding the receipt of this intelligence, still supposed that he should be sent after them, and that he might arrive at Petersburg in time to sail for England in some English vessel. At Mittau he was received with great kindness by the Russian ambassador. Indeed the Russian authorities seem always to have treated him with every attention which he could possibly expect or desire. From Mittau he went to Riga, where he first heard that the Turks had declared war against Russia. He here purchased a carriage and hired horses to

take him to Petersburg. But the carriage broke down at the distance of fifteen versts from the end of his journey; and he was then obliged to put himself into a sort of hay-cart, the only vehicle he could procure. In this rude voiture he entered Petersburg, October 7, at two A.M.; and he remarks in a letter to his mother:—"So you see nothing but misfortunes have happened to me, from my first entering the dominions of the great Autocratix. Whether they are to last, time will determine." In another place he says, "An entry by no means triumphal: what will be the sortie?"

## CHAPTER IV.

TO THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1788.

It had now become apparent that the expedition round the world must be delayed, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected outbreak of the war against Turkey. Trevenen—who called as soon as possible on Count Besborodka, to whom he had been recommended most particularly by Count Woronzow, and who received and always treated him with friendship and regard — had, of course, this decision communicated to him without delay. He was also told that it was now expected that he would agree to serve with the rank of second captain in the Turkish war, and that there did not exist any precedent for giving him a higher rank at present. He was promised double pay; and though this double pay did not amount to more than 150*l.* sterling a year, a sum very inadequate to keep up the position in which he would be placed, his English friends thought this a liberal offer. Indeed, he does not seem to have had, at any time, reason to complain

of any want of considerateness, on the part of either the Empress herself or her ministers, in their pecuniary dealings with him. Special allowances and remittances were made to him on various occasions while in Russia, which, though not equal to his wants, were yet generously intended and given. There is no need, however, here to say more on this subject than that the expense of his journey from England had been already paid, and that thus another link was added to that chain which his friends in Cornwall had forewarned him that he would put on by entering into a foreign service. Under these circumstances, and doubtless, also, under the stimulating desire of active employ, he agreed without difficulty to the proposition made to him, though with the stipulation that he must wait for the consent of the English Admiralty before he accepted it finally. That this consent would be given, he supposed would be little else than matter of course, and he wrote immediately to London to make application for it through Count Woronzow. On the 2nd of November he went to Cronstadt, where he had much conversation with Admiral Greig and other officers, with whom he was destined to serve afterwards, and returned to Petersburgh on the 4th. Admiral Greig, on coming himself a short time afterwards to the capital, informed him that Count Besborodka had forgotten the stipulation of

waiting for the consent of the English Admiralty, and that the order for his admission into the Russian service was already signed; that the Russian Admiralty would of course send for him, and that it would now therefore be scarcely possible for him to avoid taking the appointment which he would receive. Accordingly he was appointed to the command of the *Yarnlaff* in the second division of the fleet, under Admiral Tchitchagoff. On the 25th of November he was presented by Admiral Siniavin to the Grand Duke, and by the Duke to the Empress. His journal of this date is full of anxiety and apparent regret at having placed himself in the position in which he now stood, and which he was yet unwilling to leave; full of affectionateness to his mother and family, of expressions of resignation to God's will, and of agitated reflections on the moral and intellectual happiness and unhappiness of human life. A few days after his presentation at court he received a refusal from the English Admiralty to allow of his entering into a foreign service, a refusal which was grounded on the affair of the Scheldt, and the possibility that England might become involved in the disputes to which that question gave birth.

On receiving this most unexpected answer to his application, it appeared to him that he had now no other alternative but either to renounce

the service of Russia, or to resign his English lieutenancy. He moreover argued with himself that the breaking out of the war with Turkey rather pledged his honour not to leave the Russian service at this time; that he had but very little expectation of advancement at home, where promotion was now almost exclusively given to borough interest, or to that of powerful families; that many of the captains under whom he had served, and by whom, if they had lived, he might still have been brought forward, were already dead; and again he argued on the other hand, that a peace would in all probability be soon concluded with the Turks, and that the opportunity would then revive of his proceeding in the projected expedition of northern discovery. In this view of the case, he inclosed his lieutenant's commission to the Secretary of the Admiralty, with a letter of resignation, and transmitted it to his friends in London for delivery. But it was their feeling that a resignation under such circumstances would rather have the appearance of being dictated by irritation than by the sense of propriety, and therefore withheld it.

The remaining part of this winter of 1787-1788, Captain Trevenen passed at Cronstadt, and while here devoted himself to the study of the Russian language, in which he made himself a very tolerable proficient. But he had worse difficulties to

surmount than those of language. The officers, over whose heads he had been promoted, bore him an ill-will which could not be removed from minds not far enough advanced in professional education to appreciate their need of further improvement. Of such in the Russian naval service at this time there were but few; and of the difficulties imposed on a commander, who has thus all or almost all his subordinates in a sort of league against him, it must be needless to speak. "A captain of a man-of-war," Captain Trevenen says in a subsequent letter, "is a very different being here and in England. *Here* he can do nothing whilst within reach of the Admiralty. *There* a man may rely on his officers in all cases, of whatever moment or danger. *Here* he has no one to rely on but himself, no capable lieutenants, no such comfortable person as the master to attend to his anchors and cables, and nobody above a boatswain's mate to attend to his rigging. He must be all in all himself. He must be answerable for everything, and for every officer, even for their morals, of which they have none; and if any misfortune happen to him, he has the comfortable reflection that not only all his brother officers among the natives will rejoice in his fall and will not fail to verify the fable of the sick lion, but that even his own shipmates will join in the cry, and accuse him for what probably only happened from their own un-



conquerable ignorance and supineness. For my own part I am as well off with regard to my officers as almost anybody, and my captain-lieutenant is very much of a gentleman, having served in England for some time, where the seeds of principle and honour seem to have taken strong root in his mind. He is, however, fastidious and peevish, somewhat like myself, and does not agree with the other officers. If I could descend to the little policy of dividing the two parties, I might always have one on my side; but it is a policy I despise; and if I cannot carry all through the strong hand of policy and rectitude of intention, why let all run riot."

Again, however, on the other side, he adds that, "With all these disagreeable circumstances, there are sweets in authority which I taste with gust: there is exultation in command, and even in command in danger, that repays one's anxiety; and in command one may enjoy the pleasure of doing good, and of being actively useful; in keeping peace amongst officers, and making them know their own true interests; in endeavouring to distribute impartial and inflexible justice; and in lifting up the desponding heads of the poor miserable Russian recruits, who come upon a new element from their peaceful habitations in the depth of the wilderness to what they imagine a certainty of death, and of living in misery till they

are relieved by it. The lives of men are beyond imagination valueless here, and deaths so common as to excite no observation. In the sea hospitals in the small town of Cronstadt hardly less than twenty have died in any day since the beginning of spring; and the rest are so dispirited that they die from no other cause: like the Swiss soldiers, who sing melancholily of the charms of their native mountains, and die in regretting them."

A further difficulty was also brought on Trevenen during his stay at Cronstadt, by the admission of Paul Jones into the Russian navy. The action fought by this doubtless gallant pirate with Capt. Pearson, of the *Serapis*, during the American war, had gained him throughout all Europe a very great notoriety; and Russia, glad to gain proselytes to her navy from any quarter, caught at him eagerly. All the English officers in the service united in making an indignant remonstrance on this subject, and in a declaration that they would quit the service if he were admitted into it. Admiral Greig appears to have promised to concur in this remonstrance. He, however, declined to present it in opposition to the wishes of the Grand Duke and the Empress, and finally Trevenen seems to have been left to act in this matter for himself. He therefore called on the Grand Duke, with a written declaration in his own name against the intended appointment. This declaration he was, however,

prevailed on to withdraw, by a nearly positive assurance that this adventurer should never serve either over him or with him. For a time this affair had seemed to him so likely to put a final stop to his continuance in the Empress's service, that he delayed for some weeks the writing to his friends in Cornwall, in expectation of having to say in his next letter that he should be soon at home. And he, indeed, appears to have felt a degree of disappointment that the issue of his conference with the Grand Duke left him a choice on the subject. Another plea which he might have had for leaving the Russian service at this time was the issuing of a proclamation in England, in which all British officers who were abroad were ordered to return home, in expectation of a war with France. But neither this proclamation, nor the urgent advice of many of his English friends, his friend Penrose in particular, that he would avail himself of it, could induce him to forsake the path to which he had rashly committed himself. He was at this time in command of the *Rodislaff*, of 64 guns.

The fleet sailed from Cronstadt, June 23. There was a prevailing distrust that the war which had broken out with Sweden would put a sudden stop to the expedition against the Turks. Yet still the fleet retained on board the troops, and flat-bottomed boats, and other preparations,

for a campaign in the Mediterranean. After leaving Cronstadt it encountered a foul wind for ten days, and an opportunity was thus afforded of exercising the very unpractised crews at the great guns. On the morning of the 6th of July the Swedish fleet was seen to leeward formed in a good line of battle, and about 5 P.M. Admiral Greig made the signal to bear down and engage. Without entering into the details of the action which followed, it may be here subjoined from Captain Trevenen's journal, that "the first fire of the Swedes was so brisk and effectual that the poor boors of Siberia, who now for the first time heard the whistling of a shot, and saw their comrades fall dead by their side, were quite confounded. But being encouraged to do their duty for the glory of Russia, and the love of the Virgin Mary, they fell to with a continued spirit and alacrity worthy of British veterans. Nothing could be better, their want of knowledge excepted, and even the most poor miserable stupid creatures amongst them became for the time intelligent, strong, and healthy men." The Russian fire gradually improved, and that of the Swedes gradually slackened. The loss sustained in this action was on both sides considerable. That of the Swedes was allowed to be 700 killed, and that of the Russians from 400 to 500: a carnage partly to be accounted for on the known maxim that

naval warfare is ordinarily far more deadly in the smooth water of the Baltic than in the ocean. The weight of the engagement, which lasted nearly six hours, appears to have fallen on about seven ships, of which the *Rodislaff* was one, and Trevenen himself had a narrow escape. One of the first shots from the enemy broke his sword, and the spying-glass which he held in his hands, and mortally wounded a young prince Dolgorouki, who was serving on board his ship as a volunteer, and who, in falling, fell into his arms. After the battle the Swedes drew off in good order, and only four of the Russian ships then kept their heads towards the enemy. Of these Admiral Greig's ship was one, and the other three were the ships commanded by Captains Dennison and Trevenen, and Captain Molofski, whom it had been intended to join with him in the voyage of discovery. Captain Elphinstone's ship would not have been behind any one of these if it had not been disabled in the preceding engagement. Capt. Trevenen adds further, that his crew made frequent inquiries during the course of this action respecting his own safety; and, if they did not see him for some time, would run to the quarter-deck to ask if he was well. Finding that he was well, they would cry—"Then all is well, fight away." He had made the men thus his friends by treating them with liberality, and not putting into his own

pocket the profits which a purser may sometimes make for himself. The captain in a Russian ship of war is, or at that time was, the purser also.

Some days after this battle the Russian fleet returned nearer to Cronstadt to meet reinforcements, and anchored off Sackar, in the Gulf of Finland, where it remained till July 28. It afterwards returned to cruise off Helsingfors, and thence to Revel, where the insignia of various orders of merit were transmitted to seven officers who had distinguished themselves on this occasion. Of this number Trevenen was one, although his name and Captain Dennison's were not included in the list till after a spirited remonstrance by Trevenen on being left out.

On August 13, Trevenen received orders to proceed to Hanghous, a port in Swedish Finland, and to take possession of and maintain it as a post. The object of this service was to intercept the communications from Stockholm and the country round the Gulf of Bothnia, particularly; also with the ports in Finland adjoining the seat of war; and to block up a number of Swedish frigates which lay at Zweermunde, and were intended for the protection of the coasting trade. By his taking this position, these frigates remained blocked up and useless during the remainder of the season. During this service, in which he had three ships of the line, and several smaller vessels

placed under his command, Trevenen was exceedingly distressed by the brutal conduct of his uncivilized officers and men towards the Finnish peasantry and fishermen. No orders could be more express or more humane than those which had been issued by Admiral Greig, for the cultivation of a good understanding with the natives, as he calls them, of the neighbourhood; and this he adds, "as it is quite agreeable to our present plan to make them dissatisfied with the conduct and person of their king, and give them all possible encouragement to restore their ancient limited form of government."\* But no orders were ever issued which appear to have been more disobeyed. On Trevenen's first arrival on the Finland coast he found the inhabitants well disposed towards the Russians; and the magistrates for forty versts round sent to claim his protection. Even some of the Swedish noblesse sent their peasants with provisions for sale. But the irrepressible misbehaviour of the Russians soon put an end to this sort of intercourse. Two villages were set on fire, and Trevenen found that all his captains had taken part in this outrage. "The savageness," he says in a journal of this date, "of the Russian officers and men had delighted in doing all the mischief possible." And again: "The breaking the windows and destroying the furniture in a larger

\* See note C at the end of this volume.



village, about three miles off, where were some tolerable houses, afforded great delight, not only to the miserable men, but also to the officers. These were not," he concludes, " amongst those who had behaved best in our action." By savageness is here meant the savageness of savages, or of unreclaimed childishness, not national or characteristic ferocity. It should be, however, added, that he had some relief to these painful circumstances in having several foreign officers under his command, Germans, English, and Dutch, with whom he appears to have been fully satisfied.

During the course of this blockade, Captain Trevenen made several attempts to draw the enemy into action, or to find means of attacking them in their ports; but these proved unavailing. He also made a chart of this part of the coast of Finland; which, though in sight of all the trade to and from Petersburgh, had been before unsurveyed. On August 26 he received from a French officer in the Swedish service a very complimentary request that, inasmuch as a truce was about to take place, parties from the hostile squadrons might meet in an amicable way to dine together on a neighbouring island. The answer sent by Trevenen to this request makes it worth the recording, and is as follows:—

"Permit me, Sir, to say that the expressions you have used in my favour give me sincere

pleasure, as the marks of esteem from a brave and respectable enemy ought always to do. But, in the meantime, I must add that I cannot suffer so near me an enemy so strong as you appear to be; and, therefore, I must beg you to retire. I need not make any excuse for this conduct, as all military men understand it well.

“As soon as I hear of the truce being made, I shall not fail to give you notice; and it is then that I shall have great pleasure in making your acquaintance, and to assure you of all the esteem and consideration with which I have the honour to be very sincerely, &c., &c.,

“ J. TREVENEN.

“ A Mons. le Baron de STEYDING,

“ Capitaine de Haut Bord,

“ Chevalier des Ordres,” &c.

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The concluding operations of this blockade consisted in the intercepting a number of vessels laden with provisions for Zweermunde and Helsingfors; a service which, though of an obscure nature, was conducted with great ability and success. Soon afterwards, Trevenen was recalled by orders from the Russian Admiral Koslinoff. He sailed, October 14, with his squadron from Hanghoud, and was two days on his voyage to Revel. On the night of his arrival he heard of the death of Admiral Greig, who, indeed, had been on his

death-bed at the time of his recall. He probably would not have been recalled if Greig had lived. The instructions previously given were to retain the station at Hanghoud to as late a period of the season as possible; and his recall was attributed to the feeling of mortification in the native officers, at seeing the command of a force which had previously been given only to admirals conferred on a captain who was a foreigner. Greig's own confidence in Trevenen was unbounded; and it appears to have been his clear intention to make him commander of the advanced guard of his fleet. Trevenen on his part felt an extreme and mournful regret at Admiral Greig's death, was one of the bearers at his funeral, and, in a letter to his friend Riou, written apparently at Petersburg some weeks afterwards, but which it is believed was never sent, speaks of him in the highest terms of eulogy; and also speaks with great indignation of the charges which had been made against him as an abettor of the horrible treachery which had been practised in 1770 at Leghorn against the unfortunate Princess Tarrakanoff.

Captain Trevenen had not been long at Revel when he received a letter from Count Chernichew, minister of marines, announcing to him his promotion to the rank of first captain, in consideration of his conduct in the battle of July, and his perseverance in guarding his post at Hanghoud.

This letter seems to have been written before the receipt of one which had been previously written by Trevenen to Chernichew, giving an account of all the occurrences at that station, together with his remarks on the place, its means of defence, and other particulars. Chernichew's answer to this letter contained an immediate summons to Petersburg, for the sake of conferring with him on the subjects on which he had written. Trevenen had also a letter at this time from London from Count Woronzow, referring to the high estimation in which he was held at Petersburg; and thus giving him a gleam of hope of future distinction and success, which lasted for a time. But this hope was coupled, as he says in one of his letters, with "the melancholy reflection that it removes me farther from my own service, by putting within my prospect rank and command that I could never hope to acquire at home."

The reception which Captain Trevenen met with at Petersburg was highly flattering. He received from the Empress personally many marks of courtesy, and was called by her her own captain, and her gallant Englishman, and was directed to form a plan for the naval campaign of the next year. The plan which he consequently drew up is chiefly occupied with suggesting measures for fortifying Revel, which was but a weak post, and for concentrating the Russian fleet, which was at

this time imprudently divided among the ports of Revel, Cronstadt, and Copenhagen. The plan then proceeds to urge the importance of blockading the Swedes at Carlscrona, as soon as the Baltic should be open, and of transferring the seat of war from the Gulf of Finland to that of Bothnia. If this could be done, the superiority of the Russians to the Swedes in number of ships would admit of the sending some to cruise in the entrance of the British Channel, and of thus intercepting the numerous and valuable foreign merchant-ships of Sweden, wherever bound. During a part of this winter, Trevenen had apartments in the house of Count Chernichew, who appeared to be his warm admirer and zealous friend.

## CHAPTER V.

FROM HIS MARRIAGE, FEBRUARY, 1789, TO MARCH, 1790

ON the 9th of February, 1789, Captain Trevenen married Elizabeth Farquharson, daughter of John Farquharson, Esq., of the family of the Farquharsons of Invercauld in Scotland. He had seen much of Miss Farquharson at Cronstadt the preceding winter, at the house of her brother-in-law, Captain Dennison, and had been strongly attracted by her. But the struggle with himself, as he says in a subsequent letter to his mother, was very great and long, before he could bring himself to relinquish all the prospects with which he had hitherto fed himself, and all the projects which had employed his past, and were still marked out for the occupation of his future life. Accordingly he had left Cronstadt in the preceding June, and, as he then supposed, for the distant station of the Mediterranean, without disclosing his passion. His detention in the Baltic brought him back, as has been seen, the following winter to Petersburgh, and he then declared himself, and was accepted. The happiness of this union appears to have been

as perfect during its brief continuance as anything intense can possibly be ; and there are still some few persons living who recognise the justice of a delineation drawn long afterwards by Sir Charles Penrose, of both husband and wife : “ They appear to have been the masculine and feminine representations of the same moral character, actuated by the same sense of dignified propriety, spurning with the same detestation every abasement of thought or action, and glowing with the same emulation of excellence.” \*

This happy marriage altered, as must naturally be anticipated, all Captain Trevenen’s views of the future. Both he himself, apparently, and certainly his friends, now hoped that as soon as the Russian war should be over, he would settle with his wife in some quiet retirement in England, probably in Cornwall. “ It seems to me,” he says of him-

\* Mrs. James Trevenen, with her daughter, came to England soon after her husband’s death, and lived for many years almost entirely amongst his nearest relations : first at Helston, with his mother. She afterwards lived at Constantine, in the immediate neighbourhood of Carwethenack, where the Rev. John Penrose (See note B, p. 153) then resided ; and she afterwards removed to a cottage at Fenton, near Gainsborough, not far from Fledborough. Her daughter, Elizabeth Farquharson, died unmarried at Exeter in 1823. Mrs. James Trevenen married secondly, Thomas Bowdler, Esq., whom she survived, and died at Bath at an advanced age, December 10, 1845.



self at this time in one of his letters, "that the hodge-podge of my life is now about to take some sort of consistence. On being married," he adds, "I began immediately to sigh after old England. For myself it was of little consequence where I lived. But for a family, whatever may be the case with the first English mastiff transported into a foreign country, his descendants at least are sure of dwindling into curs; and there are instances enough of it here to make me dread the prospect."

But to return to the narrative. The first movement of the Russian navy in 1789 was the sailing of a detachment under Captain Trevenen, April 28, to reconnoitre his former post at Hanghoud. It was found that the Swedes had become sensible of its importance, and that during the winter they had erected five batteries for its defence\*. He

\* While on this service Captain Trevenen received the subjoined letter from the *wife* of a Lieutenant Crown, an Englishman in the Russian service:—"We were sent from the fleet on the 28th of April to reconnoitre Carlscrona. With much difficulty in getting through the ice we arrived on our station, the 8th instant, and observed in Carlscrona fifteen sail of pendants. The 14th we were chased by two frigates and a cutter; and, indeed, so we have been ever since; but, from foggy weather, have lost sight of them for a day or two. Yesterday, in endeavouring to regain our station, we met them again, and were obliged to put in here. On the 11th we captured a cutter, mounting twelve guns; and were so fortunate as to receive no damage but having

returned to Revel May 15. He was now under the command of Admiral Tchitchagoff, and in one of his letters of this date he expresses with his usual energy his low opinion of this most incompetent commander. In another letter he speaks as follows of the manning of the fleet:—"The Cronstadt fleet arrived here on the 26th of last month, happily; but in such distress for the want of good sailors, that it is found necessary to make a division of those we had the trouble of teaching last year. My only reason for keeping my old ship, or rather for not asking for another, which I had a great right to do, arose from my desire to keep the people whom I knew and who knew me, and who had been already in action. So that when they take my people, I shall beg them to take my ship too; for the promotions among the seamen last year, and the battle, have already taken away most of the old and good seamen I had. Heaven send us fine weather."

On the 22nd of April, in this year, Count Woronzow writes to Capt. Trevenen as follows:—

\* \* \* \* \* "It is with a true satisfaction that I hear from all my friends and relations

some of our rigging shot away. I am of opinion that some very heavy blows will be struck this campaign. God preserve you, and all our friends in this service.

"I am, your most obedient humble Servant,

"MARTHA CROWN."

that your merit becomes more and more known, that her Imperial Majesty knows it, and surely will employ and recompense it. There remains nothing on your part, permit me to say, but a little patience to overcome certain unpleasant circumstances inseparable from all situations, but particularly in a foreign service, where envy generally attaches itself where emulation should arise; but with perseverance you will triumph over these obstacles. It is not to flatter you, sir, that I assure you that a brilliant career is open to you, which you may pursue almost without a rival. Your merit assures you the situation of Admiral Greig, of that man who will be immortalized in Russia. You will one day replace him, and you will replace him worthily, and will partake of his glory. Think, sir, when you feel any disgusts, what great things you may do, being sure of the support of all which is estimable among us. I sincerely wish you a brilliant fortune, and it would be with pain that I should see it in danger.

“ Without criticising the British navy, you will observe, upon reflection, that it is not without its unpleasant circumstances. A change of administration often confounds the most favourable hopes, and suffers the most eminent merit to remain in perfect inactivity.

“ When you did me the honour to write to me,

you were full of ideas which promised you an unpleasant campaign. Now (and I am in earnest in congratulating you) that you are become a happy husband, probably you will see matters through a less unfavourable medium. I heard of your marriage with the daughter of one of my oldest friends, for whom I have a great esteem, with sincere pleasure, and I wish you all imaginable happiness. I will not conclude without recalling to your recollection my brother-in-law, Siniavin, and recommending him to your friendship. You will oblige me on your part by furnishing me with occasions to prove my attachment, &c., &c.

“J. C. WORONZOW.”

Something of a reverse of this hopeful picture may be contemplated in the following letter from Trevenen himself to his mother, of the date apparently of June 26:—

“MY DEAR MOTHER,

“These new prospects of a family bring always with them new cares, as well as new pleasures, and oblige me to think very seriously on economy. Unluckily in this country there is very little money, and officers are obliged to be contented for their services with rank and honour. What little we receive is paid in paper, which bears a discount of 20 per cent. against specie, and even that is debased.

Owing to this debasement everything is excessively dear, much more so than in England (except, indeed, meat); so that I have never been able to save any money in this country, although last year the profits of my ship, with my pay, amounted to about 400*l*. \* \* \* As a single man I cared not for money; and having last year a command above my rank, my expenses also were above it. Now, I shall be more economical; and it will be more necessary, as my gains will not be like those of last year; for our present commander, having no military merit, is resolved to make up for it by the civil one of economy, and his chief care is to cut off from his captains all the advantages they enjoyed under Admiral Greig; so that at the instant my expenses increase my gains diminish. My mother, I will not stay in this country to ruin myself. I am likely to tell the same story as Gil Blas to his patron: ‘Whilst I am overwhelmed with goodness, I have nothing to eat.’” [And to the same effect afterwards, in October, on the loss of the *Rodislaff*. “As to money matters, my command, so far from being advantageous, puts me, on the contrary, to a great expense for my table, without a farthing’s gain, which, joined to the loss of my ship’s furniture, has almost ruined me, as we are not this year, as last, pursers of our ships. My pay will now scarce amount to 200*l*. For this I have com-

manded a squadron of twenty-five vessels and land troops, and rendered mickle service. I have been commodore and captain of my own ship, and pilot in a new and dangerous navigation, without any one of the aids which usually accompany commanders. I am a stranger, and yet imperfect in the language, and I have had my equals in rank to command, natives of the country, particularly jealous of foreigners. But whether rewarded or not, whilst I have my health, my limbs, and my wife, I care for nothing." This passage is not either a bad or an unfair exemplification of the rule, that the public service is ordinarily a very expensive luxury in which to indulge.] It should, however, be added, that Capt. Trevenen mentions in his journal, that many very considerate presents were made him by the Empress on various occasions.

The fleet sailed either on the last day of June or early in July, and with the view of forming a junction with the squadron under the command of Košlinoff, which had wintered at Copenhagen. On the 14th of July, before the intended junction could take place, the Swedish fleet made its appearance to windward, and preparations were made for battle on both sides. A series of manœuvres, and something of a partial action, followed, in which the crew of the *Rodislaff* discharged some vain broadsides before their captain could check

them, and while the enemy was yet at too great a distance to be reached by the shot. The two fleets continued in sight of each other nearly a week, and engaged at times, but without any decisive result, though Captain Molofski was killed. Admiral Tchitchagoff, after forming a junction with the Copenhagen squadron, remained off Carlscrona some days, and then returned to Revel. August 16, orders arrived to put seven ships of the line and three frigates under the command of Captain Trevenen for detached service, together with instructions to attack and possess himself of his former station at Hanghoud, and to proceed thence to Barasound, where he was directed to take and destroy the Swedish gun-boats in that port, and on other services. Four ships of the line and a number of smaller vessels, amounting in all to twenty-five, were eventually put under his command for this service, but many difficulties occurred in the fitting them out. Of these difficulties the greater part were occasioned, as was supposed, by the errors or clumsiness of Tchitchagoff, who seems to have been possessed by the faculty of doing everything wrong, and whose dislike of foreigners amounted to antipathy. At length, when the preparations seem to have been nearly complete, news arrived that an attack was meditated by the Swedes on the port of Portkala-hdd, where a small Russian squadron



was stationed. Tchitchagoff, on receiving this intelligence, detached Trevenen to support or relieve it, which he accordingly did. He was at no time, perhaps, engaged in a service of greater difficulty. All the operations were necessarily carried on inside those innumerable little rocks and islets which are scattered along the broken coast of Finland. Descents were to be made on the Swedish coast, and yet there was not in the squadron a Swedish interpreter. Signals were to be made and orders issued, and yet the commander had neither secretary nor signal officer who could speak either English or French; and though all these things had been represented to Tchitchagoff, it was without effect.

Capt. Trevenen remained in the neighbourhood of Portkala-hdd till the beginning of September. On the 5th of that month he proceeded to the attack of Barasound, a place which was the key of the Skerries, small islands and rocks, on the inside of which the Swedes could navigate in safety from the enemy's cruisers, but through channels which here converged to one point and were commanded by it. Off this place Captain Trevenen anchored the same evening at about three versts from the batteries. The attack was at first intended for the night of September 6; but this intention was frustrated by a strong gale at S.E., which brought on so heavy a sea that it was

judged unadvisable to disembark the troops on an unknown and rocky coast in such a night. On the next day the attack was made with great vigour; and, after an action of an hour and a half, proved completely successful, though with the loss of one of the line-of-battle ships, the *Savernoi Orel*, of 66 guns, which struck on a sharp sunken rock, and could not be got off. It was a good fortune which could scarcely have been expected, that more mischief of this kind was not done. There were no surveys, and many more rocks were afterwards found, which had escaped the most diligent search. The rocks on this coast rise to a sharp and steep point, and this in the midst of the best anchorages, so that the lead may search for them in vain.

The news of this success was received at Petersburg with great satisfaction; and Count Besborodka, in his acknowledgment of the commodore's despatches, intimates that it was the Empress's intention to add three more ships of the line, besides frigates and other vessels, to his force in the next season.

After another very gallant and obstinately-contested attack on a neighbouring island, the lateness of the season at length compelled Capt. Trevenen to withdraw his squadron, and to proceed to Revel with the first favourable wind. He passed with safety the thirty leagues of intri-

cate navigation which lay between the dangerous channels in which he had been employed, and the open gulf, and thought himself returning triumphant. But in the very entrance of the port of Revel, on October 16, his pilot mistook his marks, and ran the ship on a bank. Several other ships of the squadron also stuck fast. All these were got off, but the *Rodislaff* remained a sacrifice; the wind increased, and she quickly filled and broke. "The weather," says Trevenen, "was very cold, and the wind blew hard, and we were nearly in the open sea; yet we worked hard four days, and got out all her guns and nearly all her stores; but the wind afterwards increased to a storm, and knocked her to pieces." \* He then expresses his feelings of disappointment on this occasion, in a letter to his mother, as follows:—"You must know, my dear mother, that in this country it is a terrible thing to lose a ship, and one cannot justify one's self as in England. No man is here permitted to be unfortunate, so that I do not know how this may be taken in Petersburg. This I know, that if they offer me the least affront, I quit instantly their service; and in so doing shall, I fancy, comply with the wishes of my mother and my wife, as well as all my friends. It is true that the idea of having

\* See note D at the end of the volume.

raised myself to the rank of rear-admiral, which I might almost have expected before the age of thirty, and without the assistance of any soul on earth, now and then flattered my ambition a little. But I have always kept such a strict rein on my imagination, that I never permitted myself to build on such a sandy foundation any loftier ideas than those proper to an English lieutenant."

In the subsequent court-martial, held for the loss of the ship, an attempt was made by the first lieutenant and pilots to throw the blame on the captain. The following sample (and it is a very fair and characteristic sample) of Trevenen's defence, both shows sufficiently the futility of this charge, and adds another to the illustrations already given of the wretched state of the Russian navy at this time. "If I have the charge of the ship, why have steersmen? If I have to depend on *their* knowledge, how am *I* answerable for the consequences? or if I am not to depend on their knowledge, why have I them? Whatever their use, I never conceived myself to have the charge of the ship in pilot water; nor can I, or shall I, ever conceive it consistent that, having two steersmen—officers whose duty it is to know the place and its appearances—the ship can be supposed to depend upon one who has never seen the place. Had I had no pilots, the ship had been safe."

Trevenen in 1790, must certainly not be interpreted into any reflection on the later state and conduct of the Russian marine. There is probably no service in which, since the time here spoken of, greater or more rapid improvement has taken place. During the last war with France, many very good English seamen spoke of the Russian ships in the Mediterranean as extremely well managed; and many of their officers served in the British navy as volunteers, with high character and ability. The result of the court-martial was entirely to acquit the captain and captain-lieutenant, and to adjudge the pilots to lose rank, and the first-lieutenant to lose promotion, for a year.

This court-martial was held at Cronstadt in the middle of January, 1790; but it appears that the sentence could not have been issued till the end of March. Captain Trevenen had been in the meantime appointed to the command of the *Natron Menea*, a ship, it is believed, of the same force with the *Rodislaff*. In an interview with Count Chernichew, March 21, Trevenen told him that he could not think of fitting out another ship while the court-martial was sitting; and in this interview he moreover avowed a total indifference for the Russian service, in which he said that he saw nothing but toil, misery, and envy, and added that he only wished to quit it.

A feeling of disappointment at not having been promoted, at the end of the preceding campaign, to a higher rank, was doubtless at the root of all this poignant expression. Both he himself, and the personal friends whom he had made in Russia, thought that both the services which he had already rendered on the Swedish coast—which, if not brilliant, were very arduous—and the magnitude of the force which had been destined for him in the ensuing campaign, had fully entitled him to the advancement to which he had looked. If the voyage of discovery, in contemplation of which he had come to Russia, had been carried into effect, the command so intrusted to him would have given him a charge equal to that usually given to a rear-admiral; and they thought that this consideration also would have tended to reconcile every candid mind to his promotion. But the present of a gold sword from the Empress was the only recompense of his past services which he obtained. On the announcement of the result of the court-martial, he assumed the command of the *Natron Menea*; and he appears to have supposed for a time that, as soon as the season for naval operations in the Baltic should begin, he would be put at the head of the squadron which had been promised to him.

## CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF NAVAL OPERATIONS IN  
MAY, 1790, TO HIS DEATH.

THE Russian fleet was at this time divided into two parts, of which the one part, under Tchitchagoff, was laid up at Revel, and the other part, under Admiral Kruze, at Cronstadt. The *Natron Menea* was in this second division, which consisted of eighteen or twenty ships of the line. The Swedes had the power of commencing operations, and the campaign opened by a daring though irregular attack made by them on the Revel squadron, in the hope or expectation of destroying it before a junction could be effected with the Cronstadt portion of the fleet. One consequence of this unexpected attack was to put aside all thoughts of the separate command which it had been intended to confer on Captain Trevenen. He had anticipated the probability of such an attack being made, and had pointed out the importance of guarding against it; but Tchitchagoff had taken his measures so ill, that



if the Duke of Sudermania, who commanded the Swedes, had possessed a tolerable degree of nautical skill, he might have made a serious impression. The Duke, however, on his part, was precipitate, and consequently received a check, and retreated with the loss of one line-of-battle ship. He then sailed with all expedition up the Gulf of Finland, and appeared off Cronstadt before the fleet under Admiral Kruze was well under weigh.

Trevenen was at this moment at Petersburg. He had suffered severely from a return of the pain in his breast, and was compelled to nurse himself carefully. Before he could reach Cronstadt his ship seems to have left the port, but he quickly followed in a yacht, and joined in good time.

On May 23, the fleet of the enemy was seen at no great distance. Kruze, who had served seven years in the British navy, and was an officer of great merit and high character, gallantly resolved on an immediate attack, although the Swedes had twenty-two ships of the line and eight large frigates, whilst his own force amounted to only sixteen sail of the line and nine frigates. An action followed, in which the Swedes were totally defeated, but, through the backwardness or unskilfulness of some of the Russian captains, the blow was not followed up. This ignorance or

hesitation gave confidence to the beaten enemy, who, taking advantage of a change of wind, made an indecisive attack on the Russians in the afternoon of the same day, and another on the day following, but with no better success. Tchitchagoff and the Revel fleet were now near at hand. The Swedes, therefore, to avoid the risk of being placed between the two fleets, rashly took shelter in Wyburgh Bay, in Russian Finland, although this bay was on a coast wholly in possession of Russian troops, where no supplies could be obtained, and whence escape was impossible, if the Russian commander, after the junction of the whole force, had acted with common prudence or spirit. "Thus the Swedes," says Trevenen, in a letter to Mr. Farquharson, "by favour of a fog and calm which succeeded, and the assistance of their flotilla, were permitted to retire towards Wyburg, where we followed them as slowly as you please, but with so little other necessary precaution, that, in the finest weather in the world, two of our ships grounded, and it required six hours of the same fine weather to get them off again. Thank God, the fine weather did last long enough.

"Were I to dwell upon every folly we have committed, or rather every necessary thing we have left undone, since we came here, I should never have done. It is much more agreeable to

praise than to blame. Admiral Kruze showed much resolution, coolness, and intrepidity, in the conduct of his fleet, which was rendered the more difficult to him by his having been unprepared with the necessary signals, and therefore obliged to deliver out many of his orders by sending boats. Were he to command a fleet again, I should much like to be his signal captain, in which place I think I could be more useful than as commander of a single ship, that department having been exceedingly defective with him.

“I have written to both Counts (Besborodka, and Chernichew), but much more particularly to Besborodka, and have told him everything we have to do; I have asserted the certainty of our destroying the Swedes by a proper mode of attack, which I have offered to project and carry into execution, as soon as we are brought near enough to reconnoitre the enemy's situation more particularly. I should be quite sure of succeeding if I were seconded. But it cannot be. They cannot give me the command, nor would old Tchitchagoff consent to be taught what he does not know. Because he beat the Swedes at anchor, he imagines every fleet at anchor to be invincible; whereas, unless both wings are so secured as not to be attacked separately, such a position is good for nothing. Now, I only require the assistance of our galley fleet to keep theirs employed, and a

battery upon the land to keep that wing of the Swedes which extends to it at a distance, and then, besides sending different machines to carry fire and confusion amongst them, I would fall upon that wing with a much superior force, and should have no doubt of beating it; after which the rest would fall of course. Of the certainty of this plan I am fully convinced, and that it would be attended with little loss."

It is almost needless to add that all this plan came to nothing. It was Tchitchagoff's calculation that want of supplies would soon compel the Swedes to attempt to force their way out of the bay, and that he would then be able to act with more advantage than by attacking them in their station; and indeed all the Russian officers appear at this time to have thought themselves sure of their prey. The fleet therefore anchored, but occasionally got under sail, and approached the enemy, as proper passages could be found among the rocks and shoals. In the meantime Captain Trevenen's services in the engagement of May 23, and on the following days, had obtained for him from the Empress the knighthood of the 3rd order of St. Vladimir, and he had also the satisfaction of seeing his captain—Lieutenant Aikin, advanced to the rank of second captain. All these actions were fought so near Cronstadt that the guns were distinctly heard at that place, and even

at Petersburg. During almost the whole, however, of this period, and to the very day of the fatal engagement of June 22, Trevenen himself had been very ill. He says in his private journal of the date of May 24, "This is a cruel situation, so ill and weak as I am, to be obliged night and day to attend to the duty of my ship, and in such an anxious moment as the present, when we are before the enemy, who now seem bearing down to attack us. My head aches and my blood is hot, and it seems to me that it is only by absolute starvation that I preserve myself from a fever and sore throat. At another time I might trust to my officers. In the present I must see everything with my own eyes." On May 26, he was obliged, by a sore throat and fever, to take to his bed. June 7, he writes as follows: "My sore throat attacked me again immediately after our junction with the Revel fleet, a natural consequence of the fatigues I had undergone, never having taken off my clothes from Petersburg till we came to an anchor off Galley. I had a great mind to return to Petersburg to get cured, but the desire of seeing this affair brought to an end detained me here from day to day. At last I got better again." He then enters in his journal into a detail of the great incapacity shown in the management of both fleets, and adds, speaking of the Swedes, "Surely they can never escape from us." He

says afterwards that his ship was placed under Admiral Pouliskin who had been ordered to block up the north-west passage into the bay, and was to be the leading ship. On the 13th, he writes as follows: "Pouliskin made the signal for all captains. Not being able to go myself, I sent my second captain, Aikin, who assisted at a council called to consider the propriety of attacking the enemy on this side. The council decided that the measure was unadvisable in itself, and impracticable in the manner which Admiral Tchitchagoff had proposed. I could not be of the council, but, as soon as I understood the purport of it, I sent my opinion in writing, agreeing with the opinions of the council, with my reasons for so doing, recommending and offering to lead an attack on the other side, *i. e.*, in the large passage, where the enemy could be attacked with greater advantage, as we might fall with a great force upon a small part of his, only taking the necessary measures. Admiral Pouliskin sent me back his thanks for my communication, saying, he looked upon it to be so right, and of so much consequence, that he should send it immediately to Admiral Tchitchagoff." Afterwards, in an interview with Pouliskin on the 16th, Trevenen recommended strongly the fortifying Rond Island and Kriescrost, which appears to have been one of the measures before alluded to; but nothing was done. The last entry in his

journal is of the date of a quarter past seven on the morning of the 21st, and is as follows: "The Swedes, after a night battle with our galley fleet, all getting under weigh, with an apparent intention to force their way out. Indeed, pressed as they are for provisions, they have now nothing else to do, and I have no doubt of their taking the present opportunity. It will be now seen that my advice should have been taken of fortifying the island Rond."

But to proceed with the relation. On June 22, about six in the morning, the Swedes began to show a determination to force a passage out of the bay, the Duke of Sudermania being at length driven by necessity to take this vigorous measure. Admiral Pouliskin, with a division of five ships, had the charge of defending the passage, which is rendered very narrow by a bank which lay between the two fleets. The *Natron Menea* was the advanced ship of this division, which appears to have been judiciously placed. The wind was north-east, right out of the bay. As the Swedish ships got under weigh, they formed a line of battle. They were led in the most gallant manner by Admiral Modce, and received with steadiness the fire of the Russians, each ship pressing sail as soon as she had passed the advanced squadron. The *Natron Menea* had of course, from her situation, to bear the first and hottest fire of the whole



Swedish line, and had returned it with vigour; when about ten o'clock, the wind freshening and coming more to the eastward, the second-captain, Aikin, who commanded the guns below, found a change of position necessary, and came on deck to speak to Captain Trevenen on the subject. The change was made, and almost immediately afterwards Trevenen, still accompanied by Aikin, advanced to the forepart of the quarter-deck to give other orders. At this instant, a fatal shot, which from its descending direction was apparently almost spent, first took off the head of one of the quarter-masters, then stripped the flesh of Trevenen's thigh from the hip bone half way down, and afterwards struck off Capt. Aikin's foot. The confusion which followed amongst the crew can scarcely be described. The men perceiving the fall of their commander, whom they loved for his goodness to them as much as they admired him for his gallantry, made a general exclamation of grief, and were crowding round him. He assured them that the wound was of no consequence, reassumed his sword, which he had let fall, and causing himself to be covered with his cloak, where he lay upon deck, encouraged his men, and said that he would continue to command them. The loss of blood, however, soon obliged him to be taken below. Unfortunately there was no surgeon on board, the surgeon of this ship

being now, in his turn of duty, in charge of the sick who were lodged in some tents which had been pitched on shore. Consequently both Trevenen and Capt. Aikin remained, as it appears, for some time without assistance. There is no reason, however, to think that any assistance could have been effectual. He had a large key in a side breeches pocket which was struck by the shot, and considerably extended the wound and mangled the flesh, and Capt. Aikin says in a letter to Sir Charles Penrose, that "from every report of the faculty, the cavity was too large for any human means to save his life." The surgeon seems to have come on board about two or three hours after the wound was received; and is supposed to have evinced by his manner that he dreaded the consequences; and Trevenen then wrote a few lines to his wife, which he intrusted to the care of M. Otto de Sass, who was among the friends who attended on him. This young man was the son of the Baron de Sass to whose friendly attentions Trevenen had been so much indebted during his long detention in Courland three years before.

On the following day Capt. Dennison had an opportunity of visiting his friend, and left with him his own surgeon, Mr. Macdougall. On this day Admiral Pouliskin also called on him, and promised that the ship should be immediately ordered for Cronstadt, where he might receive

every aid, if aid were possible, to his recovery, and where he might at the least die in the midst of his friends, and perhaps be able to take a last farewell of his wife and child. But this promise was not kept, though there was not the least excuse to be made for not keeping it. His friends and attendants who saw how much he was chagrined, and indeed at times irritated, at the delay of the order, endeavoured at last to persuade him that it had arrived, and that the ship was under sail for the desired port. He then ordered a compass to be brought to him, and found that he was deceived. From almost the moment at which he received his wound he did not flatter himself with the hope of recovery, and often assured his attendants that he had none.

Great, however, as this disappointment was, it only clouded his mind at transient intervals. The bystanders declared that nothing could exceed the general serenity and magnanimity with which he supported his sufferings and the imminent approach of his last hour. During this trying period, he frequently begged the most affectionate farewell to be conveyed to his wife; and urged his young friends De Sass and Zeddleman (this Mr. Zeddleman was a nephew of Mr. Farquharson) to pursue through life a steady course of virtue and religion, as the way to meet its end with composure.

In this state Capt. Trevenen lingered, not in very severe pain, but gradually becoming weaker, till June 28, when he expired at 6 A.M., in the presence of De Sass, Zeddleman, and Macdougall. His senses continued perfect to the last, and his last words, spoken about five minutes before his death, were, "O my dear, my dear."

Thus ended the short though active life of James Trevenen. Immediately after his death his body was embalmed, and a few days afterwards the *Topaslowe* frigate was ordered to take the corpse, together with Capt. Aikin, M. de Sass, and Mr. Zeddleman, to Cronstadt. On the 4th of July, the body was interred with all military honours in the British burying-ground at Cronstadt. The solemn ceremony was attended by several admirals, and all the military of high rank, by his father-in-law, Mr. Farquharson—who, by a rare instance of misfortune, had to lament at this time the death of his other son-in-law, Brigadier Dennison, who, in a desperate action with the Swedish frigates and galleys, had been shot through the head on the very day of Trevenen's death—and by many other sorrowing friends.

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Sir Charles Penrose, in concluding the memoir of his dear friend from which the preceding summary of his life has been extracted, says, "that

though the lapse of years has smoothed over the traces of the various events, time cannot abate the warmth of a friendship which began in earliest youth, and which will not fade till the last solemn hour shall arrive, which shall again restore him to his friend." He then adds that he cannot lay down his pen without expressing it as his opinion that few men ever possessed more entirely those various talents and dispositions which are calculated both to render a man beloved in private life, and esteemed and admired by the world. "He was firm and resolute in his actions, clear and perspicuous in his ideas and expressions; his mind was of the finest texture, but his heart the most affectionate and kind, and his feelings tenderly alive to the gentlest impressions." "Wolfe and Nelson," he concludes, "have frequently occurred to me in writing of him. Like them he not only was wise and brave, but like them also was ardently beloved and admired by those under his command. What Cowper beautifully says of Wolfe, we may justly apply to the other two.

'Wolfe, whene'er he fought,  
Put so much of his heart into his act,  
That all were swift to follow whom all loved.'"

That this very same impression of Capt. Trevenen's character was the impression made by it

in Russia was strikingly evidenced to his sister, Lady Penrose, even so lately as the year 1818.

She says, in a letter to her sister of that date from Malta, "We had an evening visit from Mr. and Mrs. Morewood. He (Mr. Morewood) left Petersburg in 1790, under impressions which he should never lose. He said that our poor brother's character inspired every one with enthusiasm, and that if he had lived, he must have been the first man of his age—generally grave, but when he smiled no one could forget it."

The following letter from Trevenen himself to his wife has in it tones which are almost too sacred for the press. But it was written almost immediately before the engagement in which he was killed, and, though by what means is not known, found its way into one of the newspapers of the time.

"June 21, 1790, on the Swedish Coast.

"MY DEAR WIFE,

"If ever you receive this, most probably I shall be no more. To-morrow it is likely we shall again meet the enemy, and as the event of everything here is uncertain, I dispose of an hour to this purpose rather than that of rest, though that is, from the want of it, become a very necessary thing. In affairs of so important a nature we

must despise all inferior considerations. I shudder, my beloved, when I reflect on your situation, should anything befall me. God of heaven guard thee! I have thought that in such a case, a posthumous letter of mine would be of more effect to assuage the tempest of your mind than anything else in the world. Therefore, no less as a duty of humanity than as a friend of your peace, I beg you to hear me a few moments with calmness.

“I figure to myself the thousand various ideas that have crowded in confusion on your mind, on hearing of my fate. You have represented to yourself the happiness we might have enjoyed if we had retired to live happily in the country in poverty. You have imagined that if you had pressed me you might have prevailed, and that from the want only of a little perseverance you have lost all your earthly happiness. No such thing, my love. God has ordained it otherwise, and it was not possible for you to alter his decrees; therefore upbraid not yourself; let my words be engraven on your memory, let them make a deep impression on your heart, for they are those of reason cited at the tribunal of death, to declare the truth of nature and God’s providence.

“I have often, since our marriage, reflected on the happiness of my situation, and that it was in my power, by quitting the service, to make it



durable and secure, but found it otherwise. Pomp and honours I could easily have despised, but the opinion of the world I could not so easily waive ; and that made me recollect that God has given us evil and good, and *He* having mixed them together in the cup, it is in vain for us to pretend to separate the one from the other, and enjoy in this world a state He has only destined for another. It is there I shall await for it with you.

“ It is in vain for us to speculate too much on possible cases. Heaven only knows whether, if we had adopted our plan of retirement, the evil genius that hangs over this world might not have spoiled those pleasures we had fancied, by discontents arising from speculations on what we had possibly given up. It is infinitely too much to pretend that we should positively have been happy. It is foolish and presumptuous. It is enough for man to know that ‘ Virtue alone is happiness below,’ and that ‘ Whatever is, is right.’ Say so with me, my love, and you may yet bring your mind to an enviable state of composure and resignation to the will of God, and still think of your husband with patience, and even pleasure. Regard yourself as an inhabitant of another world, sojourning awhile in *this*. Be serious, solid, meditating, and reasonable, and you will be comforted, you will rely on Him as your friend and your hope. O my beloved ! you are

my all in all here, and I trust we shall meet in another world to separate no more: fill yourself with this idea; converse with God in meditation, but to the world resume a decent appearance of comfort and resignation.

“I think always that being already in the service, it was absolutely impossible for me to quit it till the war was over, and that it thus became necessary for me to take this bitter pill, although the road to happiness seemed open to me with you. Everything here is illusive; God alone is stable, never-failing, and eternal. My dear angel, whom I am already thinking of as in another world, adieu! I am not well, from cold and pain in the breast, and fatigue drives me to rest. The Almighty keep you.—

—“My beloved,—to open a new source of comfort to your despairing soul is my design in writing this; therefore I resume it as soon as possible. And am I vain in thinking that for me you have been in despair, and could not be comforted? No, I am not; for I know the peculiarity of your disposition, the vivacity of your feelings, the tenderness and delicacy of your soul, and all the force of impression that my death will make on your quickness and sensibility. I tremble to think of it, but I know, too, that I alone cannot comfort you, and I hope that after this you will be comforted.

“When the tempest that shakes your nature

shall be finished, then call with a determined resolution (because it is right)—call your mind to a strict examination of itself, of its situation in this world, and its hope in the next. You were placed here, like any other mortal, to undergo your share of pain and pleasure, and from the delicacy of your frame, and polish of your understanding, to feel the extreme of each. Do not, therefore, repine at the cup of bitterness, and adore in humility the supreme wisdom that ordains it.

“‘The Lord gives, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.’ I cannot flatter myself that we shall ever enjoy ourselves in peaceful tranquillity, for that would be too great a happiness to fall to the lot of any one in this world. Exactly so, my beloved. Our minds, loving and affectionate by nature, were also so much exercised by reflection, and so much tempered by religion, that there hardly seems anything which could very much have disturbed our happiness, except the momentary shocks of accident. We were not inclined to hide our faults from ourselves; each sought not to dissemble the faults of the other, but to extenuate and pardon them, to account for, and excuse them, not with an idea of self-superiority, but in the mental humility that taught us we were each frail, and that it is natural for man to err. We were inclined to bear and forbear.

“ My love, this was too great a happiness to last long. It was not of this world ; and I am first called into the next. Grieve not then, my love, but say to yourself ‘ God has done this, and shall I repine at his dispensation ? Shall I, presumptuous, pretend to murmur, because I am not allowed my own mode of happiness in a world which He has not made fit for it, but which He has meant only to prepare us for an hereafter ? ’ This is not, my dear, the only way the Almighty had to call his ordinance into effect. And this I now say, because there seems something more particularly terrible in the manner of a violent death (a death which might have been avoided as it seems) than in that of a natural and lingering one, where the mind of the afflicted has long been preparing by degrees for the stroke it suffers. And you, too, will perhaps reproach yourself for not having continued with more perseverance your entreaties for my quitting the service. But, my love, everything is in the hand of God, and even if you will think that this might have been otherwise, yet you must think at the same time that as his providence has so ordained it, it might have been brought to pass in a thousand ways, in peace as well as in war, as easily in the midst of the soundest health and greatest security as in sickness or danger. Therefore add not to your distress by needless

reproaches, for, my love, you could not have altered one jot from the dispensations of the Most High.

“JAMES TREVENEN.”

Here, then, closes the scene. Or if any more or other last words respecting this short-lived but noble being can be desirable or desired, they may be looked for in the brief accounts of him which were published soon after his death in journals and newspapers. His friend Mr. Samwell drew up a short notice of his life and character, which was inserted in the “Gentleman’s Magazine” for August, 1790.

The following passages are extracted from a letter inserted by his friend M. Pictet, in the journal of Geneva, of the date of October in the same year. “Several persons must have known at Geneva, a few years ago, a young Englishman whose name was Trevenen. He had performed the last voyage round the world with Captain Cook, and united the most distinguished talents in his profession as a seaman, the most striking modesty, the greatest sweetness of manner, and the keenest sensibility, clothed with a reserved and calm exterior. The valuable qualities of M. Trevenen gained him in a short time many friends in Geneva. I was of the number: and among

other advantages which I derived from his friendship is that of having learned from him an infinite number of circumstances respecting the voyage, which have not been published." This letter then goes on to detail briefly the account of his journey to Russia and of his death.

The following letter from Sir Sydney Smith, then serving as a volunteer in the Swedish fleet, may also be transcribed. It appears to have been written to a friend in London, and to have been inserted in one of the English newspapers.

" Swenksund, July 18, 1790.

" You have doubtless heard of our defeat on the 3rd and 4th instant, and subsequent victory on the 9th and 10th. We, however, consider the former as more than equivalent to the latter, as in that engagement our old Portsmouth contemporary Trevenen, the very soul of the Russian fleet, received a wound, which in a few days, at the age of about thirty, put a period to as bright a career of glory as ever adorned the annals of naval history. Poor fellow! I ever admired his character, and revered his abilities, although my junior in age and naval rank. He had formed himself on the character of old Saunders, and it is here generally allowed that his intrepidity in attack, his coolness in action, and activity in pursuit, have been the great bulwark to Russia, through which we could never

penetrate. Nor could the King [of Sweden], whose character and conduct are here adored, have thought of attacking the enemy again so soon, but for Trevenen's wound, as he had been heard to say that there was no eluding his vigilance. On the 3rd instant, we should have escaped with very little loss, had he not concluded what we were about, and slipped his cable, in which he was followed by four or five others, your old friend Dennison among them, whilst the remainder coldly stayed to weigh their anchors, whereas, had he been properly supported, we should none of us have escaped. We are told here that he received his wound from the last shot fired from our ships \*. It was in his thigh, and not at first thought dangerous, but his weak state of body brought on a fever which carried him off. Thank God the shot came not from my ship."

\* It will be observed that in this letter, as indeed in many other accounts of this action and campaign, the dates are given according to the old style, not the new. It is to be observed, also, that the details as here stated are not strictly accurate. It was not absolutely the *last* shot fired by which the wound was inflicted, and it also appears that the *Natron Menea's* position was changed before the action, during which she only veered her cable and did not slip it.



## NOTES.

NOTE A. p. 188.

REV. JOHN TREVENEN OF ROSEWARNE.

THE Rev. John Trevenen was for many years curate of the populous parish of Camborne, in which Rosewarne is situate. He died suddenly, December 4, 1775. His widow Elizabeth, survived him many years, and died at Carwethenack, March 25, 1799. They had six children:

Elizabeth, married Sir Charles Penrose.

Jane, married the Rev. John Penrose.

John, of Helston and Bonython, who married first Lydia Johns, and afterwards Mary Sandys.

Thomas, who became rector of Cardynham, and afterwards of Mawgan in Kirrier. He married Cordelia Grylls.

James.

Matthew.

NOTE B. p. 210.

MATTHEW TREVENEN: AND OF THE TWO ELDEST BROTHERS,  
JOHN AND THOMAS.

Matthew Trevenen was two years younger than James. He had been educated at Westminster School, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where his two elder brothers had also been educated. John and Thomas were Westminster scholars, and John had been captain of the school. John was elected to Trinity in 1775, and Thomas in 1776. John took

no degree. Thomas took his B.A. degree in 1780, and his M.A. in 1786. Matthew his B.A. in 1783. Matthew had been intended for the church ; and no young man ever looked forward to that sacred profession with either a purer or a more reasonable hope of making himself acceptable in it both to God and man. But it has been seen in the preceding pages that he was carried off, at an early age, by a most rapid consumption, of which the first symptoms appear to have shown themselves in the middle of 1785. In the September of that year he went to Bristol hot wells, accompanied by his mother and eldest sister ; but was there recommended to return to Cornwall, before the cold weather should set in. He could, however, get no farther than Oakhampton, where, after lingering nearly three weeks, he died at the inn, October 27. He passed the last fortnight in a state of the greatest exhaustion and debility, but in perfect serenity of mind. To the comfort which he derived from the affectionate attendance of his mother and sister, was also here added that of being joined first by his eldest brother's wife and Mr. Penrose, and afterwards by his two eldest brothers.

Every member of that now long vanished society from which this most amiable young man was thus suddenly taken away appears to have retained a most lively and lasting impression of his great agreeableness and varied accomplishments. His *felicity* is said to have been almost universal. He had wit and humour always ready, and at the same time always kind, was always cheerful, never diffident, yet never assuming ; and had a most gay and gentle *play* of character, which at once amused the imaginations of his friends, and attracted their regard. One of his songs, which shall be here subjoined, is a very sufficient evidence that these qualities were not unjustly ascribed to him.

THE LADIES OF ANCIENT TIMES, AND THE  
MODERN FINE LADIES.

A NEW SONG. BY M. T.

*(To the Tune of the "Old and New Courtier.")*

I.

With an old song made by an old ancient pate,  
Of old ancient customs long since out of date,  
Of ancient times, when women did not scold nor prate,  
For the ladies of our time are grown very impudent of  
late :

Unlike the ladies of old times,  
And the old ancient ladies.

II.

With an old fashion for ladies to stay abroad at school,  
At least long enough to learn not to play the fool ;  
With an old governess who had absolute dominion and  
rule,  
And looked as grave and demure as an old swan in a  
pool ;

Like the ladies of old times,  
And the old ancient ladies.

III.

With an old sampler, whereon was work'd the Lord's  
Prayer,  
And the Ten Commandments, done in small space, with  
neatness and care,

And mark'd in the corner with a lock of the lady's own  
 hair,  
 And many little stags and hounds taking the air,  
 Like the ladies, &c.

## IV.

With a healthy complexion and colour unfaded,  
 Which needed not a calash or umbrella to shade it,  
 With a head no higher than nature made it,  
 With a plain gown for workdays, and a Sunday's one  
 brocaded,  
 Like the ladies, &c.

## V.

With an old custom of getting up at five o'clock every  
 day,  
 And of coming down stairs without the least delay,  
 With a long walk before breakfast, be it December or  
 May.  
 —Wherefore the ladies of those times were healthy and  
 gay,  
 Like the ladies, &c.

## VI.

With an old receipt-book very well wrote,  
 How to make a codlin tart; how to cure a sore throat;  
 How to preserve either cold or hot;  
 And how to cure the bite of a mad dog; which no family  
 should be without:  
 Like the ladies, &c.

## VII.

With modesty and patience, and tolerably resign'd,  
 Till their gallants should think proper to declare their  
 mind.

But the ladies of our days are not so inclin'd,  
As by the ensuing ditty you shall quickly find :

Like the ladies of modern times,  
And the modern fine ladies.

## VIII.

Who talk a great deal of nonsense, and think it very  
pat,

Which is called by the young gallants very agreeable  
chit-chat ;

Who, if question'd in their catechism, look very flat,  
And declare with an air of surprise we know nothing of  
that :

Like the ladies, &c.

## IX.

With a new fashion of going to school to learn outlandish  
dances,

Ballance, Rigadoon, Pas Grâve, and other prances,

With a new governess, who writes plays and romances,

Legendary tales, elegies, sonnets, and such like idle  
fancies :

Like the ladies, &c.

## X.

With a new muslin gown, never work'd on for more than  
a minute,

With a wonder how we ever had courage to begin it,

With a purse declared very pretty by all who have  
seen it,

Though, perhaps, when 'tis finished, there is nothing to  
put in it :

Like the ladies, &c.

## XI.

With the best French rouge, and pearl powder for the  
face,

With a tête de mouton, poudre d'Artois, and pommade  
de Grasse,

With new flashy gowns and soufflé gauze to look like  
lace,

Balloon hats, and steel collars to keep the head in its  
place :

Like the ladies, &c.

## XII.

With a new custom of sitting up all night at quadrille,  
And coming down stairs next day in dishabille.

—No wonder the ladies now-a-days look so very ill,  
And that they have fainting fits and hysterics whenever  
they will,

Like the ladies, &c.

## XIII.

With new scribble-scrabble letters, full of sentiment and  
stuff,

Of which, when you have read two lines, you've read  
enough :

“ My dearest creature, I have got the sweetest new muff:

“ Apropos ! There's an old fashion new reviv'd: 'tis  
Queen Elizabeth's ruff.”

Like the ladies, &c.

## XIV.

With a thousand more knick-knackeries all so modish  
and rare,

Would have made our sober grandfathers to wonder,  
scold, or swear ;

But now-a-days the men methinks are still madder than  
the fair ;

Else these gay ladies would lead apes—I can't in  
decency say where :

Like the ladies of modern times,  
And the modern fine ladies\*.

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In the sort of biography which this volume is meant to be, it would be most unfair to the memory of the two elder brothers of this most affectionate family to conclude this note without some, though brief, yet particular mention of them.

John, the eldest (see note A, p. 291), was born October 26, 1754. Soon after he left Cambridge he settled at Helston, and afterwards removed to Bonython. He was of no profession; but few men can have ever discharged better, or with more real dignity, the various offices and duties of a country gentleman's life; and no children have ever treasured the recollection of their father with greater or more reverential love than his have ever felt, and feel towards him. He was very remarkable, as there must be many who still remember, both for the benignity of his aspect and the nobleness of his carriage.

After having lived many years at Bonython, he returned to Helston, where he died February 10, 1825. A letter still

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\* This last stanza was added by the late most lamented Mr. J. J. Conybeare, the elder brother of the present Dean of Llandaff. Matthew Trevenen had not only the power of humorous composition which these lines indicate, but was also a more than ordinarily skilful musician, and excelled in drawing. It is said of him, also, that he had the talent of caricature in a high degree, but that he would not indulge himself in it.



preserved, which was written a few days after his death to one of his near relations, gives an impressive account both of the patience with which he bore the acute sufferings of a long illness, and of the many testimonies of grateful respect for a lost friend which were paid at his funeral.

Thomas, the second brother, was born February 15, 1756. He was instituted to the living of Cardynham, in 1782, and continued to reside there till 1803, when he removed to Mawgan in Kirrier, where he died September 30, 1816, exhausted by a long series of paralytic attacks. He had been deprived of speech by this disease for a period of three years and a half, and for a considerable portion of that time had been in a state of helplessness; but his intellect, and certainly his affections, had been left unimpaired, and nothing could exceed the equanimity and resignation of his truly Christian character. Admiral Penrose, among the recollections of his most intimate friends, speaks of him as one of his dearest, and as distinguished by "the most gentle yielding in all matters in which the wants and wishes of others were concerned, coupled with the most inflexible adherence to right, he ever met with. So intimately blended in him," he adds, "were all the thousands of little charities and benevolences that sweeten and adorn domestic and social life that there is no prominent point to seize on." The compiler of these memoirs can never forget the union always visible in him of the most quiet playfulness and of extreme meekness, a meekness which, by persons who had not known him long and intimately, might have been almost attributed to tameness or insensibility. But it was the meekness of self command. It had been the unceasing struggle of his boyhood and his youth to subdue a great and even passionate quickness of nature; and in this religious struggle he gained the victory. His affectionate daughter, the untiring nurse of his long and trying illness, is able to testify that, though she has seen him strongly moved and keenly pained, she *never* saw his temper overcome.

## NOTE C. p. 248.

## UNPOPULARITY OF GUSTAVUS IN FINLAND.

In the letter of Admiral Greig, from which this sentence is extracted, the subjoined details are also given of the unpopularity of the King of Sweden at this time. "On Thursday the 17th, the King left Helsingfors, and set out for Abo on his return to Stockholm, where the defection that began among the Finland regiments has already spread, and by all accounts become very serious. As the King's presence alone in Stockholm, without the support of the military, and the principal officers attached to his person, will, I am apt to think, rather irritate than appease the tumults of the people, dissatisfied with a war begun by the King's caprice, and prosecuted without the success he had made them expect, and which in all probability may end in limiting his power to the old constitution, it is, therefore, of the utmost importance to prevent as much as possible the return of the troops to Stockholm.

"There is no cessation of arms, but only with the Finland regiments, who have absolutely refused the King to serve against Russia, and demanded of him to assemble a diet of the states, which he absolutely refused, before he went away. They then sent a deputation to the Swedish army at Hogsfors, inviting them to accede to the confederacy, and oblige the King to assemble the states; but I have not yet heard if they have agreed to it. But at any rate they seem not willing to fight, and I imagine that the general defection has reached the fleet also."

## NOTE D. p. 265.

## WRECK OF THE RODISLAFF.

A not uninteresting account of the assistance, or rather the no assistance, rendered on this occasion from Revel towards the saving this ship, will be found in the following letter from Trevenen to Admiral Tchitchagoff, written before the en-

“ Sir,—My last report I sent by the *Slava* frigate. It was delayed some time by contrary winds. In it I have answered to what you ask me in your despatch; and as to the chance of saving the ship, I have told you that it depends on your sending us pumps from the shore, as I tried in vain to get them from Brigadier Macaroff. I have before said that I believe the ship to be broke, but, as that is not absolutely certain, it is necessary that I should make an effort to determine it. If we can diminish the water, there is yet a possibility of bringing her into Revel; but for this purpose I must tell your Excellency that expedition is absolutely necessary; for if there comes a strong breeze from the north the ship will certainly be altogether lost. I cannot help expressing my surprise that being near such a port as Revel, where there is an established admiralty, I have yet received no assistance from thence. I have not a single warp in the ship, and if we lighten her, I must have warps. Our lower deck-ports are partly under water, and although caulked, yet the water has washed out the oakum, and my few carpenters and caulkers are insufficient to stop them, nor have we here planks, nails, or oakum. A shipbuilder can better judge of the state of the ship than my carpenter, or myself, and if she be floated can judge better of her leaks and deficiencies. And in all cases like this which I have ever seen before, no time was lost in sending from the nearest port all sorts of officers, men, and stores that might in any way assist in saving the ship, or getting out her stores if she was lost. Yet I have not received the least possible assistance, and whosever fault it may be getting the ship ashore, there is yet another fault will lie elsewhere—I mean the want of proper assistance to save her.

“ By the time you will have sent us the pumps, everything will be got out of the ship that can be without cutting up the decks. If we find the ship entirely lost, it remains with your Excellency how long the people shall remain fishing up the things in her hold, principally the 25 guns that are there, and

how many men you will send. For my own part, neither will my health permit a much longer attendance, nor do I think it at all decent that, after having for so long a time commanded a considerable squadron with the approbation of her Majesty, I at once, through the fault of my steersman, find myself degraded to the employment of fishing up two or three casks of salt beef from the hold of a sunken wreck.

“I must further tell your Excellency that the season of the year renders it highly dangerous to keep vessels in this riding much longer. My people also are constantly exposed to imminent danger. The frigates do not lie within three versts of the ship, so that I cannot send them backwards and forwards every day, as half the time would be lost by that means. Therefore I am obliged to keep them on board the small vessels that lie near the ship, and there they are huddled together to the detriment of their health; and as these are changed every day they cannot have their bedding or clothes with them. Add to this that our boats, having served the whole campaign, and having been exposed here to much rough weather, are all leaky, and there is no safety in them when it blows any wind. Now, am I to risk my people in them in such an uncovered place, or my officers or myself? &c., &c.

“JAMES TREVENEN.”

Captain Dennison says in a letter to Mr. Farquharson of the same date, “It is Providence only that saves ships in this country. The whole squadron escaped by good fortune.”



50, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON.

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