124.f.13

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER,

K. C. B.,

FROM PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, LETTERS,

AND OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

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BY

MAJOR-GENERAL ELERS NAPIER,

AUTHOR OF

"SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS,"

"REMINISCENCES OF SYRIA," &c.

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THIS MEMOIR

OF

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER

Is Dedicated

TO

THE BRITISH NATION, AND TO HER NAVY;

TO THE

BRITISH SAILORS AND MARINES;

BECAUSE HIS LIFE WAS DEVOTED TO THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY,

TO THE HONOUR AND INTERESTS OF HIS PROFESSION;

AND BECAUSE

HE WAS THE FRIEND AND CHAMPION

OF THE SEAMAN,

AND ALWAYS ADVOCATED HIS INTERESTS

AND HIS RIGHTS.

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PREFACE.

I UNDERTOOK to write the Life and to edit the Correspondence of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, as it appeared to me that events and actions, extending over more than sixty years passed in the service of his sovereign and his country, could not fail to be interesting to the public. Respect to the Admiral's memory, and an ardent desire to do justice to his services, combined with a deep sense of gratitude for the many kindnesses experienced at his hands from my earliest years, were also the motives that induced me to contribute my best efforts towards commemorating the achievements of a long and brilliant career.

The subject was doubtless worthy of an abler pen; but intimate relations with Sir Charles Napier during five-and-forty years, together with access to much of his correspondence, afforded me facilities which others, though perhaps far more qualified

for the undertaking, had not the opportunity of possessing.

The task, however, was not unattended with difficulty, for although a great portion of Sir Charles Napier's papers were placed at my disposal, the circumstance of his not having habitually kept any memoranda or journal, forced me to depend chiefly upon my own recollections, and the journal and letters of my mother, the late Lady Napier, for the particulars of his private life.

With regard to his correspondence, the greatest difficulty I have experienced has been to condense within the required limits of this memoir the important and interesting documents at my command.

It was my intention, had the compass of the work admitted, to have given, in a preliminary chapter, an account of what is perhaps not generally known, respecting the origin and history of the ancient family from whence Sir Charles Napier traced his descent and derived his name—a name said to have been earned at a remote period of Scottish history, on the field of battle, by one of his ancestors, on whom, for his gallant conduct, the reigning King of Scotland bestowed—as the story goes—the appellation of "nae peer," having no peer or equal; whilst the motto of "Ready,

aye Ready," was granted in 1542, by James V., to one of the family, who, amidst a general desertion of that monarch by his barons, faithfully followed his sovereign with a "plump of spears," in a foray over the border.

> "And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
> Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne;
> Hence his high motto shines reveal'd,
> 'READY, AYE READY' for the field." *

In compiling this Memoir, I have introduced occasional extracts from Sir Charles Napier's published works, because these pourtray, in his own words, some of the principal actions of his life. I have also availed myself of much information contained in Mr. Earp's volume of the "Baltic Campaign of 1854," and likewise of those records respecting the earlier portion of the Admiral's career to be found in James's and Marshall's Naval Histories.

I take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligations I am under to various members of Sir Charles Napier's family, and to the many friends who have assisted me with information, letters, and other documents; as well as to several officers who, having served with Sir Charles Napier on different occasions, have supplied me with many interesting

particulars as to his professional achievements, and who will be able best to appreciate how far I have succeeded in combining justice to his memory with an impartial adherence to the truth.

E. ELERS NAPIER,
Major-General.

WEST HILL, SHANKLIN,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

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THE

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, K.C.B.

CHAPTER I.

INFANCY AND BOYHOOD, 1786-1799—EARLY SERVICE, 1799-1806.

CHARLES NAPIER, the subject of this memoir, was second son of the Hon. Captain Charles Napier, R.N., and grandson of Francis, the fifth Lord Napier. He was born on the 6th of March, 1786, at his father's residence, Merchiston Hall, near Falkirk, in the county of Stirling, Scotland.

There is now extant an old family picture, in which the embryo naval hero is represented in his mother's arms; opposite to this stood a full-sized portrait of the admiral, taken in the prime of life, when, as Count Cape St. Vincent, he returned from the scene of his glorious achievement on the waters of Nelson and St. Vincent—emblazoned with fame and honours—the acknowledged "lion" of the day; and between these two portraits, taken in the intervening space of

half a century at least, a striking resemblance can readily be traced, sufficient to stamp this "infant puling in its mother's arms" as identical with the bronzed, determined — though, at the same time, good-natured looking sailor, apparently smiling at this juvenile representation of himself.

No particular circumstances are recorded as having marked the early years of Charles Napier; but his childhood appears to have passed happily away amidst a large and united family—in the summer months at Merchiston Hall, and during the winter at the town residence in George's Square, Edinburgh.

By his first wife, the daughter of Sir John Warrender, the Hon. Captain Napier had no family; but by his second marriage with the daughter of Gabriel Hamilton, Esq., of Westburn, he had six children. Francis, the eldest son, born in 1778, subsequently received a civil appointment in the East India Company's service, and died at Madras in 1798. The younger brother, Thomas Erskine (now Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Napier, K.C.B., and late Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland), junior to Charles by four years, was born in 1790, entered the Army at an early age, and lost an arm in the Peninsular War. Three sisters, one of whom still survives, completed the family circle.

Charles is thus described by one who knew him well at that period:—

"I well remember Charles Napier's kind and affectionate heart—his temper, the best I ever knew—his love of fun and frolic—his good-nature, and his dutiful obedience to his parents, an instance of which the following anecdote will illustrate. He always, from his earliest infancy, had the

strongest predilection for boats and ships; at the foot of the garden ran a canal, on which barges were constantly in the habit of plying to and fro; these it was his greatest delight to watch, but he was forbidden when alone, even for this purpose, to pass the boundary of the garden gates, and this prohibition he always most religiously observed. On one occasion his nurse, Mary Miller, having placed him on the bank of the canal to look at a barge which was passing by, one of the sailors hailed him as a 'bonnie bairn, and a true-built sailor to boot!'"

I am indebted to a relative of Sir Charles (the Rev. J. Hamilton Gray), for several particulars as to his early years. His education appears to have been then intrusted to a worthy clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland, William M'Call, who is described as an original, replete with fun and good humour, and who, moreover, whilst instructing his pupil in the rudiments of Latin, assisted Mrs. Napier in the management of her farm. At the early age of seven years, Charles Napier was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, which at that time consisted of about six hundred boys, whose parents were of every rank of society. For six successive winters he attended during the day the classes of the High School, living in his father's house in George's Square, and assisted in prosecuting his studies at home by his tutor, Mr. M'Call.

From his earliest boyhood he showed the strongest partiality for the sea, and was continually building and rigging miniature boats and ships, which he used to sail on the canal, and on a large pond in the grounds at Merchiston Hall. His holidays and leisure hours when at Edinburgh were usually spent

amongst the shipping at the port of Leith, where he would examine with admiring eyes every vessel in the harbour. Although of a bold and energetic turn of mind, taking always the lead in every boyish enterprize, and fond of fun and frolic of every kind, he is described as being a remarkably well-behaved lad, attentive to his studies, and holding a good position in his class.

There were frequent feuds between the High School boys and the rabble of the town of Edinburgh. These "bickerings," as they were called, often assumed a formidable aspect, ending frequently in pitched battles. "To me," writes in after years an old schoolfellow of his, "there is magic in the name of Charlie Napier, it brings fresh before me the 'days o' lang syne,' the days of the High School, George Square, its games, its laddies, and its bickers; in these, Charlie was one of our most conspicuous leaders; always at his post, ever in the van against any odds of butcher and baker lads (our great enemies), ever ready to take up the quarrel of a little chap who might be bullied by a big one. Often did he in such 'battles interpose,' and often did he 'wipe a bloody nose.'"

He succeeded on one occasion in obtaining the position of "Don," or head of the class to which he belonged, and so proud was he of this distinction, that to commemorate the event, he ordered a sedan chair, the conveyance much used by ladies in those days, and was thus carried home in triumph to his father's house in George's Square.

During these schoolboy days, the chief companions

of his own age were his cousins the young Hamiltons Dundas of Duddingstone, where likewise resided his maternal grandmother, the "Lady Westburn," as she was commonly called. Amongst his cotemporaries at the High School, were two younger brothers of Lord Brougham, Thomas Erkskine, and the Cockburns—one of whom was afterwards the Scottish judge, whose autobiography gives so vivid a picture of the state of society at that time. He was also at this period in the habit of frequenting the country residence of Mrs. Wauchope, called Niddrie, situated near Edinburgh, whose children were on the most intimate footing with Charles and the younger branches of his family.

As he increased in age, the character of Charles Napier assumed that tone of persevering decision which so strongly marked it in after years. His father, warned by the many disappointments he had himself incurred, was strongly opposed to the boy's passionate desire to enter the Navy. Charles' mind was however bent on this object, and he succeeded, with the assistance of his schoolfellows, in removing his father's opposition, as is thus amusingly told by one of them—Mr. Ainslie, in his "Recollections of a Scottish Gentleman":—

"Amongst the favorite companions of my boyhood was Charlie Napier, whose ardent wish to enter the Navy was decidedly opposed by his father (a retired post-captain). This interference with Charlie's wishes was considered by us aspiring youngsters as a tyrannical stretch of parental authority, and we accordingly determined to accompany Charlie to his father's house, and endeavour, by our persuasive eloquence, to move the gallant captain from his resolution. I well recollect the awe we experienced when we

reached George's Square, and were about to be ushered into the presence of the captain (for, like Bob Acres, our bold resolve to face him had 'oozed out' as we trudged along). On entering the library of Captain Napier, our fears and alarm did not diminish as he looked with most stern surprise at the liberty we had taken by thus invading his sanctum. At last Charlie lifted up his voice and reiterated his wish to don the middy's uniform—when we took courage and urged in tremulous tones in support of his petition. But it was in vain, and we were dismissed in no very courteous terms by the gallant veteran, who declared, in decided language, 'that Charles never should enter the Navy.' How this seeming most positive determination came to be altered I know not. But in a very brief after-period, Charlie announced to us, with unbounded joy, that his father had at last consented to his wishes.

"For some time past my companions and myself had been much interested in observing the refitting of the 'Martin' sloop of war, which was taking place in the dock at Leith: on every spare moment which we could command we were alongside, watching the progress of that proceeding. Our delight was therefore great that he was entered on board this vessel as a middy. Captain Sinclair, a brother of Lord Sinclair, commanded the 'Martin.' The Post-Lieutenant, Mr. Lucas, and the other officers were very kind when we went on board; and we all greatly envied Charlie's good fortune in being appointed to the 'Martin.' Lord Brougham's youngest brother John, was also rated as a middy on board. The 'Martin' sailed from Leith Roads in November 1799, and after cruising in the North Sea, came to anchor in Yarmouth Roads, when John Brougham, disgusted with a sailor's life, left her. Soon afterwards Charlie Napier was appointed to another ship, and left the 'Martin' in 1800, which again put to sea, but was never afterwards heard of; it was conjectured she must have been burnt. Thus both Charlie Napier and Johnny Brougham escaped the fate they were doomed to, had they remained on board the 'Martin.'

I have, through the courtesy of Lord Clarence

Paget, been allowed to consult the records of the Admiralty, and hence I find this account to be tolerably correct. Young Napier's first appointment was to the "Renown," which was then lying at Spithead. It was intended that he should take his passage to join her in the "Martin," but as some delay occurred in her sailing, he was sent in a small coasting vessel to the Thames, and after remaining a short time in London with some relatives, he went to Spithead in May 1800, and was entered as a first-class boy on board the "Renown." This is confirmed at the commencement of an unfinished autobiography, found amongst his papers, in which he says, "I entered His Majesty's service on board the 'Renown.'" This removal to the merchantman was a fortunate circumstance for young Napier, for scarcely had he sailed in her, when orders arrived for the "Martin" to put to sea, and she was never heard of again.

His arrival in London was marked by a characteristic circumstance, as related by one of the family. On landing at the Tower stairs, the officious porters began to lay violent hands on his luggage. He had been duly cautioned against London sharpers, and thinking they were going to rob him of his sea-chest, he seated himself across it, and drew his dirk to defend his property—thus showing that the same resolute spirit animated the midshipman of thirteen, as did afterwards the admiral of seventy.

I have heard another anecdote connected with this, his first visit to London. He was staying at the house of a relative (the father of Mr. Mark Napier, the historian, and author of the "Life of Montrose"), who,

after shewing the youngster all the London sights, took him to see the lions at the Tower; amongst them was one which the keeper represented as being so very tame, "that," said he, "you might put your hand into his mouth." Taking him at his word, the young middy, to the horror of the spectators, thrust his hand into the animal's jaws, which, no doubt, was taken as much by surprise as the lookers on. It was a daring feat; but providentially he did not suffer for his temerity. This story recalls to mind the attack made by Nelson, when a midshipman, on a Polar bear; and the soldier, Charles Napier's bold encounter with an eagle, in his boyhood, as related by Sir William Napier in the history of his gallant brother's life. It is certainly a remarkable coincidence, and one worthy of notice, that these distinguished men should, in their youth, have thus singularly evinced that fearlessness and unflinching daring which, in after years, so eminently characterized their respective careers.

These three parallel cases would seem to have been omens of future greatness, which, as Sir William Napier remarks, "would have been strongly dwelt upon by the old chronicler of the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome."

In May, he joined the "Renown," a new ship of 74 guns, commanded by Captain Eyles, and bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren. On going on board, and being left alone in the gloomy region of the cockpit, a fit of despondency—such as often attends the young midshipman's first entrance on a existence—overcame young Charley, and seating himself on his chest, he burst into a pas-

sionate flood of tears. He was not, however, of a desponding disposition, and soon got the better of his weakness—made himself quite happy and at home; and is described by the present Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford—then also for a short time a midshipman on board the same ship—as a "fine, sturdy, energetic boy, small for his age, but active, and very strong."

The "Renown" soon sailed as part of a squadron, under Sir J. B. Warren, which was to act on the western coast of France. The boats of the "Renown" were actively engaged at the Penmarque Rocks, on the 10th of June; in the Quimper river on the 24th of the same month, and on the 1st of July at Noirmoutier. It was not in those days the fashion to publish midshipmen's names in a gazette, but we may be well assured that the quondam sturdy little leader of the formidable "bickerings" at the High School, did not fail creditably to perform any part that might have been assigned to him in these spirited and dashing affairs.

In August, 1794, Sir John's squadron was strengthened by the addition of several vessels, having a body of troops on board, and proceeded to Ferrol, but the expedition proved a complete failure. Thence they proceeded to the Mediterranean, where, under Lord Keith, as Commander-in-Chief, they remained until the peace of Amiens, in 1802, chiefly engaged in cruising off Cadiz, or Toulon; but, in the year 1801, were employed in assisting the garrison of Porto Ferrajo, in the island of Elba, when Charles Napier, as a first-class boy, is mentioned in the Admiralty records as having been under fire.

A short time before this, Captain Eyles had been succeeded in the command of the "Renown" by Captain White, probably not much to the regret of our young sailor, who, it is related, had on one occasion been flogged by Captain Eyles' order, for hacking a cable with a cutlass, in exemplifying his proposed mode of cutting off an enemy's head. Many years after, when he was a Post-Captain himself, he met his old commander, then an Admiral, on some public occasion, and on the latter inquiring if he remembered him, Captain Napier is said to have replied: "Whether I remember you or not, a certain part of me does so well enough."

After being about two years at sea, the young sailor obtained leave of absence, and proceeded to Scotland, on a visit to his friends. After seeing his own family, he next went to the High School, where his appearance, in full uniform, and armed, as is related, with a sword almost as long as himself, excited great admiration, and not a little envy among the boys. He duly paid his respects to his former master—the celebrated Professor Adams—who immediately assembled all his class, consisting of about a hundred and fifty boys, and in their presence made a short speech, complimenting his former pupil on having already, at the age of fifteen, served his country for upwards of two years with honour and credit to himself; and, on the Doctor being asked by the future naval hero to grant a holiday to his brother, and to some of his other school-fellows, in order that they might make a country excursion together, the request was immediately acceded to, and the youth-

ful party sallied forth in great glee, with Charley Napier, sword, uniform and all, at their head!

"When he first called at our house, on returning from sea," says one of the relatives of the family, "finding nobody at home, he would not give his name, but told the servants to say that somebody 'as black as the deevil' had called to see them, and that he would soon come again." He adds, "One of the earliest recollections of my childhood is that of 'black cousin Charles,' as we used to call him. And our great delight as children was to get him to walk with us and our old nurse, in the meadows near George's Square, when he would sometimes carry the youngest in his arms. On one of these occasions he was asked, by a young lady passing, whether he was a nursery-maid, to which he replied, with the ready good humour and smartness of a middy, 'Yes, ma'am, perhaps you will hire me?'"

This fondness for children continued in after life, and when far advanced in years it was one of his greatest pleasures to be surrounded by his grandchildren; seated in a low arm-chair, he would often have one or two of them on his knees, whilst the others amused themselves in playing with and curling his venerable gray hair! Affection and kindness to children were indeed always prominent features in his character.

It is much to be regretted that a journal kept by his mother, in which she entered all the letters and intelligence received of and from her sailor boy, has been lost in the course of years, more particularly as

the kind himself. We are therefore left frequently in the dark relative to many interesting circumstances of his eventful career, and on the present occasion know nothing as to the duration of this his first visit home since going to sea, nor whether he rejoined the "Renown," or was then appointed to the "Greyhound," in which ship, it is recorded at the Admiralty, he again served in the Mediterranean, till the month of April, 1803.

After the renewal of the war with France, he was transferred to the "Egyptienne" (a fine 44-gun frigate, taken from the French in the harbour of Alexandria, at its capitulation in 1801), Captain the Hon. Charles Elphinstone Fleeming, which for six months was actively employed in the Channel and off the coast of France, during which period she captured "L'Epervier," of 16 guns and 90 men; "L'Acteon," of 16 guns and 126 men; and "La Chiffonette," privateer, of 14 guns and 80 men. Whilst on board the "Egyptienne," the story goes that Captain Fleeming on one occasion used language towards him which he considered unjustifiable, even from a captain to a midshipman; he had, however, in that position, no redress to expect; but the injury rankled in his breast, and some years afterwards, when he was either a commander or a post-captain, happening to be on the same station with his former chief, he employed his friend the late Sir Francis Collier to demand satisfaction of Captain Fleeming. The hostile parties met on the appointed ground, and although, through the intervention of their seconds, they shook hands, they were never friends till many years after, when at a public dinner

Admiral Fleeming said something complimentary of his former midshipman of the "Egyptienne," and a sincere reconciliation was the consequence of this well-timed and courteous act.

Charles Napier was about eighteen months on board the "Egyptienne," the latter period of which was passed in a voyage to St. Helena, when she returned to Portsmouth to refit.

We glean from the Admiralty records that Charles Napier next served, during part of the years 1804 and 1805, in the North Sea, on board the "Mediator." Mention now begins to be made of him by James, the naval historian, who, under the head of Channel Services in 1805, relates that acting-lieutenants Charles Napier and John Lake were concerned in an attack made in April, 1805, on a part of the Boulogne flotilla. He was then in his nineteenth year, and in the sixth year of his service, and seems to have been acting-lieutenant in command of the gun-brig "Starling." He is also recorded to have volunteered to attempt the entire destruction of the flotilla by means of rocket boats, but his plan was not followed up. We next hear of him as mate on board the 36-gun frigate "Renommée," commanded by Sir Thomas Livingstone, Bart., and employed in the Channel service off Boulogne; which vessel, on the 18th of July, 1805, sustained considerable damage in an action with the batteries between Andreselles and Ambleteuse.

On the 30th of November, in the same year, Charles Napier, having served his time and passed his examination, was promoted to Lieutenant, and placed in the "Courageux," of 74 guns, Captain Bissett. The

"Courageux" was soon after placed under the orders of Sir J. B. Warren, and proceeded with him to the West Indies, in search of a French squadron that had escaped from Brest. On the 13th of March, 1806, the British ships fell in with, and captured the "Marengo" and "Belle Poule," which, after a lengthened cruise in the East Indies, were returning to France. It is remarkable that James, in his "Naval History," does not mention the fact of the "Courageux" having been present at this action; but that she was so, and that Lieutenant Napier was on board her, is proved by the documents at the Admiralty, to which I have before referred. If further proof were wanting, mention of it will be found in Allen's "Navy List" (kindly communicated to me by Admiral Sir James Gordon, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, under whom Captain Napier served in the expedition of the Potomac), where we read, "Sir C. Napier, Lieutenant of 'Courageux,' at capture of 'Marengo' and 'Belle Poule,' 1806." Besides which, the present Admiral Courtenay, from personal knowledge, bears witness to the fact; and wrote thus to me on the subject, under date of January 25, 1861:—

"I met Sir Charles Napier in the year 1806, when I first went to sea in the 'Amazon;' he was then a Lieutenant on board the 'Courageux,' and was present in that ship at the capture of Admiral Linois' squadron."

CHAPTER II.

FIRST COMMAND, 1807—RETURN TO ENGLAND, 1809—CAMPAIGNING, BUSACO, 1810.

We have now arrived at a period when Charles Napier began to gather laurels on his own account, and I shall, as far as possible, leave him to relate this part of his own story, by quoting from the autobiography before alluded to. The reader who wishes for more detailed information will find it in Marshall's Biography, and in James's Naval History.

Towards the latter end of 1806 Lieutenant Napier appears to have come to England, but returned to the West Indies early in the following year (1807), as a Lieutenant in the "St. George." In the ensuing month of November he was promoted to the rank of Commander, and appointed to the command of the brig "Pultusk."

"In which command" (he says, in his autobiography) "I landed on the Spanish Main, with twelve men, and captured a Guarda-costa, which I had chased ashore, and which was defended by three or four small guns and thirty-six men which she had landed. I also landed and took a battery on the coast of Porto Rico, and a merchant schooner, the men

running, after firing their guns. In the first affair one man was killed, an officer and one man wounded.

"In August, 1808, I was removed into the 'Recruit,' and on the 6th of September following, had a severe action with a French corvette, the 'Diligente,' of twenty-two guns, to windward of Antigua. The second shot she fired broke my right thigh, and the bone perforated the flesh. The only lieutenant on board was mortally wounded soon after; the action was continued by the master till our main-stay was shot away; the main-mast, which was before sprung, unfortunately fell at the moment we expected victory, and the enemy in consequence escaped. Our loss was six killed and twenty-three wounded, half of them mortally; our crew only amounted to one hundred and six. The action lasted nearly three hours.

"I recovered from my wound in about three months, and at the siege of Martinique, in January, 1809, I beat up Fort Royal Bay, before the surrender of Pigeon Island, with the 'Eolus' and 'Cleopatra,' under the orders of Lord William Fitzroy, and anchored in the night close to Fort Edward, the enemy burning a frigate in the Caranache at our approach. At daylight it appeared to me that Fort Edward, was either weakly garrisoned or abandoned, and I pointed out the advantage of immediately storming it, and asked for the seamen and marines for that purpose; but Lord William Fitzroy thought it too hazardous, as it was impossible to ascertain whether it was garrisoned or abandoned, or what number of men might be in it. I volunteered to clear up that doubt, and immediately rowed ashore in my gig with four volunteers, scaled the wall in the same spot that Faulkner did in the former siege, and hoisted the British flag on the ramparts, under the eyes of the garrison of Fort Bourbon. I immediately communicated this information to Sir Alexander Cochrane, and eight hundred troops were landed to occupy it, the mortars of which were turned against the enemy; and I believe its speedy surrender was in a great measure owing to that circumstance, as there were not casemates in Fort Bourbon for the garrison, which the French General who commanded the troops in the field found out

after he was driven in by an army; and I believe he pointed out to Admiral Villaret the fault he had committed in abandoning part of his position, and even urged the propriety of attempting to regain it, but it was too late.

"Shortly after this, I was made Post into the 'Jason' by Sir Alexander Cochrane, but did not immediately join, and in the month of March was employed to watch the motions of a French squadron and two frigates at anchor in the Saintes. On the 14th of April a body of troops was landed, and in the night they put to sea.

"I immediately bore up in chase, making signals to the rest of the squadron, which was also done by the 'Hazard' and 'Hawke.' The 'Neptune,' bearing the admiral's flag, and the 'Pompée,' brought up a strong breeze, and exchanged a few shot, but they soon dropped astern. The 'Recruit' sailed well, and I took up my position on the quarter of the 'D'Haupoult,' within grapeshot, where I remained the whole night, leading on our squadron, the enemy retreating in a line abreast.

"At daylight the 'Hawke' brig was three or four miles astern of the 'Recruit,' the 'Pompée' five or six, the 'Neptune' seven or eight. I then commenced firing on the sternmost, yawing under her stern and on her quarter, exposed to the stern guns of three sail of the line, and the occasional broadsides of the other two, who had the superiority of sailing; but being afraid of having their spars knocked away, they seldom rounded to, and they fired in such a hurry that we were only hulled three times. I once crossed their sterns, fired three or four broadsides, and again took up my position on the 'D'Haupoult's' quarter, where they allowed me to remain the whole day, contenting themselves with yawing and firing their stern guns, but without much effect, being always in a hurry to resume their course. Towards evening the 'Pompée' had gained on the 'D'Haupoult,' and the French commodore, seeing the impossibility of saving her without risking an action, hauled to the southward as the 'Pompée' was coming. I parted on chase of the other ships, in hopes of drawing the 'Latona' and 'Castor,' now in sight, for action, after me, but they did not see my signals

and followed the 'Pompée.' In the night I lost the enemy, from their superiority of sailing; two days after, I joined the 'Pompée' and 'Castor' at the close of the action with the 'D'Haupoult,' who was captured, and I was removed into her on the spot by Sir Alexander Cochrane, in consequence of my conduct, as set forth in his and Captain Fahies' letter.

In the part which the "Recruit" played in the capture of the "D'Haupoult," it is difficult which most to admire—the gallantry or seamanship of her youthful commander. Several times during the chase, when Sir Alexander Cochrane thought the little vessel in most imminent danger, did he order the signal to be made for her recall; but before the flags for that purpose could be bent on, the "Recruit" had, by a skilful manœuvre, placed herself in a less perilous position, when the order was cancelled again and again.

It is related that the French Admiral, on delivering up his sword, asked the name of the little vessel that had annoyed and retarded his movements so much; on being told she was called the "Conscript," or "Recruit," he said, with a sad smile, and a shake of the head, "Recruit!—no, that no conscript, that one very old soldier!"

The command of a ship of the line was highly complimentary to so young a captain, although well deserved; but the Admiralty at home soon undid the work of Sir Alexander Cochrane, as the autobiography thus shews:—

"I shortly after removed into the 'Jason,' came home with a convoy, and on my arrival was superseded in my command by Lord Mulgrave, though confirmed in my rank; so that my conduct on that occasion was the cause of put-

ting me on half-pay—for being on the Admiralty list in the West Indies, had that action not taken place, I should have had a vacancy in my turn, and the command of a ship. This I represented to Lord Mulgrave, but without effect."

It was a considerable addition to the mortification which Captain Napier then endured, that the officer (the Hon. Captain King) who succeeded him in command of the "Jason," had come home as his guest on board that vessel.

He now proceeded to Scotland, where his mother and youngest sister resided at Merchiston; his father having died in December, 1807, in the 77th year of his age.

After a short stay with them, he went to the University of Edinburgh, where he attended the classes for modern languages, as well as those for history, chemistry, and mathematics. One of his contemporaries relates that he was asked if he would also attend the lectures on moral philosophy, which were given at that time by an eminent professor, on which he naïvely replied, "I can't say that I know exactly what 'moral philosophy' means, but at any-rate I'll have a rap at it also."

Though so much engaged in study, he found time for social amusements, and even for the sports of the field; drove a handsome curricle and pair of good horses, and occasionally indulged himself with a gallop after the "Caledonian" hounds; but though in those days a bold rider—what sailor is not?—it must be admitted that he never shone in horsemanship, nor did he ever in the hunting-field attain the reputation of being a "first flight man;" he was, moreover, but

an indifferent "woodman," for he had always a great aversion to face timber; and on one occasion, it is recorded, that being unable to get his horse over a stiff railing, and resolving not to be beat, he removed the obstacle by backing his hunter through it—as he expressed himself—"stern foremost," by which means, though perhaps not in the most sportsman-like manner, according to Melton Mowbray notions, he at anyrate accomplished his object, and was able to follow up the amusement of the day.

On one occasion, when driving his curricle to a village, near which the hounds were to meet—and where he had proposed to leave it, and one of his horses, whilst he mounted the other, in order to follow the chase — happening to be late, he met the hounds upon the road, whereupon putting the saddle he had carried with him, on the horse he meant to ride, he desired the servant to take home the curricle with the other. "How am I to do that?" was the question very naturally asked. "That's *your* affair, not mine," was the reply. The curricle got safely home, but in what manner I have not been able to ascertain.

However, neither the sports of the field, the gaieties of "Auld Reekie," nor the attractions of science, could long withhold him from the more congenial and soul-stirring scenes of active warfare; for, as was once remarked by an old messmate, "Charley Napier was never thoroughly happy unless seated astride a four-and-twenty pounder, with shot and shell whistling about his ears!" He accordingly soon quitted Scotland, and took for a time to amateur soldiering, to which he thus alludes in his autobiography:—"Not

having interest to get employed, and unwilling to be idle, I joined Lord Wellington's army in Portugal, was present at the battle of Busaco, and was slightly wounded in the knee." But this episode deserves to be treated more at length. However, before entering on that, I shall give the following account I have heard of his mode of life during his stay in Scotland:—

"It was not until 1810 that Charles Napier spent some months among his relatives and friends. At this early period of his career he had the very best family interest in Scotland. Lord Melville, who had died not long before, was married to his father's cousin-german, and his near relatives, the Hopes, were then all-powerful. At one time everyone of the Lords of the Admiralty were either nearly related to him, or closely connected with him, so that if he had chosen to avail himself of the advantages of birth, in addition to his talents and professional merit, his advancement would have been rapid and certain. But his independent spirit induced him to take a line of his own, and his political principles, from the very first, diverged pointedly from the traditionary high Toryism of all his paternal as well as maternal ancestors and more immediate relatives. He spent nearly a year in Scotland between 1809 and 1810. His home was with his mother, at Merchiston Hall, and his second home was with his uncle, Hamilton Dundas, at Duddingstone, where he enjoyed the cordial hospitality of one of the most amiable families in Scotland, and was received as a brother by a band of cheerful and happy cousins.

"This place has now passed into other hands, having been purchased by the Earl of Hopetoun. The mansion-house is dismantled, and the grounds are broken up; so that the lonely and melancholy appearance of the place, singularly contrasts with its memories of former unbounded hospitality and cordial welcome. Many of the fathers, and some of the grandfathers of the existing generation remember the old Scottish festivities which took place, and the joyous assemblage which used to meet under that now deserted roof-tree.

"As might be expected from Sir Charles' affectionate disposition, he was not forgetful of these old days. His intercourse with the members of the Hamilton Dundas family was frequent and cordial to the last; and within two years of his death, the kind-hearted old veteran spent a joyous evening in Edinburgh, dancing for several hours with three generations of ladies of that family.

"Whilst at home in 1810, he was not unmindful of mental culture. He attended a good many lectures at the Edinburgh University, and at the same time entered into all the amusements of the place. From his extreme kindness of heart and good-nature, he was always popular wherever he went; but no sailor ever carried his professional *tournure* about him more distinctly than the "Commodore," as he was generally called by his friends, and even in his younger days he was very careless in everything relating to his dress."

Captain Napier, now weary of a shore-going life, and despairing of getting a ship, resolved on joining Lord Wellington's army in Spain, in order to see a little soldiering, and pay a visit to his cousins, William and George Napier—the former (afterwards General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war) a captain in the 43rd, the latter holding the same rank in the 52nd Light Infantry; both their regiments being at that time attached to the Light Division of Lord Wellington's army.

I have often heard Captain Napier relate the incidents of his voyage out, and his adventures during the campaign, and I shall give such of them as I can at this moment recall. He obtained a passage from Portsmouth, and was landed at Oporto, in company with a Scotch lawyer, who like himself had come

out to see a relative, and at the same time to enjoy a little excursion in that part of the world. The poor fellow, however, soon experienced more of campaigning than he liked, and anxiously looked forward to get safely back to "chambers," though with a considerable loss of bodily proportions, by the fatigues, the privations, and alarms he had undergone. But to return to Captain Napier's first military campaign.

He landed at Oporto about the middle of September, 1810, in time to be present at the memorable battle of Busaco, which was fought on the 27th of that month. The day following his debarcation, he and his companion fortunately succeeded in getting mules, and started off with a guide, to make the best of their way to the head-quarters of the British army, then at bay on the heights of Busaco against Massena's far superior force.

On arriving at a small place called Lamego, they found that General Miller, who commanded a body of Portuguese militia, had made dispositions to harass the baggage of the French army; and although it delayed them on their march, Captain Napier at last prevailed on his fellow-campaigner (by the gentle persuasion of taking possession of the guide) to see some of the fun *en passant*. This little escapade had, however, well nigh ended badly for his companion, who, as soon as the firing commenced, was thrown from his horse. The animal escaped; and on the approach of a small body of the enemy's cavalry, Captain Napier effected a hasty retreat, whilst the poor lawyer managed to escape by holding fast to his stirrup-leather; and

I have heard Captain Napier relate, with the greatest humour and glee, the state of breathless trepidation and exhaustion to which his fellow-campaigner was reduced, during his rapid flight of better than half a mile, until they rejoined General Miller's force, and were fairly out of reach of the enemy's hussars.

During their onward progress, they had to skirt the French army, and were therefore obliged to be on the alert, in order to avoid being taken prisoners. They however at last succeeded in safely reaching the outpost of the allied forces; but were received with anything save the hospitality they had expected from their fellow-countrymen. Captain Napier had brought a letter of introduction to Colonel ——, from whom he had expected at least the offer of a dinner; however, when people are on short commons during a campaign, they are sometimes not over-hospitably inclined. This was probably the case with Colonel ——; for on reading the letter, he recommended the bearer to go on to the Light Division, "where," he said, "he would find quite a 'family party,' as, in addition to his cousins, William and George Napier, their brother, Major Charles Napier, had likewise joined the army as an amateur."

This was the first intimation he had received of the future conqueror of Scinde being also in that part of the world. He belonged to the 50th regiment, which he commanded at the battle of Corunna, and had obtained a few months leave of absence to see what was going on in Spain. There was nothing left for it but to follow this inhospitable suggestion; therefore, on an empty stomach, and a jaded animal, he proceeded

about three leagues further; whilst the unhappy lawyer, who expected to share in the good fortune of his fellow-campaigner, and get a plentiful supper and comfortable billet for the night, had also to wend his way in quest of the 95th, to which belonged the friend, or relative, of whom he was in search.

We can picture Captain Napier arriving, late on the night of the 25th September, 1810, tired out and nearly famished, at the bivouac fire on the heights of Busaco, around which, in various attitudes, reclined a group of British officers, amongst whom he easily recognized his three brother cousins, Charles, George, and William Napier. We can imagine their astonishment and surprise when "Black Charles," as they always called him, dropped in amongst them, as it were from the clouds. He was instantly overwhelmed with questions, which he however refused to answer till he had had something to eat and drink. Havre-sacks were rummaged, and the fag-ends of brandy flasks and wine skins were speedily produced. Short commons, with the British army, had for some time past been the order of the day; but as every one present gladly contributed his mite, "Black Charles" thoroughly enjoyed the hearty repast he made on hard biscuits and ration beef, washed down with good, strong, red country wine; a supper, I have heard him say, "fit for a prince."

More fuel was piled on the bivouac fire, and Captain Napier—who always entertained the best feelings towards the sister service, and used often to say he had ever met with more kindness from the red coats than from his own cloth—having comforted the in-

ward man, found himself quite happy and at home. The story and the joke went round, as on such occasions is their wont. The fires of the French burnt brightly on the opposite heights, and even far down on the margin of the deep valley below. It was expected that a night attack would every moment take place, for a report had been circulated that the Prince of Essling had come to the front with that intent; and when Massena was so near, it was necessary to sleep with one eye open, if under those circumstances it were advisable to sleep at all. This report, however, turned out to be unfounded, for the Commander-in-chief of the French army only joined its advanced posts at midday on the 26th.

Would that I could narrate the events of that night, and of the two following days, as my gallant relative recounted them to me one winter's evening, when comfortably seated after dinner together, years and years after they had taken place. It was not often that he felt inclined to talk of the occurrences of his earlier days, but he happened on this occasion to be particularly communicative, and it is from the particulars he then related, that I am enabled to give what I remember of his account of the battle of Busaco, which occurred a couple of days after joining the Light Division.

Having explained his sudden appearance in the bivouac, and replied to manifold questions, the conversation was resumed which had been interrupted by his unexpected arrival, and related chiefly to comments and strictures on the occurrences of the day.

The night wore on; the expected attack by the French had not taken place; one by one those assembled round the camp fire dropped off gradually to sleep, worn out by the fatigues of the previous day. Captain Napier also obtained a well-earned repose. He was only roused by the broad glare of day, and, on looking around, to his great surprise he found that everyone was gone. The Light Division had silently moved off, and his comrades, probably not wishing to deprive him of the little rest he then enjoyed, had left him to his slumbers undisturbed.

Everyone who has experienced it, will be sure to remember the first sensations on awakening—and particularly on a cold, raw, autumnal morning—after passing the night *en bivouac:* the sense of chilling desolation one feels, in that uncomfortable, half-frozen, half-awaked state—one's very teeth seemingly benumbed, as the white wood ashes of the late bright blazing fire are stirred up, in the vain hope of arousing a single spark of heat or light.

Such was the comfortless position in which Captain Napier found himself on waking, in the lone and desolate solitude of that bleak hill-side, on the morning of the 26th of September, 1810. His Portuguese guide, who appears to have been a trustworthy fellow, probably of the "Arriero" or Muleteer class, had managed to find, and secure the mules during the night, and Captain Napier therefore mounted, and went in quest both of a breakfast and his friends.

Whether he was successful or not in the former pursuit, is not recorded; he, however, shortly found out the Light Division, and joined his cousin Charles,

who was with General Crawfurd—the latter, as usual, "full of fight," had then advanced far along the mountain ridge, intently watching from the heights a dense column of French grenadiers "débouchéing" through a ravine running into the deep valley below. This was described by Captain Napier as a most magnificent sight. It was the advance of Ney's corps, and had the latter been really anxious for the fight, the battle of Busaco would then probably have commenced. Ney, "whose military glance," says the historian of the Peninsular war, "was magical," had strongly urged Massena to make the attack on our position, the preceding day; but the situation of the allies was no longer the same, and with those altered circumstances it was Ney's opinion that Massena should also change his plans. This advice was, however, overruled.

Captain Napier, full of wonder and admiration at the scene, was riveted to the spot; and he represents General Crawfurd all eagerness and excitement, as "munching at the time a biscuit," and occasionally observing through his pocket telescope the advancing serried mass and glittering bayonets of a French column in the valley below, when he suddenly sent an aide-de-camp to order the advance of the 43rd Light Infantry (the regiment to which Captain William Napier belonged) farther down the ridge.

A collision appeared now to be inevitable; and Major Charles Napier, whose eagle military glance was perhaps as "magical" as that of Ney, gave it then as his opinion to his sailor cousin, that such a movement was injudicious, and that the 43rd would

be sacrificed were it carried into effect. Captain Napier told me that this advance of the 43rd was arrested by an order from General Pack, whose position, with his brigade posted on a spur of the Sierra, to the right, and somewhat in advance of the Light Division, might have enabled him to see the certain destruction into which the 43rd was about to be hurled. However, as no mention is made of this circumstance in the history of the Peninsular war, it is possible that this countermand may have emanated from Lord Wellington himself, who, warned by the late business on the Coa, most probably had an eye to Crawfurd's movements at the time; the latter had, however, already opened fire with a couple of field-pieces on the French, whose skirmishers were swarming up the hill. The two Charles Napiers, who had followed the movements of the 43rd, soon found themselves amidst the skirmishing which was going on at its base, when a small body of French cavalry, sweeping round to the right, nearly cut off the future heroes of Sidon and of Scinde. It was, as Captain Napier expressed it, "a narrow shave;" "and we were obliged," added he, "to pull foot and get out of the mess the best manner we could."

It was while they were ascending up the hill that he was wounded in the leg, and not, as is generally supposed, on the following day, when the great battle of Busaco occurred.*

* On this subject the annexed statement appeared in one of the public prints of the day, shortly after Admiral Sir Charles Napier's death:—

"Sir, I observe that your excellent remarks on the career of the late Admiral Sir Charles Napier embrace the fact of his having been wounded in the Battle of Busaco, and, if any further proof were wanted of it, I

His wound, however, was but slight, and it did not incapacitate him from further work. The rest of the day appears to have been passed on either side in skirmishing and reconnaissances; the French evidently chary of attacking our strong position on the Sierra, which on our part we determined obstinately to defend.

The Light Division bivouacked that night in a wood on the declivity of the Sierra's steep ridge; and Captain Napier, who had apparently not seen enough of the enemy to satisfy him, during the day, spent the night on piquet with his cousin George, who, with a party of the 52nd, occupied one of the advanced posts near the bottom of the hill.

During the night, a dreadful disturbance arose in the vicinity of their post. It appeared as if one of those sudden panics, "which," says the historian of the Peninsular war, "were attributed by the ancients to the influence of hostile gods," had spread itself through the bivouac. "We thought," said Captain

can vouch for it in a few words. He came up, as you rightly say, from Lisbon to visit his cousins, the Napiers of the 43rd and 52nd, in company with his brother captain, Pakenham. Not content with fire-eating enough with those two noble regiments, they must needs go on a cruise to visit the brother of Captain Pakenham, then Colonel in command of the Brigade I then served in—the 7th Fusileers and 79th Highlanders. Our pickets alone were engaged; but down went Napier to them, and shortly after hobbled up the hill with a shot through the flesh of the thigh, which gave his white trousers a pretty diversity of white and crimson. I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,

"F. MORGAN,

"Then Lieutenant 7th Fusileers, now a Militia Commandant.

"The Welsh Hills, Nov. 9, 1860."

There appears here the slight discrepancy of Captain Napier having come from Lisbon instead of Oporto, and I never heard him mention Captain Pakenham: however, the latter might possibly have been with him during this his first military "campaign."

Napier, "that the enemy's cavalry were upon us, and, in anticipation of such an event, George Napier immediately formed a rallying square. The alarm, however, subsided; quiet was restored, and it turned out that the cause of all the row was a number of commissariat mules that had broken adrift, and were scampering through the wood and over the wearied soldiers reposing around the fires in the bivouac."

The morning of the 27th September had not yet dawned, when the French columns advanced to the attack. No action that was ever fought has perhaps given rise to more controversy, or the expression of such a variety of opinions, as the battle of Busaco; but it has now become a matter of history, wherefore any detailed account would be quite superfluous here. It will be enough to state, that our two amateurs had passed the night with the Light Division, in part of which skirmishing began even before daybreak on the 27th of September. As the morning wore on, it was seen that the chief attack was made on the Third Division, which, under Picton, occupied the right centre of the British position, and thither, therefore, they repaired. The Spanish General, Alava, was with them, and, on the first discharge of cannon on the right, took out his watch to mark the time when the fight may be said to have actually begun.

"Gaining the top of the ridge," said Captain Napier, "we galloped along to the right, and could see Picton, hat in hand, cheering on his men, with his Brigade-Major, Pakenham, by his side."

"The allies," writes the historian of the Peninsular

war, "resisted vigorously, and six guns blazed along the ascent with grape; but in less than half an hour the French were close upon the summit so swiftly, and with such astonishing power and resolution did they scale the mountain, overthrowing everything that opposed their progress. The right of the Third Division was forced back, the eighth Portuguese regiment was broken to pieces, and the hostile masses gained the highest part of the crest, just between the Third and Fifth Divisions."

It was at this critical moment that "Black Charles" and his namesake threw themselves into the thickest of the fight, and became marked objects for many an enemy's shot. Major Napier, being in regimentals, was a most prominent object, as all the other mounted officers belonging to Lord Wellington's staff (who was likewise near the spot) were dressed in blue; *our* Charles Napier, who, with his cousin, remained mounted, was perhaps scarcely a less conspicuous figure, in his naval uniform and white trousers streaked with crimson, from his wound of the preceding day. In vain were they requested not to expose themselves to almost certain destruction; they still emulously pressed forward, till the fire became so hot, that Captain Napier jocularly exclaimed, "I say, Charles, what an infernal funk my agent would be in, if he now saw what a chance he had of losing all the money I am in his books!" He had hardly uttered the words, when Major Napier, struck in the face by a musket ball, fell powerless into his arms; on which, dismounting, and carrying him off to the rear, they passed Lord Wellington, who

asked the name of the wounded officer. Major Napier waved his cap, gave an attempt at a cheer, and muttered, (for, owing to the ball which had lodged in his jaw, he was not able to speak,) that "he could not die at a better time."

Captain Napier, after carrying his cousin out of fire, to the rear, remained with him till the ball was extracted by one of the army surgeons who was then present. The bullet lay firmly imbedded in the jaw-bone, and the agony of removing it was very great; "but it was only," said his cousin, "by the iron grip of his hand, which I held within my own, that I was aware of the sufferings poor Charles then endured, for neither a groan nor a sigh was suffered to escape his lips."

Major Napier was, after the operation, carried to the convent of Busaco, and "Black Charles" immediately returned to the thickest of the fight.* Whilst assisting his cousin, his mule had escaped, but seizing on a stray artillery horse, he was soon again on the upper crest of the hill; where, however, since his departure with his wounded relative, the scene had greatly changed.

When the French, led by the impetuosity of their

* In a letter written shortly afterwards to his mother, Lady Sarah Napier, Major C. Napier says: "Black Charles, indeed, like a true sailor, was active as possible, and personally assisted in carrying me * * *. I like Harry Fox and Charley Napier the better for not staying with me, and would not have thanked them if they had; I should have attributed it to a dislike of returning into fire. My uneasiness was great, lest George and William (his brother) should come, though only five hundred yards off—yet I felt almost sure they would not. At the Coa I left William with the first surgeon, and went back."—From *Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles Napier*, vol. i., p. 149.

attack, succeeded in gaining this point, Lord Wellington caused two guns to open with grape upon their flank; and the 88th and 45th regiments, acting under Colonel Wallace and Major Gwynne, by a desperate charge turned the wavering fortune of the day.

The result was Massena's total defeat. The British remained in possession of the field, and the battle of Busaco may be reckoned among one of the most glorious achievements of the Peninsular war.

The two amateur cousins next accompanied Lord Wellington's army in its retreat to the Lines of Torres Vedras; and I have often heard Captain Napier mention the scene of confusion which took place on the evacuation of Coimbra, and at Leiria and Condeixa,—so graphically related by the historian of the Peninsular war,—and which, had not Wellington checked the growing disorder with the severest measures, might have ended in the destruction of the British force.

Captain Napier remained within the Lines until the ensuing month of November. Unfortunately no record exists, during this period, of how he passed his time, further than that he was occasionally a guest at Lord Wellington's table, and that the great British commander was much amused at the sailor's eccentric and peculiar notions on the subject of military warfare. On one occasion he expressed his surprise at Wellington remaining quietly in the Lines, with Napoleon and the French army so close at hand. He would probably, had he commanded, have made a "boarding" dash at them at once; but the English General knew too well the advantage of the position which he held, and

the result proved the wisdom of his apparent inaction.

Major Charles Napier wrote thus, relative to his cousin, from the lines of Torres Vedras, in November, 1810* :—

"Black Charles is a queer fellow as ever crossed me, and as honest a one. He is going to Cadiz: we shall see him no more. He is the delight of my life, and should live with me, and be trusted with any enterprise, if I were a great man. He being just fit for a sailor: that is, bold, decided and active; he will make a figure yet. Lord Wellington lately said to him, 'I could easily beat the French, but England has no other army, and it would cost me ten thousand men; so we must have prudence, and fight when they must lose men and we not.'"

It was probably on this occasion that the remark to Lord Wellington, before alluded to, was made.

Captain Napier must about this time have left the army and proceeded to Cadiz, probably by Lisbon and the Algarves; as, from a passage which occurs in his "History of the War of Succession in Portugal,"† he had evidently made a previous visit to that province; and this was the only opportunity he could have had of so doing; it is however much to be regretted that no journal exists of this expedition, which must have been most interesting. Whatever may have been the adventures he met with, and the dangers he encountered, he arrived safely at Cadiz, where he had the happiness to find his brother, the present Sir Thomas Napier, who then belonged to the "Chasseurs Britanniques," a

* Vide "Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles Napier." By Sir William Napier. Vol. i., p. 149.

† Vol. i., p. 149.

regiment consisting mostly of foreigners enlisted in the British service.

Captain Napier was introduced by his brother to their mess, of which he became an honorary member, and also a great favourite. He was not at that time much of a French scholar, but wishing to improve himself in the language, he would speak nothing else, and caused much good-natured merriment by the blunders he occasionally made. From having a more pleasing mode of instruction, he probably made much quicker progress in Spanish than in French, as he became acquainted with several Spanish families at Cadiz; among others, with that of Señor V——, one of the members of the Regency, who had several daughters, described not only as being very beautiful, but remarkably fascinating and "spirituelles." The two young English captains were much in this agreeable society, and their time at Cadiz was no doubt passed in a very pleasant way. The Señoritas would sometimes, with playful "badinage," remark on the great difference of appearance between the brothers: the soldier being tall and fair—the sailor quite the reverse; and I have heard the latter relate that, on a particular occasion, one of these lively girls, whilst commenting on this circumstance, said, with arch naïveté:—"What one so fair—the other so dark —*Ai de mi!—Caballeros, que habrà entonces hecho su madre de Ustedes?*"

The Chasseurs Britanniques, being ordered to Portugal, Captain Thomas Napier accompanied the regiment, and left his brother at Cadiz. His relative, Lord Lynedoch, was there likewise, and they were much to-

gether; but Captain Napier, impatient for more active employment, and anxious to be again afloat, wrote thus, in very unofficial language, to the Admiralty:—*

"My leave of absence is just out. I don't think it worth remaining here, for I expect you will give me a ship, as I am almost tired of campaigning, which is a d—d rum concern.—I am, &c.

"CHARLES NAPIER."

* From "The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles Napier. By Lieutenant-General Sir W. Napier." Vol. i., p. 149.

CHAPTER III.

APPOINTED TO THE "THAMES," 1811—"PALINURO," "SAPRI," "PONZA," 1811-1813.

CAPTAIN NAPIER returned to England about the close of the year 1810, and the rather novel mode he had adopted of applying for a ship was apparently attended with success. He was early in 1811 appointed to the "Thames," a thirty-two gun frigate, which, shortly after being commissioned, was sent to the Mediterranean, where, during that and the two following years, he was chiefly on the coast of Calabria, actively employed in harassing the enemy in all possible ways, and rendering every service that could be prompted by a most enterprising, active, and energetic mind, backed by good officers and a splendid crew, whom he always maintained in the highest state of order and discipline.

Of the proceedings of this period we possess a record, furnished many years ago by himself,—though under a fictitious designation,—to the *United Service Magazine*. From this I shall make some extracts, beginning with a portrait of the captain of the "Thames," which is thus amusingly overdrawn :—

"We had heard a good deal of our new captain from one of our messmates, who knew him in Scotland, and afterwards met him fox-hunting. He used to describe him mounted on a great long-legged bay mare, which had a great objection to raise her legs to a wooden fence or gate, and it was nothing unusual to see him sprawling on one side of the fence and the mare on the other. Sometimes he was to be seen with yellow breeches without boots, and at other times with blue trousers stuffed inside of yellow-topped boots, and an old red coat, that probably belonged to some of his fox-hunting relatives. He used to ride hard, and very nearly broke his neck more than once; and many is the time we wished he had, for he was a perfect devil to the middies, when out of temper. Our messmate met him once at a ball at ——, dancing with all the old women in the room, who had been giving themselves great airs, and he took much delight in shewing them off either in a Scotch reel or country dance. He however met his match in an old widow lady in search of a husband, who, sticking her hands in her sides, fairly danced him down, to the great amusement of the whole party, and his great annoyance, as he prided himself on being able to hold out longer in a reel than either the old or young. There was no getting him to dance again that night; he stuck to the supper table, and got so jolly, that instead of taking his place inside the post-chaise to go to his lodging, he got outside on the off-horse, and managed to stick fast, to the astonishment of the party within.

"Next morning he appeared in the hunting-field, with white trousers, silk stockings, and a uniform coat—the very dress, with the exception of epaulettes, he wore the night before. His servant had forgot to bring his hunting-traps, but dress was of no consequence to him. He used to go to cover in a curricle, take out one horse, lash the pole to the other, and thus send home the vehicle. He was so fond of dancing, that at all the Scotch meetings wherein the famous Scotch fiddler, Gow, was to be seen, he was sure to make his appearance.

"When the course of lectures began at Edinburgh, he went there and studied chemistry, natural philosophy, took a 'knock,' as he called it, at moral philosophy, studied French,

Italian, Spanish, and German, till ten o'clock at night, and then was sure to be seen at every ball till nearly dawn. When the classes rose, he went to Portugal, served a campaign with the army, was shot in the leg, and on his return got appointed to our ship.

"Such was our new captain, according to our messmate's account. I daresay all these stories were much exaggerated, but it can easily be supposed we were most anxious to behold him; and never shall I forget his first appearance, when he came up the side—a black ugly-looking fellow, with one leg shorter than the other, and the toe turned out like a dancing-master. He had been wounded in the West Indies, and halted considerably, but nevertheless seemed tolerably active on his pins; his clothes were good enough, but appeared as if they had been hove on with a pitch-fork; and, to crown the whole, he wore a three-cornered cocked hat right athwart-ships."

I may remark that this head-dress, and the habit of always wearing it thus, "athwart-ships," were peculiarities in which Captain Napier invariably indulged, whenever he had the opportunity of wearing a naval cocked hat.

The "Thames" was at this period well manned, in good order, and had excellent boats, but she sailed badly, and the crew were in a sickly state; "still," says Captain Napier, "she was a capital command for an officer of two years standing."

"Several of the mids," continues he, "went with our old captain; myself and others stayed behind, being rather attached to the ship and station. We sailed for Palermo in company with the brig 'Cephalus,' commanded by Captain Clifford, just before the feast of Santa Rosalia, all as sulky as bears at not being allowed to stop and see the fun, and made for the coast of Rome, about the mouth of the Tiber.

"We soon found the captain was a precious taut hand, and not very particular in rubbing up everybody, whether lieutenant, mid, or man, who neglected his duty, or who, he

fancied, did so, which was pretty nearly the same thing. After running down the coast of Rome, we crossed Naples bay, and arrived at the gulf of Salerno, without meeting an enemy. The barge and pinnace were sent along the coast to give information, the 'Cephalus' went off Palermo to protect the boats, and we remained off Cape Licosa. Next day, a Sicilian privateer brought intelligence that a convoy of between thirty and forty sail was trying to get into the port of Palermo, which the 'Cephalus' was endeavouring to prevent. It was quite calm, the boats were got out, the only two sweeps worked, and several large oars were put into requisition, and we got the old ship along nearly a knot, when the sea-breeze springing up, brought us in a few hours to the 'Cephalus,' which had driven the convoy into the small port of Infreschi, in the gulf of Policastro; they consisted of eleven gun-boats and scampavias, conveying twenty-two sail of vessels, and a raft of spars, for the arsenal at Naples. The brig led in, in fine style, and after the gun-boats were silenced, Captain Clifford pushed off in the boats, and took possession of the vessels. The marines of the 'Thames' were landed at the same time, and I shall never forget the captain scrambling along from the gangway, under the main and mizen chains, and, whilst abusing me for not shoving off fast enough, losing his hold, and going overboard. He struck out for my boat; and having had a sufficient cooling, we pulled ashore without any further row, and I was well pleased that his mouth had been so completely stopped. He had, as I have before observed, been a campaign in Portugal, and was rather fond of soldiering, and it really was a pretty sight to see our marines driving their sharp-shooters up the hills, as we were towing off the prizes. A party was also thrown into a round tower to cover this operation, and the re-embarkation of the marines, and eighty-four prisoners they had captured.

"This little enterprise was completed, and the ships and prizes under weigh in less than two hours, and we were all highly delighted with this our first essay, which had been accomplished in a very neat manner. The gun-boats had been distributed in little creeks round the bay, and the hills lined with armed men and the crews of the vessels, but we came

upon them rather unexpectedly. They never saw the frigate till she rounded the point, and they considered their position quite safe from any attack of the brig."

The "Cephalus" was, shortly after the affair of Infreschi, sent home with Lord William Bentinck, in whom were united the offices of Commander-in-Chief of our forces in Sicily, and of Minister at the Bourbon court of Palermo. His powers were, however, too limited to enable him to contend against all the difficulties and intrigues by which he was surrounded; and he thought that a personal interview with the ministry at home, on the affairs of Sicily, would do more good than volumes of correspondence. In this he was right; he returned in three months, dethroned the king, banished the queen, and gave the Sicilians a constitution, which England guaranteed, and then abandoned them after the overthrow of Napoleon, to the tender mercies of the Congress of Vienna.

"We were all sorry," says Captain Napier, "to lose the 'Cephalus;' her commander—an old friend of mine—was a fine dashing young man."

From Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford—the old friend here alluded to—the author recently had a most interesting verbal account of the affair at Porto d'Infreschi. "It is impossible," said Sir Augustus, "to express the gratification we felt on towing our prizes into the Bay of Palermo, which we did with English colours flying over the French ones, making a great show for the Palermitans; and as we came in on Sunday afternoon, the mole and the fashionable promenade of the "Marino" were crowded

with spectators." Sir Augustus proceeded to describe Captain Napier at this period—what, indeed, he always was—as a strict disciplinarian, but very just, and consequently popular with his men; as being sociable and hospitable, fond of giving dinners and parties when in harbour, on board the "Thames," on which occasion he would often invite ladies, and frequently got up a dance; and, in short, that he appeared to enjoy most thoroughly the life he then led.

Captain Napier's narrative proceeds thus:—

"This cruise, we made the coast about Gaëta, and were fortunate in falling in with some feluccas between that place and the island of Ischia. We had fitted out a fine scampavia, instead of the launch; she was sent with the barge and pinnace, to cut them off from the passage between the island and the main, and keep them in play until the ship came up, and they succeeded in driving them under a one-gunned tower. The ship soon anchored, and under her cover they were all brought out without loss. They were fine vessels, but laden with iron ore, which is of little value. We kept the three best, and told the others we should look out for them on their return from the coast of Calabria, whither they were bound for silk and oil. We next proceeded to reconnoitre Naples Bay, which was rather a nervous operation, there being a large fleet of gun-boats always ready to pounce upon a ship in a calm. We, however, got a fine breeze, and stood close into the mole; a line-of-battle ship and a frigate were fitting, and a small frigate seemed ready for sea.

"Naples Bay has been so often described that I shall not attempt it here. Nothing can be more beautiful; and having a steady breeze, we ran along shore by Portici and the foot of Mount Vesuvius, close over to Castellamare, where we saw a line-of-battle ship on the stocks; thence along the beautiful shores of Sorrento and Capri, and got out of the bay a little before sunset, just as the sea-breeze was dying away, highly

pleased with our excursion, and no less gratified that we had escaped a calm and a consequent punishment from the Neapolitan gun-boats.

"Next morning we ran along the coast from Capri to the Gulf of Salerno, which is high and picturesque, studded with towns and villages, and well wooded and cultivated. Towards the afternoon we were close in with the town of Salerno, which in beauty only falls short of Naples. The temples of Pæstum are clearly discovered from the sea; and could we have found a vessel on the beach, or any excuse to land, we could easily have visited them under an escort of marines.

"The country here is flat, but resumes its boldness towards Cape Licosa, where there was formerly a martello tower mounting two guns. Sir Sidney Smith, in the 'Pompée,' anchored abreast of it, and with the first broadside dismounted one gun; but a sergeant's party and the remaining gun cost the 'Pompée' between twenty and thirty men in killed and wounded; and not until they had landed the marines were they able to dislodge them. I suppose she was out of point-blank, which gives a tower a great advantage. Had naval gunnery been then as well understood as it now is, a few moments would have dismounted the gun. We always found the inhabitants at this part of the coast more troublesome, and better shots than any other. Round this cape there is a fine bay with a rivulet. I here went ashore with three gigs to examine the practicability of watering, and having a flag of truce we were allowed to land very quietly. The peasantry and militia retreated into the country, refusing to communicate, but showing no appearance of hostility.

"This threw us off our guard, and after examining the river, we were rowing leisurely off; this the fellows perceived, and slunk down to the river under cover of the underwood, and let fly half a dozen musket-shots, two of which went through the gig and wounded one man. The ship was anchored next morning as close as possible, and the boats sent with a strong party to procure water. The militia were driven back, and the watering went on without interruption, till towards evening, when a considerable force was collected from the neighbourhood, and they seemed deter-

mined to prevent, if possible, our re-embarkation. We were obliged to land all the marines and a strong party to drive them off, which was effected with the loss of one man killed and one slightly wounded. The casks were then got into the boats, and the covering party made a pretty smart retreat, and we got out of musket-shot before they mustered up courage to advance; we however never again attempted watering on any part of the coast.

"Next morning we reconnoitred the port of Palinuro, ran round the Gulf of Policastro, and down the whole of the coast to the Gulf of St. Euphemia, as far as Pizzo, without seeing a vessel. At the latter place, which is the principal port on the coast of Calabria, we observed many loading, the greater part of which we calculated on getting hold of before they reached Naples.*

"It is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful than the whole coast from Naples to the Faro Point: the land is for the most part high, towns and villages seemed perched on the cliffs, without any possibility of approaching them. Belvedere, between the Gulf of Policastro and St. Euphemia, stands pre-eminent in beauty and magnificent scenery; it is several thousand feet above the level of the sea. Along the coast the towns and villages are thick, and open to aggression; but during the war, unless a convoy sought shelter, they were rarely disturbed.

"After watering at Melazzo, we proceeded off Guida with a dozen of guerilla spies, whom we landed in that neighbourhood to rob the fort. English travellers may recollect between that place and Terracina on one side, and Capua on the other, their apprehension of meeting brigands; and I well recollect, when travelling some years afterwards in Italy, examining the ground where these unfortunate fellows were landed — I say unfortunate, for they were all taken and hanged. It was a foolish thing of the authorities at Messina sending them, and as foolish our taking them. We lost half the summer cruising off this place, expecting to see the preconcerted night-signal, but in vain. One morning, being close in, blowing strong, we found three frigates outside us to leeward. A French squadron had been some time expected

at Naples to convey the Neapolitan line-of-battle ship and two frigates to Toulon; and as there was some mistake in answering the private signal, we made sure this was it, and that we should inevitably be caught. The 'Thames' sailed like a haystack, and they were weathering fast on us. We soon made them out to be English, to our great satisfaction. They were the 'E——,' 'Impérieuse,' and a 20-gun ship, I forget her name. The Captain, as usual on ships meeting, dined with the senior officer, Captain Duncan, of the 'Impérieuse.' Next morning he returned to his cruising-ground off Sardinia, having only stretched over to poach on our manor. The 'Impérieuse' took us under her orders and proceeded off Ischia, leaving us for a day or two longer to look out for the spies off that island. She fell in with the annual fleet of coral boats from the coast of Barbary, bound to Naples. They sailed so well that she only took one; the rest got into the quarantine-ground opposite the small island of Nisida, and there they hauled up. On joining in the evening, the boats of the three ships were sent in, to lighten them of the coral boxes, each boat having either one or two, according to their success in fishing; we got, however, a day after the fair—the boats were there, but the boxes, not being liable to plague, had been sent to Naples only a few hours before.

"After reconnoitering Naples Bay, where we found the line-of-battle ship and two frigates ready, the 20-gun ship returned to the fleet. The 'Impérieuse' stood towards Salerno, and we went back once more off Gaëta to endeavour to find the spies; there we remained a few days, anxiously looking out every night for the preconcerted signal—but we looked in vain."

Captain Napier was now—in September, 1811—from being his own commander-in-chief, placed in a situation he always disliked—that of being under the orders of another; this, his senior officer, was the Hon. Captain Duncan (son of the celebrated Lord Duncan), who then commanded the 38-gun frigate "Impérieuse." Happily, however, the two youthful cap-

tains appeared to "pull well" together, and, as will be seen, did good service in the common cause.

The "Thames" was not fortunate enough to be in company with the "Impérieuse" when on the 11th Oct., 1811—that being the fourteenth anniversary of Lord Duncan's victory—his son performed the dashing exploit at Possitano, in the Gulf of Salerno;* but Captain Napier having joined him a few days subsequent to that event, they proceeded together to Palinuro, on the coast of Calabria, where, on the 21st of October, they discovered some Neapolitan gunboats and merchant vessels, together with a quantity of spars, that were intended for the equipment of the Neapolitan Navy. Captain Duncan did not, on reconnoitering the place, consider that he had a sufficient force to make an attack upon it. He therefore sent the "Thames" to Sicily, to request Lieutenant-General Maitland to reinforce him with a detachment of soldiers; and on the 28th, the "Thames" returned with a party of the 62nd regiment, under Major Darley.† However, as the weather was unfavourable, operations were deferred until the morning of the 1st of November, when the troops and the marines, with a detachment of seamen under Lieutenant Travers,—the whole commanded by Captain Napier,—were disembarked. The heights were soon carried, but the French, shortly after dark, endeavoured to retake their position; they were, however, unsuccessful in this attempt, and forced to retire.

* Vide Marshall's "Naval Biography," vol. ii., part 2, p. 992.

† This officer's name is variously given in different reports of these events—as Darby, Daly, and Darley; the latter is correct.

On the 2nd, the "Thames" closed in, and the two frigates bore up, and running close along the line of gun-boats, sank some of them, and obliged the others to strike their colours. The "Impérieuse" and the "Thames," then anchoring under the fort, soon silenced its fire, and compelled the garrison to surrender.

Captain Napier's account of this brilliant achievement, in his autobiography, will probably be preferred to the official accounts given at the time, which mainly differ from it in speaking in higher terms of the "Thames" and her commander:—

"In the November following (1811), being under the orders of Captain Duncan, on the coast of Naples, I commanded the seamen and a detachment of 250 men of the 62nd regiment, under Major Darley, in attacking the heights of Palinuro, in the harbour of which was a large convoy, protected by a strong battery and tower, 13 gun-boats, and a large body of troops under the orders of General Pignatelli, encamped on the sides of a valley, through which they thought we must pass to gain the heights, which were also occupied with sharpshooters. Lieutenant Travers, of the 'Impérieuse,' discovered a path which I determined to take, though almost inaccessible; and while the troops were landing, I led the marines up under a heavy fire, and gained the heights. The enemy, seeing their mistake, advanced rapidly by another road, but too late to prevent our occupying them, and covering the advance of the 62nd and our light guns. Another party of the enemy advanced on our boats, who were obliged to retire, and in a few minutes we found ourselves hemmed in on Cape Palinuro, and without being able to gain possession of the battery and tower; the 'Impérieuse' finding it impossible to get into the harbour in consequence of the light winds.

"About midnight the enemy attacked our line in great force, and they were driven back in fine style. Our loss

was 1 officer and — men killed; 2 officers and — men wounded, one of the former mortally.

"At daylight our position was critical; an increasing enemy in our front, our left harassed by gun-boats, the sea on our right and rear, bounded by high rocks, rendering communication almost impossible, without water or provisions, and the ships becalmed. Captain Duncan came under the Cape in his boat, and with much difficulty I communicated our situation. He immediately determined to run into the harbour, when the breeze sprung up, and desired me to get into his boat if possible, which I effected by being lowered down the cliffs with ropes. At noon a breeze sprang up, both ships ran into the harbour, the batteries were attacked and destroyed, the whole convoy captured, and the troops embarked in the face of three times their number, to the great mortification of General Pignatelli, who had summoned them to surrender unconditionally."

Whilst compiling the foregoing portion of this memoir, I received the following interesting letter from a flag-officer to whom I had applied for information on the subject, and who had served under Captain Napier when he was in command of the "Thames." The information thus received, I subjoin in the writer's own words:—

"During our cruise on the coast of Calabria, one of his objects, among many others, was to water and provision the ship on the enemy's coast, and for this purpose he endeavoured to open a communication with farmers about the coast. Upon one occasion, I recollect landing with him in the middle of the day. We saw people working in a field, and, walking straight towards them, I observed a movement which did not seem friendly on their part. I told Sir Charles this, when he thought it prudent to retreat and run for it. We got to the boats, but not in time to get out of shot, and a man was wounded. All his efforts in this re-

spect failed. He was very fond of sending his boats away for days, and at times he would accompany them for a night himself.

* * * * * *

"In the same year, 1812 I think, there were two French, or rather Neapolitan frigates lying close off the mole of Naples. Sir Charles, being very desirous of getting at them, adopted a plan which he thought might induce them to come out. For this purpose he had a blue ensign, very much enlarged, and on it, in conspicuous letters made of white bunting: 'Thames, 32 guns, 216 men,' was inscribed. This flag was stretched on a wooden frame, and hoisted up at the mizen peak. With this strange device of defiance, he ran the ship about two gun-shots distant from the enemy, and there hove-to for a couple of hours. No notice having been taken of the ship, we ran out of the bay. His intention was, that if the frigates made any sign of pursuing the 'Thames,' to board the first he could get alongside of, and having carried her, then to have gone at her consort. I believe he would have succeeded, for though the 'Thames,' a miserable twelve-pounder ship, was more like a candle-box than a man of war, she had a crew of 216 men, who would have carried everything before them."

"On the 14th May, 1812"—I quote from James' "Naval History"—"the 'Thames,' accompanied by the 'Pilot,' attacked the port of Sapri, defended by a strong battery and tower, mounting two 32-pounders, and garrisoned by an officer and 38 men. After being battered for two hours within pistol-shot, the garrison surrendered at discretion. 'But,' says Captain Napier, 'in consequence of their gallant defence, I allowed them to march out with the honors of war, though not to serve against us in this expedition.'"

How actively Captain Napier was engaged during the ensuing summer, whilst cruising off the coast of Calabria, may be inferred from the following account, found amongst his papers, and supposed to have been written many years afterwards, whilst

he was on half-pay and unemployed, — though this is a word scarcely applicable to him, for he always managed to cut out occupation of some sort, either with the sword, the spade, the plough, or the pen.

In this narrative, as in some of those already quoted, it will be perceived that he personates one of the midshipmen of his own ship, who is supposed to be giving an account of "The Cruise of the Thames," off the coast of Calabria, in the summer of 1812:—

"We took leave of Malta with heavy hearts—many of us without any hearts at all—and proceeded to Palermo; the gaieties of that dissolute capital could not, however, drive from our recollections the happy days we passed with our fair countrywomen at Malta, and we were not sorry when we received orders to resume our cruising ground off the coast of Naples. There is, however, a great difference between cruising there in winter and in summer: all enterprise in the former season is impracticable, it being quite impossible to keep the coast on board, during blowing weather, without imminent risk of being caught on a lee shore, the Gulf of Policastro being the only safe place to anchor; and even there, with the wind right in, it would be very far from agreeable. We stretched occasionally over to the coast of Sardinia; but as our ship sailed badly, we might just as well have remained in Palermo. Chasing a Greek every now and then was the only change, and once or twice we fell in with the E—— and T——; but as the only communication that took place was between the captains, we in the midshipmen's berth could not enjoy the pleasure of seeing our old acquaintances. The first of April at length arrived, which we considered the beginning of summer in that fine climate; and the scampavia, barge and pinnace were started to open the campaign, taking the Gallego Islands for their headquarters. It is surprising the pleasure both officers and men take in boats. Ours were beautifully fitted, and made as com-

fortable as possible; each boat had a stove, and we enjoyed our hot breakfasts, and punch in the evening, with a luxury only known to sailors. I had the command of the barge, had just passed my examination, and was looking forward most anxiously for an opportunity of distinguishing myself, or rather of making myself a lieutenant. The Captain gave us a tolerable good latitude: we were positively prohibited from attacking any vessel on the beach, but anything afloat—to the amount of five gun-boats and four scampavias he gave us full liberty to attempt. We shoved off towards the close of day, and soon got hold of the islands, where we stowed the boats away quite safe in any weather, and took up our quarters in caves, lit our fires, and were as happy as princes. The 'Thames', taking advantage of the first of a south-east wind, ran off the coast of Rome, for the double purpose of leaving the coast clear for us, and to take her chance of intercepting any vessels from Naples bound to the northward.

"Next morning, at daylight, our look-out men were on the alert, but nothing appeared on the move, indeed it blew too strong. We mustered at divisions, as was usual on board; and after breakfast the men were drilled at small arms, keeping them out of sight from the opposite coast, distant about two miles. We remained on the islands two or three days, when, to our great delight, we beheld to the southward what we supposed was a convoy of coasters bound to Naples. Everything was prepared for a dash as they drew near, and out we sallied in high glee. It never entered into our heads that they could be gun-boats, or scampavias, and not till we were pretty close did we find out that the whole, fifteen in number, were armed, and had been out for the purpose of intercepting the boats. We had so much the advantage of rowing over the gun-boats, that they gave us no uneasiness, and our commanding officer did all he could to induce the scampavias to separate, but without avail; the force was so disproportionate, that attacking them in a body was out of the question. After exchanging a few shot, and watching them all day, they returned to Salerno, and we took up our quarters on the islands, keeping ourselves on the alert, in the event of a

night attack. At daylight in the morning we discovered the 'Thames' and a brig, some distance from Sapri, and we stood out to join. We shortly after observed the 'Thames' make all sail for Cape Campinella, and the brig stood towards us under a press of sail. The 'Thames' bore up in about an hour, and made all sail likewise. These manœuvres indicated some movement of the enemy, and we soon saw a brig and three schooners in shore, making for Salerno; the recall was made to the boats, and we got on board just as the 'Thames' and the 'Pilot' were within gun-shot of the brig. The wind had become light, and both ships were sweeping (the 'Thames' had twenty large sweeps, and went along upwards of a knot). As the enemy opened the Bay of Salerno, they met a fine breeze, which broke them off a couple of points. Our boats immediately took the brig in tow, in hopes of lugging her well in-shore before she met the breeze from the bay, and weathering the enemy, when they were obliged to tack. All our efforts were, however, unavailing—the 'Pilot' caught the breeze, and fell off, and the enemy crossed at long range, and gained Salerno, together with the schooner. A squadron of gun-boats from that port covering their retreat, we were all much disappointed; and had the wind been fair, and daylight lasted, we most certainly would have followed them in; indeed, the Captain told the people that though he knew nothing of the strength of the place, he had so much confidence in their gunnery, he would run the ships in and take his chance of coming out. A strict blockade was kept during the night, and we now stood so close over the high land, to the northward of the town, that in tacking we were baffled by a flaw of wind, and obliged to anchor to prevent the ships falling alongside the rocks. At daylight everything was prepared for the attack, and we anxiously waited for the sea breeze; we had not reconnoitered the place, but having decided to go in the night before, the Captain seemed to think he could not well be off, and appeared to take no pains to discover what we had to oppose.

"The sea breeze did not set in till after breakfast. The drum beat to quarters, the boats were manned, the helm put up, and the top-gallant studding sails and royals set. We

had come within range of the gun-boats, who were a little in advance, when the wind died away, and shortly after it blew fresh out of the gulf; this gave us an opportunity of reconnoitering their position, which was very strong. The brig and schooner lay abreast of the town; close under a battery, to the right, within grape range, stood a tower mounting two guns, and under which were eight gun-boats; to the right of that, within half a mile, another tower; to the left of the town eight more gun-boats took their station under another tower, which was also flanked by a second: the 'Pilot' was intended to attack the tower and gun-boats to the right, the 'Thames' the brig and schooner, under the town, and the gun-boats and tower to the left must have been left unoccupied. By standing across the bay, we drew their fire, and were soon satisfied that it was lucky the sea breeze died away—half-an-hour more, and retreat was impossible. The Captain reluctantly gave up the attack, and sent the 'Pilot' off Sardinia, to endeavour to fall in with E——s; a Sicilian privateer, was sent to Palermo, to endeavour to get a brig, and we remained to blockade the little squadron.

"It was certainly an object to check King Joachim's rising Navy, and we were most anxious to accomplish it. They had sailed to capture our boats, and we should have been delighted to have turned the tables upon them. It was, however, otherwise decided: a fortnight brought back the 'Pilot' and an answer from Palermo; we were therefore reluctantly obliged to give up the blockade, and stood to the southward to reconnoitre our old quarters at Palinuro. We found it much strengthened: where the tower formerly stood was a large battery, and on the point opposite, another; neither was quite finished—many people were at work, and the government seemed to be aware of the importance of strengthening the only secure harbour on the coast.

"The 'Pilot' was sent to reconnoitre Sapri, a station where vessels generally hauled up, and we remained off Palinuro, that the coast might not be alarmed; we had before examined this port, and it was considered a very eligible place to collect a convoy, and the only way to get

them in the trap was never to appear before it. Our friends seemed to be cunning, and required a considerable degree of coaxing on their return from Calabria; going down they were seldom or ever molested, a small contribution of maccaroni only being exacted for the use of the people.

"The 'Pilot' returned in a few days with the unwelcome intelligence of no vessel being in the trap. She was left off Palinuro, with orders to allow nothing to pass, and we proceeded to Melazzo for water.

"At Messina, attached to the army was a sort of amphibious marine, consisting of between twenty and fifty sail of vessels: gunboats, feluccas, and brigs. It was got up during the time Sicily was threatened with invasion; the vessels were manned by Sicilian sailors and English soldiers—one part bore the Sicilian, and the other the English flag. It was certainly something new to see our military officers afloat, and it was still more surprising to see how well they managed their vessels. The admiral of this musquito fleet was a major, and during the time Murat's army was before Messina they certainly were most useful. After their retreat the greater part ought to have been dispensed with, as keeping them up was attended with a very considerable expense, without any visible object. The military government at Messina thought differently, and on Lord William Bentinck taking the command, they were organised on a new footing; Captain Hall of the Navy was appointed to command the whole, with the rank of Brigadier, several lieutenants of the Navy were placed under him, and shortly after they all hoisted the Sicilian flag. Those arrangements had not been long completed when we arrived at Melazzo.

"An expedition, consisting of the flotilla and a few troops, had been planned against Pizzo, the chief maritime station on the southern coast of Calabria, and we were invited to join and take the direction of the enterprise. We were rather jealous of this flotilla, and the Captain did not much like their poaching on his preserves. Pizzo was the loading station, and we never meddled with it, as there were much better places to take farther up the coast. As it was, how-

ever, determined to do something, he acceded to their wish, and the 'Thames' was ordered round to the Faro Point, to be ready for the first favourable opportunity.

"I was on shore at this time with the Captain, and a few days after the ship had anchored at the Faro Point, he was looking one morning out of the windows of the inn, towards the beautiful harbour of Messina, and he asked what large, ugly transport had anchored in the night. I had been up before him, and learnt that during the night the 'Thames' had been obliged to slip from the Faro Point, and fortunately got safe into the harbour. I was, however, determined to say nothing. The 'Thames' *was* an ugly beast, but he had built up her gangways to carry a straight line of hammocks fore and aft, and he fancied her the most beautiful little frigate in the world!

"After looking with the glass some time, he repeated,

"'What ship is that?'

"'I suppose some old transport,' I replied.

"'Here take the glass and see if you can make her out.'

"After looking some time I exclaimed,

"'Why, sir, it is our own ship!'

"'Why, what a confounded fool you must be!—don't you know the 'Thames' from a transport? Give me the glass.'

"The glass he took, and, to his mortification, found sure enough it was the 'Thames.' He saw me smiling, and sang out:

"'What the deuce are you grinning at? No wonder I did not know the ship: there is not a yard square or rope taut in her. Top-gallant masts are struck, and all the hammock cloths are hanging about. Go aboard directly, enquire what has brought her here, and tell the first lieutenant I am quite ashamed of the ship. Tell him I took her for a transport—to get the top-gallant masts up—top-gallant and royal yards—and make the ship look decent.'

"I started without my breakfast and delivered my message, for which I got a hearty d—n or two from the first lieutenant, who was not the best tempered man in the world when in good health, but at this time he was very ill, and, of course, much worse. It appeared the ship had dragged from

her anchor, and there was nothing left but to slip in a dark night, and the 'Pilot' with much difficulty brought her safe into harbour. She was soon put to rights, and certainly looked as well as an ugly ship could do.

"The weather being fine next day we started to beat through the straits of Messina, which was rather an uncommon thing, as the enemy on the opposite side had the range pretty correct. We were, however, favoured by the wind, and regained our anchorage and anchor without molestation.

"Messina is a beautiful town, and its situation cannot be surpassed. It had not recovered from the effects of the earthquake, but the new streets were on a grand scale, and the houses built with great regularity. Our army had much added to the prosperity of the town. The anchorage at the Faro Point is by no means safe. Scylla stands opposite, and as there were several heavy guns, we avoided it with as much care as did the Trojan fleet. Charybdis I suppose has disappeared—at least, we were not swallowed up by it in going through; it is, however, not unusual to be swept alongside the shingle to the southward of the Cape; and in light airs, if you miss the anchorage off the Point, you are carried over to Scylla, where the anchorage is bad, very deep water, and close in.

"In former days these currents may have been stronger, or perhaps the ancients were not such good sailors, and hence arose the story of the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis.

"The Syrens, however, were transformed into heavy guns, and on going through the Faro we had not the least wish to hear their music. In a few days the whole of the flotilla, consisting of upwards of 40 sail, were collected at the Faro Point, and on the evening of the .... we started for Pizzo. The scampavias, whom we named the light infantry, led the van, next followed the gun-boats or heavy-armed troops, then came the rocket brigade, and the heavy artillery brought up the rear. In fine weather, and a friendly harbour at hand, this force was imposing, but a strong breeze would have dispersed them like chaff; it was, however, the height of summer, and nothing was to be apprehended from the weather. At day-light in the morning we arrived off Pizzo,

and found the birds were flown; they had intimation of our project from Messina, from the numerous spies that it was impossible to prevent from passing and repassing; moreover, they could see the force collecting, and it was easy to guess what our object was; for our part, we were not at all sorry, as the 'Pilot' was off Palinuro, where they could not pass, and we judged they would make for the port of Sapri. We soon wished our military friends good morning, and started along shore, where we had the pleasure of seeing the vessels hauled up on different parts of the coast. We found it so troublesome taking vessels in detail, and the risk of losing men from the enemy's musketry so great, that our Captain made it a rule never to attack anything but a large convoy, and all our exertions were used to collect a sufficient number in a situation that was considered assailable—for which reason the 'Pilot' was stationed off Palinuro, and Sapri left open. On joining her, we learnt that the day after we quitted the coast, at day-break in the morning she found herself almost surrounded by a fleet of gun-boats and a convoy; all her boats were away, with nearly all her men; and had they made a dash at her, she must have been captured. Her captain put a bold face on it, and stood towards them, and they took advantage of a light air, and made the best of their way to Naples. The 'Pilot' was obliged to go in search of her boats, but even had they been on board they were much too strong for her. He never could find out where their convoy had stowed themselves away: they were not in Sapri, and must either have been at Port Infreschi, a small port not easily found by strangers, or they must have taken advantage of our absence, and pushed across the bay in the night, which was very unusual. They were commanded by a very clever fellow of the name of Barbara, a Maltese, and a captain in the Neapolitan Navy, and he succeeded in eluding us more than once afterwards.

"It was thought as well to give our friends from Pizzo time to collect, and we stood to the northward to reconnoitre Naples bay. We had a fine breeze, and ran in within gun-shot of a fine large frigate, and an eight-and-twenty, our colours flying, and the ship's name, number of guns and men,

on a large blue flag at the main. We then wore off, and hove to. Our friends in the bay showed no disposition to move. A squadron of sloop-rigged gun-boats pushing round the bay by Castellamare and Sorrento to Sapri, to be ready to attack us in the event of a calm, was a sufficient hint for us to be off. The frigate had got such a peppering from the 'Spartan,' that, without first unrigging us with their gun-boats, they would not venture to trust themselves with the little 'Thames.'

"It was at one time in contemplation to attempt to cut her out with the boats, and indeed they were hoisted out for the purpose; but the uncertainty of the breeze and their numerous armed boats rendered it too hazardous an undertaking; we therefore made the best of our way to Palinuro, and on our arrival there, the 'Pilot' was sent to reconnoitre Sapri and Dino; in the former place she found 28 sail on the beach, and in the latter 13. The Captain wished to allow them all to collect in Sapri, so as to make one job of it; and he was not very well satisfied about the weather, but everybody seemed so anxious to have a touch at Sapri, that he yielded against his own judgment to our wishes.

"We ran down in the night, and as soon as day dawned, the boats were got out, and every preparation made for the attack. The battery was composed of two guns *en barbette*, protected by a tower, that only admitted of a certain training, which enabled us to run down and get close to it before they bore—indeed our bow guns set them dodging as we approached; and although they behaved as well as men could do, particularly the officer, who was seen loading the gun himself, they only got a few shots at us. Our fire was so exact that it was quite impossible to show a head over the rampart. After a good deal of firing, they consented to surrender the battery and remain quiet during the time we took possession of the vessels, which by this time had totally disappeared. On taking possession we found eight men killed and wounded.

"The 'Pilot' by this time had moved farther in, and, under cover of the boats and marines, landed and took possession of the village, throwing videttes outside to prevent surprise—

the marines under arms to cover the operations of launching. The Neapolitans are the cleverest fellows at hauling up boats I ever saw; their vessels are built with broad keels, for the express purpose of hauling up, and they carry crabs and ways to facilitate it. They never thought of remaining at anchor during the night; their invariable rule was to heave their vessels up, and the moment they saw us in the morning they began moving them further in land, and actually had some of them behind houses nearly a quarter of a mile in the country. This accounts for our seeing nothing of them when we anchored. Some of the Genoese feluccas are upwards of 100 tons; the Neapolitan vessels seldom more than 20. Their cargoes are chiefly composed of oil. We had a precious tough operation before us, but had become fully expert, and before sunset, the whole, consisting of 28 sail, were at anchor, and astern of the brig, and everybody embarked. Our labours were not, however, over. During the night it came to blow hard, and at daylight we had the mortification of seeing the whole convoy on the beach, three at anchor* ——— and the 'Pilot' was obliged to cut those astern adrift to save herself. We were lying in four fathoms, and the 'Pilot' in less than three, with a considerable swell setting in, and the anchorage none of the best. We, however, held on, and next day it became moderate, and we succeeded in getting them all off, though considerably damaged. During the night it again came on to blow, and ashore they all went; the last gale was the worst, and lasted three days. The fourth we again landed; and as the officer did not seem to be quite certain that his capitulation was to last all this time, the Captain and some of the officers went into his guard-room, and kept him in talk while we were saving all we could. Out of the 28 sail we only saved four, and picked up as many oil casks as would have loaded four more, which we received on board the ships. All the other vessels were totally wrecked, and the casks stove, so that we were absolutely floating in a sea of oil."

* The MS. is here illegible.

Captain Napier was probably never happier than during this period of his life, when, with a sort of roving commission, constantly engaged in harassing the enemy, and in that perpetual state of excitement which he so thoroughly enjoyed.

He deserved a better ship than the miserable little frigate of which he had then the command; he, however, appears to have considered the "Thames" as perfection, and in her, backed by officers and a crew on whom he could thoroughly depend, he was, according to his motto, "Ready! aye ready!" to attempt anything within the bounds of possibility.

Yes! when thus his own master, free to concoct his own plans, and to carry them himself, into effect, this half piratical sort of life possessed for "Black Charles" attractions not to be described, and in after times he would often descant on it with infinite zest.

The climate he describes as delightful during the summer months, and the frequent boat parties they were constantly engaged in were to him more like excursions of pleasure than anything else. They would often run into creeks, live in caves, rob gardens and vineyards, and sometimes had to "pull foot," and run for their lives, to regain the boats; though on one or two occasions the Calabrese left their marks on them, before they could get out of reach of their ong-barrelled guns. In short, it appears to have been capital fun; and in winter he would often take the opportunity of running down to Malta to refit, and enjoy the gaieties that generally took place there, at that season of the year.

It was after one of these visits to Lavalette, that, in

the month of February, 1813, Captain Napier received instructions to make an attack on the island of Ponza, in conjunction with Captain Mounsey, commanding the "Furieuse."

Ponza is the largest of a group of islands to the north of the Bay of Naples, and being a safe and commodious harbour, had long offered shelter for those marauders who proved a great annoyance to the Sicilian trade; as it was, moreover, considered an eligible station from whence our cruizers could watch the naval proceedings of the enemy in the Bay of Naples, it was resolved to attempt its capture. The garrison was, however, strong; its batteries bristled with guns, and it was therefore thought requisite to reinforce the two British frigates with the 2nd battalion of our 10th regiment of foot, then commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Cashell, but who was placed on that occasion under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Coffin, the deputy-quartermaster-general of our forces in Sicily.

"In February, 1813," says Captain Napier, "I was sent with the 'Furieuse' under my orders, and 500 men of the 10th regiment, under the orders of Colonel Coffin, to take the island of Ponza, the mole and harbour of which was defended by ten twenty-four pounders, two twelve, and two mortars in four batteries strongly situated. The season of the year being unpropitious, I considered it dangerous to land the troops, as, in the event of being blown off the coast reinforcements might be sent from Terracina, and their safety compromised. I therefore waited a few days for a favourable opportunity, hoisted out the boats under cover of an island, and stood towards the harbour as if cruising; and when close off, I bore up, set our studding sails, and in half an hour was at anchor in the mole (which was not a hundred

yards wide, with a sunken rock in the centre of the passage) and in possession of the island without the loss of a man. On going in, the enemy opened their fire from all sides, but our guns were so well directed, that not a man could show his head over the ramparts; and the governor was so much confounded that he struck his colours. The battery to the right, which was higher than our mast-heads, and unassailable from the land side, followed his example. The garrison consisted of 180 troops, besides the militia of the island."

Major-General Whylock, of the Royal Marines, who was present, thus wrote to me on the subject:—

"The only particulars I can send you touching the capture of Ponza is, that it was effected on Friday, the 26th of February, 1813. It was a jolly day, and the capture of the island deserved as much to have been recorded by a medal as that of Curaçoa, to which the taking of Ponza was only considered second, from its having taken place seven years afterwards."

The capture of Ponza was always a subject of just pride to Captain Napier, and he took from it, as his *nom de guerre*, the title of Don Carlos de Ponza, on assuming the command of the Constitutional Fleet of Portugal in 1833.

Although, as I have before said, in every respect a very inferior vessel, Captain Napier was extremely partial to the little "Thames," in which so many dashing exploits had been performed; and when he was appointed, shortly after taking Ponza, to the far superior eighteen pounder, thirty-six gun frigate "Euryalus," it was probably with feelings much akin to those with which a dragoon would part with his old charger, that he assumed this new command.

He soon, however, conceived as great a partiality for the "Euryalus,"—whose name was likewise to gain

celebrity under his orders—equalling, if it did not exceed, that which he had entertained for her humbler predecessor, the "Thames." The family still possess two pictures of the "Euryalus," one representing her with every stitch of canvas set, the other as partially dismantled, in the harbour of Port Mahon; and he was, in after days, often observed to look thoughtfully at these records of the past, which seemed forcibly to remind him of those stirring times. when, as "Mad Charlie," he was so well known and feared, along the whole of the French and Italian Mediterranean coast.

CHAPTER IV.

THE "EURYALUS," 1813-1815—EXPEDITION UP THE POTOMAC, 1814—RETURN TO ENGLAND, 1815.

CAPTAIN NAPIER'S appointment to the "Euryalus" removed him from his favourite old cruising ground; and his new station was at first off the south coast of France, where, under the orders of Captain Brace, of the "Berwick," 74, he displayed the same unceasing vigilance, and soon succeeded in driving a number of coasting vessels into Cavalaire roads, to the eastward of Toulon. In his autobiography he says:—

"I cruised fourteen days between the Levant island and the main, which is not more than seven or eight miles across, and succeeded in collecting a convoy in Cavalaire Bay, all of which were taken, together with an armed xebecque, and the batteries destroyed.

"In December, 1813, I was placed under the orders of Captain Ussher, to watch the French fleet at Toulon; and being blown off the coast, I fell in with two French frigates and a schooner—the 'Undaunted' being well down to the westward. About sunset the 'Euryalus,' by partial winds, got within eight miles of the enemy, then standing in for Corsica with a fine breeze; the 'Undaunted,' seeing no

prospect of coming up,—being more than hull down,—was obliged to return to Toulon. Concluding that the enemy after dark would bear up for Calvi, I directed the 'Euryalus' to be steered for the same place, under a heavy press of sail, in hopes of cutting them off. I was not disappointed; about ten, we discovered one close in shore, running down for Calvi, under all sail. The 'Euryalus' coming fast up, and going nine knots, my intention was to lay her on board, in the event of getting alongside; but she succeeded in rounding the Cape at the moment her consort was discovered, a little outside, standing across our bows for the land. There was no time to lose; I had the choice of laying her on board, at the risk of running her down and losing the foremast and bowsprit, the 'Euryalus' going nine knots, or lose her. I decided on attempting the former. A broadside was fired into the stern of one, in passing, and I ordered the master to strike the other on the bow. I went forward to head the boarders, and to restrain their ardour, many having got out on the jib-boom, spritsail-yard, and dolphin-striker. Unfortunately a gun was fired by accident, which, together with the darkness of the night, rendered more obscure by the proximity of the land, caused the master to mistake his distance; and at the moment I expected to strike her, I had the mortification to see her cross our bows, our spritsail-yard grazing her stern. The helm was immediately put a-port, the studding-sails got in, and we pushed her so close, that she ran ashore in the bottom of the bay, the 'Euryalus' having just room to wear clear of a point of land that we had not before seen. It blew a gale all night, and next morning my disappointment was somewhat relieved on seeing our enemy a total wreck, and his consort at anchor close to him with his rudder beat off, but in such a situation that I could not get at her. The schooner was captured next day by the 'Berwick;' and it appeared she had lowered her sails down, and we passed close to her, she being under the land; the others proved to be frigates armed 'en flûte,' mounting twenty-two guns each, going to Corsica with troops and stores. The schooner had fourteen guns."

The blockade of Toulon continued during the whole of the ensuing winter; the "Euryalus" at the close of it taking a run to Port Mahon in the island of Minorca, where at that time happened to be lying the "Rivoli," seventy-four, under the command of Captain Hamond (the present Admiral Sir Graham Hamond, G.C.B.)

An officer who was then on board the "Rivoli," lately recounted to me a most amusing anecdote about "Charley Napier," when he commanded the "Euryalus," whilst they were together at Port Mahon. "One fine day," said the officer in question, "I landed and went up to the usual shop for supplying us with groceries. At the door I found Captain Napier, to my great surprise, seated on a donkey, dressed in a yellow coat, yellow waistcoat, and yellow trowsers, laced cocked hat, and a pair of naval epaulettes. I had no further conversation with him beyond common recognition and shaking hands, but I was afterwards informed that he had laid a wager with some one, that he would so ride about Mahon streets, and that he had begun at six o'clock that morning—it was about noon when I saw him, and I understood that he continued on till the evening, and won his bet. I have only stated what I actually saw with my own eyes."

This was the first time I had ever heard so detailed an account of the origin of the "yellow dress," which is still preserved as a sort of family relic. I can remember it well to the present day: the lining was rich cherry-coloured satin, and large buttons covered with the same, so as to make it look as conspicuous and

ridiculous as possible. I have heard Captain Napier relate with much humour the circumstance of his winning this extraordinary dress from a tailor at Port Mahon, who agreed to give it to him for nothing, on condition that he would wear it the whole day in the streets. The bargain was struck—Captain Napier doffed his uniform, donned the "yellow," and began to perambulate the streets. Mr. Snip meanwhile collected all the urchins of the place to follow and hoot at the man in the "quarantine" dress. The latter was not, however, thus to be put down by the clamour of the mob—he told them to laugh at the tailor, and not at him, as he was to have the dress for nothing, provided he wore it. The tables were immediately turned upon the poor tailor, who retired quite disconcerted, and "Mad Charley" carried off in triumph the yellow dress.

Such was the version of the story I had heard from his own lips, but I never before knew the exact time or locality of the occurrence, until lately informed of these particulars by the person who witnessed the circumstance; this account having been since confirmed by a flag-officer of high standing in the Navy; and the story is related as an instance of Captain Napier's many eccentricities, and of that love for fun and frolic which he could never resist indulging in. The yellow dress, with its satin lining and cherry-coloured buttons, though so many years have elapsed, still bears evidence of having been a magnificent article of the kind, and in its construction must have cost the poor tailor considerable labour and expense.

The "Euryalus" returned to her station off the

south coast of France, and was as usual cruising on that station at this time, in company with the "Undaunted," when, on the night of April 21st, 1814, being a few leagues to the southward of Marseilles,

"We observed," says Captain Napier, in an account he subsequently wrote of the occurrences of that period, "brilliant illuminations, and concluded that Napoleon had gained a great victory, or that the allies had entered Paris and made peace—either of which events would have caused rejoicings. At daylight in the morning the white flag was seen flying on the forts; on which we stood in, to ascertain what had taken place, and were rather surprised at receiving a few shots from the Chateau d'If. The 'Undaunted' was not slow in returning the compliment, not exactly understanding what to make of our reception. A boat with a flag of truce soon made its appearance, and the Mayor of Marseilles came alongside, to apologize for the firing, and to inform us that the allies were in Paris, and Bonaparte dethroned. He invited us to anchor in the roads, regretting that the sanitary laws would prevent him having the pleasure of seeing us on shore. We accepted the invitation most readily, with the secret intention of profiting by the general joy and enthusiasm, and outwitting the quarantine officers. After the complimentary salutes we rowed into the harbour, and were so clamorously invited by the people to land, that it was impossible to resist. The moment the boat touched the wharf, a rush was made by men, women, and children, who embraced us with the most lively joy, and finally carried us in their arms to the Town Hall, where the municipal body were assembled, and, totally forgetting the quarantine laws, received us with the greatest enthusiasm. The first alderman had got through a long complimentary speech, when he was interrupted by a deputation from the Board of Health, expressing their surprise that the first act of the English should be setting the sanitary laws at naught—laws that had never been infringed except by Bonaparte, who was now dethroned. We spoke French badly, and in the present instance were inclined to speak but little, and understand less.

"After a good deal of shrugging our shoulders, shaking our heads—vociferation on the part of the sanitary officers—attempts to calm them on the part of the municipality and the by-standers, it was finally decided that the ships were to be put in quarantine, and the Captain allowed to remain on shore. An order to that effect was given, but too late to be effectual. Every boat at Marseilles had been put in requisition, and the ships were fairly boarded by men, women and children of all classes. This continued for two days. Representations were made to the Board of Health to grant *pratique*, as it was quite impossible to keep the people out, but they were inflexible. The Governor was at last obliged to lay the boom across the harbour, and call on the inhabitants by proclamation to protect the law; this farce went on for a week or ten days, when the flag was hauled down, and the officers were invited to share in the gaieties of the town.

"The Governor, Count Du Mui, an old general, upwards of seventy, treated us with great kindness and hospitality; his example was followed by the principal inhabitants, who vied with each other in their attentions and entertainments. In the midst of all this gaiety the 'Undaunted' sailed for Fréjus, to embark the fallen Emperor; in consequence of a requisition from Sir Neil Campbell, the English Commissioner; her place was, however, supplied by several line-of-battle ships and frigates, who had heard of our reception, and came for the double purpose of recreation and embarking the numerous English prisoners who had been released, and were flocking in, from all parts of France, and who likewise had their full share of the hospitalities of Marseilles. The sanitary laws were considerably relaxed, in consequence of the length of time the ships had been at sea, and great harmony prevailed. Entertainments were given on board to the authorities and principal inhabitants, and the French and English who had been so long at war seemed to forget their animosities, and to be only anxious to contribute to each other's enjoyments.

"Business was not forgotten in the midst of the gaieties. The caulking iron, which had been many years silent, was

again heard; ships were seen rigging, repairing, and taking in cargoes, and every inhabitant appeared to feel prosperity had again smiled on their town. The military alone seemed dissatisfied; but still they were polite and attentive to their former enemies, which was both pleasant and agreeable. It was most amusing to see our weather-beaten tars, who had been so long shut out from any rational amusement, except what they found at Minorca, figuring away in quadrilles, with all the good humour and awkwardness of John Bull, quite unacquainted at the time with French dancing.

"The ladies of Marseilles are beautiful and most fascinating, and not a few of our officers left their hearts behind them. From this dream of pleasure—for it was but a dream—we were awakened by an order to proceed forthwith to Toulon. We hardly had time to bid adieu to our fair friends; and nothing was further from our wishes than a trip to America, which was our ultimate destination. After being so long most actively employed in the Mediterranean, we had looked forward, with unfeigned pleasure, to some relaxation from all our toils and troubles. That prospect, however, was at present at an end, and we left Marseilles with heavy hearts to proceed to Minorca, where we arrived in a couple of days.

"The 'Iphigenia,' 'Bacchante' and 'Furieuse' were already there, refitting for the American station. We were put under the orders of Captain King, the senior officer, and we followed their example with all the alacrity that could be expected from a disappointed ship's company. The 'Euryalus' was the oldest frigate in the Mediterranean, and officers and men had fully made up their minds to be ordered home from Marseilles; they, however, bore their disappointment with great good humour. The worst hands were ordered to be discharged, and our complements were filled up from the squadron. Somehow or other we managed to receive worse men than we had discharged. I may say the other frigates were in the same predicament; and we all sailed for Minorca with ships' companies by no means fit to cope with the picked men of America. On our arrival at Gibraltar we received orders to take under convoy between three and four thou-

sand men, under General Gosling, who were daily expected from Genoa, and who were destined to carry on effective operations in America. Five three-deckers and the convoy soon arrived; the latter had to provision and water—and with so strong a naval force, and two admirals' flags flying, it might be supposed that completing this would have been no difficult task. Be that as it may, little or no assistance was given; and an easterly wind coming on, we were ordered to sea, short of everything that was requisite to perform a voyage across the Atlantic. Every necessary representation was made without effect; and even after being under weigh, outside the Straits, a telegraphic signal was made to the squadron, which had also sailed, that we had neither water nor provisions, which was answered by the word 'supply.'

"A favourable wind brought us to the Canary Islands, where we obtained with much difficulty a scanty supply of water; three days we passed at Santa Cruz in procuring this, and even then the convoy sailed from that port on a short allowance. The trade-wind conducted us within a couple of hundred miles of Bermuda. I mention this circumstance to show how much maritime expeditions depend upon weather,* and how necessary to their success are good and proper arrangements at their commencement. In this instance, for want of management, an expedition intended to close the war with America, and fitted out at an enormous expense, must have failed, had not the wind changed to the eastward. Officers who were there, and who may read these pages, will well recollect this circumstance. Who was to blame it is not for me to say, nor do I know: all that our commander could do by way of remonstrance and application was done, and yet we sailed in the manner I have described.

"At Bermuda we found Sir Alexander Cochrane, the Commander-in-chief, and Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who had arrived from Bordeaux a few days before, with a squadron of troopers, having General Ross and between two and three

*This remark was then still more applicable than it is now, that steam has so completely altered all the operations of naval warfare.

thousand soldiers and artillery on board. Part of these troops were destined to act in the Chesapeake and part in New England; but, by some unaccountable mistake, the dispatch containing the distribution of the troops, and the officer who was to command them, were nowhere to be found. General Ross, on leaving Bordeaux, had reason to suppose he was to have a separate command. General Gosling, who commanded the Mediterranean troops, and was senior officer, made his appearance with no orders at all. Search was made for the ill-fated letter, and after a couple of days perplexity, it was found either on board a transport or troop ship. General Ross had orders to carry on the war in the Chesapeake, and General Gosling the operations in New England; this arrangement was most agreeable to the Wellingtonian troops, who were again to serve under one of their own generals.

"Sir Alexander Cochrane, having made all the necessary arrangements, put the convoy under Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and sailed for the Chesapeake, taking the 'Euryalus' with him; Sir Pulteney, after provisioning and watering the fleet, was to follow with the greatest despatch. The Commander-in-Chief, after a tedious passage, arrived off the Capes of Virginia, in the beginning of August, and soon after joined Sir George Cockburn, who had been actively employed, feeling his way with a battalion of marines, and had kept the coast in a constant state of alarm. A flotilla of gunboats was blockaded in the Patuxent, but the military force under him was not sufficiently strong to make any impression on their frontier, and he had been anxiously looking for the arrival of the chief, and the army destined to act in the Chesapeake.

"Sir Pulteney arrived shortly after; having, by singular good fortune, met with a fair wind, which led him from the Capes of Virginia to the entrance of the Potomac, without the possibility of the enemy receiving information for some days after. No time was lost in making necessary arrangements: the troops sailed the following day for the Patuxent, accompanied by the admirals and the greater part of the squadron.

The remainder was placed under the orders of Captain James Gordon, for an expedition up the Potomac, viz.: his own frigate, the "Sea-Horse," the "Euryalus," Captain Napier (being his second in command); the "Devastation," Captain Thomas Alexander; the "Etna," Captain Richard Kenah; the "Meteor," Captain Samuel Roberts; "Erebus," Captain D. E. Bartholomew; and "Anna Maria" despatch boat. But before giving an account of its operations, I shall extract from the *United Service Magazine* for March, 1833, some remarks written by the subject of this memoir as to the state of the American Navy at that time:—

"When," says Captain Napier, "the war with France terminated in 1814 by the overthrow of Napoleon, Government determined to carry on vigorous operations in America, and bring the war to a conclusion in that quarter by severely chastising a nation that had declared against us when our hands were full in Europe, and who by their maritime successes had astonished themselves as much as they had surprised us.

"It is not my intention to enter into a history of our naval disasters; but I cannot help observing that the Americans owed their success in a great degree to our Government and naval officers holding them too cheap, and instead of sending out large and well-manned frigates to crush them at once, we trusted to our supposed naval superiority, without taking proper precautions to secure it. We never took the trouble to reflect that there was no instance on record of a twelve-pounder English frigate capturing a French one mounting eighteen-pounders, and we had no right to expect an eighteen-pounder English frigate should capture an American carrying twenty-four-pounders. We unfortunately considered them far below the French in naval knowledge and gunnery, when they were actually superior to ourselves, having devoted much attention to that science, which we had shamefully neglected.

"We forgot there had been an embargo for a considerable time on American shipping, and that their ships were in consequence manned with picked men, and commanded by old officers, well experienced in seamanship, although totally inexperienced in war. They held our Navy in great respect—I had almost said dread—and they zealously exerted themselves to render their ships as perfect as possible. Nevertheless, I apprehend it never once entered into the head of the commander of the 'Constitution' that he could by any chance capture a British frigate; and I intend nothing disrespectful to the 'Constitution' when I observe, that had she fallen in with the 'Shannon,' which was well manned, and in a superior state of discipline, she would in all probability have met with the same fate as the 'Chesapeake.'

"Their first action being successful, gave them confidence; this was confirmed by the capture of another frigate and several sloops of war with equal guns, but all of inferior force. They thought themselves invincible, and in an evil hour determined to try their strength with the 'Shannon;' and so sure were they of success, that many of the inhabitants of Boston went out in pleasure-boats to see the fight, and welcome the 'Chesapeake' back with her prize; when, to their surprise and dismay, a short quarter of an hour showed the United States' flag struck, and the British colours flying as usual over those of their enemy. The action was short, but it was a hard-fought and bloody battle. The Americans behaved with great bravery (and why should they not? they are our children), but nothing could withstand the discipline of the 'Shannon.'

"It is difficult for a naval officer to write about America without touching on our disasters. The reader must pardon this natural propensity, and I will carry him with as little delay as possible across the Atlantic, to the scenes of action I am about to describe."

The following is the graphic account of the ascent of the Potomac, furnished by Captain Napier to the *United Service Magazine*, and which the reader will no doubt prefer to the official reports; from which,

therefore, I have only given a few passages relating more especially to the "Euryalus" and her Captain:—

"The river Potomac is navigable for frigates as high up as Washington, but the navigation is extremely intricate, and nature has done much for the protection of the country by placing, one-third of the way up, very extensive and intricate shoals, called the 'Kettle Bottoms.' They are composed of oyster banks of various dimensions, some not larger than a boat, with passages between them.

"The best channel is on the Virginian shore, but the charts gave us mostly very bad directions, and no pilots could be procured. A frigate had attempted some time before to effect a passage, and, after being frequently aground, gave it up as impossible. The American frigates themselves never attempted it with their guns in, and were several weeks in the passage from the naval yard at Washington to the mouth of the Potomac.

"The evening of the second day brought this little squadron, without any accident, to the entrance of the 'Kettle Bottoms.' We were fully aware of the difficulties we had to encounter, but were determined to conquer them if possible.

"The 'Sea-Horse,' keeping the Virginian shore on board, led—the 'Euryalus' and the rest of the squadron following.

"The wind was light, and several boats ahead sounding. As long as the soundings were good, no apprehension was entertained; but being aware of the smallness of the obstructions, it appeared impossible, if the ship ahead found a passage, that those astern could not be brought up. We were, however mistaken: the 'Euryalus' opened the ball and struck, or rather, was suddenly brought up, for nothing was felt, and the lead gave us plenty of water. The signal was made to anchor, and boats and hawsers were sent to assist in getting her off.

"No one could tell where she hung; there was abundance of water astern, ahead, all round, and yet the ship was immovable. A diver went down, and found, to the astonishment of all on board, that an oyster bank, not bigger than a boat, was under her bilge. The boats had missed it with

the lead, and the 'Sea-Horse' had passed perhaps by a few feet on one side.

"After some hard heaving, we floated, and the squadron weighed. We proceeded with great caution, having several boats abreast of each other, with leads going ahead of the ships; but, notwithstanding all this care, the 'Sea-Horse' grounded on a sand-bank. Every effort was made to get her off, without lightening her, but in vain.

"The tide appeared flowing, and no difficulty was anticipated, but she was immovable; a strict examination showed that though the tide was apparently running up, the water was diminishing; and not until it had flowed several hours was there any perceptible increase of depth. Her water was started, a great part of her provisions and eight or ten guns were hoisted out before she floated; several of the other ships were also ashore, but got off with more ease. Next day was employed in getting in her provisions and guns, sounding the channel, and preparing to warp in the event of a foul wind.

"On the 19th, the squadron again weighed, with a favourable breeze, and the 'Kettle Bottoms' were cleared before dark, without any serious difficulty; each vessel acting independently, and picking her way to the best of the commander's judgment. All were occasionally ashore, but got off with more ease than the 'Sea-Horse' had done two days before.

"The following morning, the wind being foul, the signal was made to warp. Each ship divided her boats into two divisions—one using the stream, and the other the kedge. The stream was first laid out, and all the hawsers bent to it; and as the ship was warped ahead, the hawsers were coiled in the boats of the second division, which laid out the kedge; and it was so arranged that the end should be on board, as the other anchor became short, stay, or peak.

"When the tide was favourable and the wind light, we warped by hand; with the ebb and the wind strong, the hawsers were brought to the capstan. This operation began at daylight, and was carried on without interruption till dark, and lasted five days, during which the squadron warped upwards of fifty miles, and on the evening of the fifth day

anchored off Maryland Point. The same day the public buildings at Washington were burnt. The reflection of the fire on the heavens was plainly seen from the ships, much to our mortification and disappointment, as we concluded that that act was committed at the moment of evacuating the town. It was, nevertheless, decided to proceed; and as the next reach was sufficiently wide to beat through, although the water was very shoal, we anticipated some relaxation from our toils. Warping all day was not our only occupation—at night the boats were rowing guard in every direction, and the hammocks were never piped down.

"It is true, the enemy gave us no trouble, either with fire vessels, or with light troops, who might have been stationed in such a manner on both banks of the river as to have rendered the laying out anchors totally impossible; but considering we were several hundred miles in the interior of an enemy's country, the utmost precaution was necessary, to provide against any unforeseen attack.

"The strictest discipline was observed in the guard-boats: no landing or plundering was permitted—the numerous flocks of geese swam undisturbed in the river—the bullocks and sheep browsed unmolested—the poultry-yards were respected, and any act that might irritate the inhabitants was most sedulously avoided. In one instance only, a boat did land in the night, in search of stock, and this breach of discipline was justly punished, by an American wounding one of the seamen, which served as a salutary example to the rest.

"In the course of the day I landed with a flag of truce, at an agreeable-looking residence—the first, indeed, we had observed on the banks of the river, for the country was thickly wooded, and few habitations visible. The owner was an American farmer—not the most polished man in the world. He had two daughters, rather homely, and as uncouth as himself. They "guessed" we would not go farther than Maryland Point, as the water was shoal; seemed to know and care very little about what was going on; offered us a glass of peach brandy, and hoped the 'Britishers' would not carry off their negroes, which appeared to be their only apprehension.

"On the morning of the 22nd the squadron weighed, and were beating up Maryland Reach, in about the same water the frigates drew, and sometimes less; but the bottom was soft, and we were dragging through it, when the sky became suddenly overcast, and everything portended one of the severe north-west squalls. We had heard much of the violence of these gusts, but always concluded them exaggerated, and were not quite so cautious as we ought to have been; we however took in the top-gallant sails, main-sail, jib and spanker. The squall thickened at a short distance, roaring in a most awful manner, and appearing like a tremendous surf.

"No time was to be lost: everything was clued up at the moment it reached us; nevertheless we were nearly on our beam-ends. A couple of anchors were let go; and as we swung to the wind the bowsprit rose right up; this slackened the stays, and away went the heads of all three top-masts; this saved the fore-mast, which, in another moment, would have fallen. The bowsprit being relieved, sunk back to its place, but broke completely through. The 'Sea-horse' sprung her mizen-mast, and all the squadron suffered more or less: the 'Meteor' was lying on a bank, and was fairly blown over it, and brought up in deep water. This catastrophe took place a little after noon. We piped to dinner, leaving the wreck as it was. The squadron was all together, with the exception of two, who were four or five miles lower down the river.

"Captain Gordon thought the game up; but he was assured we should be refitted before the other ships joined. At half-past one, the hands were called, the wreck cleared, bowsprit hoisted on board, a new one made out of a top-mast; new cross-trees and trustle-trees made and fitted; and although we did not work after dark, next day at one o'clock we were all a-taut, and weighed as the two sternmost vessels passed; it was calm, and the boats, manned with marines, towed the ship, as the seamen were setting up the rigging. At dark the squadron anchored for the night.

"The following morning, to our great joy, the wind became fair, and we made all sail up the river, which now assumed a more pleasing aspect. At five o'clock in the afternoon

Mount Vernon,—the retreat of the illustrious Washington,—opened to our view, and showed us, for the first time since we entered the Potomac, a gentleman's residence. Higher up the river, on the opposite side, Fort Washington appeared to our anxious eyes; and, to our great satisfaction, it was considered assailable.

"A little before sunset the squadron anchored just out of gun-shot; the bomb-vessels at once took up their positions to cover the frigates in the projected attack at day-light next morning, and began throwing shells. The garrison, to our great surprise, retreated from the fort; and, a short time after, Fort Washington was blown up—which left the capital of America, and the populous town of Alexandria, open to the squadron, without the loss of a man.

"It was too late to ascertain whether this catastrophe was occasioned by one of our shells, or whether it had been blown up by the garrison; but the opinion was in favour of the latter. Still, we were at a loss to account for such an extraordinary step. The position was good, and its capture would have cost us at least fifty men, and more, had it been properly defended; besides, an unfavourable wind, and many other chances, were in their favour, and we could only have destroyed it had we succeeded in the attack.

"At day-light the ships moored under the battery and completed its destruction. The guns were spiked by the enemy; we otherwise mutilated them, and destroyed the carriages. Fort Washington was a most respectable defence: it mounted two 52-pounders, two 32-pounders, eight 24-pounders; in a battery on the beach were five 18-pounders; in a martello-tower, two 12-pounders, with loop-holes for musketry; and a battery in the rear mounted two 12, and six 6-pound field-pieces.

"A deputation from the town arrived to treat; but Captain Gordon declined entering into any arrangements till the squadron arrived before Alexandria. The channel was buoyed, and next morning, the 27th, we anchored abreast of the town, and dictated the following terms:

"The town of Alexandria, with the exception of public works, shall not be destroyed, unless hostilities are com-

menced on the part of the Americans; nor shall their dwellings be entered, nor the inhabitants molested in any manner whatever, if the following are strictly complied with:

"1. All naval and ordnance stores, public or private, must be immediately given up.

"2. Possession will be immediately taken of all shipping, and their furniture must be sent on board by the owners without delay.

"3. The vessels that have been sunk must be delivered up in the state they were in on the 19th of August, the day the squadron passed the Kettle-Bottoms.

"4. Merchandise of every description must be instantly delivered up; and to prevent any irregularities that might be committed in its embarkation, the merchants have it in their option to load the vessels generally employed for that purpose, when they will be towed off by us.

"5. All merchandise that has been removed from Alexandria since the 19th instant, to be included in the above article.

"6. Refreshments of every description to be supplied to the ships, and paid for at the market price, by the bills on the British Government.

7. Officers will be appointed to see that Articles Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 are strictly complied with; and any deviation or non-compliance on the part of the inhabitants of Alexandria will render this treaty null and void.

"The following decision of the Common Council was sent to Sir James Gordon, and it was strictly observed by the general commanding the camp before Alexandria:

"The forts erected for the defence of the district having been blown up by our men, and abandoned without resistance, and the town of Alexandria having been left without troops or any means of defence against the hostile force now within sight, the Common Council of Alexandria have with reluctance been compelled, from a regard to the safety of the inhabitants, to authorize an arrangement with the enemy, by which it has been stipulated that, during their continuance before the town, they shall not be molested. No

superior force having, in this emergency, appeared to defend or direct, the Common Council has considered itself authorized, from extreme necessity, to make the above stipulation; they, considering it binding on themselves and the nation, require a faithful observance of it from all the inhabitants of the town.

"Resolved, That copies of the above resolution be transmitted to Brigadier-General Winder, of the 10th military district, and to Generals Young and Hungerford, with the request of the Common Council that proper measures may be used to secure a strict observance of the public faith, which the Common Council has been compelled to pledge.

"THOMAS HERBERT, President.
"JOHN GIRD, Clerk *pro tem.*"

"By the 1st, the greater part of the vessels had been hove down, and the whole were in a fit state to quit the anchorage. One vessel alone we found it impossible to raise, and she was in consequence set fire to. Unfortunately there were only 21 sail, all of whom were loaded with flour and tobacco; and 200,000 barrels were left behind for want of transport.

"Alexandria is a large, well-built town, and a place of great trade. It is eight miles below Washington, where few merchant ships go, and is, in fact, the mercantile capital, and, before the war, was a most flourishing town, but at the time of its capture had been going rapidly to decay. Agricultural produce was of little value; the storehouses were full of it. We learnt that the army, after destroying Barney's flotilla, had made a forced march on Washington, beat the Americans at Bladensburg, destroyed the public buildings and naval yard, and retreated to their ships. Had our little squadron been favoured by wind, the retreat would have been made along the right bank of the Potomac, under our protection, and the whole country in the course of that river would have been laid under contribution.

"In justice to the squadron, I must observe, that the whole of our operations at Alexandria were conducted with the greatest order and regularity. The inhabitants were quite undisturbed; no plundering was permitted; and, with

the exception of one occurrence, nothing tended to disturb the good feeling between the inhabitants and the squadron.

"The occurrence I allude to, was neither more nor less than an American midshipman's lark—and it appears they have larking mids as well as us—but it had well nigh put the town in a blaze.

"We had been in the habit of walking about the streets, and even to the part nearest to the camp, without fear of interruption, which, I suppose, had been communicated by some person in the town. An enterprising midshipman thought it would be fine fun to carry off an officer; and with that intention dashed into the town on horseback, and meeting no officers in the streets, came boldly down to the boats, and seized a midshipman by the collar. The fellow was strong, and attempted to get him on his horse. The youngster, quite astonished, kicked and squalled most lustily; and, after being dragged a hundred yards, the American was obliged to drop his brother officer. This operation, which was like lightning, created a considerable alarm; the men retreated to the boats, and prepared their carronades, expecting every moment to be attacked by cavalry, and were with some difficulty prevented from firing. This occurrence soon found its way to the mayor, who came off in great alarm for the town. Captain Gordon, with great good humour, admitted his apology, and treated it, as it was, as a midshipman's spree; but recommended that proper precautions should be taken, as a repetition of such amusement might lead to the destruction of the town.*

"Contrary winds delayed us at Alexandria longer than we expected. Captain Baker, of the 'Fairy' (the bearer of despatches for Sir Alexander Cochrane, ordering the return of the Expedition), who had been obliged to fight his way up the river, confirmed the report that batteries were building below, and a large military force collected, to intercept, if possible, our descent. He had been fortunate, and passed

* In James's "Naval History" (vol. vi., p. 456, edition for 1826), a different version of this occurrence is given; Captain Napier, however, was an eye-witness to what he relates, and could scarcely have been mistaken.

the Kettle Bottoms without getting once on shore, and was sailing up the river, having got within sight of Mount Vernon, when, to his surprise, a large portion of underwood suddenly disappeared, and a severe fire of guns and musketry opened upon the 'Fairy.' They were cleared for quarters, and returned it briskly; the high bulwarks of the brig saving them from a severe loss, as the Americans are generally excellent shots.

"It now became necessary to check, as much as possible, the workmen of the enemy; and the 'Meteor' bomb, a gun-boat, and a mortar-boat were sent down, together with the 'Fairy,' to interrupt their operations; but, notwithstanding all our exertions, they succeeded in mounting eleven guns, and building a furnace for heating shot. This, together with a foul wind, was no welcome news for the squadron; and we found it necessary, after waiting a day or two, to recommence the operation of warping. The 'Devastation,' grounding a few miles below Alexandria, obliged us to anchor above Fort Washington, to give her protection; and it is lucky we did; for, taking advantage of her situation and the ebb-tide, an attempt was made with three fire-vessels, covered by five row-boats, to burn her. Captain Alexander pushed off with his boats, and was soon followed by others from the squadron, who towed the fire-vessels astern, and chased the row-boats up to Alexandria.

"On the 3rd, the 'Etna' and 'Erebus' were sent to the assistance of the ships who were stationed to interrupt the construction of the battery; and the following day, the whole of the prizes and the squadron, with the exception of the 'Devastation,' who was still five miles up the river, were assembled under Mount Vernon, and about four miles from the White House Battery, as it was called.

"Another attempt was made to destroy the 'Devastation' at night, and the boats, under the orders of Captain Baker, were sent to her assistance. The fire vessels were discovered in a creek close to her, and vigorously attacked; but it was found impossible to dislodge them from the strong position they had taken up, covered by a number of soldiers in a thick wood. A lieutenant and eight or ten men were killed

and wounded in this attempt; but the 'Devastation' was brought down to our anchorage.

"On the 8th, at noon, the wind became fair, and the signal was made to weigh. The 'Sea-horse' and 'Euryalus' led. A heavy but ill-directed fire was opened from the battery; both ships anchored within musket-shot, and soon silenced them; but it was quite impossible to dislodge the numerous body of sharpshooters who were under cover of the trees, and did considerable execution through the ports. The frigates were followed by the bombs, who discharged in passing their mortars loaded with musket balls, and took up a position to cover the retreat. The 'Fairy' took charge of the convoy, and passed them all without damage. The Americans fought under a white flag, bearing the words 'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights,' and behaved remarkably well—but their efforts were useless.

"As the prizes passed, we slipped our cables; the bombs followed, and we calculated all was over for that day. We were mistaken. The 'Fairy' and prizes were observed to anchor suddenly a few miles further down, having discovered fresh batteries; and the 'Erebus,' in endeavouring to pass, grounded, and drew a sharp fire upon her from the defences that were constructed along a high ridge of hills. We had just time to prepare to anchor as we got within range; the 'Sea-horse' went further, and was obliged to move; boats were sent to the 'Erebus,' and the 'Fairy' took up a position to draw the fire from her, but before she was afloat she suffered considerably.

"From fourteen to eighteen guns were mounted in this new position, and a considerable interruption was expected. In the morning we weighed, the 'Sea-horse' leading, and the 'Euryalus' bringing up the rear, and were agreeably surprised at being allowed to pass quietly. We ascertained afterwards that the batteries were hardly finished, and the powder and shot had been expended the night before.

"No further interruption took place on the part of the Americans, and the squadron and prizes repassed the Kettle-Bottoms without grounding, with the exception of the 'Euryalus,' who, though as nearly right astern the 'Sea-horse' as

possible, struck upon one the former had missed, and was two days before she was disengaged, having been ashore on different banks four or five times.

"This expedition lasted twenty-three days. The hammocks were only down twice—each ship was ashore at least twenty times; but nothing could exceed the patience and good conduct of the ships' companies; and though every encouragement was held out by the inhabitants at Alexandria to induce the men to desert, there were only four or five out of the whole squadron who remained behind. The total loss was seven killed, thirty-five wounded."

How these losses were distributed, Captain Napier does not tell us, but I find from the official return "three killed, ten wounded in the 'Euryalus,' Captain Napier wounded slightly by a musket ball in the neck, September 5, while engaging the batteries at the cliffs." The prizes were a gunboat, mounting a long eighteen-pounder and a thirty-two-pounder carronade, three ships, four brigs, ten schooners, three sloops, and one vessel ("Etna") not classed.

These operations were highly praised by the Commander-in chief, Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, and his dispatch to the Admiralty drew from their lordships the following minute:—

"19*th October*.—Own receipt, and direct him to express to Captain Gordon, and the other Captains and Commanders employed on this occasion, their Lordships' high approbation of the zeal, exertions, and gallantry displayed by themselves, their respective officers, and ships' companies employed upon this service, acquainting him that they have been pleased to promote (see Minute of Promotion), as a further mark of the sense they entertain of their gallant enterprise."

The first lieutenants of both frigates and two midshipmen were promoted at once, and at the conclu-

sion of the war the Commanders were all made Post, and Captain Gordon was made a K.C.B.

In his dispatch, dated H.M.S. "Sea-horse," Chesapeake, September 9, 1814, Captain Gordon bore this honourable testimony to the merits of his second in command :—

"To Captain Napier I owe more obligations than I have words to express. The 'Euryalus' lost her bowsprit, the head of her foremast, and the heads of all her topmasts, in a tornado which we encountered on the 25th, just as our sails were clewed up, whilst we were passing the flats of Maryland Point; and yet, after twelve hours' work on her refittal, she was again under way and advancing up the river. Captain Napier speaks highly of the conduct of Lieutenant Thomas Herbert on this, as well as on every other of the many trying occasions which have called his abilities into action. His exertions were also particularly conspicuous in the prizes, many of which, already sunk by the enemy, were weighed, masted, hove down, caulked, rigged, and loaded by our little squadron during the three days which we remained at Alexandria."

Captain Napier well deserved these commendations, and he was quite as ready to bestow such on others when they were merited. A few days after the return of the squadron, he wrote the following strong letter, recommending for promotion Mr. James Wilkinson, one of his mates, who had served with him long and well during his employment in the Mediterranean :—

"H.M.S. 'Euryalus,' Sept. 16, 1814.

"SIR,—I beg leave to recommend to your notice Mr. James Wilkinson, mate of the ship under my command, who has passed his examination upwards of two years, and has been very actively employed in the fatiguing service up the Potomac, particularly in a mortar boat under the orders of

Captain Roberts, who speaks highly of his gallantry and good conduct.

"This young man has served with me upwards of three years; during which time he has been frequently recommended to the Admiralty; but I must give you one particular instance of his conduct, which, in my opinion, stamps the man. When I commanded the 'Thames' I sent him in a large boat, with thirty men, to blockade a convoy on the coast of Calabria, in the absence of the ship, when he was chased by four boats larger than his own, mounting four 6-pounders; from their superiority of rowing, two of them got within musket-shot, where they remained for seven hours and a half, keeping up a severe fire. The only retreating arms he had were muskets, but they were so well applied, and he displayed so much gallantry—standing up in the boat with the ensign in his hand—that they were actually afraid to lay him aboard; and I have no hesitation in saying that it was his example that encouraged the people to persevere in the manner they did. In all the affairs I had in the Mediterranean he was always conspicuous; and indeed I never saw a young man more worthy of promotion.—I have the honour, &c.

"CHARLES NAPIER, Captain.

"To Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, K.B."

I shall have to speak further of James Wilkinson. He greatly distinguished himself in the Burmese war of 1825; volunteered for the Portuguese expedition in 1833, where he bore a most conspicuous part in the victory over the Miguelite fleet, and afterwards participated in the Syrian campaign of 1840. He was then placed on half-pay, and died in retirement a few years ago, on his small estate at Gurnard, in the Isle of Wight. He was much attached to his old chief, who warmly returned the feeling; and though they would have at times occasional differences, their friendship continued to the last. James Wilkinson

was a brave and honourable man—truthful and honest as he was sincere—frank, even to bluntness—but a better or more gallant sailor never trod a quarter-deck.

On the 9th of September, 1814, the "Euryalus" was again at the same anchorage at the mouth of the Potomac, which she had left twenty-three days before, on that arduous enterprise which had been attended with such complete success.

An idea may be formed of the difficulties and dangers encountered by those engaged in the expedition up the Potomac, when it is stated that some time previously the American frigate "President" did not,—although unopposed,—accomplish the same task under forty-two days, and in doing this was obliged to take out her guns.

The Government at home highly appreciated the results of this performance, almost unparalleled in the annals of naval warfare, as is evident from the rewards distributed to all—except one—engaged in the enterprise, and that one who had been so prominently brought to notice by the officer in command.

Captain Gordon himself was very justly made a K.C.B. The first-lieutenants and two midshipmen of the "Sea-horse" and "Euryalus" were promoted, and all the commanders were posted — whilst Captain Napier—the second in command of the expedition—formed the single exception alluded to, and received nothing for his exertions but—a shot in the neck!

A few days after leaving the Potomac, he was actively engaged in seconding the operations against the city of Baltimore, when, on the 13th of September, with nine boats under his command, he ascended

the Ferry branch of the Patapsco, for the purpose of causing a diversion favourable to the intended assault on the enemy's intrenched camp at the opposite side of the city. He penetrated to a considerable distance above Fort M'Henry, and opened a heavy fire upon the shore. "After having, by drawing down a considerable number of troops to the beach, effected their object, the British stood back with their boats. When just opposite Fort M'Henry one of the officers caused a rocket to be fired. The consequence was an immediate discharge of round-shot, grape, and canister from the fort and water batteries below, by which one of the boats was slightly struck, and a man mortally wounded."*

For reasons foreign to our subject, the expedition against Baltimore was given up, and the British troops commenced their retreat whilst Captain Napier was paving the way for the meditated attack. He shortly afterwards went to Halifax to refit, and after leaving that port, received a letter from his mother, some extracts from which may be considered interesting:—

"Merchiston Hall, October 26th, 1814.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—I received yours of the 16th of September. Your affair in the Chesapeake river is not more thought of anywhere else than it is here, I assure you; and Captain Gordon's letter adds a leaf to my book of gazettes. I sincerely hope your health will not suffer from the severe fatigue; and though it is hard you should lose a month at Halifax refitting, you surely require rest. I allow for the wound in your neck being rather worse than you acknowledge, yet you are obliged to your great-coat . . . . You must have got no letters from me for a long while, as you

* James' "Naval History," vol. vi., p. 467.

seem ignorant of all our misfortunes—the death of your dear sister . . . . and her eldest daughter about a month after. She is a loss I can never get the better of; she was my friend and confidant, and had never left me—in short, since I lost your father she was the one I could say everything to . . . . Your friends at Duddingston are all well, and never forget you —poor Lieutenant Francis Napier you will by this know is dead."

This letter was probably the last that Captain Napier ever received from his mother, as she died soon after it was written. Merchiston Hall and estate reverted to him in consequence of her death, and it was sold, by his directions, during his absence abroad.

After refitting at Halifax, subsequent to the expedition of the Potomac, the "Euryalus" seems to have been generally employed in cruising on the coast of North America, and in January, 1815, was stationed off Norfolk Island. The deed of the heroic Broke, in his challenge to and capture of the "Chesapeake," so strongly excited the emulation of Captain Napier, that on the 28th of January, 1815, he thus addressed Captain Gordon, of the United States frigate "Constellation":—

"SIR,—I did myself the honour of making a communication to you through Mr. Cassis, Lieutenant of the United States ship under your command, some days ago, and he having addressed to me your wish that it should be in writing,—unwilling as I am to give a formal challenge, I cannot help expressing my wish to meet the 'Constellation,' and request you will inform me your terms and place of meeting, which I shall accept of, if in my power. Our force is twenty-six 18-pounders, twelve 32-pounders carronades, and 29-pounder. Complement, 294 men and boys.

"I trust, sir, you will believe that I have no personal hos-

tility to you, and I have no other wish than to perform a grateful service to my country; and, from what I have heard of the character of Captain Gordon, I give him full credit for the same feelings.—I have the honour, &c.

"CHARLES NAPIER."

This communication elicited the following reply:—

"U. S. Ship 'Constellation,' Norfolk, 8th February, 1815.

"SIR,—This will be handed you by a very particular friend, Littleton W. Farrawell, Esq., a citizen of Norfolk, who is fully authorized to enter into the necessary arrangements on the subject of your communication of the 28th ult. With sentiments of high respect, I have the honour, &c.

"CHARLES GORDON."

It will be observed that this document bears a date closely corresponding with the termination of the war. The news of peace arrived very shortly after, and consequently prevented the expected meeting; on which Captain Napier wrote as follows to the American officer:—

"SIR,—Your communication to Captain —— shall be forwarded by the earliest opportunity. I am happy, as you must be, to hear we are again at peace; but should that not be the case, I trust we shall have an opportunity of being better acquainted, and I shall be happy to think your duty to your country will allow you to accept of the terms I am enabled to offer. Should that not be the case, I shall be glad to enter into any arrangement that you may propose, provided it can be done without detriment to my country, and without subjecting myself to the disapprobation of my commanding-officer.—I have the honour, &c.

"CHARLES NAPIER."

From stray scraps of paper, discoloured with damp and age, on which had been traced a few scarcely legible, half obliterated lines—from marginal notes in books that were his study during this period of the

young Post-Captain's life—from those and similar sources that have come under my observation, it is evident that the object of Charles Napier's first attachment was ever uppermost in his thoughts; and this supposition is fully borne out by the following letter, written when his desperate encounter with the "Constellation" was expected immediately to take place:—

"I have challenged the American frigate 'Constellation,' and she has accepted of it. We shall meet in a few days. God grant us victory! I willingly will sacrifice my life to ensure it. How you will exult if I succeed; and if I should die—provided I die nobly—still you will have reason to rejoice. We shall meet, I hope, in a better world, where our souls will be united for ever and ever."

The above letter is strongly illustrative of the real character of one who, through life, kept the expression of "sentiment" so sedulously locked up in his breast, that even his most intimate friends would never have given him credit for such feelings, had they not been casually brought to light nearly half a century after they had been so ingenuously expressed.

Charles Napier, and she whom he so dearly loved, now rest together in the same grave; and may his prayer be accomplished—may their souls be for ever united in a better world!

The "Euryalus" was ordered home shortly after the conclusion of peace with the United States. It appears to have been then the intention of Government to give Captain Napier the important appointment of acting with a body of seamen in charge of pontoons, to co-operate with the Duke of Wellington's army in the north of France. With this object, the

ship was paid off, additional officers were appointed, and the crew was increased to four hundred picked men. Captain Napier even purchased horses for the ensuing campaign; and all were, no doubt, in a state of excitement on board the "Euryalus," which was ordered to Antwerp, when their hopes were suddenly frustrated by the information that the Duke of Wellington objected to the scheme, which was in consequence abandoned.

It may readily be conceived that this was a great disappointment to Captain Napier; but the following letter from the Duke is the only document amongst his papers which we find on the subject:—

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Captain Napier.

"The Government and the Admiralty are the best judges whether any part of the Navy should be employed with this army, and it is impossible for him to enter into any correspondence with any officer upon the subject.

"Brussels, ce* 23d May, 1815."

Thus ended, for the time, all chance of what was throughout life to Charles Napier one great source of delight—a little "soldiering ashore."

In June, 1815, Captain Napier received the Companionship of the Bath, and shortly after—the "Euryalus" being paid off—he married Eliza, the widow of Lieutenant Elers, R.N., and only daughter of Lieutenant Younghusband, R.N., to whom he had been from early boyhood devotedly attached.

It may not be here out of place to say a few words of Mrs. Napier's family. Her father, Lieutenant Younghusband, an old and meritorious naval officer,

* As written in the original.

had, for many years—after retiring from the active duties of his profession — been employed in the impress service under the Hon. Captain Charles Napier, father of the subject of this memoir. It was then the intimacy between the two families began, which eventually led to a closer union by marriage.

The Younghusbands were an old Northumberland family; and by Lieutenant Younghusband's marriage with Miss Hall, a Cornish lady, from the neighbourhood of Penzance, he had four children—three sons, and the daughter who had now become Mrs. Napier. Mrs. Napier's brothers were all members of the united services. The eldest, George, after a short but most distinguished career—chiefly in the West Indies—invalided home, when completely worn out by severe tropical service, and died a Post-Captain, at the early age of thirty years; his premature decease depriving the navy of one of its brightest ornaments.

From 1801 till 1808, when on the West India station, during which time he successively commanded the "Drake," the "Osprey," and the "Heureux," Captain George Younghusband's name was constantly in the *Gazette*; and whilst the capture of numerous rich prizes and armed privateers (amongst which were the "Ressource," the "Bellona," the "Bocune," the Spanish letter of marque "Soledad," and the twenty-gun French privateer, "Huron," with a crew of 130 men) shewed his zeal and indefatigable activity, his seamanship and gallantry were unmistakably evinced in the unequal action which he fought in the eighteen-

gun sloop, "Osprey," with a crew of 120 men and boys, against the powerful French frigate "Egyptienne," and a crew of 248 men. "It is," says James, "exploits like these that afford examples of gallantry in the true sense of the word."* Had Captain Younghusband, on discovering the size and strength of the "Egyptienne," forborne to attack her, no imputation could have rested on his professional character. But he had a higher sense of the duties of a British naval commander; he chose to wrestle with his powerful antagonist, and so vigorous and effective was his attack, that nothing but lightness of heel saved the "Egyptienne" from becoming his prize. In such a creditable encounter we must not omit to state that Lieutenant Francis Augustus Collier† was second in command of the "Osprey."

On the death of Captain George Younghusband, a large body of West India merchants (who had previously presented him with a valuable piece of plate), out of gratitude for the services rendered by him in the protection of their trade, raised by subscription a handsome monument to his memory in the parish church of Berwick, his native place.

Captain Napier, though junior by several years to —had he lived—his future gallant brother-in-law, had been acquainted with him in the West Indies, and always bore ample testimony to his high character, bravery, and professional merits.

Mrs. Napier's second brother, Charles, entered the

* For an account of the action between the "Osprey" and "Egyptienne," see James's "Naval History," vol. iii., p. 369, et seq.

† The same who acted as Captain Napier's second, in his intended duel with Captain Elphinstone Fleeming.

Royal Artillery at an early age, served long in the West Indies, was present with the allied armies in France, and died some years ago, with the rank of a General officer. Her youngest brother, Delaval, was for a short time in the Navy, and died in the prime of life.

We now behold Charles Napier in quite a new position: happily united to the object of his early love, and taking upon himself the responsibility of a parent to his wife's four young children.

They at first occupied a pleasant country residence, called "Little Green," situated at Alverstoke, in South Hants, and whilst the novelty lasted he was perfectly content; but, alas! that novelty soon wore away, and he became anxious for more stirring scenes. Intelligence having reached England of the overthrow of Bonaparte, and the occupation of France by the Allies, he suddenly, without any preparation, started off with Mrs. Napier in a light curricle, on an expedition that, when first projected, was to have terminated at Paris, but which eventually led him with his family over the greater part of the Continent.

CHAPTER V.

FOREIGN TOUR AND RESIDENCE ABROAD—STEAM NAVIGATION, 1815-1820.

CAPTAIN and Mrs. Napier crossed the channel, but on reaching Calais they experienced some difficulty in landing, being unprovided with a passport; this obstacle, however, was soon removed, and on the day after their arrival, Captain Napier wrote the following characteristic letter to the author, then a child six or seven years old:—

"Calais, Saturday, July 29, 1815.

"MY DEAR EDWARD,—I hope you have not forgotten the lessons I gave you at Stoke about making difficulties: always recollect this, and never allow anything whatever to get the better of you. Mamma and I crossed over here on Wednesday; we waited here till to-day for the saddles, but they are not yet arrived, and we are now setting out for Paris. You must not forget to write once a-week, and say how all the little ones are. Dr. Burney will direct your letters if you ask him.

"I hope Mary* is well, and sees that you all ride about a great deal. I sent a whip for each of you, and dolls for Eliza and Georgie, from Dover. Adieu! my dear Edward.

"Your affectionate father,

"CHAS. NAPIER."

*An old and faithful Scotch nurse.

They left Calais on the 29th of July, 1815. The Allies were now pouring on Paris from every quarter; and the northern provinces of France presented the usual disorganized appearance of a country occupied by the troops of an enemy.

Mrs. Napier's journal thus describes the state of things as they drove by easy stages towards the capital:—"Oh! what a sight was it for one to witness who, like myself, had never been out of peaceful Old England. As we drove along the high road, on approaching Paris, groups of poor country-people were flocking in the greatest disorder from every side; whilst cart-loads of furniture, goods and chattels of every description,—men, women and children, mothers with infants in their arms, decrepit and infirm old people, flocks of cattle, sheep, and horses, all huddled together; and, in their anxiety to escape from the vicinity of the allied troops, often completely blocking up the way, and greatly retarding our progress by their flight."

They heard, as they approached Paris, that St. Denis was occupied by part of the combined army; and, on entering the city, "we found," continues Mrs. Napier's journal, "the whole of the Boulevards thronged with artillery, cavalry, and infantry, who appeared to have bivouacked amidst a very long shady avenue, in the centre of a populous town; for each side of this lengthened thoroughfare was bordered by fine elm-trees in full foliage, under whose shade soldiers and officers were loitering about, or reposing in most picturesque and warlike-looking groups."

Paris was then so crowded that great difficulty was experienced in procuring accommodation on the day

of their arrival; and they were exposed to one of a traveller's greatest annoyances: that of wandering about in a large and unknown town in quest of lodgings, with tired horses, and feeling all the discomforts of hunger and fatigue. At last, by dint of perseverance, they succeeded in obtaining a small apartment "*au quatrième*," but did not, however, remain long in these upper regions; and finding it impossible to get at that time suitable accommodation in Paris, they resolved on trying their fortunes at Versailles.

Here Captain Napier was more successful in finding a residence; and both he and Mrs. Napier were so charmed with the beauties of a château situated at Viroflay, a couple of miles from Versailles, and surrounded by those magnificent woods that were exclusively reserved by the royal families of France for the diversion of the chase, that they decided upon engaging it for several months; and, leaving Mrs. Napier in charge of her brother, Major Younghusband, who was then with the English army at Paris, and to the care of his own cousin, the late Sir William—then Colonel Napier — he returned to England to bring over the children and Mary Branksome, their old and faithful Scottish nurse.

Mrs. Napier's journal describes very graphically the dilapidated condition in which they found the Château de Viroflay, in consequence of its having been plundered a short time previously by parties of Russian and Prussian soldiers, who appeared to have wantonly destroyed whatever they could not carry away. Smashed chandeliers, large pier-glasses, shivered to atoms, shot-holes in windows and ceilings, and bayonet

thrusts through valuable paintings—all bore evidence to the retaliatory amusements in which these belligerents had indulged.

It was a precarious situation for a lady to be placed in, during such troublous times, when marauders from the different allied armies were scouring the country around, and (with the exception of our own troops) frequently committing outrages of the most violent description.

Soon after Captain Napier's departure, Mrs. Napier was aroused in the middle of the night by a violent knocking at the door. She had only one female attendant in the house, the other servants sleeping in a building which was detached. Mrs. Napier, fearful, from the violence with which the door was assailed, that it would at last be broken in, summoned sufficient courage herself to inquire who caused such disturbance at that hour; when, to her utter dismay, five bearded, fierce-looking Cossacks forced their entrance into the house, made themselves quite at home in the saloon, and by signs expressed their will to have something instantly to eat and drink.

With great presence of mind Mrs. Napier waited on them herself, having previously despatched the servant-girl to the stables, with orders for the groom to mount a horse and gallop off to inform Major Younghusband of what had occurred. Meanwhile she appears to have performed her part admirably. She brought them the refreshments they required, and kept them thus in good humour and good behaviour till Major Younghusband arrived, when he found his sister still playing the part of waitress to these strange-

looking guests; who, however, with the exception of having become somewhat elated by the hospitality they had experienced, continued to keep within bounds.

The Major immediately went to the village of Viroflay, where he soon found the officer in command of the detachment to which this jovial party belonged; they returned together to the château, the jolly Cossacks were sent to the right about, and the Russian officer, who was some connexion of Prince Woronzoff, ordered a corporal's guard to remain in one of the outhouses, for the protection of the premises, and to guard against the repetition of any similar intrusion.

Captain Napier, meanwhile, had reached "Little Green," and immediately returned to Versailles with the four children and the old nurse.

The remainder of the summer passed pleasantly and rapidly at the château, and amidst the shady woods of Viroflay. Captain Napier, however, soon became weary of the peaceful monotony of such a life; the failing health of his wife also warned him that they must make a change; he determined, therefore, on crossing the Alps, and trying the effect of a milder climate, for which purpose they decided to pass the winter in the south of Italy.

To form a resolution and carry it immediately into effect, were ever identical with Captain Napier; accordingly we soon found ourselves "under weigh," and steering for the south. Mary Branksome and the children travelled by "diligence," or *en poste*, as circumstances required; whilst the curricle and the gal-

lant greys were again put into requisition for Captain and Mrs. Napier.

As, however, this mode of locomotion was shortly found to be attended with inconvenience, a strong, serviceable horse and a four-wheeled carriage were purchased at Geneva, for the conveyance of old Mary, the children, and baggage.

The travellers arrived safely at the foot of the Alps, without any particular mishap; however, on crossing the Simplon, an incident occurred which nearly cost our Scotch nurse her life. I have mentioned that the party travelled in two carriages. The light curricle, in which were Captain and Mrs. Napier, had no difficulty in ascending the mountain without additional help; but it was otherwise with the carriage in which the children and old Mary Branksome were conveyed—this could not breast the mountain without "chevaux de renfort." The horses to be thus employed, were, it appears, engaged elsewhere at the time proposed for both conveyances to commence the ascent; but as the landlord of the inn said they would shortly arrive, Captain and Mrs. Napier took their departure, leaving Mary with the children and coachman to follow, when the "chevaux de renfort" should return.

By some accident the expected horses were delayed, and poor Mary, apprehensive that they would not in consequence be able to proceed, started on foot across the Simplon, in order to overtake her master and mistress, and inform them of what had occurred. They had, fortunately for her, stopped at the "hos-

some travellers, who had discovered her during a snow-storm, in which, but for this timely assistance, she would in all probability have perished.

The reminiscences of the first part of our travels in Italy are very indistinct. Our destination was Naples; and a few circumstances out of the common way, that occurred during the journey, are all that I can now bring to mind. One of these was a great disturbance Captain Napier had with the cook of some little "albergo," in the Roman states. What provocation the cook received I cannot now recall, but, armed with a long carving knife, he pursued Captain Napier into the room where we were all assembled to dine; and I can now picture the fellow, with his shirt sleeves tucked up, and a cotton night-cap on his head, fiercely brandishing the formidable weapon in his hand; whilst Captain Napier seized a heavy wooden chair in self-defence. Mischief would probably have ensued, had not the "padrone" and the "cameriere"—mine host and the waiter—rushed in with much noise and gesticulation, parted the combatants, and put an end to the fray.

At that time the roads in Italy were very unsafe, being infested with brigands, and we constantly heard of travellers having been attacked, plundered, and in some instances carried into the mountains till ransomed by their friends; but although Captain Napier never took an escort, and I believe always went unarmed, his good star befriended him, and we safely reached Naples without accident or molestation of any kind.

My recollections begin to dawn more clearly from

the year 1816, a great part of which we spent at Naples, occupying a charming villa,—subsequently the property of Count St. Angelo,—on the heights of Vomero, commanding a view of the beautiful bay of Naples, and Mount Vesuvius, whose fiery emanations, watched often from our terrace during the night, were the constant theme of my childish curiosity and surprise.

Many years after, I revisited this spot. As I wandered over the grounds of the villa, along the avenue of acacias, to the old ruined temple overlooking the blue waters of the bay,—through those scented orange groves, embosomed amongst rocks, where, as children, we used frequently to chase the fire-flies during the short twilight of that southern clime,—these scenes became instantly peopled with the actors of the past. How vividly did the subject of these memoirs then stand out in strong relief before my mind! He was then most eccentric in his dress—even more so than in after years; and I could in fancy once more see him in the well-remembered olive-green coat, with gilt buttons, which he wore—be it remarked—until it was perfectly threadbare. I could picture him as he stood, pointing out to us the many beauties of the place, with that pleasure to which novelty and excitement always imparted so much zest to him. I could see the peacocks strutting on the lawn; the stables and coach-house recalled the sky-blue curricle, and the gallant greys which had drawn it so many miles; they recalled, also, some wretched Lazzaroni who had been captured by him while trespassing—with probably no good intent—upon our

grounds, and who were, after a hard struggle, incarcerated for a whole day, and left to meditate on revenge.

Although in 1816 there was not at Naples such a concourse of English as flock there in these more recent times, our migratory countrymen had even then begun to find their way thus far towards the south; and amongst Captain Napier's associates there was an old friend and companion in arms, Captain Stewart, R.N., after whom he named his eldest child —who was born about this time: "Charles Stewart."

During our stay at Naples we made excursions to visit Caserta, Castellamare, Mount Vesuvius, Pompeii, and Herculaneum; took trips to Capri and Ischia—and thus the summer passed in a most agreeable manner.

In one of our expeditions to Ischia, an event occurred, which is still fresh in my memory, and too characteristic of the kind disposition of Captain Napier to be omitted in this record of his life.

Having embarked for Ischia in a large open boat, the breeze dying away, we remained out at sea till very late at night. My own brother, Charles, then a delicate child, between three and four years of age, was seized with a violent attack of croup, which threatened to carry him off before we could reach the shore. It were difficult on this trying occasion to describe Mrs. Napier's feelings, or her husband's tender anxiety and care. He stripped off his coat, and wrapping it around the suffering child, to protect it from the night air, then plied an oar himself, and, exciting the boatmen to do their utmost by promises of reward, succeeded in gaining the shore in time to obtain me[illegible]

assistance, by which the boy's life was probably saved.

That delicate, ailing child, so nearly perishing in the Bay of Naples, grew up into the gallant and stalwart youth, who, in 1833, seconded so well his father's desperate attack on the fleet of Don Miguel.

The summer of 1816 was drawing to a close, when Captain Napier became impatient for a change of scene, and it was therefore resolved that we should resume our travels. Preparations were accordingly made; and, to obviate the inconvenience consequent on dividing the party, a large travelling carriage was bought, with a very elevated driving-seat, and an equally elevated rumble behind; two new horses were purchased—one of which had been a charger of Murat, the late King of Naples—and, acting himself as charioteer, he resolved on travelling through Europe "four-in-hand."

Our destination, in the first instance, was Rome; and during our journey there, no particular incidents or adventures varied the even tenor of our way. Captain Napier, as I have before observed, enacted the part of charioteer; my post was on the driving-seat with him, Mrs. Napier and the rest of the family were inside; and on the rumble behind sat the coachman, a German called John Schwartz, remarkable for his taciturnity and great strength. In addition to these recommendations, he was extremely sober, could speak a little English, and make himself understood in a sort of Teutonic-Italian *patois* of his own.

We found this a most pleasant mode of travelling. Stopping wherever a pretty place presented itself, the

saddles being at hand for any riding excursions, or to visit those localities worth seeing, off the beaten track, or in the mountains, which were impracticable for a carriage. And thus, without any accident, we arrived a second time at Rome, at the close of the year 1816.

Captain Napier here entered with enthusiasm into those antiquarian researches that were then being carried on in the "Eternal City" and its neighbourhood. In company with Mrs. Napier, he examined minutely everything worthy of being seen; and although he was fond of turning into ridicule the pretended raptures of the would-be connoisseurs of the fine arts amongst our countrymen, he was fully impressed with the grandeur of the magnificent remains of antiquity, and made a point of carefully studying the writings, on these subjects, of the most accredited authors.

He always took more pleasure in statuary than in any other branch of the fine arts—for painting he seems never to have had much taste; and expressed his opinions of the performances of some of the most celebrated painters in terms that horrified not a few of the English "dilettanti" with whom he had become acquainted. His abhorrence of anything approaching to cruelty, extended to representations of crucifixions and martyrdoms — so often favourite subjects with the old Masters; and some of these productions he condemned in no measured terms, without regard to the opinions of the artistic world, or the judgment of the most acknowledged "connoisseurs" of the day.

He was in this, as in other things, fond of judging

for himself, and forming his opinions according to the dictates of common sense, without giving way to those conventional laws which govern the generality of mankind.

I will here record a few of his many criticisms on painting, which he expressed as openly, and with as much confidence, as if he had been commenting on the rig and appearance of an enemy's man-of-war from his own quarter-deck.

"Now just look at that fellow!" he would say, pointing to an ecstatic amateur, standing in well-feigned or real rapture before the recognized *chef-d'œuvre* of some old painter, whose performances it were rank heresy to decry—"look at him, throwing himself into all the attitudes of a dancing-master, in front of that black, ugly-looking daub, as unpleasant to behold as to see a poor devil tied up to the gratings and writhing under the boatswain's lash. Tell him it is only fit to be used as a target; he will open his eyes, and exclaim, "It is the work of Domenichino, of Guercino, or Annibale Caracci;"—at the same time widely distending his mouth, to imitate the emphatic pronunciation of the horrified admirer of the fine arts.

At the close of 1816, we left Rome, and visited Florence, Leghorn, and Pisa—where Captain Napier was obliged, most unwillingly, to prolong his stay, owing to an unpleasant circumstance which occasioned him great trouble and inconvenience.

On arriving at Pisa, some difficulty was experienced in procuring lodgings; and a couple of "facchini" (answering to the "commissionnaires" in

France) offered their services to assist him. He said that only one was required, whom he would engage for the occasion. They replied, that being comrades, it would make no difference if both were employed on the errand. "Well," said he, "a dozen of you may come for all I care, but remember I only pay one." "Bene, bene, Eccellenza!" was the answer. Suitable apartments having been found, and the luggage deposited, Captain Napier proceeded to settle with the facchino whom he had engaged. The man was not satisfied with what was offered; a discussion ensued, during which his companion, a remarkably large, powerfully built man, burst into the room where we were all assembled, and in a violent and vociferous manner also demanded payment.

Captain Napier ordered the fellow to begone, as he had nothing to do with *him;* but the man approached him in a most impertinent and menacing manner; whereupon Captain Napier took up a log of wood from the fireside, and, pointing to the door, told him to "be off!" The facchino upon this seized and brandished a chair, when his comrade joined him, and they both advanced in a most threatening way. This was the signal for a fray which ended in the first facchino making his retreat, whilst his companion lay bleeding on the floor with a broken head and arm; for "Black Charles" was strong, and, when irate, measured not the weight of his blows.

All this—the work of a moment—was not, it may be imagined, a pleasant spectacle for Mrs. Napier, who was at the time a great invalid; she, however, had the presence of mind to remain perfectly calm

and composed. The wounded man was carried out of the room, when a great disturbance arose below, and from the window, which overlooked the bridge across the Arno, a large crowd was observed assembling, with much noise and gesticulation, in front of the house.

Captain Napier inquired where was the Tribunal of Justice, in order that he might instantly report what had occurred; it was pointed out to him from the window, as situated on the opposite side of the Arno, immediately fronting the bridge. It might be a matter of danger to encounter the still increasing and infuriated populace, evidently composed of the *canaille* of the town; but Captain Napier was determined on the step, and Mrs. Napier urged me to accompany him—she probably imagining it might be a sort of safeguard to be in the company of a child, who could not possibly be an object of enmity to the mob. Be that as it may, nothing loth I went; for I remember—boy-like—thinking it all capital fun.

When we sallied forth into the street, we were received with shouts, and threats, and maledictions from the assembled multitude—facchini, vetturini, and other vagabonds of every sort; and I must own that I then began to feel a little "queer." Captain Napier, however, encouragingly taking me by the hand, made his way through the mob, and advanced at a quick pace across the bridge, under which, in revolving eddies, the broad Arno rolled its deep and turbid winter stream.

There appeared to be a moment of hesitation among the crowd, as, casting his eye behind, Captain Napier

told me to "walk as fast as I possibly could, but not to run." Then came on a sudden and apparently spontaneous move—for the dark and motley mass now advanced rapidly behind us along the bridge, whose centre arch we had by this time nearly attained. It was an exciting moment, as the idea suddenly flashed across my mind, that we might in a few seconds be struggling in the deep and rapid waters below; I strictly obeyed orders, and endeavoured, with lengthened strides, to keep at a walk—and never did I walk with such a will. We had thus gained some advance on our pursuers, when, with a terrific yell, they made a forward rush! Our fate hung upon a straw.

"Now, hold on by me and run for your life!" said Captain Napier, suiting the action to the word. It was evidently a race for life; although we had had a considerable start, the rabble now rapidly gained on us at every step—for Captain Napier's movements were much impeded, not only by myself, but by his lameness, the result of the fracture which his leg had formerly sustained. Straining, however, every nerve, breathless and exhausted, we reached the portico of the Tribunal, as the foremost of the pursuers was close upon our heels.

A sentry stood at the door. Captain Napier, with a sudden jerk, flung me behind him, wrenched the musket out of the soldier's hands, and brought it down to the charge. The result was instantaneous; it effectually arrested the rush of that savage and cowardly mob, and enabled us to take refuge within the precincts of the building, which happened also to be the Town-hall.

Such was the cause which detained us at Pisa, during several months, whilst Captain Napier's judicial trial for "assault and battery" took place. During the time this was pending, bail having been accepted, he took a house at the Baths of St. Julian, a few miles from Pisa, where we spent the winter of 1816-17.

It was while residing here, that he commenced a series of letters on the state of the Navy, many of which have since been published in a collective form. At length the trial came on, when Captain Napier made his own defence on the charge of breaking the head and arm of the "facchino." The result was his acquittal; when he made a handsome present to the fellow to whom he had administered such well-deserved chastisement.

The spring of 1817 once more saw the "Three-Decker"—as he called our travelling-carriage—under weigh, with her head pointed to the north, Captain Napier again at the helm, and I at my usual post by his side.

I do not purpose trying the patience of the reader by a relation of our travels over ground which, though then, comparatively speaking, unexplored, has since been so much trodden and become known to every wandering Englishman who has crossed the Alps. Suffice it to say, that after visiting Lucca and Bologna,* where we remained a short time, and going through the now famed "Quadrilateral," we

* At Bologna an Italian nurse was engaged, called Carlotta, abbreviated into "Carola"—I forget her surname—and she continued until her death, the faithful successor of "old Mary."

reached Venice, where we likewise for a brief season "cast our anchor;" chiefly, I believe, that Captain Napier might have the opportunity of thoroughly reconnoitering the place, as to the soundings and number of guns in the different forts, their capabilities of resisting an attack, and the possibility of reducing them successfully with a fleet—for he never for a single instant lost sight of professional objects, or neglected opportunities of obtaining information that might be turned to account at some future time. Many is the errand I have been sent on as a boy, to count the number of guns on a bastion or a fort, to peer through embrasures into ditches, wet or dry, and to bring back to "head-quarters" the most accurate general report that I could make out. Sometimes I was commended—and then I was very proud—for the adroitness or exactness with which I had performed my part; at other times rated for negligence, and sent back to the scene of action, to return with more detailed information—for he never would allow of difficulties interfering in carrying into effect the orders I had received.

Captain Napier had never made a study of fortification or military drawing; he nevertheless possessed a capital eye for the features of ground in a military point of view, and never passed unheeded a strong position, a battery, or a fort. His memory on such subjects, as in most others, was very retentive, and the result of his rough notes and rougher sketches has been a large collection of plans of nearly every maritime place of strength he had visited during his long and eventful career.

After leaving Venice, traversing Lombardy, and visiting the beautiful lakes of Como and Garda, we recrossed the Alps and penetrated into the Tyrol, by which route we made our way to Vienna, where we stayed a short time; then through Bohemia and Bavaria into Switzerland, which we entered at Constance; next, after visiting the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, we proceeded to the Lakes of Zurich and of Zug, and eventually to Berne.

Taking a fresh departure from thence, we went to the Lake of Bienne, in which stands the Island of St. Pierre, the favourite retreat of Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose chamber is pointed out, together with the trap-door through which he used often to disappear when intruded on by visitors whom he did not feel inclined to receive.

In a subsequent tour I made through Switzerland, I happened to visit this Island of St. Pierre. Although upwards of a quarter of a century had elapsed, on looking over the "Livre des Etrangers," at the little hotel, my attention was riveted by Captain Napier's well-known hand-writing, in which was traced the following ludicrous attempt at rhyme—the only poetic effusion I ever knew him to be guilty of:—

"The English, who travel more than all other nations together,
Collect in great towns to enjoy the delights of the weather;
But here in this isle, formed for love and delight,
Few seem to have soul to pass even the night.
"They come but their names to inscribe in the room of Rousseau,
Take a short walk, and away from the island they go;
Returning to England they talk of the beauties they've seen,
And drive other fools to follow the course they have been.
"The writer of this, known by the name of 'Mad Charlie ——,'
Passed a whole week in the island of St. Pierre;
Its charms and its beauties ne'er his senses could pall,
He'd sooner live here than at Merchiston Hall."

Some critic, apparently not approving of this poetic effusion, had scrawled across it the words, "Fool, fool, fool." Underneath, a friendly traveller retorted as follows on the writer of these complimentary epithets:—

"Discourteous wretch! thou art the 'fool!'
I prithee haste and go to school;
For by the writing 'tis quite clear
Those lines are wrote by Charles Napier."

Whoever may have been "Mad Charley's" poetic champion, it is pretty evident that neither of these pseudo-poets was destined to attain the highest summit of Parnassus.

In the latter part of the year 1817, we settled at Vevay, on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. Here, during the ensuing winter months, the subject of these memoirs, as a recreation during his leisure hours, engaged a Polish artist, who happened to be at Vevay, to give him lessons in landscape-drawing; and in a very short time he succeeded in mastering the rudiments of that art.

He also employed himself in writing a continuation of those able papers on the "State of the Navy," in which he recommended many of the useful measures that have since been carried into effect. These letters were eventually published, under the editorship of Sir William Napier, and attracted much attention.*

Being unwilling to venture an opinion on naval subjects, I annex that of a friend: an officer of high rank and position in the profession:—

* "The Navy, its Past and Present State," by Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B. Edited by Major-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B. London, 1851.

"Several years ago I read his collection of truly admirable letters on the 'State of the Navy,' and the many wise suggestions for the amelioration of the service contained in them, with feelings of the deepest interest; and I conceive it must have been very gratifying to Sir Charles, during the latter period of his life, to reflect that a very considerable number of his proposals had been carried into effect. It appears that, upon the conclusion of the great war in 1815, this distinguished man, apparently hopeless of active employment in the then crowded state of the Navy List, had retired for a time to Switzerland; where, on the 1st of January, 1816—45 years ago—he takes up his pen, and in an admirable letter to the then First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Melville, points out, in strong and nervous language, the unmistakable blots of his noble profession, and suggests several very comprehensive plans for their remedy.

"In a second letter to the First Lord, dated Vevay, 1st March, 1816, Sir Charles continues the subject; and tells Lord Melville that, unless some immediate steps are taken for remedying the gross abuses which exist in the administration of the Navy, grievous ills will befall it; and the naval supremacy of England, which has become the glory of the country, and the envy of the world, will surely pass from her and fall into other hands.

"Sir Charles, in these letters, advocates an entire reform in the construction of the Board of Admiralty; and that it should be made a permanent institution, and be independent of any change of Ministry. This important consideration still agitates the public mind; and it is a convincing proof of the clear perception of Sir Charles Napier, that at that comparatively early period of discussing material naval reforms, he was quite sensible that unless, in the first place, the Board of Admiralty were reconstructed, and freed from the pressure of political influence, it was of little use to alter and amend the details of the service, which another Board might find it *expedient* to differ from.

"Another suggestion of Sir Charles' in the foregoing letters was, that all captains who had arrived within 100 of the top

of the list, and were fifty years of age, should have the option of retiring with the rank and pay of Rear-Admiral.

"What a simple and effectual plan this would prove to keep up a healthy current of promotion in the service, *without wounding the feelings of officers who had arrived* at an honorable position in the service, and deserved well of their country; a consideration apparently almost unheeded in the many complicated and heartless schemes which have from time to time appeared on the pages of the Navy List.

"Sir Charles Napier, in the letters above referred to, strongly advocates the promotion of deserving officers—especially First Lieutenants—to whom the discipline of ships is so much entrusted. He suggests that commissions should be entrusted to Commanders-in-Chief on foreign stations, 'to be given to the First Lieutenants of ships—not by seniority, but to those in the highest state of discipline;' and, he justly adds—'The best-ordered ships in a fleet are so evident, that I do not think a conscientious Commander-in-Chief could well abuse the trust reposed in him.'

"Now, what another admirable suggestion this is!—what encouragement it would afford—what emulation it would produce in the service—and what a bond of union it would prove between the captain and his officers; all striving to make their ships in the highest possible state of discipline.

"Sir Charles attaches great importance to the examination of young officers, which has been more attended to of late years, and with very beneficial results; and he adds—'They ought to be master of one or two languages, but none in particular ought to be specified, as it would be more advantageous to the service if different ones were learned.'

"He recommended the Admiralty to shew particular favour to these examinations, by giving the best appointments to those who went through them with credit.

"These suggestions, simple and practical as they are, and especially to the professional mind, if carried out at the present time, would tend more to infuse fresh heart into our glorious profession than anything that has yet been promulgated; and, I conceive, would be hailed by a universal cry of approval throughout the service."

Shortly after our arrival at Vevay, I was placed at a school in the neighbourhood, and can therefore give but little information of any incidents that may have taken place during the year 1818. One event, however, which was hailed with great joy, was the birth of Captain Napier's now only surviving child.

He soon became satiated with the quiet inactivity of the life he led at Vevay. After exploring all the beauties of its picturesque neighbourhood, and visiting the scenes of many incidents related by Jean Jacques Rousseau, in his "Nouvelle Heloise," he resolved to engage in agricultural pursuits; and took, for this purpose, a pretty residence, situated near Geneva, with a considerable quantity of land. His restless spirit was not, however, yet sufficiently sobered down, to allow him to take the same pleasure in farming which he experienced in the latter years of his life; and, in the winter of 1818, a sudden resolve once more removed the "Three-Decker" from her moorings, and we were soon on the road to Paris, where he next proposed to reside.

I can still remember the bitter cold we experienced during that untoward winter's campaign; we however reached our destination without being frozen to death, and Paris was, for several subsequent years, our "Head-Quarters." He engaged a large house in the Rue Pigale, Chaussée d'Antin, which he furnished very handsomely, and we lived in an expensive style—Mrs. Napier's *salons* being thrown open on certain days to all their friends.

Captain Napier's frank, open-hearted, and sailor-like bearing, with the fascinating manners of his wife,

combined to render these weekly *réunions* much sought after and frequented by a numerous, though select acquaintance, among whom I remember Captain Sartorius (who, in 1832, commanded Don Pedro's fleet), the present Colonel, Sir George Hodges —an old Peninsular friend of Captain Napier, subsequently much associated with him in Portugal and Syria—and also the celebrated Mina, of "Guerilla" fame.

I can find no correspondence of Captain Napier that appears to belong to the year 1819, and have nothing but my memory to rely upon, in recording that gay and sociable period of his life—a sort of life, however, which was not suited to him, and could not entirely engross his active and enterprising mind. Amongst our acquaintance was a Mr. ——, a man with more talent than money, and perhaps less principle than either. This person was a shrewd and needy adventurer, who in a great measure depended on the ready exercise of his wit to keep up a tolerable appearance in society, at the expense of the less suspicious of his more wealthy friends; and in Captain Napier he found one who perfectly answered the object he had in view. At the instigation of Mr. ——, he engaged in various speculations, the most ruinous of which eventually proved to be that of establishing iron steam-boats on the Seine. The gigantic powers of that motive agent had already dawned upon his mind; he vaguely began to form a conception of the vast purposes to which it might be applied; and well would it have been for him had he allowed others first to try

he possessed! Be that as it may, he gave himself up —thoughts, time, and capital—with all that ardour which characterized his energetic nature, to the object by which he was fully engrossed.

Wooden steamers were found not to answer for the navigation of the Seine, owing—as far as I can remember—to their large draught of water, and they were superseded by the recently invented iron vessels, in one of which Captain Napier, starting from the Thames, adventurously crossed the Channel and proceeded up the Seine to Paris; it being, I believe, the first vessel of the kind that ever ventured out to sea. This fragile craft was flat-bottomed, drew very few inches of water, and was only calculated for inland navigation; her paddles, too, were so fixed at the stern that they were liable to be washed away by every sea, in the trough of which she must then inevitably have been swamped. No little credit, therefore, is due to the intrepidity of the man who ventured in such a boat, at an inclement season of the year. On his arrival at Paris, thousands flocked to see this eighth wonder of the world in the "bateau à vapeur en fer," though it puzzled many of the spectators to conceive how such a material could possibly be made to float; and a greater number were more incredulous, and declared it was an imposture, as such a thing could never be!

Had activity, energy, and resolution met with their due reward, Captain Napier would now have realized a considerable fortune, instead of losing the small one he already possessed. He had, however, fallen into bad hands; all the trouble and responsibility devolved on him, as likewise all the loss; his money

dwindled gradually away, though his hopes were constantly buoyed up by those whose interest it was not to let him despair of success, so long as there remained a single guinea in his purse.

Captain Napier passed the winter of 1819-20 in the alternate occupations of business and pleasure. His mornings were generally engaged at an iron manufactory at Charanton, in superintending the construction of what was required for his boats; his afternoons in riding or driving with Mrs. Napier among the "fashionables" in the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne, whilst the evening "Conversaziones," in the Rue Pigale, became more frequent and more numerously attended; for his acquaintances had become greatly increased, and many official people were now invited to the house, whose countenance and assistance were deemed essential to promote the objects in view. Intrigue had, however, been at work, and various hitherto unforeseen difficulties were raised to the navigation of the Seine by steamers of English build. These sinister proceedings were, I believe, the chief obstacles he had to surmount in carrying out his scheme.

Paris is a dull residence during the summer months—all who can do so, desert it at this season. We again made preparations for a move, and started on a visit to Old England, after an absence of upwards of four years.

By easy stages we reached Calais, and crossing the channel, proceeded to London. Here, however, we met with a reception which was both unexpected and disagreeable.

It will be remembered that in the year 1820 the

trial of Queen Caroline took place, which produced a great sensation at the time. Numerous witnesses had been summoned from abroad to substantiate the charges which had been brought against one in favour of whom was enlisted the popular opinion of the day.

As the "Three Decker," with her strange, outlandish appearance—"Black Charles" on the box, and two equally swarthy-looking foreigners in the rumble behind—proceeded slowly, with tired horses, over Westminster Bridge, suspicious glances were cast at us by the crowd; and by the time we reached Charing Cross, the report circulated like wildfire, that a fresh batch of Italian witnesses had arrived, in order to criminate the Queen.

A mob soon collected, and followed in our wake; loud and open menaces soon succeeded to sullen murmurs and threatening demonstrations; and on reaching Piccadilly, it had so greatly increased in numbers and virulence of abuse, that—not forgetting my previous experience of "mobocracy" at the Arno bridge—I felt truly rejoiced when we took refuge at Hatchett's Hotel, and on being safely landed from my elevated and conspicuous position on the box.

Captain Napier, whose warm heart and ardent feelings always reverted to early associations, had resolved, on leaving Paris, to spend the summer of 1820 amidst the scenes of his midshipman days, near Alverstoke, where he had resided previous to our continental tour in 1815. He accordingly engaged, in that locality, a pretty villa, called Bury Hall.

Business of a pressing nature connected with the

iron steamboats soon, however, summoned him away; and, leaving his family at their new residence, he returned to Paris alone.

Affairs appeared to have taken a new turn; all seemed now to promise success to his speculation; and having, as he imagined, satisfactorily arranged matters at Paris, he came over to England, to convey his family back to France; and the autumn of 1820 found us again domiciled in the Rue Pigale. I may perhaps be permitted to mention here an incident which occurred during our journey, as illustrative of Captain Napier's eccentricity, and how prone he was to act on the impulse of the moment.

We were travelling along the road between Arundel and Brighton, when the sound of hounds in full cry fell upon our ears. A hare crossed the road in front of us, closely pursued by a pack of beagles and a tolerably large field. This sight was, to Captain Napier, more than human nature could endure without participating in the fun. A check happened to occur near the spot where the carriage had drawn up. It was the work of a moment to get out a saddle, and put it on the back of one of the horses, when he instantly followed the hounds, leaving us all to await his return, which took place after he had enjoyed one or two capital runs.

CHAPTER VI.

APPLIES FOR A SHIP—APPOINTMENT TO THE "GALATEA," 1821-1829.

I HAVE only my memory to assist me in recalling the events which marked Captain Napier's life for some time after our return to France.

The steamboat speculation now became a cause of considerable anxiety. The anticipated returns for the large sums of money he had embarked in the enterprise were tardy in their realization, but he still looked forward to that event; for there appeared as yet no reason to despair of final success, and his sanguine temperament encouraged him to exist on hope. He still kept up a numerous establishment, and lived in a very expensive style; Mrs. Napier's *réunions* continuing the centre of attraction; and nothing occurred during the course of 1821 to disturb the happiness we enjoyed, till towards the latter end of the year, when the sudden death, by a sad accident, of his eldest child —a fine boy, then five years of age—cast a dark cloud of grief and mourning over the family. The remains of Charles Stewart Napier rest in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

I find no documents to particularize the events of Captain Napier's life during 1822. That he was, however, obliged to retrench his expenditure, is evident from the circumstance of his leaving Paris and settling himself with a limited establishment at Versailles, where I remember first seeing Colonel, afterwards Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war, who had come to France to collect materials for that celebrated work, and was for some time a welcome guest at our house.

Among Sir Charles Napier's papers, the following few lines from Lord St. Vincent form the only letter I can find, bearing the date of 1822:—

"Lord St. Vincent is much obliged to Captain Napier for his good wishes and the plan of the Chain Bridge and Pier. He heartily wishes success to Captain N. in all his pursuits, and shall be very happy to see him at all times.

"Rochett, 16th May, 1822."

The Chain Bridge and Pier alluded to in Lord St. Vincent's note had reference to some plans conceived on those subjects by Captain Napier, whose inventive mind was never at rest, although he must then have been pretty fully occupied with the steamboat speculation, the success of which became daily more doubtful, and obliged a still further reduction of our establishment at Versailles. He disposed of some of his stud, but unwilling to sell "Murat" (the horse, it will be remembered, he had purchased on our departure from Naples), it was decided that he should be shot. On the way to the place of execution I succeeded, by dint of supplications, in obtaining a reprieve for the noble old war-horse. Captain Napier was himself, I

well remember, much moved on the occasion, and his kind heart prompted him to accede to a request which perhaps, in prudence, ought to have been denied.

Another year succeeded, quite barren of records; and from the circumstance of being then at school, all that I can remember is that during the autumn of 1823 a fresh change of residence took place, and a still more economical mode of living was adopted. The steam speculation was fast condensing itself *en vapeur*, but Captain Napier determined to persevere to the last, and as his presence was necessary at Paris, he prudently took a small house in the country, situated at Ville d'Avray, near St. Cloud, within a few miles of the capital, where—still struggling in the meshes that had been cast around him—he with his family anxiously awaited the course of events.

Of 1824 I have fewer details to give than of the former year, for it having been decided that I was to enter the army, Captain Napier, notwithstanding all his vexations and increasing difficulties, accompanied me to England, and placed me at the Military College of Sandhurst.

Whilst awaiting in London the completion of my outfit, we generally dined at the Naval Club in Old Bond Street. In its appearance and arrangements this venerable establishment was very different from the clubs of the present day, and presented all the more quiet comforts and friendly sociability of a family circle. Captain Napier's delight in meeting here so many old brother officers and friends, can, from his disposition, be readily imagined; and many were the tough yarns, well moistened with "whisky toddy," that

were then spun of their war services in "the good olden times." Barwell, Sibley, Aylmer, Ussher, Fellowes, Stewart, Maxwell, and a host of other well-known naval names, were then familiar to my ears as household words; all of whom have, alas! long since passed away.

As I was absent from home during the greater part of the year 1825, I know little then of the circumstances of Captain Napier's life, except that about this time the unfortunate steamboat speculation was subjecting him to fresh losses and involving him in difficulties and annoyances of every kind. By the former, nearly all his private fortune had been gradually absorbed; and the latter he bore with a patience and resignation scarcely to have been expected from one of his excitable disposition.

During this summer Captain Napier went with his family to reside near Havre, in, comparatively speaking, a very humble and retired way, compared with our mode of life during the preceding nine or ten years.

He, about this time, obtained for my brother Charles the appointment of a midshipman in the Navy, and for myself a commission in the Army; and having shortly afterwards joined the 46th Regiment in India, my narrative for several years, from the beginning of 1826, of necessity ceases to be from personal observation, which it has hitherto been, since 1815.

I find, on referring to letters written shortly after this period, that the steamboat bubble having completely burst, Captain Napier and his family returned to England in the summer of 1827, and settled in Hampshire, at a small village called Rowland's Castle,

near Havant, and not far from Merchiston: the estate he subsequently purchased, and where he afterwards resided till the period of his death.

With the smiles of fortune were at the same time withdrawn those of the world. The neighbouring gentry did not even condescend to call on the poor half-pay naval officer, whom, as they drove past with their liveried retainers, they might now often behold working in his garden without a coat; for he thus found some vent for his energies, and also occupied himself indefatigably in the apparently endless and hopeless task of filling up a deep ravine, which, as he thought, disfigured the little field appended to the humble cottage where he had fixed his residence.

I have heard it related that, on one occasion, our old travelling carriage—the venerable "three-decker" of former times—having been ordered out with post-horses, happened to attract the attention of a wealthy neighbour—a millionaire and purse-proud *parvenu*—who, although living but a short distance from Captain Napier's cottage, had not hitherto taken the trouble to pay him even a morning visit; but shortly after the "airing" of the old family coach had taken place, a dashing conveyance drove up to his humble abode; the inmates of which, happening to be from home, Mr. —— and his family—with many kind inquiries—left their cards. These were, however, immediately returned, with a polite note from Captain Napier, stating that, after having been a resident at Rowland's Castle for so considerable a time, he concluded that the visit to "Yew-tree" cottage must have originated in some mistake!

Wearied with this monotonous state of existence, Captain Napier made every effort to obtain employment. He repeatedly applied for a ship, or even for a coast-guard command; but though he was furnished with most flattering testimonials as to his former services from Sir Alexander Cochrane, Lord Exmouth, and others, he was long unsuccessful in his endeavours. He now, for the first time, made claim to a pension for his wounds, a claim he had—during his prosperous days—never urged before; but it was disallowed.

Captain Napier's applications for employment were at last attended with success; and on the 8th of January, 1829, he was appointed to the "Galatea," of 42 guns, which he commissioned at Portsmouth.

Since he had turned his attention to steam, the use of paddles, as applicable to the propulsion of ships of war, had constantly engaged his thoughts. Paddles had previously been tried in the "Active," 46 gun frigate, by Captain Ryder Burton. They were set in motion by means of the capstan, but are said not to have succeeded, in consequence of the severe labour this entailed upon the crew.

Captain Napier's plan, which he obtained leave from the Admiralty to try in the "Galatea," was to work the paddles by means of winches on each side, along the whole length of the main deck, two-thirds of the ship's company being employed to work them at the same time; and in a trial which he made of his plan at Spithead, the "Galatea" went round another frigate towed by boats, and also a brig propelled with sweeps, and likewise towed. He obtained

on this occasion the speed of three knots an hour, and the experiment led to that success which subsequently attended his plan.

He had had much communication with the Admiralty relative to this project, and early in February received from his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence the following letter, in which allusion is made to the subject of his late experiment:—

"Bushy House, January 31, 1829.

"SIR,—In answer to yours of the 27th inst., I am to congratulate you on your appointment to the 'Galatea,' and to return my sincere thanks for your obliging offer for a midshipman. If I have anyone I will trouble you.

"I shall be anxious to read your account of the 'Paddles,' and ever remain, yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM."

Captain Napier's old Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, Lord Exmouth, also addressed him as follows on his late appointment:—

"Teignmouth, 15th January, 1829.

"MY DEAR NAPIER,—I am heartily glad to see you hoist your pendant, and that you are again in your right place, and in the right ——— * in which, come what may, I know you will do your country and yourself honour.

"Do not turn upon your heel and say, 'Oh! oh! my old Admiral butters me well, and I suppose wants a favour.' The former part I deny, for I speak truth, and my sincere opinion; in the latter, I confess that I do want a situation on your quarter-deck, either for a mid, or a volunteer of the first class, who will make his first essay, if you can receive him—and the mid is clever. I will say nothing more, because I feel that you will oblige me if you can. With my best wishes for your success, believe me ever, my dear Captain, your sincere and faithful servant,

"EXMOUTH."

* The writing is here defaced and illegible.

All this was very complimentary, but Captain Napier's own feelings on his appointment to the "Galatea" are expressed in the following letter, addressed to Sir George Cockburn, then one of the Lords of the Admiralty:—

"February 16th, 1829.

"DEAR SIR,—I do not think you will call me fastidious when I say that I really feel very much hurt, and indeed degraded, at being put into the 'Galatea,' a ship that has the worst reputation in the Navy, and a younger captain than myself, in one month after, put into one of the best frigates.

"I am the oldest captain now in a frigate, and I believe, without vanity, I may say that I have seen more service than all the frigate captains now employed put together; and my feelings must be blunt indeed did I not feel the degradation. No one can be a better judge of the feeling an officer ought to have than yourself, and I hope you will be good enough to mention this to Lord Melville.

"I assure you it was grating enough to be crowed over at Portsmouth by the Guelphic knight, now in his fourth frigate, in which the whole talent of the Navy Board and Dockyard were displayed to endeavour to make complete; but I then laid the flattering unction to my soul, that Lord Melville had given me the first frigate that came forward, and that no fine frigate would be commissioned—little thinking that in so short a time I should see the 'Seringapatam' commissioned by a junior officer, who has no claim that I know of to go before me.

"I have the whole of the plan for our paddles ready, and we are waiting for the estimate of the castings necessary to turn the wheels; when that is sent to the Navy Board, and approved, I hope we shall be able to get on rapidly.—I have the honour to be, &c.

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"Sir George Cockburn."

To which he received the following reply:—

"Admiralty, February 18th, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken an opportunity of mentioning to Lord Melville the feeling you have expressed on the subject of your having been appointed to the 'Galatea,' and Captain Waldegrave (your junior officer) to the 'Seringapatam.' His Lordship has desired me to say to you that he gave you the former because he considered you anxious for employment, and he did not then foresee the probability of bringing forward another or larger ship; if, however, you prefer waiting for a 46-gun frigate, his Lordship says he has no objection to your giving up the 'Galatea,' on the understanding that he will appoint you to the next 46-gun frigate that may be brought forward for commission. I fear, however, if you avail yourself of this offer, that our paddle experiments in the 'Galatea' must be given up, as I do not think any other captain will be equally anxious about it; and if put on one side now, they will not be likely to be again brought forward, especially for a larger ship, and such ship perhaps to be fitted out at some other port. After this explanation, which will, I hope, satisfy you that Lord Melville was only actuated by kind intentions towards you when he gave you the 'Galatea,' I must leave you to decide for yourself on his Lordship's present offer, and remain, yours, dear sir, very truly,

"G. COCKBURN."

The prospect here held out by the Admiralty, of giving him the facility of testing the efficacy of his favourite scheme, appears to have reconciled him, for the time, to his appointment to the "Galatea," and Captain Napier applied himself to the fitting out of his ship with indefatigable energy. On the 2nd of March, 1829, at 6 A.M., the "Galatea" had only her lower masts in, and at 6 P.M. the same evening, she was completely rigged, with royal yards crossed, although short of her complement by sixty men. Her Captain was highly complimented on this smartness, in an

autograph letter from His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, from which I extract the following paragraphs:—

"Whether *in* or *out* of office, I must be equally interested in the welfare of the Navy, and I compliment you from *the bottom of my heart* on this event.

"I must now recommend the guns, for the great object of a man-of-war is fighting. I trust, and make no doubt, the officer who can thus rig a ship, is equally able and willing to have his frigate ready to cope with an enemy."

This letter, dated March 5th, 1829, is signed "Yours sincerely, WILLIAM."

This did not look as if Captain Napier were—as I believe he imagined—out of favour with His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence; at least the tone of this letter, as well as others he about this time received from the same royal personage, would certainly lead to quite a different conclusion.

His whole thoughts and energies continued to be directed towards the use of paddles for the propulsion of ships. Among his papers I find another letter from the Duke of Clarence on this subject, written in the beginning of May, 1829, wherein his royal highness expresses himself perfectly satisfied with the report of the experimental trial of the paddles on board the "Galatea," and adds, "I shall be anxious to hear more as you improve in your exercise."

The "Galatea," after having been commissioned, did not leave the home station for several months. During part of this time Captain Napier's family lived on board, and he took much pleasure in displaying his good taste in handsomely fitting out their cabins,

and doing everything in his power to make them comfortable. He always liked occupation; and even whilst in harbour, or at Spithead, he contrived to find something to do himself, as well as to keep others in a constant state of activity—perhaps more so than was agreeable to many.

At one time he would man the paddles, and try them in every possible way, astonishing not a little, during calm weather, the yachtsmen in the Solent, the vessels at Spithead, and perhaps the "Galatea" herself, by the speed which on such occasions he contrived to give the old ship. Then he sometimes managed to get up a sham fight on Southsea Common —a disembarkation on the beach—an attack on Southsea Castle or Lumps Fort. The marines on such occasions formed the garrison, whilst he at the head of the seamen, who were instructed in the use of small arms, led on the attack, which, as may be supposed, generally ended in favour of the assailants, the surrender of the garrison, and the capture of the castle or the fort. On these field-days crowds of spectators would assemble to witness "old Charley's" "sogering" operations, which were carried on with all the earnestness of reality, and sometimes extended to Portsdown Hill, much to the discomfort of the marines equipped in heavy marching order, and whose previous life on board of ship had not given them sufficient training for undergoing such fatigue. I must observe here that Captain Napier always entertained, and with justice, the greatest respect for the marines, as his letters to the Admiralty, and his expressed opinions, both public and private, invariably proved. He fre-

quently would say that they were the most useful and worst-used portion of our national forces, and that they deserved every encouragement and reward for the services they had already rendered, and were always ready to render to the country, both by sea and land.

After remaining for five or six months on the home station, the "Galatea" was ordered to the West Indies. Captain and Commissioner Ayscough, R.N., having been sent out, on public service, to that part of the world, had received a Government order for a passage for himself and his family on board the "Galatea," which sailed from Spithead for her destination, on the twelfth of June, 1829.

Captain Napier had obtained permission from the Admiralty to take his own family with him, and land them at Hâvre-de-Grace. The "Galatea" arrived there on the 15th, having been delayed by a succession of calms; and when off the light-houses to the northward of the mouth of the Seine, the unruffled surface of the sea presented the appearance of a sheet of glass. This was too good an opportunity to lose of showing the efficiency and advantage of the paddles; they were accordingly shipped, all hands set to work at the winches, and with the speed of between three and four knots an hour the "Galatea" paddled into Havre. Captain Napier was well known at this place, and most hearty was the welcome he received from all his old friends and acquaintances, whilst they expressed their astonishment at the purpose to which he had applied his experience—certainly dearly bought—of steam-boat "paddling" on the Seine.

I may here mention how great a favourite Mrs. Napier was with all on board. The younger middies she always treated like her own children, and, as a mark of their regard and respect, the youngsters asked and obtained permission to man the boat in which she and her family landed at Havre.

On the 17th of June, the "Galatea" again put to sea, during a gale of wind, and arrived off Madeira on the 4th of July. She happened to be becalmed when within sight of Funchal; the paddles were again put into requisition, and again proved of the greatest use. She sailed from Funchal on the 8th of July, and having cruised about for a short time off the Cape de Verde Islands, on the look-out for some slavers that were expected in those latitudes, reached Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, on the 11th of August.

During the passage out, Captain Napier, I understand, did all in his power to make everything as agreeable as possible to his guests; and when in the "trades" the evenings were enlivened by dances and various games, in which he was always delighted to take a part; indeed, it was one of his characteristics to derive pleasure from seeing others enjoy themselves, and likewise to enter into every amusement himself, with a zest and good-will not exceeded by the youngest and merriest of any sociable party he might chance to join.

The "Galatea" left Barbadoes on the 16th of August, and calling at St. Pierre's (Martinique), where she only remained a few hours, arrived on the 24th at Port Royal, Jamaica, where Commissioner

They sailed from Jamaica on September 1st, and anchored off the Island of Sacrificios, near Vera Cruz, in Mexico, on the 18th.

Whilst the "Galatea" lay here, General Santa Anna, who was afterwards president of Mexico, arrived from Tampico, having, by a recent victory in that neighbourhood, succeeded in the expulsion of a Spanish force by which the Republic had been invaded.

Captain Napier—who always advocated liberal principles, though he had never had occasion publicly to express his political opinions—was glad of the opportunity of testifying his sympathy with those who were endeavouring to throw off the yoke of their oppressors; and this led to an acquaintance with General Santa Anna, whom he hospitably entertained on board his ship.

The "Galatea" left Sacrificios on the 10th of October, and arrived at Havannah on the 28th. The time fixed for her departure was the fifth of November; but the land breeze having entirely failed, the captains of several men-of-war which happened to be there, and who were aware of Captain Napier's intention to sail, very courteously offered the use of their respective boats to tow the "Galatea" out of harbour. But the "paddles" again befriended him, and, with many expressions of thanks, he declined their offer; and the frigate, to their great surprise, got an offing without using a sail.

The "Galatea" brought back a tolerable freight from the West Indies, and arrived at Spithead on the 4th of December.

perience he had lately had—of the great advantage with which paddles might be used on board of men-of-war, that he applied, through Sir George Cockburn—still one of the Lords of the Admiralty—for permission to fit a three-decker with this means of propulsion.

The request was not complied with, but Captain Napier persevered in the matter, though still without success. At the same time he wrote to Lord Melville, recommending the "Galatea" for service on the coast of Africa, and asking for the command there, in case of a vacancy occurring.

The "Galatea" left Spithead on the 24th of December, and entered Portsmouth harbour, where she closed the year.

CHAPTER VII.

SERVICE IN THE "GALATEA," 1830-1832.

THE "Galatea" remained in Portsmouth harbour until the 26th of February, 1830, when she was ordered out to Spithead. In the spring and the early part of the summer she was cruising in the channel; but this occupation was not much to the taste of her Captain, as will be seen by some extracts from one of his letters to Mrs. Napier, dated Plymouth, April 9th, 1830:—

"The night I left you I was roused up about two in the morning, to say that a ship was on fire in the harbour. I turned out and dressed myself, and in less than a quarter of an hour was in the middle of the blaze on board the convict ship, with all my boats; it had been got under before I reached there, but I was happy to find myself amongst the first. It took place from sleeping with a lighted candle, which will be a warning to me; it was tremendous during the time it lasted. I wrote a short account of it to the Admiral at four in the morning, and at five was on board, with all the boats in, and the ship under weigh. We went through the Needles, and made a circuit of the whole coast, and next day went into Torbay. The following morning I breakfasted with Lord Exmouth at Teignmouth, dined with Lady

Dashwood at Torbay, who was very hospitable and very kind, and desired me to say, should you come round, there was a bed for you. I left Torbay yesterday, and anchored here this morning, it having every appearance of a breeze. It is precious dull work sitting by myself in my cabin; it makes one feel so lonely and deserted, and a thousand times I have wished myself snug at Purbrook, where I hope and trust you are safe, and well settled.

"Fanny and Georgie begged hard to go with me, and I had almost taken them, as we are not forbid to take children, but I am glad I did not. I've got in, in very good time, for it is now blowing a heavy gale of wind and rain; and, God knows, there is little or no pleasure at sea.

"I look forward with great delight to seeing you comfortably settled at Purbrook, on Wednesday, and I shall not be in a hurry to start again. It is horrid work, and no prospect of doing anything, not even a smuggler."

He had at this time taken for his family a pretty little country house, with a small quantity of land, situated on Purbrook Heath, a few miles from Portsmouth; and, in the absence of more exciting employment afloat, he appears to have now felt anxious for the comforts of home, and to be again in the midst of his family.

His cousin, Colonel Charles Napier, to whom the reader of this memoir was first introduced on the battle-field of Busaco, had likewise fixed his residence in the neighbourhood of Purbrook—another reason, probably, for his wish to be again on shore.

While the "Galatea" remained at Spithead, he was frequently in London, urging his plans respecting the paddles. About this period we also find that he went to Scotland, for the purpose of visiting those friends and relatives whom he had not seen for nearly twenty years, and it was to him a source of great

residence of Merchiston, some of his father's aged servants still alive.

His leave of absence, however, shortly expired, when he again rejoined the "Galatea;" and, on the 4th of August, was despatched to Lisbon, on the delicate and important mission of demanding satisfaction from Don Miguel's Government, together with the restitution of certain British merchant vessels that had been detained by order of the usurper of the throne of Portugal.

"In this position, so novel to him," says a recent French writer,* "Captain Napier exhibited such self-command and dexterity as to secure the success of his mission. He obtained by his negotiations the satisfaction which was demanded by his Government; whilst the French, who had equal claims on Don Miguel, were compelled to have recourse to hostilities in order to attain their ends. In accordance with his instructions, he watched over the course of events, which were soon to change the face of things in Portugal, and give birth to a new Constitutional Government."

Captain Napier was successful in this his first attempt at diplomacy, exemplifying the old saying, that the best diplomatist—the one most readily enforcing attention and respect—is a British man-of-war. From the period of her return from Lisbon till the middle of the following month of November, the "Galatea" was employed in cruising about the Channel.

During the time that the "Galatea" was in commission, several changes had taken place amongst her officers; and when in 1830 she sailed on her

* Biography of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, by Colonel Baron de Suacre.

second trip to the West Indies, she mustered many new hands on board. Mr. Pearn, who afterwards for so long a time followed the fortunes of Captain Napier, had been appointed Master; and my brother, Charles Elers Napier, then a midshipman, was transferred from his first ship, the "Ganges," to the "Galatea."

My brother's appointment was only meant to be of a temporary nature; for Captain Napier entertained the greatest dislike to what he called "family ships," *i.e.*, those having on board connexions or relatives of the Captain; however, my brother remained in the "Galatea" till she was paid off, when he passed his Lieutenant's examination.

The "Galatea" sailed from Spithead on the 15th of November, 1830, having on board Sir George Hill, the Governor of St. Vincent. Both wind and weather were adverse, but Captain Napier was anxious to get away, and resolved to beat down the Solent and go through the Needles. Considering the state of the weather, this was perhaps not the most prudent course to pursue; but with him "prudence" always kicked the beam—when "possibility" was in the balance. He successfully worked his way down the Solent; but on the passage through the Needles, in consequence of a heavy gale of wind, was obliged to bear up for Torbay, which he left on the 24th of November, and on the 7th of December reached the island of Madeira, and anchored in the roads of Funchal.

The "Galatea" made a long passage from Madeira to Barbadoes, where she arrived on the 7th of January, 1831; the tedium of the voyage was, however, relieved with dancing, games, and whatever amuse-

ments could be devised, in which Captain Napier joined, as usual, with the greatest glee; and after evening quarters the boatswain used to pipe "all hands up to dance and sky-lark."

Barbadoes had been one of Captain Napier's favourite stations in his earlier days; and I have often heard him relate, with much humour, the gay doings of the celebrated Betsy Austin and her "dignity balls," of which she was the patroness, and as such, according to his account, she did the honours with much dignity and grace. More than twenty years had elapsed since those palmy days; but Betsy Austin was still flourishing, and a "dignity ball" was got up on the arrival of the "Galatea," for the sake of "auld lang syne." During the two days he remained at Barbadoes, Captain Napier visited many of his old acquaintances, and on the 9th of January he took leave of the good "Badians." On the following evening he reached the island of St. Vincent, where Sir George Hill, on being landed at the seat of his government, gave a farewell entertainment to his late host and the officers of the "Galatea."

On leaving St. Vincent, and after visiting Port-Royal, Jamaica, the "Galatea" arrived off the bar at Tampico, on the coast of Mexico, the 5th of February, 1831. A tremendous surf often breaks over this bar, which happened to be the case on the arrival of the "Galatea." Captain Napier, however, was impatient to get ashore, and, although the surf was unusually high, resolved to brave the difficulty at any risk; the consequence was that a four-oared gig in which he made the attempt was capsized, and he

had a narrow escape of being drowned. Mr. Pearn, the Master of the "Galatea," who was watching him in another boat from outside the bar, dashed with it immediately into the surf, to the rescue of the captain and his crew, who had, however, succeeded in reaching the shore and scrambling up the beach; whilst Pearn, after very great exertions, backed through the breakers, into the comparatively smooth water beyond. Shortly after Captain Napier's narrow escape, another less successful attempt was made for the "Galatea" to communicate with the shore, which unfortunately was attended with the loss of a very promising young officer, a midshipman of the name of Carrington.

After a trip to Sacrificios, near Vera Cruz, the "Galatea" returned to Tampico, where she obtained a freight; left the coast of Mexico on the 28th of March, and arrived at the Havannah on the 9th of April. Whilst here, a French man-of-war came into harbour, carrying the tricoloured flag of July, 1830. It was the first time for many years that Captain Napier had witnessed such a sight, and the first time—he jokingly remarked—he had ever been so near those colours without firing a shot. The "Galatea" remained only a couple of days at the Havannah, and then started on her homeward voyage, arriving at Spithead the 6th of May, 1831.

The friend to whom I am indebted for many of the particulars relative to this voyage of the "Galatea," informs me that although Captain Napier encouraged good fellowship and sociability on board, yet he never forgot, nor allowed others to forget, either

discipline or duty. In these matters he was strict, even to severity, but invariably just; he would always listen to what an officer or seaman had to say; was patient in investigating their complaints; immediately rectified them if well founded, but shewed no mercy to a skulker, a schemer, or the man who did not put his whole strength upon a rope.

The consequence was that, although feared on the quarter-deck, he was respected for his strict justice and impartiality, and, as is frequently the case with officers of that stamp, was most popular with the seamen; and though, in common with other men, he had his likes and his dislikes, I believe it is generally allowed that he was not influenced by such impressions either in the punishments he inflicted, or the rewards it was in his power to bestow.

A great change was now about to take place in naval warfare. James Watt had solved the problem as to the application of the power of steam; since then its agency had been largely employed for mercantile purposes, and Captain Napier crossed the Channel in one of the first iron steamers that was built; but steam had not as yet been applied to vessels of war, and this object now engrossed his attention. He had experimentally proved that a forty-two gun frigate might, with the aid of paddles, be propelled by the power of its own crew; he was also equally confident of being able to adopt the same means for the propulsion of vessels of the line; and therefore, on the return of the "Galatea," from her second trip to the West Indies, in May, 1831, he proceeded to London, in order to submit personally to the Admiralty

his views on this subject The following letter to Mrs. Napier shows that it was then in contemplation to have steamers of war, and also expresses the hope of being appointed to one of these, but he still continued to have confidence in the power of paddles, as applicable to ships of the line.

"Navy Club, May 18th, 1831.

"Sir Thomas Hardy said he was very sorry to be obliged to send me to sea; but the little Queen of Portugal's troops are going to attack St. Michael, one of the Western Islands, and I am to go to protect the British merchants—but am to join the squadron. He will himself look at our paddles. Sir James Graham comes to town to-morrow, so that, under all circumstances, I have decided to wait and see him. There is much doing about steam, and I think I shall certainly be appointed to the first man-of-war steamer that is ready, or perhaps to a line-of-battle ship, if they approve of our paddles. The moment I have seen Sir James I shall come home as fast as I can—but it is best now to make one business of it; and I am glad I came, were it only for having settled Edward's affairs: I have not yet decided what to do with his money, but will do for the best.

"P.S.—It is not decided what day we sail, and even yet I perhaps may get it stopped."

Little did he foresee, when thus endeavouring to avoid being sent out to the Azores, that it would prove the means of leading to the important part he was soon destined to enact, in assisting to place the "little Queen of Portugal" upon her throne. His mission to Lisbon, and the ability and tact evinced in its execution, had been the preliminary step, but it was in the Western Islands that he formed those associations which eventually led to his having the command of the Portuguese constitutional fleet.

The "Galatea" left Spithead for the Azores on

the 17th of May, 1831, arrived there early in June, and remained till the 4th of August, watching over British interests during the contest between the Miguelites and the followers of the Queen. Here Captain Napier became acquainted with Count Villa Flor (afterwards Duke of Terceira), and other leading men of the Pedroite or Constitutional party, in whose views he warmly participated, though from the following letter to Mrs. Napier he evidently had but an indifferent opinion of some of the functionaries with whom he came in contact:—

"Fayal, July 2nd, 1831.

"We arrived at St. Michael's after a long passage of a fortnight; we found no attack had been made on the island, but Fayal was expected to be attacked. After staying three days, I sailed, and called off Terceira, where I found the expedition of the little Queen's was at St. George's, waiting for fine weather to come here. I arrived three weeks ago, and found a great deal of unnecessary delay on the part of the Queen's troops, and a great deal of unnecessary alarm among the English. There was a Portuguese corvette here, and a garrison large enough to defend the place, but the Captain and the Governor determined on abandoning the island. Some apprehension was entertained of a row, and I ordered a good many of the officers to come on shore around, and stay in the English houses. Myself, Engledue, and Charley were at the Consul's.

"The embarkation began at twelve o'clock on the 23rd of June, the Governor going off first; and to my surprise, when the corvette had got her troops in, she got under weigh, and sent for the Colonel to embark, thus leaving the troops to themselves. Several muskets were fired, but I supposed without ball, till one came whizzing close past me as I was standing at a window in the Cónsul's house; however, we sat down to dinner in no great alarm, and had half done, when a message was brought up that a young English-

man was shot at a window. This of course created a hubbub, as there were several frightened Portuguese (among whom were the former Corregidor and the present one), who had come to the Consul's for security. I immediately desired the Corregidor to write to the commanding officer of the militia to say, if he did not show himself, and preserve order, I should hold him responsible for any Englishman that might be shot; he was, however, nowhere to be found, and I then made the Consul tell the Corregidor that he ought himself to go out and preserve order. This, however, he felt no inclination to do alone, and asked me to accompany him.

"Though I had no wish to interfere or to be shot, yet, as an officer, I could not refuse, and out I started with Engledue and Charley, armed with pistols and swords, and the Corregidor with a double-barrelled gun. We first went to the fort, where we found no officer, the militia straggling about, and many of the soldiers who had not embarked, and others who had deserted, some drunk and some sober; but my appearance seemed to have an immediate effect; the militia formed a guard, and all the other stragglers joined in, and re-established order; I then went up to the house where the poor young man lay wounded, and on inquiry I found the man who had shot him was on board an American brig they had hired, and which was full of troops, but could not get away for want of wind. I had no boat on shore, but I got one with a couple of oars, and requested the Corregidor would accompany me on board, and demand the miscreant. His courage was not screwed up to this, and I took with me an English merchant, an old naval officer, who was less afraid of his bacon.

"On board the brig we went; and I gave the Portuguese officer to understand that, unless the man were given up, I should detain the whole of them. An immediate search was made, but without effect. It was still calm; and as the Queen's troops were rowing over from Pico, I was afraid they might board the brig and put them all to death—so I sent a boat to say they had surrendered; and I am glad to say they landed safe and in good order, and the town was illuminated,

and no lives lost. The town was afterwards illuminated for three nights. The Count Villa Flor, who commands, and the Consul's family (with whom I have been staying for the last three weeks), dined on board the 'Galatea,' and I saluted them, manned yards, &c.

"The garrison is now established, and the rest of the troops returned to Terceira to prepare to attack St. Michael's, whither I am now going, but they are so dilatory that I fear they will not be ready for ten days. There will be no fighting, and when all is over I shall return to England, or sooner if I am relieved, which ought to have been the case long ago.

"They have been employing English vessels on both sides, with whom I have not interfered, which I hope is right; and indeed I expect the Admiralty will much approve of all I have done. Fortunately I found here a work on the Laws of Nations, which has been a good guide."

As the causes which led to the events detailed in the foregoing letter have perhaps escaped the reader's recollection, in consequence of the lapse of time that has since intervened, it may be as well to remark—in anticipation of further details—that some of the Azores, or Western Islands, constituted at this period the only footing retained by the Constitutional party of Portugal (or the followers of the Queen); and that Count Villa Flor, starting for the Island of Terceira with a small but determined band, succeeded eventually in planting the standard of Donna Maria da Gloria on every island of the group.

Captain Napier was right in the conjecture that his conduct would be approved of by the authorities at home, although it appears that he made a mistake in having landed a body of marines. This serves to show the difficult and delicate position in which the captain of a man-of-war may frequently be placed,

and how careful should be the selection for so responsible and important a command. The following letter is from Admiral George Dundas, then one of the Board of Admiralty:—

"Admiralty, Aug. 20, 1831.

"My dear Napier,—You have managed your matters well, and I may add to *our* satisfaction, in all but that of landing the marines: it is a delicate matter landing armed men in a foreign state, and ought not to be resorted to, but on the most pressing emergency.

"The account you give of the Terceirians' conduct does them great credit; they deserve success, and I hope they may have it. By this time you will have got your orders to join Codrington, who I suppose will be at Spithead by this time. I should like very much to have a look at your paddles, but have no chance just now. Pray let me hear what you think of the squadron after seeing them, particularly 'Barham,' 'Alfred,' and 'Curaçoa.' I have appointed Lieutenant H—— to 'Galatea;' Hardy speaks well of him. Yours ever,

"Geo. Dundas."

Sir J. Pechell—belonging also to the Board—wrote as follows:—

"August 24, 1831.

"Dear Charlie,—I have not had time to read your book, or indeed to write you a letter; but that you should not abuse me for not owning receipt, I take the opportunity of congratulating you upon the manner you conducted yourself at St. Michael's, notwithstanding you have been greatly chided for landing marines—but we are all aware of your difficulties.

"J. P."

The "Galatea" returned to Spithead in the latter end of August, 1831, whence she was shortly afterwards despatched to join the Experimental Channel Squadron, under Sir Edward Codrington. Here, also, her Captain again found an opportunity to bring the

paddles into play, as I find among his papers the following memorandum, dated 12th of September, 1831:—

"8.40, A.M.—'Galatea,' by signal, quitted her station in the line, and gave way ahead with her paddles.

"9.35, A.M. — The 'Caledonia' having furled sails, the 'Galatea' took her in tow; at 10.5, A.M., the 'Caledonia' stood out of the line, steering N.N.E., in tow of the 'Galatea,' paddling, 'Charybdis' and 'Viper' sweeping.

"11.15, A.M.—The 'Galatea' discontinued paddling, and cast off the tow ropes, with a light breeze on the bow; scrubbed hammocks, and washed clothes hanging in the rigging. The 'Galatea' towed the 'Caledonia' at the rate of a mile an hour, both ships' sails being furled. Under the same circumstances, with a light air abeam, she towed the 'Caledonia' at the rate of one knot and two fathoms an hour."

This experiment was duly reported to the Admiralty, and, shortly after, Captain Napier had the opportunity of making another trial. The "Galatea" had been detached from the experimental squadron, and returned to Spithead, which anchorage she left on the 15th of October, in company with the "Stag," for the purpose of bringing troops from Jersey. On arriving off the island, as it happened to fall calm, Captain Napier, who was senior officer, ordered the "Stag" to send a portion of her crew on board the "Galatea", to assist in manning the winches; and the paddles of the latter being shipped, the "Stag" was towed by her into St. Aubyn's Bay on the 17th. The 82nd Regiment was embarked on the following day, and landed at Portsmouth the day after.

The "Galatea" next joined the squadron under Admiral Warren, in the Downs, on the 26th of October. This fleet had been assembled in consequence of the war then going on between Holland and

Belgium; nothing, however, was done except detaining a few Dutch merchantmen which happened to come in their way. Whilst in the Downs, Captain Napier, in a letter to Mrs. Napier, thus described a visit to the Duke of Wellington :—

"I dined with the Duke of Wellington the other day, and was delighted; he was most civil, and talked a great deal about Spain, and about the Navy; I was quite at home, and asked him many questions, which he answered with the greatest freedom. He was very anxious to see our paddles, and would have come on board had he not been obliged to go to town; but if we go to Woolwich he is to come down to see them. He was astonished that nothing had been done about it, and I said I had never been able to get the last Board of Admiralty, or this one, to look at them. I opened out with him as I do everywhere, and I think he was much pleased; he shook hands twice when I came away. I am now with the Admiral: he has no news, and in fact it appears that the Ministers sent a squadron here, and they find the squadron can do nothing, and they don't know how to get out of it, without appearing not to know their own minds. So you must just make yourself easy till better days—at all events, the news about Edward will overjoy you all at home, and I wish I had myself been the bearer of it."

The concluding sentence of this letter has reference to the promotion to a company which the author of these pages expected then to obtain, and shows the kind interest Captain Napier took in his behalf. He, no doubt, as he says, opened his mind pretty freely about naval matters to the Duke, with whom he had likewise much talk of former times,—such as old fellow-campaigners usually indulge in.

On the 22nd of December, 1831, the "Galatea" left the Downs, and in the evening anchored off the Great Nore; weighed again on the 23rd, and brought

up the same day at the Little Nore. Here the "Galatea" and the "Stag" received on board a battalion of the 1st Royals for passage to Leith. On the 25th of December the two ships got under weigh, and bore up again for the Great Nore, from whence they started for their destination on the 26th. It happening to fall calm at the entrance of the Frith of Forth, the "Galatea" shipped her paddles, and the crew being assisted in working them by the soldiers on board, she reached Leith Roads on the 5th of January, 1832, the "Stag" not coming in until the following day.

On the arrival of the "Galatea" at Leith, Captain Napier proceeded to Edinburgh, to see many old friends of his youthful days; and the pleasure he experienced is best told in his own words to Mrs. Napier:—

"Edinburgh, January 5th, 1832.

"I cannot express to you the great disappointment I met with, at not seeing you at Sheerness; had you started the day you received my letter, or even the day after, you would have been in time. I expected you to the very last moment, had the Admiral's yacht at Chatham waiting for you, and his barge to bring you on board—I even delayed the ship . . . . thinking if you arrived you would join me. When you got my second letter it was, of course, too late to start. I was so sure of your coming, that I left the ship in a foggy night, and instead of getting on shore went out to sea, fetched at last the Nore Light, and was almost perished with cold. We are just arrived here, after a tedious but very pleasant passage. I am now writing from my old maiden cousin's, where I dined, and I cannot tell you how disappointed they all are that you did not come with me."

"I first went to old Lady Duncan, who is 84 years of age. The delight the old lady felt to see me was beyond everything; and the first thing she asked was, whether you were with me, saying:—"I canna gang myself to see her, for I am sae auld, but I wull write to her, and ask her to come

and see me." From thence I went to the Miss H——s', old friends of mine; I went in without being announced, and said, "Hoo is aw wi' ye? " "Ou! I dinna ken ye." "What!" said I, "dinna ye ken Charlie Napier?" And then there were such exclamations. . . . . .

"It is impossible to tell you the kindness I met with from everyone, and if you had been here I should have wanted nothing to add to my happiness; you would have been delighted. If a man only had money, here is the place to buy a house; will you believe me when I tell you that you may get one in the New Town, large enough for us, for about £750? They have over-built themselves, and houses are going for a mere nothing . . . . . .

"I think I shall leave this in the course of next week; had you been here, I should have stretched a point and stayed a fortnight, but I have no pleasure after seeing people, at least none to keep me. I long to get home; there is no place in my eyes like Purbrook; the novelty of this is very good for a while, but I would not like to live here . . ."

Notwithstanding the pleasure he must have experienced at again seeing so many old friends, and at the kindness with which he was received, his thoughts often reverted to home. His family, his cottage on Purbrook Heath, his field, his garden, his cow, his poultry and pigs, appeared, whenever he was absent from them, to be uppermost in his thoughts; and with an almost childish eagerness in this respect, he would yearn for his rural occupations and his own fireside; though it must be allowed that this feeling was always more strongly developed, the less actively he was employed in his profession.

Had Charles Napier never ploughed the ocean, he might perhaps have remained satisfied with ploughing his fields; but having been nurtured in the school

of arms, his ambition and restless spirit always prompted him to grasp the sword.

In another letter to Mrs. Napier he writes ;—

"I shall certainly come down next summer. Houses are to be had here for £700, and even as low as £300 and £400. I intend going to see Merchiston, and my old tutor, M'Call, whom you have often heard me speak of. Edinburgh, since you were here, is much changed: it extends to Leith, and far below St. Bernard's Well. I have been pretty nearly all over it. I think to-morrow I shall have seen all the people I once knew. I have messages from all quarters to come and see them—particularly from old ladies! It would make you laugh to hear the way they go on. Some of our men were at the play and sang out—'Here is success to paddles, and to old Charlie Napier!' to the astonishment, as you may suppose, of the whole audience. I go down on Thursday to Duddingstone; on Friday I shall return, and sail the day after, and if we get a fair wind, will, I hope, soon be home and paid off."

In the following letter he gives an account of his visit to Merchiston, the old family residence :—

"I went to visit all the people I knew in Edinburgh, who were delighted to see me, then walked to the Canal and got into the track-boat, which put me down at my old tutor's door, Willie M'Call, but he was not at home. I started on foot to walk to Merchiston Hall, but met a Mr. Larmouth, who asked me to his house, and gave me a horse. I cannot tell you in what a dreadful state of dilapidation I found it. All the stables and offices are gone to decay, and the roofs tumbling off; the house divided into two, and going to ruin; in fact, it was like a deserted place. I went into my mother's room, was quite disgusted and came away. I then looked out for the old servants, and found one alive, the coachman, with a broken leg. However, I was glad to find that my selling it was not at all to be regretted; neither you nor I would have liked to have lived there, as it is so dreadfully surrounded with towns. The garden is excellent, which is the only good thing about it. I returned with my new friend, who gave me

a horse to go to M'Call's, where I supped and slept, and came here after breakfast, a distance of about ten miles."

One of his old play-fellows of the High School, whom he then also went to see, related several years afterwards the following story, which I shall give in the narrator's own words:—

"I can relate an amusing and somewhat curious anecdote of Napier. I think it was in the year 1832 he arrived at Leith, in command of a frigate. He came to see me, and take an early dinner. During the course of conversation on bygone events of former years in America, Spain, and elsewhere, he remarked that he had been so long off real service, that he questioned if he could do the *trick* as well now as formerly; but suddenly, seeming to imagine he had gone too far in doubting his own indomitable courage, he jumped up, exclaiming, 'By G—, you'll see me die a Duke yet!' A very few years after, as everybody knows, by the capture of the Miguelite fleet, he became a Portuguese noble; and I think he is on the *high road* to merit any honour which Her Majesty has the power to bestow. By the force of his heroic example, how has he carried everything before him at sea or on shore! Equally successful his plans —excellent his execution—rapid (that's the secret)—no hesitation — no shilly-shally with Charlie Napier. By his exploits in Syria, he has not only knocked on the head Mehemet Ali's soldiers, but he has knocked on the head Monsieur Thiers' policy, and by so doing contributed to give peace to Europe. I have known him now man and boy these 40 years. I have marched with him, sailed with him, larked with him, and fought with him. I now rejoice in seeing his name honoured as it is."

The "Galatea" quitted Leith on the 15th of January, arrived at Spithead on the 22nd, and went into Portsmouth Harbour on the following day. She at once began to return stores and dismantle, and was paid off on the 28th, in the almost unprecedentedly short

period of four days and a half after coming into harbour, which elicited the approval of the Admiralty. Ere we part with the old ship, I must introduce some remarks on paddle performances, with which I have been favoured by an officer who served in her at that time :—

"We frequently used the paddles in going in and out of ports during calms, as at Madeira and the Havannah, where we left a French frigate and an American corvette, which could not get out with us for want of wind. And this reminds me of a circumstance which occurred as we were paddling out of Havannah. Captain Napier, in his anxiety to show how fast the ship could be made to go by that means, was lustily cheering up the men and urging them to heave round heartily, when he was jokingly asked if he had always been in such a hurry to get away from the French flag? 'No,' replied he, laughing, 'but I wish I had always had the same means of getting at it.'

"The great outcry raised against the paddles was that it was such hard work for the men. Of course it was hard work to get the utmost speed, and so it is to pull a boat; but having the paddles did not entail the necessity of using them, and they were only for special occasions. I have frequently heard the men asking, in their own peculiar way, to have them shipped—that is to say, when off a port they might be heard to express the wish, loud enough to be heard on the quarter-deck.

"'I say, Jack,' one of them would remark, 'I hope we'll get the paddles out, and paddle her in afore dark.' 'Yes,' another would reply, 'an hour's work could do it, and then we should have all right in, instead of bracing the yards about all night to catch every cat's-paw.' On such occasions, when the boatswain piped out 'Paddles!' there would be almost a cheer—quite one, had not discipline partially closed their mouths.

"The paddles could be shipped on board the 'Galatea' in a quarter of an hour;—in fact, I have seen them shipped,

hove round, unshipped, and stowed away in less than twenty minutes."

The same officer concludes his remarks with a passage which I have much pleasure in quoting:—

"When the 'Galatea' was at Spithead, Captain Napier's family lived on board; this was very pleasant: Mrs. Napier and her daughters would sometimes most obligingly become our partners in a quadrille. Frequently we had pleasant reunions in the cabin, with such amusements as only ladies can devise; and thus were our evenings—usually so monotonous on board ship—spent as agreeably and rationally as in a drawing-room ashore. These ladies were much respected and esteemed, and Mrs. Napier, the friend of all on board, was like a mother to the young midshipmen, and the guardian angel of the ship."

CHAPTER VIII.

CANVASSES THE BOROUGH OF PORTSMOUTH, 1832—NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE COMMAND OF THE PORTUGUESE CONSTITUTIONAL FLEET, JANUARY TO MAY, 1833.

CAPTAIN NAPIER, being now again on half-pay, had the opportunity of enjoying the "*otium cum dignitate*" which he so often longed for whilst on board ship. He had, as I have before said, a pretty villa at Purbrook, a few miles distant from Portsmouth, where he managed to employ himself, for a time, agreeably enough in country pursuits; but he soon found that his resources were too limited—and that one horse, a cow, a small field, and a garden gave scarcely sufficient scope to his activity. The society of his cousin Charles (whose residence of Broomfield was within a short walk of Purbrook Lodge) proved a great solace to him at this time; and these two remarkable men then lived in a retirement which gave small promise of the glories into which they afterwards emerged.

Charles Napier, the soldier, would assiduously cultivate his little garden, and, when his work there was completed, he has been known to occupy himself in

repairing the parish road leading past his house; whilst Charles Napier, the sailor, would be engaged in draining his field, or in looking after his poultry and pigs.

The two cousins, although in some respects differing as widely in disposition as in personal appearance, possessed nevertheless, in common, many "family" traits of character. Both were endowed with the same daring ambition, the same energy and indomitable will; both despised the fear of "responsibility," and in cases of necessity cast it contemptuously to the winds. Neither would quietly see his fellow-creatures trampled on, and neither would allow himself to be trampled on with impunity. Both were "Liberals," in the strongest acceptation of the term—the soldier perhaps even more so than the sailor—both were idolized by the soldiers and sailors under their respective command, who found in each a staunch and able advocate of their rights; both were authors, and wrote much to the point, particularly on professional subjects. Both were fond of fun and frolic, and in the Admiral this propensity often took a practical turn, as the following anecdote (which in 1833 found its way into print) will serve to show:—

"He used frequently to be annoyed by nightly depredations on his poultry-yard, and made use of the following curious expedient to intimidate those who took such liberties with his ducks and geese. He had killed a pig, and at night, after everybody had retired to bed, he took the blood in a basin, and sprinkled it across the yard, and on the palings which formed its boundary. Then returning to the house, and undressing, he gave the alarm that he heard somebody about the premises; and, seizing a pistol, ran out, and after

exclaiming, 'Stop! or by Heavens I'll shoot you!' he let fly. The person in the secret, and who had concealed himself on the other side of the fence, immediately roared out most lustily, as if wounded by the shot, and, taking a circuit, returned unperceived to the house—all the inmates of which were by this time on the move. A lantern was procured—the track, of blood was followed to the extremity of the yard—and all were astonished at the quantity the thief must have lost in crossing the palings, over which he had apparently effected his escape—mortally wounded, they all supposed, at the very least. This story of course got wind, and so far produced the desired effect, that henceforth his poultry yard never was again invaded."

Captain Napier now occupied much of his leisure time with his pen, as the pages of the *United Service Magazine* of that and the ensuing year can testify. The subjects on which he wrote were chiefly of a professional nature, suggesting improvements and exposing abuses in the Navy. To do this more effectually, he had long been desirous of a seat in Parliament, as he thought he should then have greater power to benefit the country and his profession, and procure the redress of those abuses against which he had long written in vain. Accordingly, at the first election for Portsmouth, after the passing of the Reform Bill, he became a candidate—in opposition to Messrs. Carter and Baring—and issued an address, which is so frank and sailor-like that it deserves to be recorded:—

"TO THE ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH OF PORTSMOUTH.

"Purbrook Lodge, June 14, 1832.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have been told I am a bold man to canvass Portsmouth; so much the better. I love enterprize, and the inhabitants of Portsmouth will not like me the worse for that; the more danger the more glory. If I suc-

ceed, I shall gain honour — if I fail, no disgrace. Now, gentlemen, for my profession of faith, without further palaver: My principles have been liberal all my life; I have always been favourable to Reform, and to a correction of abuses; and as the present Administration have given Reform, and are correcting abuses, I am favourable to them. Gentlemen, I wish to see all sinecures and useless situations abolished, whether in the Army, the Navy, or any other branch; I wish to preserve useful institutions, to keep up as large a Navy as the finances of the country will allow, and to keep that Navy efficient and always ready for work. I wish to see the Marine corps kept up higher than it is now, and our sea-port towns garrisoned by Marines only; they would then be ready to fit out the Fleet in any emergency.

"I wish to see these towns happy and prosperous; and to be so, they ought to have a Naval Officer for one of their Representatives, who will work, with all his heart and soul, to effect it. Let me ask you, gentlemen, what individual good have your present Members done to you? Have they ever attempted to get the clothing of the Navy, fitted out at Portsmouth, supplied from this town? Contracts for bad slops are made in London, when they might be furnished better and cheaper here. Have they ever attempted to get the clothing for the Portsmouth Division of Marines supplied at this place? Have they ever attempted to get the Convicts who now work in these towns, sent to their destinations, and the labouring poor employed in their place? In fact, have they ever moved in Parliament for the benefit of this town; and if they are again returned, what good will they do? You will probably not see their faces till next election—I am in your neighbourhood, and always at your command.

"I pledge myself, if returned, to do all I can with the Government to gain these points; and if I fail, to ask the Minister from my place in the House, why Portsmouth should not have all the legitimate advantages that the first naval arsenal in the world deserves. The prosperity of Portsmouth depends on the Navy more than any other sea-port town—it is purely a naval station, and as such ought

to be supported. I have been asked if I am sent here by Government. I am not—I am perfectly independent; and I think it would be an insult to the inhabitants to attempt to make it a Government borough, at the moment they have gained their independence.

"It is unpleasant to speak of one's self; perhaps at present it is allowable. My professional character I believe will bear investigation. I have served faithfully for 32 years, and have been three times wounded in the service; and, in the event of war, will always hear the drum when it beats to quarters; and instead of being '*an enemy in your camp*,' as I have been designated, you will find me in the camp of any enemy opposed to your interests.

"CHARLES NAPIER."

This is the first time, we believe, Captain Napier ever had the opportunity of making public his political opinions; and on analyzing the above sentiments, expressed nearly thirty years ago, it will be seen how firmly, how unswervingly, he has always adhered to the same creed throughout his subsequent long and arduous public life.

His principles were "liberal," in the real acceptation of the term; for he always considered "liberalism" to consist in maintaining constitutional freedom, and in supporting whatever measures he deemed right, just, and conducive to the good of his country and profession, without reference to the party from whom such measures might derive their source. He expresses himself favourable to Reform, and the correction of abuses; the latter he always fearlessly exposed to public view, and he supported both principles to the very last, not only with the pen, and from his seat in the House, but, when occasion offered, likewise with his sword. From oppression and tyranny he

liberated suffering Portugal, by hurling Don Miguel, its tyrant, from a usurped throne. After defeating and driving another tyrant, Ibrahim Pasha, the Egyptian, from the Lebanon, he endeavoured—though in vain—to guard that fair region of the globe from the tyranny and oppression of both the Egyptian and the Turk. He always continued strongly to advocate the abolition of sinecures in the Army and Navy, in Church and State; whilst no greater proof can be given of the absence of "party spirit" from the political opinions which he maintained, than the fact that, although an avowed "Radical Reformer," he would never truckle to Radical opinions, when he deemed them inconsistent with the safety and good of the country; and always vehemently opposed those measures that would—from mistaken principles of economy—leave England defenceless, or allow her to sink in the scale of nations; never, for the sake of courting popularity, would he listen to such precepts of a venal party—precepts that he so utterly despised. No, he was then, and ever continued to be, a strenuous advocate for ensuring the safety and securing the proud position of England, by keeping up the requisite means for her defence, with money, ships, and men, and—to use his own words—"by maintaining as large a Navy as the finances of the country would allow."

Supported by his friends, Messrs Casher and William Grant, he immediately commenced the canvass of Portsmouth and Portsea; indeed, no time was to be lost, for the "Carter" interest at Portsmouth was very great, and, backed by that interest, a Govern-

ment man like Mr. Baring, had great influence among the electors of a constituency formed as that of Portsmouth then was.

Never did man work harder than Captain Napier on that occasion, and many strange stories are told to this day, of the adventures he encountered whilst perambulating Portsmouth in quest of votes.

It is well known that he was never very particular in matters of dress; and it is recounted that on one occasion having called on an elector for his vote, the worthy tradesman, happening to be from home, he then addressed himself to his wife, who expressed her incredulity that such a "shabbily dressed fellow" could be Captain Napier, of the Royal Navy, of whom she had heard so much. In vain did the anxious candidate for her husband's vote endeavour to convince her of his identity; he had neither card nor proof of any kind to show, and the lady would not take him at his word, or promise so doubtful-looking an individual her powerful support. At last a bright idea suggested itself, of proving that he was "himself." He unbuttoned his waistcoat, and displayed on the front of his shirt "Charles Napier," written at full length. The lady was convinced, and gave him the promise of a "plumper."

He appeared at several public meetings, where he was very favourably received, and where resolutions were passed in his favour. He had the strenuous support of his cousin, Charles, who accompanied him to the hustings. He was clearly the popular candi-

Messrs. Carter and Baring were returned. This was a great disappointment to the populace, and nearly led to a serious result. Whilst the successful candidates were returning thanks they were heard with great impatience; and at last a large body of sailors approached the hustings, when one of them attracted Captain Napier's attention by touching him on the foot, and pointing to the formidable-looking fellows behind, roared out, "Captain, shall *us* board 'em, and cut short their d—d yarn?"

A tremendous uproar followed, and Captain Napier had no little difficulty in preventing the "boarding" proposal from being carried into effect; indeed, he had to use every exertion, and some ingenuity, to secure Mr. Baring's retreat from the hustings, the mob being greatly exasperated against him, as the chief opponent of "Old Charley."

Captain Napier suffered very considerably, in a pecuniary point of view, by this unsuccessful contest. It was indeed one that few men with his straitened means would have ventured to undertake, but feeling convinced that he had made the sacrifice in a good cause, he calmly bore the inconveniences to which he was now subjected. He cheerfully resumed his accustomed amusements and pursuits; and while the rest of his family were desponding, a murmur was never heard to escape his lips. I was then at home on leave of absence from my regiment, and by way of occupation he induced me to follow his example and become a contributor to the *United Service Magazine.*

He still continued to take a lively interest in the success of the Portuguese Constitutional cause, and

kept up the acquaintance with its leading men that he had formed when employed in the "Galatea," while at the Azores. He had a strong opinion of the impolicy of the Pedroites remaining blocked up in Oporto, and suggested that they should endeavour to bring the contest to a close by a dash on Lisbon. This plan was approved of by the Constitutional Government, and they resolved to enter into negotiations with its author, in order to carry it into effect.

The scheme was discussed with the Marquis Palmella—who arrived in London, in September, 1832, to urge the cause of the young Queen on the British Government—and Captain Napier assisted him in fitting out an East Indiaman, which had been purchased in England, and received the name of the "Don Pedro." An offer was finally made to him to command the Constitutional fleet. But there was one great difficulty in the way, namely: that the officer then in that position was Admiral Sartorius, one of his oldest friends. Captain Napier would not consent to any underhand dealing, and positively refused to listen to the proposal, until he had communicated with and obtained the concurrence of Admiral Sartorius, who, disgusted with the treatment he had experienced, expressed himself quite willing to resign his thankless command; and thus, the negotiation at last came to a successful issue.

It is not my intention to give here a history of the civil war in Portugal, which has already been done—and, in the opinion of competent judges, done satisfactorily—by the subject of this memoir, in a work,

published shortly after its close;* but shall confine myself to those illustrations of that interesting narrative supplied by the unpublished letters and journals of Captain Napier, and some of his gallant comrades; touching briefly on those subjects that may have already been mentioned in his "History of the War."

The command was formally offered to him in a letter from the Chevalier de Lima—the representative of the Queen of Portugal in England—and he was strongly urged to accept it by his friends, Colonel Evans and Colonel Hodges, both staunch partisans of the Constitutional cause.

The following letter to Mrs. Napier, dated London, February 5, 1833, will explain the arrangements made on this occasion :—

"It is settled to-day that I shall accept the command of the fleet, on receiving six months' pay in advance, my expenses to be paid out to Oporto, and my life to be insured for 10,000*l.* for six months; the officers I take are also to have six months in advance, and Sartorius is to be made acquainted with this proposed arrangement, as I find they have not communicated their intention to him: this will require about a fortnight, and I only wait to see one of Sartorius's officers, to know exactly the state of the fleet, before I send my letter in reply to the Minister; so that I shall not leave this till to-morrow evening, or the next morning. I shall then speak to Charles about taking him. I believe Peak and his brother will go—the one as captain of the fleet, the other in command of a ship."

Further particulars relative to the projected expedition are given in the following extracts from his letters to Mrs. Napier :—

* "An Account of the War in Portugal, between Don Pedro and Don Miguel. By Admiral Charles Napier." 2 vols. 8vo., 1836.

"February 8, 1833.

"I was prevented leaving town yesterday by the arrival of an officer from Oporto, sent for the express purpose of treating with me, to take the command of an expedition of 7,000 men, and 12 steam-boats, for an attack on Lisbon. A sudden dash is to be made, headed by me. I long to tell you all the plan I sent some time ago to the Marquis, and they were delighted with it. I have told them I must have despotic power, or I will do nothing."

A considerable delay now occurred. It would appear that the Portuguese Ministry in London had no funds to proceed with the expedition, and Captain Napier considered the matter at an end. A rumour, however, being circulated that he was to have the command of the Constitutional fleet—and owing, it was said, to the reputation he enjoyed—a considerable sum was advanced by a few London capitalists; and having received a satisfactory reply from Admiral Sartorius, he no longer hesitated to embark in this important and hazardous enterprise.

Admiral Sir G. R. Sartorius has favoured me with the following statement respecting the resignation of his command:—

"The dissensions and intrigues among the Pedroite party, and the strong measures I was obliged to adopt in consequence, placed me in too unpleasant a position towards the Emperor, to permit my continuing to command the squadron. Although I imprisoned all the party who came to arrest me, I had made up my mind to relinquish the command if any name presented itself in whom I had confidence, and who would watch over the interests of the men, all of whom had entered into the service under the contract I had made for them.

"Napier wrote to me to say that the command had been offered to him, but, as an old friend, he could not accept it without knowing from me whether I wished to retire. I instantly replied, that no better choice could have been made

and that I would gladly give up the command to him, cautioning him to bring out all his superior officers.

"You know that Napier had many enemies, particularly among the Tories, in our profession. Every attempt was made to slur over his gallant and brilliant victory and the capture of the Miguelite squadron, by insinuating that the crews and officers had been bribed to give up the vessels. This absurd slander hardly needed contradiction; but, nevertheless, I have been often appealed to on the subject. Without being selfish or envious, I could not but feel that I was unfortunate in seeing the seed most painfully sown by myself, giving to another the rich harvest. But I trust I felt it as a man of honour; and I never hesitated in saying that only a man with a clear head and indomitable pluck could have reaped it so well; and this was my opinion constantly and unhesitatingly given of Napier for the whole of his proceedings in the Portuguese campaign, and I think my peculiar position, as his predecessor in the command, gave a higher value to my opinion."

To resume the extracts from Captain Napier's letters to his family :—

"London, Saturday, 6th April, 1833.

"I have consented to go with three steamboats and 1000 men, to land on the Algarves and make an effort in their favour, as the only chance they now have, unless Sartorius arranges something with them. It is a trifling thing, but without my name they could not raise 12000*l.* or pence, and that is given, by two or three gentlemen, because I am going; 6000*l* was obtained yesterday, and they hope to get the rest to-day. I shall call off Oporto, and if they have settled with Sartorius and paid the men, and the ships are in a good state, I shall take the command; if not, I return in the steamboats."

All was now settled, and he again wrote home as follows :—

"London, April 30, 1833.

"Next Wednesday we shall sail with five steamboats for Oporto, there to embark 6000 men, and make a dash on Lisbon. The Marquis Palmella goes with me. The news from Oporto is good; they have settled with Sartorius for the present, but

as Palmella is to be Prime Minister, he will make Sartorius Minister of Marine, and I command the whole. Should anything prevent that, I shall get on with Sartorius the best way I can. The money has all been obtained since the parties knew I was going: we shall have 6000*l.* in hard cash, in case the fleet should not be quite pleased. Now, if nothing unexpected happens in one month, I hope either to be in Lisbon or in heaven. I have a few things to arrange before I leave London, and I shall come home for a few days.

"CARLOS DE PONZA."

The signature of this letter requires explanation. The expedition in which he was now engaged, was contrary to the Foreign Enlistment Act, and, to avoid the penalties consequent on infringing that statute, *noms de guerre* were assumed, and Captain Napier selected that of Carlos de Ponza, from the scene of his principal achievement in 1813. The same course was adopted by the four gallant British officers who joined him in his enterprise, and to whom he readily acknowledged himself greatly indebted for its success. These were Captain James Wilkinson, Lieutenant Peak, Mr. Pearn, the former Master of the "Galatea," and my brother, Lieutenant Charles Elers Napier. The names they assumed for the occasion being respectively, Reeves, Henry, Phillips, and Charley.

Captain Wilkinson was his old shipmate, who had so long served under him in the "Thames" and "Euryalus," in the Mediterranean and the Potomac. He had been since engaged in the trying Burmese war of 1825, but was then living on half-pay at his residence near Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. This officer was immediately promoted to the rank of Commodore in the Constitutional Fleet.

Captain Napier entertained the highest opinion of Mr. Pearn, from what he knew of him as Master of the "Galatea;" and, considering him well adapted for the hazardous enterprise on which he was about to engage, on returning home from London wrote to him to the following effect:—

"Purbrook, May 9, 1833.

"MY DEAR PEARN,—I am going out to take the command of Don Pedro's fleet. I am most anxious to have you with me. The business must be brought to a conclusion in a couple of months. If you will come to town with a portmanteau, on receipt of this, I will ensure you 100*l.* down before starting. We go out by steam from London, with considerable reinforcements, and a blow must be struck ere long. You will have no expense in going. Your appointment would be Master of the Fleet, or it might be something better if in my power. I know of no man I have more confidence in than you. The summer is before us. If we succeed, the officers are to receive, I believe, four years' pay; if the affair fails, of course we cannot get that. *Be secret*, and come directly; tell your wife I will look after you. Mrs. Napier is delighted at my going. Write to me at the Naval Club, Bond Street.

"Yours truly,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

Captain Napier possessed the great art of discriminating the real character and abilities of men whom he required in time of need; nor was he disappointed in any of the officers whom he then selected. They all answered the expectations he had formed of them in the highest possible degree. There was, however, a difficulty with respect to his son joining the expedition, which is alluded to in the following letter to Mrs. Napier:—

"London, May 14, 1833.

"With respect to Charles, there is a difficulty: Admiral Dundas does not know how to get him out of the 'Excellent'—

he cannot give him leave without its being known, nor can he discharge him either; he is, however, to tell me more to-morrow. I have told you that I will do all I can for him, but he must give up for the present all idea of a command, because there are not vacancies for Wilkinson, Peak, and Mr. Pearn, whom I expect, and they go on an uncertainty; all that he can be, is my flag-lieutenant, living with me in the ship, and you may rely upon my treating him properly. All is going on, and we sail positively on Saturday. Be not alarmed, all will end well. I am getting every information from the Admiralty, and assistance from Harding. We are getting men fast, and I hope they are doing the same at Portsmouth. I am much better since I have been writing."

This allusion is to a neuralgic attack, from which he had been recently suffering in an extreme degree, and which would have totally incapacitated a man of less iron will. He again writes, a few days after:—

"London, May 17th, 1833.

"Charley will tell you, ere this, what I have arranged for him. Peak is arrived, and goes. Pearn will be picked up at Plymouth. All goes on well, but we have been disappointed in one steamboat here, and have been obliged to get another from Bristol, which will delay us a day or two longer, and it is probable I shall be obliged to embark at Portsmouth, where I shall have the happiness of again seeing you; though I confess I would rather go from here, as it could be done more quietly, and without again setting the people talking.

"I do not think it probable that I shall be absent three months. If we succeed, the fleet will come either to Portsmouth, or Cherbourg, for the Queen; if we fail, Don Pedro will be obliged to lay down his arms, and make the best terms he can, because it will be impossible to raise another shilling.

"I am, as you may suppose, up to my eyes in business, and am much hurried. I buy no clothes, only a pair of epaulettes and a pair of gold lace pantaloons, and put anchor buttons on my coat."

"London, May 18th, 1833—Freemason's Court, in the City.

"I have waited here all day to finish my insurance, and

am happy to tell you that in the event of my death all is arranged, and you will have 10,000*l*. The policy of insurance will be sent to you in a few days, properly settled by Mr. Hallett,* who happened to be one of the treasurers. I shall leave with you a memo. how I wish it to be divided when you die, and I shall trust entirely to your doing what I wish.

"We have had delay about a steamboat, and now start with six; and I am quite satisfied with all that has been done."

"London, May 19th, 1833.

"My squadron are all in motion, except the vessel that takes me out, and the one at Portsmouth. It is almost settled that I go on Tuesday. We have already got about 150 seamen, and I hope the three steamers will be complete by Tuesday. We have not heard how many are ready at Portsmouth. When we are complete here, a person will go down and pay them there; I should have come down, but I do not like to be out of the way, as things stand fast when I am absent, and I do not like to lose sight of the Marquis, or move till I am sure of the seamen. Sartorius has sent home 150 of the most riotous characters, so that I hope all will go smoothly with me. I feel quite satisfied that all will be settled in a month after I arrive.

"I have suffered a great deal of pain in my face; to-day I am perfectly well. I really thought I should have knocked up altogether, for I have suffered a great deal. Wilkinson is gone to Gravesend, to attend to the men; he has three lieutenants, and several mates, and is quite satisfied.

"In the midst of all my enterprises, you may rely upon it that my thoughts will often be turned to home; and I look forward to return with great honour and glory, and a good deal of advantage. I am quite satisfied with all the arrangements that are made, and we certainly deserve success, and I think will have it. The accounts were all good, and the fleet are certainly more quiet than they were. We carry out money to pay them up; those who go from here, receive two months advance, as also those at Portsmouth; and they are all delighted at my going, which it was necessary to inform them

* Of the firm of Hallett and Maude, his Naval Agents.

of. I hope and trust I shall hear from you to-morrow. I shall make arrangements how you are to write in future, and be sure you never lose a packet. Tell Edward to-morrow I will see about his affairs, and write; I have not been able to do it before. I shall take care of Charley. God bless you!"

Everything being at last arranged, he was able to return home to bid farewell to his family; and on the 22nd of May I accompanied him and my brother Charles on board the "City of Waterford" steamer, which was waiting for him at Spithead. There had been a mutiny the night before amongst the seamen who had been engaged in the cause, which was, however, put down by the firmness and decision displayed by Commodore Wilkinson, who was fortunately on board; and when "Admiral" Napier stepped on the quarter-deck, order had been restored.

"Falmouth, Monday, May 27th, 1833.

"When I got on board the steamboat, I soon put everything to rights with the men; they had all been cheated in a shameful manner—they are to be redressed this evening before we start. They are, nevertheless, a set of troublesome fellows, and I expect a great deal of torment; however, I shall endeavour to go through with it. We had a very pleasant passage here, and I have arranged two messes in the steamboat—one for the Marquis, myself, the captains, and a few others, amounting to ten; the other, lieutenants and midshipmen, and I have assumed at once the 'Admiral.'

"I have seen Collier and Dr. Davis—both well; the latter has given me something for my face, from which I still suffer.

"We sail this evening, which I am glad of, as we can manage the men very well at sea, but in harbour they are the devil. I hope to be at Oporto in a few days: the squadron is there, and everything looks well. We have been obliged to send back a steamer to Portsmouth for some boxes that have been forgotten."

Whilst Admiral Napier was on shore at Falmouth, another disorderly scene took place on board the "City of Waterford." Several of the seamen who had engaged to serve in the expedition were drowned, in an attempt to desert, by the upsetting of a boat; order was at length, as on the previous occasion, restored by the decisive measures of Commodore Wilkinson and the other officers. The Admiral hastily returned on board, and harangued the mutineers from the poop; he promised redress for grievances, but also threatened punishment should they again offend. This awed them, though, had extreme measures been requisite, it is hard to say what view the law might have taken of the matter. He was, therefore, most anxious to get his troublesome followers as soon as possible into "blue water," and accordingly ordered the "City of Waterford" to put to sea immediately, having on board the Marquis Palmella, and M. Mendizabel (who had managed the loans), though with only 137 seamen, instead of 400, the number required to complete the squadron he was about to join.

CHAPTER IX.

TAKES THE COMMAND OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL FLEET AND GAINS THE VICTORY OF CAPE ST. VINCENT, JUNE AND JULY, 1833.

The auspices under which Don Carlos de Ponza (as he must now be called) left Falmouth, were anything but favourable. The seamen on board the "City of Waterford" showed—as we have already stated—extreme discontent, and every symptom of mutiny, which was only put down by the judicious firmness of the Admiral, with the support of his officers. The reinforcement he was taking out to the Constitutional cause consisted of five steamers, with about a hundred and sixty officers and men, together with two battalions—one English, the other Belgian—to strengthen the garrison at Oporto.

The Admiral and his colleagues arrived on the 2nd of June, after a pleasant passage, at Vigo, where they found, as had been previously arranged, another steamer from Rochefort, which was to have joined the expedition here with four hundred Poles. This projected addition of so considerable a force to the gar-

rison of Oporto had, however, completely failed, and she brought with her only twelve men.

Four of the steamers remained at Vigo for a few hours, to complete themselves with fuel and water; whilst Napier pushed on in the "City of Waterford," and anchored the same evening, after dark, in the roads of Oporto—on which a serious attack appeared then to be taking place, which proved, however, to be only the usual practice of shelling, that occurred nearly every night.

Admiral Sartorius, having his flag on board the "Rainha," was lying at anchor off Oporto, with the "Don Pedro," the "Donna Maria," the brig "Villa Flor," and a numerous convoy of merchant vessels, awaiting an opportunity to land stores and provisions for the use of the town.

Accompanied by the Marquis of Palmella and Señor Mendizabel, Napier lost no time in going on board the flag-ship to communicate with Admiral Sartorius, with whom he had a long and friendly interview; and we now resume the narrative in his own words:—

"After remaining a few hours with Sartorius, the despatch boat came off; and as the beach was good, no time was lost in getting on shore—a task attended with considerable danger. The entrance of the river is little more than a pistol-shot across; the north side, where the Foz is situated, was possessed by the Queen's troops—the opposite by the Miguelites. To the north of the Foz there is a small bay, under the light-house, where the boats landed when the surf permitted; this bay was commanded by the enemy's musketry, which, however, at night did little damage, as they were kept in check by the light-house battery; and it is to be presumed that the pickets stationed to annoy the landing, got careless and kept under

cover, firing their muskets at random over the parapet. In this bay we landed, and received a tolerably good salutation of musketry, happily without effect. Crossing the bar is attended with considerably more danger, which shall be described in its proper place.

"We were received with great kindness by General Saldanha, who commanded at the Foz; and during the time the mules were preparing, he gave us some insight into the affairs of Oporto.

"After partaking of the hospitality of Saldanha, we mounted our mules and proceeded to the town. The weather was fine, the country beautiful, and the scenery enlivening to a degree. On the left were the enemy's batteries, with their flags flying, sufficiently close to observe their sentinels; on the right, at a little distance, the river with its high, rising banks well wooded, and the opposite heights crowned by the Miguelite batteries, occasionally sending their shot and shell from either side into the Queen's lines, distinguished by the blue and white Constitutional flag. Nearly twenty years had elapsed since I had seen an enemy; the sight of flags, the noise of guns, the sound of drums and bugles, soon awoke me to a recollection of the scenes of early life, and conveyed a sensation which will be well understood by those accustomed to the bustle of war and camps.

"The road was tolerably well covered, being dangerous only in a few places, and we passed without molestation. At six we entered the besieged and heroic city of Oporto, and proceeded to the Duke of Terceira's quarters, where we were greeted with the greatest joy by the Duke and his staff—Palmella as a sincere friend and colleague, and myself as an old acquaintance in the Western Islands. A few minutes sufficed to explain how we came and what brought us, and the whole party were rejoiced at our arrival. They now looked forward to active measures, and to the termination of the intrigues that had been so long going on at Oporto.

"The house in which we were had been frequently perforated by shells; nevertheless, the inmates seemed quite at ease, and we sat down to a most comfortable breakfast; and after making ourselves acquainted with the situation of affairs,

we waited on the Marquis of Loulé, the Emperor's brother-in-law and Minister of Marine, and were rather surprised to learn from him that all was not quite right at head-quarters."

The following letter to Mrs. Napier gives a further insight into the state of affairs :—

"Oporto, June 3rd, 1833.

"We arrived here last night; I immediately went on board Sartorius's ship; we were quite friends, and he is ready and willing to give up the squadron. We came on shore at three in the morning, and were well peppered with musketry, but without suffering loss. I breakfasted with my old friend Villa Flor, and afterwards went to the Emperor . . . . and I cannot say I was pleased with my reception; he sent an aide-de-camp to introduce me to Solignac, with whom I had some conversation, and am to dine with him to-day. I told the Minister of Marine that I should on no account take command of the squadron until I knew what was to be done. I mean to stick to that; and if they do not do something quickly and properly, I shall not stay at all. I write this in Colonel Sorrel's house. This is quite a besieged town; every night they throw shells into it, but they have killed very few people. There is no apprehension of its being taken, but I am decidedly of opinion that nothing will save the cause but embarking troops and making a descent elsewhere; and if the country then does not rise, they will be obliged to lay down their arms beyond a doubt. We had a very pleasant passage: Lady Charlotte made herself very agreeable, and, upon the whole, we got on very well. We touched at Vigo, left the steamer to complete coal, and came on. Charley is very well; he is on board, as I thought it no use risking him in landing. The night was as light as day, and when we embark it will be tolerably dark, so we shall escape a peppering. I wish I could give you any decisive news, but that is impossible till next packet—the letters are sent over the bar when passable, to wait for the packet."

Of the persons mentioned in this letter, Count

Terceira. Marshal Solignac was the General then in command of Oporto; Colonel Sorrel (whom he had formerly known at Paris) was the British consul; and Lady Charlotte Bacon—a daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and celebrated by Byron in his lines to "Ianthe"—had come out to join her husband, who commanded a regiment of lancers in the service of Donna Maria da Gloria.

The cool reception he had met with from Don Pedro, added to intense bodily pain—"his head," as he says in the "History of the War," "wrapped up in flannel, like a respectable old lady"—did not tend to put "Black Charles" in the best of humours; and it was probably under the influence of these feelings that he penned the following letter to Mrs. Napier:—

"Oporto, June 26th, 1833.

"When I wrote to you the other day, I thought it very probable I should soon follow my letter. Will you believe it possible that the Emperor, instead of being delighted to see us, received the Marquis and myself very coolly, because he had not been made acquainted with the expedition. This I had told to him, and at the same time desired the Minister of Marine to tell him that, unless he immediately set to work about an expedition, I should be off to England forthwith. Next morning he sent for me, was more gracious, and said something should be done immediately. Two days passed without anything further; people began to grumble, and he sent Solignac to say we were to meet him yesterday at a cabinet council. There was much discussion, but no work. We were asked to dinner, but I was not well and did not go. It was given out that Palmella was to be Prime Minister, but that is not yet the case. To-day there was a grand council of war, when all the principal officers agreed with me, and the Emperor has promised to decide with me to-morrow; but the fact is, Solignac is doing all he can to prevent anything going on. If the Emperor does not come to a final termination to-

morrow, it is more than probable his Generals will send him home; they are all on my side, and will do just what I say. The squadron is here, but I have not been on board since. My face has been very bad, and it is now so inflamed that I cannot articulate one word, and am suffering much pain, which is however subsiding. The Marquis and I are in a large house, under range of the batteries, which throw shot and shell into the town in all parts. Dining with Villa Flor the other day, a shell burst within six feet of the window where we were sitting, but did no harm. The town is dreadfully cut up, but people think nothing of it. We have a rising ground between us and the batteries, and get on very well. It is a beautiful country, and a pity it should be so destroyed. The business cannot last two months more, for want of funds; and nothing but my determination to go home, if nothing is done, has any effect on them. The fleet is in tolerable order, and I shall get on well enough when once on board."

On the 8th of June, Captain Napier received his commission, under the seal of the Emperor, as Vice-Admiral, Major-General of the Portuguese Navy, and Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet. In order to assume his command he had again to run the gauntlet of the Miguelite batteries, which he was obliged to pass within pistol shot, and they opened on him a fire of round shot, grape, and musketry, which was replied to by the castle of the Foz, and the batteries on the north side of the river; this was during the night, but numerous fire-balls threw a broad glare of light upon the scene, "which," says the Vice-Admiral, "although to a person in safety it would no doubt have been very beautiful, was, to one exposed to the danger, very unpleasant indeed." He managed, however, to pull safely through the fire of both friends and foes, and, early on the morning of the 11th of June, got on board the "Rainha," where he hoisted his flag—Ad-

miral Sartorius giving up the command. On which occasion he received letters of thanks from the ministers, in the name of the Emperor, with the assurance that his accounts should be forthwith settled, and a title conferred on him, as a reward for his services.

The Admiral about this time wrote as follows to Mr. William Grant, his old friend and electioneering supporter at Portsmouth :—

"June 10th, 1833.

"Here I am, with my flag flying on board the 'Queen of Portugal,' making preparations to carry on as active a war as I can, for the summer. It was a week before I could bring them to any decisive step, and I then went on board with the first batch of troops. The landing is attended with some danger, particularly when you are obliged to go over the bar. You have to pass nearly within pistol-shot of an enemy's battery and musketry, and a most fearful fire is kept up; but as our side is very strong, the enemy are kept in check, by *our* batteries and musketry, which prevents them taking a deliberate aim. The first night I landed, we went to the beach outside of the bar, and were peppered a good deal, but without effect. On coming off, I was obliged to cross the bar; and they put me into a Portuguese boat, with men who could hardly row. They began with fire-balls to light them, great guns, and musketry; and by some mistake they did not cover me from our batteries; this, however, turned out in my favour— as the enemy thought themselves mistaken, and they allowed me to pass the narrowest part without a shot. Oporto is well defended by fieldworks, and the enemy certainly cannot take it: an English or French army of half the size would take it in a week. Our troops are in good order, and certainly superior in discipline to our opponents. The town is exposed in every part to shot and shell, and every evening they deal it out without mercy; but it is surprising how little harm they do, and how few they kill or maim. It is a beautiful country, and a pity to see it in this

this expedition must finish it, either for the Queen or Don Miguel. I thought at one time I should have come home again immediately—I could not bring them to take any decided step; and even after the first batch of troops were embarked they changed their mind, and I telegraphed that, if troops were not embarked, I should quit forthwith. We are now going on, and I hope in a few days I shall be off. I shall leave this letter open, to give you further intelligence before I sail.

"*June* 15*th*.—There has been a turn-out here: the French Marshal has resigned, and the troops are almost all embarked. I hope to be off in a few days; *where* I shall strike a blow, I have not yet determined. Remember me to all my friends in Portsmouth. Believe me, in great haste, yours faithfully,

"CARLOS DE PONZA."

The following General Order was issued by Admiral Napier on taking the command of the Portuguese fleet:—

"H. M. F. M. S. 'Rainha' de Portugal, Oporto Roads, June 11th, 1833.

"On taking command of the squadron of Her Most Faithful Majesty, I feel proud in associating myself with so many gallant officers and men who have already so nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of freedom and the Queen.

"The squadron must have seen that a large force of steamboats are now here to co-operate with them. Should the enemy put to sea, you will know what to do with them. Should they remain in port, attacks will be made on various parts of the coast, and a general rising of the people against usurpation and tyranny is anticipated.

"My lads! we have battles to fight, and great exertions to make. Preserve discipline and look up to your officers, and we shall succeed. The eyes of every free man in Europe are on you. Your countrymen, ay! and countrywomen also, are longing to welcome you home; and when the battle is won, and you return to your native homes, you will be hailed as

men who rescued suffering Portugal from tyranny and oppression.

"CARLOS DE PONZA,

"Vice-Admiral and Major-General
of H. M. F. Majesty's Navy.

"To the respective Captains and Officers of H. M. F. Majesty's Fleet."

Whilst issuing this order, he received the following communication from the Emperor:—

"Oporto, June 11th, 1833.

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—I hasten to communicate to you that a decision was yesterday taken, to send an expedition of two thousand six hundred and seventy-two men to the south, of whom four hundred and ninety are already on board; one thousand four hundred and seventeen will embark to-night, and the rest to-morrow—by which means the expedition will be ready, I think, to sail in the course of the following day. You may be assured I will contribute all my energies, and that there shall be no delay.

"I should have wished to have written this with my own hand, but too much business hinders me. Depart, then, my dear Admiral. I follow you with my best wishes; and I hope to see you return, covered with glory, and the blessings of a grateful nation, to whom you come with the generous intention of performing brilliant services. Receive, my dear Admiral, the assurance of the consideration with which I am your affectionate

"DON PEDRO."

A sudden and wonderful change had indeed, as if by magic, taken place. The intended expedition was now no longer a sham. Marshal Solignac, who disapproved of it, had resigned. The Emperor took the command of the army, appointing General Saldanha as chief of the staff, and the Duke of Terceira to command the expeditionary force of two thousand five hundred men, that had been embarked; whilst the

vernor of the provinces which might declare for the Queen.

On the 15th of June, everything being prepared for a start, Admiral Napier wrote the following letter to his wife:—

"'Rainha,' off Oporto, June 15th, 1833.

"On the 10th of June—our wedding-day—I for the first time signed my name as Admiral; and the following day took command of the squadron, after numerous intrigues. We have embarked 2500 men, and I hope to sail on Monday. Where I go, I have not yet decided, but we have not force enough to attack Lisbon. We have managed to get the French Marshal turned out, and now I carry everything my own way. We got a precious peppering coming over the bar, passing within pistol shot of the batteries; but escaped safe and sound, and I go on shore no more. The squadron is not in good order, but we are improving it fast. I am satisfied with all the officers. Peak commands a frigate, and is everything I could wish; Wilkinson is my captain; Charley I have made a commander, my aide-de-camp, and at the head of the staff for the present; he will probably have a command when I can give it, but he has a most respectable situation. I must not go too fast. I have bought Sartorius's things, for which I paid little. He has left with me a very good service of plate, though it is doubtful to whom it belongs. I am established as Admiral, and you have no idea how well I wear my honours. They at one time stopped embarking the troops, and I telegraphed on shore, 'If they are not immediately sent off, I shall haul down my flag.' That settled the question. The French Marshal resigned, and I have it all my own way.

"Palmella goes with me, with extensive powers, which I like better than his being minister. The fate of Portugal will be decided in six weeks; if the people rise, we shall succeed—if not, we must give up the contest. I have written a long account of all the intrigues here to Dundas, and, after he shows it to Lord Palmerston, have desired he would send it to you. I received your letter by the steamer; I suppose

there are letters on shore for me, but I have not yet received them. Send your letters every Sunday to Admiral Dundas, at the Admiralty. Write him a note, and beg him to send them to me. I shall then get them without going into Oporto, as they will be sent to the senior officer off the bar.

* * * * * * * * *

"The packet has appeared rather suddenly, which hurries me. I am tired to death with writing from morning to night. My face is now well, but you can form no idea of what I have suffered. I put something to my mouth, and it inflamed me to such a pitch, that for four days I could not articulate one word: I was obliged to walk about with my chops tied up like an old woman. In a council of war I was obliged to write my opinion—I could not speak one word.

* * * * * * *

"CARLOS DE PONZA.

"P.S.—I see they have had me before Parliament, but that I don't care about."

No sooner had Admiral Napier hoisted his flag, than numerous difficulties so beset him, that, as he expressed it, he soon found "he was not reposing on a bed of roses." Promises having been made to the oldest seamen of the fleet that they should be allowed to return home with Admiral Sartorius, no persuasions could prevail on them to remain; and the squadron was thus deprived of a hundred of its ablest hands, which were ill replaced by the hundred and thirty-seven Captain Napier brought with him in the "City of Waterford;"—these barely sufficing to complete the crews of the frigates; and some of the vessels had to be manned entirely by Portuguese. The Admiral, however, did his best, and made the following dispositions for the commands of the different ships.

board the "Rainha," having under him Captain Blackstone; Lieutenant Peak of our Navy was appointed to command the "Donna Maria;" Captain Goble remained in command of the "Don Pedro," and Captain Ruxton was placed in the "Villa Flor;" Captain M'Donough being intrusted with the steamboats, and Captain Pryce with the naval transport—having directions to complete her with water and provisions, and to be ready at a moment's notice. Mr. Pearn, R.N., was appointed Master of the Fleet, and Lieutenant Charles Elers Napier, R.N., Aide-de-camp, and principal Adjutant to the Admiral; both having the rank of commander.

The weight of metal of his squadron was as follows: The "Don Pedro" mounted fifty short eighteen-pounders, and thirty-two carronades; the "Rainha" forty-six eighteen-pounders, long and short; the "Donna Maria," forty-two eighteen-pounders, and thirty-two pound carronades; the "Villa Flor," eighteen eighteen-pounders; and the "Portuense," twenty thirty-two pound carronades; whilst the aggregate crews of men and officers did not exceed one thousand strong.

"With this force," says Admiral Napier, in his "History of the War," "and in this state, we had to conduct an expedition to rescue Portugal from the tyranny of Don Miguel, and place Donna Maria on the throne—against one hundred thousand men in arms, and against the will of the nation, as had been repeatedly asserted and believed by the Tory party of this country; and this was to be done in face of a squadron of two line-of-battle ships, one fifty-gunned ship, a fifty-gunned frigate, three corvettes, and four or five brigs, ready for sea in the Tagus."

No sooner had Napier assumed the command than

he wrote a long account of his proceedings to his friend, Admiral George Dundas. It is a remarkable fact, that on all occasions, however deeply engaged, he invariably seemed to find time to keep up an extensive correspondence. From this letter, however, it will be sufficient to quote the following handsome mention he makes of his gallant predecessor:—

"I can say nothing of the squadron, for I only saw Sartorius for an hour. He is a fine honourable fellow, and has behaved nobly; he has been treated infamously, and I think it was impossible for a man to do more. Perhaps he has not sufficiently kept up discipline—but probably he could not help this; and I daresay I shall not find it an easy task, though I begin under the most favourable circumstances: taking on board with me money to pay the squadron, and decorations to bestow on those who have deserved them. I hope you will reinstate him immediately."

The kindly sentiments that prompted this request were mutual, and it is pleasing to find that no ill feeling seems even for a moment to have interrupted their former friendship.

Various delays now occurred in the embarkation of the troops, getting water, &c. A "crisis" also took place in the cabinet at Oporto; and it was not until the 20th of June that the squadron sailed. On that day the Admiral thus wrote to Mrs. Napier:—

"I do not expect to be scratched off the List, because they will have no proof. I am gazetted as 'Carlos de Ponza;' and the Government said, that until they had proof that I had stepped on the quarter-deck of one of Don Pedro's ships, they would not touch me. Now, I don't know how they are to obtain that proof. However, it is of no great consequence."

He also wrote on the same day to Colonel Hodges and Admiral Dundas. To the former he said

"At the moment I write this by the packet, we are off. I shall appear off Lisbon, and act according to circumstances; but with our small force I fear we cannot attempt a *coup de main*. Terceira, Palmella, and myself are to act in concert, and do whatever we please. Had Evans* been here, he would have been at the head of the army. Show him this; say I am very much obliged to him for what he said of me; and as I do not appear in my own name, they cannot get at me. I have no time to add more, than to beg you to show this to Evans."

To Admiral Dundas he wrote:—

"You can form no conception of how ill everything is managed here; the seamen have no clothing, and are all paid up in money, and don't know what to do with it. How much better to have supplied them with clothes. We have hardly a boat in the squadron fit to swim; 100 men have been discharged, according to promise, and I have in consequence been obliged to lay up the best corvette I had. I shall start with three frigates badly manned, one brig, and one schooner. I am in daily expectation of being joined from England by a schooner with men, which will set me up. The Portuguese squadron are getting ready two line-of-battle ships, and God knows how many frigates and small craft. If we fall in with them before we land, I shall try what the cutlass and bayonet will do.

"We sail in a few hours, and I think it is pretty certain we shall land in some part of the Algarves, and push on rapidly to Beja. They are all in great spirits, and look forward to a rising of the province, and a rapid increase to their little army. We continue to receive deserters from Lisbon, and it is a thousand pities we could not have mustered 5,000 men: the affair would then have been certain. I shall dispatch a steamboat home, after we have gained a footing, with an account of what is done, and I think you had better communicate what I write to Lord Palmerston. I shall conceal nothing; and if on our first success the Government acknowledges the Queen, the game is up with Miguel."

* The present General Sir De Lacy Evans.

Three days later he wrote to Mrs. Napier:—

"'Rainha,' off Cape St. Vincent, June 23, 1833.

"There has been neither order nor discipline. The men are naked; in fact, everything is in confusion—but you need say nothing of this. I wish I had my reinforcements from England, then I should be able to do well; at present I shall not do wonders, but you may rely upon it I will do my best. I go on very well with the officers. I carry on the Admiral tolerably well. Wilkinson does all I wish, but I think is occasionally pettish, which is bad; but he is getting the ship into order fast. I do all I can not to interfere, and I succeed very well. Charley is my aid-de-camp, and assists me in the management of the squadron; he is much liked here. We sit down twenty to dinner every day, and go on very well: Mendizabel is the purveyor, and Charlie caterer.

"I have got over almost all my writing, which at first was very troublesome, but I am getting used to it. I shall leave this open till the last moment. God bless you! how happy I shall be when I once more get to Purbrook, particularly if I do good service to this cause. I really like the people. All on board are the finest young men I ever saw. I am just going to dinner."

In spite of "half-naked and undisciplined crews," his squadron badly manned, and greatly inferior, in point of numbers, strength, and weight of metal, to that of the enemy, his most anxious wish is to fall in with the Miguelite fleet; and whilst acknowledging the imprudence of such a step, his daring spirit urges him so strongly to the attempt, that he cannot resist; and though, under all these disadvantages, "wonders are not to be expected, he will do his best." With this determination he hesitates not for a moment to anticipate success. But the same spirit then guided Napier's squadron to the waters of St. Vincent, that had a quarter of a century before carried the little

"Recruit," and its dashing young commander, into the wake of a French ship of the line!

He again writes:—

"June the 29th, 9 o'clock in the evening.

"We landed the troops in fine style on the 24th, without any loss; a few shot were fired from a battery mounting one gun."

This landing was effected in the bay of Cacellas, a few miles to the west of the mouth of the Guadiana, a part of the country he had traversed on his way from the lines of Torres Vedras to Cadiz, in 1810.

"On the 25th, we marched into Tavira, but were not well received. On the 26th, to Olhao; were received with the greatest joy—they had declared for the Queen before we arrived. Into Faro, the capital of the Algarves, on the 27th, where we were also received with great enthusiasm; we stayed there all the 28th, to organize the army, the first division of which marched to the north in the evening, the remainder this morning. The greater part of the enemy's troops are dispersed, and gone home. Two hundred have come over with nine officers. They made a stand for a few minutes the first day, wounded an officer and two men, and then ran. Albufera has declared for the Queen, and Villa Nova; I am now going there, and from thence to Lagos, which I shall attack, if they do not surrender; this will put the kingdom of the Algarves in our power. All is going on as well as we could wish. The transport and brig have also joined. The enemy's squadron came down to Cascaes Bay on the 25th, and went back the same day. I fear they will not come out.

"After I have finished the business at Lagos, I go off to Lisbon, and if the people will rise, I shall go right in, and finish the business. Look at the map, and that will show you what we are about.

"My friend Pitta is to send you a hogshead of Madeira the moment he arrives in England, which will be by this conveyance; it comes from his own estate. He brings home

a monkey for Fanny; I shall find something for you and Georgie the moment I can. I spent two days at Faro, with the Dukes of Palmella and Terceira. It is a nice town, and everything as cheap as possible: a fowl costs sixpence, fruit and vegetables in abundance, good people, &c. I have got rid of all my passengers, and we are getting into order rapidly. I like much better being an Admiral than Captain. I interfere very little, though sometimes I break out; but I hope to correct that. We have taken a man-of-war schooner in Faro, which I have called the Eliza, after you. I think it very probable I shall be able shortly to give Charley the command of a brig, if I get Englishmen to man her.

"*June the* 29*th*, 6 *o'clock*.—I was in hopes to have informed you we had taken Lagos; we shall not be there till to-morrow, and I do not like to keep the steamboat. I shall have it to-morrow. God Almighty bless you all!

"CARLOS DE PONZA."

It must indeed have been most gratifying to his family, and be admitted to manifest both a pleasing and amiable trait of his character, to find Admiral Napier, whilst engaged in such a momentous and hazardous undertaking, thus unbending his mind, and allowing it to dwell on all the tender and endearing associations of home. It is likewise amusing to observe that, though "preferring being an Admiral to a Captain," his newly acquired rank could not entirely suppress the latent feelings of the former smart commander of the "Recruit," the "Euryalus," and the "Thames."

"'Rainha,' Lagos, June 30th.

"I open my letter to say, we arrived here this morning. The batteries were abandoned, and all the troops have deserted, and gone home. I shall establish the government here, and make the best of my way to Lisbon, where I hope to do something great. God bless you!

"DON CARLOS DE PONZA.

The reader, on referring to the "War in Portugal,"

will see how the Admiral and his companions in arms were employed for the next few days. Having organized a government at Lagos, and obtained supplies, he put to sea on the evening of the 2nd of July, in quest of the enemy's fleet, and was not long in finding it. At eight in the morning of the 3rd they were seen, but various circumstances prevented his engaging them until the 5th, when a breeze sprang up and allowed him to dispense with the assistance of his steamers, the captains of which had, two hours before, refused to take his ships in tow, without a large sum of money being paid. "Officers and seamen," says the Admiral, "came forward with all the money they possessed, to bribe the cowards to act, which they refused to do, unless two thousand pounds were laid down on the capstan-head for each engineer. This being impossible, they were dismissed the ship, with the hearty curses of officers and men."

All hands were now sent to their dinners, and the different captains came on board the flag-ship to receive final instructions; then took a hasty dinner with the Admiral, and returned to their ships. The party consisted of Commodore Wilkinson, Captains Goble, Peak, Blackstone, Pearn, Charles Elers Napier, Ruxton, and Macdonough. The action commenced. In half an hour three of them were dead or dying, and two others had been dangerously wounded, not to speak of a slighter injury to a sixth. An eye-witness has favoured me with the following account of the engagement, which is given here in preference to the official dispatches:—

with Admiral Napier, broke up, the captains returned to their respective ships, and every one to his station; all perfectly sensible of the desperate hand-to-hand encounter which would take place in less than an hour; and being satisfied that 176 guns could not fight 372, every man looked to his sword as the weapon by which the victory must be won. We were *determined* to win it. We felt that we were Englishmen, engaged in a good cause, going to fight on the same waters where our countrymen had won honour before—we felt that we should not disgrace the name we bore; and the event shewed that we were not mistaken in our anticipations.

"A beautiful calm had reigned all the morning; we were about seven miles to the S.W. of Cape St. Vincent, and had the cowardly steamers only taken us in tow, we could have protected them from fire, and placed ourselves in such a position as would have ensured a speedy victory, and a bloodless one on our part.

"About one o'clock a steady breeze sprang up from the northward, with smooth water and a clear blue sky—just the weather we required. The enemy was nearly two miles to the S.W. of us, formed in two compact lines, with their heads to the westward. At two o'clock we bore up in close order, our ship taking the lead, with an ensign flying at each masthead and at the peak.

"As we approached, we could see them training their guns —nor was it a pleasant sight to look on in cold blood at upwards of a hundred muzzles pointed towards you, and only awaiting the signal to pour their contents upon us. This state of suspense was not agreeable; it, however, did not last long. Not a shot was fired on either side until we were about four hundred yards from the sternmost ship of their weather line; she, after a signal had been made from her, and answered by the Miguelite commodore, opened her broadside, which was instantly followed by those of the two ships ahead of her, and by the stern and quarter guns of the 'Don John.'

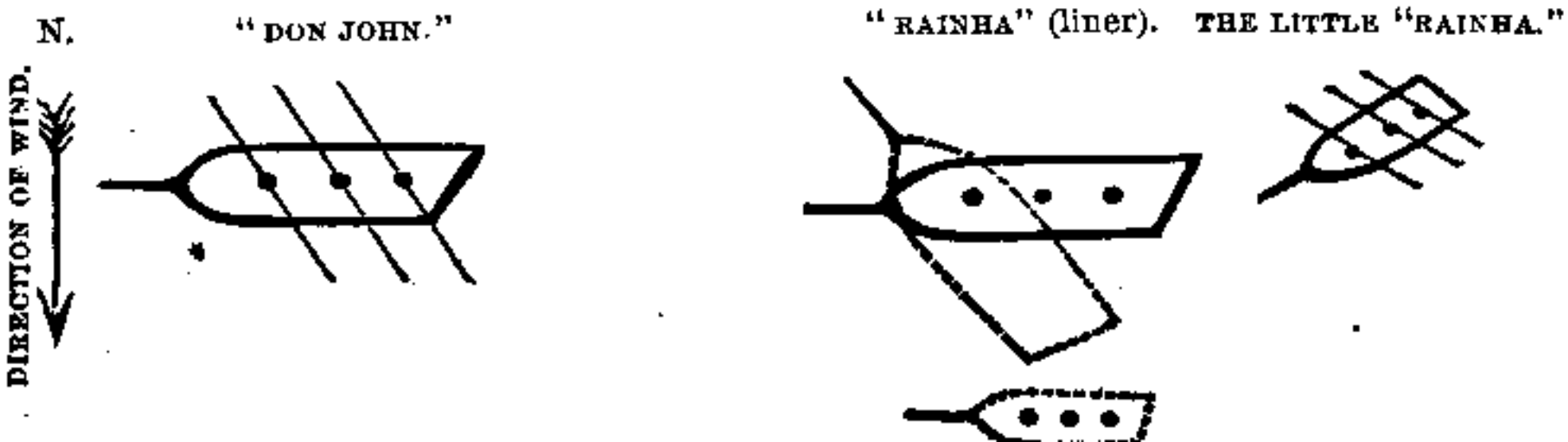
"It was indeed a most tremendous fire, and we subsequently estimated that ninety-eight guns were fired at us

openings, and the Miguelites could not have been more astonished than ourselves at the little damage done to our hull, but our rigging and sails bore evident signs of the fiery ordeal we had gone through, and although the whole of our spars were standing, they were nevertheless in a very tottering state.

"The Admiral, in his account of the action, compared the sea around us to a 'boiling cauldron'—to me it seemed as if all the grampuses of the ocean had taken part with Don Miguel, and at a preconcerted signal had made a furious charge upon our ship—so much did the jets of spray, arising from the effect of the ricochetting of the enemy's shot on the water, resemble the 'blowings' of a host of those animals. Fortunately most of these missiles bounded over our hull, though making, in their sportive upward course, sad havoc among our sails and rigging.

"The wise precaution had, however, been taken to order the men to lie down at their quarters. This saved a good many, and very few were hit on the main deck; but the three foremost guns on the quarterdeck were nearly cleared, and poor Lieutenant Knyvett of the Marines—who had distinguished himself on several previous occasions—received a mortal wound. The men were quickly on their legs, and a division of the foremost guns on the port side was fired, reloaded, and the men ordered to lie down again.

"After receiving our fire, the Miguelite line-of-battle ship, 'Rainha,' luffed-to all she could, in order to bring her starboard guns the better to bear upon us. To avoid this, the Admiral ordered the helm to be up, so that we might pass under her stern. This had the desired effect, for the 'Rainha' having luffed-to, brought the 'Don John' about two points on her lee-bow, as the following diagram will explain:—



"First, showing the position of the three ships the moment before the 'Rainha' luffed-to. The large dotted figure shows the position of the enemy's 'Rainha' after she had luffed-to, with the 'Don John' on her lee-bow, where we saw her after we had passed under the stern of the 'Rainha,' our position being then as in the small dotted figure.

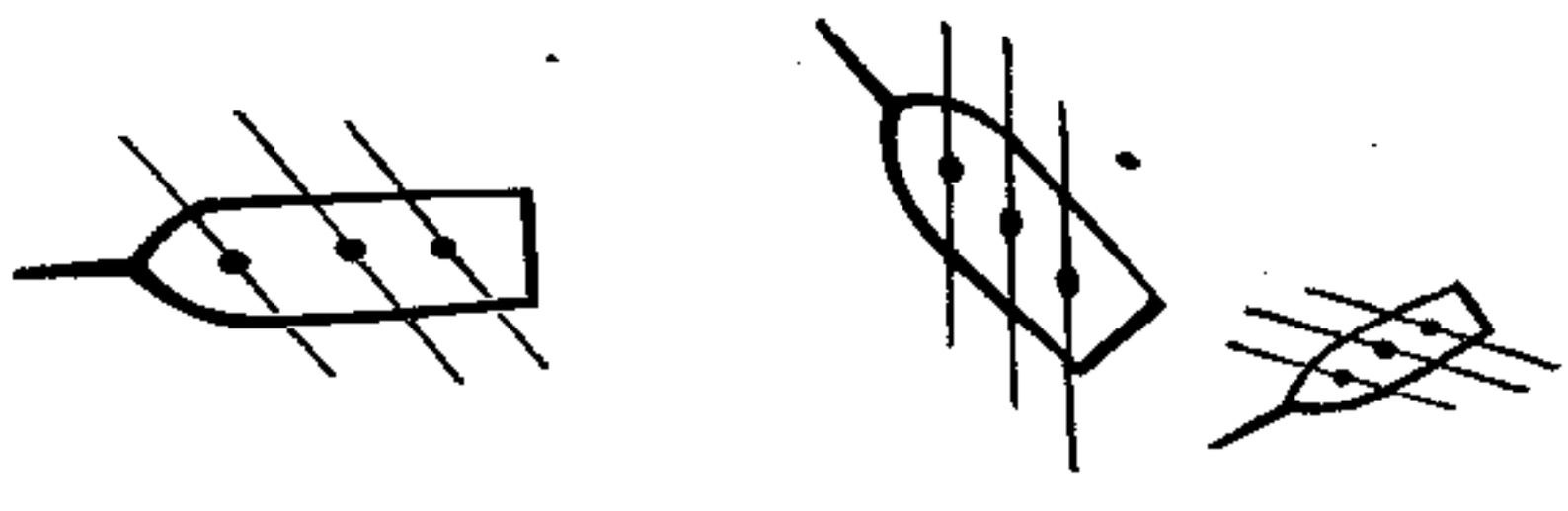
"The 'Don John' then put her helm a-starboard, in order to bring her port guns to bear upon us. Seeing this, our helm was put hard a-port; and, luckily for us, in the meantime the 'Rainha's' helm had been put hard a-starboard. The Admiral does not notice the starboarding the helm of the 'Rainha' in his book—but that it must have been done is very evident, because, as I said before, the wind was north, consequently, when she luffed-to, her head must have been about W.N.W.

"Having now passed under her stern, with her head in that direction, we were therefore to leeward of her, when our helm was put hard a-port, and would have had to go nearly hard to wind to repass her stern; this, of course, was impossible, but what enabled us to do so, was her putting her helm up, when, or perhaps before, ours was put down; and as a further proof of this, we were raked by the stern guns of the 'Don John' (then on the 'Rainha's' weather-bow) before we ran her aboard—so that we as much regained our position on the 'Rainha's' weather-quarter by the putting up of her helm—most likely in order to bring her port guns to bear upon us—as by putting our own down.

"This was pretty manœuvering — the 'Recruit' and 'D'Hautpault' * over again, except that the 'Recruit' was dodging to avoid one line-of-battle ship's broadside, and we were dodging to avoid the broadsides of two. It must, however, be borne in mind that the 'Recruit' had only eighteen guns, and that we had forty-six.

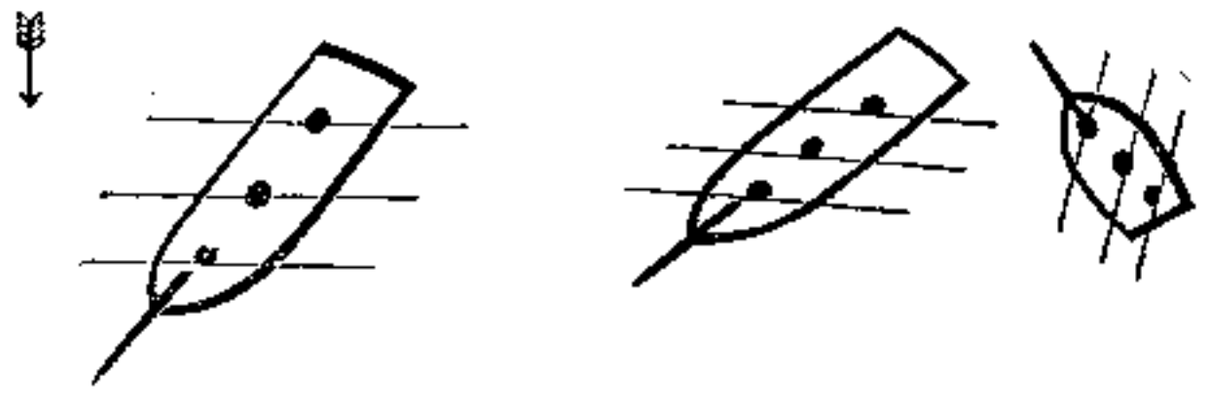
"The subjoined diagrams will show the respective positions of the ships, at the different periods they are meant to represent.

"First.—The position of the three ships when we passed under the stern of the 'Rainha.'



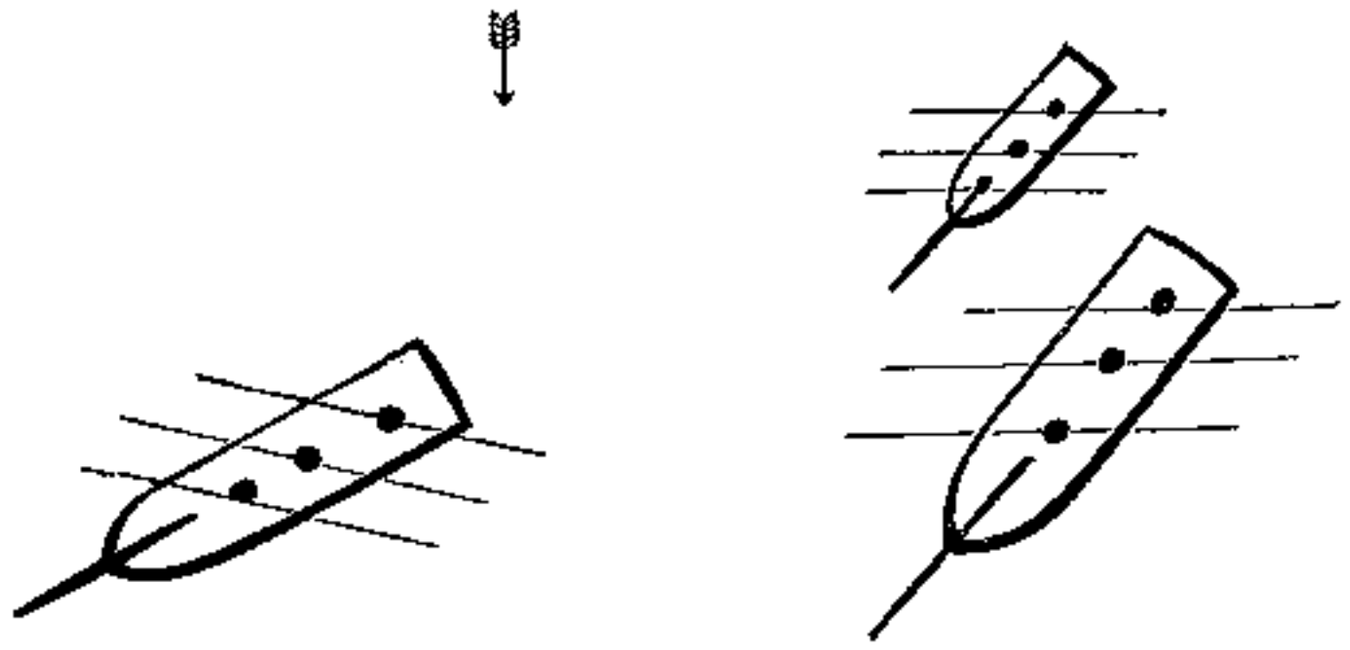
"DON JOHN." "RAINHA" (liner). LITTLE "RAINHA."

"Second.—Position after our helm was put a-port to regain our position on the 'Rainha's' weather-quarter.



"DON JOHN." "RAINHA" (liner). LITTLE "RAINHA."

"Third.—Position when on the weather-quarter of the 'Rainha,' being raked by the 'Don John's' stern guns, immediately before boarding.



"DON JOHN." "RAINHA" (liner). LITTLE "RAINHA."

"I have been thus particular in describing the manœuvering under the stern of the 'Rainha,' because I have heard naval men criticise Admiral Napier's account of it, as making his flag-ship do what was impossible to be done by a sailing vessel—these critical gentlemen remarking, that he must have imagined he was working the 'paddles of the "Galatea."'

"That he *did* think of the 'Galatea' on that day, I know full well; for during the calm in the morning he said to the Master of the Fleet: 'Pearn, what would you give if our three frigates were fitted with paddles?' Had we been so

steamers, have been able to have secured a bloodless victory to ourselves.

"As I have before said, it was very pretty manœuvering, and it is a great pity that its merits were not understood, in consequence of Admiral Napier's too brief mention of it in his book. Perhaps the present account could not have been more detailed had it been written *before* instead of *after* having heard the strictures above referred to.

"We passed so closely under the stern of the 'Rainha' that our fore-topmast studding-sail boom carried away the hauling-down part of her ensign halliards. Our whole broadside (the Admiral says the foremost guns), crammed to the muzzles with round and grape, was poured into her in passing, as the guns could be brought to bear. At so short a distance—only about fifty feet—for a shot to miss, was out of the question; and the effect—to us—was beautiful in the extreme; but perhaps those on board our antagonist thought otherwise, and very naturally so.

"After the whole of our guns had been fired, our helm was put a-starboard, and the ship brought on the same course as the 'Rainha.' We had suffered much from musketry, by which, and from the effects of their first broadside, very few men were left on the quarter-deck.

"Our raking broadside had evidently staggered them—not a shot was returned. Taking advantage of this panic, Admiral Napier called out, 'Boarders on the larboard bow!' Our helm was put hard-a-starboard, but fearing our tottering masts would fall from the concussion, if we ran into the liner, Captain Pearn—the Master of the Fleet—put the helm hard-a-port, and the little frigate glided up alongside. The few men left from those who had been swept away from the quarter-deck guns, by the 'Rainha's' preliminary broadside and the effects of her musketry, had rushed forward to board, so that there only remained on our quarter-deck, the Admiral, Captain Pearn (whose position, as in duty bound, was close to him throughout), and the two seamen at the wheel.

"Captain Pearn immediately seized the main-sheet, assisted by one of the seamen from the wheel, the other helping the Admiral, who himself lent a hand to clear away the rope.

"The man assisting the Master of the Fleet was knocked overboard with a shot through both his thighs, whilst Captain Pearn succeeded in getting from the 'Rainha' frigate's quarter davit to under the 'Rainha' line-of-battle ship's main-chains, where he made the rope fast—Admiral Napier, with his own hands, belaying it to the main-sheet cleet, and Pearn went back to the frigate by the same rope.

"Our helm having, meanwhile, been left a-port—whilst probably the other, the 'Rainha's,' was a-starboard—caused the two ships to separate forward, after a very few men had got on board the enemy; this checked the boarders, and left Wilkinson and young Charley Napier—who were the first to board—for several minutes with little or no support.

"The Master of the Fleet, observing this, ordered the helm to be shifted, ran along the port gangway, and from the fore-rigging threw the bight of a rope over the flue of the 'Rainha's' waist anchor. This checked the ship alongside again, and the remainder of the men then scrambled on board, which, from a low frigate to a high line-of-battle ship, was no easy matter to effect.

"I saw my young friend Charley Napier and Commodore Wilkinson go foremost over the enemy's hammock-netting 'neck and neck'—it was a close race, and impossible to say which of the two was first on board. The Admiral boarded as Captain Pearn was lashing the 'Rainha' line-of-battle ship's anchor to our fore-rigging; and as soon as he accomplished this, the latter followed his chief without loss of time.

"It had been settled that neither the Admiral nor the Master of the Fleet was to have boarded, but in the enthusiasm and excitement of the moment they could not refrain from joining, and soon found themselves on the deck of the enemy's line-of-battle ship.

"At this moment I saw my poor young friend Charley Napier knocked over—killed to a certainty as I then thought. After about ten minutes very sharp work, during which our cutlasses had full play, the Miguelite 'Rainha' became the prize of her little namesake; but unfortunately, owing to our having carried away the hauling-down part of the ensign halliards, as before stated, with the topmast studding-sail boom,

the colours could not be hauled down soon enough to prevent the 'Don Pedro' from firing three or four guns into the prize.

"Admiral Napier was in the act of hailing her commander, Captain Goble, to cease firing, when some one of the enemy, still on the main-deck of the prize, took a shot at the latter from one of the ports, by which he was mortally wounded. The lashings were now cut adrift, the two 'Rainhas' separated, leaving the Admiral on board of the prize. He, however, speedily regained his own ship, where the signal was flying for the 'Don Pedro' to chase the 'Don John,' which, with studding sails set on both sides, was endeavouring to effect her escape.

"The little 'Rainha' was now in a sadly crippled state; with tottering masts, our sails cut to shreds, about one-third of the crew either killed, wounded, or on board the prize, with only one officer—he slightly wounded—and a plucky little midshipman, of the name of Price, on board. We were not altogether in a very fit condition to 'try conclusions' with a fresh enemy, in the shape of a line-of-battle ship like the 'Don John.'

"The Admiral himself had been injured by the blow of a crow-bar on the chest; the Master of the Fleet, Captain Pearn, had received a contusion on the leg; poor Commodore Wilkinson and young Napier, covered with wounds, were not expected to survive; but notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, all hands were set immediately to work. The masts were secured as best we could, the sails were shifted, and the Admiral, with his wonted resolution, continued the pursuit.

"The 'Don Pedro' was meanwhile following up the 'Don John,' apparently reserving her fire for close quarters, which in this instance was a mistake, as she ought to have endeavoured to pluck the feathers out of the chase's wings, and thus have checked her in her flight. A gun was now fired from the 'Rainha's' bow-port, the shot from which appeared to hit the muzzle of the foremost forecastle gun on the port side of the 'Don John.' She rounded-to immediately. Alboyn, the Miguelite Admiral, or Commodore, as he was more generally called, hauled down his colours; the 'Don John'

was taken possession of by the 'Don Pedro;' and thus was secured the whole of the enemy's weather line."

The following characteristic anecdotes of Admiral Napier may, perhaps, be thought worthy of mention:—

"After the action, on its being pointed out to him that the sleeve of his jacket was cut through, he immediately bared his arm on the quarter-deck, when he found that no mischief, save blemishing his jacket, had been done. It was, however, a narrow escape, as the plaits of the shirt-sleeve had likewise been cut through.

"I ought also to have mentioned that it was past sunset before it was noticed that the 'Martin Freitas' was making off. Retreat from quarters had been beat, the guns were secured, and the few of us who escaped unscathed were, as may be supposed, very well pleased with ourselves and with each other; and when one of the officers went to inform the Admiral of this circumstance, he was found seated at supper, with the Miguelite commodore and his captain, as comfortably and as much at ease as if they had always been the best of friends. He, however, came on deck and ordered us to beat to quarters, observing, 'It was devilish unpleasant to have to do so, after congratulating ourselves on having got off with a whole skin!'

"I have omitted to notice, amongst other difficulties the 'Rainha' had to contend against in our pursuit of the 'Don John,' that she had been so much 'mauled' about the bows, that the catshead was shot away, and the lashings of the small bower anchor, which, with about a dozen fathoms of chain cable, was towing under the frigate's bottom. We had not time to heave it up, and, although hard up for anchors, the cable was unshackled, and we let it all go by the run."

Admiral Napier next proceeded in the arduous work of securing the prizes he had taken, and distributing their crews amongst the different vessels of the fleet.

to return to my old friends, Commodore Wilkinson and Charles Elers Napier.

"Captain Charley (the *nom de guerre* he had assumed) was only one-and-twenty in this his first action; he had been trained in the 'Excellent,' and being the best gunnery-man on board, was entrusted with the charge of the main-deck quarters. Wilkinson and he were great friends; between them there had always existed a good-natured kind of rivalry. Wilkinson, an old and gallant officer, considered himself as belonging to the 'old school,' and thought nothing could be superior to it; Charley (who was still quite a youth, and had never yet been under fire) as strongly advocated the 'new school' of the Navy; and as representatives of the two different systems, they were each ambitious to be the first in boarding the enemy's line-of-battle ship, when the little 'Rainha' should bear up and run alongside her gigantic and formidable namesake.

"The circumstance of young Charley Napier being stationed on the main-deck, was a great disadvantage to him in this race for glory. Wilkinson, knowing Charley's youthful activity, was determined to profit by his position as much as he possibly could, and for that purpose, as soon as we bore up, went direct to the forecastle. Charley, however, was not to be outstripped; he sprang to the upper deck, and I saw them both go over the enemy's hammock-netting at the same moment, about twenty feet apart from each other—nor could I decide who was foremost in the race.

"Both were badly wounded in the ensuing fray. Wilkinson received three very severe wounds—he had broken his sword over, as he said, 'some confounded fellow's thick head,' and continued to fight with the remainder of the blade, not above eighteen inches long.

"Young Charley Napier (I repeat this designation, to distinguish him from the Admiral) received five serious wounds, besides ten of a slighter nature, in various parts of his body. Some of these could scarcely come under the denomination of wounds; still, from hurts severe and slight, blood had been drawn from no less than fifteen bayonet and sabre incisions; but fortunately he received no gunshot wounds, although he

had a very narrow escape from a bullet which, entering the waistband, perforated his clothes, but without injuring him in the least.

"Poor fellow! when I saw him lying on the quarter-deck, I thought I should never hear his merry voice again, and my surprise may be imagined when, while we were knotting and splicing in chace of the 'Don John,' I heard him behind me calling out, 'Hulloa! old fellow, I am glad to see you safe on your pins. Where is the governor?' I turned quickly round, assured him the 'Admiral was all right;' but although I had mourned for my friend Charley for upwards of an hour—concluding that he was killed on first boarding the 'Rainha'—I could not help laughing aloud at the figure before me: his head, without any cap, was bound up only as a surgeon could bind it, his arm in a sling, his jacket thrown over one shoulder, and his trousers showed many a bloody stain, while his face was besmeared with blood—never shall I forget my gallant young friend, as he thus appeared, begrimed with gore, but still with the same good-humoured smile upon his pleasing and manly face!

"How he managed to return on that occasion from the prize to his own ship, I never learnt, nor do I think he knew himself. The surgeon told me he refused his attendance until those who were worse than himself were properly cared for. Wilkinson managed to get back to the 'Rainha' alone, and was found sitting by the armourer's bench on the lower deck.

"Both these gallant fellows were very ill the following day, but Charley Napier had youth and a good constitution on his side, and his wounds speedily healed. Not so with poor Wilkinson, who had not the same advantages. He was more than a month on the sick list, and never thoroughly recovered the use of his arm, which had been very severely injured. It was certainly a never-to-be-forgotten day; and I witnessed on that memorable 5th of July, 1833, what was never seen before, viz., a line-of-battle ship boarded and captured by a small frigate in a quarter of an hour!"

I may perhaps be permitted to add to the above

interesting narrative, some particulars as to my brother, in this memorable action. Commodore Wilkinson and young Napier—as stated—leading the boarders, were the first on the enemy's deck. At this moment the two ships yawed apart, thus leaving them for a few minutes alone and unsupported. During this time they were surrounded by their enemies, but defended themselves gallantly, slashing away right and left, until Napier was unfortunately disarmed by his sword becoming fixed between the ramrod and muzzle of a musket, and being thus wrenched from his hand. Young, vigorous, and endowed with extraordinary activity, he sprang, unarmed as he was, on the foremost assailant, seized him with the left hand by the throat, and with the other planting a well-directed blow in his face, sent him headforemost over one of the guns—but was also dragged down in the fall. During this death-struggle, blows were mercilessly showered on him from behind: he received two very severe sabre cuts on the head, a violent contusion from the butt-end of a musket, by which he was stunned; and while thus helpless and prostrate, many other bayonet thrusts and sabre cuts were inflicted on various parts of his body, amounting in all to fifteen in number, though some, it is true, were very slight; but the injuries his head received on this occasion rendered him partially deaf for the remainder of his life. This occupied a much shorter time than it has taken to relate, and my brother was happily rescued from certain death by the arrival of the Admiral at the head of the rest of the boarders; the two vessels having again come into close contact.

I have still in my possession the sword used by my gallant brother in this action. It is a heavy cavalry sabre, which had been the gift of an esteemed friend, and he is said to have slain with it five of his assailants. I have also the clothes that he wore on this occasion; they are pierced and cut in every direction, and perforated in one place by a musket ball.

The Admiral, as might be expected, lost no time in communicating to his family the successful results of the action of the 5th of July; and on the following day he thus wrote to Mrs. Napier:—

"'Rainha' de Portugal, July 6th, 1833.

"I hope my friends in England will allow I have done the business well: three frigates, a schooner, and a brig, to take two sail-of-the-line, and two frigates, is no bad day's work. The steamboats behaved like cowards, and did nothing. A breeze sprang up, and I went right at them. The fire against us was tremendous—I never saw anything like it in all my life. We went right for one of the line-of-battle ships, and boarded. I believe Wilkinson and Charley were the first on board—I was not long behind them. Wilkinson has three wounds—one bad, but he will do well; Charley has five, but all slight,* and behaved nobly; he is now as well as if nothing had happened. I got a blow on the chest from an iron bar, and in return, gave the fellow a cut on the head; but in the 'melée' there were some fighting, and some begging for mercy, and I tried more to save than to kill. Captain George, one of Sartorius' old officers, was shot on the quarter-deck of the 'Rainha,' the ship we boarded; Mr. Wooldridge, the signal-lieutenant, killed; Mr. Edmunds, second lieutenant, mortally wounded; my clerk dangerously; and God knows—as yet—how many men. The officers were left for some time to themselves; when I got on board I could only find three or four people to support me. After we

* This was doubtless written to allay Mrs. Napier's alarm, as her son had received five dangerous wounds, and double the number of slighter

got possession, we shoved off, and went after the Commodore. Goble, of the 'Don Pedro,' was killed whilst speaking to me, by a man from the line-of-battle ship's lower deck. His ship also went after the Commodore, in the 'Don John.' We were obliged to shift our sails, and knot and splice the rigging; and as we were coming up with him, he hauled down his colours without firing a shot. I then went after another frigate, which had not struck, though he was well licked—she struck also. Peak took his frigate in gallant style. Three corvettes and two brigs escaped, and we had no one to go after them. That could not be helped. We are now in Lagos Bay, refitting, but I cannot say what will be my next operations. This ship is bad. I shall go over to the 'Princess Real,' the best frigate, or to the 'Don John,' I am not sure which, and proceed to Lisbon, where I hope to do something in the same style, and finish the war at once. I shall then either send for you all, or come home myself, as I see most advantageous. I send you a letter I wrote before I went into action. I never felt more determined, or more satisfied with myself, in my life; it has been a most arduous task, and all are satisfied, and, generally speaking, have done their duty. With love to all the children, believe me, your own NAPIER."

"P.S.—Since writing, a corvette has come over to us."

The letter alluded to was the following one, which may not inaptly be compared with that written in 1814, when he expected to engage the American frigate "Constellation":—

"'Rainha,' going into action, July 5th,
10 o'clock in the morning, 1833.

"I am now on the point of going into action. It is a calm. If the steamboats do their duty, we shall take all the fleet; they are very strong, but my little squadron will, I hope, destroy them all. God Almighty bless my wife, and my beloved children. If I succeed, I shall be a great man—if I fall, you are well provided for. * * * * *

"*One o'clock.*—The steamboat captains have behaved like cowards, and will do nothing. A breeze has sprung up, and we shall very soon be at work. I can fancy your anxiety at

Purbrook, when you hear the fleet is out; and I know you would be delighted if you could see the beautiful sight I have now to leeward of me. I am very comfortable, and as firm as a rock. Charley commands all the main-deck guns, and is delighted. Officers and ship's company staunch to the back-bone. Your own

"NAPIER."

To Admiral G. Dundas he wrote from Lagos, on July the 6th, giving an account of the action, which is in substance the same as what he afterwards published in his "War in Portugal," but contains, moreover, the following passage, showing how he ever regarded the interests of those who served under him:—

"As I have unfortunately cleared the list of one commander, you cannot do better than make Peake, who ought to have been a captain long ago; and Wilkinson, as gallant a fellow as ever lived, ought to be no longer a commander. I know you cannot do anything now, but our service wants gallant officers. I shall say nothing of my son, except that he has not disgraced Sir James Graham's and your patronage."

To comment on such a naval action as that fought off Cape St. Vincent on the 5th of July, 1833, would—on the part of a landsman—be egregious presumption and folly; but a reference to history will confirm Admiral Napier's assertion in his "War in Portugal," that no naval action was ever fought or won with such a disparity of force, in vessels, armament, and men. Never previously in the annals of naval warfare has the fact been recorded of a small frigate running alongside of, boarding, and then carrying with the cutlass, a large and powerful ship of the line; and never was greater gallantry displayed than in the execution of this daring act—more par-

ticularly by those two heroic men who, heading the boarders, contributed so greatly to the success of that glorious day.

The conspicuous part taken by Captain Peake, in capturing the "Princess Real," deserves particular mention. His frigate, the "Donna Maria," had thirty 12-pounders and a crew of 270 men; the "Princess Real," fifty-six guns and 640 men. Captain Peake, after raking his opponent, luffed up, fired a couple of broadsides into her lee-quarter, then calling on, and being gallantly followed by Lieutenant Shute and the boarders, soon cleared with the cutlass her quarter-deck, and in five minutes the enemy's colours were hauled down.

No time was lost in securing and manning the prizes; and as it was not Napier's system, even after victory, to rest upon his oars, the same night the whole—captors and captured—were under sail for Lagos Bay, which was triumphantly entered the following morning.

CHAPTER X.

EFFECTS OF THE VICTORY OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT—CONGRATULATIONS AND HONOURS—RECOGNITION OF DONNA MARIA. JULY AND AUGUST, 1833.

THE return of Admiral Napier to Lagos with his prizes was the signal for universal joy, among the manifestations of which a rather ludicrous scene occurred, as appears by the following amusing account related by an eye-witness.

The Admiral's ship had hardly cast anchor when a deputation from the municipality came alongside, in order to congratulate "Don Carlos de Ponza" on his late brilliant achievement.

"We were sitting down to lunch on board the flagship," writes my informant, "when the officer of the watch reported that the 'Host' was alongside.

"'The Host!' exclaimed the Admiral, 'what do you mean? Go,' added he—'go and see what it is.'

"By the time I got on deck about a dozen fellows with bare heads, dressed in ample black gowns, and each provided with a long tapering rod, were, as the soldiers say, 'falling in.' Two of the party carried a sort of large silver salver, on which was deposited something covered by a rich silk canopy. They desired to see the Admiral, and were accord-

ingly shown into the cabin, where the latter was sitting at table.

"After marching round in procession, they halted behind him, and read a long address in Portuguese, of which few of us understood a single word. The canopy was now withdrawn, and the whole mystery disclosed: it contained a large and handsome wreath or crown of evergreens, which two of the black-robed gentlemen having raised, advanced towards the Admiral, with the evident intention of placing it on his head.

"He had up to this time behaved most admirably, and with all the dignity and gravity becoming his position, and that of the personage who had read him the long address; but when they proceeded to crown him with laurels, he could stand it no longer—he was like a bull shaking his head when an attempt is made to throw a rope over his horns. They next tried to talk him over—but it was all in vain. It has been truly said that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, and the whole scene had now assumed one of merriment. All semblance of gravity had disappeared on our part—the deputation, corporation, municipal authorities, or whatever the dozen 'gentlemen in black' might have been, looked at first much disconcerted, but joined eventually in the general laugh. The Admiral told them we were *all* heroes—to put the crown on the table, and that we would each have our share. This was done: he pulled out a sprig, which he placed in the buttonhole of his coat; we all followed his example—and the beautiful wreath soon became a complete wreck. The 'gentlemen in black' —apparently not half pleased with the result of their mission —then marched off, carrying with them the silken canopy and the salver—the Admiral jocosely observing, as they disappeared, that ''twould have been all very well if they'd only left us the piece of plate as well as the green leaves!'"

The first object of attention, on going ashore, was to perform the last rites for the gallant officers and men who had fallen the preceding day. Captains

same grave, and the inhabitants of Lagos vied with each other in providing accommodation and comforts for the wounded. The Admiral then issued the following order of the day, giving well deserved praise to his officers and men:—

"The Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief hastens to express to the Captains, Officers, and ships' companies, his admiration of their noble conduct during the late action.

"The annals of naval history cannot produce an instance of so complete a victory over so superior an enemy.

"Since we left Oporto with the expedition on the 21st ult. the kingdom of Algarves has been freed from the Usurper, with a great part of the Alemtejo, and his fleet no longer exists; we must follow up our success vigorously and boldly, and the cause will be won. You will then return to your homes loaded with honours bravely earned, and you will tell your friends with pride that you were at the battle of the 5th of July, off Cape St. Vincent.

"The Commander-in-Chief regrets the severe loss the squadron has met with, particularly in officers, but it proves that the officers lead, and where they go the men will always follow.

(Signed) "CARLOS DE PONZA,
"Vice-Admiral and Major-General of
H. M. F. M. Navy.

"To the respective Officers and Commanders
of H. M. F. Majesty's Squadron.

On the 7th, part of the British squadron, then stationed at Lisbon under the orders of Sir William Parker, viz., the "Donegal," the "Castor," and the "Leveret," appeared off Lagos Bay. They had been sent to demand an apology from Don Miguel's Commodore for having fired at a British vessel. Captain Fanshawe, who was entrusted with this mission, came however too late. Don Miguel's fleet was no longer in

existence, his Commodore was a prisoner of war, and of course no apology could be made.

In the afternoon, the Marquis of Palmella and Mendizabel arrived from Faro, and the requisite arrangements were immediately commenced, relative to the disposition of the various ships and captured officers and crews. The Queen's service was proposed to and accepted by many of the officers, and the whole of the seamen of Don Miguel's late fleet—so little attachment was there evidently to his cause!

Admiral Napier next gave his appointments to the different vacant commands. As it was deemed necessary to leave the frigate "Rainha" and the "Martin Freitas" to refit, he shifted his flag on board the "Don John," which was manned from the late flagship and the "Don Pedro." The captain who had commanded the "Princess Real" was appointed to the "Don Pedro;" and the latter was manned from the "Don John." Marcel Pedro, the Miguelite captain of the "Martin Freitas," as a reward for having made so good a defence, was appointed to the "Rainha;" and as many of her crew had deserted at Lagos, she was completed from the "Don John" and the "Martin Freitas." Captain Ruxton, of the "Villa Flor," was appointed to the frigate; Lieutenant Leot to the "Villa Flor;" and Captain Charles Elers Napier to command the "Portuense."

The Admiral, having thus judiciously distributed and amalgamated the officers and crews of the victors and the vanquished in the different vessels of the fleet, urged every exertion for refitting the squadron, and Pedroites and Miguelites vied with each

other in repairing damages, and getting their respective ships ready for service.

Thus speedily were enemies converted into friends, by the agency of circumstances, and the skilful directions of a master mind!

Meanwhile the Duke of Terceira, who had disembarked his division at Cacellas on the 24th of June, had in the six following days cleared the whole of the eastern portion of the Algarves of the enemy, and many of their officers and soldiers joined the Queen's standard and enlisted in her cause. The news of the victory of Cape St. Vincent brought the Duke to Lagos on the 8th of July, 1833, when he was most heartily welcomed by the Admiral,—they having always been on most friendly terms—and the latter spared him a couple of hundred Portuguese marines, who volunteered to join his division. Thus reinforced, and relying on the prestige inspired by the action of the 5th, the Duke of Terceira resolved at once on a forward move—to cross the Sierra de Monchique, and to march on Lisbon through the Alemtejo without further delay.

The Admiral hastened his preparations for repairing to Lisbon, but ere quitting Lagos he wrote as follows concerning the late action to Mrs. Napier:—

"'Don John,' Lagos Bay, July 10th, 1833.

"The fight was devilish sharp work, and I was not quite sure at first how it would end. The Miguelite captain of the 'Rainha' was a great savage—he went down with a lighted match to blow up the ship when we were all on board, but was stopped by his own crew. He laid about him like a devil. I saved his life once, but he took arms again, and was very properly killed. I got two slight wounds—one a blow with a crow-bar on the chest, the other a cut on

the arm; it only cut the jacket, and bruised me a little, but of no consequence. I gave one fellow a cut over the head, and I fancy I must have tolerably well handled others, as my sword was very much stained with blood. I think the prize money will be something handsome. You must give a dance on the green, and think of me."

I have heard the Admiral relate that Barradas, the captain of the "Rainha," fought in the most desperate manner, appearing quite out of his senses. The blow on his chest from the crow-bar caused Admiral Napier for some time a little inconvenience, but no bad consequences ensued. His son, Charles Napier's, injuries, although numerous, and some of them severe, were either from contusions, sabre cuts, and thrusts of the bayonet, but no gun-shot wounds; and as he was in good health at the time, they healed rapidly, though not quite so much so as the Admiral considerately wished to make it appear to his mother.

The fleet left Lagos on the 13th of July, and on the following day fell in with the Marquis of St. Iria, who had been appointed governor of the newly-conquered Province of the Algarves, and was the bearer of letters to the Admiral, with information that the Emperor had promoted him to the rank of full Admiral in the Portuguese Navy, ennobling him also with the title of Viscount Cape St. Vincent. The rank no doubt afforded him gratification; but of the peerage he says, in his "War in Portugal," "he had rather it had been left alone." It was at the time he received this news that his squadron was attacked by cholera, which soon did more mischief than all the efforts of the enemy; and he wrote thus to Mrs. Napier on the subject:—

"'Don John,' off Lisbon, July 21st, 1833.

"Since my last letter, I have had a much worse enemy to contend with than Don Miguel's fleet. The day we left Lagos, the cholera broke out, and in one day we had more than fifty men ill; nine died the first night, and we have lost altogether upwards of thirty. It appears the men of the 'Don Pedro' had been drinking to excess. Almost all the drunkards died; but we were all ill. I was threatened with it, so was the Duke and his secretary; but the doctor was very clever, and he stopped it in good time. At present we are all right, and it has disappeared entirely. Charley had an attack, but got over it."

Admiral Napier, although most reluctant to quit the coast, and thus leave the Duke of Terceira to contend alone against the enemy, saw there was no alternative, and therefore determined to bear away to the west, in hopes of getting out of the influence of the disease, and thus saving the remainder of his crews. On board the flag-ship two hundred men were on the doctor's list; in five days fifty bodies had been committed to the deep, scarcely an officer remained fit for duty, and there were not sufficient hands left to navigate the "Don John."

"Every means," says an eye-witness, "was taken to purify the ship: the orlop deck was cleared out and converted into a cholera hospital; but we were all working in vain, and a universal gloom pervaded the whole. We who had considered ourselves such heroes on the 5th of July, were now beaten by the cholera!—which, strange to say, stuck with the utmost tenacity to the 'Don John,' more so than to any other vessel of the squadron; and the Admiral was strongly urged to hoist his flag on board another ship, and send the 'Don John' out to sea to the westward. This he would not however listen to, and refused to quit the post of danger. At last, when the flag-ship became literally a floating pest-house, he made up his mind to retreat from the invisible enemy, which he

found it useless any longer to resist. We steered away to the westward, and had not proceeded many leagues ere the disease most suddenly disappeared. It was—as is often the case—like sailing from a fog, back into the bright sunshine of a clear unclouded atmosphere."

A remarkable circumstance, during this visitation of the cholera on board the "Don John," was that, though the ship was manned by the united crews of the little "Rainha" and "Don Pedro," the disease confined itself nearly exclusively to the men from the latter vessel. Out of the fifty-seven victims of this dreadful scourge, only five of those who perished had belonged to the "Rainha," although the whole crew of the "Don John" were indiscriminately distributed, and all treated in precisely the same manner. This is a problem worth the investigation and solution of the Faculty.

Nothing, except perhaps a conflagration, is so appalling as an epidemic, or contagious disorder, in the crowded space of a ship at sea. I was once on board a vessel in which it was apprehended the plague had broken out, and hence can easily picture the dreadful state of despair and alarm experienced throughout Admiral Napier's squadron, during this frightful visitation.

In after years he often recurred to the horrors of that dreadful scourge, and thus described his feelings on the occasion :—"I was worked up into such a state of nervous excitement, that whenever the cabin door was opened, I felt as if death were entering; and the constant report of another and another struck down, so distressed me, that I begged the officer to report no more."

The fleet reached the Tagus on the 24th, when the Admiral found time, though briefly, to announce the fact to Mrs. Napier :—

"July 24th, 1833—Going to Lisbon.

"I have just time to say, Lisbon has surrendered, and I am now running in. Villa Flor had an action on the 10th; beat the enemy yesterday, and this morning Lisbon gave up. I shall write to you in a day or two, whether I shall go home, or you come out to me. Charley is at St. Ubes, quite well. Wilkinson nearly so."

There was little wind, and Napier, anxious to reach Lisbon, pushed on in a boat from the entrance of the Tagus, entrusting to Mr. Pearn the charge of leading in the squadron, which he anchored off the arsenal, entirely to the satisfaction of the Admiral. The latter had, in the meantime, gone on board the "Asia," the flag-ship of Admiral Parker, where he was received in the most gratifying manner, and then went on shore to await the arrival of his squadron.

It must have been a proud moment for Admiral Napier, to behold his now powerful and numerous fleet breasting the clear waters of the Tagus, and loudly cheered by his countrymen as they passed the British squadron, and anchored off the town of Lisbon, from whence he witnessed this gratifying and magnificent spectacle, which can only be pictured and appreciated by such as are acquainted with the beauties of the locality where it occurred. Here the Tagus, opening out below Lisbon into a spacious lake or inland sea, is crowned on its northern shore by the capital, rising like an amphitheatre from its sunny banks; its clear waters—glistening under the brilliant summer sun and cloudless sky of a southern clime—

studded with innumerable vessels, boats, and skiffs, which, with their picturesque and wing-like latine sails, looked like sea birds skimming o'er the smooth surface of this fairy sea—England's banner proudly floating over the scene, as if welcoming British valour and success: all this formed a picture easily to be imagined by those who are acquainted with the grandeur and magnificence of the locality; but it were difficult for those who have not visited the spot to realize what I have attempted to describe.

In a letter to the Viscountess Cape St. Vincent he gives the following sketch of what had occurred:—

"Lisbon, July 27th, 1833.

"Now I have a little time to breathe, I shall give you an account of all that has passed since I last wrote. After we left Lagos Bay, I had such contrary winds, and the ships sailed so badly, that we did not get up to Lisbon before the 22nd, and I was in great alarm for the troops, whom I had information of having rapidly advanced on the south side of the river. It was my intention to run into the Tagus and support them, but I did not get to the northward of Lisbon till the 24th, on which day we received the intelligence of Villa Flor having beat the Miguelites on the south; and the Government were so afraid that I would run into the Tagus, that they abandoned the town, and left Lisbon without even a police to hinder the throats of their friends from being cut. Villa Flor crossed over and took possession of Lisbon, and the wind so failed me, that I did not get in before the 25th. Had they shown the least courage, Villa Flor would have been destroyed, and the whole expedition would have failed. We were in a dreadful state after leaving Lagos. The cholera broke out, and the people became frightened, and could do nothing. We lost nine men in a few hours, the first night, and before the week was over we had thrown overboard forty men, and many more were very ill. Palmella was ill, so was his secretary, myself, and

Charley, on board the 'Portuense.' We are all now quite well, and the cholera has disappeared.

"So much for our misfortunes. On the 25th we again had light winds, and were obliged to anchor outside, and I got into a boat and rowed up the river. The current is very strong, and had they done their duty, we should have suffered much. I went first on board the English Admiral, where I was received with a captain's guard, the Admiral and all the officers on deck, and a salute fired, the yards manned, and I was cheered by all the ship's company. As I rowed past the other ships, they cheered me also, and in short my reception was most gratifying. When I came on shore, I was hailed as the Liberator of Portugal, was cheered, kissed, and embraced by everybody. A carriage and four was sent for me, and we were taken up to the Baron Quintella's house. He is the richest man in Portugal.

"The enthusiasm was beyond everything. We are now arming all the population, lest the Miguelites should come back; but it is very difficult to get them to move, they make so sure of everything, and never think of to-morrow. I am, however, pretty active, and am putting my department in order as fast as I can. The arsenal is very good, and I shall take great delight in organizing the Portuguese Navy; and as long as they treat me well, I shall stay.

"We have taken a steamboat that came out to Don Miguel; and when things are settled, I think I shall, if possible, send her to Portsmouth, to bring you to Lisbon, where I promise you will be well received. I have not as yet had any letter from you since the victory: I suppose they are at Oporto, where they are extremely negligent in forwarding them, which is very annoying, particularly at the present moment. Charley is appointed to the 'Sibylle,' a fine corvette, and is going to Madeira, to summon the governor to surrender the island, and if he does not obey my order I shall go and take it. Charley is quite recovered. Wilkinson getting on well, and I am in high health and spirits, and gratified beyond measure at everything that has taken place."

"'Don John,' July 29th, 1833.

"My dear Dundas,—You will have heard by this time that Lisbon is in our possession. I was very sorry that I could not get into Lisbon to give them the *coup de grace*, but our appearance, and Villa Flor's, frightened them out of their wits, and they all bolted, devil take the hindmost! I received a letter from Barrow, desiring me to appear at the Admiralty on the 5th of July. On that day I was busily employed, and could not well get there, so I suppose you have unshipped me. There is a very nice dockyard here, but nothing in it! I have, however, got to work, and will soon put it to rights, and shall get up a small navy, ready to leather the Spaniards should they be saucy. * * *

"To Admiral George Dundas."

His name had, as he imagined, been scratched off the Navy List, but this appears to have given the Admiral very little concern—in fact, he had always considered this as merely a matter of form.

He had now a little more leisure at his disposal, and, with that love for his family which was so strong a feature in his character, he was planning how to have them near him, and thus wrote to the Viscountess:—

"'Don John,' Lisbon, July 31st, 1833.

"The Emperor arrived here from Oporto two or three days ago. You can form no idea how he received me, as well as all his officers. He was received by the people in the most enthusiastic manner. We all rode through the town, and went to the Largo Palace, where 'Te Deum' was sung. He placed me on his right hand, in his own seat. I dined with him the day before yesterday, when he then also gave me the post of honour. Everything is going on favourably. He is organizing troops, but still I am of opinion all is not over. I am delighted with my occupation, and have no one to control me, either in the fleet or the dockyard.

"I have got into an excellent house, and have also a box

at the opera. I am getting everything ready for you, but I think you had better not come till I send for you, which I will do the moment I see there is no chance of our being driven out of Lisbon; but you must be all ready for embarking when I send the steamer. As to our beautiful cottage, you may let it, or keep it, as you please. You may bring out Sancho,* but our carriage is quite useless here.

"Charley has a splendid corvette, and is going to Cadiz and Madeira, to summon the latter place, and if they do not surrender I shall go and put them to rights. Charley's wounds are entirely healed up. Reeves (Wilkinson) is getting on very well, but slowly; he can now manage to write, and intends doing so by this opportunity. I think you will like Lisbon, for we have everything to make it agreeable—a good house and a good ship, which I am fitting out like the 'Galatea.'"

From correspondence which was discovered by the Constitutionalists, on taking possession of Lisbon, it appeared that great exertions were being made in London by Don Miguel's friends in support of his cause; and that the Tories, who were crying out so loudly against interference, were doing all in their power to assist him. Captain Elliott, of the Royal Navy, had made arrangements with Don Miguel's ministers to take the command of his fleet, and had actually embarked for that purpose, accompanied by five hundred seamen and many officers, who were, however, saved the disgrace of going out to fight their own countrymen, by the news of the action off Cape St. Vincent having arrived before they sailed. "And," observes Admiral Napier, "their cruise ended at Gravesend, instead of in the Castle of St. George."

But although Captain Elliott's expedition came thus to a premature end, Marshal Bourmont, with a

* A favourite old horse.

numerous staff, assumed the command of Don Miguel's army in the north, on the 13th of July; and on the 25th—the same day that Admiral Napier entered Lisbon—a grand attack was made on Oporto, which, however, failed. The Admiral tried to impress on his colleagues the necessity of securing Lisbon by proper measures of defence, unless they would see it lost as easily as it had been won; but until the energetic Don Pedro arrived, his representations were of no avail.

Whilst he was thus busily, though fruitlessly, engaged at Lisbon, the news of his success, which reached England about the middle of the month, had caused the greatest sensation throughout the whole country; and party spirit ran, in consequence, very high. While Tories were furious, the Liberals rejoiced at what was a triumph to their principles and their cause: for it was undeniable that absolutism and the doctrines of the "Holy Alliance" had received, on the 5th of July, 1833, a blow which caused them to reel and stagger, and the effects of which are felt to the present day; nor is it too much to assert that the future freedom of every European state depended on the restoration of liberty to oppressed Portugal. Had Don Miguel not been hurled from his usurped throne, Don Carlos might have eventually become king of Spain, and the elder branch of the Bourbons would, perchance, at this moment be reigning in France.

Such were the effects of Napier's success on public affairs; and, as regards himself, the change was as strikingly great in the private relations of life. Now,

from every quarter—save by an enraged and disappointed faction—he was extolled to the very skies. He was overwhelmed with letters of congratulation—so numerous that even to read them, amid the pressure of so much business, must have been no ordinary task; and whether he managed, in this case, to adhere to his ordinary rule of never leaving a letter unanswered, it is impossible to say. Mrs. Napier also received many similar communications; but it is proposed to lay before the reader only a few of these letters, and to commence the selection with two from the late Lord Napier, who wrote thus to Mrs. Napier:—

"United Service Club, July 18, 1833.

"MY DEAR MRS. NAPIER,—I could not bring myself to intrude upon your feelings at an earlier time, excited as they must naturally be from the great and glorious exploit of your gallant husband. Report also says that your son has suffered by some severe wounds—I trust, however, if such is the case, that he may still survive to enjoy those honours which his conduct has so particularly merited. As Charles's near relative and old friend, I assure you I can scarce contain the happiness I feel on the present occasion; and it is delightful to hear him spoken of by all manner of men as having performed an action unequalled in ancient or in modern times. I have just returned from attending His Majesty at the Levée, who asked me most particularly all circumstances relative to my gallant friend. Pray have the kindness to let me know if it was your soldier son who was wounded, and if your sailor did not command the 'Donna Maria,' and carried off his share of the glory.

"Believe me ever your very affectionate cousin,

"NAPIER."

He also wrote as follows to Admiral Napier:—

"July 19, 1833.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—The news of your great and glorious exploit has been now current for several days, filling the

minds of the whole city with wonder and admiration—indeed, my heart has been so full that I have been able to think of little else. All the members of both clubs, but more especially some of your old cronies of an evening at the 'Blue Posts' (Naval Club), are quite delighted with you. But I was most anxious to discover the effect it might produce on the King, remembering the circumstances of old, connected with Uncle Peter. I think I may have told you before, that, in conversing with me about my various relations, His Majesty never once, at any time, alluded either to your father or old Peter. I attended the Levée yesterday, when several of the great men—Lord Grey among them—spoke of you in the highest terms of admiration; and old Wellesley said it was the 'finest exploit of modern days, and if he referred to books he would find nothing equal to it in the annals of Greece or Rome; and by that one act you had changed the whole aspect of affairs in Europe.' When the business of the day was over, the King questioned me very minutely as to your birth and parentage, evidently taking you for a son of Peter, who, he thought, had been my father's brother. He appeared much excited in his feelings and relieved, when I made him understand that your father had commanded the 'Stirling Castle' at the siege of Havannah, which he knew Peter could not have done, as being too near his own age. . . . . .

"I have only been here a few days. When the papers arrived, Sir Alexander was in ecstasies about it; and next day, dining at Lord Haddington's, although he d——d the cause, he gave your health in a bumper after dinner. As soon as you get into Lisbon, get a good full-sized portrait of yourself done in oils, and send it me. Charles Napier has published a large book, which blows Sir Frederic Adams sky high, and it has sold remarkably well. What fun it must have been to have witnessed your coronation with the crown of laurels!

"Ever your very affectionate cousin,

"NAPIER."

His friend, William Grant, wrote:—

"Portsmouth, July 1833.

"I never was more delighted on yesterday reading a

note from Elliott to the Admiral here, informing him of your success. You really have done everything a British officer could do. Sir T. Maitland and the blue-jackets say it is, for the extent, the most splendid thing ever done at sea. I send you the *Sun* paper—you will see what the Cockneys say of you, the King at their head. There is no one, my friend, who more sincerely feels for you than I do. I hope to God poor Charley is recovering—you will not despise a well-fitting coat now—my kindest regards to him; he is a gallant fellow. Tell all around you how proud I feel of them all, as countrymen, and can fully appreciate the tremendous obstacles they have overcome—although a banker, and not used to collaring work, I can indeed appreciate it, and would not have been far behind you.

"I sent my wife over to Mrs. Napier as soon as I heard of it. She was in ecstasy. Poor woman! your being wounded was cautiously broken to her; she felt as she should do, but was not overcome long, and was left quite recovered and tranquil. At this moment there are not ten men in Portsmouth but would send you to Parliament, if it were only as a specimen of British valour; but they will make you a duke or a bishop out there, I suppose. Atfield swears by you. We are to have a grand dinner at Society's Hall on the occasion, your committee to act as stewards. How beautifully Peak took his ship! Captain Elliott writes to Sir Thomas Williams in a tone of the greatest satisfaction. You are all right there—the country will never allow *such* men to be put off the List for a day.

"God bless you, my friend.

"W. GRANT, JUN.

"To Admiral Don Leon de Ponza, Lisbon."

Señor da Sylva, who had been very instrumental in raising loans for the Constitutional cause, wrote to him in much exultation:—

"London, 16th July, 1833.

"Bravo, Napier! I congratulate you from my heart for your brilliant and victory, and myself for being the main instrument of your rendering my unfortunate and distracted country so eminent a service. May heaven bless

you, and inspire in the breasts of my countrymen such feelings as will enable them to appreciate and reward the signal service you have rendered them! As to myself, I am quite at a loss for words to express to you what I feel. Let your generous heart be my interpreter on this occasion.

"The intelligence arrived here on Sunday morning at seven o'clock, and spread all over London with the rapidity of lightning, spreading universal joy amongst the friends of the cause, and confusion and rage amongst its enemies. I am fully prepared to hear next that Ponza's ship is at anchor in front of Blackhorse Square.

"I have taken advantage of the favourable moment to get money, and have everything arranged to make the calls upon the loan. I have encountered great opposition, but am determined to jump over them all—money we must have.

"Lord Londonderry has tried to have you struck off the list of the Navy—but, from Lord Grey's answer, I believe he will have the mortification of being disappointed. In spite of your brilliant victory, this Government has not yet awaked from its slumber. Talleyrand, I know, is daily urging the immediate recognition of the Queen, and I believe that, as soon as the answers from the French Government are received to the communications of Sunday, something will be done."

The following is a translation of a letter written by the Chevalier Abreu-é-Lima (now Viscount Carreira) the Portuguese minister in London, and bearing date the 17th July, 1833:—

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Long live the Queen! Long live the Regent! Long live Napier! Your admirable victory has severed the Gordian knot. You have saved the cause, and immortalized your name! Dundonald" (written Dondonel), "on hearing of your triumph, was in ecstasies, though naturally regretting not to have been himself the hero of so bold and brilliant an exploit. I congratulate myself on this event, and beg your permission to gather also for myself a small leaf of your laurels. Your glory, which

belongs to Portugal and to England, is a new bond to the alliance between the two crowns, which you have thus renewed and strengthened. Let us thank that Providence which has blessed your valour and noble devotion.

"The effect of such brilliant news has here been prodigious; and if the Ministry were not so much shaken by the intrigues and machinations of the Tories, the recognition of the Queen would have been the result. In the present state in which Ministers are placed, it must not be considered a trifle to have decided them on a sort of implied (implicit) recognition, which you will see in the announcement of the blockade of Lisbon at Lloyds', which was made yesterday by Government, in consequence of my note of the day before yesterday to Lord Palmerston.

"If the Ministry resists this new storm, and should good news arrive from Portugal, I doubt not but that the Queen will be recognized in a more formal and positive manner. I confess to you that I expect to hear news of you from Lisbon, for after such a victory nothing will be able to resist you. We are endeavouring to send you immediately some officers and seamen, and I am in hopes also of being able to send a little money to the Duke of Palmella. Sartorius was occupying himself at Brest with the fitting out of the 'S. João Magnanimo,' but it appears to me to be now useless to hurry her departure. You have been able to increase your strength, and you may perhaps be fortunate enough to intercept the steamer with Bourmont and his suite. The 'George IV.' would be a good acquisition.

"Your letter of the 6th reached me last Sunday, the 14th, and on the 15th the daily prints made known your glory. Our funds rose yesterday to second premium (2nd prime), in consequence of the terms of the announcement of a blockade. Everything is, therefore, going on well, and that is all owing to you. The seamen and officers lately engaged for Don Miguel no longer know what to do, and Admiral Elliott is quite stupefied. The consequences of your glorious victory are in every respect immense, and now we have nothing more to fear.

"Adieu, my dear Admiral. I much regret the wounds of

your aide-de-camp, and the loss of the brave fellows who have died in our cause, but there is no perfect pleasure in this world.

"Believe me, with a lively affection, entirely yours,

"LIMA."

His old boatswain of the "Euryalus" wrote the following honest letter of congratulation, which was, no doubt, quite as welcome to the Admiral as any of the others, and has been found equally well preserved:—

"H. M. S. 'Illustrious,' Portsea, July 18th, 1833.

"RESPECTFUL SIR,—May I be allowed to congratulate you and your worthy coadjutor in the late memorable event. That noble feat which you have performed has filled with admiration even your greatest opponent; in our town, they have expressed themselves so favourable towards you, that I believe, if you were here just now, you would be able to hoist your standard in St. George's Square, without having one who would dare oppose you. I trust we shall yet have a brave man to represent our borough; we must have you when you have finished your generous work.

"I must beg to condole with you for the loss of your brave officers and men, particularly Captain M'Donough, who was an old shipmate of mine, and a particular friend to my son, who I hope is with you by this time.

"I must also beg to condole with you for the wounds yourself and brave son have received—hope sincerely they are not serious.

"As I have taken the liberty of condoling with you on your loss, I hope I shall soon be able to congratulate you on the capture of Lisbon, which to me would be an inexpressible joy.

"I have just heard, sir, that Captain Wilkinson is wounded—I hope not seriously—beg you will make my best respect to him. He was an old shipmate of mine, and a particular friend.

"I have the honour to be, with hearty good wishes for

your future success and welfare, your most obedient, humble servant,

"WILLIAM TARRANT,
"Late Boatswain of H. M. S. 'Euryalus.'

"P.S.—I have taken the liberty of enclosing a letter for my son. Beg you will be pleased to forward it to him. Desire him to write as soon as possible, to remove his mother's fears. We have not heard from him since January last."

From his old friend, Colonel (the present Sir George) Hodges, whose acquaintance he had formed in his Peninsular campaign of 1810, and with whom he was subsequently associated in the Syrian expedition, he received the following letter, dated

"London, 24th July, 1833.

"MY DEAR NAPIER,—Pray accept my sincere and hearty congratulations on the success that has attended your gallant and brilliant capture of Miguel's fleet. Well have you maintained your long and established character, as well as that of the British Navy. All parties do you justice; and I have been told that the King was in ecstasies of delight when he first heard of your exploit. You have saved Portugal, and immortalized yourself. Thank God you have escaped unhurt, and that your gallant son is recovering—he seems 'a chip of the old block.' You will see by the newspapers the handsome way Lord Grey spoke of you in reply to Lord Londonderry; as for old Eldon, he was not satisfied with your name being erased from the Navy List, he (pious old soul!) thought hanging not good enough for you. A meeting is spoken of in the City, for the purpose of manifesting public opinion in admiration of your late victory—the Duke of Sussex in the chair. Evans and myself will try to follow it up with another, for a threefold purpose, viz.—1st, To petition the king—praying H.M. will be pleased to cause the pecuniary claims of this Government on the usurper of Portugal to be forthwith enforced; 2nd, That he will be graciously pleased to acknowledge Donna Maria as Queen of Por-

tugal; and 3rd, To restore Captain Napier to the British Navy. I would gladly have included Sartorius's name, but we fear it might mar our object as relates to yourself; but of one thing I am quite sure, that when they restore you, they will also bring him in. Public feeling is now greatly excited here; reports of all sorts prevail, and we are anxiously looking out for fresh arrivals, not only from you and the Algarves, but also from Oporto. Bourmont will make some desperate attempts. I tremble for Oporto."

The following is from Admiral Napier's predecessor, Admiral Sartorius. His letter speaks for itself, and shows the noble mind which dictated it on such an occasion:—

"Paris, August 6th, 1833.

"My dear Napier,—Most heartily I congratulate you, my dear friend, upon your noble and gallant action. I have invariably predicted that such would be your conduct. To say that I do not envy you, would be hypocrisy on my part; equally so, if I said that I did not regret that it had not been my fate to have gained such a triumph. As it has turned out, upon an honester and a better fellow such splendid good fortune never could have fallen. Long may you live to enjoy it! I have been anxiously looking out for the details of the battle; I have not met with any as yet; but I hope soon to do so. Immediately I heard of your victory I of course gave up the fitting out of the 'Prize' at Brest. I am still in France, as I cannot yet hear whether it will be safe for me to appear in England. *All* my bills were protested which were given me at Oporto. I have heard nothing of the order or title since. However, the cause of humanity has triumphed at last, thank God! This is no moment for complaining of individual wrongs or ingratitude. For the same cause, and with the certainty of the same results, I would again act as I have done, in spite of wrongs and injustice. Pray give my warmest congratulations to all our friends, particularly the Dukes of Palmella and Terceira, the Marquis of Fronteira, and Saldanha, not forgetting my old friend Griego. To all my old shipmates, also, pray remember

me, in the warmest terms. As your time will be much taken up, pray tell Leot to write to me all details. I have received his letter from Lagos with the sincerest pleasure, and I shall immediately write to him also. If the ships are to be given up (those at Brest), and the Queen to come out in them, and that you intend sending men and officers to man them, I wish you could let young Vanzellos be one of the guard of honor. I know his family, and feel an interest in him. One or two of the frigates would be hardly worth while to take back; but some of the corvettes and two of the frigates are splendid vessels. The old vessels could be broken up and sold for payment of expenses. With every good wish, believe me, my dear Napier, ever truly and sincerely yours,

"G. W. SARTORIUS."

The success of Admiral Napier—from the probability of its leading to the recognition by England of the Constitutional flag of Portugal—brought upon him the most virulent attacks from the Tory party. Amongst them, the late Marquis of Londonderry was very conspicuous; and such was the weakness of the professedly Liberal administration of Earl Grey, that they not only hesitated in acknowledging the rights of Donna Maria, but actually removed the name of her champion from the Navy List. Public opinion was, however, pronounced more strongly than ever in his favour; and, on the 27th of July, an important meeting was held at the London Tavern, at which the Duke of Sussex presided, and where resolutions were unanimously carried in favour of his restoration to the British service. Sir Edward Codrington, Sir Thomas Troubridge, Sir Francis Burdett, Colonels Evans and Hodges, and other speakers, highly eulogised the Admiral; and it was resolved that a subscription should be commenced for the purpose of procuring a testi-

monial, to mark the sense of the British public on his character and conduct.

His friend, Mr. William Grant, gave him, in the following letter, an account of further manifestations of public approbation :—

"Portsmouth, August 7th, 1833.

"I have not heard from you since your splendid achievement. Never was there such a burst of feeling from one end of England to the other. I attended a capital meeting in London, some few days ago—the Duke of Sussex in the chair. It was a proud day, and most creditable to the country: no doubt you have seen the particulars. We have (the London and country bankers) collected about 600*l.* as yet, towards presenting you with a testimonial, and in commemoration of British valour. A large sum will be raised, and petitions to the King are being forwarded, to restore so fair a name to the Navy List. It must be done—the people are enthusiastic upon it. They talk of bringing you forward for the city of London, in room of Sir John Key. We had also a splendid public fête at Vauxhall, patronized by Sir Edward Codrington, in honour of you. The feeling manifested was truly British. Yesterday we had a famous dinner here in celebration of your action; upwards of 100 dined; the particulars you will see in our papers, as I shall send you out some. It went off well. Your old friends were not a little proud, I assure you. We had lots of your old opponents there; even *they* say you must go to Parliament now, if only as a specimen of British valour. The report to-day is that 3,000 troops are to embark instantly for Lisbon. Government have issued notices for transports to take troops there. Well, my friend, you richly deserve the honours that have been, and will be, heaped upon you. No one living is more delighted than I am."

On the 27th of July—the same day, it will be remarked, that the great meeting in London was held—Admiral Napier, having formed his staff, assumed the office of Major-General at the Arsenal at Lisbon. In

his book on the "War in Portugal," he represents it as the most complete establishment of the kind that he had ever beheld, so far as regards the buildings; but he found everything in a wretched condition: vessels, that had been for many years upon the slips, were rotting in an unfinished state; the docks were half filled with mud; their gates, too feeble to resist the pressure of water against them, had been allowed to remain long in a dismantled state. The people employed were about 2,000 in number, "including the lame, the blind, and the lazy, who formed the principal part of the establishment." The Admiral hoped soon to improve this state of things. He was, however, mistaken; for every one—officers and workmen—combined to evade his orders; and at last they carried their hatred to such an extent that his life was in danger. He also met with further annoyance from an unexpected quarter; for, on returning from any temporary absence, he would frequently find that Don Pedro had been interfering with his arrangements, and giving contradictory orders. After bearing this for some time, his patience was exhausted; he went to the Palace, requested an interview, and stated that he had a grave complaint to make against a person of high position. On being pressed by Don Pedro for an explanation, Admiral Napier said he came to complain to the Regent of Portugal, of the Emperor of the Brazils, who was in the habit of unaccountably interfering with his duties, to the great detriment of the Regent. Don Pedro smiled, said, "he knew the Emperor was sometimes a troublesome fellow, but he would take care that he should give no

further annoyance;" and they parted very good friends, although it is not stated whether the Regent kept his promise or not.

The British squadron at Lisbon saluted the standard of the Constitutional Queen of Portugal, as soon as—borne thither by her triumphant fleet—it waved proudly on the Tagus; and when the cause of liberty had been won without England's assistance, her Ministry acknowledged those rights which a truly liberal cabinet would never have disallowed. At the eleventh hour, however, on the 14th of August, 1833, a steamer brought from England the long expected "recognition," appointing at the same time Lord William Russell (who was then at Lisbon in an undefined and doubtful capacity) as the accredited British Minister at the court of Donna Maria da Gloria, in whose absence, and during whose minority, her father, Don Pedro, had assumed the Regency with an administration created by himself. But even now, in recognizing the Constitutional Government of Portugal, the cautious policy of our Ministry—a policy unworthy of this great nation—decreed that the continuance of this recognition should depend on the continued prosperity of its affairs!

Lord William Russell was well received. Don Pedro expressed himself satisfied that the recognition had taken place; he seemed to consider that everything was now settled, and announced that the Cortes or Parliament would open its sittings on the 1st of October, 1833. "Did the Ministry expect," asks

* *Vide* Admiral Napier's "War of Succession in Portugal." Vol. i., 274.

Admiral Napier, "that the war was to be finished by that time? Did they still believe that Bourmont was not marching on the capital?—or did they think that Don Miguel was coming to lay down his arms?"*

How very different was the real state of affairs is shewn in the following letter from the Admiral to the Viscountess Cape St. Vincent:—

"Lisbon, August 12th, 1833.

"I have written to Admiral Dundas, to give you a passage out, in the steamer that conveys the Queen, as I am not sure when I could send another steamer for you. We hear the enemy are advancing on Lisbon. We have been three weeks here, and have not yet mounted a single gun. It is abominable! I have spoken plainly enough to the Minister and Emperor, and to-day I have been myself examining the defences, and find that nothing is more easy than to defend the town.

"I am most anxious to see you, but still I almost wish any further business may be over first. I should not be surprised if they yet lost Lisbon. If they do, it will be by their own folly, and I will stay with them no longer if it happen. I only wish that Colonel Charles Napier were here. I mentioned him to the Minister at War. Tell him, if he were here, they would do anything for him; they want a man like him. I wish he would come; I am certain I could get him any command; do write to him and say so.† Charley has got his corvette in high order, and is now ready for sea. I am not yet sure when he will sail, as I am uncertain about the movements of the enemy."

Three weeks had passed, and nothing had been done

* "War in Portugal," vol. i., p. 275.

† Colonel Charles Napier, whose presence the Admiral so much desired, was then living in retirement in France. In the midst of the severe affliction caused by the recent loss of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, Colonel Charles Napier wrote a letter of congratulation to the Admiral's wife, of which the following is an extract: "I congratulate you from my heart on all your happiness, and Charles's (the Admiral's) glory, which nothing can exceed; your son's recovery, and his great share of honour, are subjects of congratulation not much inferior."

for the defence of Lisbon!—on which a large enemy's force, with a skilful and energetic commander at its head, and a staff of able French officers, was rapidly advancing. It appeared, indeed, like tempting fate; and anxious as Admiral Napier was to be rejoined by his family, no wonder that he should first endeavour to see his way a little more clearly, for, as things were progressing, it seemed not unlikely that, on the expected arrival of the Queen, she might perchance find her capital in the hands of Don Miguel!

The Emperor had requested Admiral Napier to speak always openly and unreservedly to him, which he did on the present occasion; and, as regarded his own particular department, he had already taken measures to put the squadron in order; making it much more effective—not only for the immediate defence of Lisbon, but for any ulterior operations. The larger ships were reserved for the former purpose, and the remainder to establish a blockade; on which service young Napier was despatched, in command of a fine corvette: the "Sibylle," whose name Admiral Napier —in token of affection to his wife—had lately changed to that of the "Eliza." The whole establishment of the arsenal was put into full activity, and in a manner that must have astonished its drowsy officials and artisans; but a detailed account of the manner in which the Admiral "stirred up" this department is given in his "War of Succession in Portugal," to which the reader can refer.

The following letter to his friend, Admiral George Dundas, conveys the first intimation we have of the intention of the Queen of Portugal to return to her

own dominions—which project was, however, delayed for a short time longer:—

"Lisbon, August 8th, 1833.

"MY DEAR DUNDAS,—An application has been made to the Government for an armed steamboat, to convey the Queen, who comes in one with her own colours, to be hired for that purpose; and I am to meet her off the Burlings, and bring her to Lisbon. All our ships are blockading the coast. Will the Admiralty allow my wife to take a passage out in her, with the Duchesses of Palmella and Terceira, who are now at Boulogne? Yours truly,

"CAPE ST. VINCENT."

A few days later (August 16th) the Admiral wrote a letter to Mr. Grant, which shews at once his care for the interests of his men, and the bad character of many amongst them:—

"I am going to collect the pay of all the men killed and dead, to remit to your bank. I know you will do all you can to give it to their heirs.

"I am sorry to say our men have been behaving very ill. They are a bad set; it is heart-breaking, after such an action, to see it. When I came to them, they had not a rag to their backs, no fresh provisions, and, indeed, nothing. I laboured for them as hard as I could, spoke to them, advised them, but nothing would do, they have no pride. Coming up from Lagos, we could get nothing done; and after we came in here, they were all promised a run on shore, the moment the ship was ready for sea; but they took ten days to set the rigging up. I sent for the petty officers. They told me the men were discontented, and wanted to go home; that they could not get them to work, for they said they would give up their pay and prize-money to go home. I took the gentlemen at their word; told them to give in their names, which amounted to eighty—all the worst characters. I hired a vessel for them; they then abused the captain, said they would not go home, that they would take his vessel from him, and behaved worse than ever. The greater part went on shore, and got beastly drunk. At last I took strong measures, and put them all in

prison, on bread and water for the first few days, and since that I hope I have broke the neck of it. To give you an idea what a gang they must be—they had at least 500*l.* or 600*l.*, and we (the officers) never received 5*l.*; they robbed the hen-coops; and I believe, had I been at sea, there is a gang who would have cut all our throats. The uniting of the crews of the 'Rainha' and [*name illegible*], did much harm; the latter were great villains. I mention this to you, because there will be many who will endeavour to vilify me for taking such a strong measure, but the captain of the 'Ebenezer' will tell you all about it. Could I have picked out a couple of the worst, I certainly would have hanged them; but they were too cunning for that."

CHAPTER XI.

AFFAIRS IN PORTUGAL, SEPTEMBER, 1833, TO MAY, 1834.

THE opinion Admiral Napier had previously formed, that the war had not yet come to a conclusion, was fully justified by the event, and he relaxed not in his efforts to render still further services to the Constitutional cause. His family having soon after joined him at Lisbon, there are but few letters at this period from whence to give an account of his proceedings: it will, therefore, be necessary to quote more freely from his work on the War in Portugal, in order to follow up the course of events. Shortly before her arrival at Lisbon, he wrote thus to the Viscountess Cape St. Vincent:—

"Lisbon, Sept. 3rd, 1833.

"The enemy have approached Lisbon, and are now close to our lines. Whether they will attack or not is doubtful. Had my advice been followed, they would have been entirely finished; but as it is, I have no fears. I have stationed the ships in various places, and shall confine myself to my own part, without poking my head where I have no business. Charley is cruising off Figueras, so you will probably meet him. I expect you in a week or ten days at furthest; and

I shall secure you all on board the 'Don John,' should there be any danger here, which, however, I do not apprehend. They have cut off the water from the aqueduct, but we find plenty in the town. "I have been busily employed at your boudoir, but it gets on slowly, as everybody in Lisbon are now soldiers; but I trust, ere you come, it will be ready for your reception. Edward has arrived long ere this, and has no doubt given you an account of everything here, but I would sooner enjoy my honours at Purbrook. I have gained a reputation, thank God, that will ensure my being employed when anything takes place. The consequences of our victory have been great; but the war is not yet over, and may last a long while. Don Miguel has many friends, but he has no sea coast, and that is where he will suffer, provided he does not take Lisbon, which I do not think he will do. We shall probably be attacked in two or three days, and if the place sticks firm to itself, I apprehend no danger. I cannot tell you how anxious I am to see you and the children. Wilkinson is now gone on board, and I have no one in a large house to speak to, everybody is occupied. I dine sometimes with Palmella, and he with me—that is all our society. I was last evening at the Joscelyns', who are anxious for your arrival. I generally go to the Palace in the evening, and by ten I am fatigued and ready for bed. I seldom leave the office till four, and dine at six."

The day on which this was written, Bourmont appeared before Lisbon, occupied the neighbouring heights, with all the adjacent villages, and made every preparation for the attack, which took place on the 5th of September. His force was computed at between fourteen and fifteen thousand men; whilst that of the Queen—although nominally nearly thousand—did not in reality amount to more than eight or nine thousand. Upwards of a hundred guns had been mounted on the lines, which—owing to the inertness of those most concerned—were still in an

unfinished state, and in many places much exposed.

On the morning of the 5th, Bourmont, having made all his dispositions, pushed forward his light troops, and commenced an attack on the redoubts in the neighbourhood of St. Sebastian. After some sharp fighting, the assailants were repulsed, though not without considerable losses to the Constitutionalists, amongst which were several officers. The Duke of Terceira's horse was shot under him, and Don Pedro had a narrow escape from a cannon ball, which killed a man standing close to him. The Admiral, notwithstanding the resolution expressed two days before, not to "poke his head where he had no business," could not resist the temptation, and said he never witnessed a heavier fire than was kept on St. Sebastian, "the house being completely covered with round shot, grape, and musketry; and," he adds, "the approach through the court gate to the garden, where the battery stood, was just as hot as any amateur could wish."

A second attack was made in the afternoon, and in like manner repulsed. Admiral Napier says, that in the redoubt where he was, the preparations to receive an enemy had been so very incomplete, that not only were the guns imperfectly manned, but there was nether powder nor shot; and had the Miguelites pushed boldly up and kept steady in column, they would probably have forced this part of the lines. In his "History of the War" will be found the following characteristic paragraph relating to the operations of that day:—

"It may be presumptuous in my giving an opinion on

military matters, but I should always prefer leading soldiers boldly up to an attack, than through a cover; for they in general dislike as much leaving it to come under a shower of musketry, as people in civil life do to leave a portico and get into a shower of rain."

It would appear that on this occasion the Miguelites followed their usual tactics, and, instead of rushing on in mass to the attack, broke their ranks and spread out as skirmishers. But though the Admiral criticises them for this, in his History, he does full justice to the chivalrous gallantry of the young Marquis de Laroche-Jacquelin, who, at the head of a squadron of cavalry, made a desperate attempt to dash into the redoubt, charging it at a gallop, and was shot close to the ditch, where many of his men likewise fell, and the rest retreated in confusion. "Our loss," says Admiral Napier, "in this affair, was from three to four hundred men: that of the enemy could not have been less than a thousand." He thus makes mention of the encounter in a letter to Viscountess Cape St. Vincent:—

"Lisbon, Sept. 7, 1833.

"Another packet has arrived and brought me no letters—it is most surprising. One came to Charley, which I opened, as he was absent. He is now cruising off Figueras, and cannot write. I wish I could have sent him home, but it is impossible, I have not ships enough to blockade all the coast. The greater part of the squadron is refitting, and they get on so slowly. I am also obliged to keep them in all the different ports, to keep the Miguelites in order. The guerillas are so barbarous. We were attacked the day before yesterday, and they were completely beaten. I was in the lines, but kept as much out of fire as I could; though I could not help having a look at what was going on. I do not think they will attack again—if they do, we are quite ready; but do not be uneasy,

because I will take care of myself for you. I expect you in ten days at most; and I much wish you were here—I have everything ready.

"The only safe way of forwarding your letters is to enclose them to Lord Wm. Russell, and sending them to the Foreign Office, or to Sir Thomas Hardy, under cover to Admiral Parker, or to Mr. ——, for I am certain they are intercepted.

It was annoying that much of the Admiral's correspondence, as well as that of the officers of the fleet, was by some unaccountable means intercepted, and never reached its destination. The following letter from the Chevalier Abreu-é-Lima has reference to this unpleasant circumstance:—

"London, August 28, 1833.

"MY DEAR VISCOUNT,—I was much flattered at receiving your letters of the 11th and 16th inst., for which I return you a thousand thanks. I am not surprised at your letters having been opened, coming as they did from me, who am placed 'out of the law'; but they would not derive much pleasure in reading what I wrote to you. What is rather strange is, that they pretend not to have received my despatches by the 'African,' when I communicated to you the recognition of the Queen by England, whilst I receive replies to my private letters in which I announced the same intelligence.

"I am very glad to find that you are able to resist the torrent which wishes to carry you with it into another abyss, and I entreat you to continue your salutary efforts to this end.

"Adieu, my dear Napier; continue your friendship to me and believe me ever your devoted and grateful

"LIMA."

The "abyss" alluded to was probably the party spirit that then ran so high at Lisbon, and from which few could keep entirely clear.

From the result of the attack on the Lisbon lines,

made by Marshal Bourmont on the 3rd of September, he appeared to be convinced of the impossibility of taking the town by assault, and probably hoped to do so by blockade; but without the co-operation of a naval force, and with an enemy's fleet in the Tagus, it would have required a much larger army than he possessed to carry such a project into effect—supposing that, under such circumstances, it had been practicable at all.

About the middle of September some communication took place between Admiral Parker and Marshal Bourmont, relative to the protection of British property. "And," says Admiral Napier, in his "History of the War," "I took advantage of this occasion to endeavour to bring about an accommodation with the Miguelite General, but without success. This was winked at by the Emperor, but not authorized; and indeed, as the *sine qua non* was the retirement of Don Miguel from Portugal, it was at once refused."

The advance of Bourmont on Lisbon had raised the hopes of the Tories, of other partisans of Don Miguel, and of the cause of "Legitimacy" at home. This subject is adverted to in the following extract, translated from a letter of the Portuguese minister in London, bearing date the 4th of September, 1833:—

"The 'Lord of the Isles' left a few days ago, with officers for Bourmont, and I only hope that she may fall into your hands. We are here wishing for news that may tend to tranquillize us; however, as to myself, I do not share the fears of the public, which have caused the funds to fall. Would to Heaven that everyone possessed the same activity as the Regent, and the same zeal which you so nobly share with his Imperial Majesty!

"Adieu, my dear Viscount. The Queen and the Empress will not, in my opinion, be able to leave this before the 15th of the month; but I hope that the gales we experience at present will be instead of the usual equinoctial ones, and that their majesties may have fine weather for their voyage. How I should like to be at Lisbon when they disembark!

"Always yours with heart and soul,

"LIMA."

The alarm caused by Bourmont's advance proved, however, to be groundless; no further attempt was made on Lisbon after the attack of the 5th. Whilst the Miguelite army remained inactive in front of the lines, desertions became frequent from their ranks. On the 21st of September Marshal Bourmont resigned, and was succeeded in the command by a General Macdonnell, who had formerly served in Spain, and had lately arrived from England in the "Lord of the Isles," which likewise brought out several French officers and also Captain Elliott, who was to have commanded Don Miguel's fleet; but there being no fleet to command, he was obliged to be content with the position of "Admiral on Shore" and "Naval Adviser to the Usurper," in anticipation of the time when he should have a navy about which to tender advice!

"The change of generals," says Admiral Napier, "made no change in military operations. The Emperor continued to fortify his lines and discipline the troops, whilst the opposite party remained in front of Lisbon, without undertaking any enterprise on either bank of the Tagus.

"On the 22nd September, the Queen and the Empress arrived in the Tagus, in the 'Soho' steamer, bearing the Portuguese colours and standard, escorted by an English steam-ship of war. Their majesties had been residing in Paris, watching the progress of events."

Admiral Napier was much disappointed at the non-arrival of his family at the same time as the Queen; but the accommodation provided on board the "City of Waterford"—which was to have brought them out—proving insufficient, they took their departure from England a few days subsequently in the "Superb." And it was well this *contre-temps* occurred, for the "City of Waterford" was wrecked on the coast, somewhere near Peniché; and although no lives were sacrificed, everything on board—including the baggage of Admiral Napier's family—was lost; and a valuable horse belonging to him was with difficulty saved, by the animal being thrown overboard, and its succeeding in swimming ashore.

A few days after the arrival of the Queen, news reached Lisbon of the loss of the "City of Waterford." "Saldanha (who had been created a Field-Marshal on the landing of the Queen) came," says Admiral Napier, "to my office, much agitated, having learnt that she had been wrecked on the coast." The Marshal's wife and family were, however, fortunately safe at San Martinho, under the protection of a detachment sent from Peniché by Colonel the Baron Sa de Bandeira, who commanded at that place. The Miguelite guerillas had paid them a visit, but had been persuaded that, being an English steamer, she had none but English passengers on board, and they were thus saved from being plundered and ill-treated.

Admiral Napier, immediately on receiving this intelligence, started himself, with some troops, in a steamer, found the Countess Saldanha at Martinho, and brought her and several of the Queen's and

Empress's suite back to Lisbon in safety; and was no doubt much lauded for the active spirit of gallantry that prompted him to take a step which relieved the fears of his friend Saldanha, who could not quit his post as commander of the left of the Lisbon lines.

Admiral Napier's family arrived at Lisbon on the 2nd of October, in the "Superb" steamer, which likewise conveyed the Marquis and Marchioness of Loulé. The Marquis had resigned the portfolio of Minister of Marine, and had gone to England to fetch out his wife. Her Royal Highness the Marchioness of Loulé was the youngest sister of Don Pedro; she is described by Admiral Napier as being "very handsome and agreeable, always throwing off the 'Princess' in private society, which she could, however, assume when requisite." The Duchess of Terceira (sister of the Marquis of Loulé) and the Swedish Minister, Monsieur de Kanzou, with his family, were likewise passengers on board. They had experienced a very boisterous passage, and were nearly lost off Corunna.

After the repulse of the Miguelites, on the 5th of September, both armies remained inactive for several weeks. The partisans of Don Miguel appeared to be convinced of the inutility of renewing the assault, whilst the Emperor considered himself not sufficiently strong to make an attack upon the positions occupied by them; the belligerents seemed, therefore, content to rest sullenly on their arms, viewing each other from a distance. Meanwhile guerillas were overrunning the country in all directions, and committing every species of cruelty and excess, more particularly in the southern provinces of the Alemtejo and the Algarves.

Lagos—which, since the month of July, had been in possession of the Queen's party—was ill provided for defence. The governor, Francisco Correa de Mendoza, had in vain applied for provisions and reinforcements; Don Pedro's Ministers would have allowed the place to fall for want of help, had not Admiral Napier taken the business in hand.

"I had," says he, "happily at my disposal a considerable body of English and Portuguese marines and two steamers, and was enabled to give succour to all parts of the coast in danger, without waiting for the dilatory arrangements of Ministers."

Lagos was hard pressed by the enemy, when Admiral Napier sent a body of English marines to its assistance, in the steamer "George IV.," backed by Captain Peake, in his frigate, the "Donna Maria." Not aware of these reinforcements, the Miguelites were induced by a stratagem to make a night attack upon the town, and received a most signal defeat. Lagos was well stocked with provisions of every description, and prepared to stand another siege.

Admiral Napier's attention was now called to Setuval, known sometimes as St. Ubes, which, situated at the mouth of the river Caldão, is considered the second best port in the kingdom. He had already stationed a corvette there for its protection; but apprehensive that the enemy—now in considerable force in the south—might seize the place by a *coup de main*, Captain Peake was ordered thither with the "Donna Maria." It was garrisoned by marines; the guns were remounted under the personal inspection of the Admiral himself, who seemed to possess the power of

ubiquity; and a redoubt was thrown up to the southward of the town, on a height which commanded the anchorage. The Admiral was induced to take these precautionary measures, from the importance which he attached to Setuval. "And here," says he, "I may observe, that it is quite inconceivable how Don Miguel's advisers and generals could have neglected occupying this fort, and garrisoning it. Had they ever entertained the least idea of procuring a squadron, Setuval was a port capable of receiving them: it can be entered at all times, and would have been a safe place for receiving stores and ammunition from England, which facility no other port in Portugal offers during the winter, on account of their dangerous bars."

Don Miguel's army began about this period to suffer much from sickness; desertion was also thinning their ranks; and Marshal Saldanha, who appears now to have been entrusted with the defence of the lines, contemplated an attack upon the enemy, which was successfully effected on the 10th of October, and General Macdonnell retired in good order upon Santarem.

Admiral Napier complains that he was not made acquainted in time with this proposed attack, and that he was in consequence prevented from taking those measures which he otherwise might have adopted, for harassing the retreat of the enemy, with the means at his command. "Something," he observes, "must have been wrong in some quarter, if the Marshal found it necessary to conceal so important a movement from the Minister-at-War or Marine, and in consequence from the Commander-in-chief of the squadron." Had the plan of operations been fol-

lowed which he suggests in his account of the war, far more important results would probably have ensued; as it was, the enemy retreated nearly unmolested to Santarem, which became Don Miguel's head-quarters, whilst Marshal Saldanha occupied Cartaxo with his force.

In consequence of the retreat of the enemy, it was no longer deemed requisite to keep up so large a naval establishment at Lisbon. Many changes now took place, and Admiral Napier endeavoured to carry into effect a number of reforms which he considered absolutely necessary for the efficiency of that branch of the service of which he was at the head. Of the state of the Portuguese Navy he gives an amusing account in his "History of the War."* "I set to work," he says, "to remedy all those evils, and was foolish enough to think nothing was more easy; but I soon found out that, from the minister to the lowest clerk in the establishment, I was opposed by every species of intrigue."

The Marquis of Loulé had retired from office, and Mr. Freire now held the portfolio of the Ministry of Marine, as well as that of War. "A man," says Admiral Napier, "much too incapable and indolent to fill one office, instead of two." From this period there began, on the part of Mr. Freire, a system of opposition and intrigue, which gave much annoyance to the Admiral, and caused him at last to return to England in disgust. The commencement of his differences with the Minister of Marine appears to have arisen in the following manner.

* See "History of the War of Succession," vol. ii., chap. ii.

By a decree of the Cortes in 1820, the "Board of Admiralty," which had hitherto managed the naval affairs of the nation, was abolished, and replaced by the office of Major-General of the Armada—which position Admiral Napier then held. Former Major-Generals had been completely subservient to the Minister of Marine; "and," observes Admiral Napier, "as no Minister had ever been acquainted with naval matters, it is easily to be supposed into what a deplorable state the naval department had fallen." This position of affairs was now changed. On first taking the command of the Queen's squadron, Admiral Napier had been authorized by the Emperor to promote officers; and availing himself of this power, he had, shortly after arriving at Lisbon, promoted some of those whom he considered as most deserving.

"This" he remarks, "alarmed the Minister and his myrmidons; and my suspicions were first awoke by seeing a letter on the subject from the Minister, which drew from me a remonstrance, and finally an appeal to the Emperor, who ordered the officers to be confirmed, without, however, acknowledging my right to promote without the approbation of the Minister."

The "Director of Countability"—whoever he may have been—always had it in his power to nullify the Admiral's promotions, by refusing to give the additional pay corresponding to the higher rank. Admiral Napier appealed to the Emperor, referring him to the conditions on which he had taken the command. He received the reply that the arrangement was only temporary, and that he (the Emperor) himself, as Regent, had not the power of promoting an officer

on the field of battle, without. the concurrence of the Commander-in-chief of the army.

Had Admiral Napier at this stage of the proceedings tendered his resignation, he would have been spared many of the troubles which he subsequently experienced; but the war was not yet at an end, and rather than leave before it was brought to a conclusion, he determined to submit to the annoyances which began—now the "fighting" work was over—to assail him from every side, and to do all in his power for the good of the cause in which he had already exerted himself so much. One object that he had greatly at heart was the reform of the Naval Arsenal, which, as already said, "was the receptacle for the blind, the lame, and the lazy," and he set to work with his usual energy and zeal. In doing this, he not only met with much opposition, but—as we have seen—his life was sometimes in danger from the vindictive feelings he aroused by punishing idleness, and suppressing impositions and abuses.

Whilst the Admiral was present, all showed activity and life, but no sooner did he turn his back than idleness and sleep became again the order of the day, and "look-outs" were even stationed to give warning of his approach, which seemed to produce an almost magical effect in every department of that extensive establishment.

As it was with the men, so it was with the officers; scarcely one of whom, according to the Admiral's account, proved fit for the situation which he held. Under these circumstances, as may be easily imagined, his projected plans of reform were not very easily or readily carried into effect.

In the beginning of November Don Miguel still occupied Santarem, which Marshal Saldanha hesitated to attack. Meanwhile a reverse that the Queen's troops met with at Alçacer do Sal, on the 2nd of the month, left the road to Setuval open to General Lemos' force. Admiral Napier, once more alarmed for the safety of that place, induced the Minister to allow him to embark some Belgian troops on board a steamer that had recently arrived, and he accompanied them himself to Setuval.

His departure had been so sudden, that he was not able to acquaint his family with the circumstance; but, always considerate to avoid giving them anxiety, he wrote immediately on his arrival, as follows:—

"On board the 'Donna Maria,' St. Ubes (Setuval), Nov. 2,* 1833.

"I found it quite necessary to come here, and am now putting the place in a state of defence. The Minister of War promised to call on you and say I was gone. I have not time to add another word, only that I shall be with you when I see this place in a state of defence. It is most important, and must not be given up."

After placing the Belgian troops in the castle, and ordering Captain Peake to flank it with the broadside of the "Donna Maria," the Admiral—supposing that General Lemos had marched on Sines with the intention of surprising that town—started instantly thither; and not finding it defensible, he withdrew the garrison with the principal inhabitants, and brought them to Setuval; after which he returned to Lisbon, having probably saved St. Ubes from falling into the

* There is here a discrepancy relative to dates, as, in his "History of the War," vol. ii., p. 50, he says, "I arrived at Setuval at daylight of the 4th of November."

hands of the Miguelites, by those measures which he had so promptly taken.

Admiral Napier did not, however, remain long idle at Lisbon. The Algarves was still overrun and devastated by the guerillas, against whom he resolved to have a little campaign of his own. The Emperor was at the time absent with the army at Santarem, and the Minister—no doubt glad to get rid of the Admiral—approved of his plans, and gave him full powers to command the forces in that province. After collecting all the marines he could muster, he started with them in a steamer for Setuval.

The Admiral, ever since his Busaco campaign, had had a strong predilection for "soldiering," and he now enjoyed the prospect of having a campaign "all to himself," with the zest and pleasure of a school-boy engaged on a "lark." But the elements were unpropitious, and he was doomed to disappointment, for the weather became so boisterous that only part of his troops could be landed at Setuval. He was obliged to return to Lisbon, and give up all idea of the expedition that he had planned. He writes:—

"I was much annoyed at this, as I had hoped to have been able to set things to rights in the Algarves; and still more annoyed when, on our return to Lisbon, I found the captain of the steamboat, who did not like the weather, had framed the excuse of having only one day's fuel and water on board, to induce us to return to Setuval."

Whilst there, he sent the following letter to his family at Lisbon:—

"Setuval, Nov. 15th, 1833.

"I returned here this moment, heartily sick of my trip. We started with fair weather, and when we got off Cape St. Vincent it blew so fresh, and had every appearance of a gale

of wind, that I decided on landing 120 men, which I did with difficulty. I then went off Faro; but there was so much sea on the bar, there was no possibility of getting in, and every appearance of a gale of wind from the southward. I, however, decided on remaining till the next day, and taking my chance, when I found from the Master he had only one day's water on board. As you may suppose, this was not agreeable intelligence, with 300 men and 40 horses on board. I therefore decided on returning here, and am just this moment arrived. I have some further arrangements to make, and shall be with you to-morrow, with a determination to take no more of these trips—at this season, all sea movements being so uncertain. I shall be happy when I am once more at home."

Don Pedro's ministers were pursuing a course of conduct, at Lisbon, by which they not only rendered themselves, but the Regent, and even the Queen's cause, unpopular. Among other subjects of discontent, an illegal sale of the contract for the monopoly of tobacco stood foremost on the list, and brought a strong letter to Don Pedro from Count Taipa, one of the peers of the realm, who was therefore ordered to be arrested. This called forth a protest from all the peers, who stated that, having fought for their own privileges as well as for the Queen, if redress were not given, they would sheathe their swords and retire from the contest. The Emperor pleaded ignorance of the case, but said he would consult his ministers, and that reparation should be made.

As for the war, nothing more, for the present, was done: both parties seemed satisfied with their performances; and whilst Don Pedro was—through his ministers—making himself unpopular at Lisbon, Don Miguel amused himself with hunting in the neighbour-

hood of Santarem. England and Spain endeavoured at this time to mediate between the contending parties; but as the first condition was Don Miguel's resignation of all claim to the crown of Portugal, their good offices were not attended with success.

When the "Navy List" for July, 1833, reached Admiral Napier—which was not till a considerable time after its publication—he observed that the Admiralty, not content with merely exercising their right to remove his name, for non-appearance when summoned to attend the Board, had also deprived him of his Greenwich out-pension—the reward of services performed, and of wounds received. This called forth the following remonstrance, addressed to the secretary of the Admiralty:—

"H.F.M. Ship 'Don John,' Lisbon, Dec. 6th, 1833.

"SIR,—I was much surprised in observing my name taken off the list of the out-pensioners of Greenwich Hospital, in the July 'Navy List.' That pension was given to me by the Admiralty, as a reward for my wounds and services, and I am at a loss to understand by what law I have been deprived of it. That their lordships had a right to take my name off the list of the Navy for entering into a foreign service, I never once questioned; but a pension for wounds is quite a different thing.

"I beg you will convey to their lordships my surprise, as well as my regret, that a Government of such liberal principles should have been the first to have visited a breach of duty in such an extraordinary manner. It is only for their lordships to cast their eyes over the pension list, and they will see that such a rule as has been put in force with me, has not been before established; or, if it has, it must have been very lately. I have the honour to be, sir, &c., &c.,

"CHARLES NAPIER.

"To the Honourable George Elliott,
Secretary to the Admiralty, London."

The reply was as follows:—

"Admiralty, December 24th, 1833.

"Sir,—Having laid before my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty your letter of the 6th instant, relative to your name having been removed from the out-pension list of Greenwich Hospital, I am commanded to acquaint you that their lordships regret that you should have put it out of their power to continue your name on the list in question. The pensions referred to, are confined to certain ranks of commissioned officers, and are held only so long as these officers continue in that rank to which the pension is annexed, and cease whenever the officer so holding them shall be removed from that rank, either by promotion, or dismissed from the service. I am, &c,

"JOHN BARROW.

"Charles Napier, Esq."

"Esquiring" an officer in Admiral Napier's position could be only meant as an insult, and his reply conveyed a well-merited reproof for this unworthy proceeding on the part of the officials at home. It was as follows:—

"H.F.M. Ship 'Don John,' Lisbon, 7th January, 1834.

"SIR,—A letter has come to me, addressed to Charles Napier, Esq., giving their lordships' explanation why I have been deprived of my pension.

"I shall not dispute their lordships' decision, but I must express myself astonished that the secretary of the Admiralty (for I never can suppose it would be their lordships' intention) should also take from me my rank and station in the Portuguese service, by addressing me in that style. I bear a commission as Admiral and Major-General of the Portuguese Navy, and am a Viscount of the kingdom, and as such I should be addressed. I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER.

"To the Honourable George Elliott,
Secretary of the Admiralty."

I have rather anticipated dates as to the latter portion of the foregoing correspondence, and must therefore return to the early part of December, 1833.

At that time Don Pedro, alarmed probably at the protest of the Peers against the infringement of their rights, and at the unpopularity of his Ministers, which reverted on himself, sent to the head-quarters of the army, in order to consult with Marshal Saldanha, whom he requested to become Prime-Minister, and to form an administration. This, however, the Marshal declined, but recommended the Duke of Palmella, who, as the advocate of moderate measures, was most likely to restore the popularity of the Regent and the government. Don Pedro was, however, undecided; and "though I believe," says Admiral Napier, "he led Saldanha to think he would follow his advice, he only did so in part: he kept his Ministers, and endeavoured to conciliate the Peers."

On the return of Don Pedro to Lisbon, the Admiral having occasion for an interview with him relative to naval affairs, took advantage of the opportunity to tell him,—"although he had hitherto made a rule not to interfere in any manner with politics,—things had now come to such a pass, that he considered it his duty to speak his opinion plainly, and that if he did not like it he should not trouble him again." It may be remembered that the Emperor had on a former occasion told the Admiral always to speak his mind to him, which in this instance he appears to have done most freely.

He thus described the interview in a letter to his friend, Colonel—now Sir George Hodges:—

"Lisbon, December 20th, 1833.

"MY DEAR HODGES,—I received your letter, and quite agree with you about Wooldridge, whom I shall always be happy to assist. As for the way things go on here, you may depend upon it I neither like the men nor their measures; but I have never meddled with politics, except telling the Emperor, the other day, that there was much discontent—that he was losing his popularity—and that there would be a re-action—and that his Minister of Marine was a blockhead. He himself is a good man, but he is ill-advised and obstinate, and I think they are on the brink of a fall. We are doing nothing in a military way—Santarem cannot be attacked. My opinion is, that we should detach and encourage them to attack us; they are the same men that Terceira drove before him last July. As for Elliott and his squadron, I shall be glad to see him. Tell him to keep an account of what his ships cost—it will facilitate their valuation here. Remember me kindly to Evans, and believe me to be, yours very faithfully,

"CAPE ST. VINCENT."

From the latter part of this letter, it would appear that Captain Elliott had not given up the idea of a Miguelite fleet; and if perseverance deserve success, he certainly was entitled to it. Had he succeeded in getting together a few ships, it might have given Admiral Napier a little occupation more congenial to his habits, than discussions and correspondence with the Minister of Marine, whom he had described to the Emperor in such flattering terms. But as far as concerned naval affairs, the Admiral's operations were confined to having a flotilla of small craft up the river; and not satisfied with the services it rendered, he, about this time, sent Captain Pearn—the Master of the Fleet—to take charge of it.

There was occasionally a good deal of skirmishing

on the banks of the river, between this flotilla and the Miguelites, to which allusion is made in the following laconic note from the Admiral, in reply to an application for an additional officer; "Philips," be it remembered, being the *nom de guerre* of Captain Pearn :—

"MY DEAR PHILIPS,—I send you a fellow who is not afraid of shot. Yours truly,

"CAPE ST. VINCENT."

The "fellow" who did not fear shot was a Portuguese officer—he is represented as quite answering the description given, and of having done his duty well, but I have not been able to ascertain his name.

The following letter to the Minister of Marine will show the trials of temper to which Admiral Napier was often exposed whilst attempting to act with men of habits so uncongenial to his own, and whose usual system of procrastination is illustrated by the eternal Portuguese word, "amanha"—to-morrow. The "Countability," as it was called, was the great enemy he had to deal with, and its most formidable weapon was stopping the "sinews of war."

"December 28, 1833.

"SIR,—The midshipmen of the 'Don John' have been more than a hundred times at the Countability, trying to obtain their table-money for the last six months—why there is no order to pay it, I am at a loss to know. These young men are in debt to people who have furnished them, and they have applied to me for payment. The gentlemen have fought and bled in the cause of the Queen, and have been instrumental in placing her on the throne, and it is most unjust to neglect them. If the Government do not wish their services, they ought to say so, but not starve them out:

to their friends—this gets into the public papers, and the cause of the Queen loses its popularity, and the Government sinks in public opinion. I am much inclined to think there must be great neglect in some of the clerks in your Excellency's department not laying papers before you; for I cannot for a moment suppose the delay rests with your Excellency, and the Minister of Finance has repeatedly assured me that he complies with all demands of the Navy.

"I have written twice on the subject of the unfortunate wretches confined in the prison-ship, who are dying for want of clothing, and have received no answer.

"I have also repeatedly informed your Excellency that the artisans in the arsenal have not been paid for four weeks; the most useful, in consequence, absent themselves, and I cannot get the ships forward—this day there are 242 absent. I have repeatedly written on the subject of the confirmation of the few officers I have promoted, which still remains undecided.

"The 'Don Pedro' prison-ship has received no pay this six months; the 'Rainha' is running on at a considerable expense, when she ought to have been paid off more than a month. The builder, the only man of talent in the dockyard, has intimated to me his intention to resign; he has not received a shilling these three months. If the Government do not like him, they ought to order me to discharge him; but driving him to resign is not, in my opinion, to be justified.

"The Commission for the purchase of stores meet every Tuesday; few people make offers—they say they cannot get paid, there is no credit. I suggest that, when stores are purchased, bills should be drawn on the Treasury at three months, which would give that board time to make preparations. Instead of that, they come to the arsenal; there is no money, and I am hunted about like a wild beast—even through the streets.

"I state all these facts to your Excellency, to show that I have great reason to be dissatisfied. I am worn out and wearied with the system of delay. No human being can ameliorate the Navy unless there is more activity; and the 5th of July was a sufficient proof of what a deplorable state

it was in—take care another 5th of July does not bring Don Miguel back to Lisbon.

"There is another subject that now presses on me, and which I shall not be able to parry much longer—this is the prize-money of the squadron. All the estimates are now before me—some step must be taken to settle it definitively. I know the difficulty of raising money, which has kept me silent, but it ought to occupy the serious attention of the Government."

The concluding part of this letter is unfortunately lost, but enough remains to show what description of people the Admiral had to deal with in his official capacity ashore. Freire, the former Minister of Marine, he represented as indolent and inefficient, but his successor must have been much worse.

"Majorchi, an astronomer, took the portfolio of the Marine and Colonies. He thought more of the stars than either of ships or colonies; in addition to which, he was indolent and never thoroughly awake. It would have been as ridiculous to have appointed me Archbishop of Braga, as it was to place him at the head of the Navy. Freire was bad enough, but this man was worse. Both were in the hands of their clerks; and I always observed, if I proposed anything conciliatory or of use to the service, that my applications were unattended to; anything, however, against a Miguelite officer, or unpleasant to myself, was promptly executed; and as this man was still more indolent than Freire, he was still more governed by the people about him; and the annoyances became so great, that nothing but a sincere desire to see the war finished could have induced me to put up with them."

No wonder that Admiral Napier, weary of having to act with such a man, longed for the moment when the return of spring would enable him to be more actively engaged than in an unsatisfactory correspondence, leading to nothing.

* "History of the War."

The commencement of the year 1834 found the Admiral still engaged in his attempted reforms at the arsenal, and in battling against the delay, procrastination, and intrigues emanating from the office of the Minister of Marine.

A large flotilla still commanded the Tagus as high as Salvaterra, and the Admiral frequently urged—but in vain—the propriety of carrying on operations in the south, "to straiten the provisioning of Santarem, and also to cover the flotilla in a nearer approach to that town." On the 12th of January the Duke of Terceira took the command of the army, whilst Marshal Saldanha carried on a few desultory operations to the north of Lisbon; these, however, were not attended with any immediate important results, except the capture of Coimbra, on which occasion the Miguelites are said to have lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about fifteen hundred men.

About this time Admiral Napier had a dangerous attack of illness, which confined him for some time to his bed, and occasioned considerable anxiety to his family, as well as to all those interested in the Queen's cause, who fully appreciated the value of his life.

He had always been impressed with the necessity of occupying in force the south side of the Tagus, and on his convalescence he so strongly urged this measure on Marshal Saldanha (who had returned from his expedition to Coimbra, and resumed the command at Cartaxo), that it was finally decided, three thousand men, with a due proportion of cavalry and artillery, should be crossed over, under the command

of the Duke of Terceira; and preparations were made to reinforce the flotilla with a sufficient number of boats to pass over the troops required.

Admiral Napier's feelings at this time are expressed in the following letter, dated February 12, 1834:—

"My dear Grant,—I received your letters of the 17th of December and 3rd of January. I have been so ill that I have not been able to reply before, and am still so weak and so much occupied that I have only time for a few lines. We are still working hard, but the position of the enemy is strong; and we are anxiously looking out for horses, which I hope will soon come.... I heartily wish it were all over—I am quite sick of it. Things are carried on so badly, that I am worried to death, and nothing but a point of honour, and a desire to get my affairs settled, keeps me here. I only wish I were again quiet at Purbrook. The Queen's cause will certainly succeed, but as England has declined interfering, it will take time."

Lord Howard de Walden now replaced Lord William Russell as Minister at Lisbon; and shortly after his arrival endeavoured, according to his instructions, though without avail, to mediate between the opposing parties. Don Miguel, on hearing of Don Pedro's unpopularity, issued a proclamation, offering a general amnesty, and the forgiveness of all political offences, which he immediately followed up by detaching a force of two or three thousand men to Aldea Gallego, on the left bank of the Tagus, and opposite to Lisbon; on which Admiral Napier despatched thither a brig of war, and this was the only molestation experienced by General Lemos, who, after plundering the adjacent country, returned to Santarem, without attempting further operations.

On the 18th of February the Miguelites showed

every intention of attacking Saldanha, who made due preparations to receive them.

"Here, then," remarks Admiral Napier, "we have the Queen's army and Don Miguel's, fairly out of their respective lines—both equally devoted to the cause they serve—numbers nearly equal, and all ready for fight; one party trying to get to Lisbon and the other to Santarem, and yet neither one nor the other accomplished their object. I don't understand these shore fights—they last a long while, a great deal of noise on both sides, and when both parties are tired, they finish without any result."

Such was the character of the Miguelite attack on the 18th; for although it was defeated, their repulse was not followed up, and "both armies took up their former positions, and reposed from their labours."

Colonel the Baron Sà de Bandeira, one of the most able and active officers in the Queen's army, but who, in consequence of not being a favourite, had for several months remained unemployed, was at last, in the month of February, 1834, sent with a considerable force, as governor of the Algarves, with instructions to clear that province of the enemy by whom it had so long and grievously been harassed. Admiral Napier's prospect of a "little campaign" of his own being therefore now at an end, he determined to strike a blow somewhere else, and urged the Emperor and Minister of War to permit the withdrawal of the marines he had placed in Setuval, and, on the return of fine weather, to make an attempt for taking possession of those seaports north of the Tagus, which were still in the hands of Don Miguel.

Having at last obtained their consent, he left Lisbon for Setuval, in a large steamer, on the 16th

of March, 1834, taking with him about one hundred and twenty English marines, with the intention, after embarking the Portuguese marines at the latter place, of making an attempt to obtain possession of Figueras, a seaport at the north of the Mondego, in the province of Beira. The relation of what next occurred is thus quoted in Admiral Napier's words:—

"Directions were given to the governor of Leiria to assist my operations. It was given out, and generally believed, I was going to the south, to assist the Baron de Sà. On the 17th I arrived at Setuval, and the weather not appearing settled, I asked permission, by secret telegraph, to surprise Alcacer do Sal. The garrison then was weak, it might easily have been done, and it was an important position.

"The answer I received was: 'That it is his Imperial Majesty's orders, that the Admiral return immediately to Lisbon in the "City of Edinburgh."' I waited till nearly dusk, and replied, 'My return will have a bad effect—I shall proceed to my destination.' All this may appear very wrong, and no doubt was, but I have before said, this war was unlike all others. So much intriguing and vacillation constantly at work, it was necessary for officers to take much on themselves, or give it up altogether. I therefore decided on not returning to Lisbon till I had struck a blow somewhere."

The Emperor was very wrathful—and said the Admiral was making war on his own account. Had he failed, he probably would not have been forgiven; but success gives quite a different colour to men's actions, and the Admiral having, by this means, blotted out his insubordination, Don Pedro, who was hasty, but nowise sullen or vindictive, overlooked the offence, in consideration of the successful result.

On the evening of the 18th of March, Admiral Napier left Setuval, and anchored under Cape Mondego on the following night. Three days after, he was

able to apprise the Viscountess Cape St. Vincent of his success in his venturesome expedition, and he tells the tale in the following letter, with all the glee of a schoolboy who has successfully robbed an orchard and secured his booty, without having been caught in his delinquency:—

"Caminha, March 22nd, 1834.

"I shall now be hanged to a certainty! I have marched into Spain, crossed the river Minho, and taken Caminha, without the loss of a man. I sent about 300 marines across the river, and all the garrison was surprised in their beds, before I could get boats to cross the rest of the men. I gave them discretionary power to take a position and wait for me, or march on; they did the latter, and surprised the place in fine style. Scott and Birt were there, and behaved with great judgment. I am now putting the town in a posture of defence, and garrisoning it, and I shall come to you as soon as possible. I have had a week of great anxiety —afraid of returning without doing something.'

"I send this by the steamer with my despatches. Write to me by her, as she will return. What my next project will be, I don't know. God bless you! I have not time to say another word. I have been writing, am very tired, and after breakfast must go and look at the fortifications. The Governor was shot in looking out to call his men to arms. Nobody else suffered. We took seventy prisoners."

It will be necessary for me to treat of this campaign rather more in detail than the Admiral did in his letter, and therefore give the following proclamation, which he issued at Caminha:—

"INHABITANTS OF CAMINHA!—I have delivered you from the tyrannical government of the usurper. I call upon you to come forward, and take up arms in defence of your legitimate Queen. Every man capable of bearing arms will enrol himself under her standard, or quit the town."

He also sent the following pressing summons to the

Commandant of the fort, which was situated in the middle of the river:—

"SIR,—I have surprised Caminha; you cannot be succoured. If you surrender, you shall be well received and retain your rank; if you do not, I will storm the fort and put you and your garrison to the sword. I have the honour, &c.,

"CAPE ST. VINCENT,
"Admiral and Major-General of the Portuguese Armada.

"To the Commanding Officer of the Fortaleza,
at the entrance of the Minho."

This was a pleasant alternative to offer to the poor Commandant, who could then scarcely have recovered from his first surprise. He probably thought it best not to be "put to the sword," and therefore surrendered; but it is not recorded whether he entered the Queen's service, under the promise which had been held out.

The following fragment of the rough copy of an official report respecting the capture of Caminha was found amongst the Admiral's papers. It does not appear in his "History of the War," and it is matter of regret that the document should be incomplete:—

"March 23rd, 1834.

"SIR,—I have the honour of acquainting you, for the information of H. F. M., that I this morning surprised the town of Caminha, and made the whole garrison prisoners, without the loss of a man. The Governor was shot in the act of calling his troops to arms. He was the only person who suffered. This is a very strong and important position, although we have not as yet got the Castle on the island, but which I must endeavour to get hold of in some way or other.

"I had been a week on the coast, and almost despaired of being able to perform any service for the Queen, on account of the high surf on every part of the coast. I first attempted to land at Figueras, which was impracticable. I then di-

rected my attention to this point, as being the one most to receive ammunition and stores for the usurper, and after thinking of various plans I was constantly baulked by the surf.

"I then landed at the small village of Guarda, on the Spanish side of the Minho; and after reconnoitering the position, I persuaded the Spanish authorities that the only manner of preventing supplies being brought to Don Carlos, was by permitting me to march through their frontier, and cross the Minho, and surprise the town. This they consented to, after considerable difficulty, and I am happy to say it completely succeeded.

"The marines and seamen were landed at midnight, and marched across an isthmus to the Minho. I then detached the only two boats I could find, with about three hundred men, under the command of Major —— of the Brigade. Captain Leot commanded the seamen, and Captain Birt the British marines. The remainder were kept till boats could be sent to bring them over. They were directed to take up a position till the rest arrived, or march on, according to circumstances. The latter they did, and they surprised the garrison in their beds, after securing the sentries—indeed, there never was a more complete surprise. I have sent to withdraw the marines from the blockading squadron, and I shall muster a garrison of about four hundred men, which I think will be sufficient to defend it. I have written to the General in command at Oporto, to acquaint him with what has taken place, which may determine his ulterior proceedings.

"We have secured between sixty and seventy prisoners. The officers, civil and military, made their escape in their shirts!

"I beg to recommend to the consideration of his Imperial Majesty, Major ——, Captain Leot, and Captain Birt, of the British Marines."

The blanks left in this rough draft were, no doubt, filled up in the copy of the report, which may be, to this day, in the archives of the War-office at Lisbon.

The Admiral now despatched a steamer to Figueras,

for the marines of the "Portuense" and "Isabel Maria," the vessels of war that were blockading that port; and as the "Don Pedro" (a frigate which had been fitting out at Brest) most opportunely arrived, some men were taken out of her—so that he was able to garrison Caminha with nearly two hundred seamen and marines; whilst despatches were sent to Oporto, to acquaint the officer who commanded there with the fact of its capture, and requesting him to put himself in movement to second further military operations of the Admiral, who was now about to realize his long-cherished anticipations of making a *real* "campaign."

He was determined on an advance into the enemy's country, and thus describes his departure from Caminha:—

"I beat to arms and marched on Fifo, leaving a garrison of one hundred men in Caminha, with orders to patrole on the Valença road, and organize a force in the town. Here, then, I started, mounted on my charger, a wicked pony that had belonged to the Governor, my staff on mules and donkeys, or whatever they could find—opening my first campaign at the head of five hundred Portuguese and English marines and sailors, as well pleased as the Duke of Wellington at the head of his army."

He thus advanced along the shore towards Viana, under cover of the "Don Pedro" and the steamer, both of which followed his movements; whilst the enemy—consisting of two or three hundred men of the Barca Militia—kept out of reach of their guns. "They preferred," observes the Admiral, "the mountains to the beach; and as we were amphibious animals, and did not like to be far from the water, each

party pleased himself." In this manner he advanced unmolested on Viana, a small town on the coast, at the entrance of the Lima, which had a strong citadel for its defence. A body of militia occupying the place marched out by one gate, whilst the Admiral with his motley force entered by the other—caused the Constitutional hymn to be played, and proclaimed the Constitution in the "praça," or principal square of the town; where they found a British Consul, who shewed him great civility, and from whom he received the welcome information that the officer in command at Oporto had marched from thence, and driven the enemy to Guimaraens, thus relieving him from the danger of a surprise.

The Admiral now issued the following proclamation:—

"INHABITANTS OF VIANA!—You are now free, and under the government of your legitimate Queen and the Constitutional Charter. Live happy together, and forget political animosities. Those who have left the town will return to their homes. No person shall be persecuted for his political opinions.

"CAPE ST. VINCENT.

"Viana, March 28th, 1834."

The rank of the officers of the Viana Militia was confirmed, and half a moidore given to each soldier who came over and enlisted under the standard of the Queen—so that the Admiral probably obtained a considerable number of recruits; and the same evening received the submission of two small places, called Espinosa and Villa de Conde. On the 29th he continued his march without opposition, and entered Pontè de Lima, which declared for the Queen.

Encouraged by his success, Admiral Napier now de-

termined to advance on the strong fortress of Valença, situated near the Minho, on the Spanish frontier; and anticipating that it would stand a siege, he sent orders to Captain Bertrand, who commanded the "Don Pedro" (which was still off Viana), to return to Caminha, and send up guns and mortars, for the purpose of commencing operations before the former town. Leaving Ponte de Lima on the 30th of March, the Admiral, with about seven hundred men, took the direction of Valença, and, after a march of five leagues through a mountainous country, halted for the night in a small wood.

He thus amusingly describes his bivouac on this occasion, which must have recalled those on the Sierra de Busaco, of former days:—

"We lighted fires, caught and killed a bullock, and managed to rough it out tolerably well on a beef-steak and a bottle of wine, without bread. I collected the seamen and marines in a clump, and encouraged them in relating their adventures, and the reasons that brought them to Portugal. Some of their stories were amusing in the extreme. We had, as may be supposed, all sorts of characters, good and bad. There were broken-down shoemakers, tailors, drapers, men-milliners, poachers, disappointed lovers, several resurrection men; and it was even said there was a 'Burker' or two in the party. Most had entered voluntarily, but several had been kidnapped when drunk, and shipped off without their consent. Nevertheless, they were generally very well behaved, and few instances of plundering or maltreating the inhabitants had occurred, but in all these cases the offenders were most severely punished."

This conduct speaks much in favour of the men, and no little credit is due to the commander who possessed the tact thus to govern and control a force

constituted of such heterogeneous materials as those above described.

At daylight of the 31st, the march on Valença was resumed, and soon the fortress itself appeared at a distance in the plain below. The Admiral, as he approached, took advantage of the nature of the ground to practise a ruse, in order that his numbers might seem to the garrison much greater than they really were. After marching his force across an open space which overlooked the plain, they were filed off out of sight to the right and left, and by a little stage management made again to appear on the scene, like so many additional troops following those that had already passed before!

This device—strange as it may appear—was, nevertheless, attended with success. The Admiral, after taking up his position in front of Valença, sent the following letter, by a peasant, into the town:—

"Before Valença, 31st March, 1834.

"SIR,—To-morrow I shall be joined by Spanish troops. I have a squadron at Caminha, and if you do not surrender to your legitimate sovereign, I shall bring up one hundred guns and besiege the town; you will in that case be treated as rebels.

"In the event of surrendering, you and your garrison will be well received, and permitted to serve the Queen, or return to your homes.

"You cannot be succoured, because all the province is in possession of the Queen's troops; I therefore advise you to put an end to this horrible civil war. Your garrison is small, and well disposed to the Queen; and if I decide upon assaulting the town, you cannot defend it, and your garrison will be put to the sword.

"CAPE ST. VINCENT.

"To the Governor of Valença."

This letter remained without any reply. In the evening the enemy advanced to make a reconnoissance, but were repulsed. Orders were sent to hurry up the guns and mortars, and next morning the Admiral was reinforced by a detachment from Caminha, and by two hundred and eighty Spaniards, whom the governor of the district placed at his disposal.

Admiral Napier now thoroughly reconnoitered the fortress, and decided upon attacking an outwork immediately the guns came up, as he deemed it impossible to take it by a *coup de main*; for even had not the walls been too high to escalade, they were unprovided with ladders for that purpose.

On the following day he was joined by part of a militia regiment which deserted from the town, and received a communication from an officer of the garrison, requesting him not to make an attack on the place before the following night, when it would be delivered up, although the Governor was still obstinately bent on defence.

On the 3rd of April some of the heavy guns arrived; but before they were placed in position, a flag of truce was sent, offering to surrender the town, which Admiral Napier insisted upon being done immediately. "In we marched," writes the Admiral, "and in half-an-hour were as comfortable as if we had been a fortnight in quarters."

The garrison had the choice of either entering the service of the Queen, or of returning to their homes; they preferred the latter, gave up their arms, and marched quietly away. In this manner, without the loss of a single man, did Admiral Napier capture a

town of great strength, well garrisoned, and mounting seventy guns; and thus in ten days the whole of the "Entre Minho and Douro" was secured, the siege of Oporto raised, and the enemy cut off from one of the richest provinces of Portugal.

There is no doubt but that this was in a great measure effected by intimidation, produced by his scenic *ruse de guerre*; but had not *that* succeeded, he had determined to besiege the place, and, with the heavy guns he had at command, would no doubt have soon made a breach, and taken it by assault, though probably at a considerable sacrifice of human life.

General Sir Charles Napier used in Scinde to be called "Sheitan-kā Bāhee," or the Devil's Brother; but the Admiral, at the head of his wild-looking seamen and marines, inspired such universal dread, that he was perhaps supposed to be the "Prince of Darkness" himself, which—with the threat of "putting all to the sword"—was probably not a little conducive to his extraordinary success in this rapid and nearly bloodless campaign.

When under the walls of Valença, making preparations for his intended attack on the town, Admiral Napier received a visit from Lord William Russell and Colonel Hare, who had put into Vigo on their way to England. Upon his telling them that he was going to take Valença, Lord William Russell asked "How?" "Why, with this piece of paper, to be sure," said the Admiral, producing the summons to surrender. He then prevailed upon them to accompany him for a nearer look at the town; they were not a little surprised to find his men pushed so close to the walls, and,

after an attentive reconnoissance, were of opinion that he could not succeed.

Some of the following letters to the Viscountess give an unpretending account of his achievements during this expedition :—

"April 3rd, 1834—under the walls of Valença.

"I received your letter from Lisbon, but not a word from the Minister. I have written a letter to the Minister of Marine, that will astonish him. I am now waiting for guns to besiege Valença; we are within pistol-shot of it. If I take it, I will not do another thing for these people, but will endeavour to get home; and I trust you will not think of leaving Lisbon till I come back. We marched from Ponte de Lima in two days to this place, through a most beautiful country. I was joined by 200 Spaniards, but they are gone back—why, I do not know. A little of this is very well, but I hope it will not last long. I have tolerable good quarters, and a beautiful little pony, that belonged to the Governor of Caminha, but it is as wild as a colt. I expect the guns up to-morrow, and then I trust the Governor will surrender. I send this to Caminha, to take its chance of getting to Lisbon. God bless you, prays your own

"GENERAL."

"Valença, April 4th, 1834.

"My campaign is over, and Valença, one of the strongest fortresses in Portugal, is in my possession. I had reconnoitered its defences, and found out a soft place, which I determined to attack. Two of my guns had already arrived, when the Governor capitulated. I will bring you the flags. I am now making all my arrangements to return, and shall call at Oporto on my way. This is one of the finest countries I ever beheld. I have much enjoyed my campaign, and we have done wonders with a handful of sailors and marines. We should have had hard work had they stood a siege, but I feel certain we should have succeeded. When I come back to Lisbon, I shall send the Minister of Marines to the D—l; he has behaved extremely ill to me; the letter I wrote him will bring things to a crisis.

"If there is any gratitude in Portugal, they will not forget our services. In my last I told you I had a most beautiful little horse, but he is as wicked a brute as I ever saw, and he attacks everyone he sees."*

"Oporto, April 7th, 1834.

"I left Valença yesterday, and travelled through a beautiful country to Caminha, embarked on board the 'Don Pedro,' and arrived here this morning; and am now in Sorrel's house; Mrs. Sorrel looking as well as ever. I have sent up a regiment to relieve the sailors and marines, and I hope in a few days to be in possession of Figueras, which I mean to attack, if the weather will permit, which will finish my campaign. You must not think of leaving Portugal without seeing Oporto, and visiting the country I have taken, particularly Valença. The Duke of Terceira is at Amirante, and I hope ere long to be at Coimbra, and the affair must be finished. When I come to Lisbon, I shall send old Majorchi to the D—l, or he shall send me. There is a Mrs. Taylor here, who is anxious to see you; I shall call on her. I have heard you speak of her, but I do not know who she is. I shall bring to Lisbon my beautiful little pony. I hear that the black horse is dying, and that Henry has run away—what an ungrateful little blackguard! You ought to ask the Commodore to send a party of marines after him. Wilkinson says you have been poorly, but you say nothing about it, and Mr. Wooldridge told me when he called you were out, therefore I conclude you must now be better. I shall be happy when all this is over, and now is the time to do it; a little activity, and Don Miguel's game must be up."

He thus describes his reception at the theatre:—

"Oporto, April 12th, 1834.

"The Minister of Marine has come to his senses, and dismissed the inspector he named when my back was turned. I would not recommend him to serve me such another trick.

* This pony, a pretty little animal, was subsequently taken to England; but proved so troublesome that the Admiral was at last obliged to part with it. It happened to fall into the possession of Sir George Grey, the present governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

I was at the theatre the other evening. The play did not begin till the Admiral arrived. A warriot came in and recorded all my deeds, and brought in a crown of laurel, which was cheered with the greatest enthusiasm; at the same moment two little children came into the box, and to my utter astonishment and dismay clapped a naval crown on my head, which of course I took off. The whole house resounded with acclamations, the ladies all standing and waving their handkerchiefs. Various other verses were repeated, alluding to my exploits, all of which were applauded in the most vociferous manner, and I was obliged to bow all round a dozen times."

CHAPTER XII.

CLOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR—INEFFECTUAL ATTEMPTS TO REFORM THE PORTUGUESE NAVY—RESIGNS HIS COMMAND—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1834.

THE Emperor, as I have said, expressed great displeasure when he heard of the Admiral's unauthorized expedition to the north. His success was, however, so complete, that on its conclusion he was raised a step in the Portuguese peerage, and the Countess Cape St. Vincent was invested with the order of "Isabella," which is considered one of the greatest distinction.

This expedition, though less generally known than the victory of the Fifth of July, was in reality of nearly as much importance to the final triumph of the Constitutional cause. The latter achievement had been the means of placing Donna Maria da Gloria upon the throne, and Admiral Napier's "little campaign" in the north was certainly not less conducive to her security, in enabling her to retain that position, and in bringing the war to a far more speedy and successful conclusion than would probably otherwise have been the case. In starting on this expedition he was not prompted merely by an

active spirit of enterprise, but his comprehensive mind foresaw the immense results that must attend the successful issue of such a step. He perceived that, despite Don Pedro's activity and honest desire of bringing the war to an end, his good intentions were completely frustrated by a clique of interested intriguers, who had gained the Emperor's confidence, and who, as long as they could remain in office—enjoy its emoluments, and appropriate to their own use the confiscated property of the opposite party—were more desirous of prolonging hostilities than of bringing them speedily to an end. And this was exactly the Fabian game that, trusting to the chapter of accidents, it also suited Don Miguel to play.

Whilst Lisbon and the Tagus were in possession of the Queen, whose army was watching that of Don Miguel at Santarem, the whole of the north of Portugal, and—with the exception of Oporto—all its seaport towns, were in the hands of the usurper. The Alemtejo and the Algarves were also overrun by his guerillas, and Admiral Napier was constantly in fear of losing the important town and harbour of Setuval, which would in that case have become the rendezvous of any vessels Don Miguel might have been able to procure in England or in France;—where there was every facility to form a new Navy, and where men, arms, and supplies of every kind could have been landed and passed on through the Alemtejo and the Algarves.

It was therefore in this direction that Admiral Napier cast an unquiet glance, and it was accordingly in the south that he had planned his first campaign;

but the design was frustrated, as we have already seen, by the weather, when in the month of November he endeavoured to effect a landing on that coast. During the ensuing winter he paid one or two more visits to Setuval, and took additional measures for its defence, as well as for the protection of the anchorage before the town; and probably, by these precautions, was the means of saving it from the power of Don Miguel, whose operations against the southern provinces the Admiral likewise considerably impeded, by the large flotilla which he constantly kept in activity up the Tagus, as high as Salvaterra; whilst the army of the usurper occupied Santarem—thus cutting off his direct communication with the southern bank of the river.

When in the early spring, in consequence of Admiral Napier's repeated representations—nay, almost importunities—a force was at length sent to the south, and Baron de Sà was named Governor of the Algarves, the Admiral—confident in the activity and military abilities of his friend the Baron—turned his thoughts towards the north. His favourite plan of a "campaign" was still uppermost in his mind; but he was, above all, anxious to take possession of Figueras, and every seaport in the north through which Don Miguel might obtain reinforcements or supplies. He was perfectly aware of the difficulty of effecting a landing, and being thus unable to form any combined plan of operations with the force occupying Oporto, he did not communicate his project to the Governor of the town; thus alone encountering the whole risk and responsibility. "I was afraid," says he, "that, in the event of delay, what I wished to keep secret might

leak out, and the enemy in consequence get wind of it." When, however, by the capture of Caminha, he had obtained a footing on shore, he despatched a steamer to Oporto, to request its commandant, the Baron Pico de Celeiro, to lose no time in sending a force to the northward, to support and co-operate with him.

The Baron—better known by the name of "Old Torres," and as the gallant defender of the Serra convent during the late siege—responded readily to the appeal; and, on the night of the 25th of March, he sent out a considerable force from Oporto, which, moving in three columns on San Thyrso, attacked the enemy in the position they occupied at Santa Christina, and drove them on Guimaraens. This diversion facilitated Admiral Napier's advance, and enabled him to carry out, without interruption, those measures which ended in the surrender of Valença. "Old Torres" followed up his success, and obliged the enemy to retire on Amarante, where they crossed the River Tamego, and the Queen's troops occupied a position close to the town.

Thus, by a skilful combination of movements between Admiral Napier and General Pico, was effected the successful opening of a campaign in the north of Portugal, in which a superior force of the enemy was defeated, and two seaports and an important fortress fell into the hands of the Constitutionalists. The effect of this, even on the indolent Ministry, was so great, that the Duke of Terceira was hurried off with reinforcements to Oporto, where he arrived on the 3rd of April, the very day on which "Old Torres"

drove the enemy across the Tamego, and on which Admiral Napier made his entry into Valença.

"All the thanks," says Admiral Napier, "that old General Pico got for marching out of Oporto, when he heard I had landed in the north, was a reprimand for not having awaited the arrival of the Duke of Terceira, which, if he had done, I should certainly have neither taken Viana nor Valença, and in all probability would have been attacked by a superior force, and perhaps annihilated; and instead of the enemy being driven across the Tamego, the Douro, the Mondego, and finally to Santarem, by the Duke of Terceira, he would have had to have fought them in the richest and strongest provinces of Portugal, with three fortresses in their rear, which would have occupied him the whole summer, and completely answered the wishes of the Minister in protracting the war."

Admiral Napier was still bent on taking possession of Figueras, but was again unable to land, owing to the violence of the surf. He therefore, for the present, reluctantly gave up the attempt, and after remaining some time off the mouth of the Mondego, returned to Lisbon, where he found matters in a most unsatisfactory state. The Miguelites had attacked Setuval, and although repulsed, they were in such force that Marshal Saldanha felt great anxiety at the position of Baron de Sà. It was supposed that the Marshal's despatches relative to the latter had been withheld from the Emperor, and his indignation against the Ministry was such that he tendered his resignation, and only consented, at the urgent request of the Emperor, to retain his command, from apprehension of injuring the cause of the Queen, and on the Emperor's promise that the Ministry should be dismissed at the conclusion of the war.

The Admiral, however, who was determined not to be frustrated in his endeavours to get possession of Figueras, had prepared all the disposable seamen and marines, in order to make another attempt, but the weather being very unsettled, he was not able to leave the Tagus till the commencement of May. He could not, however, overcome the barrier which nature had placed between him and the object of his ambition. His old enemy, the surf, again met him as usual in the same place; and such was the state of the weather, that he was prevented from anchoring till the 7th of May, being meanwhile joined by the "Don Pedro," the "Eliza," "Isabel Maria," "Portuense," and "Villa Flor." "Preparations were made to land on the following morning, and the men-of-war got ready to attack the various batteries at the same time, should the beach be practicable."

The accounts, however, from the south rendered it necessary that a larger naval force should be sent in that direction, as much to support the Baron de Sà along that coast, as to intercept Don Miguel, who, it was supposed, had formed the intention of embarking from thence and leaving the country—for what purpose does not appear quite clear. Admiral Napier, therefore, shifted his flag on board the "Eliza" corvette, and despatched Captain Peake, who commanded the frigate "Donna Maria," to the Algarves, to cooperate with Baron de Sà, whilst Captain Bertram was sent with the "Don Pedro" to carry out a rigorous blockade of the island of Madeira.

Though his force was thus weakened, he was very

soon able to announce the surrender of Figueras, which he did in a letter to his family :—

"Figueras, May 8th, 1834.

"I have been buffeted about since I left you, and only anchored yesterday. We could not land, and last night I sent boats in, to sound ; one was upset, and the crew drowned, except one man, who gave such an account of our force that the enemy abandoned the town, and we got ashore with much difficulty, and marched in triumphantly."

Thus was Figueras at last in possession of the Queen ; its safeguard had been the natural defence of the surf, without which the Admiral would long ere that period have hoisted on its walls the Constitutional standard of Portugal.

Admiral Napier was well received at Figueras ; and, after organizing the Government, he made preparations to commence his second campaign. On the 9th of May he marched from Figueras, and halted for the night at Monte Mor; on the 10th he was at Louriçal, and on the 11th joined Colonel Vasconcellos at Pombal, from whence he wrote to the Countess :—

"Pombal, May 11th, 1834.

"I arrived here this morning, and have joined the other troops. Terceira will be here to-morrow, and we shall secure Don Miguel at Santarem. You have lost much by not coming with me; this country is more beautiful than anything you can think of. I wish you had seen it! I have had good quarters, and you could have ridden with me all the way. I shall not be long before I come to Lisbon: the game is up. 5000 Spaniards are also marching on Santarem. I hope that Don Miguel will not escape. I am determined to take a little pleasure when I come back."

At Pombal the Admiral received a communication from the Duke of Terceira, when it was agreed that

he should march by Ourem on Torres Novas, so as to arrive at the latter place the same day that the Duke reached Prucha. On the 12th of May the Admiral reached Ourem, which he found to be an old Moorish town, surrounded by a wall, standing on a high hill, and most difficult of access. The approach to Ourem, as the troops entered the village of Aldea de Cruz, which stands about a gunshot from the town, is thus described in his "History of the War":—

"As the troops marched in, and were taking up their cantonments, the enemy opened a fire from their field-pieces. The seamen and marines were in the rear, and thought the attack had begun; and though nearly knocked up with a march of seven leagues, and not very well shod, I was surprised to see them coming in at double quick, lest they should be too late."

The Admiral was here joined by Colonel Shaw's Scotch battalion, and the Portuguese movable battalion of Alcobaça. During the night, orders came for Colonel Vasconcellos to join the Duke of Terceira, who requested Admiral Napier to remain before Ourem with the seamen and marines; his force, including the Scotch and Alcobaça battalions, amounting to about 1,400 men.

To those who knew the Admiral, it would not seem probable that he could, with such a force under his command, "remain" quietly before an enemy's position—even stronger than that presented by Ourem.

"It now became necessary," observes he, "to see what could be done with this place—it was strong, and not easy to get at, and difficult to blockade, having three gates. The garrison consisted of about one thousand men, and I was very unwilling they should escape.

Under these circumstances the Admiral made what

he considered the best dispositions for an attack, should the garrison not capitulate on receiving the following summons:—

"May 14th, 1834.

"SIR,—I have the honour of sending you the proclamation of the Duke of Terceira, with which I perfectly agree. I have only to add, that a treaty has been signed with England, France, Spain, and Portugal, to expel from the Peninsula Don Carlos and Don Miguel, and the Spanish troops are actually in Portugal. If you love your country, you will immediately proclaim the Queen. In that case I guarantee that yourself and officers shall preserve their rank, and the men may join what regiment they please, or go to their homes. If you uselessly defend the place, and spill Portuguese blood, you will be held personally responsible. There is now no point of honour, because there is not the least possibility of being of service to Don Miguel, who is lost for ever.

"I have with me the same men who took the fleet on the 5th of July; they are ready to receive you as friends, but you will find them devilish unpleasant enemies!"

"To the Governor of Ourem."

The Governor refused to give up the place; whereupon Admiral Napier, accompanied by Colonel Shaw, who commanded the Scotch battalion, made, after dark, a close reconnoissance of the works, and even approached near enough to the walls to call out and recommend the garrison to surrender. This request was not complied with, but the Admiral had seen enough of the defences of the place to enable him to form his plan of attack. In the morning scaling-ladders were brought, whilst the English and Portuguese sailors and marines were put in motion, and took up their ground.

The enemy, probably not liking the look of "the men who took the fleet on the 5th of July," and

thinking they might really find them "devilish unpleasant enemies" to deal with, sent in a flag of truce. The Governor requested four-and-twenty hours to sign the capitulation, which was refused; whereupon he immediately gave up the town. "The Scotch marched in and took possession; the Miguelites laid down their arms, occupied the convent, and next day they were all sent to their homes." Thus was added another place to the list of those captured by the Admiral, without bloodshed or loss of life: such was the effect of the dread he inspired at the head of perhaps as motley a force as had ever been seen.

Next morning—the 16th—after garrisoning Ourem, he marched with the remainder of his force to join the Duke of Terceira, but, much to his regret, arrived too late to take part in the Battle of Aceicera, gained by the Duke on that day, and in which an immense number of the enemy were killed and wounded. "Fourteen hundred prisoners were taken, including seventy-four officers; four standards, with all their artillery and ammunition." "Such," says Admiral Napier, "was the result of the Battle of Aceicera, the only decisive action that was fought and followed up during the war."

To the Countess Cape St. Vincent he thus writes from Ourem, May 16th, 1834:—

"You will have heard by the telegraph this day of the surrender of Ourem; it is very strong, but I think we should have taken it. The Governor at first refused to surrender, but after examining the place I put the troops in motion, and sent them to the different points to occupy all the roads, and be ready to attack should I decide upon it. This frightened the garrison, and they made the Governor surrender. I am

very sorry you were not with me—it is a beautiful country the whole way from Figueras, and I had excellent quarters. Here there is a capital furnished house within musket-shot of the town, where you might have stayed in perfect safety—keeping clear of the windows—and seen everything. I have got two flags for you, and will probably have some more. I am going to-day either to join Terceira at Thomar, or else to Saldanha, who wants me to come to him, and see what can be done at Santarem. If nothing, I shall return to Lisbon, for I look upon the business as nearly at an end. I am now quite a 'General,' having under my command the English marines and sailors, the Portuguese marines, the Scotch regiment, the Alcobaçaeni, fifty cavalry, and two guns, about 1500 men in all; and I assure you I get on very well, and everybody is delighted to be with me. Carvalho is very useful, and Colonel Shaw is a very good fellow." [The remainder of this letter is torn and defaced.]

The Captain Carvalho here mentioned was a zealous and active Portuguese officer, who was of the greatest use to the Admiral at Lisbon; and the circumstance of his being able to speak English rendered his services still more valuable. It was fortunate for themselves that the Admiral's family did not accompany him on this expedition, as it could hardly have been a pleasant situation for ladies to be in such close proximity to a besieged town, and it is difficult to understand how they were to "see everything," whilst "keeping clear of the windows!"

He had now, entirely by the terror of his name, and without loss of life, captured five different places, of which two were strong fortresses, and two seaport towns. Such important results might have made many a man vainglorious; but the Admiral, whilst driving everything before him, was always the first to laugh at his humble imitation of the "pomp and

circumstance of war;" himself mounted on his vicious little pony, "Caminho;" his staff on donkeys and mules, or "anything they could catch;" whilst the *élite* of his troops: the seamen and marines,—the men of the 5th of July,—proved themselves of sterling material, although the Admiral's description of his force was ludicrous in the extreme. Yet what did it matter, so long as he succeeded, without loss, in everything he undertook? It gave him infinite delight, and he was always ready to join in a joke at those eccentricities which amused his friends and astonished the enemy.

The game first commenced by Admiral Napier in the northern provinces was so well followed up, that Don Miguel's cause was now quite hopeless. The Duke of Terceira, after the battle of Aceicera, drove the Miguelites before him into Santarem, which Don Miguel evacuated, and retired on Evora; whilst Don Pedro, who had taken the command of the army, occupied the former place, where he was joined by the Duke of Terceira and Admiral Napier. Marshal Saldanha and the Duke, each at the head of a division, next crossed the Tagus in pursuit of Don Miguel, whilst the Admiral returned, with his seamen and marines, to Lisbon, to make the requisite arrangements, in the event of the war being carried on in the Algarves; having meanwhile despatched vessels to watch the southern coast, and guard against any attempt of the usurper to escape by sea.

These preparations were, however, rendered unnecessary by the quadruple alliance signed on the 23rd of April, 1834, between England, France, Portugal, and Spain (which, had it been concluded long

before, would have saved much misery and useless sacrifice of human life). Donna Maria's right to the throne of Portugal was thereby formally ackowledged; and England and France bound themselves to support her, if requisite, by force of arms. Under these circumstances, Don Miguel, seeing the perfect inutility of prolonging the contest, entered into a capitulation on the 26th of May.

By the convention of Evora, which was signed on the 26th of May, 1834, an amnesty was granted for all political offences since 1826; confiscated property was to be restored—under certain restrictions, and subject to the decision of the Cortes—military officers were to preserve their rank; the same rule to hold good in ecclesiastical and civil appointments; Don Miguel was allowed to dispose of his personal property, and entitled to receive an annual pension of sixty contos de reis (about 16,000*l.*), with permission to embark for whatever destination he might choose. He was to leave Portugal within the space of fifteen days, engaging never to return to any part of the Peninsula, or of the Portuguese dominions; and in case of the non-fulfilment of this engagement, he was to forfeit all right to his pension, and become amenable to the consequences which might ensue.

"Thus," says the Admiral, "finished the civil war in Portugal—a war undertaken by a handful of men against a large and well-disciplined army; a war undertaken by the ex-Emperor of Brazil, to establish his daughter on the throne of Portugal, which had been usurped by her affiánced husband and uncle; a war conducted by imbecile and intriguing ministers, who hardly ever did one act that was not favourable to Miguel; and a war brought to a successful termina-

tion by a chain of events that never could have been calculated upon."

And he might have added: a war, the favourable conclusion of which was mainly attributable to his own successful exertions in behalf of the Queen and of the Constitutional cause.

On returning to Lisbon, Admiral Napier found himself again beset by those annoyances to which he had so long been subject from the Minister of Marine and his subordinate officers, more particularly in the arsenal department. During his short absence nothing had been done—his instructions had been neglected, his appointments cancelled, and he had apparently to go again over all the ground of his projected reforms.

The indolence, procrastination, and apathy of the Minister of Marine drove the impatient Admiral almost mad. The following is a part of the correspondence which passed between them, or rather of the Admiral's letters; for the poor minister—who is described as being a dreamy, harmless, and worthy sort of man—rather than encounter the Admiral's letters or himself whilst in his wrath, managed usually to get out of the way—not replying to the former, and thus avoiding an interview with the latter, of whom he appears to have entertained the greatest dread!

"May 24th, 1834.

"SIR,—Unless your Excellency is determined that the Queen's Navy should fall into a worse state than it was in the time of Don Miguel, I have to request an immediate decision on the following points:—

"1st, The immediate nomination of a Commissioner to inquire into the state of the Corporation.

"2nd, The promotion of the Marine Brigade.

"3rd, The arrangement of the Naval Courts-Martial.

"4th, The order for the pursers' accounts and necessary money.

"If your Excellency does not think yourself authorized to decide, I have to beg you will submit my letter to Her Majesty's Ministers. I am responsible, in the eyes of the nation and the naval officers, for the organization and discipline of the marines, and it is my duty to insist on a decision relative to its well-being. Portugal is now under a free Government; the Cortes will be shortly assembled, and there are not wanting men who will expose the system of delay, procrastination, and indecision in the naval department. I tell your Excellency frankly, I will not bear the blame of it.

"I have also heard some whispers about sending a squadron on service. What will His Imperial Majesty say when I tell him that his squadron is not fit to contend with an equal number of ships of any nation, and that the Minister of Marine will neither organise it himself, nor allow me to do it? In order to be certain your Excellency has received this, I must beg at least for a reply.

"CAPE ST. VINCENT."

"Lisbon, June 4th, 1834.

"SIR,—On the 25th of February, I applied for a commission of naval officers to examine into the state of the organization of the Navy. On the 26th your Excellency desired me to send you two lists of names—since which time I have frequently, personally, as well as by letter of the 13th March, pointed out to your Excellency the necessity of an immediate examination. On the 23rd of May your Excellency informed me the names were ready, but not their attestations, and we are still in the same state. It is my duty to tell your Excellency that there is great discontent in the naval department; they see no amelioration to their lot, the discipline cannot be carried on, and the constant procrastination is ruinous to the service. If it be your Excellency's intention to name this commission, it does appear to me equally easy for your Excellency to issue the order to-day as to-morrow, or three months hence. In the one case you will benefit the

service, in the other you will preserve the existing evils. I have the honour to be, &c.,

"CAPE ST. VINCENT."

"June 7th, 1834.

"SIR,—As your Excellency has not thought proper to reply to my letter of the 24th of May or the 4th of June, I must ask a short plain question, to which I request an answer. Is your Excellency decided that the Portuguese Navy is to remain in its present state of disorder, or is it to be improved? My ulterior determination shall depend on your Excellency's reply, which I beg may be speedy, for I will not submit to my representations being treated with neglect. I have the honour to be, &c.,

"CAPE ST. VINCENT."

The Minister replied the same day, pleading absence from Lisbon, a multiplicity of affairs, &c., &c., as an excuse for not having replied to his former letters—but, nevertheless, he paid no attention to their contents.

Among the Admiral's papers I find the rough draft of a letter, dated Lisbon, June 8, 1834, but without any address, in which he gives an intimation of his desire to return to England—offers some sound advice as to naval affairs (which, of course, was not taken), and makes something of an *amende* to the worthy old astronomer who so grievously mismanaged the department of the Marine.

"Lisbon, June 8th, 1834.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received such pressing invitations, from my friends at Portsmouth, to stand for the borough—Mr. Baring having become Secretary to the Treasury—that I have obtained from the Emperor a few weeks leave of absence to go to England. The 'Duchess of Braganza" will land me at Portsmouth, and then go to Brest for the ships. Let me beg and entreat you will endeavour to get Magiorchy to decide on what I have proposed for the Navy. You know very well I can have no private interest to serve,

in improving it. I have a strong feeling for a profession that has rendered such services to Portugal, and it is my pride to render it equal to the British Navy—but I cannot get the Minister to do anything. Everything I am doing is for economy and order, and he will not move.

"If it could be so managed that you could take that department from the colonies, good would be done; and even the colonies is more work than you ever will get Magiorchy to do. I have left everything in a proper train, but I feel I shall be back ere he decides anything, and probably will upset all I have done—for he is beset with a parcel of intriguers, who have not the interest of the country at heart. I can do no more than I have done. I have written such strong letters that I am almost ashamed of them; for he is really a good, honest man.... Report says there are to be some slight changes in your Ministry. Do, my good friend, think of the Navy in that event. You may want it some day or other, and take my word for it, unless attention is paid to it, you will have no more 5ths of July. Should you ever have a dispute with the Brazils, unless you follow my advice, Portugal will be dishonoured, and, instead of blockading Rio de Janeiro, the Brazilians will blockade Lisbon. I speak to you frankly, for I know you yourself are frank, and have the honour and glory of your country at heart. Believe me always your sincere friend,

"CAPE ST. VINCENT."

The Admiral received leave of absence to go to England for a few weeks; and on the 10th of June—the anniversary of the day on which he had hoisted his flag off Oporto—he left Lisbon with his family, in the "Duchess of Braganza," and landed, after a pleasant passage of fourteen days, at Portsmouth, where he was most enthusiastically received. The Corporation went out to the ship to welcome him home, and escorted him ashore. On the pier, the crowd was so great that he was almost lifted off his legs. At

length he reached the "George" Hotel, where he remained three days, receiving all his friends. By a strange coincidence, Don Carlos was lodging in a house opposite. On the arrival of the Admiral, the blinds of his windows were immediately pulled down, and next day he departed to London with his family and suite.

The Admiral had brought home Don Miguel's favourite dog, a magnificent animal of the Spanish mastiff breed, which was taken by General Saldanha at the battle of Cartaxo, when Miguel was defeated, and the dog on that occasion received a bayonet wound. The Marshal presented him to the Admiral; and "Cartache"—for so he was called, from the name of the place where he had been captured—attracted much attention by his great size and ferocious appearance, as he followed Admiral Napier in his progress from the landing place to the hotel where he took up his abode.

Admiral Napier, after concluding the business which had brought him to England, and ascertaining there was no prospect of the Portuguese ships at Brest being restored,* went back to Lisbon in order to wind up his own affairs, as well as those of the officers and men under his command, all of whom were anxious to return to England.

The Admiral, on arriving at Lisbon, found the Emperor Don Pedro in a precarious state of health. The fatigues and anxieties he had undergone, had proved too much even for his iron frame, and his life was evi-

* These vessels were part of the squadron seized some years before by the French Government, and which Admiral Napier wished to have taken back to Lisbon.

dently hastening to a premature close. On the 15th of August the Emperor met both houses of Parliament in the Chamber of Deputies, and after making a statement of what he had done during his Regency,* he formally resigned that important office; it, however, having been decided by both Chambers that he should, during the Queen's minority, continue to govern Portugal, and command her army, they assembled at the Ajuda Palace, where he took the oaths prescribed by the charter. "Don Pedro now," says Admiral Napier, "suffered so much from a difficulty of breathing that it was with evident pain and inconvenience he got through the ceremony; and after remaining a short time at the Ajuda, during which he got rapidly worse, he retired to Queluz."

Although now fully determined on relinquishing his command, Admiral Napier nevertheless continued to exert himself to the utmost on behalf of the nation he had already served so well, and to which, as well as to the Queen and the Regent, he felt sincerely attached. These feelings prompted him to persevere in endeavouring to obtain the restoration of the Portuguese ships from Brest. His friend the Chevalier de Lima was then at Paris negotiating this affair, and we find among the Admiral's papers some correspondence on the subject, though not of sufficient interest to be given here.

Don Pedro now grew rapidly worse, and as no hopes were entertained of his life, he sent a message to the Cortes, expressing a wish to resign the Regency; in consequence of which the Queen was declared to be of

* For which, see Admiral Napier's account of the War, vol. ii, p. 316.

age, and assumed the direction of affairs. Her first act was to confer on her father the order of the Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword, that he had so well earned by his patriotic services, and which whilst Regent he had with a proper feeling refrained from assuming.

A new administration was formed under the Duke of Palmella, who became President of the Council, without a portfolio; Carvalho was named Minister of Finance; Freire—"who," says Admiral Napier, "had proved himself unfit for Minister of War, and had ruined the Army—took the Marine, to ruin that also"; Villa Real had the portfolio of Foreign Affairs; the Bishop of Coimbra that of the Interior, Ferraz of Justice, and the Duke of Terceira was appointed to the War department. The Admiral immediately waited on the new Minister, and placed into his hands the plan by which he proposed that the Portuguese Navy should be governed, signifying at the same time his intention of resigning, should it not be adopted.

Don Pedro died on the 24th of September, 1834. He was greatly regretted by the Admiral, who in many points much admired him, and in his "War of Portugal" he has given a very favourable estimate of the Emperor, which he concludes in the following words:—"To sum up his character: his good qualities were his own—his bad, owing to want of education; and no man was more sensible of that defect than himself."

The Duke of Terceira, Admiral Napier, and Marshal Saldanha appeared as chief mourners at the obsequies of Don Pedro; on which occasion the Admiral signed certain documents connected with the funeral rites;

and this was nearly his last public act in Portugal. He had laid before the Ministry his plan for organizing the navy, and was not surprised at its rejection; on which his resignation was immediately tendered and accepted; but ere leaving Portugal, he applied himself to procure a settlement of the claims of the officers and men who had served under him, as also of the widows, orphans, and heirs of those who had fallen. He believed that he had satisfactorily accomplished this object, but subsequently discovered that the Minister of Finance had held one language to him, and another to the Government agents in London; however he was determined not to abandon claims that had been allowed as just, and he had consequently much further trouble on the subject.

Shortly before quitting Lisbon, he wrote as follows to Mrs. Napier, who had, on returning to England, dropped the Portuguese title which had been conferred upon her:—

"Lisbon, October 4th, 1834.

"After what I said to you in my last letter, you will not be surprised to hear I have resigned. My proposals were not accepted for the amelioration of the service; and indeed, it is lucky I have resigned, for in a short time they would, of themselves, have considered an Admiral useless here.

* * * * *

"I feel a load off my mind, and shall be delighted when I get away. They say I am also to keep the rank and pay of an Admiral . . . I shall buy a place, and rest quiet the remainder of my life. I am sure I should not live long here."

The conclusion of Admiral Napier's services in Portugal may be best given in the following extract from his "History of the War":—

"On the 15th of October I hauled down my flag, and received the following letter from the Queen:—

"'COUNT CAPE ST. VINCENT,—I, the Queen, send you much health. Taking into consideration the weighty reasons by which you are convinced that you cannot continue to exercise the functions of Major-General of the Navy, to which you had been named by the Royal letter of the 10th of June, 1833, and the extraordinary circumstances of war having ceased, which made it necessary to invest you with the command-in-chief of the squadron which was confided to you by the Royal letter of the said date, I now exonerate you from the said command-in-chief, as well as from the office of Major-General; notwithstanding, you will preserve the honorary post of Admiral, in consideration of your distinguished valour, and the various services for which you have deserved my entire approbation and praise. I communicate this to you for your information.

"'Given in the Palace of the Necessidades, the 15th of October, 1834.

"'A RAINHA.

"'To the Count Cape St. Vincent.'"

"The House of Peers, on the motion of the Count de Taipa, honoured me with a note of thanks for my services; this note was written on parchment, signed by the Peers, to which was attached a gold seal, and conveyed to me by the Duke of Palmella, the President of the Chamber.

"'Chamber of Peers.

"'ILLUSTRIOUS AND EXCELLENT LORD,—I have the honour of conveying to your Excellency the resolution of the Chamber of Peers, who express the most sincere and unanimous thanks of the said Chamber to your Excellency, for the weighty reasons therein mentioned, and at the same time I believe that this resolution will be very agreeable to your Excellency. I cannot help assuring your Excellency that I have great pleasure and satisfaction in communicating it. God preserve your Excellency.

"'DUKE OF PALMELLA,

"'President of the Chamber of Peers.

"'Palace of the Cortes, December 9th, 1834.'

"'To his Excellency Count Cape St. Vincent.

"'The Chamber of Peers of the Kingdom of Portugal unanimously resolve that a vote of thanks be given to Admiral Napier, Count Cape St. Vincent, for his brilliant and heroic conduct in the naval action of the 5th of July, 1833, in the waters of Cape St. Vincent; and for the services which he afterwards performed by sea and land, which greatly contributed to the establishment of Her Most Faithful Majesty, and the Constitutional Charter.

"'The Chamber also resolves, that to the illustrious and always conquering Admiral, their thanks be communicated in this form, as a perpetual testimony of their gratitude.

"'Given in Lisbon, on the 1st of December, 1834.

"'Signed by the PEERS.'

"Don Pedro had, after the action of the 5th of July, conferred on me the Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword; Commodore Wilkinson and Captain Peake were made Commanders, and the other officers companions, with the gold or silver cross, agreeable to their ranks. A good many silver crosses were also given to the men who particularly distinguished themselves. After the campaign in the Minho, I had been created Count Cape St. Vincent; and when the war ended, the Count de Villa Flor was created Duke of Terceira, and Saldanha a Marquis.

"On the 1st of November I took leave of the Queen and Empress; the latter presented me with a lock of Don Pedro's hair, in a gold locket, and on the 4th I embarked for England in the packet.

"Shortly after my arrival in England, I read in the papers that the Chamber of Deputies had also given me a vote of thanks, as also to the officers and men in the action. The same was given to the Duke of Terceira and Saldanha, to the officers of the army and the soldiers."

Such was the termination of a short period in the annals of history, marked by the importance of the events which it brought about, and during which the subject of this memoir played so conspicuous and brilliant a part.

CHAPTER XIII.

CLAIMS ON THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT—VISIT TO LISBON, 1835-1837.

On hauling down his flag and resigning his command in the service of the Queen of Portugal, Admiral Carlos de Ponza, Count Cape St. Vincent, dropped his foreign title, and therefore resumed his previous appellation of "Captain Charles Napier," although, according to the opinion of a former secretary of the Admiralty, he was only entitled to the appellation of Mr. Napier, or of Charles Napier, "Esquire," to which latter designation he might perhaps be allowed to lay claim in consequence of the Companionship of the Bath, a distinction that our Government had—strange to say—allowed him to retain.

Captain Napier, now, according to the sentiments expressed in one of his recent letters, returned to England, fully determined "to buy a place, and rest in quiet for the remainder of his life." Such was, however, not to be his fate. He deceived himself in imagining that he could yet settle down to the quiet pursuits of an English country gentleman; and hardly had he

returned to his cottage at Purbrook, than he found himself again engaged in all the political turmoils of another contested Portsmouth election.

His old friends and supporters of 1832, thinking that he would now have a better chance of success, and anxious to break the monopoly of the representation of the borough of Portsmouth by Messrs. Carter and Baring, again brought him into the political arena; and he was soon canvassing, attending meetings, and issuing addresses, with his usual energy. The following letter to his friend Colonel Evans (now General Sir De Lacy Evans, G.C.B.) sets forth his political opinions, which were still unchanged, and to which he adhered throughout his political career:—

"Purbrook, December 18th, 1834.

"MY DEAR EVANS,—I am hard at work canvassing Portsmouth, but until a Government man appears, it is difficult to say how we shall all stand. If I fail here, would I have any chance in the Metropolis?

"I am a decided reformer of abuses in Church and State; no Pluralities, no Non-residence; the working clergy to be better paid, the higher less; no sinecures in Army or Navy; shorter Parliaments, three or four years; and a strong inclination for vote by ballot. A property tax in preference to the assessed taxes—don't like the malt tax—an enemy to impressment—cannot give up flogging in the Navy, but would ameliorate the condition of the seamen, which would lead to it—cannot form an opinion of its necessity in the Army.... I am not a systematic opposer of any Government, and will support them when right."

The Baring and Carter interest again proved too strong, and Captain Napier retired a second time worsted from the contest.

I find little to interest the general reader in Cap-

tain Napier's life during 1835, which period he spent in country pursuits and literary occupations. It was probably now that he contemplated writing the "War of Succession in Portugal," which may account for the scantiness of his correspondence in the course of this year; but he could not long remain without active occupation, and the following letter, addressed to the author of this memoir, will shew that his mind was still bent on employment. He had some thoughts, as will be seen, of going to Spain, in order again to support the cause of constitutional freedom:—

"To Captain Elers Napier, 46th Regiment.

"London, January 10th, 1835.

"We go home to-morrow, if I do not go to Spain, which is probable. Would you like to go, if you can get leave? Ten thousand men are to be raised, with permission of the Government. Evans takes the command. If I go, I shall hoist my flag, and shall have 2,000 marines. I will give you something good—if I do not go, I will ask Evans to do so.

"Your affectionate father,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

Colonel Evans had obtained the command of the British legion in Spain. It was a case nearly parallel to that of Donna Maria and Don Miguel, and Captain Napier was very desirous to lend also his assistance in favour of Isabel; for in Spain, as in Portugal, it was the struggle of freedom and liberal institutions against absolutism and bigotry.

Circumstances, however, over which he had no control, prevented him from joining this expedition; and the beginning of the year 1836 was passed, not in the congenial occupation of organizing a squadron for the Queen of Spain, but in an unpleasant corre-

spondence with the Minister of Finance at Lisbon, relative to the settlement of his own claims, of those of the officers and men who had served under him in Portugal, and, in what he felt a still deeper interest, the claims of the relatives of those whose lives had been sacrificed in the Queen's cause. In justice to the Portuguese Government, it must, however, be said, that the delay and apparent evasion in the settlement of those claims arose, not from dishonesty, but, in the first place, from want of funds, and, secondly, from the system of "red-tapism" and "bureaucracy" which still continued to clog all its movements.

The following paper is incomplete, and taken from the rough draft of a letter which, though without date or address, must evidently have been written about this period to the Minister of Finance. It will be seen that the claims of the "mothers, widows, and orphans" form the leading subject of Captain Napier's remonstrance. The prosecution with which he was threatened by the owners of the "Lord of the Isles" (a steamer that had been captured by him) might have been attended with serious consequences, and he naturally looked for support from the Portuguese Government, in a difficulty which had been incurred in their behalf:—

"1st. When I left Portugal I was the bearer of a list of pensions and gratuities, to be paid to the mothers, widows, and orphans of men slain in battle, which was approved of by Freire, and I have his letter approving of them in his own handwriting, and which he shamefully contradicted in his letter to the Minister in London, and he even made me the bearer of that letter.

"2nd. Captain Carvalho was promised the rank of full captain, and the order of the Tower and Sword; neither of

which he received, but was put off with the step of 'Graduado.'.

"3rd. The officers who were in the action of the 5th of July were promised their rank without pay, and I have never since heard a word on the subject.

"4th. Six weeks' pay was due to the seamen when they came home, which they have never received.

"5th. A list of men has been sent to Lisbon who were not paid, and no answer has been returned; and when their cases are brought before the Minister in London, he says he has neither funds nor orders.

"6th. A prosecution has been on foot against me upwards of a year, for obeying my orders and capturing the 'Lord of the Isles' steamer, and no notice has been taken of my letter to the Portuguese Government, or of the Baron Moncorvo's letter. If a verdict is given against me I may be thrown into prison, or obliged to leave my country.

"8th. Captains Charley and Philips are not yet settled with; they ought to receive the same gratuity as Captain Henry did, who commanded the same vessel, and not less—because I lowered their pay in order to economise.

"9th. Captain Ruxton was made a full Captain after the action by me, in virtue of the authority vested in me by the Emperor, and the Minister of Marine degraded him to the rank of Commander.

"10th. I have been desired to draw my pension. How am I to get it?"

* * * * *

With reference to the capture of the "Lord of the Isles," the legality of which had been called in question by the owners of that steamer, Captain Napier had, in consequence of a threat of prosecution, been kept in such a state of uncertainty for upwards of a twelvemonth, that, as a precautionary measure, he made over the Merchiston property to the author of these memoirs, and even contemplated building a high wall round a portion of his premises, where he might

remain secure from arrest. The "Lord of the Isles" was cut out of the land-locked harbour of Martinho, by one of the gunboats of Donna Maria's fleet. With respect to the seizure of the "Scorpion," as she had been captured laden with arms and ammunition, and in direct infringement of the established laws of blockade, there was no doubt as to the legality of that proceeding, which was never questioned.

Many difficulties arose about this time in the financial department at Lisbon; and the presiding Minister behaved rather discourteously to Captain Napier, not deigning to give a reply himself to an application made for payment of the pension granted to him by Her Most Faithful Majesty, for his services in Portugal. Such a slight was not permitted to pass unnoticed, and he severely, though justly, upbraided the minister for his conduct. He remarked it was not the Queen or the Portuguese nation who treated him with ingratitude, but the Minister of Finance, whose conduct he would not fail to expose, in the event of his claims not being settled, as well as those of his son, Lieut. Charles Elers Napier, and other officers.

Captain Napier now commenced the "History of the War of Succession in Portugal," which occupied a considerable portion of his time. It was his first attempt at writing a "book;" and he soon experienced all the troubles attending authorship. The sources from which he had to collect materials were distant and uncertain; some of his Portuguese friends to whom he wrote were dilatory in their replies, or did not reply at all. He also encountered much difficulty in obtaining the different official papers required, wherewith

to complete his work—and, no doubt, began to feel how appropriate was the saying: "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book!"

He does not appear to have been confident of the success of his forthcoming work, as will be seen by the following letter to Mrs. Napier:—

"London, Friday, Feb. 21st, 1836.

"I begin to be afraid how my work will be received; though those who have seen it, particularly Richard Napier,* who is a literary man, approve of it much; and as he is to be in town a week, he is to come in the evenings, as long as he stays, and assist me to correct the proofs, which is very kind. I fear I shall not be reinstated yet, but shall see Lord Minto again before I leave town. The young prince has not yet arrived. I was to have dined with the Duke of Sussex yesterday, but a wrong date was put on the card, so I lost my dinner . . . I have just seen Lord Minto. They have done nothing as yet, but he says Lord Melbourne is decided that the King must reinstate me either by fair or foul means. I also saw Macdonald; he cannot get a promise; but on Thursday I am to see Lord Fitzroy. Macdonald recommends patience. I shall see Edward in a day or two. I have just got a note to dine with the Duke."

At this remote period I have not the means of ascertaining how his "History of the War of Succession in Portugal" was received by the public, or how it was reviewed by the press; but a passage on the subject, extracted from a letter written by Sir William Napier, speaks most favourably of it.

"My dear Charles,—I have read your book, and I now think you an abler fellow than I thought you were before; and I did not think 'small beer' of you then. Your land campaigns are quite equal to your sea fights, in conception—

* The only surviving brother of Generals Sir Charles, Sir George, Sir William, and of Captain Henry Napier, R.N., likewise a cousin of the subject of this memoir.

and would have been so in the eyes of the world, if you had been left to fight a battle for yourself; but I suppose you now know that war is more uncertain and difficult on shore than at sea. I have no time to review anything; but the book will sell, and be well received, depend upon it."

The following was the opinion expressed on the same subject by the late General Sir Charles Napier:

"As to your book, it delighted me; but at first I thought it would have been better had you given it to William to write, because he could have given more just praise to you than you do yourself, but I have now quite changed my opinion, and I am satisfied that your plan of writing it yourself was best. It stamps your work with an authority and originality that no other man could give it, and whoever may write the history of that war in future, still your book must for ever remain the 'text-book.' Your works *ashore* appear to me to have been done with as much ability as your works *at sea*, and were much more difficult."

His friend the Duke of Terceira also wrote to him, in the most flattering terms, respecting his "History of the War." He says,

"I am sorry to hear that you did not receive from hence the papers and information which you state that you required for your book—the want of which is certainly not perceived in reading it. For my own part, I am very well satisfied with the frank and truthful manner in which you relate the incidents of our campaigns, which could not have had a more worthy historian than yourself."

In the early part of 1836, Captain Napier, who was still endeavouring to obtain the restoration of his rank in the Royal Navy, received the following note from Lord Palmerston (then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), relative to his reinstatement:

"January 3, 1836.

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—I can assure you I feel most anxious on the subject about which you write to me, both on

personal and on public grounds, and you may rely upon it that I shall not omit any opportunity of contributing to the accomplishment of what may justly be said to be a national object. Yours faithfully,

"PALMERSTON."

This was encouraging, and at length he had the gratification to receive the following announcement of His Majesty's pleasure:—

"Admiralty, March 16, 1836.

"SIR,—His Majesty having been graciously pleased, by his Order in Council of the 9th March, to direct that your name shall be replaced on the list of captains of the Royal Navy, with your original seniority, and that your half-pay shall commence from the date of the said Order in Council, I have received their lordships' commands to acquaint you that you have been reinstated in your former rank and station accordingly, and that your name has been placed on the half-pay list from the 9th instant. I am, &c.,

"C. WOOD.

"Captain Charles Napier, C.B."

Captain Napier, now in his proper place, and eligible for employment in his profession, anxiously watched the turn of events; he even at this time predicted a war with Russia, and—as will be shortly seen by some of his letters—foresaw the storm that was brewing in the Levant.

His restoration to the service was soon followed by the subjoined welcome intelligence from Sir George Pechell, at that time one of the Lords of the Admiralty:—

"London, March 23, 1836.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN NAPIER,—I hope this will reach you in the evening, to communicate the gratifying intelligence—the House of Commons did last night most unanimously express its opinion as to the injustice of depriving you of your good service reward; and I shall always feel a proud satisfaction in having brought this subject under the immediate notice

of Parliament, which has shewn that officers in the army were not subject to the same regulations. I have reason, therefore, to believe that you will soon hear of your name being restored to that List from which it now appears it was erroneously removed.

"Believe me, dear Captain Napier, ever faithfully yours,

"GEO. B. PECHELL."

At this period Captain Napier turned his mind to agricultural pursuits, to which he devoted himself more or less during the remainder of his life; and this proved a great source of pleasure and amusement to him, when there was nothing more exciting to demand his notice. He had lately purchased a small estate, situated in a picturesque part of Hampshire, near the villages of Catherington and Horndean, and on a site which anciently formed part of the old forest of Bere. It was generally known as "Quallett's Grove," sometimes as "Cherry Grove" (from having originally belonged to the father of Colonel Cherry, who married Captain Napier's eldest step-daughter); but for the sake of ancestral associations, he conferred upon his new property the appellation of "Merchiston Hall."

Many years before, when living in poverty and retirement at Rowland's Castle, he often visited the "Grove"; had always an impression that it would one day be his own, and even planned the improvements which, on the realisation of his wish, he carried into effect. This miniature farm became now his chief amusement; and thus did the "Liberator of Portugal" enjoy the retirement he had so bravely earned—"living at once," says a writer who describes him at this period of his life, "like a prince, an admiral, and an old English country gentleman, and occasionally

driving his "four-in-hand" with all the spirit of former days. In his home and hall did the weary soldier and sailor ever find a friendly welcome—nor ever departed the wayfarer from his door without a hearty meal, or with an empty hand." *

Such a life would have contented many men, and might have been thought suitable for one who, when on service, was ever recurring to the joys of home. But it was not so. His heart was still with his profession, and his great anxiety was to be restored to the Navy List, in order to have a chance of being employed, in the event of a war; or, failing that, to obtain a seat in Parliament, that he might be enabled, by exposing abuses, to bring about reform and amelioration in the service to which he had for so many years belonged. Another object which much engaged his thoughts, was the advancement, in their respective professions, of his adopted sons; and he was very desirous of securing the rank of Commander to the gallant youth who had fought so well and bled so freely by his side, in the glorious achievement where he had himself earned such honour and renown.

It will be remembered that in 1833, when Captain Napier undertook the command of the Portuguese Fleet in the cause of Donna Maria, his name was, in consequence of his having entered a Foreign service, not only struck off the Navy List, but he was also deprived on this occasion of the out-pension of Greenwich Hospital. Having, however, resigned the service of the Portuguese Government on his return

* From "The Life and Exploits of Commodore Napier." Published by Strange, Paternoster Row. 1841.

to England, he applied to have the out-pension restored to him, but without success. Considering that he had an undoubted right to this claim, he would not let the matter drop, and at the commencement of 1836 he wrote the annexed letter to the Admiralty on the subject, which, though dated some months prior to the correspondence that follows it, I have thought better to insert here, as being connected with the discussion that ensued relative to the question :—

"Merchiston Hall, Horndean, April 24th, 1836.

"My Lord,—It is not for me to judge whether the late Board of Admiralty had a right, or not, to give me the out-pension of Greenwich Hospital, without incapacitating me for service; they did it as the only means of recompensing me for the severe wounds I had received in the service. I apprehend two other wounded officers, Captains —— and ——, were not incapacitated from actual service, and they followed me on the List.

"Your lordship observes, that, from all the information you can obtain, it was not the intention of Sir James Graham's Board to follow up the precedent they established in my case; but, from the letter I beg to enclose, your lordship will observe it was not only the intention of Sir James Graham's Board, but also of Lord Auckland's; and the fact that Capt. Jones has not withdrawn his application, is a proof of it. If indeed it be your lordship's intention to revise the rule by which pensions are granted to wounded officers, I shall be silent: and I must here beg to observe that no rule has more occasion for reforming than the one in question. By the King's order in council now in force, 'His Majesty reserves to himself the right of granting pensions to officers whose wounds and services may entitle them to consideration;' while the loss of a limb, or a wound equal to it, entitles them to a year's pay besides. By a regulation of, I believe, 1688, the Admiralty established the loss of a limb, or wound equal to it, as a basis on which annual pensions should be granted; and notwithstanding the printed regulations of the

King, the Admiralty law has still been kept in force. I beg to state a case, by which your lordship will at once see the folly of the existing regulation. My right thigh was broken by a cannon shot, the bone perforated the flesh, and it is nearly two inches shorter than the other. I was again wounded in the same leg, and have a musket ball in my neck, and received neither a year's pay or pension. Were my right thigh to be broken again, and shortened two inches more, I should receive a pension; but were my left thigh broken and shortened two inches, I should be further from a pension than ever, because I should be upon an even keel, and turn out both my toes instead of one: such accomplishment my dancing-master never could teach me.

"Your lordship admits that there is a hardship, and that it has formed a subject of frequent complaint, and that it would be only in a trifling degree relieved by the out-pension. However trifling the relief is, I can assure your lordship it would be most acceptable to wounded officers, who, I must submit, have a greater claim to it than some 'out' ones, to whom it has rarely been given.

"Under these circumstances (unless the rule is to be revised), I beg to reiterate my claims to be replaced on the List; and I feel satisfied, on reconsideration, your lordship will recommend it, particularly as you regret my former removal from the List should in its consequence have extended beyond the time of my restoration, which I cannot receive in any other sense than an acknowledgment that, had I not been removed, I should have been still in the enjoyment of my pension; and I cannot believe a liberal Admiralty will treat me in the manner that I should have expected to be treated by a Tory administration, had they been forced to restore me to my rank, particularly after the discussion that took place on the Pension List, by which it appears to have been allowed, by the majority of the House of Commons, that though pensions had been improperly given, they should not be withdrawn. I have the honour to be your lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

In the summer of 1836, we find that Captain Napier went to Scotland, and wrote from thence many letters to his family, in which he describes the principal people living in the neighbourhood of Merchiston Hall (his father's old residence near Falkirk), whom he had not seen for so many years, and amongst whom many changes had taken place. He revisited the scenes of his youth, found the old "Hall" fallen into ruins, almost buried among trees, and surrounded by villages which had sprung up since his boyish days. Some of his father's old servants were still alive, and it was an unexpected pleasure for him to shake them again by the hand. Mary Miller, his nurse, although far advanced in age, was also there to welcome him; and he had the satisfaction to contribute to the comforts of her declining years, by allowing her a small annuity for life. He returned to England through Berwick, his wife's native town, in order to see some of her friends and relations. Whilst there, he visited the handsome monument erected by the West Indian merchants to the memory of Mrs. Napier's eldest brother: Captain George Younghusband, R.N., which in this correspondence he minutely describes. He also found out an old servant of the family, called "Willie Suter," who was highly gratified by such attention, and a gratuity, from the hero of Cape St. Vincent. These may appear trivial matters, but they enable one to form a just estimate of Captain Napier's character.

Shortly after his return to Merchiston, the marriage of Mrs. Napier's second daughter with the Reverend James Henville took place. This gentleman had a

living in the neighbourhood, and was universally loved and respected.

Captain Napier now continued to occupy himself in making alterations and improvements at Merchiston, but found time, nevertheless, to write many professional papers, particularly on "Impressment" and "Manning the Navy." Some of these letters were published in the daily papers, whilst others will be found in his work called the "State of the Navy." With a prophetic glance he uneasily watched the progress that Russia was making in naval affairs. Foreseeing mischief from that quarter, he employed himself in obtaining all possible information as to the strength of her fleets; and among his papers of this date is a list of all the Russian ships of war in the Black sea. We thus see his powerful mind penetrating into the dim futurity of nearly twenty years.

* * * * *

Captain Napier had—though as yet unsuccessfully—long exerted himself in endeavouring to obtain the well-earned promotion of his son Charles, then a lieutenant on board the "Vernon," which was shortly expected home from the Mediterranean. Early in 1837, he addressed the following letter on the subject to Lord Minto, at that time First Lord of the Admiralty:—

"Merchiston Hall, January 15th, 1837.

"My Lord,—I regret that your lordship's time is so much occupied that you cannot see me for a few minutes. I came to town expressly for that purpose, and to state to your lordship how sorely I am disappointed at my son not being included in the promotion. Your lordship will no doubt say that he was too young to be included in the general promotion; but surely, my lord, there was a good opportu-

nity of promoting him when those officers who behaved so well at Bilboa were noticed. My son fought in the same cause, and fought in a manner worthy the best days of Nelson; it is true, it was not under the British flag, but it was certainly with the tacit consent of the Ministry, every-one of whom knew full well that I was going to Lisbon. Reflect, my lord, on the risk I ran in going there; and reflect, my lord, on what would have been the present state of Europe, had I not gone. I am no egotist, my lord, but I do not fear contradiction when I say that on that alone depend-ed the fate of Spain and Portugal. Had I not gone there, both Don Miguel and Don Carlos would have been on the throne of Spain and Portugal—had I failed, I should have been hanged, either of which would have rendered Louis Philippe's seat not very secure; and I even doubt whether your lordship would have been now at the head of the Admiralty.

"Lord Wellesley told my late relative, Lord Napier, what was very true, that my action had changed the whole of the political face of Europe; and if I were to judge from the speeches of the members, on the occasion of my being re-moved from the List, I should have thought that nothing would have been too good for me; and yet, my lord, I have met with nothing but neglect. I see the King's aides-de-campship given away, the superintendence of dockyards also given, and some of those who got them have not yet smelt gunpowder. The command at Lisbon would have been agreeable to me, and useful to the Government—that was also refused.

"It is not my fault that Don Carlos is now in Spain; had my advice been followed, he would have had other quarters; and had I been in Lisbon, it is more than probable the late scenes would have been avoided.

"I have no political influence, my lord, nor ever had, but I may have one day or other; nor, with the exception of the late Admiral Dundas,* had I ever a sincere friend at the Board; yet I have pushed my way to what I am, and, should war take place in my time, I will cut out my own road.

*Admiral the Honourable George Dundas.

"I have heard it hinted that there are obstacles to me in a certain quarter; if that is true, it ought to give me a greater claim on the Government; and if that is not admitted, I should have been much better off the List than on it.

"Should a change in the Government take place, with what face could I ask anything from a Tory Government? They would naturally ask why my friends had not provided for me. One more observation, my lord, and I have done. Your lordship must be aware that it was Lord Auckland's intentions to have appointed my son to the yacht, and how that was prevented.

"I have stated my feelings frankly to your lordship, and without the least intention of giving offence, and have only now to subscribe myself your Lordship's most humble servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Minto."

The allusion to there being "obstacles in a certain quarter," refer to a current report that existed, of King William the Fourth having taken a dislike to him, owing to the supposition that he was the son of Captain Patrick Napier (a step-brother of the Hon. Captain Napier, the father of the subject of this memoir), in whose ship his late Majesty served as a midshipman, in the early part of his naval career; during which time—as the story goes—the young Royal Duke was subjected to severer tests of naval discipline than were in accordance with his taste. However, supposing His Majesty had laboured under this mistake, it is not probable that he would have visited on the son the sins of the father; and his correspondence, when Duke of Clarence, with Captain Napier—while the latter commanded the "Galatea,"—showed certainly anything but unfriendly sentiments towards him. Moreover, had any ill-feeling really existed under an erroneous impression, that impression must

have been removed—as shewn in a preceding portion of this work — by Lord Napier's explanations, at the interview he had with His Majesty, after the announcement in England of Captain Napier's brilliant action off Cape St. Vincent, on the 5th of July, 1833.

The whole story appears, therefore, merely a fabrication, originating in what manner it is impossible to say, or how it had been spread abroad in the world. It is more probable that his enemies—and if he had such, they were secret ones—though perhaps in high professional positions, were far from being in so exalted a sphere.

He did not, however, confine himself to letter-writing, but personally urged his claims on the Admiralty, more frequently perhaps than was agreeable, and thus alludes to the subject in the following letter to Mrs. Napier:—

"London, January 16th, 1837.

"I saw ——, from whom I colud get no satisfaction about Charley. I wrote to ask to see Lord Minto, who refused, and I have written him as strong a letter as I could pen. I also saw Lord Holland, who has promised to speak to Lord Minto, and so did Moncorvo.*

"I hope things are going on well at the farm; I expect plenty of lambs, and also to see the draining and chalking well advanced.

"I have not received an answer from Lord Minto, and it is even very probable he will not reply; indeed, I don't well know what he can say. I do not know as yet when Palmella comes, because it depends on this dinner, but I will let you know in good time. With best love to all."

It will be seen that, amid his various occupations in London, his mind always reverted to the cultivation of

* Baron Moncorvo was at that time the Portuguese Minister in London.

his farm, which proved a constant source of relaxation and enjoyment when less actively engaged. He had not yet arrived at that point of high farming in which the steam engine and stall feeding are introduced; but at the suggestion of his scientific agricultural friends, —among whom was Sir John Conroy, of farming celebrity,—he was fast progressing towards these improvements, which, although subsequently affording him much occupation and amusement, were the source of more expenditure than profit. Indeed, it may be asked, do "gentlemen farmers" ever find farming a profitable occupation?

"Impressment" was a professional subject, on which Captain Napier had long occupied his thoughts; and he fearlessly attacked that un-English and tyrannical system from every point—by letters to the Admiralty, as well as through the medium of the press.

The following passages relating to that, and other naval subjects, are taken from a letter he addressed to Lord Minto about this time:—

"With respect to the seamen—we are now in the twenty-third year of peace, and, with the exception of Sir James Graham's Registration Bill, no one measure has been adopted to ensure manning the fleet at the commencement of war. Recourse must be had to that infamous, oppressive, and most abominable of all measures—*impressment*. Your lordship is not aware, nor is the country aware, of the extent of the evil, or it never would be tolerated for a moment. Should war take place to-morrow, and press-warrants be issued, the whole of the seamen would instantly disappear, and an immediate stop be put to trade. Captains and officers, naturally anxious to man their ships, would be seen prowling about in the sea-ports at night, to entrap any unfortunate fellow who might venture abroad. Houses where seamen were supposed

to be concealed, would be broken open in the most violent manner, resistance would be made on the part of the crimps and seamen, and scenes of riot and bloodshed would take place, disgraceful to a free country. Men would be torn from their wives and families, whether they were seamen or not, secured on board a tender, and no longer be heard of, unless they were found useless.

"The above is but a faint picture of the iniquities of impressment on shore. At sea it is still worse. The ships in commission would be placed on various stations to intercept seamen in the homeward-bound trade. They might be in sight of their homes, their hearts beating high in the expectation of meeting their wives and families, and sharing with them their hard-earned wages. They would nevertheless be brought to, and every man fit for service impressed, and the ships often left in distress, for want of hands to work them into port. Notes would be given for their wages by some captains, which the sailors are bound to take, right or wrong; others refuse to give them notes at all. If the ship they are pressed into, is bound abroad, they must go also; their proper wages are of no use in that case—they have no opportunity of sending them to their wives and families, who are left to starve. Should they come into port, they are sent into the receiving ship, and their notes fall into the hands of the Jews, for half their value. The greater number of these men, having never served in a man-of-war, are quite unaccustomed to the discipline and customs of the navy, and have altogether a horror of the service. They would be mustered by the first lieutenant, stationed in various parts of the ship, put into a mess, served out with a hammock, and desired to go below and sling it, when they would brood over their misfortunes, and think of their families, whom they might never see again.

"Having pointed out, as concisely as I can, the present state of the Navy, I shall now proceed to shew what appears to me the best means of remedying the evils complained of, and of holding out a reasonable encouragement both to officers and men.

"In my reply to H. H., in the *Naval and Military Gazette* of the 1st of March, 1837, your lordship will see what I pro-

pose, in order to obtain younger Admirals, and give retirement to worn-out Captains.

"It is not a *radical* cure, and ought in consequence to be approved of by Whigs and Tories; and not being an expensive one, it ought not to be opposed by Mr. Hume and the economists.

"With regard to the other lists, I know very well that, now the promotion is limited to one in three, death is gradually working a remedy, and if peace continues ten years longer, the lists will be under control; but is it just, my lord, in a country like this, that the old servants of the state, who have spent their best days in defence of their country, should be allowed to pine in penury and want—for their present pittance is little more; and although the Pensioner Gouldburn thinks that Lieutenants' provisions, when serving, is sufficient encouragement, they seem to be of a different opinion, and they will not serve if they can help it.

"I do not like the system of surveying officers, to ascertain whether they are fit for service or not; besides, there is no use in doing it, at least as far as the higher ranks are concerned; because, should they be reported fit, they are not one inch nearer employment than they were before the survey. I would therefore take age and service as the rule for a retired list, and at once allow all Commanders who had commanded ships, were within two hundred of the top of the list, and were fifty years of age, to retire with the rank of Captain, on 250*l.* a year; and all Commanders of the same age and standing, who had not commanded ships, to retire with the same rank, on 200*l.* a year.

"I make this distinction, because it is generally thought that officers who have commanded, are entitled to more consideration than those who have not. I am, however, not of that opinion; because it is a well known fact, that few Commanders would stay on shore if they could help it, and giving them a smaller retirement is punishing them for not having interest. In short, it can only be compared to knocking a man down, and punishing him for falling.

"The Lieutenants' list is much more difficult to deal with, because on that list there are a great many who have

avoided service; actual servitude ought therefore to be taken as the rule of retirement.

"I therefore propose to allow all Lieutenants above forty-five years of age, promoted previous to 1816, and who have served afloat, to retire with the rank of Commander, on 8*s.* 6*d.* a day; and all those who have not served afloat as Lieutenants, to retire with the rank of Commander, on 7*s.* a day, provided they had applied for employment, and had not since avoided service; in that case they should retire on their present rank, and 6*s.* a day, and have no claims to a further advance of half-pay.

"An immediate promotion of Midshipmen should then take place; and in future no Midshipman of good character should ever be permitted to remain in that capacity after he had passed six years: they become broken-hearted and disappointed, and instead of being active and zealous officers, they do their duty because it is their duty, but without either zeal or energy—and the service is in consequence materially injured; whilst the younger branches coming forward have a bad example before them, and each succeeding generation will, and *must* get worse, until the Navy becomes no better than that of other nations; and be assured it would then be no easy matter to regenerate it."

Soon after the date of this letter, he was gratified with the following official recognition of some of the distinctions earned by his services in the Portuguese Constitutional cause:—

"Foreign Office, March 4th, 1837.

"Sir,— I am directed by Viscount Palmerston to inform you that the King's permission to you to accept the order of the Tower and Sword was notified on the 13th of December, 1836, to the Home Department, to which I have to refer you for further information on the subject. I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"W. Fox Strangways."

"Captain Napier, R.N."

The following letter from General Evans, then commanding the British legion in Spain, shows that

it was expected his title of nobility would also be recognised; but such was not the case:—

"My dear Napier,—I beg of you to be assured that I feel most sensibly your generous and most kind advocacy at the Westminster meeting. To be defended by Admiral Napier, must be a source of pride to any man connected with the profession of arms, and is even in itself a counterbalance and vindication against many of the attacks which have been heaped so lavishly on me and the Legion. I have heard (I think) through Mrs. Evans, that you purpose going to Lisbon, taking St. Sebastian in your way. I wish much that we may see you before the end of a week, as I am not without hope that about that time we may have here a general action of a more important character than any we have yet had in this war. I well know you would like to be a spectator at least of it, if not a party concerned. . . . . .

"I am going at the period mentioned, or within, I hope, two or three days before or after; but I trust for a slashing affair before winding up matters. Espartero and his whole corps will be here at my earnest request; it is victory, the triumph of the good cause, that I desire, and I care not a straw who may command. Thanks for your excellent letter on naval promotion. I am very glad to hear of the kindness to you. Requesting you to present my best compliments to Lady Napier, believe me most sincerely yours,

"De L. Evans."

"It is said the king means to grant his permission for your assuming the title you so gloriously obtained. I however address you as Admiral, of which you can scarcely be deprived by any rules or regulations." . . . . .

I have already mentioned how anxious Captain Napier had been to join Colonel De Lacy Evans in Spain, and the following letter (with which I have been favoured by that distinguished officer) will show the progress of the negotiations entered into to succeed him in his command, on the determination of

the latter to resign that position and to return—in order to resume his parliamentary duties at home—Captain Napier was, however, unable to carry this wish into effect:—

"Stanft., 1st May, 1837.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 20th ult., and have given the necessary directions for sending you a supply of ammunition. Some small quantity will go by the vessel which carries this letter.

"I enclose a note which I have received for you from Captain Napier.

"A few days ago Otway Cave came to me to say, that it being understood that you had positively determined to return home in June, Napier had expressed a wish to be employed by the Spanish Government to command any portion of the Legion which might remain in the Spanish service, provided the English Government had no objection to his doing so; and he added that Napier, who was in town for a few days, would like to see me. I saw Captain Napier accordingly. We both agreed that no step could be taken in the matter by him, without in the first place ascertaining from you what your own intentions as to the period of your return might be. I then pointed out to him the obvious difficulty that might arise, from his oeing a naval and not a military man. He met this by saying that he has turned his mind a good deal to land operations; was several months with the Duke of Wellington's army, and was wounded with it at Busaco; that he commanded 3000 men on shore in Portugal, and took some towns; that he should be assisted by his cousin, and that if the officers who might remain with the Legion should be inclined to serve under and assist him, he had no doubt that, for the kind of operations in which he would have to engage, he should be found competent. I have little doubt that he would; and in the Spanish service the interchange of officers from the land to the sea service, and *vice versâ*, has not been uncommon.

"I said that the English Government could of course have no authority in this matter, and that the choice must be

made by the Spanish Government; but that if I should learn that you had positively determined to come home to resume your parliamentary duties, and if there was a chance that a part of the Legion might renew its engagement, I would write to Villiers on the subject. My dear sir, yours sincerely,

"PALMERSTON.

"Lieut.-Gen. Evans."

In July, 1837, Captain Napier made another attempt to get into Parliament, by standing for the borough of Greenwich, with Mr. Barnard and Mr. Wolverly Attwood, the chairman of the General Steam Navigation Company. The following account of the election is taken from a publication, which appeared in 1841, relating some of the events of Captain Napier's life:—

"From the first, there was never any doubt as to the return of Mr. Barnard, and the contest was in fact between the gallant Captain in the Liberal interest and Mr. Attwood, the new Conservative candidate. At the nomination a scene of most tremendous uproar and confusion took place. A large party of persons employed by the General Steam Navigation Company crowded round the hustings, and by their vociferations and shouts prevented anybody but their candidate from being heard. Captain Napier, when he presented himself, endured the storm with great good-humour and patience. His pithy and characteristic declarations of principle were audible to the friends immediately surrounding him; but even this was too great a privilege to be enjoyed, for first came a lump of mud, and then a sort of independent firing of stones, till at length a general volley was given, which cleared the hustings.

"On the second day Captain Napier, who was not going to allow his Conservative opponent to have it all his own way, brought over, from the 'Medea' steam-frigate, a party of seventy or eighty seamen, under the boatswain, who soon procured for the gallant Captain a fair field in his favour. One of these Jack tars seated himself on the top of the pent-

house which covered the hustings, waving one of the colours taken from Don Miguel's fleet in the action off Cape St. Vincent. Three sturdy bargemen climbed up the supporters, for the purpose of dislodging this venturesome Napierite. The first that came within Jack's reach, went to the ground much sooner than he came up; the next shared the same fate; and the third, retreating, left our sailor in undisputed possession of his elevated position. This little incident, as may be supposed, excited much amusement, and was considered an omen of the gallant officer's success. On the third day, however, Mr. Attwood having a considerable majority, Captain Napier resigned.

"On the occasion of the election, Captain Napier appeared in an old blue frock-coat, with brass navy buttons; duck trowsers, not rivalling the sun in whiteness; shoes patched, but very easy; and white cotton socks, carefully, if not comfortably darned; on his left breast dangled a profusion of orders; the whole was crowned with a hat of ample dimensions of brim. And there stood, pelted by the bargemen at Greenwich, the man on whose cool head, ready hand, and unflinching heart had depended the destinies of a nation; one who had gained more victories, and made more captures, with less loss of life, than any man had ever done before: a man quick to plan, prompt to execute—whose very rashness was a carefulness of consequences, and who, when he struck a blow, always weighed how much depended upon that blow being at once decisive."

This electioneering defeat—similar to the one at Portsmouth in 1832—produced beneficial consequences, in a professional point of view; for it stimulated him in his applications to the Admiralty, and resulted in procuring employment, which enabled him to achieve exploits equalling those he had performed in Portugal.

He wrote thus to Mrs. Napier:—

"Greenwich, July 28th, 1837.

"I have been offered the 'Hercules,' which I declined, and desired Parker to tell Lord Minto that I wanted Charley to

be made, in preference to giving anything to me at present. . . . Lord Minto is gone to Scotland, and I think Charley will be made when he comes back. There are several vacancies. My remaining in town is of no use, and I shall leave to-morrow morning. I require a little rest, and also to look after my farm. This has cost me 300*l.*, but it has given me a great claim on the Government, much more than all my victories in Portugal. Such is self! . . I saw Baring this morning, who expressed himself obliged to me for the assistance I gave him at Portsmouth. . . . . .

"You can form no idea of the splendour of Attwood's procession—his election must have cost him thousands. He had all the seamen and artificers of the General Steam Company collected to put me down; but I maintained my ground, and *would* be heard, and at last succeeded. The town of Greenwich behaved very well; but . . . . nothing can withstand such corruption."

Shortly after his defeat at Greenwich, he returned to Merchiston, to prepare for an excursion to Lisbon, finding it was requisite to go there to adjust in person his own claims, and those of the officers, widows, and orphans. The political affairs of that country having moreover taken a turn, he felt that the cause of the Queen would most probably be ruined, and was therefore doubly anxious to be amongst his Portuguese friends, hoping his influence would operate in her favour.

"To Mrs. Napier. "Southampton, August 25th, 1837.

"I am just embarking in the 'Chieftain;' we have very few passengers, but that matters not; the weather is fine, and I hope to have a pleasant voyage, and a successful termination of my mission."

He arrived safely at Lisbon, and gave the following account of the troubled state of affairs in letters to his family;—

"Lisbon, September 3rd, 1837—Reeves' Hotel, Buenos Ayres.

"I see no prospect of doing anything at present, as they have changed the officers in the ships, and taken most of the men out. . . . . .

"The Clubs are very suspicious of me, and the Civil Governor of Lisbon has demanded of the Minister to send me away, which has been refused; but I am watched very closely. Lord —— is very unpopular, and is suspected of having fermented this revolution, which would have been much better left alone. Should Saldanha succeed, things will not be better; and should the Government succeed, it will only strengthen the hands of the Republicans, who will stop at nothing—in fact, nothing can save the country but reconciliation. . . . . .

"I have not been to the Opera, nor do I much like being out at night. —— is in prison, on suspicion of conspiring against the Government. I have had little time for writing, as I am preparing my papers for the Minister, who seems disposed to settle my account, if he can find money. . . . . .

"This is now a dull place; the streets are cleaner, and there is some little improvement, but not much. I have not yet been in the Arsenal, nor is it very safe to go there."

He was no doubt correct in this surmise, as the animosity formerly evinced towards him in that quarter had not apparently subsided.

"Lisbon, September 6th, 1837.

"I had an interview yesterday with the Minister of Finance, who promises to pay me, as well as Charley and Pearn, and I think it probable I shall succeed; the only thing that stands in the way, is the difficulty of finding money, for there is hardly a shilling in the treasury, and no person has been paid for a year."

"Lisbon, September 10th, 1837.

"All my movements are closely watched. I have been requested by the Ministry, and a number of the Deputies, to assist in tranquillizing the country; and they have promised to bring forward the necessary alterations in the Constitu-

tion, on Monday. If they carry their measure in the Cortes, I shall probably be asked to treat.

"The Queen is still in the same state—should anything happen to her, it will be very bad.

"The Clubs and the Arsenal Battalion at present are the masters, and to get the power out of their hands is difficult."

"Lisbon, September 19th, 1837.

"The Queen was confined on Saturday evening, at half-past eleven, and I think I never saw such a scene before in my life. About eight in the morning, all the Ministers and the people about court—men and women—were sent for, together with the Corps Diplomatique; it had more the appearance of a fête than an accouchement. There was breakfast prepared at about twelve.

"I did not go to the palace until four o'clock, intending to be there about the time the event was over, but I was mistaken, so I sat down and amused myself the best way I could—the gentlemen in one room, and the ladies in another. About eight o'clock, we were all summoned into a drawing-room, next to the Queen's dressing-room, where was a splendid cradle; the next room to that was the Queen's bedroom, very elegant; and beyond that another room, where the Queen was, the door being open, and the medical men in attendance.

"People began to be uneasy, thinking that things were not going on right. I had made up my mind to be there all night, not thinking it respectful to go away; and I really felt much uneasiness, and a considerable degree of interest for her. So many misfortunes having happened, her death would have just been enough to have completed the calamities of Portugal. However, at half-past eleven she presented the kingdom with a son and heir. We were then all ushered into the bedroom, about forty in number, where, lo and behold! seated in a chair, was the Queen of Portugal, looking as if nothing had happened! We then all walked out; myself and two or three others kissing her hand. She conducted herself throughout like a Trojan. Everybody was delighted, and, for myself, I could not help shedding tears. About twelve, we all sat down to a very excellent dinner,

that had been ready since seven, and we got home about one o'clock in the morning. Both Queen and the child—a very fine one certainly—are going on well. The town is pretty generally illuminated, but the country is in the same state; and, notwithstanding all my efforts and exertions, I have not been able to get the Ministers to bring about a suspension of arms—and the consequence is, that at the moment I am writing, the people, who were before fighting against Don Miguel, are now cutting each others' throats."

"Lisbon, Sept. 26, 1837.

". . . . It is all over with the Duke of Terceira and Saldanha: they have managed their affairs very badly, and have been defeated. What will become of them, Heaven knows, as they are to leave the country. I shall go out to Cintra on Thursday, and offer my good offices to the Duchess and Marchioness—they are much to be pitied. . . .

"It now rests to be seen what will happen here. The discussion of the Constitution takes place to-morrow, if they do not put it off. I was with the King yesterday, and I advised him not to allow the Queen to accept the Constitution if she has not proper powers, but to go away in preference—and this step I think she will take. I have written to Lord Palmerston in the same strain."

"Lisbon, Oct. 10, 1837.

"The young prince was christened the Sunday before last; there was a stage erected from the stairs of the palace, through the courtyard, into the square, and from thence to the chapel. The whole square was filled with well-dressed people—it was a very imposing sight. The Marquis of St. Iria carried the child, Fronteira the silver basin and towel, and other noblemen supported a canopy over St. Iria. The ceremony in the chapel lasted an hour or more, and we then returned to the palace, where the principal people were invited to dinner, myself amongst the number. The King, Empress, and Princess were at dinner—only four or five ladies were invited. We sat down, about forty, to a very splendid dinner, which lasted about two hours.

"The Ministers have resigned, in consequence of the King having declined to sanction a law. I had a long conversa-

tion with him, and advised him to yield, but in vain. Poor young man! his advisers are very bad, and I fear they will bring him into difficulties. He is led by a German doctor and secretary, and very often by ——, who is disliked by all parties, knows nothing of the people, and is just the worst adviser he can have; this annoys the Cortes, and I fear very much they will in consequence give the Queen as little power in the new Constitution as they can. They are afraid of the Clubs, and of the Arsenal Battalion, who are, in fact, masters of Lisbon.

"I have advised the Ministers to strike a bold stroke and put down the Clubs, and disarm the Arsenal Battalion, but they are afraid. Bernardo de Sà will be here to-morrow: he is a bold man, and perhaps I can get him to do something —if he will, I shall do all in my power to assist him. Saldanha and Terceira have been completely defeated, and are going to England. Saldanha is at present in Vigo, and Terceira came here in a steamer, and sails to-day for England. The Duchess goes with him; they have been on board the 'Malabar.' I have dined with him two or three times. Poor fellow, he knew nothing about the movement of Saldanha till he joined them. He was persuaded, I suspect, by the people about the Court; and when he joined Saldanha they had not a shilling, either to buy provisions or pay the troops, and they marched over Portugal taking what they could find; and, to mend the matter, the Baron Leria, who commanded about 2,000 men in the north, gave battle without waiting for the Marshals, and was defeated; and they were obliged to lay down their arms and quit the country. . .

"I shall come home next packet, unless something happens to keep me. I can assure you, if there were the least chance of my being kept, I should be delighted to see you here, and I have looked out for a house; but if my business is settled I think I should be better away, for things are in a bad state, and the Arsenal people are so bad that they would just as soon murder me as not. I have not been in it ever since I came here, nor would it be safe to go there."

"Lisbon, Oct. 18, 1837.

"I was in great hopes to have come home in this packet,

but the eternal Portuguese word 'to-morrow' has prevented me. I have got everything done that I care about—I have succeeded for Charley's and Pearn's money, my own pension, the widows' pensions, the pay due to the men, &c.; the bills on London are all ready, but day after day passes without the signature of the Minister, which, however, he has faithfully promised he will affix to-day: this is not occasioned by any trickery, but simply by the Portuguese fashion of putting off, which is not to be overcome, for no man can be on better terms than I am with the whole of them. I had an audience of the Queen the other day; she has written a letter to the Queen of England, asking for Charley's promotion; the King has written to the Duchess of Kent, and I am to deliver their letters myself—so you see I have not been idle.

"As for politics, things are nearly as bad as they can be; the Ministers are still in, because they cannot find successors. The Cortes have decided that the Peers are to be chosen by the people, which is a complete blow against the Crown. Bernardo de Sà is endeavouring to get the vote rescinded, but I doubt whether he will succeed, as the greater number of the Cortes are afraid of the Clubs and Arsenal Battalion. I have been urging them to strike a blow at the Clubs. I offered my assistance to do it, and even to stay and assist them, but they are afraid, so they must just go their own way. Unless something of the sort is done, the Queen will be sent away before six months, and the country thrown into anarchy and confusion."

Captain Napier quitted Portugal shortly after the date of this letter. On his return to England he found the Board of Admiralty better disposed towards him than heretofore, but another year elapsed ere he obtained employment, and again appeared in his proper character on the deck of a British man-of-war.

CHAPTER XIV.

APPLICATION FOR A SHIP—APPOINTED TO THE "POWERFUL," 1838.

Captain Napier, on returning from Lisbon, presented the letters written by the Queen of Portugal in behalf of his step-son Charles. They were, however, of little avail, as appears from the following communication addressed to Lord Minto at the commencement of 1838:

"My Lord,—My son has this morning received an appointment to the 'Forester,' on the coast of Guinea, an appointment which he solicited from Sir William Parker, and certainly not by my advice.

"Permit me to put it to your lordship's feelings, if it is not hard that a youth, who so gallantly distinguished himself in supporting the policy of this country, and in contributing to place the Queen of Portugal on her throne, which I know was acknowledged by the whole of Lord Grey's Cabinet, and in doing which he was most severely wounded, should now go to an unhealthy climate, to endeavour, by his own exertions, to obtain promotion, which, if gallantry entitled him to it, he has already nobly won.

"Your lordship acknowledges that my services in my own country give me a title to consideration; and surely my services in Portugal were as advantageous to the country as

General Evans's were in Spain—he has been rewarded with a K.C.B., I only ask for my son's promotion. Let me remind your lordship that he is now in a worse position than he was three years ago. I have the honour to be, my lord, &c.,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Minto."

An opening now presenting itself for him to get into Parliament, Captain Napier determined to make another attempt; but he again proved unsuccessful. Amongst his papers I find only one document relating to this event, conveying a resolution of thanks from a meeting of reformers, on the occasion of his withdrawing in favour of Sir George Staunton, the well-known writer on China, who resided at Leigh Park, in Hampshire, where he had much local influence.

In 1838, the Board of Admiralty did tardy justice to Captain Napier, by awarding him a good service pension; but this act was counterbalanced by their giving in the Navy Estimates a very incomplete statement of the services he had rendered. This he considered not only an injury to his professional character but also an insult to him as a reformer—implying that he was willing to accept a pension to which he was not fairly entitled; wherefore, he lost no time in laying before the Board his views on the matter.

"February 2nd, 1838.

"SIR,—I have read with surprise and pain a statement of my services published in the *Hampshire Telegraph*, copied from the Naval Estimates.

"I am at a loss to conceive what can have induced their lordships to give to the public so imperfect a statement.

"Had I only performed what has been published, I should consider myself below mediocrity, and totally unworthy of receiving a pension, in preference to so many officers who are my seniors.

"The present are times when the public look narrowly into the services of officers receiving pensions from the Government, and I cannot consent that my name should remain in its present position in the Naval Estimates.

"I have always understood, and it is generally believed, that a faithful register is kept at the Admiralty of the services of every officer in the Navy; and I know that copies of testimonials of my services from Lord Exmonth and Sir Alexander Cochrane (the only Commanders-in-Chief I ever sailed under,) are in the Admiralty, and their public letters must be there also.

"I have often been surprised that so little notice has been taken of my services, particularly by the present Admiralty. I have seen Dockyards, Broad Pendants, and King's Aide-de-Campships, given away even to my juniors; and I know that Dockyards have been pressed on officers whose names have never appeared in a *Gazette*. If, sir, the Board of Admiralty are not acquainted with my services, my surprise is at an end; but if the Board of Admiralty are acquainted with my services, I conceive I have been neglected, and in the present instance I have been insulted.

"The Admiralty in their wisdom may make what appointments they please, and I must submit; but I cannot admit the right of the Admiralty, when publishing the services of an officer, to withhold any part of those services from the public.

"I am the guardian of my own honour, and in this case must defend it.

"I beg leave to enclose a short statement of my services, which I have to request you will lay before the Board; and beg their lordships to compare it with what is stated in the Naval Estimates, where even the merit of taking the Island Ponza is disallowed, nor stated to be done under my direction.

"I have come to town, and will substantiate what I enclose, with documents much too valuable to be trusted out of my possession. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient, humble servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER.

"To the Secretary of the Admiralty."

He consequently repaired to London, from whence he wrote to Mrs. Napier, stating how his remonstrance had been received :—

"London, February 26th, 1838.

"I have sent my letter to the Admiralty, and had an interview with Lord Minto, and I gave him my sentiments in the most decided manner, but he declined making me reparation, as I had written officially to the Board. There it rests; and what I have done is approved of by all my brother officers, who have now taken my part. I was with the Duke of Sussex this morning, who highly approves of what I have done; and, by his advice, I am this moment come from Lord Melbourne, who treated me with the greatest kindness. I told him I came to him as Prime Minister, to complain of the way I had been treated. I read my paper to him, into which he fully entered, and endeavoured to persuade me it was a mistake, which I would not allow; and there it remains. What steps he will take I don't know, but I think it will finish with Charley's promotion. I dine with the Duke of Sussex tomorrow. He has taken up my cause most warmly, and advised me what to do."

He always experienced the greatest kindness from the Duke of Sussex, who now proved himself a true friend. His correspondence with Mrs. Napier on this subject thus continues :—

"London, February 28th, 1838.

"After writing to you the day before yesterday, I received a very unsatisfactory letter from the Admiralty, to which I sent a most decided reply, and demanded either an audience of the Board, or a correction of the Naval Estimates. I do not believe they will do either the one or the other, therefore the case must come before the House of Commons. The line of conduct I have taken up, seems to be very generally approved of by both Army and Navy; and I dined yesterday with the Duke of Sussex, who perfectly approves of it. I saw Lord Palmerston yesterday, who was very civil, but said it was out of his department."

"London, March 2nd, 1838.

"The Admiralty have refused me justice. I have made, by the advice of Sir James Graham, a last appeal to Lord Melbourne, and if he does nothing, the case is to be brought before the House of Commons. I shall be supported by Sir James Graham, but I have not yet decided who is to do it, or if it is by petition. I shall get an answer from Lord Melbourne to-morrow, which will decide me. The Naval Estimates come before the House on Monday, and I cannot decide till Sunday, at two o'clock, what is to be done in the event of Lord Melbourne's refusal . . . .

"I am to see Graham on Sunday, at two o'clock. I am delighted with your letter, and be assured I shall follow this up with vigour. I am tired to death, having been on my legs the whole day, seeing different people, and am this moment come in at six o'clock."

"London, March 5th, 1838.

"Lord Melbourne has refused to interfere, and my case comes on before the House of Commons in half-an-hour; it is to be brought forward by Hope Johnstone, and supported by Sir James Graham, and many others, and I think there will be a great row. I have just been writing to all the naval officers, and am going down to the House to hear what passes. If I am in time for the post I will write to you the result."

"London, March 6th, 1838.

"I have gained a complete triumph, as you will see by the papers. Sir Charles Adam, and Troubridge, got up and said it was quite a mistake, and that my services stood higher than those of any officer in the Navy; William Gordon, however, would not let them off, and said they ought then to have stated them fully. Wemyss, Codrington, Captain Jones, and Deans Dundas, also spoke in my favour—so that, on the whole, I have come off with flying colours."

The following official letter proves that in bringing the matter before the House of Commons he had only acted in strict justice towards his own honour and professional reputation. It is not, however,

every man who would have had sufficient moral courage and resolution to have thus acted:—

"Admiralty, July 28th, 1838.

"SIR,—Having laid before my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty your further letter of yesterday's date, relative to the statement of your services inserted in the Naval Estimates, my lords command me to acquaint you that they remain of opinion that enough has been stated, in the Estimates in question, to justify them in granting you a good service pension. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"C. WOOD.

"To Captain Napier, C.B."

I have before mentioned Captain Napier's desire to take service in the cause of the Queen of Spain, and the following letter to Mrs. Napier shows that this intention had not been abandoned, although the treatment experienced by the British Legion had alienated many of its officers:—

"London, April 28th, 1838.

"Evans comes home, and arrangements are making for me to take the command of his Army and the Spanish Navy on the north coast of Spain. I have been this morning with Lord Palmerston, who has written to Madrid on the subject; this will detain me in town till Sunday or Monday, as it must be ascertained whether the monied men will come forward with 100,000*l* for a military chest, that being a *sine qua non* [illegible] me. Tell Charley he must go, but on condition he is made a Commander before he starts. I have not written before, because it was only this morning that the Ministers have taken it up; this must not be mentioned."

I find little to record in Captain Napier's life until the autumn of this year, when he met with an accident that might have been attended with serious consequences. He frequently rode a very high-spirited mare, and on one occasion, when following the hounds, she gave him a severe fall. He did not think much

of this at the time; but being engaged to dine with Admiral Durham, then Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, he returned home early to keep his engagement; but something having occurred to prevent his using the carriage, he determined to walk. The distance was ten miles; this he however accomplished in timefor dinner; and though feeling sore and bruised, he ate heartily, andslept at Portsmouth; but next morning, not being able to move, he sent for a doctor, who discovered that he had fractured a couple of ribs!

Previous to this accident Captain Napier had been again engaged in writing on the state of the Navy, which in his opinion was greatly neglected, and he had thus addressed the Editor of the *Times* on the subject:—

"Merchiston Hall, Horndean, September 12th, 1838.

"Mr. Editor,—If your very able article in the *Times* of the 11th does not open the eyes of the Ministers and the whole country to the perilous situation we are placed in, nothing will do it, save and except the arrival of a Russian fleet on our shores.

"A man must either be a fool or a madman who does not see our danger, and who can any longer be deluded by our French alliance. Facts speak for themselves. France, by her permanent occupation of Algiers, has deprived herself of the right of remonstrating with Russia on her encroachments in the East. She has made no effort to put an end to the civil war in Spain. She seizes the opportunity of blockading the Mexican ports, and excluding our trade from that kingdom, at the moment we have difficulties with America, and are menaced by a large Russian fleet in the Baltic, to whom we dare not say one word, because we have not a full manned ship in England. In short, there appears to be a secret understanding between Russia, France, and America: one extends herself in the East, and threatens our Indian possessions; another shuts us out from Algiers, and is pre-

paring to do the same thing in Mexico; and America is demanding a boundary line that we ought not to accede to. And although men of all parties wish to see an augmentation to our naval force, the Ministers alone are taking their recreation in different parts of the country, trusting to the chapter of accidents.

"We are at present in such a defenceless position, that we dare not increase our Navy, for fear of a remonstrance from Russia, and perhaps something stronger.

"We have nothing left but to diplomatize till the Baltic is frozen, and then, if Ministers do not put us in a posture of defence, they ought to be impeached.

"You may, Mr. Editor, make what use you please of this letter. I am, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER,
"Captain in the Royal Navy."

Naval officers will be best able to appreciate the feasibility of the plan proposed in the subjoined letter to Lord Melbourne:—

"Merchiston Hall, Horndean, October 3rd, 1838.

"MY LORD,—One of the great hardships in the new poor laws is, the Guardians not being allowed to receive in the workhouse one or two children when the families are large.

"Should your lordship entertain my suggestion of binding parish boys apprentices in merchant vessels, and subsequently in ships of war, their number might be gradually increased, by exacting that one or two boys should be received in the workhouses, when the families are large, on the express condition that they should follow the sea service, in the manner I have pointed out.

"I am far from wishing to intrude on your lordship's valuable time, nor would I do so, were I not convinced that manning Her Majesty's fleet deserves the serious consideration of the Government. Registration, which I recommended to Lord Melville three-and-twenty years ago, has already done some good; but it ought to be carried much further. I have the honour to be, &c.,

"CHARLES NAPIER.

"To Lord Melbourne."

The following document will show the clear, nay, almost prophetic view which Captain Napier took of our relations with Russia at that time; of the ambitious designs of the Emperor Nicholas, which were subsequently so well verified; and of the inefficient state of our Navy to oppose those designs, from its being so imperfectly manned. In this latter respect the truth of every word which is here recorded, was fully proved by the state of the Baltic fleet, when subsequently under his command. In the subjoined letter he justly reprobates our national habit of always considering ourselves superior to, and undervaluing the power of, our enemies:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'SCOTSMAN.'

"Nov. 20, 1838.

"MR. EDITOR,—Your paper of the 13th instant came to my hands this morning, containing your own remarks on the Russian fleet, and a speech purporting to have been spoken by Admiral Fleeming, at a dinner given to Colonel Abercrombie, at Stirling. I differ so entirely from your remarks, and the gallant Admiral's speech, that I feel unwillingly called upon to substantiate what I related in my letter to Lord Palmerston.

"I am as great a friend to the present Government as either you or the gallant Admiral, but I am not blind to their faults, or disposed to be silent, when I consider the country to be in danger.

"You tell the public, Mr. Editor, that a British man-of-war would dispose of two of the pasteboard ships which have terrified Captain Napier out of his sober senses. I am not more easily terrified, Mr. Editor, than my neighbours, nor am I disposed to treat the enemy lightly; we had enough of that in the American war, and did not open our eyes till a frigate and corvette began to sail into the American ports with the British flag under that of America. You state that the numerical amount of the Russian fleet has been greatly

exaggerated, and its real strength still more overrated. You are in error, Mr. Editor; we have the authority of Captain Crawford for its numerical force, and if he had brought home a false report to the Admiralty, their lordships most certainly would not have almost immediately appointed him to a ship; he also stated their real strength to be three three-deckers, rated 110 guns; six two-deckers, mounting 84 guns; eighteen seventy-fours; and one razee seventy-four, mounting 56 guns; four 52-gun frigates, seventeen forty-fours, three large corvettes, and a number of small vessels, manned with nearly 30,000 men. I recommend his pamphlet to your perusal, and I shall be happy if you can contradict it.

"The gallant Admiral, in his speech, says he wishes they were double that number—because, in the event of war, we should give a good account of their pasteboard ships. Now, on this point, though I do not hold them so cheap as the gallant Admiral, I agree with him, provided we had a disciplined fleet ready to contend with them; but this is not the case. At the time I wrote to Lord Palmerston, we had only three three-deckers, with about 200 men in each, in England; three seventy-fours, weakly manned, and not more marines in barracks than sufficient for two line-of-battle ships.

"The gallant Admiral gives an account of what the Russian Navy was many years ago—I should say a good deal exaggerated—but he does not attempt to contradict one word that has been stated by Captain Crawford, who saw and examined the state they were in, in the year 1836, and I should suppose they cannot have fallen off in efficiency since that time. The gallant Admiral stated that, three years ago, five sail-of-the-line were manned and fitted out in two months; and the two under his inspection could not have been better manned than they were. I shall not venture to contradict his statement, but I can safely say, they were not ready for sea, at the other ports, in less than three months, and that they sailed both incomplete and badly manned, and that we are at the present moment sending out a parcel of ordinary seamen and landsmen to complete them.

"He further states that the 'Russell,' being wanted expeditiously, was ready on the 16th day, and sailed on the 18th.

The gallant Admiral ought to have looked at his papers, and he would have found that the 'Russell' was not ready for service in less than [*illegible*], and did not sail till [*illegible*], although she was commissioned. He says we have nine sail-of-the-line in the Mediterranean, containing a sufficient number of seamen to man thirty sail-of-the-line. The gallant Admiral, Mr. Editor, never could have made such a statement; no one knows better than himself the number of seamen that ought to be in a ship of the line. In that fleet, Mr. Editor, there cannot be more than 5,500 men. If you deduct about 2,000 officers, boys, and marines, you will have 3,500 men; and, supposing them all to be able seamen, each ship would have 117. Complete them with ordinary and landsmen, and a pretty fleet we should have to cope with Russia! But, Mr. Editor, these ships are in the Mediterranean, and could not arrive in England in sufficient time to prevent the Russians plundering London.

"The gallant Admiral is astonished that we should have one line-of-battle ship at each port in England in time of peace, and he finishes by saying there is no alarm whatever to be apprehended from the state of the Russian Navy, or the insufficiency of ours. It is now for me to show that there is great cause of alarm, and that no part of the east coast of England is safe, in the event of a sudden collision with Russia.

"I have stated that, at the time I wrote to Lord Palmerston last summer, we had three three-deckers, with about 200 men each, and three seventy-fours, weakly manned, in this country; and the Russians had a fleet of nearly thirty sail-of-the-line, ready for sea. Had Russia known of our warlike preparations in India, and the treaties we had signed with Austria and Turkey, coupled with the fact that we had given orders to capture Sardinian men-of-war in the event of their assisting Don Carlos, the Autocrat would have had a legitimate cause of war; and had he pushed out his fleet—even though a pasteboard fleet—the gallant Admiral will, I presume, allow that they could have come without much difficulty on our coast, because we have already seen ten arrive at Spithead, when we only expected four; and if they managed

matters well, they would be the first to communicate the information.

"Now, Mr. Editor, I shall show you that, under the most favourable circumstances, we could not prevent that fleet from striking a blow in this country, that it would require some time to recover from. I will suppose that they do not choose to run the risk of either attacking the Thames or the Medway, but content themselves with the occupation of the northern capital, and the seizure of every vessel on the east coast of Scotland; crossing over to Glasgow, and occupying that town, and destroying the manufactories and shipping; and even paying a visit to Stirling, where the gallant Admiral held forth on the folly of our alarm. May I ask you, Mr. Editor, what is there to prevent them?

"I will suppose that Government immediately order thirty sail-of-the-line to be commissioned; that the seamen flock from all parts to join them; that all the railroads and carriages are put in requisition; and that officers and men get on board their respective ships within a week; and that the seamen at once get over their disorderly habits, give up drunkenness, and work night and day to fit out their ships. I will suppose that the gallant Admiral should be appointed to Sheerness to fit out and command the fleet, and that he assembled, in the same time that he took to fit out the 'Russell,' the demonstration ships from Portsmouth and Plymouth, which, including the six sail-of-the-line in commission, would amount to nineteen sail-of-the-line (it is no use talking of the rest of our fleet, for they have neither rigging, sails, nor stores): I will suppose all this to be done in sixteen days, during which time the Russians are destroying our shipping, manufactories, and plundering our towns, and probably forcing you, Mr. Editor, to give an account of their proceedings, unless you had taken the precaution of starting off with your printing-press to join the Admiral at Sheerness. I suppose all this to be done in sixteen days; that the fleet gets under weigh; that the Russians wait for them (which they have no occasion to do, for they had quite time enough to punish us)—I will ask any experienced naval officer whether he would have confidence to engage this Russian fleet with men who

had never been on board a man-of-war before, who had never seen a gun or handled a cartridge. I believe no unprejudiced naval officer will allow, for one moment, that there would be the smallest chance of success. The contrary; I believe that there would be very little doubt of our receiving a defeat; and if you, Mr. Editor, had accompanied the Admiral, the probability is, instead of printing an account of the action in the *Scotsman*, you would be obliged to print it in a Russian paper, or take a trip to Siberia.

"Now, Mr. Editor, I have shewn you the fair side of the picture—I will now show you the reverse. I will suppose that the Russians had as much enterprise as we ever had—and there is no reason why they should not have it—and, instead of going to Edinburgh, they came at once right up London river, with all their ships full of troops, what is to hinder them from destroying Sheerness Dockyard, taking possession of all our ships in ordinary, burning all the merchant ships in the river, laying London under a contribution, and returning in triumph to St. Petersburg? Would the powers in Europe assist us to chastise such a breach of good faith? Not a bit of it—they would all rejoice, and perhaps assist them in destroying our shipping, both at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and take from us for ever the dominion of the seas. We have seen Russia pass the Balkan, take Shumla and Varna, and dictate a dishonourable peace, at Adrianople, to Turkey; and we saw the other day our squadron obliged, by the order of Russia, to anchor outside the Dardanelles, and the officers take a passage in the Capitan Pasha's ship to visit Constantinople.

"Now, Mr. Editor, if Government would only commission twelve sail-of-the-line, man and discipline them well, they would, without danger, be able to tell Russia she must not any longer fit out so large a fleet. She dare not refuse; because if she did, and we sent a fleet to the Baltic, her nobles could not export the produce of their estates—and the probability is, that Nicholas would share the fate of Paul. A bold measure of this sort would satisfy the country, popularize the Ministry, and probably prevent a future war."

That Captain Napier was not far wrong in his appreciation of the power and disposition of the Russian nobles, is shewn in the part they lately played during the emancipation of the serfs.

To Mrs. Napier. "London, Nov. 22, 1838.

"Lord Palmerston only came to town last night, and I have not yet seen him, which is the reason I did not go home to-day. My advice seems to have been followed, because this day placards have been posted up, calling for men to come forward for the ships about to be commissioned. What ships they are, I shall probably know to-morrow, as well as the number. Everything appears to indicate the probability of war. Parker told me, if there should be war, Charley would be employed, and I suppose I should be so also. However, I shall hear all the news to-morrow."

"London Nov. 26, 1838.

"I had a long interview with Lord Palmerston on Saturday, and he entered fully into all my views, and is quite alive to the necessity of increasing the Navy; but still they have commissioned no ships, and their placards have not yet got a a man."

A letter Captain Napier wrote to Lord Palmerston, is subjoined to the following communication he made on the same subject to the editor of the *Sun*, dated November 26, 1838:—

"Sir,—The season being too far advanced for the Russians to pay us a visit in London, I request you will be good enough to publish the accompanying letter I wrote some time ago to Lord Palmerston, on the state of the Navies of the different Maritime Powers, since which time a force has been very properly sent into the Gulf of Mexico, to watch the motions of the French squadron; and it is to be regretted that, instead of ordering Sir Robert Stopford to return to Malta with the greatest part of the Mediterranean squadron, he had not been reinforced with the three three-deckers we have in England, immediately after the publication of the treaties with Turkey and Austria, and ordered to

pass the winter in the Dardanelles, and at once ascertain whether Russia is prepared to maintain the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi or not. It is no use any longer mincing matters with the Autocrat; his progress must be stopped in the East, and his powerful fleet in the Baltic reduced, or such a flame will be lit up in Cronstadt and Sebastopol as will require all the water in the Black Sea and Baltic to extinguish.

"Instead of issuing placards to ask the seamen to enter for five years, when we know they will not come forward for three, we ought at once to offer a bounty, increase the pay of the petty officers, restore the pension after fourteen years' service, and open the situations in the Dockyards as a reward for good services. Men would then come forward, and we should be enabled to fit out a fleet before the spring, and at once come to a clear understanding with Russia. If peace can be preserved, a powerful armament is the best means of doing it. If not, the sooner we go to war the better.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER.

"Nov. 26th, 1838."

"Merchiston Hall, Horndean, Sept. 12, 1838.

"MY LORD,—As I feel quite convinced you are not at all aware of the time necessary to augment our Navy in the case of need, and as I believe the Government entertain very erroneous opinions on that subject (judging from the Parliamentary reports), I feel it my duty as a naval officer to point out to you, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the state of the different Navies of Europe, as also the condition of our own, in order that your lordship, who is best acquainted with our diplomatic relations with foreign states, may judge whether it is safe to remain in the defenceless state we have been in some time. In writing to your lordship, I mean no disrespect to the Board of Admiralty, and your lordship is quite at liberty to make what use you please of this letter. Opinions have been expressed in Parliament with which I entirely disagree; those opinions may mislead you in your foreign policy, and I consider it my duty to point out to you the difficulties we shall have to contend with in the event of a sudden armament.

"The French Navy consists of 11 three-deckers, mounting 126 guns; 23 two-deckers, from 90 to 100 guns; 23 two-deckers, 82 guns.

"In addition to the above, they have between 40 and 50 frigates mounting 60 guns, 30 armed steamboats, and small frigates, corvettes, and brigs in proportion.

"The Russian Navy in the Baltic consists of 3 three-deckers, of 110 guns; 6 two-deckers, of 84 guns; 18 two-deckers, of 74 guns; 1 frigate, of 56 guns; 1 frigate, of 52 guns; 17 frigates, of 44 guns; 3 corvettes, besides a large number of brigs, cutters, and gun-boats.

"In the Black Sea they have 12 sail of the first-class three-deckers; 10 frigates, of 60 guns; 4 corvettes, of 24 guns; 10 brigs, of 20 guns. In the Caspian Sea they have several steamboats, and a flotilla of gun-boats.

"The American Navy consists of 1 three-decker, of 140 guns; 11 two-deckers, from 80 to 100 guns; 1 frigate, of 64 guns; 14 frigates, from 50 to 60 guns; 2 frigates, of 44 guns; 15 corvettes and brigs, from 15 to 24 guns; besides small craft and steamers.

"The Egyptians and Turks possess about 20 sail-of-the-line, large ships, with several very fine frigates, and small craft in proportion.

"Holland, Denmark, and Sweden can muster about 24 sail-of-the-line.

The British Fleet consists of 23 three-deckers, 4 of which are building; 3 two-deckers, of 92 guns, 2 building; 28 two-deckers, from 80 to 84 guns; 47 two-deckers, from 70 to 78 guns, 2 building; 13 frigates, of 50 guns, 32-pounders; 8 frigates, of 52 guns, 24-pounders; 57 frigates, from 42 to 46 guns, 3 building; 10 frigates, of 36 guns, 6 building; 15 frigates, of 28 guns; 8 frigates, of 26 guns, 3 building; 59 corvettes, from 16 to 24 guns, 6 building; 92 brigs, cutters, and schooners, from 4 to 10 guns; 68 steamers of all descriptions, few of which are fit for war.

"Were all these ships fit for service, which they are not, we should have sufficient to contend with any two nations with whom we might be engaged in war, provided they sent their ships to sea in fleets, for the express purpose of trying

their strength with us; this they would not do, but would probably assemble squadrons in different ports, ready to sail out and attack our colonies and convoys; and we should be obliged not only to keep squadrons to watch theirs, but also ships to protect our colonies and trade, which, together with the necessary reliefs, would give full occupation to all the ships in the Navy, and a great many more.

"The greater number of our first-rates, as well as the second, are fit to take their stations in a general action, but those from 70 to 78 guns are totally unfit to contend with the greater number of the line-of-battle ships of other nations. Our frigates of 50 and 52 guns are also good, but they are few in number; and the 46's now-a-days are almost useless, and the 28's entirely so.

"Having stated the number of ships possessed by the different maritime nations, I shall now proceed to show what proportion of their ships are actually in commission, and the probable time required by each to put its Navy in a fit state for war.

"Russia, of late years, has been in the habit of keeping twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, and a proportionate number of frigates and small craft, ready for sea every summer in the Baltic; about eight sail-of-the-line of this fleet are constantly in training during the summer months, and the crews to complete the whole are regimented and kept in constant readiness for embarkation.

"In the Black Sea, she has twelve sail-of-the-line always in commission and manned, and I believe can increase them to eighteen.

"France has twenty-two sail-of-the-line in commission. They are not kept in a fleet, menacing our shores, as the Russians are—they are distributed over different parts of the globe. France has also a regular system of manning her Navy; and although I do not quite agree with the editor of the *Standard*, that she could send fifty-seven sail-of-the-line to sea in six weeks—because I know the difficulty of fitting out such a force—yet I admit that, by means of her maritime conscription, she could call men together—such as they are—

without any great difficulty or inconvenience, and certainly before we could possibly man a fleet.

"It is not, however, France that we have at present to fear—it is as much her interest as it is that of England that both countries should be united in the bonds of friendship; and as we have passed over her permanent occupation of Algiers (whether wisely or not I shall not inquire), I see no reason at present to be jealous of her augmenting her naval force, as long as she does not menace our shores with a large fleet, fully manned and ready for sea, or take permanent possession of any part of South America, which we certainly ought not to permit.

"It appears to me that Russia is the power that ought to excite the jealousy of this country, not because she has the least wish to go to war with England, for she is too wise to desire that, as long as she can extend herself and increase her power in peace; but, my lord, are we to continue with our eyes closed, when an energetic display would at once oblige her to creep into her shell?

"We have seen Poland, contrary to treaties, disappear from the map of Europe; we have seen Moldavia and Wallachia become almost Russian provinces; we now see the Autocrat endeavouring to conquer Circassia, and the Pasha of Egypt (probably at his instigation) preparing to declare himself independent. We know that Russia has a large flotilla in the Caspian Sea—that she is intriguing with Persia, and menacing our possessions in India, and that she is ready to pounce upon Turkey at the earliest opportunity. We know she has a fleet of twelve sail-of-the-line in the Black Sea, and nearly thirty in the Baltic, with four months' provisions on board, and is it right that we should only have three seventy-fours, weakly manned, in this country, and three three-deckers not manned at all?

"It was never before known in the history of England, during a profound peace, that a foreign power kept a fleet of nearly thirty sail-of-the-line ready for sea, within a few days' sail of our own shores, without our having a fleet to protect us.

"As long as Russia keeps such a force, we dare not make a severe remonstrance. She knows we cannot suddenly man a fleet without impressment, which would be most unpopular, and nearly impracticable. I have heard it observed, that we had no right to be jealous of the naval force of Russia, as we had no quarrel with her. A quarrel is, however, easily got up. It has been shown in the House of Lords, beyond a doubt, that orders have been given to detain Sardinian ships of war, in the event of their assisting Don Carlos in the south of Spain. What answer could we give to Russia, were she to insist on the withdrawal of that order? We must submit. Yes, my lord, Great Britain must either succumb to Russia, or run the risk of seeing a fleet of thirty sail-of-the-line at the mouth of the Thames, and an army of 50,000 men landed in our country, who would burn our fleet, destroy our arsenals, plunder London, and return to the Baltic with a rich booty, before our eyes were open. We have done the same thing ourselves at Copenhagen and Washington, and we are at this moment more unprepared than either the Americans or Danes were. I have assisted at more than one *coup de main* in my life, and the more hazardous they appeared, the more successful they generally were.

"It was declared, both in the House of Commons and House of Lords, that the British Navy was never in a more efficient state than at present; and it was added (as reported by the *Times*), that there was no call so sudden but that we could, with the greatest ease and expedition, equip a very large and powerful fleet. Such a declaration is quite sufficient to lull your lordship, and the whole country, into a state of perfect security; but I am sorry to say I cannot at all agree with these opinions.

"At the present moment we have in England, 3 three-deckers, with about 200 men in each; 3 two-deckers, with about 500 men in each. In the Mediterranean, 1 three-decker; 1 two-decker, 92 guns; 3 two-deckers, 80 guns; 2 two-deckers, 74 guns. At Lisbon, 2 two-deckers, 74 guns. In India, 1 two-decker, 74 guns. At the Cape, 1 two-decker, 74 guns. In America, 2 two-deckers, 74 guns.

"The above is a statement of our ships-of-the-line in commission. The three-deckers at home are not manned, and all our ships are weakly manned; and two line-of-battle ships, with no lower deck guns, and only 400 men, bearing Admirals' flags, are employed—one at the Cape, and another in India.

"In addition to our ships in commission, we have, I believe, 15 demonstration ships-of-the-line—that is to say, ships fit to receive men; their masts and yards are ready to be sent on board, and the rigging and sails are nearly complete.

"At Portsmouth there are five more sets of masts and yards, and five sets ready to be put together, but no rigging or sails; and I presume the other yards are in the same state.

"Now, my lord, I will suppose that you received information that the Russian fleet had embarked a land force, and sailed from Cronstadt, which we know very well they could do without difficulty. We have already seen ten sail-of-the-line arrive at Spithead, when we only expected four; and Captain Crawford has seen twenty-seven sail get under weigh, in three divisions, with four months' provisions on board, the seamen drilled for the land service as well as for the Navy; and we know very well that for a short voyage, and in summer, the Russian fleet could, with all their small craft and steamers, without even taking up transports, embark a very large force.

"If they managed matters well, and started with the first of an easterly wind, they would be on our coast nearly as soon as you could receive information.

"But I shall suppose, for argument's sake, you received a week's notice. What would happen? Orders would be issued to complete the guardships, the demonstration ships would be commissioned, an embargo would be laid on, and press warrants issued, which many magistrates would not back; but even if they did, who is to execute them? Ships of war you have none. The civil power would not be strong enough. The revenue cutters could not. The few troops we have in England would be concentrated near London, and could not be employed in the impress service. The marines in barracks would not complete half our ships. All

would be bustle and confusion, and we should ultimately be obliged to trust to the seamen coming voluntarily forward. Would they come? No person can answer that question. If they did, we could equip those ships in ten days or a fortnight; if they did not, they would not be equipped in three months; but even should they be ready for sea in ten days, they would not be in time to save London from pillage, and our fleets and arsenals to the eastward from being destroyed.

"Ought such a state of things to be allowed to continue? Certainly not. What is the remedy? Full-man all our ships in commission, and commission more.

"The reply to that would be—The men will not enter, and we do not like to impress. Restore to the seamen their pensions, after fourteen years' service; give the first-class petty officers double the seamen's pay; the second-class one half more: you would then get men. If that fails, give them a bounty.

"As the men come forward, disembark half the marines, and fill up their places with able seamen. The Government and the Board of Admiralty would then be able to tell the country, with confidence, that a powerful fleet could be expeditiously equipped; because, on the first alarm, one watch from the ships in commission could be instantly discharged into an equal number of demonstration ships; and the marines of both being completed to the war establishment, the Navy would be at once doubled—and thus, having a good groundwork, the newly-entered men would be easily taught their duties.

"Whereas, at present, even should men come voluntarily forward, and work with all their hearts and souls, and fit out a fleet with the expedition the Government anticipates, still, for want of experience, they would be totally unfit to contend even with the Russians. A ship of war, my lord, even with the most experienced officers (and they are not numerous), cannot be disciplined in a day; and we must not fancy, because we were constantly successful last year, we are to be equally so, after a peace of upwards of twenty years, during which time, other powers have increased and improved their navies in about the same proportion that we have retrograded.

"Our ships should be kept as much at sea as possible, and as many together as the nature of the service will admit, in order to create a spirit of emulation amongst them. We should then make good officers, and retain the dominion of the seas. If, on the other hand, the ships are kept weakly manned, and constantly in port, the officers will be no better than those brought up in merchantmen, and we most certainly shall be defeated in the first onset, and the country ruined.

"It was observed, in the House of Lords, that the Commons would make no difficulty in voting men, if asked for. The Government incur a great responsibility in not asking for men, and a fearful responsibility in not even employing those voted by Parliament, particularly now, when, besides the immense force kept up by Russia, the Americans, in Congress, have unanimously declared their right to the boundary of 1783, and the French are sending a powerful force into the Gulf of Mexico, which force is watched by a Commodore in a ship at Jamaica, unfit to go to sea.

"In writing this letter to your lordship, I beg to assure you I have no other feeling than for the honour and safety of the country, which I think are in danger; and I assure your lordship our present defenceless state is talked of in many circles, and I wish to bring it under your consideration.

"Whether you will take this in good part or not I cannot tell. I assure you I am a friend to the present Ministry, and I wish to remain so; but, as a naval officer, seeing our danger, I think it my duty to point it out; and I do it to your lordship, because you are the Foreign Minister, because I have the honour of your acquaintance, and because you are the best judge of the state of our foreign relations.—I have the honour to be, your lordship's obedient servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"SUGGESTIONS RELATIVE TO A PERMANENT CHANNEL FLEET; OBTAINING BOYS FOR THE NAVY FROM THE POOR-LAW UNIONS, &c.

"Merchiston Hall, Horndean, Dec. 17, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The reasons you give for the ordinary

ships not being effective, are excellent, were they to be kept in harbour any time; but that is not at all my view. You have a certain number of ships in commission—I would relieve one every six or eight months; and that should be done by the ordinary ships, in their turn. They would not then be more than six months in port; and their rigging, in that time, would not wear out more in England than it does either in Malta or Lisbon. These ships would then start in high order, and well disciplined at their guns.

"Another advantage would be gained, and that a very important one, in my opinion. You would have a squadron of six sail-of-the-line to exercise during the summer. . . . . I would send one of the Lords of the Admiralty to exercise them; and, at the end of the cruise, he should be authorized to promote a certain number of officers out of the ship, or ships, in the highest state of discipline; and this I would carry through all classes, appointing some of the best mechanics to the Dockyard. This would be a great stimulus to all classes, and would shew the country that the present Board of Admiralty knew differently from all other Boards, and really did something for the good of the service, and which everybody would notice had never been done by their predecessors; for all Boards visiting particular ships is humbug. I know very well there is no difficulty in getting boys; but as a ship cannot be manned with boys, I want you to get young seamen. And I do not see why that should make the poorhouse more unpopular; on the contrary, suppose a parish boy went to sea at fourteen, at twenty-four he would have a profession, and be free to follow it, with the advantage to the country of having passed through a man-of-war—whereas at present he will probably be a burden to the parish every winter. In the Union where I am a guardian, we have ten or twelve fine boys, who would be too happy to be bound apprentice in the way I have proposed; and I have no doubt that, generally speaking, parents with large families would be glad if the Unions would clothe, feed, and educate one or two of their children, and then find them a profession. Were I in the House of Commons, I should run the risk of all the unpopularity, and bring in such a bill before I had sat there two days.

"It is quite right to do all we can with steamboats; but they only can be considered the cavalry of the Navy. We ought to recollect, if we are to continue the masters of the sea, we must have some of them off all the ports of our enemies—in which ports they will have steamboats ready to take advantage of calms; and as each ship-of-war cannot be accompanied by a steamboat to take care of her in a calm, I cannot see why 600 or 700 men are to remain to be shot at, either ahead or astern, when they have the means, at a very trifling expense, of moving between three or four knots, and then keeping their broadsides to the steamers. It is not the first time half a dozen gun-boats have unrigged a seventy-four, which they never could have done had she been fitted with paddles, as I have so often proposed.—Believe me, yours very faithfully,

"CHARLES NAPIER.

"Charles Wood, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty."

It was then never contemplated that our naval force—and indeed the naval force of every maritime nation—should, as at the present day, be composed entirely of this "cavalry" force; and, in the absence of the "screw," now in such general use, the adoption of paddles to line-of-battle ships (which in the "Galatea" had been found to succeed so well) would, as here again suggested by Captain Napier, no doubt, have been of the greatest advantage.

In the following letter to Mrs. Napier, we find the first intimation of his appointment to the "Powerful," in which he played so conspicuous a part during the Syrian expedition of 1840 and 1841:—

"London, Dec. 31, 1838.

"I am just returned from the Admiralty, and have accepted the 'Powerful.' I don't know whether I shall be obliged to go to Sheerness before I come home or not. If I can get hold of a Lieutenant to send down to commission the ship—

which I shall know to-morrow—I shall come home for a few days, to make the necessary arrangements. I have asked them to appoint Didham as Purser, but I don't know whether they will do it, though Adam is much disposed in his favour."

This notification of Captain Napier's appointment to the "Powerful" brings the events of 1838 to a close.

CHAPTER XV.

THE "POWERFUL" COMMISSIONED, 1839.

On the 1st of January, 1839, Captain Napier commissioned the "Powerful" at Sheerness. She was a fine two-decker, carrying eighty-four guns, of which seventy-eight were 32-pounders, and six 68-pounders. Built in 1826, on improved lines of the "Canopus," she was considered a remarkably fine ship of her class, combining every good quality that could be desired in a sailing vessel of that time. Her measurement was 2,396 tons, and she was manned with 635 men, 60 boys, and 150 marines, exclusive of officers. Captain Liardet was appointed Commander; Lieutenant Walter Toby, First Lieutenant; and—by an especial application from Captain Napier—his old shipmate, Mr. Pearn, was nominated Master.

Great activity was shown in fitting out the "Powerful," and on the 2nd of March she left Sheerness and anchored at the Little Nore. Whilst remaining there, Captain Napier wrote home as follows:—

"'Powerful,' Sheerness, March 5, 1839.

"I have delayed writing to you for several days, ex-

pecting to be able to announce the day of our departure from here, but our orders are not yet down. We went to the Little Nore on Saturday, were paid on Monday, are now taking in our powder, and, if the orders come, will sail to-morrow, if the weather is favourable. We do not get any men here worth having, and are now two hundred men short of our complement, so I hope we shall be at Spithead at least a fortnight. We have had bad weather till within a few days, and I am afraid it is now coming on again. Were we in the Downs, the wind would be fair for Portsmouth, and I do not think of moving from thence unless the wind is fair."

Leaving the Thames on the 12th of March, the "Powerful" anchored at St. Helen's on the 13th, and ran into Spithead the following morning. Her immediate destination was supposed to be Lisbon; she had taken in provisions for the use of the vessels in the Tagus, and Captain Napier expected to have had the honour of carrying out as his guest the Duchess of Braganza—the widow of Don Pedro—but in consequence of some change of orders, this arrangement did not take place. From the preceding letter it will be seen that the "Powerful" was short of her full complement of men, and the following characteristic bill was issued at Portsmouth on this occasion by Captain Napier:—

"WANTED, Active Seamen for the 'Powerful'—Captain Napier. The 'Powerful' is a fine ship, and, in the event of a war, will be able to take her own part."

After remaining ten days at Spithead, the "Powerful" sailed for the Cove of Cork, where she arrived on the 18th of May, having stopped a few days, on the way, at Plymouth Sound.

"No sooner had we anchored at Cove," writes Mr. Pearn, "than boats full of visitors crowded around us from the shore;

and, on the intelligence of our arrival reaching Cork, steamers laden with passengers came down and paddled up alongside. All were anxious to see the 'man who had performed such wonders in Portugal, and placed Donna Maria on the throne.' The ship was like a fair: men, women, and children—gentle and simple—frieze and fustian—poplin, silk, and satin—as many were admitted as could be received; but frequently whole boatloads were obliged to wait until some of those already on board had left. This lasted a considerable time; the band occasionally played, and dancing among the better classes took place on the poop, much to the enjoyment of the Irish lasses, who became our partners for the nonce; and the Captain enjoyed and entered into the fun as much as any of us. In short, never was spent a pleasanter time than the six weeks we were at Cork—it was a succession of gaieties and invitations to the officers, several of whom left their hearts behind them when we sailed."

From the above account, it may be inferred that many on board regretted leaving the Cove of Cork. It was expected that the "Powerful" would be ordered to Greenock ere proceeding to the Tagus, but the following letter to Mrs. Napier will show how unexpectedly her destination was changed, and also how promptly her Captain met the emergency.

"'Powerful,' half-past 4 a.m., June 30th, 1839.

"I was ordered to Dublin and to the Clyde, but I last night received orders to proceed to Malta immediately, and am now out of Cork Harbour. I have been up almost all night, and am suffering with a severe inflammation of the gums. There appears to be fear of a fight between the Turks and Egyptians, and all the ships are ordered from Lisbon to the Mediterranean. I shall see Edward at Gibraltar in passing. We are now outside the harbour, and the shore-boat is waiting."

This sudden change had been caused by an Ad-

June. Captain Napier immediately sent for Mr. Pearn, asked him if he could take the ship out of Cove Harbour during the night, and on his replying in the affirmative, hammocks were piped up, a gun was fired, the "Blue Peter" hoisted; and in an hour after the receipt of the order, the "Powerful" would have been under sail, had not the capstan unfortunately broke whilst heaving the last anchor out of the ground. However, by two a.m., next morning, they were under way, ran out of Harbour, and at eight a.m. Kinsale Head bore west a couple of miles. It may be remarked that the "Powerful" had no charts of the Mediterranean on board; but so urgent was the case, that in the official letter he received it was hoped he would be able to make his way to Malta without them, whither they were to be sent overland.

One of the great causes of the success that had hitherto attended most of Captain Napier's undertakings was the decision and promptitude with which he always formed and carried his plans into effect. When he had once decided upon a measure, he never for a moment hesitated, or showed the least vacillation in its execution; he went straight to his object, and did not allow any obstacle to turn him aside in the course he had marked out for himself.

On this occasion, the same post that had conveyed to him his change of destination, brought a letter informing him that the "Ganges" and "Implacable" had already made a start for the East; and, with that intuitive perception of coming events which Captain Napier possessed in an extraordinary degree, he at a

the scene which he foresaw would soon witness such stirring events—events which, though they did not take place so immediately as he anticipated, were delayed only until the following year. Hence his anxiety to be foremost at the expected goal; and the "Powerful" was urged forward across the Bay of Biscay at her greatest speed.

On the fifth of July she made the land on the coast of Portugal, to the northward of Caminha; on the 7th they were off Oporto; on the 8th near Cape Peniche; passed the Rock of Lisbon on the 9th, at two a.m.; on the same evening doubled Cape St. Vincent; being then as near as possible to the spot where, six years before, Captain Napier had fought and won his brilliant action with the fleet of Don Miguel. "The feelings," writes Captain Pearn, who served so well under him on that occasion, and who, it may be remembered, was now Master of the "Powerful"—"the feelings of the 'Chief' and myself can be better imagined than expressed; of course we did not forget to drink each other's health, and fight the battle over again."

On the 12th of July, 1839—during one of those bright sunny days that are only known in southern latitudes—the author of these pages, then in garrison at Gibraltar, beheld, from the heights above Rosia, a line-of-battle-ship hastening into the bay under a cloud of canvas. It was soon ascertained to be the "Powerful;" and scarcely was she at anchor, when a wherry, manned by the officers of the 46th Regiment, was alongside; we were next instant on the quarter-deck, and, with a hearty shake of the hand, my gallant and

respected relative gave us a sailor's welcome on board of his magnificent ship.

Captain Napier came on shore, and visited scenes which, although then greatly changed, had been familiar to him in his younger days, when midshipman in the "Greyhound" and "Renown," and subsequently while commanding the "Euryalus" and "Thames." He paid his respects to the Governor, Sir Alexander Woodford, and obtained leave of absence for me to accompany him for a few weeks on a cruise to the Levant; and I shall now proceed to relate some of the events connected with that pleasant trip, together with the greater insight it gave me of the character of Charles Napier, as captain of a British man-of-war.

The "Ganges" and "Implacable" (the former commanded by Captain—the late Admiral—Sir Barrington Reynolds, K.C.B., the latter by Captain Harvey) had gone through the Straits on the 9th of July; and having thus had three full days' start of the "Powerful," there appeared to be but little hope of her overtaking them ere reaching Malta. However, "Old Charley"—as Captain Napier was now generally called in the Navy, and whose motto, in addition to "Ready, aye ready," appears always to have been "Nil desperandum"—resolved to do his best. The "Powerful" sailed well, and, by a little seamanship and manœuvering, he thought he might manage to outstrip his competitors; nor was he disappointed. We got under way early on the morning of the 13th of July, but, owing to a Levanter, or easterly wind, which at times sank into a perfect calm, it was late in the evening before we succeeded in clearing Europa Point, and

getting fairly out of Gibraltar Bay. Having, however, effected this, we began to feel the influence of the current which usually sets in through the Straits, and which now lent us its friendly aid.

As the wind continued very light, in order to have the advantage of the land and sea breezes, we kept close to the African shore, for the purpose of taking the southern passage to Malta; and, with the snowy ridge of the Altas constantly in view, we were off Algiers on the 19th, seeing distinctly the "tricolor" floating over its walls. On the 20th we were overtaken by H.M. steamer "Megæra," which reported having seen the "Ganges" and "Implacable" passing Cape Le Gatte. This intelligence gave us a ray of hope, and we pressed on, still keeping sight of the African shore.

Although, whilst moving about with my regiment to different parts of the world, I had been much on board of ship, this was my first trip in a man-of-war; and I was much struck with the discipline, order, and regularity which prevailed. Captain Napier, as I have elsewhere had occasion to remark, though a rigid disciplinarian, was strictly just, and consequently popular with the men.

By a new article of war in the naval code, and only recently brought into force, a sailor now, before he can be flogged, must be tried by a sort of "regimental" court-martial, that is to say, by the officers of his own ship; and it is perhaps worthy of remark, as showing how much Captain Napier was in advance of his time, that at that period—now two and twenty years ago—before a man was punished

"Powerful," the Captain, Commander, First Lieutenant, Master, Surgeon, and Paymaster, were all assembled, with the petty officers of the ship. The prisoner was brought up, and heard the complaint made against him; witnesses were summoned to prove the charge, and the prisoner, being permitted to call whatever evidence he thought fit, was allowed to make his defence. The petty officer under whom the man was placed, was asked what character he bore; and although the officers were not appealed to for a verdict, they were at liberty to make any observation they thought proper, ere the Captain pronounced either acquittal or condemnation, with—in the latter case—the punishment to be awarded to the convicted offender.

"Captain Napier," adds the naval officer who has recalled these circumstances to my memory, which I have related in nearly his own words, "used to say that the Captain ought never to witness the punishment—that he should not be at once both judge and executioner. This, however, I imagine, was because he personally disliked to witness the infliction of a painful punishment, and the suffering it entailed; but it is my opinion that the Captain ought certainly to be present on such an occasion, because many things may turn up during the infliction of the punishment which might render it advisable to mitigate its extent, or to bring it to a close, and only the Captain would have the power of doing so."

Although chary of offering an opinion on naval questions of any kind—judging from parallel cases in military matters, I think that on this point my informant is perfectly correct. Although Captain Napier had so marked an aversion to witnessing the infliction of corporal punishment, yet he was of opinion

detriment) maintained in Parliament — that, composed as the British Navy is at present, corporal punishment could not be abolished without serious injury to the service; but when possible, he used every means to substitute other punishments in its place. It was one of his axioms, that "it was not the severity but the certainty" of punishment that led to the prevention of crime; and for this reason he made it a rule never to forgive an offence on matters of duty. His idea as to the severity and frequency of flogging was, that, by being often beheld, it lost a great portion of its efficacy in point of warning and example; and that human nature is so constituted that custom makes us familiar with and indifferent to the sight of the most appalling punishments; and that when seamen are thus familiarized to such spectacles, they in some measure lose their terror, more particularly as—when the infliction is endured with fortitude—it is sure to elicit the approbation of their shipmates, who never fail to applaud the sufferer who has borne his punishment like a "man."

Captain Napier, on board the "Powerful," endeavoured as much as possible to substitute other punishments for that of the lash; and justly thought that when ridicule, instead of sympathy, was excited by punishment, it was likely to be attended with much more beneficial effects. One mode which I remember he adopted to effect this was, to have the neck of the culprit encased in a large wooden collar—such as is often placed on pigs, to prevent them from breaking through a fence—and make him in this ridiculous guise parade the quarter-deck for a certain number of

hours, exposed to the jeers of his companions, who usually "roasted" him well, when he was released from his uncomfortable and unseemly cravat.

From the state of the political horizon at the time, Captain Napier fully calculated on the probability of an approaching European war. He took every means to prepare for the event, by getting his ship into the highest state of discipline and fighting order, and took the greatest pains in the exercise of her guns, adopting, with his usual eccentricity, a system of his own to exemplify what might happen in action, as men at the different guns were either disabled or killed. For this purpose, when at general quarters, each lieutenant was provided with a basket of wads, which he occasionally threw indiscriminately at the men who were working the guns; and every man, on being struck by a wad, was supposed to be killed or wounded, and thus incapacitated from returning to his post.

Such was Captain Napier's plan for practising the men to take up quickly the places of their shipmates supposed to be killed or wounded, thus making the exercise appear like a real action; and he would often himself take a basket of wads, and kill or wound all those stationed at two or three guns, in order to see how quickly they could be remanned from those adjacent to them. When exercising without powder, it was also his favourite practice to teach the men at quarters simultaneous loading with artificial cartridges, wad, and shot; each charge being put into the gun until it became actually full up to its muzzle, the operation having been timed in order to ascertain

how long it took to effect. The charges were then drawn in the presence of the officers at their different quarters, to see that all had been fairly done. In this also he showed himself again in "advance of his time," for simultaneous loading was not, as I believe it is now, in general use in the Navy. He had also a system of exercise of his own for repelling boarders, more particularly if the enemy was supposed to have ranged up alongside. In this case the marines were ready on the poop, in the boats, and in every spot whence they could get a shot at the enemy. This was done under the impression that the marines would do tenfold more execution with their fire-arms at a short distance than if acting in close contact with the blue jackets. Before rating or disrating a man, he was always most anxious to take the opinion of the petty officer of that part of the ship to which the man belonged, previously to deciding as to his character.*

Proceeding on the course of our voyage, with light and variable breezes, and still keeping in sight of the land, on the 22nd of July we made Bona, the ancient

* I am indebted for some of the foregoing particulars to Captain Liardet, then commander of the "Powerful;" and they tend to show how completely, even in the minor details of his profession, Captain Napier was above the influence of routine; and that in this, as in every thing else, he never hesitated to take a line of his own, when he thought it would lead more directly to any object he might have in view. On the occasion of exercising with the wads, it was amusing to see with what zest and energy he would often take a part in the business, pelting the men right and left, and being very angry if his "shots" did not produce the desired effect by dropping those whom they hit, in which case I have seen him go up to the supposed killed or wounded man and say, "You are killed, why the deuce don't you fall down?" when, as may be readily imagined, the *deceased* was soon sprawling on the deck, evidently much to the amusement of his shipmates, who were only prevented from expressing their merriment by the discipline which prevailed on board.

Hippona, or Hippo Regius; but nothing now remains of its former importance, its whole trade consisting in the coral fishing, in which occupation, as we sailed by, we saw many feluccas engaged. On the morning of the 23rd we sighted the island of Pentellaria, the penal settlement of Naples. On the morning of the 24th were in view of Gozo; and the same evening, with the band playing, and carrying every stitch of canvas that could be crowded on her, the "Powerful" entered the harbour of Lavalette; when, as by magic, all the sails were instantly furled, whilst we let go the anchor between the Senglea and Fort St. Angelo. It was a magnificent sight, that entry of the "Powerful" into the harbour of Lavalette, on a bright glowing evening of a Mediterranean summer's day—the bay swarming with yachts and pleasure-boats of every description, the ramparts crowded with spectators—"Old Charley" energetically issuing his orders from the poop, and the whole lit up with the golden light of a southern setting sun. It was a glorious scene, and one which it were impossible ever to forget!

Captain Napier found, to his great satisfaction, that the "Ganges" and "Implacable" had not yet arrived; but they made their appearance on the following morning, having been delayed by the bad sailing of the latter ship. Malta was to him the source of the most interesting associations of former days; he found a few of his old acquaintances of the times of the "Thames" and "Euryalus" still alive; one elderly gentleman, quite a character, holding some civil appoint-

of by-gone events. Mr. —— was fond of interlarding his discourse with French; and not being a great proficient in that language, used occasionally to make very ludicrous mistakes. On drinking wine with one of his guests, I remember his remarking that he always preferred "windy peas." This puzzled us very much, but he explained that he meant *vin de pays*, Sicilian or country wine; which his peculiar mode of pronunciation had not exactly enabled his guests to understand. Captain Napier showed us all that was most worthy to be seen during the short time we remained at Lavalette; every nook and corner of which he appeared to know by heart. It is not, however, intended here to enter into a description of what has been so often told, but I shall take advantage of our temporary halt to give the reader, as nearly as possible in Captain Napier's own words,* a brief outline of the state of affairs in the East, which had caused the hasty summons thither of the three British line-of-battle ships, then awaiting further orders in the harbour of Lavalette.

Captain Napier—after describing, with historical clearness and precision, the origin of Mehemet Ali, and his rise to the Pashalic of Egypt, the part he next took, in 1824, to aid the fruitless attempt of the Porte to suppress the insurrection in Greece, with his acquisition of Candia, as a reward for the service he had done — proceeds to detail the reforms effected by Mehemet Ali: the disciplining his army, the formation of a fleet, and the many improvements he intro-

duced into his country, by means which, in this part of the world, would no doubt have been considered arbitrary and tyrannical in the extreme. He then gives an insight into the pretexts by which the wily old Pasha of Egypt first obtained a footing in Syria, in 1831; at the close of which year his adopted son, Ibrahim, undertook the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, at the head of an army of 40,000 men, and carried the place by storm, in the month of May, 1832.

He next relates how the mountaineers of the Lebanon, and the Emir Beschir, their chief, became implicated in this affair, and how the latter was compelled to second Ibrahim Pasha in his designs against the Porte; whilst the Turkish government, jealous of the power of Abdallah, the late Pasha of Acre, rather rejoiced at his fall; hoping also that Mehemet Ali—who was watched with a suspicious eye—would exhaust his resources by undertaking a campaign in Syria. However, shortly after the capture of Acre, the Sublime Porte began to perceive that Abdallah Pasha's position was taken possession of by a more powerful, a more ambitious, and a more dangerous vassal; they therefore ordered Ibrahim to withdraw immediately from Syria; but not expecting compliance, collected an army of 20,000 men on the banks of the Orontes, and advanced another from Anatolia, to oppose his further progress.

"Mehemet Ali," Captain Napier says, "had, however, no idea of satisfying himself with the capture of Acre. He had now passed the Rubicon, and he directed Ibrahim to advance a part of his army on Baalbec, to watch the operations of Husstein Pasha, who commanded the Ottoman army, and to occupy Damascus with the remainder. Ali Pasha, who

commanded the Turkish troops in that city, evacuated it without firing a shot, and retired on Homs, by the old road of Palmyra, and joined the Turkish army."

Captain Napier continues his narrative by describing Ibrahim Pasha's successful campaign in the summer of 1832, during which, after taking possession of Aleppo and Alexandrette, he drove the Turkish army into the Taurus; when the Sultan, alarmed at his success, made a great effort, and sent against him a force of 50,000 men, under the Grand Vizier, Reschid Pasha, who was entirely defeated by Ibrahim, at the battle of Koniyeh, on the 21st of December, 1832.

"Nothing," says Captain Napier, "now hindered the conqueror from marching on Scutari, where he might have arrived early in January, and before the Russians had reached the Bosphorus. Had he followed this course, Constantinople would have been revolutionized, the power of the Sultan overturned, and most probably Mehemet Ali would have been placed on the throne of Osman."

Such would most likely have been Captain Napier's proceeding, had he occupied Ibrahim Pasha's place; but the latter neglected to seize fortune by the forelock,—delayed his departure from Koniyeh till the 20th of January 1833, and reached Kutayah on the 1st of February; by which time the Emperor Nicholas had been applied to by the Sultan, and sent a Russian squadron to his assistance, which had now arrived in the Bosphorus. This decided Ibrahim to enter into negotiations. By the treaty of Kutayah, the Pashalic of Adana, and the whole of Syria, were made over to Mehemet Ali; that of Unkiar-Skelessi was concluded between Russia and the Porte—the consequence of

which was, the departure of the Russian squadron from the Bosphorus. "They had, however, learnt the road to Constantinople, which neither the British nor French governments ought to have permitted;" and, prophetically adds Captain Napier, in his "War in Syria," "the time is not far distant when they will profit by their experience."

Had Mehemet Ali now acted with common prudence and humanity, he might have consolidated his power in Syria; but the ambition of being some day seated on the throne of Constantinople still lurked in his breast; and either with this object in view, or through mistrust of the Porte, he continued to increase his army, and to impose additional arbitrary taxations. Amongst the latter was the "ferdeh," a tax levied on all males from the age of twelve years upwards, and varying according to their means, either real or supposed. This was paid by all classes and religions; and the Christians were, in addition, burthened with a poll-tax, which had always been enforced, before the introduction of the ferdeh. Besides the regular taxes, and occasional compulsory contributions, the Government was in the habit of purchasing what was required for the maintenance of the army at a fixed price, the inhabitants being obliged to deliver the articles into the Government stores at their own risk and cost. They were also liable to impressment for work at the public establishments, and even to be transported to distant parts of the country. To these were added many other oppressive measures, a description of which will be found in the contribu-

Syria) to Lord Lindsay's well-known work, called, "Letters from the Holy Land."

These tyrannical proceedings caused great discontent, but the disarmament of the Syrian people—particularly of the mountaineers of Lebanon and Naplouse—the forced conscription, amounting to 35,000 men, or upwards of eleven per cent, and the arbitrary levies of men for the army, at last exhausted the enduring patience of the Syrians, and drove them to open revolt.

Mehemet Ali, having succeeded in suppressing this insurrection, first began in the year 1838 to talk of independence from the rule of the Porte; and, in the early part of 1839, commenced making open preparations for war. These hostile measures were, however, discountenanced by the British Government, and Lord Palmerston repeatedly directed Lord Ponsonby, our ambassador at Constantinople, to discourage the Porte by every possible means from engaging again in a war with Mehemet Ali—declaring, at the same time, that if the Porte were attacked, assistance would be given; but if, on the other hand, the Turks took the initiative, it might change the whole face of affairs. The French Government at this period took the same view of the matter with ourselves; but, notwithstanding this advice, the Sultan gave orders for the advance of his army, and Mehemet Ali, resolving not to be the aggressor, directed Ibrahim to refrain from making any forward movement with his troops.

"Russia and Austria," writes Captain Napier, "becoming alarmed lest the peace of Europe should be disturbed, in-

structed their consuls at Alexandria to request that Mehemet Ali would desire Ibrahim Pasha to withdraw towards Damascus, assuming that Ibrahim had been the first to put his army into motion, which was certainly not the câse. France also, seeing the possibility of a rupture between the Porte and Mehemet Ali, expressed a strong desire that Great Britain would act in concert with her, and proposed to send a fleet of eight or nine sail-of-the-line to the Levant, to co-operate with the British fleet, which she supposed would consist of ten sail-of-the-line."

At this stage of affairs three English line-of-battle ships, the "Powerful," "Ganges," and "Implacable," were ordered out immediately to join Sir Robert Stopford's squadron in the Levant; and I shall now give the substance of Captain Napier's clear and succinct narrative, which will bring the reader up to the period when this event occurred.

Notwithstanding the instructions Ibrahim Pasha had received to remain on the defensive, hostilities with the Turks appeared inevitable. They had assembled in Asia Minor an army which was supposed to amount to 80,000 men of all arms, and 170 guns; whilst Ibrahim Pasha—resolving not to be taken by surprise—mustered 55,000 infantry, 10,000 regular, and 6,000 irregular cavalry, besides 196 guns. Such were the formidable preparations made on each side, by land; whilst on the 9th of June the Turkish fleet sailed for the Dardanelles, under the command of the Capudan Pasha, having on board Captain Sir Baldwin Walker as his "adviser." On the same day, Mehemet Ali, having received letters from Ibrahim, stating that the Turks had attacked some of his troops, lost all patience, and, despite the remonstrances of the consuls at Alexandria, sent orders to Ibrahim to

the Turkish army, and drive it out of his territories; and on the 16th and 17th of the month, the Egyptian fleet left the harbour of Alexandria.

On the 25th and 26th of June, orders were sent by the English and French Governments to their respective Commanders-in-chief in the Mediterranean, to proceed to the coast of Syria, and prevent a collision between the Turkish and Egyptian fleets; they being also directed to open a communication with the Turkish and Egyptian Generals, and exert their influence to bring about a suspension of arms. How useless this attempt proved, and what happened to the Turkish army and Turkish fleet, will presently be shown.

On the 30th of June, Sultan Mahmoud died, and Abdul Medjid, a boy of seventeen, was declared of age by the Divan, and proclaimed his successor. Orders were immediately sent to suspend hostilities against Ibrahim Pasha, with the intimation that the young Sultan was disposed to confer the hereditary government of Egypt on Mehemet Ali, on condition that he would restore Syria, Candia, and the Holy Cities to the Porte. These pacific resolutions were, however, formed too late, for on the 24th of June Ibrahim Pasha had attacked and totally defeated the Turkish army at Nizib, where they lost all their guns, ammunition, and baggage.

To add to this misfortune, the Capudan Pasha had sailed from the Dardanelles, and on falling in with the French fleet, informed Admiral Lalande that on hearing of the Sultan's death he was of opinion that he had been poisoned by Khosrew and Halil Pasha.

who were devoted to Russia—that, under this impression, he had written to Hafiz Pasha to march on Constantinople, whilst he should apply for assistance to Mehemet Ali, and meanwhile take his fleet to Candia. However, on the 14th of July he took it to Alexandria, handed it over to Mehemet Ali, and was well received by him. All this had been kept so secret, that Captain Walker was not aware of what was about to take place; and when the Turkish fleet anchored, he instantly landed, and, much to the annoyance of the Capudan Pasha, returned to Constantinople.

In consequence of these untoward events, the French and English ambassadors at the Porte wrote to the Grand Vizier, to assure him of their support; and Lord Ponsonby also communicated with Admiral Stopford, recommending him not to remain absent from the centre of affairs. The Admiral therefore hastened with the British fleet to Busseekah Bay, at the mouth of the Dardanelles, where he was joined at the time of his arrival, the 5th of August, by the "Powerful," "Ganges," and "Implacable," which had left Malta, under the orders of Captain Napier, on the last day of July. When we arrived, the allied British and French fleets presented a really magnificent spectacle.

The British fleet consisted of the following line-of-battle ships:—

	Guns.	Men.
1. "Princess Charlotte" (with the flag of Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B., Commander-in-chief), Captain Fanshawe	104	725
2. "Vanguard," Captain Sir T. Fellowes, C.B., &c.	80	695
3. "Pembroke," Captain Maresby, C.B.	72	570

	Guns.	Men.
4. "Bellerophon," Captain Austin . .	80	695
5. "Asia," Captain Fisher	84	695
6. "Rodney," Captain Parker, C.B. . .	92	700
7. "Minden," Captain Sharpe, C.B. . .	72	570
8. "Powerful," Captain Napier, C.B., &c. .	84	695
9. "Ganges," Captain Reynolds, C.B. .	84	695
10. "Implacable," Captain Harvey . .	74	590
Total . .	826	6,630

There were also present the following frigates and smaller vessels:—

"Castor," Captain Collier	36
"Tyne," Captain the Hon. —. Townsend .	26
"Daphne," Captain Dillon	18
"Hazard," Captain Wilkinson . . .	18
"Rhadamanthus," steamer, Captain Wakefield	1 84-pdr.
	99

Making altogether a total of 925 guns;

and if the approximate number of the crews of the frigates and smaller vessels are taken at 1,000 men, it would give a total of 7,630 men, and 925 guns—a most imposing force for that time—before the invention of the screw—steam being then but a small element in naval warfare, in comparison with what it is in the present day, when such another fleet would not have to wait for a "strong southerly breeze" in order to attempt forcing the Dardanelles. If little more than twenty years have made such alterations in the means and appliances of naval warfare, what a change have not these few years caused, through the hand of death, in the list of gallant fellows which is given above. Most of them I well knew, many were esteemed and

now survive—nearly the last who departed being the lamented subject of this memoir.

The French fleet was composed of the following ships:—

	Guns.	Men.
1. "Jena," flag-ship (Admiral Lalande, Capitaine Bruyat)	84	810
2. "Trident," Capitaine Ricardy.	74	700
3. "Triton," Capitaine Hamelin	74	700
4. "Généreux," Capitaine Durande	74	700
5. "Jupiter," Capitaine Danycan	80	810
6. "Hercule," Capitaine Forêt	100	915
7. "Montebello," Admiral La Susse	120	1,087
8. "Amazone," Capitaine Tronde	64	440
9. "Belle Poule," Capitaine H. R. H. the Prince de Joinville	60	513
10. "Comète," brig, Capitaine Jurien	10	100
Total	740	6,775

In addition to the above, the Austrian squadron, consisting of six frigates and corvettes, lay at Smyrna, ready to co-operate, should circumstances have required it to act.

From memoranda taken at the time, whilst with Captain Napier at Busseekah Bay, and subsequently published in the *United Service Magazine*, I make the following extract:—

"The French officers were frequent guests on board the 'Powerful;' and amongst them Captain Napier found several of his old antagonists during the war, which served, of course, to cement still more strongly the 'entente cordiale.' And many is the pleasant evening we have spent while seated, after dinner, in the cool of the evening, smoking our cigars in the verandah of the stern gallery, listening to long 'yarns' of former days, with the current from the Dardanelles running like a mill-stream beneath us, whilst innumerable

clear waters, burnished with the glowing rays of the setting sun, which thus brought out in relief, and rendered visible to the naked eye, Mount Athos, looming faintly in the west, at the distance of eighty miles."

I can even now hear the fine old sailor—then in the full vigour of manhood and of robust health—fighting over again his battles in the French language, which, though not spoken with a pure Parisian pronunciation, was uttered with a fluency that astonished his hearers, perhaps not less so than it did himself. Monsieur Forêt, the Captain of the "Hercule," was one of those against whom he had measured swords in former days, but now they sat side by side, the best of friends; and it is easy to picture the pleasure these veterans then took in comparing notes of olden times. The "Hercule," Captain Forêt's ship, was a noble vessel, a two-decker, carrying, as we have seen, a hundred guns, and into which the "Powerful" could almost have been stowed. Indeed, all the French ships were of their largest respective classes, and, as will be seen on referring to the above list, were much better manned than our English vessels of the same number of guns; and this, it may be remembered, was one of the subjects to which Captain Napier had always earnestly endeavoured to draw attention; one that—when out of Parliament—he so frequently descanted on through the medium of the press, and which, when in the House of Commons, he advocated in many an unvarnished and emphatic speech; and if anyone had ever the interest of the British Navy sincerely at heart, it was assuredly the brave and honest man—the many achievements of whose eventful life my pen is now endeavouring to record.

Whilst we remained at Busseekah Bay, Captain Napier frequently made excursions—in which I accompanied him—to different parts of the adjacent coasts, where he noted the soundings, the set of the currents, and everything that might hereafter be professionally turned to account. During these expeditions we often visited the plains of Troy, and Captain Napier then formed the plan of opening one of the numerous tumuli with which it is interspersed, saying he would like to "dig out old Ajax, and see how he looked after a sleep of so many hundred years." We sailed one day in the launch, along the coast, to the site of Alexandria Troas, and brought back many of the large stone cannon balls, each weighing several hundred pounds, which the Turks—who have not much respect for any classic remains of antiquity—recklessly hew out of every ancient column, frieze, or pedestal that they can find; and some of these relics of Homeric times may be seen at the present day on the gateway pillars at Merchiston Hall in Hants. On another occasion we visited one of the castles at the entrance of the Dardanelles, and there formed the acquaintance of the Turkish Governor, Mir Ali Khalil Beg, who was invited on board the "Powerful."

These lighter occupations did not prevent Captain Napier from attending to the more serious matters of the discipline of his ship. The "Powerful"—owing to his exertions, and to those of his indefatigable Commander and First Lieutenant, well seconded by the other officers—was getting into the highest order, to be rendered fit to encounter *any* enemy she might have to face; for Captain Napier's

comprehensive mind looked far into coming events, and his view of the actual state of affairs is given in the following memorandum, written at Busseekah Bay, and found amongst other papers, after his death :—*

"'Powerful,' Busseekah Bay, August, 1839.

"The death of the Sultan, the defeat of the Turkish army, and the defection of the fleet, have so completely changed the affairs of the East, that it is well to examine what ought to be done to preserve the Turkish empire.

"It is said the affairs of Turkey are to be settled by the ministers of the five great powers, at Vienna; and, as a preliminary step, nineteen sail-of-the-line, French and English, are assembled in Busseekah Bay, at the entrance of the Dardanelles, and a proposition has been made to Mehemet Ali to guarantee to his family the Pashalic of Egypt, on his giving up the government of Syria, and restoring the Turkish fleet. To this proposition Mehemet Ali demurs, and demands the hereditary government of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, the dismissal of the present ministers, and a full amnesty to the Capudan Pasha and the Turkish officers; and threatens, in the event of any attempt being made upon Alexandria, to march his army to Constantinople. It is supposed these demands will not be admitted—Mehemet Ali is already in possession of what he demands. The question is, how is he to be dispossessed? The combined fleet, without troops, cannot get possession of Alexandria: will the five powers send a military force there?—if so, who is to furnish it? England has no troops, nor will Parliament lay on taxes to raise them; we will certainly not allow France to occupy Egypt—Prussia is, I presume, out of the question, and Russia is too distant. We must, then, look to Austria; and supposing the five powers consent to this arrangement, how is it to be executed? To be successful it must be secret, and secrecy is totally impossible. Mehemet Ali has declared he will march on the Bosphorus, and also block

* For a more detailed account, the reader can refer to the "State of Affairs in the Levant," during the month of August, 1839, contained in the first chapter of Captain Napier's "War in Syria."

up the harbour of Alexandria, if we move; and we have no right to doubt his word, as his character for decision is well known.

"Ibrahim is now twenty days' march from Scutari, and it is clear he could arrive there (if Russia remained quiet) long before an Austrian expedition could leave the Adriatic. Russia is bound by treaty to assist the Porte if attacked, and no doubt would do so; and a secret article in the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi obliges the Porte to prevent foreign ships of war from passing the Dardanelles, on *any pretence whatever*. Russia could bring a fleet and 10,000 men to Constantinople in less than a week, and would most certainly enforce the treaty: she would save Constantinople from Ibrahim Pasha, no doubt—but would she save it from herself? We cannot suppose for one moment that Russia would consent to strengthen the Turkish empire without being amply rewarded for her trouble. If we are quite satisfied that Russia sincerely wishes to preserve the integrity of the Turkish empire, a fleet of nineteen sail-of-the-line in Busseekah Bay is quite unnecessary; and if we are not satisfied, a fleet there is quite useless.

"The current runs down the Dardanelles, in many places, at the rate of three or four miles an hour, and nine months in the year the wind blows down also. It is therefore evident that a Russian fleet from the northward can arrive at Constantinople when they please, but the combined fleets cannot get there without a strong southerly wind; and if Russia holds up her finger, it is doubtful whether they can get there at all; and if we may judge from the manner the Turks are at this moment strengthening their batteries, Russia has already been at work. The fortifications cannot be against Mehemet Ali because we are here; they must, therefore, be against us, at the instigation of Russia. It may be asked, what ought to be done? The question is difficult; and, before I answer it, I will shew what ought to *have been done*. For several years past a French and English squadron have been kept, every summer, in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles, I presume to prevent the necessity of Russia again

never permitted to enter the Dardanelles; but it must be recollected that a vigorous Sultan then reigned, possessing both a fleet and an army. That Sultan is dead, and a boy reigns in his stead—that boy governed by ministers supposed to be under Russian influence; the army destroyed; the fleet in the possession of Mehemet Ali; and the Porte, in consequence, exposed to attacks both within and without. These events were quite unforeseen, and neither Ambassadors nor Admirals had instructions to act under the change of circumstances; but they ought unanimously to have taken the responsibility on their own shoulders, and brought the fleet to Constantinlope. Turkey might have been frightened, but would not have dared to fire; Russia would have stormed, and the Ambassadors would probably have departed; but the Turkish Empire would have been safe, and the remaining Ambassadors could have settled the affairs of the East at their leisure. Such a measure would have been dangerous some years ago, because Russia had a strong fleet in the Baltic, and might have instantly acted against England; and there is no doubt but that fleet was kept for the express purpose of preventing us from acting with vigour in the affairs of the East. Things are now changed. Thanks to the force of public opinion,* the English Government were obliged to increase the Navy, and we have now eleven sail-of-the-line on the home station—amply sufficient to keep Russia in check; besides which, the season is now far advanced, and Russia would not trust her fleet out of the Baltic all the winter.

"To bring the fleet to Constantinople now, is more difficult: the Ambassadors, having so long delayed it, will not take the responsibility on their own shoulders, and the French and English Governments will not take that step without consulting the other Powers. It appears to me clear that the combined fleets have a right to be placed in the same situation towards Constantinople that the Russians are. They can get there when they please—*we* cannot. It ought, therefore, to be notified to the Turkish Government, that, during the time negotiations are going on, an equal number of English,

*Seconded—Captain Napier might have added—by his own strong

French, and Russian ships should take up a position off Constantinople; and if they attempted to fire on us, they must take the consequences. If the five Powers have, with the consent of Turkey, agreed to settle the affairs of the East, they ought to take their own method of doing it. If Russia refuses her consent, she cannot be sincere, and the sooner her Ambassador takes his departure the better. Such a step would at once bring the question of peace or war to a point; and she dare not meet England, France, and Austria combined. The Turkish Government wish half the fleet to go to Alexandria, and the other half to remain. This would be absurd. Mehemet Ali would not give way; and if he marched, Russia would most decidedly be called in, and would most decidedly object to our coming up; and our squadron would return from Egypt disgraced. . . . . .

"Since writing the above, it is said that the English Government proposed to France to send the combined fleet to Alexandria, to demand the Turkish squadron. This they very properly declined. What is next to be done is yet unknown. If we wish to preserve peace, we must act with vigour. Let the fleet be ordered to Constantinople, and the Home squadron to the mouth of the Humber, with what French ships there are now in France, and then tell Russia she must disarm. If we do not act with vigour, the chapter of accidents will be in favour of Russia, and, sooner or later, she will plant her flag on the towers of St. Sophia."

Nothing can more fully evince the decided character of the man than the opinions here expressed. From a sudden change of circumstances, caused by the death of Sultan Mahmoud; by the utter defeat of the Turkish army at Nizib, and the desertion of its fleet, the whole state of affairs in the Levant had assumed an aspect entirely new, and so totally unforeseen, that the representatives of the different Powers were left—as Captain Napier states—completely without instructions how to act. Had he then occupied Lord Ponsonby's

place, or been himself in command, there is little doubt but that the British fleet would have passed the Dardanelles, and anchored in the Golden Horn; and had this step precipitated the course of events, and brought on an immediate war with Russia, it would only have anticipated a crisis which appeared sooner or later to be inevitable—which Captain Napier had long predicted; and this prediction was fulfilled. a few years later, but under far less favourable circumstances than those which presented themselves in 1839. Had the war with Russia *then* taken place, the same results might probably have been obtained without the enormous sacrifice of British treasure and British life caused by the Crimean campaign. When Captain Napier repeatedly drew public attention to the Russian Baltic fleet, and incessantly called upon us to have our navy in readiness and fully armed, he was by many accused of being an "alarmist," anxious to entail useless expense on the country, and of exciting apprehension without any real cause. But whether these accusations were founded on fact or not, has been shewn by subsequent events—events which have fully proved the judgment and foresight that, whilst predicting their occurrence, pointed out the decided measures by which they could have been averted, had not the fear of *responsibility* tied the hands of those who otherwise might have acted differently.

Admiral Stopford, who had proceeded to Constantinople, to confer with the ambassadors on the embarrassing state of affairs, most considerately sent an order to the fleet, granting leave to any of the officers

to visit the capital; and Captain Napier and myself, taking advantage of the arrival of the "Rhadamanthus," bearing despatches from Alexandria to Constantinople, took our passage in her, on the evening of the 19th of August; and, having passed unmolested through the Dardanelles, we were next day steering across the Sea of Marmora, and at daylight on the 21st came in sight of Stamboul, which, from the Golden Horn, presents perhaps one of the most magnificent spectacles in the world.

We were going up the Bosphorus, direct to Therapia, the residence of the European ambassadors, and where Sir Robert Stopford was staying, when, about half-way, we met the "Carysford" dropping down the stream, with the Admiral himself on board. Captain Napier went to see him, and returned with the intelligence that he was coming to Constantinople with a firman to visit its mosques and the seraglio, as the Sultan's harem was then at his palace on the Asiatic coast. Sir Robert Stopford invited us to accompany him; and we found, on landing, several fine horses, richly caparisoned, sent for his use by the Grand Vizier, Khosrew Pasha; and, under the guidance of Mr. Redhouse, the British dragoman at the Porte, we entered the city, and proceeded on our interesting tour. To use Captain Napier's words, "Constantinople has been so frequently described, that I shall not torment the reader with the repetition of an often-told tale;" but he thus relates, in his "War in Syria," how he occupied himself whilst there:—

"During my sojourn at Constantinople, I had an oppor-

tunity of examining the sea defences, both of the capital and the Bosphorus, and I sent Captain E. Napier, who was with me, to examine the land fortifications. The batteries were numerous, well placed, and mounted many heavy guns; but with a strong wind and current, a fleet might pass down without much damage; and if that fleet were accompanied by an army, the fortifications could be taken in reverse. The defences of the Dardanelles are strong to the sea, but weak to the land; a fleet might descend with the stream, but it would be no easy matter to go against it.

"When at Constantinople, I had an interview with the Grand Vizier, Khosrew Pasha. The old man appeared nearly eighty; he is of low stature, and a good deal deformed; his countenance fresh, with a most intelligent and penetrating eye; his dress simple. On entering his apartment, he immediately rose, kissed my cheek, complimented Captain Napier on his soldier-like appearance, and begged us to be seated; seeing us in boots, he called for his, which he drew on in great haste, apparently to be on a footing with us. Pipes and coffee were produced, and, after a few puffs, he began the conversation, through Mr. Redhouse, the interpreter, by expressing his satisfaction at seeing me in the Sultan's capital. I replied, that I hoped to have an opportunity of performing some services for His Imperial Majesty, and that I thought the first step he ought to take should be, inviting the combined fleets to Constantinople. The old man appeared to apprehend more danger from Mehemet Ali than from Russia, and did not relish this proposal. He roundly asserted that it would cause an insurrection, and the Christians would be massacred; that he was not afraid of Russia; and although the empire had been brought to a very low ebb, by the incapacity of the men the late Sultan had placed at the head of the army, followed by the defection of the Turkish fleet, she was still strong; that he had no fear of Russia, and should her troops advance on Constantinople, he would put himself at the head of the Ottoman army, and defeat them. I asked him where his army was, as it had been destroyed at Nizib, and replaced by boys; remarking that Russia would never think of marching, but would come by sea, pass the Bospho-

rus, in spite of all the batteries, and take possession of Constantinople with the greatest ease.

"To this he replied, that in the neighbourhood of the capital there was an army of 30,000 men, which was quite sufficient for its defence; and it would be much better if one half of the fleet were to remain at the mouth of the Dardanelles, and the other half proceed to Alexandria. To this I answered, that nothing could be done at Alexandria without troops—that the entrance of the harbour was too shallow for ships to enter with their guns—and that Mehemet Ali had declared that, if the fleet appeared there, he should instantly direct Ibrahim to march on Scutari; this would inevitably bring down the Russians, who would object to the French and English approaching Constantinople, even if they could get a fair wind; and the probability would be that it would embroil Europe in war, and Turkey would be sacrificed.

"The Vizier inquired why an English army could not be spared to attack Alexandria. To this I replied, we had already too much on our hands; what with the troubles in Canada, the war in India, the prospect of an outbreak in China, and the Chartists at home, it was impossible to spare troops, and that I was sure Parliament would not grant supplies for such an expedition. This ended our conversation. Khosrew was strongly suspected of being in the interest, if not the pay, of Russia; how far that is true, is hard to say."

His examination of the sea defences of the Bosphorus was most minute; in prosecuting it, he went as far as the entrance of the Black Sea, and amongst his papers I find sketches, with copious notes, relating to these fortifications, as well as to those of the Dardanelles; for he never—as I have elsewhere remarked—spared any trouble to obtain every information on these subjects; and I well recollect his anxious wish, at that time, was to have paid a visit to Sebastopol; but the opportunity of doing so did not occur.

We lodged at Therapia, on the borders of the Bos-

phorus, with a Greek family, and passed there ten or twelve days in the most agreeable manner. From Captain Walker (the late Surveyor General of the Navy, who afterwards occupied so conspicuous a position in the Turkish fleet) and his amiable lady, who had fixed their residence here, we met with every attention and civility; and were likewise entertained by the different ambassadors. It was with much regret that we left this delightful spot; and after having had an interview with the young Sultan, Abdul Medjid—of which an account will be found in the "Syrian War"—we returned with the Admiral, and rejoined the fleet at Busseekah Bay, where I remained a few weeks longer, as Captain Napier's guest.

"The combined fleets remained till the end of October at Busseekah Bay, when the English proceeded to Vourla for the winter, and were shortly followed by the French squadron, part of which went to Smyrna. The English now consisted of twelve sail-of-the-line, the French of nine. The French ships," pointedly adds Captain Napier in this part of his narrative, extracted from the "War in Syria," "were much larger, and better manned than ours. Admiral Lalande was indefatigable in exercising them, and I must admit that in harbour manœuvres they were equally as expert as ourselves, and in some respects superior; nor can I refrain from observing that keeping the two fleets so much together was a most impolitic measure.

"Although it may be very advantageous to have an alliance with France, there ought to be no acting together with fleets, if it can possibly be avoided."

Wearied of the inactivity of the life, he was then leading at Vourla Bay, Captain Napier had some thoughts of giving up his ship, and returning home,

as expressed in the following letter to Mrs. Napier :—

"Vourla Bay, Nov. 5th, 1839.

"I very seldom go on shore; and indeed there is no great comfort in being employed in this way. I would much sooner live in a garret on bread and cheese than be here; and nothing prevents me from exchanging or giving up the ship but the uncertainty of what may take place with this fleet, which is now increased to twelve sail-of-the-line. We have been here a fortnight, and I presume are here for the winter; and if something does not take place, or seem likely to take place, I shall exchange in the spring."

I find amongst Sir Charles Napier's papers the following communication from Admiral Sir Philip Durham on this subject :—

"Minto, 8th Nov., 1839.

"MY DEAR NAPIER,—Lord Minto told me this morning he had an application from a captain to succeed you in the command of the 'Powerful,' but that he was not aware you were thinking of giving up that ship. The 'Rodney' is to be ordered home very soon; do, my good friend, hold on. Believe me, no one has a greater esteem for Captain Napier than

"P. C. H. DURHAM."

Another letter to Mrs. Napier again expresses uneasiness as to the state of political affairs at the close of the year 1839 :—

"'Powerful,' Vourla Bay, Dec. 21st, 1839.

"We are still lying in Vourla Bay, and yesterday received orders to complete our provisions to twenty-four weeks, so that there is no chance whatever of our going to Malta; and early in the spring I have no doubt but we shall return to Busseekah Bay. We hear that the French and English Governments are not agreed; and if that be the case, the Eastern question may not be settled for years. In the meantime, the French are preparing a squadron of reserve at Toulon; their ships are all manned on the war establishment, and ours are

twelve sail-of-the-line here—they have eight, and seven more are collecting at Toulon.

"I was up at Smyrna a few days ago, at a grand ball that was given to the Archduke Frederick by the Austrians. It was very crowded, and very stupid. I afterwards went with a party into the country to shoot wild boar, but had very little sport. Indeed, there is no sort of amusement here; we are tired of walking about, and very seldom go out of our ships. Captain Reynolds, whom you saw at Portsmouth, is a great friend of mine, and a very good fellow. Mrs. Reynolds is at Malta, but he has not the smallest chance of going there. The Admiral asked to be allowed to go down, but I believe the Admiralty have directed him to keep all the squadron here. The 'Rodney,' I hear, is to go home soon; but whether I am to have the broad pendant or not, I do not know. I had a letter from Sir Philip Durham, who was staying with Lord Minto. He said that some one had applied for the 'Powerful,' but he did not know that I wished to give her up. The Admiral advised me to hold on. Whether that came from Lord Minto or not, I do not know; but it is rather odd he should have written to me."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE "POWERFUL" AT VOURLA AND BEYROUT—JANUARY TO JULY, 1840.

THE English fleet, then consisting of twelve sail-of-the-line, on leaving Busseekah Bay towards the latter end of October, 1839, proceeded, as we have seen, to the Gulf of Vourla, on the coast of Asia Minor, to the southward of Smyrna, at which place they were doomed to pass the winter and a portion of the ensuing summer in a state of inactivity.

The reader may easily conceive how impatiently Captain Napier must have borne such an unexciting state of existence; and if to the apprehension of passing another summer doing nothing, at anchor in Busseekah Bay, be added that he was likewise out of health, it will not be matter of surprise that he should thus have anxiously desired to be once more at home, and engaged in the rural occupations of Merchiston. The following letter to Mrs. Napier well depicts his feelings at this time:—

"'Powerful,' Vourla Bay, Jan. 1st, 1840.

"Things here are just in the same state, and are likely to

the first time, the snow appeared on the mountains, and it was rather cold. There is not the smallest prospect of any of the squadron going to Malta, either this winter or the ensuing summer. I hope the promotion on the Queen's marriage will include me; but I fear not. This is slow work indeed, and by no means suits me. All the captains who have their families at Malta heartily regret it, and wish them all back again in England. The new Admiral is, I suppose, named by this time. We have no idea who it is to be. Had I been in England at the present moment, I should have had no difficulty in getting returned either for Falmouth or Plymouth. A campaign in the House of Commons would have done me more service than three or four years in Vourla Bay doing nothing. We had a very large Christmas party: all the officers, mids, &c., and myself dined under the half-deck. The youngsters all dine with me to-day. Captain Austin dined with me the day before yesterday. He is anxious to stay out, which, I apprehend, will not be difficult, as there appears no chance of his being ordered home. The 'Rodney' has been upwards of four years from England, and we hear nothing as yet of her moving; and if she did go, I question whether I should have a broad pendant."

The "Rodney" was a splendid ninety-gun two-decker, under the late Captain—afterwards Admiral—Sir Hyde Parker. He was, by seniority, second in command, and had hoisted the Commodore's blue pendant. Had she been ordered home, it would have placed Captain Napier in that position. Admiral Stopford was anxious to return to England; and had they both taken their departure, Captain Napier, as next senior officer, had every reason to expect—according to the rules of the service—that he would have been left in temporary command until a successor to Sir Robert should have been sent out.

to do; had no attractions for him. His old friend, Colonel Hodges, had been recently appointed British Consul-General at Alexandria, and he thus wrote to him:—

"Vourla Bay, January 12th, 1840.

"My dear Hodges,—I saw your arrival at Alexandria in the last Smyrna paper, and I hope you will like your situation better than the last . . . . . We have been lying here, as I suppose you are aware by this time, since the latter end of October, but for what purpose you, as a diplomatist, may perhaps know; but we, as sailors, have not the least idea. Our wise Government seem desirous of protecting the Turks from Mehemet Ali; while we, on the contrary, think the danger much more likely to proceed from Russia. I am of opinion that the wisest thing we could do, would be the acknowledging Mehemet Ali, and giving him both Syria and Egypt: you would thus give the Turks a powerful ally, instead of a discontented Pasha, and it would be a much better way of keeping Russia in check than the present.

"At Sebastopol they have seventeen sail-of-the-line ready for sea, and abundance of troops prepared to embark; in the Baltic they have twenty-eight sail-of-the-line; and if we offer to move here, they will inundate the shores of England with their fleets. We ought this winter to have gone to Constantinople, kept a sufficient force there to check the Russian fleet, and collected the rest of our fleet in the Downs; proceeded early in spring to the Baltic, and *there* settled the Eastern question, by obliging them to disarm first, and the affair of Mehemet Ali would soon have been concluded. We have not done this, and we hear that we are going to work in conjunction with Russia; if so, it is fear alone that can make us act so impolitic a part—you, perhaps, may know more about it.

"The French have withdrawn their ships from here, and it is said they are going to withdraw two more. We keep twelve; they will then have four. Their ships are fully manned, and are in as good order as ours; we are weakly manned, and I doubt whether we are equal to them. All this is very bad.

I am heartily tired of this sort of life, and regret I ever took the shilling; and I think ere long I shall exchange, unless things should take a different aspect. I have asked the Admiral leave to take a trip in the steamer to Alexandria, but he does not appear to relish it. Write to me here, under cover to the Consul at Smyrna, and give me all the news you have about Mehemet Ali—it will be gratifying to me as well as to the Chief. With my best regards to Mrs. Hodges, believe me yours very faithfully,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"January 14th, 1840.

"MY DEAR HODGES,—Since writing the above, I received the Admiral's letter, and he has given me leave to go to Alexandria after the arrival of the packet, which is hourly expected, unless there is anything in a recent despatch which she is bringing up. The French mail brought up orders for him to send half the squadron to Malta, and they sailed this morning. I don't understand our movements, nor anybody else. If twenty-one sail-of-the-line were necessary a month ago, I should suppose they are necessary now, and we have now only twelve French and English. Yours truly,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

A few days later he sent the following representation of the state of affairs to Lord Palmerston:—

"'Powerful,' Vourla Bay, January 17th, 1840.

"MY DEAR LORD PALMERSTON,—Whether the French and English Governments are on good or bad terms I do not pretend to know, but one thing is quite certain, that the two squadrons lying so much in the same anchorage is by no means desirable.

"The French, as far as putting their ships into order, have thrown that entirely on one side, and copy us in everything; and it is quite wonderful to what a state of improvement they have come. Our squadron is manned on the peace establishment, and the French on the war. To give your lordship an idea of the difference between us: the 'Powerful' mounts 84 guns, with a crew of 645 men, including 60 boys; a French ship of the same force has from 850 to

890. When we go to quarters we have not a single man at musketry; they have upwards of 200. Your lordship may judge what chance we should have in close action. The argument, that we have always beat the French, and will do it again, will not do; their discipline has improved wonderfully, and is very little inferior to ours. Their officers, from having more practice than they had in war, are very much better; and our officers, from having less practice than they had in war, are very much worse.

"Their system of promotion is encouraging; our system of promotion is discouraging. They arrive at command in the prime of life; we arrive at command in the decline.

"Our passed midshipmen are all disgusted; our youngsters see this, hear the grumbling, and become so also. I have two who have quitted the service; and their reason is, that when they see midshipmen who have passed eight or ten years, it is useless their continuing in such a profession. If we do not change our system, a catastrophe will befall us sooner or later.

"Your lordship is better aware than I can be of the affairs of the East; but I think I could furnish your with the means of bringing them to a speedy conclusion at much less expense than we are now at. The French have here six sail-of-the-line; we have twelve. We ought to be at Constantinople. The question is, how are we to get there without bloodshed, and without the knowledge of Russia? To ask permission of the Turks would be useless, for the Russian ambassador would know it five minutes afterwards; and if granted, the Russian fleet, crammed with troops, would be there before us: the wind is almost always fair for them, and foul for us.

"If the French and English Governments agree, and your lordship could depend upon secrecy, the matter would be easy; but that, I suppose, cannot be counted on; what I propose should therefore be without their knowledge.

"We have in this squadron 1600 as fine marines as ever were seen, and 12 field-pieces—it would be very easy to complete them to 2000. I would increase our steamboats, so as to carry the 2000 marines; for I would trust nothing to chance

or winds. The first strong southerly wind that sets in, Sir Robert Stopford should so arrange that a steamboat might arrive from Constantinople; and he should also communicate to the French Admiral that he had certain information the Russians intended occupying Constantinople, that he had determined to be beforehand with them, and intended proceeding thither on his own responsibility. The steamers should start for the Gulf of Sadror, land the marines, march in the rear of the Dardanelles' batteries, and surprise them, which could be easily done; the fleet could then pass up without loss, and announce their own arrival at Constantinople. There is no doubt but the French Admiral would fall into the trap and join, but I much doubt whether he would, if he knew the secret; and with the secret I certainly would not trust him beforehand. Once at Constantinople, an explanation would be given to the government; and, as a proof of our sincerity, the marines might be re-embarked. The Russian ambassador would storm, and probably embark; let him go—Constantinople would be safe. Liberal terms should be given to Mehemet Ali, who, I have no doubt, would accept them; he would give up Candia, but not Syria, and we cannot force him, because France will not assist in coercing him.

"Now, my lord, I have got up to Constantinople, and with little or no loss, which in forcing the passage I would have otherwise met with; as the Turks would have considered it their duty to fire, unless previous orders to the contrary had been given, and to ask for such orders, for obvious reasons, would have been impossible.

"The next thing to be done is to settle Russia. She has sixteen sail-of-the-line at Sebastopol; the English fleet, without the assistance of the French, would put them in check,—so there is no fear in that quarter. They have, however, a fleet in the Baltic; that fleet will be free in April, and they must be checkmated by a strong squadron. France would, I suppose, send part of the fifteen sail she is collecting in the Mediterranean; but if she did not, we must do it ourselves. At each of the ports we have a three-decker; full-man them,

and add to them the 'Queen,' now fitting out; strengthen them with the three sail-of-the-line from Lisbon, and the three ships sent from this station; add to them half a dozen more heavy ships, and let them make their appearance, during the early spring, in the Baltic, with such a fellow as Dundonald to command them. Give Russia the choice of war or disarming; it is more than the Emperor's head is worth to choose the former; however, if he did, he must take the consequence; to that it will come at last, and to Constantinople he will get, sooner or later, unless we play a vigorous game. I remember well your lordship telling me, at the South Hampshire election, that no ministry could keep peace with Russia for three years; your lordship has done it for four, but I do not think you can do it much longer.

"Could Russia see us embroiled with the French, they would then most certainly play her game with the Turks. Now is the time to make use of France to stop Russia, and throw her back; that done, we should be ready to bring the French to their senses, which they seem to be beginning to lose.

"Since writing this, it appears that Mehemet Ali has amalgamated the Turkish fleet with his own; this does not look like giving them up, and, by what I can learn of his character, he is a man not to be bullied. Russia, I daresay, would have no objection to be called on to coerce him, but it would not be easy to get rid of her afterwards. There has been a conspiracy discovered in Greece, at the bottom of which Russia is; and very probably she is secretly backing up Mehemet Ali, in order to furnish an excuse to come to the assistance of Turkey. All that Russia wants is time, and to see us embroiled with the French; they will then pounce on Turkey. This is the first winter she has kept her Black Sea fleet ready for sea, and the probability is, she will have her Baltic fleet ready by April.

"Your lordship will excuse this long letter—if it be troublesome to read, you have only to put it in the fire; but I could not resist expressing to your lordship my views of the affairs

repeat the subject occasionally. I have the honour to remain, your lordship's most obedient servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

On the 22nd of January, 1840, Commodore Hyde Parker sailed for England (his broad blue pendant had been up a few months), and the Commander-in-chief, shortly after, obtained leave to proceed to Malta with six sail-of-the-line; on which Sir John Lewis, the superintendent of Malta dockyard, was ordered to Vourla, to take command of the remainder of the squadron. This, I believe, was an unusual measure, and by no means complimentary to Captain Napier, who was the next senior officer. He in consequence proffered his resignation to the Admiral, who, however, declined accepting it. After some explanation with Sir Robert Stopford, the letter was withdrawn, and, as Captain Napier expresses himself, "I pocketed the affront."

He gives the following explanation on the subject to Mrs. Napier:—

"'Powerful,' Vourla Bay, January 29th, 1840.

"The 'Rodney' and 'Vanguard' are gone home, but my friends have not judged proper to give me a broad pendant; and, indeed, they have ordered Sir John Louis up from Malta, in case Sir Robert Stopford goes down. This had such an appearance, that I instantly wrote to the Admiral, to resign the command of the 'Powerful,' which brought an explanation from him, viz., that he had written to the Admiralty, to ask Lewis to be allowed to relieve him, in the event of his going to Malta, which the Admiralty consented to, and that there could be no intention of offending me on their part; and I have written to Sir William Parker to say so. The last news from Constantinople is, that a treaty has been signed, between England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, to put down

stantinople, and Russia is to march an army against him. If that be the case, we have made a great mistake, and are playing the game of Russia. What France will do, remains to be seen."

The following note is too characteristic to be omitted, showing, at the same time, his great anxiety for active employment:—

"'Powerful,' Vourla Bay, February 9th, 1840.

"My Lord,—I have just heard of the death of Sir Frederick Maitland, in India. If your lordship wants a man to go overland, at a moment's warning, to take command of the squadron, I am ready. I should hope to send all the China junks to the Devil, before you can get a new Admiral out on the station. I am your lordship's obedient servant,

"Charles Napier.

"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Minto,
"First Lord of the Admiralty."

The reply he received was hardly as gracious as might have been expected:—

"Admiralty, 27th February, 1840.

"Sir,—I have had the honour to receive your letter of the 9th, offering your services in India, of which, however, I am unable to avail myself; as, upon the first intelligence of Sir Frederick Maitland's illness, which reached us by a former overland mail, arrangements were made, if necessary, to supply his place in the direction of our operations in the China seas. I have the honour to be, sir, yours faithfully,

"Minto.

"Captain Charles Napier, C.B."

The following letter, addressed to myself, will show Captain Napier's propensity for a little "soldiering," whenever the opportunity presented itself of indulging in this taste; indeed, he often said that he preferred work on shore to work afloat—he was fond of the soldiers, and was always a favourite with them. The

the heights of Lebanon, and against a most formidable adversary—but we will not anticipate.

"'Powerful,' Smyrna, April 4, 1840.

"My dear Edward,— . . . . . I have been very unwell, these last two months, with an attack on my chest, but am now much better, and am come up here for a change of air and horse exercise, and I shall not hurry back to Vourla till Sir Robert Stopford returns, which is by no means certain. The affairs in the East are in the same state, and I presume Busseekah Bay will be our summer quarters. I wish something were decided, for I am heartily tired of such an inactive life. I was senior officer at Vourla for a fortnight, and I then kept them all on the move. We had a very pretty sham-fight on one of the islands; landing about 2,000 men and six field-pieces. Two ships, with the seamen and marines, occupied a strong position on the heights, which we attacked with the seamen and marines of three more, flanking the position with boats in which were guns. We attacked in three close columns, covered by skirmishers, and deployed nearly on the top of the hill, under a very heavy fire; and it was really wonderful how well the sailors and marines did it. We could not carry the heights, and next formed in close columns and retired, covered by skirmishers, and were followed up by the enemy till we regained our starting position. We then formed in line of three battalions, and advanced by alternate wings, the skirmishers covering the wings after firing. We were again unsuccessful, and retired in the same way: this finished our fight. After this we formed in open column, marched round the parade, and each ship's company retired to their embarking places. I don't know whether our movements were strictly military, but it went off well. Remember me to all your brother officers, and believe me your affectionate father,

"Charles Napier."

After the dull monotony of Vourla Bay, the change to Smyrna appears to have been most agreeable; here

that of riding about in a beautiful country. The following extract from a letter written at the time by a friend will show the nature of the amusements which the officers of the fleet were enabled to indulge in while at this place, and that Captain Napier had not quite forgotten his horsemanship of former days :—

"Riding is the greatest amusement among us, and we have actually had some very good races, and a steeple-chase or two. At our races a few days ago we had a good show of about fifty horsemen—with a few exceptions, naval officers—and capital sport; a dinner in a tent on the ground, at which we expected some English ladies, but were disappointed—a donkey race rode by our servants, and a break-neck gallop home in the evening, filled up the day. Captain Napier, who is a bit of a fox-hunter, rode his own horse, and won a race in pretty style. He has taken a house at a sweet little village near our race-ground, about four miles out of town, and rides in frequently; comes on board to see all right, and goes out again. His health has been much improved by the change, and he enjoys much the society of several English families who have their country houses in the village.

"On the 4th of June the English squadron left Smyrna for a summer cruise—the French preceded us by a few days. We visited the beautiful island of Mytilene, which possesses one of the finest harbours in the world, completely land-locked, and capable of containing any number of ships; from thence we proceeded to Scio, which had not recovered from the ravages of the Turks during the Greek insurrection. The town was still in ruins, and there appeared little probability of its ever recovering its former splendour. From Scio we returned to Mytilene, from thence to Mosconisi, and after visiting the ruins of Assos, passed between Mytilene and the Main, and anchored in Busseekah Bay on the 24th. Here the 'Gorgon' joined, with the intelligence of an insurrection having broken out in the Lebanon—of Mehemet Ali having offered to give up the Turkish fleet, and of his pre-

expedition was chiefly composed of Turkish frigates, manned with mixed crews, and carrying an army of from 12,000 to 15,000 men, of which 4,000 were Turks—thus employing the Sultan's ships and troops to put down the Sultan's subjects who were anxious to shake off the yoke of Mehemet Ali."

But to proceed further in this quotation would be to anticipate the course of events. Captain Napier was still cruising amongst "the Isles of Greece," from whence he thus writes home:—

"'Powerful,' Scio, June 17, 1840.

"I left Smyrna the 3rd of June last, and proceeded to Mytilene. Mrs. —— came up here about a month ago, and as the Admiral did not like her to go in ——, I took her on board here, and two young ladies, the Misses ——, from Smyrna; they are nice pleasant people, and give no trouble whatever, and we generally dine with the Admiral every day. Mytilene is a very fine island, and the scenery beautiful; we stayed there three days, and then went to Mosconisi, another island in the Gulf of Adramyti; from thence we went in the steamer to see the ruins of Assos in Asia Minor, and very fine ruins they are. Edward will be able to give you a description of them; we had no books here, and were much at a loss. We came here the day before yesterday, and have been exploring the ruins of the town. This was a very rich island—indeed, I believe the capital of it was the richest and best built in all Greece; the inhabitants used to go to different parts, and, when they had made their fortunes, they returned here and lived in great magnificence. In the time of the Greek insurrection the Turks massacred 25,000 men, women, and children, sold the survivors for slaves, and burnt the houses, so that nothing now is standing but the bare walls. There are fine orange groves, but no oranges yet. They make also gum-mastic, and they have a splendid breed of mules. Even now parents are looking about for their children, who were sold in various parts of Greece; the Turkish Government are restoring the property of the sur-

many years to bring it back to the state it was in, if ever this can be done. The governor is a very good man, and the most liberal Turk I have seen. If they can only carry the Hatti Scheriff into execution, there is some hope of the Turkish empire being regenerated; and the first step towards it would be the settlement of the Eastern question. We heard yesterday that there had been an extensive insurrection in Syria—if that is true, it will . . . ."

The following is the first of a series of letters to his family, from Commander Elliot—then a lieutenant on board the "Powerful"—which I have introduced into these pages, not only as containing interesting notices relating to the subject of these memoirs, but also as giving graphic descriptions of the events which happened and the scenes visited at that period in Asia Minor and on the coast of Syria, and as offering a little variety to the official and political correspondence which unavoidably occupies so much of this work:—

"'Powerful,' Avoli, Gulf of Adramyti, June 13, 1840.

". . . . The adoption of the measures recommended by the Commission has silenced the growls of most of the junior ranks among us for the present, except the marine officers; but there is a general disappointment in what is done, or, rather, that nothing is done, for the old officers. Captain Napier never seemed to expect or care much about it, and only advocates his favourite hobby of doing away with the Admiralty, and other sweeping changes, which, without doubt, there is much sense and reason in. . . .

"*June* 16*th*.—I must now tell you what we are about, as you perceive we have at last left Smyrna, and are taking quite a pleasure cruise in the neighbourhood, going about and visiting any of the little ports where there is anything worth seeing, and enjoying, what is a great treat in this sultry climate, the fine, wholesome sea-breeze. Sir John Louis, with his flag in the 'Ganges,' still commands us, and

make a very pretty squadron. You will be surprised to hear we have three ladies on board, guests of the Captain; and how they came here I must explain. You know there is an order by the Admiralty that no captain or officer shall take his wife to sea with him, but it does not say that he may not take any other person's wife; so Mrs. ——, the wife of the captain of the ——, having got tired of staying at Malta without ever seeing her husband, came up to Smyrna; and as he could not take her on board of his own ship, Captain Napier kindly offered to take her in his, and got two English ladies of Smyrna to accompany her for the trip. . . . .

"Our first voyage was not a very long one, to the port of Mytilene, in the island of that name, where we stayed several days; and I have seldom enjoyed myself more than in rambling over the country of this beautiful and fertile island. It belongs to the Turks, but the inhabitants are chiefly Greeks; and, meeting but few strangers, they are delighted to see us, and inclined to treat us with hospitality and kindness. The country, at all times beautiful, is, at this season, truly delightful; the wheat harvest is just begun, and the fruit trees of almost every kind, nearly in a state of nature, are bending with their loads. From the ship, the interior of the island appears high and barren, but the sloping and level land near the water is like an immense forest of olive trees, interspersed with numerous small white houses, which are built several stories high, to catch the breeze above the trees, and on visiting them one finds much more land under tillage than would be expected. The produce is chiefly olive oil, wine, and a large quantity of silk, which gives employment to the women, who are now all busy attending the worms, and feeding them with the leaves of the mulberry, which is much cultivated for the purpose. A very large and pretty castle, on a peninsular hill, is seen from the harbour, with a pretty little town at its foot; but, like everything Turkish, the one is fast going to ruin, and the other, on a near approach, is found poor, dirty, and miserable. The garrison is strong in Turkish troops, for fear of the insurrectional spirit of the Greeks, who far outnumber them, but are not allowed to carry arms;

Pasha, and the total insecurity of property, this island would be a perfect paradise. In the day of the ancient Greeks it was called Lesbos, and was famed for its fertility and learning. The remains of a temple to Apollo adjoin the town, but, with true Turkish taste, it has been demolished to build their houses, and the marble burnt for lime.

"From Mytilene we went to Avoli, a small bay and town in the Gulf of Adramyti, but only anchored there to be near to the very ancient and extensive ruins of Assos, which are upon the coast, but off which there is no anchorage for large ships; so the following day the 'Cyclops' was seen getting her steam up, and ordered to convey all officers who wished, and could get leave, to visit the ruins about twenty miles off. The ladies, Admiral, and most of the captains, of course, went, but as it was not to be expected our friends of the 'Cyclops' could feed us all, we were desired to bring our own grub for the day. I was one of the fortunate ones, and it was an amusing sight to see us scrambling on board with our well-filled baskets, to the number of about 100; every one bent on enjoying a holiday; and brought me in mind of the Cockney Sunday picnic parties crowding on board the Gravesend and Richmond steamers, to dissipate all thoughts of business and shop for a day, to which idea one of the best bands in the squadron, borrowed for the occasion, lent their aid.

"The immense and stately deck of the 'Cyclops' might be compared to a common steam-packet, with all ranks mixing in equality, and much joking and meeting of old friends and acquaintances; for although the ships are not often out of sight of each other, we seldom meet, except accidentally on shore, or on occasions like this. The Admiral seemed to enjoy it, and we were soon found forming a quadrille, with but two ladies in the party. The rapid pace of the 'Cyclops' did not give us long to enjoy it, when we were all bundled on shore at the foot of a high cliff, on which the ruins are situated, and told to be back again by sunset. H—— W—— joined our party of four messmates and myself, and we were all much pleased with the ruins, which are very extensive and massively built, and must have been in nearly the same state as at present

are quite distinct, as well as those of a theatre, baths, and other public buildings, mostly built of large blocks of granite, hewn and accurately fitted to each other without mortar. The outer walls of the town are very perfect, with noble arched gateways, such as are scarcely to be met with in the present day.

"I have not been able to learn much of the history of the place, but it flourished about five hundred years before Christ, and several centuries before Britain was even known to the Romans; the strength of the materials and the fineness of the climate contributing to preserve it from further decay, it looks as if it would last to eternity. A few half savage Turks, that inhabited the village close by, seemed truly astonished at our visitation, and their wonder on hearing the band strike up from the top of the highest ruin was greatly displayed.

"The following day the squadron sailed for the island of Scio, celebrated for the horrid massacre of its inhabitants by the Turks, in the Greek war of independence, when not less than 60,000—chiefly women and children—were most cruelly butchered, and it is truly sickening to hear how shockingly some met with their death. The country of this island is even richer than Mytilene, but it is melancholy to see the thickly scattered and really handsome houses, not one having a roof, and all in ruins. For some time the monsters continued their devastation, with the intention of extirpating the whole of the inhabitants, who were nearly all Greeks, and left it as it is now, comparatively uninhabited, and one mass of ruins."

Before the end of June the squadron, under Sir John Louis, was once more anchored in Busseekah Bay. Affairs, however, appeared to be approaching to a crisis, as the following letter to Mrs. Napier will show:—

"'Powerful,' Busseekah Bay, June 24th, 1840.

"I have only time to say that we are just arrived in Bus-

up from Smyrna, and is going off immediately to Malta. Mehemet Ali has offered to give up the Turkish fleet now that Khosrew Pasha is dismissed, and there is an insurrection in Syria; whether we shall take any part I do not know, but I believe we return to Smyrna or Vourla to-morrow. I think we ought not to leave this without hearing from the ambassador. I do not know what decision the Admiral will take; but this movement, I think, will bring matters to a point one way or the other. I am very glad you have got home, but I am sorry to hear you are still complaining. I have written you several letters, as well as to Edward and Fanny, about going somewhere in the winter if you wish it. What my own movements may be, I cannot tell at present, as everything will depend on how this business is to terminate."

Shortly after this was written, intelligence arrived of an insurrection having broken out in Syria against the oppressive government of the Egyptians; that the mountaineers of the Lebanon were in arms; and that Mehemet Ali had despatched from Alexandria an expedition of twelve or fifteen thousand men (some of them Turkish soldiers) in the Turco-Egyptian fleet, for the purpose of putting down the revolt. On the receipt of this news, Sir John Louis immediately returned to Smyrna with the fleet; but a portion of it, under Captain Napier, was soon again in motion:—

To Mrs. Napier. "'Powerful,' Vourla, July 1st, 1840.

"We are just starting with another line-of-battle ship, a frigate, and a steamer, for the coast of Syria, for the protection of British interests, but with such shilly-shally orders, that Mehemet Ali's squadron may do what they please with the Turks, and we are not to touch them; but, however, I am in hopes we may be so lucky that something may turn up. We ought all to have gone to Syria the moment we heard of Mehemet Ali sending troops to put down the insurrection in Syria, and taken possession of all his force. . . . . .

will be twelve sail, and I shall then see whether or not I am to have a broad pendant. Sir Robert Stopford is not yet come up, but I suppose will be here in a fortnight."

The other line-of-battle ship alluded to was the "Edinburgh," which, with a steamer, was detached, under Captain Napier's orders, to Beyrout; but his hands were tied, and he was ordered to *do nothing* —an order which, under existing circumstances, he must have felt a great inclination to set aside. He arrived, with his little squadron, at Beyrout on the 7th of July. The Egyptian troops had been disembarked, and the greater part of their fleet had sailed; but there still remained a sixty-gun frigate, with the flag of a Rear-Admiral, three corvettes, and a brigantine, on which Captain Napier no doubt longed to put his hands. He was visited, on his arrival, by Mr. Moore, the British Consul, who gave a most alarming account of the state of the country, and of the excesses committed by the Albanian soldiers* detached into the mountains from the Egyptian garrison occupying Beyrout, which was at that time commanded by Souleyman Pasha, a Frenchman, whose real name was Sève. This officer had formerly served under Bonaparte, and to him was chiefly due the credit of having brought Mehemet Ali's army to a high state of European discipline; to which circumstance may be attributed their great superiority over the Turks, whom they had invariably defeated in every engagement that had hitherto taken place. The magnitude of the insurrection in Mount Lebanon, originating in the oppressive

* Mercenaries, in the service of Mehemet Ali; they were famed for their daring and ferocity—always employed by him in his wars, and frequently guilty of the greatest atrocities.—*Author's note.*

measures enforced by Mehemet Ali, had, however, been greatly exaggerated, and, with the additional Egyptian force so lately landed at Beyrout, it was likely to be crushed on its first outbreak. "For the mountaineers," says Captain Napier, "unprovided with either arms or ammunition, were headed by no chief of note, and never could assemble a force of a thousand men, even for a few days." On the arrival of the Turco-Egyptian squadron from Alexandria they submitted.

"The following morning the greater part of the Egyptian camp was struck, and they marched to the neighbourhood of Dhair-el-Kamar, the capital of the mountains. A little resistance was shewn by small parties on the first advance, and the Albanians were sent to disperse them. In accomplishing this, several villages were destroyed; they penetrated to the heights of Brumanah, and burnt the village and convent of Beitmarie. Observing this from the 'Powerful,' I sent a letter to the Egyptian Admiral, to which Souleyman Pasha replied."*

Captain Napier thus related the state of affairs in a letter to Lord Palmerston :—

"'Powerful,' Beyrout, July 8th, 1840.

"My Lord,—I take the opportunity of a French steamer going to Malta to make known to your lordship what has occurred here lately. Your lordship will have heard, ere this, of the sailing of an expedition from Alexandria, consisting of a considerable squadron, composed of Turkish and Egyptian ships, with from 12 to 15,000 Albanian, Egyptian, and Turkish troops. They arrived here on the 22d and 23d, landed the troops, and sailed on the 4th. I arrived at daylight on the 7th, and could not have been far from them on the night of the 6th. I presume they have returned to Alexandria, but I have sent the 'Edinburgh' to Tripoli, and the 'Castor' to Cyprus, to endeavour to ascertain if they are not gone else-

where. My orders are not to risk any collision with them, or interfere with their proceedings, but to protect British persons and property on this coast.

"I understand there was great discontent on board the ships; and I have no doubt, had I arrived here sooner, and entered into negotiation with the disaffected, they would have declared for the Sultan. Whether I should have been right in so doing, your lordship will judge—but that is the line I should have taken up; and, indeed, had the squadron been left under my command, I should have instantly proceeded to this place and conducted the whole of them to Rhodes, there to remain till the Government had taken a decision about them.

"The insurgents in the districts of Lebanon are about 15,000 strong. They are close to the town, and seem to care very little about Mehemet Ali's troops, who are encamped on this side of the river, opposite to the insurgents. The Turkish troops, about 5,000 in number, will not act; so that I do not apprehend they will be able to make a forward movement; but there can be no doubt that the landing of such a body of men here, will have a very considerable effect in checking the spirit of insurrection all over Syria, as it will make them believe that the French and English, by not intercepting Mehemet Ali's ships, are favourable to him, or, at all events, indifferent to their fate. The effect at Constantinople will not either, I presume, be good, as the Sultan will have reason to doubt our intentions with respect to him. 'I expect the 'Cyclops' here to-morrow from Alexandria, and I shall learn from Hodges whether there is any intention of sending more troops to this neighbourhood. I confess it would give me considerable pain to be a looker-on, should they bring another expedition; but my orders are so positive that I cannot move. And even should I encourage a revolt, I do it at my own risk; but I feel satisfied that it is your lordship's view, because I observe, in a reply you made to Mr. Hume in the House of Commons in May last, that you said Colonel Hodges would only be doing his duty if he afforded assistance to any of the Sultan's subjects who wished to return to their allegiance. I presume I shall remain on this coast all the summer, and I

have taken a correct view or not of affairs here.—I have the honour to remain, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

Colonel Hodges, agreeably to the request previously made to him, kept Captain Napier well informed of the proceedings of Mehemet Ali.

"Alexandria, 10th July, 1840.

"MY DEAR NAPIER,—Your letter of the 27th of June reached me on the 4th inst., and believe me that the hearing from you, and finding that you are in improved health, gave me sincere satisfaction.

"I rejoice, too, at having near me a man on whose prudence as well as energy I can rely. The post you so fortunately occupy is one of immense responsibility, and an officer of less experience and less solidity of reflection might, by some hasty act, occasion a blaze of which no man could foresee the results.

"We have a consul at Beyrout, with whose conduct I am perfectly satisfied.

"The Pasha is in a most agitated frame of mind. He tells me that he has commanded a general action. On its issue will probably depend the fate of Syria. And the anxious emotion of Mehemet Ali is very natural; he seems at length to entertain fears and doubts of coming events; but he will not sink, nor abandon his pretensions without a struggle. There is a confident expectation here that His Highness is about to proceed in person to Syria. Should the next news continue unfavourable to his cause, I have no doubt that he will take such a step. I shall follow him at once; and that he may not escape my vigilance at so important a moment, I have ventured to request of Captain Austin to stay the departure of the 'Cyclops' until the determination of Mehemet Ali becomes manifest, as it will be, soon after the arrival of an Egyptian steamer expected hourly from Beyrout.

"Previous to the existence of the present rumour, I had

you a visit by means of the 'Cyclops,' but the Pasha begged me to desist, and I perceived so much political danger and inconvenience in the trip, that I felt bound to abandon my purpose. I trust, however, that matters may be so arranged as to lead to our meeting before you quit this neighbourhood. Do, my dear Napier, arrange so as to pass a little time with me here.

"I have written to Government to ask for a ship or two to be stationed here, and, above all, a steamer. Had one been here on the recent occasion of the naval expedition quitting Alexandria, the Admiral would have had much earlier information of what was in preparation. Pray send me back the 'Cyclops' if anything very important occurs. Believe me, my dear Napier, sincerely yours,

"G. HODGES."

"Captain Charles Napier, C.B."

"P.S.—13th July, Monday, noon.—I saw the Pasha this morning; he is furious against Lord Ponsonby. The fact is, he is on his last legs. If we act with vigour and determination, we shall now carry through Lord Palmerston's policy without the aid of *any* foreign power. *Entre nous*, Russia, in my opinion, is playing a double game. I have already unmasked her, and I suspect I shall be able to do it again. There is a very angry feeling here among the lower orders. I have written home, and to the Admiral, to ask for one or two ships to be stationed here, and if possible one of them a steamer. Mehemet Ali may take it into his head to march upon Asia Minor, and force upon us a general war. I have prepared Lord Ponsonby for this. Yours truly, G. H."

By the following letter from Sir Robert Stopford, it would seem that he had resumed the command of that portion of the squadron which was still at Vourla Bay; but of this Captain Napier was not aware until some time after.

"'Princess Charlotte,' Vourla, 14th July, 1840.

"DEAR NAPIER,—In the difficult situation in which you are placed I entirely rely upon your prudence and good

judgment. I have heard from Captain Collier the circumstance of the murder of a person at Beyrout, who was nominally under the protection of the British consul, and the evasions practised by the Egyptian authorities in punishing the murderer. In the present lawless state of affairs in Syria such events are too likely to occur, requiring firmness as well as forbearance, but in no case requiring compulsory measures or collision. Insults to persons under British protection must be left for the ministers or consuls to settle with the chiefs of the different countries. I am well aware that the English Government is very desirous of affording assistance to any Turkish ship of war waiting to return to the Sultan's service, but I am left without instructions as to the means of obtaining this end. It appears to be wished as a matter of persuasion, rather than taking any active part against the Egyptians, fearing that Mehemet Ali might cut off our intercourse with India.

"By the published letter you will see that you are at liberty to quit your station whenever the presence of the squadron is no longer necessary, and if you find the heat more than we have it here, you will not repent coming away. But the Admiralty having ordered a frigate and a steamer to keep up correspondence with Colonel Hodges, you will leave 'Castor' and 'Cyclops' for this purpose, after following them up. Yours truly,

"ROBERT STOPFORD."

About this time Mr. Wood, the dragoman of the British Embassy at Constantinople, was despatched to Syria on the dangerous mission of raising an insurrection against the Egyptian Government. He was strongly recommended, by Lord Ponsonby, to the good offices of Captain Napier, from whom his lordship also expressed a great desire to hear, whenever any event of importance should occur. The Commodore, meanwhile, was fully occupied, as shewn by the

"'Powerful,' Beyrout, July 15th, 1840.

"MY DEAR HODGES,—I received your letter and P.S. of the 10th and 13th of July, and I think you are as cautious a diplomatist as if you had been at it for the last twenty years. You do not make a single remark upon what my opinions were relative to this expedition of Mehemet Ali. I do not feel that there is any responsibility on me whatever. I am positively forbid to meddle with anything that Mehemet Ali may do, as long as he lets alone British persons and property; and however I disapprove of this, I can only obey.

"The Pasha's troops marched in yesterday morning, and although they met with no resistance, they set the whole country in a blaze—convents and all. I wrote a very strong letter to the Egyptian Admiral, which I begged him to communicate to Abbas Pasha. Mr. Wood was sent here by Lord Ponsonby, and he came off a few days ago, bringing petitions from the poor mountaineers to the Sultan and the French and English Ambassadors. He landed again early this morning, and brings off news that the insurgents are divided among themselves; have been abandoned by many of their chiefs; are badly armed; and, by all I can collect, unless they are succoured with arms and ammunition, the insurrection will be put down very shortly; and then will finish all hope of Syria being released from the power of Mehemet Ali by the efforts of the inhabitants themselves, and the question will become more complicated than ever;—all of which might have been avoided, had the Admiral had instructions how to act, or had he taken it upon himself, which I feel assured would have been approved of by our Government at home. I am surprised the mission of Mr. Wood has not been notified to you, for he certainly was sent here by Lord Ponsonby; and I have the Admiral's orders to facilitate him, and even to send the 'Cyclops' back when he has any particular communication to make.

"Should Mehemet Ali come this way, the shortest manner of putting an end to all doubts would be to seize him. I do not say I am yet prepared for such a bold step; but if I see much cruelty and devastation going on, I don't know whether I should not be very much disposed to take it, unless he came

accompanied by such a force as would render the success doubtful. But I have no idea that he will come, because I believe all will be settled without him; and you will find that the strength of the insurgents has been very much magnified. You seem to think Mehemet Ali is on his last legs, but I think this will strengthen him very much. He is evidently backed up by the French; that is clear, from the language held by all the French officers; and we have Thiers' speech, which is plain enough. You say, if we act with vigour and determination, we shall carry through Lord Palmerston's policy without the aid of any foreign power; but, my good friend, the opportunity is lost—his troops are landed, and his squadron is, by this time, in Alexandria, and I do not see now where our vigour and determination can be applied.

"*July* 20*th*.—It was only yesterday I could get anything positive about the Egyptians; our Consul will believe nothing against the Syrians; but a Frenchman, here, read me a letter from Souleyman Pasha, saying the insurrection has been put down—and another from his secretary, detailing the whole of their operations. It appears they marched as far as Hamanah, about eight hours from this, and did not meet a couple hundred of the insurgents; whom the Albanians had disposed of, and the Emir Beschir sent to desire them to submit and give up their arms, which many of them have done. I was not satisfied with this, and last night I went down the coast in the 'Cyclops,' and went on shore at Zouk and Jebel, where they informed me that the son of the Emir Beschir had been, and had told them that if they did not submit, their villages would be burnt, and their wives and daughters turned over to the Albanians. There may be some armed men in the mountains; I believe there is a considerable number near Tripoli; and I presume a part of the army which is about to return here, will be sent there, if necessary. Osman Pasha is at Merza, and will, I suppose, act upon them also, should it be necessary.

"On my return here this morning, I found Elliot's and your letters of the 16th and 18th. I could send you no news, by

steamer carried the news that Emir Hallil, the Prince's son, had come over to him; and that being the case, it was unnecessary to burn the villages in the way they did. What took place out of my sight, I don't know; but what I did see was bad enough. I am glad you agree with me that an opportunity has been lost; for I had no doubt of the propriety of seizing them all; and had that been done, even after the troops landed, be assured the insurrection would not have been put down. I have no doubt the steamer came from Lalande to warn them off.

* * * * *

"There never was such an opportunity of settling this question as we had, though the news came too late. It is a pity you had not a vessel to have sent earlier information; but even that would have made no difference, as nothing would have been done.

"CHARLES NAPIER."

Captain Napier thus early contemplated the probability of a landing on this part of the coast, as also a future campaign in the mountains; and on the 16th of July he sent Mr. Pearn—the Master of the "Powerful"—on a reconnoitering expedition to the mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb, or Dog River, at the entrance of St. George's Bay, under pretext of watering, but in reality for the purpose of making observations along the coast, and of obtaining all the information in his power. This enterprising officer accomplished the mission entrusted to him in the most satisfactory manner. He landed, reconnoitered the ground about D'jounie (subsequently occupied by Captain Napier's camp), penetrated into the interior, and visited a convent situated in the mountains, where he formed the acquaintance of Padre Rhyllo, the Superior of the Jesuit establishment at Beckfaïa, who afterwards did so much

fluence he possessed with the mountaineers. Mr. Pearn returned in safety from this rather perilous expedition, in which he was accompanied by Lieutenant Bradley, a young officer of the "Powerful." Had they fallen into the hands of the Albanians, they could have expected but little mercy, and would probably have been put to death as spies.

On the 18th of July, Captain Napier proceeded along the coast as far as Tripoli, in order to learn what was passing there. The mountaineers in that district, having been awed into subjection, had laid down their arms; he therefore returned to Beyrout, and thence made an excursion into Mount Lebanon, of which he gives the following account in his "War in Syria" *:—

"The country was beautifully cultivated to the top of the highest mountains, and had we not known to the contrary, we should have supposed, from its appearance, that it was well governed. Nothing can be more beautiful than the mountains and villages of Lebanon, inhabited by a hardy and honest race of beings, and not a spot capable of cultivation is allowed to lie fallow. Terraces to support the soil are built up at great expense, and water conducted for irrigation throughout the mountains. The mulberry-tree is cultivated with great care, and produces two crops of leaves: the first goes to feed the silk-worms, and the second the cattle in autumn. All kinds of fruit and vegetables are also produced, and the vine flourishes in great luxuriance nearly up to the summit of the mountain. As we were winding along the difficult passes, we observed a steam-ship at sea, several thousand feet below us, making the best of her way to Beyrout, and before we had finished our repast, which the kindness of Mr. Moore had provided, we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of Captain Henderson, of the 'Gorgon,' who had

* Vol. i., pp. 24-28.

arrived from Alexandria, with orders to join the Commander-in-chief in Vourla Bay; this was a great disappointment, as we had projected excursions to Damascus and Baalbec, and also to the most interesting parts of these beautiful mountains."

The following letter from Sir Robert Stopford is of interest:—

"'Princess Charlotte,' Vourla Bay, 19th July, 1840.

"DEAR NAPIER,—I hope the 'Gorgon' is now in a fair way of joining you after receiving Lord Ponsonby's despatches for Alexandria; and I sincerely hope that matters are now sufficiently settled at Beyrout to enable you to quit that place and rejoin us. The Consul will of course wish to detain you, but judge for yourself as to the necessity of complying with his request. Mehemet Ali's ambassador has been so well received at Constantinople, and the Sultan is so much rejoiced at the prospect of the return of his fleet, that I have strong hopes of this business being soon settled. The late Vizier, Khosrew Pasha, is sent into exile, and the late Seraskier, Hallil Pasha, divorced from his wife, the Sultan's sister—both these worthies having been, as I am told, concocting a plot for dethroning the Sultan, and placing his brother on the throne. No news from England, and not a line from the Admiralty by the two last mails, excepting the usual routine of business. I send you the last papers. Believe me, yours truly,

"ROBERT STOPFORD.

"'Send the 'Gorgon' to me as soon as possible."

Captain Napier thus continued to communicate with Lord Palmerston on the state of affairs:—

"'Powerful,' Beyrout, 20th July, 1840.

"MY LORD,—Mehemet Ali has succeeded in all his undertakings, and sent the Sultan's ships and the Sultan's troops to Syria, to put down the Sultan's subjects; he landed his troops, got the ships safe back to Alexandria, and put the insurrection down in six weeks since its commencement: he began by gaining the chiefs, before he put his troops in motion, and then he made quick work of it. The force of

the insurgents I find was very much exaggerated; nevertheless, had Mehemet Ali not acted with such extraordinary vigour, it would have gained ground everywhere; even now a very small European force, accompanied by a supply of arms and ammunition, would put the Lebanon in motion from one end to the other; and the greater part of the chiefs would also take up arms, so much is Mehemet Ali disliked in this part of the country. I had a letter from Hodges two days ago; he says the Pasha was much rejoiced at the return of his fleet. Had they been seized, even after landing their troops, the insurrection would have gone on, and Syria would have been saved. I fear his success will make the settlement of the Eastern question more difficult than ever. I hear the army is on its return. I hope the Albanians will be quiet; the first day of the campaign they set the country in a blaze. I wrote a strong letter on the subject to the Egyptian Admiral, which I begged might be communicated to Abbas Pasha; and I have reason to believe it had its effect, as I have heard of no outrages since. I have sent a copy of my letter to the Admiralty.

"I do not believe the Albanian troops will be much pleased at the shortness of the campaign; and as their officers have little command over them, I should not be at all surprised to see disorders here, unless they are very speedily embarked. I shall do all I can to preserve order, but it will require much delicacy. I have the honour to remain, &c.,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

He also communicated with Lord Minto on the state of affairs in Syria, and to a letter of the same date as the above he received the following reply:—

"Devonport, September 1st, 1840.

"SIR,—The great pressure of business for many weeks past must be my apology for some delay in thanking you for your letter of the 20th of July, which proved that you had well interpreted the policy of the Government, and that you were prepared to carry it out with vigour and effect had the circumstances been such as to admit of your taking a more

the four Powers and the Porte, has now left no room for hesitation in the adoption of such measures as may lead to the restoration of Syria to the Sultan, and the reduction of the Pasha's power within narrower limits. I do not believe that the French are prepared to offer any open resistance to our measures at present, but we are sending out a large reinforcement to the fleet, as the best security for their continued forbearance. I shall be glad to hear from you when you have anything it may be useful to communicate. I am, &c.,

"MINTO."

I find the following letter to Sir Robert Stopford, evidently belonging to this period, but without any date in the rough draft from which it is copied:—

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—All is over here. We have lost a fine opportunity of settling the Eastern question according to our own policy, and I suppose it will be now settled according to that of France. I have written to Lords Minto and Palmerston all that appears to me interesting here. We expect the troops will return shortly from the mountains, and I shall not be sorry to see the Albanians shipped off; they are a bad set, and care very little for their officers. The first day they set the country in a blaze. I thought it was right to endeavour to stop it, and I believe I succeeded. I hope I was right.

"A man came in to-day from the mountains, to say they could hold out a month, if we would promise them succour in that time, with arms and ammunition, which of course I could not do. A very small force would have sufficed to have put the whole population in arms. I find there was much exaggeration about their force, and it has been with the greatest difficulty I have got at the truth. The Consul here will hardly believe now the insurrection is at an end. The Pasha has acted with so much vigour, that he settled the question at once. His squadron is safe at Alexandria, much to his joy.

"Not a single one of them ought to have got back, according to my notions. Whether I am right or wrong, remains to be proved. It was not too late even after the troops had landed.

in arms, and the Sultan's ships would have supplied them with arms and ammunition, and I do not think Ibrahim would have marched on Constantinople with an insurrection behind him. Mehemet Ali would have been furious, but he might have been kept in his den by a small force, as the ships can only come out one at a time.

"I hope to hear from you soon. There are now eleven sail in the Mediterranean. I don't know whether there is to be a twelfth, which was the mark for a broad pendant. I suppose that is gone by.—Believe me, my dear Admiral, &c.,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

The following is a continuation of the journal before alluded to as being written on board the "Powerful," by Lieutenant Elliot. The style is so graphic, and it contains so much of interest, that its insertion will perhaps not be considered out of place:—

"'Powerful,' Beyrout, Syria, 19th July, 1840.

"Although, when I wrote so lately, we were apparently on the eve of some interesting event, little has occurred to write of. We have remained here ever since, and may do so much longer for aught I can see, as the neighbourhood of Beyrout continues to be the seat of war, and we shall probably await a change one way or the other. Neither of our squadrons have been able to find the Egyptian fleet, which probably dispersed on leaving this; and, in that case, it would scarcely have been of any use our meeting them singly, as I fancy we were not authorised to interfere with them, unless the crews rose against their Egyptian officers, and required our protection and assistance—which they would hardly do, unless they were together. The Egyptian Admiral who was left here with a separate command, as well as his officers, have got on a more friendly footing with us than they were, and have interchanged visits; but they are very guarded—will not say a word on politics, and shew much ingenuity in courteously evading all our inquiries. They are an odd set of semi-barbarians; seem clever and well-informed, yet scarcely

enabled to break up their lines of defence, and a few days ago marched into the country, burning, butchering, and destroying all before them. Their track is but too plainly visible to us, by the burning houses. The town and immediate neighbourhood have suffered the most inhuman and wanton barbarities from the excesses of such a lawless gang. Deliberate murder, without the smallest provocation, was so common, that it was quite dangerous to walk in the streets; and no redress or punishment was ever thought of. Since the greater part of them have gone, a little better order has been restored. I had a ride yesterday to some distance in the country, and it was quite melancholy to see the whole of the houses, which are very numerous in the rich suburbs, burnt and destroyed, and I scarcely met a human being for miles. . . . . .

"The natives of the interior: chiefly Christian Maronites, and other sects we are little acquainted with—Druses, Anzari, &c.—cultivate the rich valleys of the Lebanon mountains, live in perfect clanships under their Emirs or chiefs, are peaceable, hospitable, and well disposed; and nothing but the exorbitant exactions of tribute to Mehemet Ali has driven them to arms and desperation. Some of them being Christians, makes the Egyptian troops more blood-thirsty and cruel towards them. We have an English gentleman on board, an emissary of our Ambassador at Constantinople, who was sent here, just before us, to make inquiries and give correct information on affairs here, and he has made two or three excursions to the mountains for that purpose. He has lived much among these people, and is personally known to many of the Emirs, greatly respected by them, and looked up to for advice; and it is believed he has assisted them with money from England, which is, of course, underhand. He can scarcely shew himself in the town, and can only land at other places along the coast, and is generally three or four days absent. He speaks all languages, and I fancy he is a most invaluable person on the service he is employed in. We have had a continuation here of the hottest weather I ever experienced in any climate, the thermometer, even in the night, standing at 84.* Our sick

list is large from its effects, but nothing serious. I was much struck, on going on shore here, to perceive so many persons with defects in the eyes—a vast number blind of one eye, and a great many totally so. This is accounted for by the prevalence of ophthalmia in this country. I was still more surprised on seeing a whole regiment, not a man in which had more than one eye; and was told that such is the horror and dread of the conscription for the army and navy in Egypt, that the young men, finding at first that the want of an eye was considered sufficient to exempt them from conscription as unfit for service, often voluntarily put one out; and many more cut off their forefinger for the same reason. But the cunning Pasha soon found a remedy and a check for this, by ordering that all persons with one eye should be embodied in one regiment; and, with a little practice, I fancy they shoot as well as any of them. The town, like most Turkish places, is dirty, with very narrow, crooked streets; but the houses are more substantial, and show more remains of antiquity, than any modern place I have seen. Arabic is the language spoken by the natives; but most others, as well as different religious creeds and costumes, are very common. . . . . We hear that the Eastern question is settled, much in favour of Mehemet Ali, and that the Turkish fleet is to be given up. We suppose now that the cause of the mountaineers here must fall to the ground, and that we shall be recalled to join the fleet, which we think will now be reduced."

Captain Napier wrote as follows to Colonel Hodges:—

"'Powerful,' Beyrout, July 27th, 1840.

"My dear Hodges,—Nothing has occurred here since I wrote to you. The army is still in the mountains, but we understand are coming back shortly. There are six Emirs at Sidon; they are to be sent to Acre for twenty years—pretty sharp practice. I have heard from the Admiral; I am at liberty to quit this coast when I please, leaving 'Castor' and 'Cyclops' to keep up communication with you; 'Cyclops' is gone to the fleet, and I expect 'Gorgon' every hour. I have asked the Admiral to allow me to go to Alexandria

I should like to see the Albanian troops shipped off before I go; but if they are to be kept in the mountains, I will not wait for them. Everything is quiet here. I have written to Lords Minto and Palmerston what my views are about the Turkish squadron. If they agree with me, they will feel a little annoyed at not having left the squadron under me—if the contrary, they will thank their stars. The safest way is certainly for a man to do nothing without instructions. I have had a letter from the Admiral, who says that he knows very well that the Government were anxious to separate the Turkish and Egyptian squadrons, but he is left without instructions; so he was last year, when the Turkish fleet ran away to Alexandria. They are too much employed at home in trying to keep their places, and our affairs abroad are left to chance. A French brig is just come in from Tripoli. All is quiet there. The story about an action on the 12th is all a humbug. There are armed men in the mountains, but they do not come near the town, and I presume, when the disarmament is finished hereabouts (which goes on swimmingly), they will finish at Tripoli also. The disarmament is being operated by the Druses and mountaineers themselves, and I believe peaceably. This insurrection has been the finest thing possible for Mehemet Ali; it has furnished him with an excuse to disarm the people, and that will no doubt be followed by a conscription.

"The poor mountaineers have been excited by European travellers, and I believe the French have held out hopes of assistance to them. There is the Count —— and Viscount —— here, winding silk, but I daresay they have been intriguing with them."

An interchange of letters with Admiral Stopford brings the narrative of events down to the close of July, 1840.

"'Princess Charlotte,' at anchor off the Island of [*word illegible*], July 27th, 1840.

"DEAR NAPIER,—I was rejoiced to receive authentic in-

The 'Gorgon' will immediately join you, and will supply the place of 'Cyclops' in remaining with 'Castor' to keep up correspondence with Colonel Hodges, as directed by Admiralty order.

"I wish I could hear something more positive than common report about the Turkish fleet returning to the Sultan. But as there is no doubt that some understanding exists between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali upon that subject, which will be marred by any appearance of interference from other Powers, I am anxious that you should quit the coast, to avoid even any suspicion of this nature.

"I seldom hear from the Admiralty, and have nothing new from home. Believe me, &c.,

"ROBERT STOPFORD."

"'Powerful,' Beyrout, July 25th, 1840.

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—I have this moment received your letter of the 14th of July, from Alexandria, and send this by the Austrian steamer. I do not see that there is now a chance of any collision taking place here. The Turco-Egyptian squadron are all safe at Alexandria. Had I arrived here when the 'Castor' did, the probability is there would have been a movement; for I apprehend the Turks would have made an attempt to get away, which I should have taken upon myself to have assisted them in doing,—that would have created a corresponding movement in the Turkish army. As it is, everything is at an end here for the present. I have sent the 'Edinburgh' to Tripoli, where it is said the insurgents are in force. A battalion of Albanians were sent down there yesterday, and I think the presence of the 'Edinburgh' will keep them in check. I have not heard of much destruction since I wrote to the Pasha; but it is difficult to get information.

"I should not think it right to leave this place till the greater part of the Albanian troops are sent away, for they are a lawless gang; and when I do quit, I hope you will allow me to touch at Alexandria. The weather is very hot, but we are all healthy. I am anxiously looking for 'Gorgon,' and I

think she ought to stay here till 'Cyclops' comes back. Believe me, my dear Admiral, yours very truly,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"P.S.—It is said the disarming of the inhabitants in this neighbourhood is going on. When that is completed, and the insurgents near Tripoli are put down, I presume the greater part of the troops will return to Alexandria, leaving strong garrisons here, at Tripoli, and at Sidon—C. N."

APPENDIX.

In compiling the "Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir Charles Napier," the author of this memoir had such a large quantity of material at command, that, led away by the interest of his subject, he unconsciously composed, and placed in the printer's hands, what would have been sufficient to have formed a four-volume work; but as it was considered advisable to publish the memoir in its present shape, this necessitated much curtailment, and the omission of many interesting papers from the body of the work; a few of these are appended, and it is hoped that in a future edition the author will be able to introduce many more, that have been omitted for the reason stated above.

The papers introduced here relate chiefly to Sir Charles Napier's services in the Mediterranean, in the years 1811, 1812, and 1813, and to those in Portugal in 1833.

No. I.—INFRESCHI.

The following is Captain Napier's official report

to Rear-Admiral Charles Boyles (the senior officer on the station), of a dashing affair in which he was conjointly engaged with Captain, now Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford.*

"H.M.S. 'Thames,' off Porto dell' Infreschi, July 21, 1811.

"Sir,—Captain Clifford, of the 'Cephalus,' having the look-out off Palinuro, on the 20th instant, informed me, by a Sicilian privateer, of a convoy of twenty-six sail attempting to gain that port, which he, with his usual activity, prevented them from doing, and compelled them to take shelter in Porto dell' Infreschi, off which place we arrived at five this evening. I immediately desired Captain Clifford to lead in and anchor, which service he performed in a most handsome style, and was closely followed by this ship, who soon silenced eleven gun-boats, and an armed felucca, carrying six long 18-pounders, two 12-pounder carronades, three brass and two iron 6-pounders, and" upwards of "280 men, moored across for the protection of fourteen merchant vessels," laden with oil, potash, &c.,† "and thirty-six spars for the line-of-battle ships and frigate at Naples, the whole under cover of a round tower; the adjacent hills being lined with musqueteers from the merchantmen and peasantry. The marines were then landed under their lieutenant, M'Adams, and got possession of the tower, performing the light infantry manœuvres in a very pretty style, taking an officer and eighty men prisoners, and driving the rest before them; the boats, at the same time, under Captain Clifford, took possession of the convoy, together with all the spars, except two, which could not be got off; all of which were alongside, and the ship under weigh, in less than two hours, without the loss of a man, and only the boatswain" of the "Cephalus" "and another man badly, and three of the brig's men, slightly wounded; on entering the bay, her sails and rigging were a good deal cut up.

"I hope it will not be thought presumptuous in me, begging you will recommend Captain Clifford, and my first lieutenant, Whiteway" (who accompanied the marines to the

* See p. 41 of this volume.

heights, and afterwards assisted in launching the merchant vessels) "to the Commander-in-chief, particularly as this is the third convoy the former has discovered, and contributed to destroy, since his appointment to the 'Cephalus;' the latter has been likewise at the taking of two, and destroying one, since he joined the 'Thames.' The whole of the officers and ships' company behaved in the most steady manner, which will ever reflect the greatest credit on my predecessor, Captain Waldegrave,* for the excellent discipline on board. Captain Clifford likewise speaks in the highest terms of his first lieutenant, Richardson, officers, and crew.

"I have the honour to be, &c,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

Rear-Admiral Charles Boyles, in his letter to Sir Edward Pellew, whilst reporting the above exploit, expressed himself as follows:—

"The complete success of the above-mentioned instantaneous and brilliant attack on the enemy's convoy by the 'Thames' and 'Cephalus,' reflects much honour on the conduct and gallantry of Captains Napier and Clifford, their officers and crews."

The following letter and its enclosure were shortly after received by Captain Clifford:—

"H.M.S. 'Thames,' Palermo Bay, July 28th, 1811.

"SIR,—I enclose you the copy of a letter I have received from Rear-Admiral Boyles, returning his thanks to the officers and crews employed on the late expedition, which I have to request you will communicate to the officers and ship's company under your command; and allow me, sir, at the same time, to convey to you the very high sense I have of the activity and discipline of the 'Cephalus.' I am, &c.,

"CHARLES NAPIER.

"To Captain Clifford, 'Cephalus.'"

"'Canopus,' Palermo Bay, July 21, 1811.

"SIR,—I have the honour of your letter of the 21st

* Afterwards Lord Radstock.

instant, which I beg to acknowledge, and return my warmest congratulations to yourself, and that aspiring young officer, Captain Clifford, and all the gallant officers and men of the 'Thames' and 'Cephalus,' who have in this brilliant and instantaneous attack on the enemy's convoy, so completely crowned with success your officer-like conduct. I will take care that your letter shall, without a moment's delay, be transmitted to the Commander-in-chief, who will pay all attention to your recommendation, as no officer in His Majesty's service is better able to appreciate the gallant deeds of brave men. I have the honour to be,

"CHARLES BOYLES.

"To Captain Napier, H.M.S. 'Thames.'"

No. II.—PALINURO.

Captain Duncan thus reports to Sir Edward Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth), the proceedings of Captain Napier and himself at Palinuro, in the month of October, 1811.*

"Melazzo, Sicily, Nov. 7, 1811

"SIR,—On the 21st ult., the 'Imperieuse' and 'Thames' discovered ten of the enemy's gun-boats in the port of Palinuro, with a number of merchant vessels, and a quantity of spars, intended for the equipment of the Neapolitan Navy, hauled up on the beach; but from the strength and protection of the harbour, I did not think the force I then had sufficient to attack it with a prospect of complete success; I therefore sent the 'Thames' to Sicily, to request the assistance of a detachment of soldiers, and on the 28th she rejoined me with 250 men of the 62nd regiment, under Major Darley, but unfortunately at the commencement of a south-west gale, which prevented all possibility of landing till the evening of the 1st instant, when the troops, together with the marines of both ships, under Lieutenant Pipon, and a detachment of

by Captain Napier. He disembarked from the 'Thames' at the back of the harbour; immediately ascended and carried the heights in very gallant style, under a heavy fire from the enemy, who were assembled in force to oppose him, and who, soon after dark, endeavoured to retake their position; but one volley obliged them instantly to retire. The 'Imperieuse' had, meanwhile, been endeavouring to occupy the attention of some gun-boats and a battery in front; but light and baffling winds prevented our getting any nearer than long range during the evening. Next morning, finding that nothing could be done on the land side, against the battery and a strong tower that protected the vessels on the beach, and within pistol-shot of which the gun-boats were moored, I ordered the 'Thames' to close in; and having directed Captain Napier to return on board of her, we bore up at the commencement of the sea breeze, and running along the line of gun-boats at half-musket shot, obliged them almost instantly to surrender. Two were sunk. We then anchored close to the fort, which, in about fifteen minutes, was completely silenced; and in a quarter of an hour more the colours were struck to His Majesty's ships, and it was instantly taken possession of by Lieutenant Travers, who, on seeing us stand in, had gallantly pushed down the hill with a party of seamen and marines, and was waiting almost under the walls of the fort, ready to take advantage of any superiority the ships might have over it. The guns, 24-pounders, were then thrown into the sea, the gun-boats secured, and the crews of both ships sent to launch the vessels and spars, which could not be completed till after noon, next day; when the troops, who had all this time remained in undisputed possession of the heights, were re-embarked, the marines withdrawn from the tower, which was completely blown up, together with two batteries and a signal-tower on the hill: the ships and prizes putting to sea with the land breeze. Caraccioli, Captain of a frigate, commanded the division of gun-boats, and General Pignatelli Cercaro the land forces, which consisted latterly of about 700 men, including peasantry. . . . . Enclosed* is a list of the ves-

sels taken and destroyed, and a return of the killed and wounded; among the former, I have to regret Lieutenant Kay, of the 62nd regiment, and Lieutenant Pipon, R.M., of the 'Imperieuse.'"

The following is the reply to the above letter, from Sir Edward Pellew, then Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean; it is dated Dec. 19, 1811:—

"SIR,—I have received and read with great satisfaction your letters of the 24th October and the 9th November, stating the services you have performed on the coast of Calabria, in company with Captain Napier of H.M.S. 'Thames.' I have forwarded them to the Admiralty, recommending to their Lordships' notice these testimonies of your zeal and gallantry, and of those who have served under your orders. I sincerely regret the loss you have sustained on this occasion. I desire you will convey to Captain Napier, and to the officers, seamen, and marines employed on these services, my entire approbation of their excellent conduct; and I have directed Admiral Freemantle to express to Major Darley, and the officers and men of the detachment of the 62nd regiment, acting with you at Palinuro, my thanks for their co-operation. I have requested their Lordships' attention to the distinguished services of Lieutenant Eaton Travers, first of the 'Imperieuse,' on this and former occasions. I am, &c.,

"EDWARD PELLEW.

"To the Hon. Captain Duncan."

The following is the report made of the affair at Palinuro by Major Darley of the 62nd Regiment:—

"'Thames,' at sea, Nov. 8, 1811.

"It would be presumption on my part, sir, to attempt

and three others of one 18-pounder, and thirty men each. Destroyed six vessels of the latter description; twenty-two feluccas, laden with oil, cotton, figs, raisons, silk, &c., taken; and twenty large spars brought off from the beach. Total loss on the part of the British, five killed, and eleven wounded.

to pass encomiums on the very superior judgment and heroic gallantry of the commandant, Captain Duncan, of H.M.S. 'Imperieuse,' as also on the gallant manner of laying his ship alongside a strong battery and fortified tower, flanked by several gunboats, which were shortly silenced by a powerful and well-directed fire, in conjunction with Captain Napier, of H.M.S. 'Thames'—whereby the commandant was left in possession of the enemy's flotilla, convoy, battery, and tower. I have also much gratification in stating that Captain Napier, who did me the honour to accompany me on shore with a party of seamen and marines, contributed materially by his cool, judicious, and actively intrepid conduct, ably seconded by the gallantry of Lieutenant Travers, of H.M.S. 'Imperieuse,' to surmount all difficulties in gaining the heights, in the face of an opposing and strongly posted enemy, whom we had afterwards the satisfaction of dislodging and obliging to retreat, leaving us in full possession of the heights and telegraph tower.

"To Major-General Heron, &c., Melazzo."

No. III.—SAPRI.

Captain Napier thus officially reports his attack on the port of Sapri, on the coast of Calabria:—*

"H.M.S. 'Thames,' May 14, 1812.

"To Rear-Admiral Freemantle.

"SIR,—I this day, in company with the 'Pilot,' attacked the port of Sapri, defended by a strong battery and tower, mounting two 32-pounders, with an officer and thirty-eight men, which surrendered at discretion, after being battered for two hours, within pistol-shot; but in consequence of their gallant defence, I allowed them to march out with the honours of war. We found twenty-eight large vessels on the beach, loaded with oil, some of them nearly a quarter of a mile in the country—all of which were launched, and the battery in ruins before sunset. I owe much to the support I

* *Vide* p. 50 of this vol., and James's "Naval History," vol. vi., p. 98.

received from Captain John Toup Nicolas, who flanked the battery in a most judicious manner, and afterwards commanded the launching, assisted by my First-Lieutenant, Alexander Campbell, an officer of six years' standing; as well as Mr. Roger Langlands, Acting Master of the 'Pilot,' who, by his able disposition of the Marines placed under his command (there being no officer of that corps on board), kept upwards of 200 armed peasantry in check, and had only one man wounded. The firing of both ships' companies was superior to anything I ever saw, and their conduct on shore was no less praiseworthy. Neither ship lost a man on board: our bowsprit, wounded in three places, is the only material injury we have suffered.

"CHARLES NAPIER."

Captain Napier received the following reply:—

"H.M.S. 'Milford,' Palermo Bay, May 27, 1812.

"SIR,—In acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst., relative to the capture of the twenty-eight vessels at Sapri, I have much pleasure in conveying my sentiments of the zeal by which yourself and Captain Nicolas have been actuated, as well as the officers and men belonging to the 'Thames' and 'Pilot.'. I am, &c.,

"T. F. FREEMANTLE."

No. IV.—PONZA.

*Letter from Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Pellew, Bart., Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, to John Wilson Croker, Esq., relative to the capture of the Island of Ponza, by Captain Napier.**

"H.M.S. 'Caledonia,' Port Mahon, March 31, 1813.

"SIR,—I have the honour to enclose a statement of the capture of the Island of Ponza, on the coast of Naples, which reflects much credit on Captains Napier and Mounsey, by whom the naval service was directed. It affords me

* See p. 62 of this vol., and James's "Naval History," vol. vi., p. 243.

peculiar satisfaction that this enterprise has been effected without bloodshed, owing to the judicious manner in which it was carried into execution.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"EDWARD PELLEW."

Captain Dundas to Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Pellew.

"H.M.S. 'Edinburgh,' March 2, 1813.

"SIR,—In the absence of Sir Robert Laurie, I have the satisfaction of transmitting Captain Napier's letter and reports, received this day by the 'Furieuse,' stating the capture of the Island of Ponza, by the 'Thames' and 'Furieuse,' under his orders, and 10th Regiment, under the orders of Lieut.-Colonel Coffin, without the loss of a single man. I congratulate you, sir, on the capture of this island, as it affords a commodious mole for the frigates employed on that coast, with a plentiful supply of water.

"I have the honour to be,

"G. H. L. DUNDAS, *Captain.*"

Captain Napier to Sir Robert Laurie, Bart.

"H.M.S. 'Thames,' Ponza Harbour, Feb. 27, 1813.

"SIR,—Agreeably to your directions, I embarked Lieut.-Colonel Coffin and the second battalion of the 10th Regiment on the 16th inst., and arrived off Ponza on the 23rd, the harbour of which is about a quarter of a mile wide, with a mole at the extreme end of it, defended by four batteries and a tower, mounting ten 24 and 18-pounders, two 12-pounders, and two 9-inch mortars.

"Colonel Coffin and myself agreed that the shortest and the surest road to success was by running both ships into the mole, and carrying the place by assault; but the weather was unfavourable for such an attack until the morning of the 26th, when the ships bore up in close order, with a fine breeze. The enemy were prepared for our reception, and opened their fire nearly half an hour before our guns could bear. The batteries were, however, passed with little injury, the ships engaging on both sides; and the 'Thames'

was anchored across the mole-head, the 'Furieuse' bringing up a little astern of her. Colonel Coffin and the troops landed the same instant, and pushed for the height near a strong tower, into which the enemy had retreated; and their appearance, together with the severe fire from the ships, induced the governor to hoist a flag of truce, and agree to the proposed capitulation. I have much pleasure in informing you, that this service has been performed without the loss of a man in either profession; our being hulled three times, and the 'Furieuse' twice, with sails and rigging a good deal cut, is the only damage sustained. The most perfect cordiality has subsisted between the two services; and I am much indebted to Captain Mounsey for the excellent support he gave, and his quickness in following my motions. If the resistance had been greater, I have little doubt we should have succeeded, particularly with such a storming party as Colonel Cashell's regiment, and such a leader as Colonel Coffin. I have much reason to be satisfied with my first lieutenant, Davies, officers, and ships' company—their steady conduct and excellent firing accounts for the smallness of our damage. Captain Mounsey likewise speaks highly of Lieut. Croker, his officers and crew. Mr. James Wilkinson, mate of this ship, I attached to Colonel Coffin, and Mr. Black, of the 'Furieuse,' I entrusted with the charge of the landing. Enclosed is a return of prisoners, guns, &c., and I shall send a survey of the island by the earliest opportunity.

"I have, &c.,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"CAPITULATION OF THE ISLAND AND FORTS OF PONZA.

"ARTICLE 1.—The Island of Ponza, and its dependencies, shall be given up to the troops of His Britannic Majesty in their present state: officers shall be nominated on both sides to take the inventory of everything in the place belonging to Government.

"*Answer.*—The Island shall be given up this day to the troops of His Britannic Majesty, and there shall be inventories

"ARTICLE 2.—The garrison shall march out with the honours of war, and all the officers, without exception, shall retain their arms and personal baggage.

"*Answer.*—The garrison shall march out with the honours of war, in consequence of the courageous defence which it has made, and shall lay down their arms on the glacis, on leaving the Tower, and shall be considered as prisoners of war, and treated as such. All the officers, without exception, shall equally be prisoners of war; and, in consequence of the proofs of bravery that they have given, during the defence of the place, they shall be allowed to retain their swords during the time they are prisoners, as also their personal baggage.

"ARTICLE 3.—The storekeepers and people employed in the hospital, custom-house, and telegraph, as well as individual followers of the army, shall receive the same treatment as the troops.

"*Answer.*—Granted.

"ARTICLE 4.—No inhabitant shall be molested on account of his sentiments or attachment to his Government.

"*Answer.*—The inhabitants shall not be molested in any way, but shall remain under the protection of His Britannic Majesty's Government. The present capitulation being signed, the Tower shall be given up to the troops of His Britannic Majesty, and they shall take possession of all the military posts.

"Done and signed at Ponza, February 26th, 1813, between the here under-named officers:—William Mounsey, His Majesty's frigate 'Furieuse;' William Cashell, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Battalion 10th Regiment; Miraconda, Capitano del Primer Regimento d'Infanteria Leggiera; Bossel, Commissario di Mare e Terra delle Isole di Ponza e Ventolena.

"Approved,

"CHARLES NAPIER,

Captain of His Majesty's frigate 'Thames.'

"Island of Ponza, Feb. 26, 1813."

As the two following letters relate to the capture

of Ponza, they may, therefore, be appropriately introduced here, more particularly as showing how strongly Captain Napier always advocated with the authorities the advancement of deserving officers who had served under his command; and this was a rule which he observed throughout his subsequent long and eventful career. The rough drafts from which these documents are taken, contain neither date nor address, but they would appear to have been directed to Lord Melville, during his first tenure of office at the Admiralty:—

"My Lord,—Although your Lordship did not think my services in the Mediterranean—particularly the capture of the Island of Ponza—entitled me to any mark of favour from the Admiralty, you gave me to understand the services of the officers would be borne in recollection when opportunities might offer of bringing them forward. I hope your Lordship will excuse the liberty I now take of expressing a hope that, in the promotion which I understand is to take place, the officers I recommended may not entirely be forgotten. It is, I assure you, my Lord, distressing to see officers promoted for affairs of much less importance than the capture of that Island was esteemed in this country—perhaps because I did not write a lying letter on the subject. There are few, indeed, who did not think the Admiralty would have marked it by the promotion of my first lieutenant.—I have, &c.,

"Charles Napier."

"My Lord,—I did myself the honour, some months ago, of recommending to your Lordship's notice Mr. James Wilkinson, mate of the 'Thames,' and you were good enough to say, in answer, that you had noted him for consideration at a favourable opportunity. Since the capture of Ponza (when I again recommended him), I have waited, with much anxiety, in expectation of hearing of our success being marked in some manner by the Admiralty, but have never even received a

letter of approbation. I am far from wishing to claim for myself any other distinction than is generally conferred on officers for carrying a service into execution—such as the promotion of a first lieutenant. The capture of the Island may not, however, be deemed of sufficient importance, nor the nature of the enterprise sufficiently great, to merit such a favour—and if it is to be judged by losing no men, it certainly does not—but, my Lord, if the enemy were so frightened as to take a bad aim, and if our fire was so superior as to drive them from their guns, we surely do not deserve the less credit. I am satisfied, if your Lordship would look at the plan I did myself the honour of forwarding to the Admiralty, you would be astonished at my getting off without loss. There was not an officer in either service that expected our killed and wounded would have been under fifty; and if we had gone any other way than right into the harbour, the chances are it would not have been taken.

"Permit me, at the same time, my Lord, to remark, that during the time I was senior officer on the coast of Calabria, I took three of the enemy's convoys and eleven gun-boats. When Captain Duncan was senior officer, I commanded on shore at the storming of Palinuro, when a convoy of thirty sail, including nine gun-boats, was taken, and I have never yet had an officer of any description promoted. I trust your Lordship will take this statement into consideration; and if you do not think the exertions of my officers deserve any favour, that you will at least promote Mr. Wilkinson, than whom there is not a finer young man in the service.—I have the honour,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

Mr. Wilkinson was subsequently promoted; served with distinction in the Burmese War of 1825; was Admiral Napier's second in command, with the rank of Commodore, in the Portuguese War of 1833, when, conjointly with Captain Charles Elers Napier, he performed such good service in boarding the enemy's line-of-battle ship in the action off Cape St. Vincent.

Syrian War of 1840, and died some years ago on his property in the Isle of Wight.

No. V.—CAVALAIRIE.

Captain Napier's distinguished conduct in the "Euryalus," at Cavalairie Roads, off the south coast of France, is recorded in the following letter from Captain Brace, of the "Berwick," 74, to Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Pellew :—*

"H.M.S. ——, off Cavalairie Roads, May 18, 1813.

"I beg leave to acquaint you, that through the judicious management of Captain Napier, the enemy's coasting trade to and from Toulon to the eastward was, between the 10th and 15th instant, collected in Cavalairie Road, to the number of upwards of twenty sail. Judging that a proper object for attack, I made the necessary arrangements to carry the place, but the surf proved too great for the people to land until this morning, when the plan was carried into execution by the boats, commanded by Lieutenant Henry Johnston Sweedland, first of this ship, and Royal Marines, under Captain William T. J. Matthews, of that corps. Allow me to observe on the prompt manner in which this service was accomplished; for scarce twenty minutes elapsed from their reaching the beach until the batteries were taken, and a fire opened from them on the retreating enemy. The French national 'Zebec la Fortune,' carrying ten long 9-pounders and four swivels, with a crew of ninety-five men, tried to effect her escape; but the 'Euryalus,' pushing close in, cut her off, and the enemy abandoned her, leaving her at anchor with a spring on the cable, under the fire of the frigate, forts, and a division of the boats under Lieutenant Mark White, who boarded her in time to preserve her from blowing up or sinking, as the crew had fired a shot through her bottom, and left a train to the magazine. We found in the harbour twenty-two vessels

of different descriptions (chiefly laden with oil, corn, lemons, &c.), which were either taken or destroyed. Those scuttled by the enemy were cleared by the 'Euryalus,' which ship took an anchorage to protect the working party; and, through the great exertions of Captain Napier, the officers and men employed on that service, everything was brought away worthy of notice.

"Having related my proceedings, permit me to call your attention to the officers and men who conducted this affair; and if, in your judgment, any merit is attached to the transaction, I entreat you to bestow it on Captain Napier, the officers, seamen, and marines of both ships, whose united exertions so fully accomplished my wishes, that I have only to regret the loss of one man killed, and one missing. I shall only particularize Lieutenant Sweedland and Captain Matthews; Lieutenant Alexander Sandilands, first of the 'Euryalus;' together with two young men—Mr. John Monk of the 'Berwick,' and Mr. Crawford of the frigate. I have the honour, &c. "E. BRACE.

"To Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Pellew."

No. VI.—CALVI.

The following is the official correspondence relating to Captain Napier's daring attempt to run on board a French vessel during a gale of wind in the Bay of Calvi, where he was watching under the orders of Captain the late Admiral Sir Thomas Ussher; the enemy's fleet lying at the time in the harbour of Toulon. This exploit is alluded to at the commencement of Chapter IV. of this volume.

Captain Ussher to Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Pellew.

"H.M.S. 'Undaunted,' off Toulon, Dec. 28, 1813.

"SIR,—Herewith I have the honour to enclose a letter from Captain Napier, of H.M.S. 'Euryalus,' under my or-

ders, detailing the particulars of a most gallant attempt to capture two of the enemy's ships off the port of Calvi. Captain Napier, on this occasion, displayed his usual confidence, zeal, and gallantry. I have only to regret that his efforts did not meet with that full success his bold attempt so well merited."

Captain Napier to Captain Ussher.

"H.M.S. 'Euryalus,' off the Bay of Calvi, 3rd Dec., 1813.

"SIR,—I lost sight of the ships you yesterday saw me in chase of at dark, which, from their appearance and manœuvres (not being more than six miles off), I believed to be a frigate with a store-ship under convoy, accompanied by a schooner; shortly after dark, I kept away for Cape Ravalata, concluding they would make for Calvi. At eight, they were discovered close to us; in about an hour after, the sternmost, then within pistol-shot, very closely rounded the point; the other, being further out, standing athwart our hawse, and which I believed to be the frigate, became my object, and I desired her to be run on board on the bow, firing our starboard broadside into her consorts' stern; the larboard guns were ready to pour in a broadside as we boarded; but, unfortunately, several guns were fired without orders, and in the smoke she succeeded in crossing us (our spritsail-yard grazing her stern), at the moment we expected to be on board of her. The ship was then brought to the wind, though little more than a mile from the shore, and a couple of broadsides were discharged, which was returned with one; but having lost the opportunity of getting on board, and seeing her determination either to run on shore or into the port if she could find it, I was obliged to wear, and a few minutes after she shewed a number of lights, burnt flashes, and fired several guns. I stood off and on during the night, it blowing very hard, and at daylight had the satisfaction of seeing the one we took for the frigate bilged on the rocks, her consort at anchor close to her, in a most perilous situation, in the lee part of the Bay of Calvi; a heavy swell and much wind prevented me attacking her at daylight, and Captain

opinion nothing could be done in such weather. The wind changing to the eastward, placed her in a situation to run under the guns of Calvi, should it moderate, and I deemed it improper to delay rejoining you.

"The ardour with which the officers and ship's company rushed to the point of attack, could only be exceeded by their disappointment at not getting on board, and I assure you, sir, it could not be helped; indeed, I believe, after seeing the situation we must have been in, it is well we missed, for had we struck her and lost our masts, which in all probability would have been the case (as we were going eight knots, and our opponent not much less, at right angles), both must have gone on the point to leeward; but it was an opportunity not every day to be met with, and I thought it well worth the risking. The only damage we sustained was in our sails and rigging. I beg leave to recommend my first-lieutenant, Alexander Sandilands, and Messrs. Wilkinson and Crawford, mates—the latter has passed three years, and the former has been repeatedly recommended by me for his conduct. I am, &c.

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"P.S. Since writing this letter, I have learnt from Captain Brace, who took the schooner the next day, that they were the 'Baleine' and the 'Lybio' store-ships, mounting 22 guns and 120 men each, from Toulon to Ajacco; the 'Baleine' is the one wrecked."

Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Pellew to J. W. Croker, Esq.

"H.M.S. 'Caledonia,' Port Mahon, 28th Dec., 1813.

"SIR,—I enclose the copy of a letter from Captain Napier, just forwarded to me by Captain Ussher, stating the loss of a French store-ship in the Bay of Calvi. It does not appear that the 'Euryalus' was in a situation to destroy her consort, especially from the bad weather, which caused the loss of the 'Baleine.'

"I have the honour, &c.

"EDWARD PELLEW."

No. VII.

The following characteristic letter was found amongst the late Admiral Sir Charles Napier's papers; it contains neither date nor address; many of the sentences are nearly, and some of the words quite illegible. It relates apparently to a proposal to attack some place, whose name cannot, however, be deciphered.

"SIR,—I am extremely sorry to find Sir John Gore does not approve of attacking St.—* I think it proper, after the manner I urged the affair to you, to say, my opinion is so far from being altered, that I think it (after a close reconnoitre) weaker than when I spoke to you on the subject, and I am satisfied I would, with half the force there now is, bring those ships out, without loss of any consequence; there are only nine guns in the citadel, and nine in the upper work, not half of which could bear on the ships at anchor; and we only know of another battery on the other side of the creek. At present they are in a state of alarm, which will subside in a few days; after which, with the frigates now here and the addition of another, I should be most happy to undertake this business, and I have not the least doubt of success. Captain Thompson (though he proposed it) is now of opinion it could not be done, which I think is the great cause of its being dropped, which generally happens when the man who proposes an affair changes his mind.

"If you give the business up altogether, I trust and hope you will send me elsewhere, as I feel satisfied nothing will be done here; and I would sooner be off, since all the summer [*illegible*] than have the mortification of seeing opportunities lost.

"I hope you will excuse my writing in this manner, but I feel it is a duty I owe to myself, to inform you that my opinion is still the same; and were I not to explain myself now, you could not help thinking me either a fool or a mad-

* Illegible.

man, for speaking of a place so differently from the reports that will now be made to you.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"CHARLES NAPIER."

No. VIII.

As the events which led to the War of Succession in Portugal, in which Sir Charles Napier took so prominent a part, may not be generally known, the following account, supplied by a friend of the author, may be acceptable to some of the readers of this work; more particularly as it partly explains the reasons why Captain Napier was sent in the "Galatea" to Lisbon in August, 1830:—

"In 1789 the Queen of Portugal, Maria Francisca Isabel, having become deranged, her son, Dom John, was declared regent. In November, 1807, in consequence of the French invasion, he embarked for Brazils, and Junot entered Lisbon the next day. Maria died in 1810, and Dom John came to the throne, which he occupied with that of Brazil, where he remarried. On the 24th August, 1820, there was a revolution; Palmella, the head of the regency, was sent to Rio Janeiro, to petition the King, or the prince royal Dom Pedro, to come to Lisbon. The Spanish constitution was adopted, which gave offence to a large party, and 150 officers resigned.

"After some disturbances in Brazil, Dom John sailed for Portugal, where he was not allowed to land until he had given his consent to several acts of the Cortes, which imposed restrictions on his power, and until he had sworn to observe the new constitution. This he did on the 1st October, 1822; but Dom Miguel, his second son, assisted by Count Amarante and some other nobles, resolved to overthrow it; they were defeated, and took refuge in Spain. In 1823 Dom Miguel having promised his father to uphold the consti-

tution, came to Villafranca, where he got together some troops, and declared against the Cortes. Dom John was obliged to yield, and a new ministry pronounced the constitution of 1822 null and void; great alterations took place, and the liberty of the press was abolished. Dom Miguel was appointed Commander-in-chief of the army, when he managed to turn out all the constitutional officers, and appointed those in favour of absolutism.

"On the 30th April, 1824, he issued a proclamation, in which he declared his intention to deliver his father from the tyranny of the revolutionists. The ministers and a hundred public officers were arrested on charge of having conspired against the life of the King. Foreign ambassadors were not allowed to see the King, who was closely watched; having protested against this violence, he escaped, and took refuge on board the 'Windsor Castle,' where he sent for the diplomatic body, and deprived Dom Miguel of his command. The prince was summoned on board, received a formal pardon, and was then sent on his travels. On the 14th of May the King returned to the shore, and proclaimed a sort of amnesty.

"In 1825 the independence of the Brazils was acknowledged, Dom John merely retaining the imperial title. Early in March, 1826, Dom John died, having named his daughter, the Infanta Isabel, regent; she governed in the name of Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, as King of Portugal. On the 2nd of May he abdicated the Portuguese throne, in favour of his daughter, Donna Maria da Gloria, on condition of her marrying her uncle, Dom Miguel, whilst Dom Pedro was to be regent during her minority. An attempt was soon after made to overthrow the constitution, which had been granted by Dom Pedro, and 15,000 British troops were sent to Lisbon, which completely put down the insurrection. In July, 1827, Dom Pedro, in consideration of the projected marriage, appointed Dom Miguel lieutenant and regent of the kingdom, who arrived at Lisbon in February, 1828, when he took the oath to observe the charter. After an attempt at counter-revolution, on the part of the absolutists, which was frustrated, by

British troops having now left Portugal, Dom Miguel dissolved the constitutional Cortes, and convoked the ancient Cortes of Lamego. Part of the army were opposed to this, and on the 18th of May, Dom Pedro and the Charter were proclaimed by the garrison of Oporto and some other garrisons, which marched against Lisbon. They were defeated about the end of June, when some forced their way to the Spanish frontier, and others embarked for England.

"In June, 1828, Dom Miguel was declared lawful King of Portugal and the Algarves, on the grounds that Dom Pedro had forfeited all right to the crown, as well as to the appointment of a successor, by becoming a Brazilian citizen, and not residing in Portugal. On the 4th of July, Dom Miguel assumed the royal title, when the prisons were crowded with those who had taken part in the Oporto movement, and England was filled with Portuguese refugees. An expedition was then sent to the Azores, which refused to acknowledge the authority of Dom Miguel; but all these islands were reduced except Terceira, where, in March, 1830, a regency was appointed by Dom Pedro, and the other islands were afterwards retaken. In the meantime, Dom Miguel had embroiled himself with both the English and the French Governments, by illegal and violent proceedings towards their subjects. It was in consequence of this that the 'Galatea,' under the command of Captain Napier, was despatched to Lisbon to obtain redress—a French squadron having previously forced the entrance of the Tagus, and taken possession of the Portuguese ships of war lying at anchor there."

No. IX.

The following letters, relating to Sir Charles Napier's victory off Cape St. Vincent, on the 5th of July, 1833, may perhaps interest some of the readers of this memoir. The first, dated "The Lawn, Hemel Hempstead, July 16, 1833," is from the late Captain

Henry Napier, R.N., a younger brother of Generals Sir Charles, Sir George, and Sir William Napier, and a cousin of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, to whose wife it is addressed :—

"My dear Mrs. Napier,—Although it is so many years since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I cannot resist the pleasure of congratulating you on the glorious action your husband has just performed, or to make immediate inquiries about the health of your gallant son. I really think this victory is one of the most daring and successful things that has ever been achieved: a thing that none but a man of genius and decision could have accomplished or even conceived, with a force so inferior. With every wish for satisfactory private accounts, and the sincere hope that your son's wounds will not prove dangerous, believe me, my dear Mrs. Napier, your very sincere friend and cousin,

"Henry E. Napier."

From Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Charles Younghusband, to his Sister, Mrs. Napier.

"Athlone, Ireland, July 17, 1833.

"My dear Eliza,—Most sincerely do we congratulate you on the safety of Napier. We have seen in the papers an account of his most gallant achievement, an event unparalleled in history, considering the immense disparity of force to the glorious result. When I heard of his having accepted the command of Pedro's fleet, I felt convinced that he would either sacrifice his life or perform some noble action. Thank God, the latter has been the case.

"I believe I told you of our expected removal to Athlone. We arrived here the latter end of May. . . . . When you write to Napier, tell him that I rejoice beyond measure at his gallant deeds, and I hope his rewards will be equal to his deserts. Have you heard from Eliza?* We feel a lively

* Mrs. Napier's eldest daughter, who had lately gone to Madras with her husband, the present Colonel Cherry of the Indian army.

interest in her welfare. We all unite in affectionate love to you and yours; and believe me, my dear Eliza, your ever affectionate brother,

"C. YOUNGHUSBAND."

The following is another letter from Captain Henry Napier, R.N., addressed to Admiral Napier, congratulating him on his victory:—

"The Lawn, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, July 30, 1833.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—Although you must have enough on your hands without the trouble of reading my letters, I still cannot resist the desire I feel to congratulate you on the glory you have acquired. I am the more anxious to do so, because I think it unlikely that you will hear from any of my brothers, although you may be sure of their heartily rejoicing in all your honours and successes. The fact is, that George is in France with his sick (and I fear dying) daughter, on his way to Italy; Charles and Richard attending what I sadly fear to be the death-bed of his (Charles's) wife, and he is consequently half distracted; William, besides being ill himself, is anxiously watching the progress of what is feared to be a rapid consumption in his eldest daughter Fanny; and I am come up to town to attend my sister Louisa, who is very ill, though not dangerously, expecting also every moment to be called upon to join the sad party at Charles's; so pray, my dear Charles, don't attribute our silence to any want of sympathy with your successes. We should indeed be very singular if we felt not as all the world felt here.

* * * * *

"The Tory prints abuse you for taking the title of *St. Vincent!*—it is, it seems, *bad taste!* Why, Lord St. Vincent, if he were living, would be the first to say that his battle was a joke to it. The *United Service Gazette*, too, is always cutting at you, though they can't help acknowledging both the glory of the affair and the modesty of your account of it. Pray remember me, though I have not seen him since

he was a boy, to your gallant son Charles; it has been a sharp beginning for him, poor fellow, but the followers of a fire-eater must expect a spark or two! . . . . . .

"HENRY NAPIER."

His friend, Colonel, the present General Sir De Lacy Evans, G.C.B., wrote thus:—

"London, August 17, 1833.

"MY DEAR NAPIER,—The repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill has passed the Commons, and is now before the Lords, and I am not without hope that their Lordships will let it pass into a law. But the success of every Liberal measure is of course uncertain in an hereditary chamber. I thought it best to leave this Bill to be managed in the Commons by a civilian rather than by a military man, who might be supposed to have some personal interest or feeling in its success; and, besides, the noble Lords would not have been so well disposed to let it pass had I been the person to carry it up to them. I am very anxious that it may pass, being persuaded that the good government of Portugal, Spain, Italy, and even other countries, might be promoted by the removal of this at least ideal obstacle. A few days will determine. I again congratulate you with all my heart on the glory that you have achieved. There have been achievements of greater magnitude, but none, in all record, of greater brilliancy, nor of more signal or immediate results. I am glad that so true-hearted and chivalrous a soldier as the Duke of Terceira should have been the man to share with you in the military part of the exploit, and to second you in so vigorous and efficient a manner. Even envy cannot now deprive you of a place in history, and of an imperishable fame, as one of the most heroic and skilful sailors that ever appeared in any Navy; and such is the universal opinion in this country.

"A vacancy in the representation of London occurred by the resignation of Sir John Key. There was a strong disposition to put you up as a candidate; but you were suspected of possibly too much Whiggism. I offered to pledge

myself for you on two or three important points, such as triennial parliaments, house and window taxes. But the leaders of the Liberals told me they could not hope to carry you through, unless you were present to speak for yourself; so it was not persevered in.

"Now to another point. I have had great doubts of the propriety of Bourmont's remaining before Oporto with the mass of his troops, while you are in possession of Lisbon. Having failed with loss in his first attempt, I do not myself think that he will force an entrance into Oporto, although apprehensions of that sort are entertained here—the opinion here amongst many is, that he will be enabled to maintain himself in the northern provinces, and that there will be a prolonged contest. I scarcely think he will be enabled to do so—the destruction of the fleet, the march through the Alemtejo, the capture of Lisbon, the repulse before Oporto, are tremendous odds against him; and I think the northern provinces, rich though they may be, must be pretty nearly exhausted, and ill able to support, for any continuance, an army destitute of other resources. Possibly Spain may give him a little help.

"Having, however, so many good officers with him, in any conflict in the open field he would have an advantage; and *one defeat* of a large corps in the open field might very much change the aspect of affairs; for my own part, however, I think he has *yet* to prove his *superior capacity* for *actual fighting*, notwithstanding the considerable reputation he possesses. Still, if not weakened by desertion, he ought to be able, at all events, to maintain himself for some time behind the Douro. Were I in his place, I should have immediately moved down with 10 or 12,000 men to expel you from Lisbon. But this is rather vague talking at this distance.

"A *certain* noble lord has assured me that Mr. Lea Bermuda, was considerably frightened by what has taken place, and he will not himself venture on any overt proceeding against Portugal. If, however, he should foolishly lend himself to Russian advisers, *our* interposition will be *instant*. Now, for myself, I need not say that I regret deeply that I did not have some share in your successes. Had not Solig-

nac been at Oporto, I should then have gone. But I should have lost Westminster. I should certainly like to have something to do with the remainder of the contest. For *affairs* in the *open field* you have not too many officers. In one week hence, Parliament will be up. . . . . Adieu, my dear Napier. Believe me sincerely yours,

"D. L. EVANS."*

The subjoined letter is from an old sailor† who was under the Admiral's orders when he commanded the "Galatea," at the time "Master Charles"—afterwards Captain Charles Elers Napier—was a midshipman on board that vessel.

"Oporto, August 10th, 1833.

"MOST HONOURED SIR,—Pardon the Liberty i have taken in writing to you, and it gave me great Satisfaction to hear you had Such good prosperity in your arduous undertakings which has given every Satisfaction in the town of Oporto and also to every British Subject and i believe the world Boasts at Large of your Cilebrity and Bravery. But it gave me great uneasiness when i heard that Master Charles was wounded But i hope and trust that his wounds are not Mortal as i firmly Believe he was respected as yourself, By every One who knew him or Ever heard of his fame and i hope that i Shall Receive the Good Consolation of hearing he is Safe Recovered and able to assist a father and a virtuous queen on her throne. Sir, in Consequence of a Little Accident i was Compeled to go to the hospital and Sorry am i to say i could not Embrace that favourable opportunity of get-

* When this letter was written Colonel Evans was not aware of the counteraction that had taken place in the Alemtejo and the Algarves; but his military perception suggested the movement which Bourmont, at the time this was written, was actually performing, viz., the abandonment of the lines before Oporto, and an advance upon the capital.

† I trust that no apology is needed for reproducing this letter *verbatim et literatim*. Sir Charles had preserved it as carefully as if it had proceeded from a Prime Minister or First Lord of the Admiralty; and I well know that he thought highly of the approbation of his humble shipmates, however rudely expressed, as he knew that it proceeded from the heart.

ting into the Ship that you had the goodness to appoint me too i made application to go in the 'beacon' Captain Copeland But Captain Parker would not Let me go upon account of her Being a smaller rate—But i could have had the victory But my disposition never lay towards putting another man out of his Birth and in consequence there was a demand made for me to repair on Board H. M. Ship 'Orestes,' Captain Nugent Glascock, and we have been laying up the river doura ever since the 23rd of September Last and i was very comfortable ontill this accident occurred to me on the 19th January By Being knocked of the yard By the topmast Studding Sail Boom and i have Been Confined Ever since and my mind is quite oneasy respecting of it and i am afraid i never Shall be taken in the Service again as it is a compound fracture and my knee is in a most emaciated State. Sir, i have a notion with the assistance of a friend i Should be capable of getting into the Ordinance and Sir you Being a Gentleman of Great interest and fame i hope you will take it into Consideration and try Every Effort that Lays in your power as i shall Return you my most sincere thanks Sir as i have had the pleasure of receiving a character from Captain Sir Charles Sullivan that payed the 'galatea' off Before you commissioned her and also from Captain hill and therefore it would give me great satisfaction to receive a written character from your hands as i shall not have the pleasure of seeing you in England and i have every reason to believe it will prove Beneficial to me as i cannot say whether i shall be invalided or what might Be the Consequence i have my last character from the 'Victory' and it is very Good But i would prefer a written character from your hands and return you my most Sincere Thanks.

"I remain your most truly Humble and obedient Servant,

"WILLIAM MOORE, *Armourer.*

The following summary of the early services of Captain Charles Napier, was found amongst his papers with his signature attached :—

1st. When in command of the "Pultusk," landed with twelve men on the Spanish Main, defended by three or four guns and thirty-six men.

2nd. Landed Porto Rico, took a battery, and captured a schooner.

3rd. When in command of the "Recruit" had a severe action for three hours with a French corvette of 22 guns, which escaped in consequence of the loss of our mainmast. We had six men killed and 23 wounded, half of them mortally; my right thigh was broken with a nine-pound shot.

4th. At the siege of Martinique I scaled the walls of Fort Edward in open day on the same spot that Faulkner did in the former siege, and ascertained that the enemy had retreated into Fort Bourbon.

5th Was under the stern guns of three sail-of-the-line that escaped from the Saints, harassing their rear for twenty-four hours, within grapeshot, and was, in consequence of my conduct, posted on the spot into the "Hautpoult," which was taken.

6th. Served a campaign in Portugal, was present at the battle of Busaco, and slightly wounded in the knee.

7th. Took a convoy of eleven gunboats, fifteen merchant vessels, and eighty-six prisoners, in Port Infreschi, when in command of the "Thames."

8th. Stormed the heights of Palinuro, where a large convoy and ten gunboats were captured, and a strong battery destroyed. Our loss was one officer and three men killed, two officers and ten men wounded, one of the former mortally.

9th. Took the harbour of Sapri, defended by two 24-pounders in a Martello tower, and captured a convoy of twenty-eight vessels.

10th. Ran into the mole of Ponza, defended by eight 24-pounders, two 12-pounders, two mortars, and 180 men, and captured the island.

11th. Served with Captain Brace at the capture of Port Cavalairie and a convoy of twenty sail.

12th. Fell in with two French frigates and a schooner off Corsica;* attempted to run on board one of them in the night

* Allusion is here made to the affair at Calvi.

close off the shore, but missed her and run her ashore, where she was totally wrecked.

13th. Served with Sir James Gordon in that unparalleled enterprise up the Potomac, in America, and was again wounded in the neck.

14th. Was appointed to command 400 men to join Lord Wellington's army in Belgium.

CHARLES NAPIER.

END OF VOL. I.

R. BORN, PRINTER, GLOUCESTER STREET, REGENT'S PARK.