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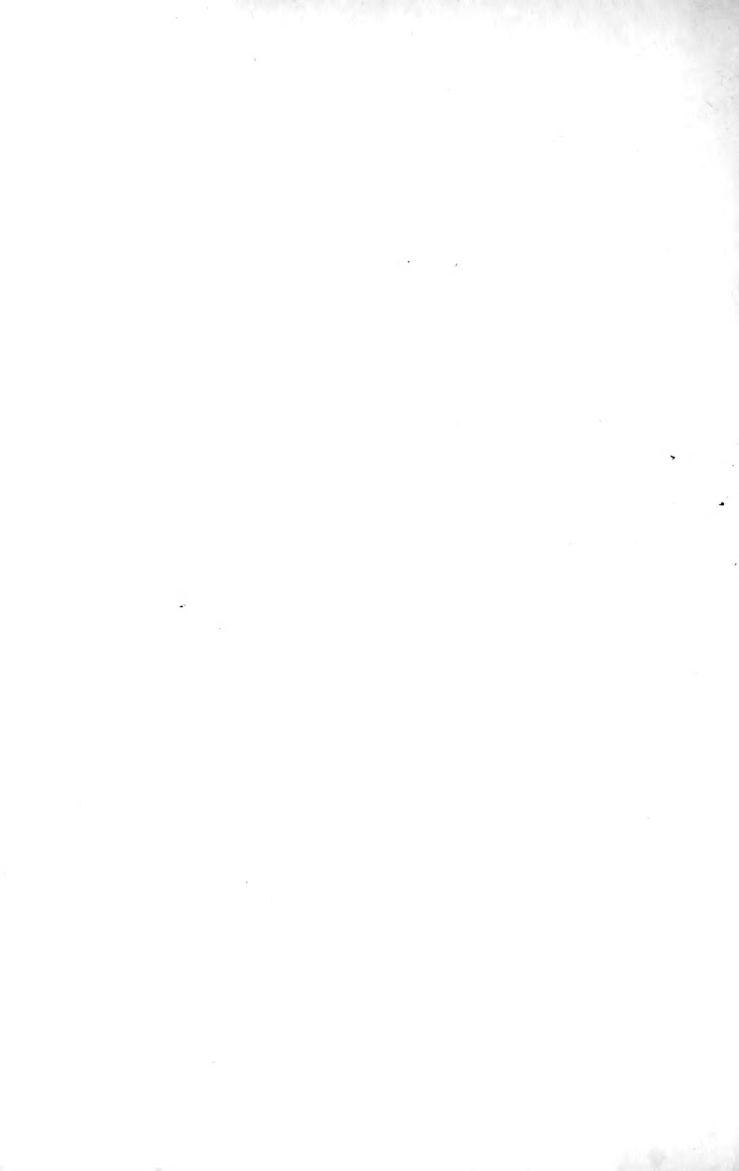
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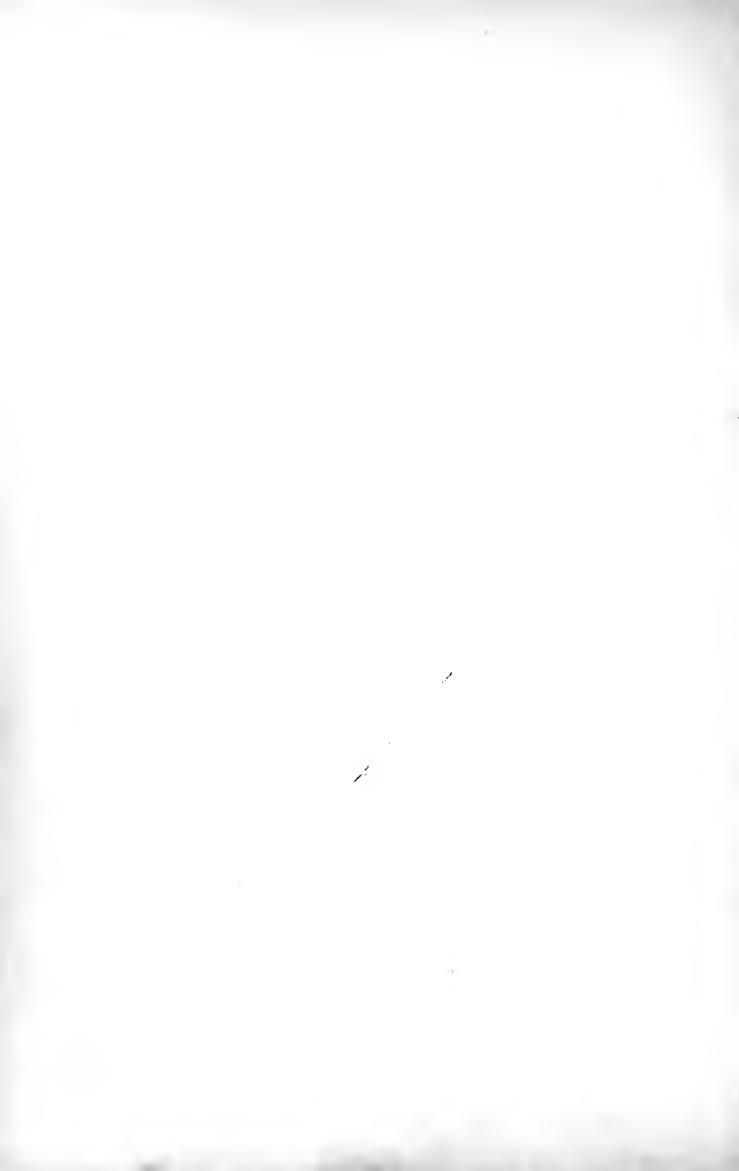
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HUMOROUS ART.







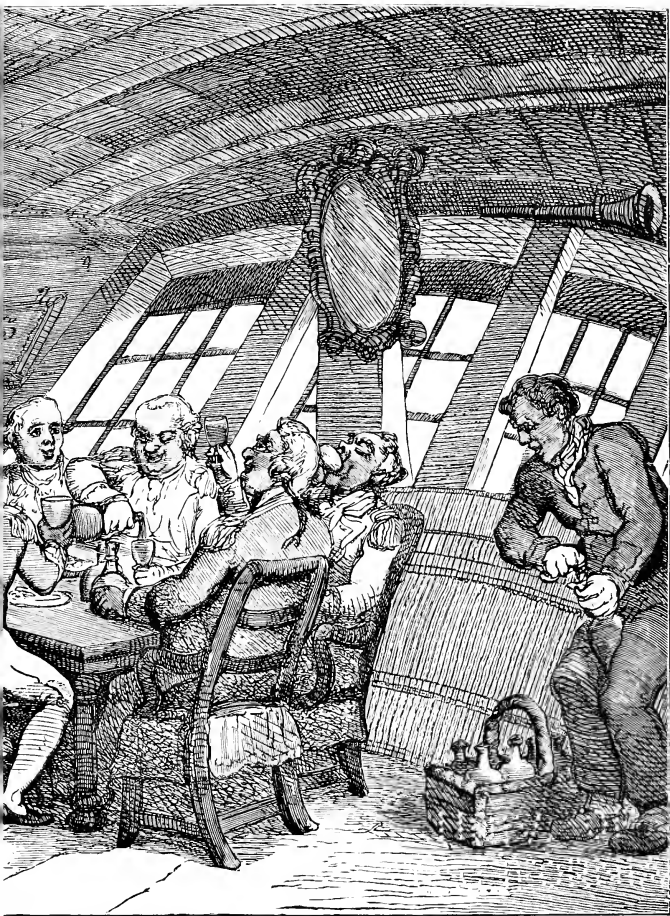
Rowlandson Del.

Thomas Rowlandson

A SNUG CABIN

Come Hurricane! Drink your wine, here's to—

“The standing
The wind that
The ship that
And the lass that



that pleas'd the most,
ows,
s,
ves a sailor!"

70. 10. 1940
A. 10. 1940

Chelsea, Eng.

Royal Naval Exhibition

HUMOROUS ART;

THE SOCIAL ASPECTS OF LIFE IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

ILLUSTRATED FROM

PICTORIAL BROADSIDES,

NAVAL SKETCHES,

SEA SONGS,

AND

POPULAR CARICATURES.

WITH FIFTY-FIVE ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL
DRAWINGS, &c., IN THE EXHIBITION,

AND

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES,

BY JOSEPH GREGO.

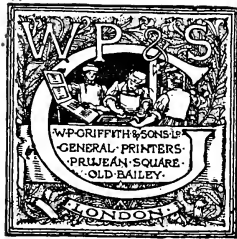
LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON, LIMITED.

ST. DUNSTAN'S HOUSE, FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1894

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C 4
1891



P R E F A C E .



IN the palmy days of England's naval history, when every Gazette brought tidings of triumphs at sea, historians, ballad-writers, playwrights, and artists alike discovered that their audiences welcomed with never-flagging appreciation those incidents, scenes, and pictures in which Jack Tars were the leading actors; hence there appeared at the period—when our undaunted naval warriors were most popularly to the fore—an extensive literature and art inspired by the actions of our intrepid defenders. The phase of pictorial art, broadly described as humorous, presents a rich vein of these favourite topics in which the more amusingly characteristic episodes in the lives of jolly Jack Tars, both at sea and ashore, are treated with harmless pleasantry, and, from the mass, a selection is offered extending over a century. The “True British Sailor” is treated by the graphic humorists on the identical lines taken up by the ocean Bards. To emphasise the stirring ballads of the Dibdins and the sea-sketches of “old salts,” like Captain Barker, we are favoured with the pictorial commentaries on nautical life furnished by the pencils of Gillray, Rowlandson, the Cruikshanks, and those merry artistic wags whose spirits are at their brightest when delineating the humours of our light-hearted Tars.

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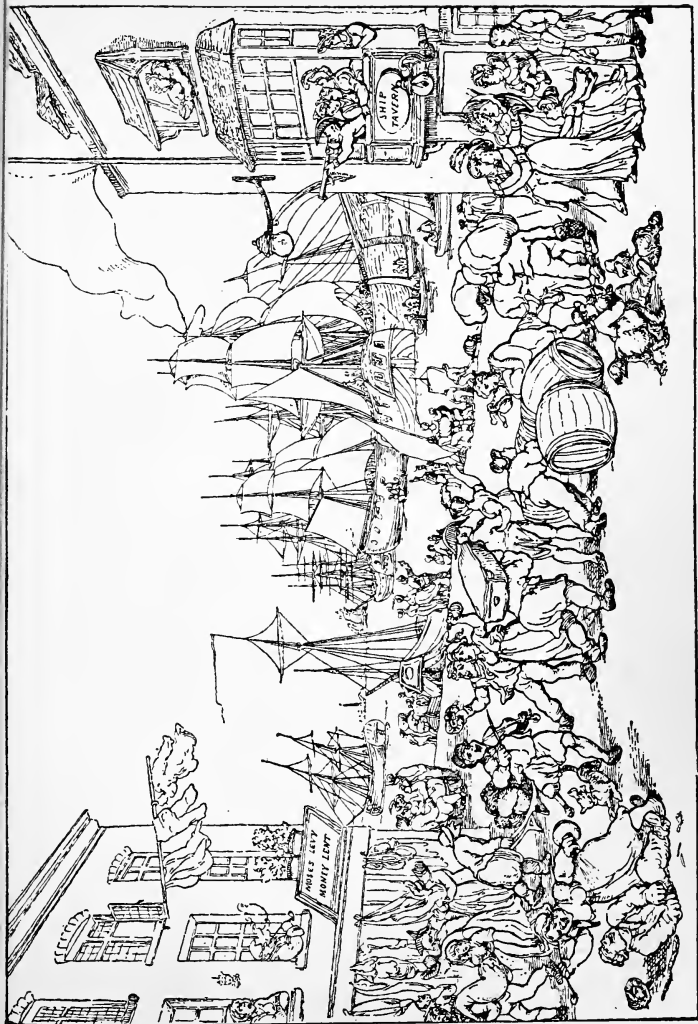
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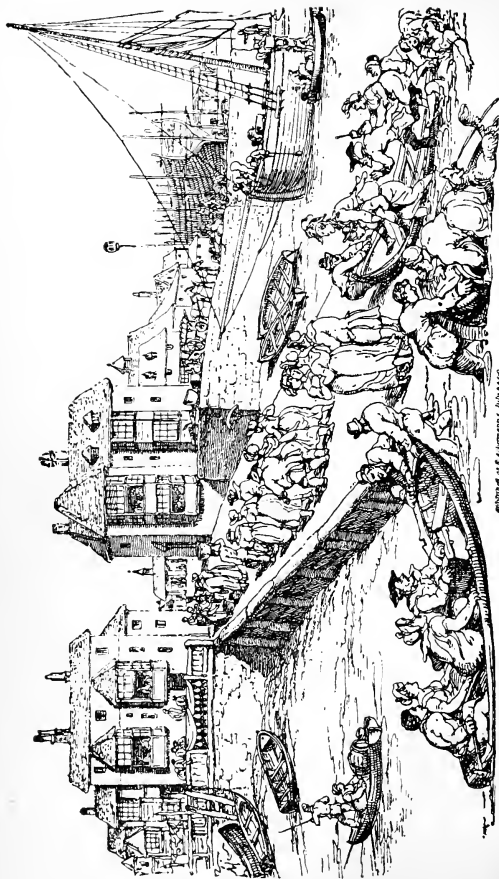
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Engraved by J. G. Thompson after a drawing by J. G. Thompson

Thomas Rowlandson.

A LANDING STAGE, PORTSMOUTH,

1816.

HUMOROUS ART.



**“ It is on the Navy, under the good Providence of God,
that our wealth, prosperity, and peace depend.”**

Preamble to THE NAVAL DISCIPLINE ACT. Tempo Queen Elizabeth.

(Better known as the ARTICLES OF WAR.)

THE above quotation, which dates back from the palmy days of Elizabeth, has been appropriately chosen for the motto of the Royal Naval Exhibition.

It fittingly embodies the sentiment of the entire situation. With the fateful lesson conveyed by the pictures on the walls,—portraits of the heroes of immortal fame who have made our annals illustrious, and contemporary versions of the famous naval battles which, in brilliant succession, raised the hopes of the country in times of threatened disaster,—the grave thought arises, what would have been the fate of England had the events of any one of these critical and deadly struggles ended ingloriously?

On our valiant tars depended the fate and fortunes of the empire, the national confidence fearlessly reposed on the prowess of these lion-like defenders, and the results, happily for our prosperity, favoured the brave.

In each of these actions it will be realised the watchword was “Death or victory!” There was no middle path. The sentiment is nobly emphasized by C. Dibdin, whose inspiring songs did so much to keep up the patriotic fervour.

SONS OF ALBION.

Sons of Albion, sound to arms !
 The hour of glory's near ;
 And if the name of Briton charms,
 Or freedom's sweets are dear,
 Fly, fly, to prove your charter'd claim
 To these blest sweets, that envied name ;
 And when, in freedom's cause, you go
 To meet a proud, insulting foe,
 Oh, emulate your race of yore,
 Return victorious, or return no more !

The spirit infused into our champions at sea finds expression in one of the broadsides published at a momentous epoch of our history, when, in 1803, the country was kept in a state of suspense by the preparations for invasion,—terrors later on proved visionary, but only defeated by the sustained vigilance and intrepidity of our naval defenders.

THE VETERAN'S ADDRESS TO A YOUNG SAILOR, 1803.

(Illustrated by H. WOODWARD and I. CRUIKSHANK.)

“ You are now, young man, entering on a scene of life the most glorious and enterprising—that of an English sailor ; to you is, in part, delegated the care of the British Empire ; be mindful of the sacred trust you have in charge ; be watchful as the lynx in the hour of danger, and pour the thunder of your cannon on the insulting Foes of Albion, then shall the spirit of the immortal Hawke animate your bosom, and shades of departed heroes lead you on to victory ! An imperious and daring Invader threatens to approach your shores, but tell him with a Stentor's voice that Britons never will stoop to slavery ! Britannia, seated on her chalk cliffs, smiles at his threats and arrogant presumption. Bring to his mind the deeds of mighty Drake, when Spain's Armada shrunk beneath his valour ; let Howard, Blake, and Pocock (deathless names) make the invader tremble ; Russell, Boscawen, and a train of heroes fill the list. Be these your great examples in the hour of battle, or, if more modern deeds excite your ardour, think on the fearless Duncan, brave Cornwallis, Howe, Warren, Hood, the famed St. Vincent, and the undaunted Hero of the Nile ! Names that will live in Time's eternal calendar ! With such examples Glory must attend you, and your grateful country shall reward your gallant prowess. Again Farewell ! Be vigilant, be bold, true to your God, your Country, and your King ! ”



Thomas Rowlandson

MANNER OF WORKING THE GUNS ON BOARD A SHIP IN TIME OF WAR.

From "Rowlandson's *Tour to the wreck of the Royal George, 1782.*"

The handspikes, sponges, hammers, crows,
Were well arranged about;

And to annoy Old England's foes,
The great guns were run out.

1782.



Rowlandson 1785

Thomas Rowlandson.

GROC ON BOARD A SHIP.

1785.



Thomas Rowlandson.

TEA ON SHORE.

1786.



Thomas Rowlandson.

1787.

A SAILOR'S FAMILY.

BONNY KATE.

What now remains were easy told ;
Tom comes, his pockets lined with gold ;
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To serve his King he stays at home ;
Recounts each toil, and shows each scar,
While Kitty and her constant tar
With rev'rence teach to bless their fates,
Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

C. Dibden.

From "the good days of Queen Bess" to our own it has been realised that the safeguard of our Empire,—the one step between prosperous security and ignoble dependence on an alien conqueror—reposed on the Navy.

BRITAIN'S BEST BULWARKS.

(Written and composed by Dr. ARNE.)

When Britain on her sea-girt shore
 Her ancient Druids erst address'd.
 What aid, she cried, shall I implore?
 What best defence by numbers press'd?
 The hostile nations round thee rise,
 The mystic oracles replied—
 And view thine isle with envious eyes,
 Their threats defy, their rage deride.
 Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls:
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks, descending to the main,
 With floating forts shall stem the tide,
 Asserting Britain's liquid reign
 Where'er her thund'ring navy rides.
 Nor less to peaceful arts inclined,
 Where commerce opens all her stores,
 In social bands shall league mankind,
 And join the sea-divided shores.
 Spread thy white sails where naval glory calls:
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy isle! What tho' thy vales
 No vine-impurpled tribute yield,
 Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
 Nor crops spontaneous glad the field.
 Yet liberty rewards the toil
 Of Industry to labour prone,
 Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
 And reaps the harvest she has sown;
 While other realms tyrannic sway enthral,
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Well protected was the land whose patriotism stood so firmly rooted ; in a similar spirit of loyal fervour, it was an accepted fact that the public tranquillity rested on secure foundations as long as the navy was afloat :—

MAY OUR NAVY FOR EVER OLD ENGLAND PROTECT.

(Composed by SHIELD.)

Tho' hurricanes rattle—tho' tempests appear,
 We sailors have pleasures in store,
 For the pride of our hearts is to hand, reef, and steer,
 Weigh anchor and bear off from shore.
 If contention of winds raise the waves mountains high,
 O'er our quarters a heavy sea break,
 Or the reef tackle fall, we undauntedly ply ;
 Nor from danger e'er lubber-like sneak.
 But the storm gone astern, and the mainmasts erect,
 Then with messmates we cheerily sing,
 May our navy for ever old England protect,
 Our laws, constitution, and king.
 Why lately we spied 'fore the jib right ahead,
 A three-decker, trim, gallant and gay,
 And thwart of her poop a French ensign was spread,
 That the tri-coloured stripes did display :
 Then by skill of our helmsman the weather-gauge got,
 And soon as alongside her we lay,
 We so peppered her hull, and her masts away shot,
 That to strike she was forced to obey.
 So we took her in tow, and to Plymouth direct,
 Where our crew did all manfully sing.
 Thus our navy shall ever old England protect,
 Our laws, constitution, and king.

In times of national danger, when the great events of which the pictorial chronicles are exhibited upon the walls of the Royal Naval Exhibition were being hourly transacted, it is easy to understand that the popular mind was thoroughly and congenially engaged in devoting an unsparing measure of attention and interest to the sayings and doings of our gallant defenders.

The state delighted to do honour to her heroic commanders, and the people made much of our brave tars. Historians, ballad writers, playwrights, and novelists alike discovered a fruitful topic to attract their readers when treating of naval adventures, and the artists, both serious and avowedly comic, coincidentally realized that the public received with never flagging appreciation those pictures in which Jack tars were the leading actors : hence there appeared, in the days when our naval warriors were most to the fore, an extensive literature and art inspired by the actions of our indomitable defenders.

The phase of pictorial art broadly described as humorous, presents a rich vein of these favourite subjects, and from the mass a selection has been made which extends in period over a century. "The True English Sailor," as it will be noted from the examples in the Exhibition, was by the humoristic artists treated on the identical lines taken up by the "Ocean Bards"—like the Dibdins ; and these graphic pleasantries touch on many sides of the sailor's character :—

Ever equally delighting,—
 Now in love and now in fighting.

It is worthy of record that one and all seize upon the generous points, and that their playful shafts are invariably directed by a free and abounding spirit of good nature :—

To love and to fight 's a tar's duty,
And either delight to him bring,
To live with his favourite beauty,
Or die for his country and king.

A PATRIOTIC BALLAD.

Written by *Captain Morris*—Composed by Mr. Dale, and sung by Mr. Dignum.

O happy Isle! wise order'd state!
Well-temper'd work of Freedom's hand!
No shock of realms can touch thy fate,
If union bind thy sea-girt land :



Isaac & George Cruikshank.

Nov. 4th, 1805.

GEORGE AND ENGLAND SAVE!

Vainly the storms shall round thee ring,
While Briton's sons in concord sing,
We'll shield our Country, guard our King,
And George and England save



C. HARRISON. sc.

Jan. 20, 1818.

THE LAST JIG, OR ADIEU TO OLD ENGLAND.

And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the sprightly jig our feet shall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kiss in time to the merry sound.

Published January 20 1818 by Tho. Fryg N^o 111 Chesham St

Thomas Rowlandson.

With a jorum of diddle,
A lass and a fiddle,
Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found.

The Dibdins and other popular lyrists exactly described with their pens the congenial aspects which engaged the pencils of our humorous delineators :—

Jack dances and sings, and is always content,
 In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her,
 His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent,
 And this is the life of a sailor.

.

To rancour unknown, to passion no slave,
 Not unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
 He's as gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave,
 And this is a true English sailor.

In his love for the "fair" there was poetry; according to "The Sailor's Farewell," after Gay's ballad, one of the subjects in the Exhibition :—

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn !
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return ;
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

Nor must the frank indulgence in brief spans of jollification on shore be severely criticised—the fiddling, jigging, sporting with "constant lasses"—for "the brave" were within their rights as regarded "the fair." The liberal potations from well-replenished grog-tubs, and the thousand-and-one proofs of high-spirited natures, were so many passing snatches of jubilation to set off against the ever-present responsibilities and endurance inseparable from the hardships and actual perils of the seaman's career.

AT SEA.

'Tis said that with grog and our lasses,
 Because jolly sailors are free,
 Our money we squander like asses
 Which like horses we earn'd when at sea.
 But let them say this, that, or t'other,
 In one thing they're forced to agree,
 Honest hearts find a friend and a brother
 In each worthy that ploughs the salt sea.

As Smart wrote (1791) in his popular song :—

I sing the British seaman's praise,
 A theme renowned in story,
 It well deserves more polished lays,
 Oh ! 'tis your boast and glory.
 When mad-brained War spreads death around
 By them you are protected,
 But when in peace the nation's found
 These bulwarks are neglected,
 Then, oh ! protect the hardy Tar,
 Be mindful of his merit.
 And when again you're plung'd in war
 He'll show his daring spirit.

In contrast to the humorous side, there was the serious duty of being called upon to manfully face the grim King of Terrors, by English tars regarded with a philosophic calm, begotten of constant dangers ; as Dibden has summed up the sequel of many a gallant career :—

And when at last (for Tars and Kings
 Must find in Death a peaceful home)
 The shot its sure commission brings,
 And of poor Jack the time is come,
 Cheerful his duty to fulfil.—
 His mind's made up, come what come will ;
 The cannon's poised, from its fell jaws
 A fatal shot takes him aback,
 But since he died in honour's cause,
 'Twas all one to Jack.

THE PRESS GANG.

[See Illustration.]

A very striking feature in the past was the high-handed doings of the Press Gang, an institution which—as a characteristic incident of every-day life in war time—engaged the attentions of those authors, novelists, dramatists, lyrists, and artists alike, who were contemporaneous with this method of recruiting for the national service. In spite of its oppressive hardships, it was recognised that impressment was a necessary evil, and although its horrors weighed heavily on the individual, your “true salts” evidently regarded with toleration even this rough infraction of a Briton's rights. The singers of “Sea Songs,” who so perfectly identified themselves with the sentiments of the tars for whom their artless ballads were composed, were too sagacious to falsely interpret the ideas of their admirers upon so vital a question as concerned the liberties of their clients.



The LIBERTY of the SUBJECT.

James Gilray.

Printed and Sold by J. Smith, in Pall Mall.

Oct. 15, 1779.

Press'd Man.—"For God's sake, Gentlemen, don't drag me like a thief!"

His Wife.—"For Goodness sake, dear your Honour, set him free; he maintains his Father, Mother, Sister, and Wife!"

Captain.—"Let them starve and be dam'd! The King wants men! Haul him on board, you dogs."

The Oxford Magazine, 1770.



THE PRESS GANG.—1770.

“In vain you insult and deride me,
And make but a scoff at my woes;
You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,
I'll follow wherever he goes.
Think not of the merciless ocean,
My soul any terror can brave;
For soon as the ship makes its motion,
So soon shall the sea be my grave.”

C. Dibdin.

It is therefore to the point to quote the expressions of nautical philosophy put into the mouths of his beloved "Jacks" by Charles Dibdin.

Incidentally, in the career of "Sam Splicem," a mariner whose story conveys practical enlightenment, we have for our guidance a key to the spirit in which the hardship of impressment was regarded at the time, accepting the instance as a typical one :—

Sam sail'd to the Indies and safely came back
 After braving hard knocks and foul weather,
 Of rupees in his chest he had more than a lac,
 And his heart was as light as a feather ;
 While himself and his treasure were hoisting on shore
 A pressgang prevented his reaching the land,
 And his chest of rupees he set eyes on no more,
 For the rogues knew the value of what they'd in hand
 Yet it cost honest Sam little more than a sigh,
 For, says he, all this will rub out when its dry.

A correspondent of the old "Oxford Magazine"—who, in 1770, forwarded to the editor the original sketch—from which was engraved the copper-plate "embellishment" depicting, for the first time, the actual incidents of the press-gang, accompanied his picture with the following communication, which is of interest as recording the feeling of that day on the vexed question of impressment :—

"Herewith I send you a real representation of what I was an eye-witness of. It is shocking to humanity, especially in a country that boasts of its liberty, to see a man who cannot be charged with having committed any kind of offence, pursued by a set of lawless wretches armed with bludgeons, who—without any kind of apology—even proceed so far as to knock down the object they are in pursuit of if he dares presume to make the least resistance. And all this they can do with impunity.

"In vain does the wretched victim plead that he has a wife and tender infants to support—in vain does he allege the cruelty of forcing away an affectionate son from an aged parent who is supported by his industry. Deaf to every cry of humanity, and dead to all the feelings which distinguish mankind from the brute creation, they haul him away to that worst of prisons, a Tender, prepared for their reception, where many of them are suffocated for want of air, or perishing for want of sustenance.

"This is the more to be lamented, because there are men enough who would be willing to enter voluntarily were the bounty-money a little enlarged ; and I will venture to affirm that the expenses attending that most degrading method of supporting press-gangs, &c., will be considerably more than would afford such a bounty as immediately to induce a sufficient number of men to offer themselves to answer all the purposes of government."

THE PRESSGANG, OR JACK IN THE BILBOES.
From Dibdin's celebrated song "My Poll and my Partner Joe."

Folks far and near caress'd me,
'Till, woe is me !
So lubberly,
The pressgang came and press'd me.



George Morland.

1790.

Oh ! where will you hurry my dearest,
Say, say, to what clime—or what shore
You tear him from me, the sincerest
That ever lov'd mortal before.

Ah ! cruel, hard-hearted to press him,
And force the dear youth from my arms !
Restore him, that I may caress him,
And shield him from future alarms.

THE PRESS GANG.

(C. DIBDIN.)

[*See Illustration.*]

Oh ! where will you hurry my dearest,
 Say, say, to what clime—on what shore.
 You tear him from me, the sincerest
 That ever lov'd mortal before.
 Ah ! cruel, hard-hearted to press him,
 And force the dear youth from my arms !
 Restore him, that I may caress him.
 And shield him from future alarms

In vain you insult and deride me,
 And make but a scoff at my woes ;
 You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,—
 I'll follow wherever he goes
 Think not of the merciless ocean,—
 My soul any terror can brave ;
 For soon as the ship makes its motion,
 So soon shall the sea be my grave.

THE PRESS GANG.

[*See Illustration.*]

A characteristic sketch of the proceedings of a press gang is given by Douglas Jerrold, a writer who had the advantage of some personal experience of seafaring life, and who thus was enabled to describe the incidents in his fictions from actual studies of life. In the typical history of "Jack Runnymede," "the man who blessed his stars that he was a Briton," we are introduced to the grimly practical humours of "impressment," by which England's supremacy of the seas was alone sustained, as the hero in person ultimately decided, and we are also admitted to a sight of those cruel injustices which this forcible method of abduction brought in its train.

Runnymede had a "call" to his countrymen and was smarting under wrongs—both real and imaginary—committed upon "the sanctity of the person of the subject." He had been falsely arrested, an old electioneering manoeuvre, in order that his vote might be lost to the candidate he favoured, being set at liberty again when the poll was declared. In endeavouring to right one crying injustice, the author shows his hero made the victim of another: Jack was, in short, appealing to his fellow citizens on the topic of the "glorious boon of Magna Charta," its provisions violated in his person, and was pouring forth a stream of eloquence to the hoped-for multitude. Twenty times had he dwelt upon "the liberty of the subject."—Again he touched upon the glorious theme—"I say, gentlemen, the liberty of the subject cannot be



Rowlandson 1820

THE PRESS GANG.

A Press Gang

violated! I say that—thanks to the blessings of Magna Charta! the liberty of an Englishman is inviolable! Neither Kings, Lords, nor Commons, can lay a finger upon an Englishman if—”

Jack had not breath to finish the sentence, for a huge hand grasped him by the collar, and a voice, harsh and deep as if the speaker had availed himself of a trumpet, exclaimed—“Messmate, we want you.”

Jack Runnymede, convinced of the inviolability of the person of an Englishman, indignantly screwed himself round, when he beheld a man in a hairy cap and rough coat, not too closely buttoned to hide a cutlass and a pair of pistols. The man, however, was not in a sanguinary mood, as he held in his right hand nothing more than a short, knotted cudgel no thicker than his arm. Besides, he was evidently a good-tempered person if not too much put upon; for he met the burning glances of Runnymede with a smile and a nod, and the heartiest assurance that “he would be nicely provided for.” “My good men,” said Runnymede, “You mistake the person—you do, indeed.” “Mistake! I ax your pardon—we’ve been arter you this week,” said the leader in the hairy cap.

“Me! I—I have not the pleasure of knowing any—any of you,” and Jack, aghast, surveyed the faces of the press gang surrounding him.

“Mayhap not,” said the captain of the gang; “but we’re never above beginning the acquaintance. You’re a lucky griffin, I can tell you.”

“Lucky!” exclaimed Runnymede.

“Haven’t you a twin brother?” asked the captain, with well affected interest.

“No—not at all—I assure you,” said Jack, trembling.

“Well, you’re as like him as one gull’s like another. It’s only three months ago that we fell foul on him, just in this water; and, would you think it? last Tuesday only—wasn’t it Tuesday, Ben?”—and the proprietor of that name wiped his mouth, winked, and answered “Tuesday”—“only last Tuesday he hoisted his flag as Port-Admiral of Baffin’s Bay. Now, you’re so like him—ha! ha!—isn’t it his very bowsprit?” and the humorist pointed his finger to the nose of Runnymede.

“Not quite so much bowsed up,” cried the critical Ben.

“Quite his run. Well, you are so like that the Lords of the Admiralty couldn’t, if they would, make you less than post-captain. Come, shake out your canvas, shipmate,” added the speaker in an authoritative tone, and Runnymede, either through ignorance of the mandate, or with natural obstinacy, moved no step; when, after a very brief pause, he felt the knees of two or three of the gang rudely struck in that part of the anatomy which honour has selected for its favourite seat. Here—here was an affront upon the inviolability of the British biped! Jack Runnymede felt himself almost suffocated with wrath.

“I—I tell you, my good friends—” Jack could say no more.

“You may call us friends,” said Ben, “specially when you know what the fat of salt junk’s like. Won’t you go to prayers three times in the middle-watch, for all the good we’ve done for you? Come, heave ahead!”

“What—what is it you want with me?” cried poor Runnymede in despair.

“Want you for a bit of—of curiosity,” said the jester in the hairy cap.

“Curiosity! curiosity!” cried Jack, almost ready to weep.

“Yes,” replied the wag of the gang, “want to see how you’ll float, as the devil said when he pulled the marine out of the chains.”

“Stay—stay—one minute. Am I—” Jack was in agony as he put what he felt to be a vital question—“am I to understand that you wish to press me?—that you wish to drag me from my home?—my—”

“Why, you know your wife’s tired of you,” cried the hairy cap, “you know she is. Bring him along, lads.”

“All I ask is this. Do you intend to use violence?—do you intend to press me for the fleet?” roared Runnymede.

“And nothing less, by—” The single oath was lost in the clamorous assent of the whole gang, who, like a pack of hounds, hung about the free-born Briton, yelling, cursing, screaming, fighting.

Jack fought desperately. A hundred times he wished for a sword, a pistol, a poker, any deadly weapon. “The law—thank God!—the law was on his side, and he might with impunity murder any number of his assailants.”

“What a smart hand he’ll make in a boarding party!”—was the derisive eulogy of one of the gang, as Jack, having seized a bludgeon from one of his enemies, cleared a circle about him, and then retreated with his back to a wall. Flourishing his cudgel around him, Jack Runnymede, like a gallant Briton, roared, at the pitch of his voice, “Remember—I warn you—it’s illegal—against the law—in violation of—of—dearest rights—Englishmen—fellow countrymen—succour—it’s your cause—yours as well as mine—Britons, your rights!—your”—

Strange as it may appear to the reader, Jack Runnymede, calling upon the dearest hopes of his countrymen—appealing to them by their most sacred rights—by their love of their homes, their spouses, and their babes,—was suffered by staring Englishmen to be carried, like a carcase, away—not one British finger moving in his defence. Jack had been seized in the Minories; hence, only a short time elapsed ere he was safely stored in the Tower Tender. “It’s illegal—you can’t do it—you have violated the rights of the subject,” cried Jack, foaming; and with his clothes torn to tatters in the struggle, he found himself in the floating prison.

“Sir, you as a gentleman must know that this is contrary to the law,” said Jack to an officer, “you must know that”—

“They’ve pressed you, have they?” asked the officer.

“They have grossly violated the liberty of the subject,” was the reply of Jack Runnymede.

“I do not admire impressment,” observed the officer, drily.

“You can’t sir; as a gentleman and a man of education, you must know that a pressed man is”—

“Not worth half a volunteer; therefore, my man, suppose you take the bounty,” suggested the officer.

“Bounty, sir! Although my appearance may not bespeak it, I assure you I am a gentleman,” cried Jack.

“Glad to hear it; gentlemen make capital sailors. Away with him,” was the brief order of the officer, and Jack with little ceremony was introduced to nearly a hundred companions, among whom were at least fifty victims to a violation of the law. Jack Runnymede was received by his new friends with a cheer which, at least, betokened hospitality.

“This is a gentleman,” exclaimed one of the ragamuffins, as he caught a glimpse

of Jack—"this is a gentleman come here to wear out his old clothes," which pleasantry was received with clamorous applause.

Runnymede was stunned—sick—stupefied by the scene around him. One roared a song in utter desperation—another blasphemed—a third halloed—and more than one groaned in bitterness, and sobs, as from a bursting heart, told the deep torture of the sufferer.

Jack, touched by the intense agony of one man, forgot the acuteness of his own suffering. The poor fellow was gathered in a ball in the corner—his trembling hands covered his face; tears trickled through his fingers; and his whole body heaved and quivered, as if he struggled with some burning poison. He fought against his grief, and yet, at intervals, he could not master it—it would burst forth in querulous moaning.

"What's the matter? asked Jack—what's the matter?" still the man was silent. "What's the matter?" Jack repeated, laying his hand upon the man's shoulder.

"Keep off—or I'll murder you." roared the man, and Jack started as from a maniac. At length, Runnymede ventured to observe—"I'm—I'm in trouble, friend, as well as you—but why take it so hardly?" For some time the man remained silent, and only received the proffered sympathy of Runnymede with bitter scorn. At length, won by the superiority of his manners, and the kind expressions of our hero, the man briefly told the story of his present misery.

"I'd been five years at sea. I'd come home—my wife"—and here the sailor grasped his throat with his hand and paused—"my wife, with our little girl,—I had'n't seen the child"—the man writhed with anguish—"I had'n't seen her since she was a babe. My wife and child met me—there was her old father, too—well, they met me at the Docks, we went on—I was going home—I'd forgot something I'd left aboard—I told them to wait at the Black Dog—I went out, turned the street—the gang boarded me, and—and"—and the man dashed his fist against his skull like one frantic.

"And your wife, my friend—your wife?" said Runnymede.

"She's waiting for me—waiting for me—and I'm in the Tower Tender," on this, the sailor laughed like a demon. "Waiting for me! ha! ha! ha!"

"But there's a remedy—I tell you, my friend," said Runnymede, there is a remedy." "What?" asked the sailor, moodily.

"What they've done is against the law; every man may plead his *habeas corpus*, and"—Jack Runnymede was proceeding, when the man he was attempting to comfort turned fiercely round upon him.

"Why d— your heart!" he cried with intense bitterness—"if you ben't a lawyer!"

"Whoop!" roared fifty voices—"whoop! we've got a lawyer."

"No—no—no! Upon my soul gentlemen," exclaimed Runnymede, "I'm no such thing."

"What are you, then?" bawled two or three.

"I—I—I'm a pressed man," said Runnymede, in a weeping, puling voice, and the sorrowful tone drew a burst of laughter from many of the hearers.

* * * * *

"Don't despair my good fellow," said Runnymede in a low voice, and after a long pause, to the disconsolate seaman. "I tell you there's a remedy"—

"Remedy! what remedy? Ar'n't we all here, like stolen niggers?—Hav'nt I lost my wife—my child? torn from 'em, for what I know, never to see their blessed eyes again?"

"Yes—very true—you are dragged from your home—as you say, from your wife and child—but still you may thank God"—

"For what?" roared the wretched husband and father.

"Why, that it's against Magna Charta—that it's a violation of the law—and that, in short, though treated like a beast, you are an Englishman."

Next morning, a vessel sailed for the Nore with Jack and his companions, the number being augmented by some half-dozen captives made by the gang in the course of the night. To all not utterly inconsolable, Runnymede dwelt upon the legal remedy for the abuse under which they suffered.

"And how, my good friend—how was it that you fell into their hands?" asked Jack of a melancholy new-comer.

"I was torn from my bed," answered the man, "the gang had heard that I had been to sea—they got in at the window—and—"

"And didn't you resist?" inquired Runnymede.

"I maimed one of 'em, I think—but 'twas no use; I was hauled off—my wife screaming—the children, in their bedclothes, crying—my old mother kneeling and cursing the gang,—and—there, mate, don't talk of it," and the man trembled from head to foot.

"Got into your house!" exclaimed Runnymede, "took you from your bed? Why, my dear friend, they can't do it."

"What do you mean by 'they can't do it?'" asked the man, with a scowl.

"Why, it's against the law; in open violation of that great principle which admits the meanest hut of the humblest Englishman to be his castle. I tell you again, my good friend, they can't do it."

"Well, if they can't do it, then I'm not here; so if you can persuade me to that, messmate—if you can make me believe that I'm now at home at breakfast, with my—there, let's have no more of it," cried the poor fellow, choking with emotion.

The vessel arrived at her destination, Jack and his companions were placed on board the guardship at the Great Nore, to be distributed to various ships as hands might be required. "Thank God!" said Jack to himself, as he stepped aboard and saw several officers—"thank God! here are gentlemen; they must at once admit the flagrancy of the case—yes—in another hour I shall be ashore."

Jack stood eyeing the officers, making to himself an election of one for the depository of his secret, when he found himself violently pushed, and heard a voice braying in his ears, "Tower Tender-men all aft," and Jack, turning with indignant looks to make a lofty speech to the boatswain's mate, was fortunately hurried on among the crowd of his fellow-voyagers. The list was read, John Runnymede answered to his name, and with his fellows was dismissed. "Why don't you take the bounty?" asked a sailor, who, from his superior appearance, together with a heavy switch, formed of three pieces of plaited ebony, adorned with a silver top and ferrule, under his arm, Jack considered to be a person in authority—the ebony being, no doubt, the insignia of his office. "You may as well have the bounty."

"You are very good, sir, indeed," replied Jack, to the boatswain, for it was that



*I say, my tight little fellow— I've brought you a Ticker!
 It's brought for Twenty Pounds! What all, but half to have
 done— you don't do in my account— I'll give you ten
 days to consider of it!*

THE SAILOR AND BANKER

The Firm in Danger!

THE FIRM IN DANGER.

Sailor to Banker.—"I say, my tight little fellow
 —I've brought you a Ticker! a Draft for Twenty
 Pounds, that's all! but don't be down-hearted—you
 shan't stop on my account—I'll give you two days
 to consider of it!"

1799.



NATIONAL DISCOURSE.

James Gillray.

French Sailor.—"Ha! Ha! we beata you!"
British Jack Tar.—"You lie!"

1780.

RODNEY AND DE GRASSE.

This version appeared on the events which followed Rodney's victory over De Grasse off Guadaloupe, on the 12th of April, 1782. Rodney had been recalled from the West Indies, to make way for Admiral Pigot. Rodney fell in with the French fleet, defeated their junction with the Spanish forces, preserved what remained of our West Indian possessions, and by this victory, at one stroke, restored to England the sovereignty of the seas.

The action was fought with the utmost heroism on both sides, and lasted from the 9th to the 12th of April.



RODNEY Triumphant — or — Admiral LEE STONE in the Dumps

James Gillray.

May, 1782.

C. J. Fox. Duke of Richmond. Lord North.
Adml. Keppel.

Adml. Rodney.

Adml. de Grasse.

French Captives.

In this satirical view of the situation, we find the victorious Admiral, who was a staunch Tory, coldly received by the Whig ministry, which had already superseded his command. Rodney, who, for party reasons, was rewarded with the lowest step in the peerage, is trampling on the French ensign, and the French Admiral is surrendering his sword—De Grasse had displayed equal bravery with his conqueror.

The Whig triumvirate, on the left-hand side of Gillray's satirical cartoon, are shown "in the dumps" over this unlooked for and brilliant triumph of the "opposition." Keppel is made to say:—"This is more than we expected, more than we wished." The Duke of Richmond observes:—"Tis the last fleet he shall have the opportunity of beating, however" (which was borne out). Fox exclaims:—"D—the French for coming his way, say I."

intelligent disciplinarian, opening his eyes at the elaborate politeness of the pressed man. "You are very good, sir," said Jack Runnymede, "but—I have other views."

The boatswain was puzzled; he knew not whether to laugh or swear. He scratched his cheek in doubt, and Jack with the greatest civility again addressed him. "I beg your pardon, sir—but I do assure you, I should accept it as a lasting favour at your hands if you would have the kindness to inform me where I can see the captain of this vessel."

There was something in the politeness of Runnymede that quite disarmed the boatswain; he felt himself quite overlaid by the fine manners of the ragged pressed man. Jack paused and smiled in the boatswain's broad blank face for a reply; he then repeated "the captain of this vessel" (the vessel being a seventy-four).

"The captain, why, you see—he's gone to dine with the admiral—I'm sorry we can't man a boat for you," said the satirical boatswain.

The further adventures of Runnymede are no less improving, needless to say he was kept on board and introduced to a seaman's life, finally rising to purser and, with industry, retiring with a fortune. During his seafaring experiences, his views upon impressment had undergone a remarkable change. "Pray, sir," said he to a parliamentary candidate who solicited his support, "what are your views on impressment."

"I am opposed most assuredly to the infamous and inhuman system of pressing, was the reply."

"My service to you, sir," said Jack Runnymede, "you don't have my vote—sweep us from the world as a naval power by doing away with impressment!—No, sir, not while I can lift my voice, will I consent to this. By losing this I should cease to be grateful, as I am, for my country—should no longer bless my stars that I am a Briton—no longer thank God that I am an Englishman."

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER, 1791.

(Written and Composed by Mr. DIBDIN.)

[See *Illustration*.]

'Twas in the good ship "Rover"
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years, and over,
 I ne'er touch'd British ground:
 At last in England landed,
 I left the roaring main,
 Found all relations stranded,
 And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore;
 But, when we made Cape Ortugal,
 A gale blew off the shore;
 She lay, so did it shock her,
 A log upon the main,
 Till, sav'd from Davy's Locker,
 We stood to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thunder and lightning hailing
 The horrors of the fight,
 My precious limb was lopp'd off,
 I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popped off,
 And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
 To bring up in life's rear,
 Altho' I'm quite disabled,
 And lie in Greenwich tier.
 The King, God bless his Royalty,
 Who sav'd me from the main,
 I'll praise, with love and loyalty,
 But ne'er to sea again.

THE STANDING TOAST.

(The last song written by Mr. DIBDIN.)

[See *Illustration—Frontispiece.*]

The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple,
 Affording a chequer'd delight,
 The gay jolly tars pass'd the word for the tippie
 And the toast—for 'twas Saturday night.
 Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life
 Each drank, while he wish'd he could hail her ;
 But the standing toast that pleased the most
 Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor !

Some drank the king and his brave ships,
 And some the constitution ;
 Some, may our foes and all such rips
 Own English resolution !
 That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
 And that they soon might hail her ;
 But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank our queen, and some our land,
 Our glorious land of freedom !
 Some that our tars might never stand
 For heroes brave to lead 'em !
 That beauty in distress might find
 Such friends as ne'er would fail her ;
 But the standing toast, &c.



Isaac Cruikshank.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

Yet still I am enabled
To bring up in life's rear,

Altho' I'm quite disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier.

1791.



Oct. 1798.

ADMIRAL NELSON RECREATING WITH HIS BRAVE TARS AFTER THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Here's to Nelson, or ever, Huzza!
And King George on the banks of the Nile.

Thomas Rowlandson.

Put the bumper about and be gay.
To see how our Doxies will smile;

THE LASS FOR A SAILOR.

[*See Illustration.*]

The lass for a sailor is lively and free,
 Meaning yes, she would scorn to say no ;
 Such a girl as would dangers encounter with me,
 When over the billows we go.

One on deck, when bright moonbeams bespangle the deep,
 Who would sing while the plummet we throw ;
 Or, while loud blows the wind, would unconsciously sleep,
 While over the billows we go.

Oh, had I for life such a free-hearted lass,
 I'd envy no mortal below !
 On shipboard or shore, time would merrily pass,
 As over life's billows we go.

ADMIRAL NELSON RECREATING WITH HIS BRAVE TARS AFTER
 THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF THE NILE, OCT., 1798.[*See Illustration.*]

Dammy Jack, what a gig, what a true British whim,
 See the fiddlers strike up on the Main !
 What seaman would care for an eye or a limb,
 To fight o'er the battle again ?

Put the bumpers about and be gay,
 To hear how our Doxies will smile !
 Here's to Nelson for ever, Huzza !
 And king George on the banks of the Nile !

See their tricolour'd rags, how they're doft,
 To show that we're Lords of the Sea,
 While the Standard of England is flying aloft,
 Come, my lads, let us cheer it with three !

NELSON AND THE NAVY.

[*See Illustration.*]

I say, my heart ! why here's your works !
 The French have it now with the gravy ;
 Why, what between English and Turks,
 They'll lose both their Army and Navy.
 Bold Nelson went out with determinate view
 To keep up our national glory,
 So of thirteen large ships, he left Mounseer two—
 To tell the Directory the story.

Then of England and England's brave tars let us sing,
 As true as the keel to the kelson,
 Let's be loyal to honour and true to the King,
 And drink to the Navy and Nelson.

To destroy, burn, and sink, his orders were,
 And by heart so perfectly got 'em,
 That some he took, some blow'd up in the air,
 And some he sent to the bottom ;
 So, you see, the dispatches was easily stow'd,
 'Twas no use with a history to charge 'em,
 He'd occasion for only the old fashion mode,
 " Taken, burnt, and destroyed, as per margum."

So ship to ship, was next the word,
 Master Boney, how sweet they did serve him !
 For when a bold Briton sits down to his bird,
 He pretty well knows how to carve him :
 Thus, with one of his precious limbs shot away,
 Bold Nelson know'd well how to nick 'em,
 So, as for the French, 'tis as much as to say,
 We can tie up one hand and lick 'em.

But with France 'tis all up, they are meeting their fate,
 They've thrown down the basket of crockery,
 And vengeance, like this, will o'ertake, soon or late,
 All who make of religion a mockery.
 Then of England, that wonderful country, sing,
 Where we've thousands of joys if we need 'em,
 Mild laws that protect us, a protestant King,
 Lovely women, grog, biscuits, and freedom.

But, while we're about it, let's loudly blend
 The names of bold Nelson and Warren,
 And be thankful to heaven there must soon be an end
 To wars, both domestic and foreign.
 While fame shall sing out the glad news with a smile,
 Let the thundering roar of our cannon,
 Speak our valorous acts from the mouth of the Nile
 All the way to the banks of the Shannon.



The Nelson's Victory at the Mouth of the Nile

*Come along you Hypocritical dog
I dare say you're damn'd sorry now
for what you've done no no
I shall bring up to my
Master*

*Aye, Aye, what
Horatio has got us at last,
why, these be the Old Cook Devils
I thought as how he would not go
so far for nothing*

ENGRAVED BY

Isaac Cruikshank. THE GALLANT NELSON BRINGING HOME TWO UNCOMMON FINE FRENCH CROCODILES FROM THE NILE. Oct. 17, 1798.

(Crocodiles, Fox and Sheridan—opposition to the Ministry and the War.)

While Fame shall sing out the glad news with a smile,
Let the thundering roar of our cannon,
Speak our valorous acts from the mouth of the Nile,
All the way to the banks of the Shannon.

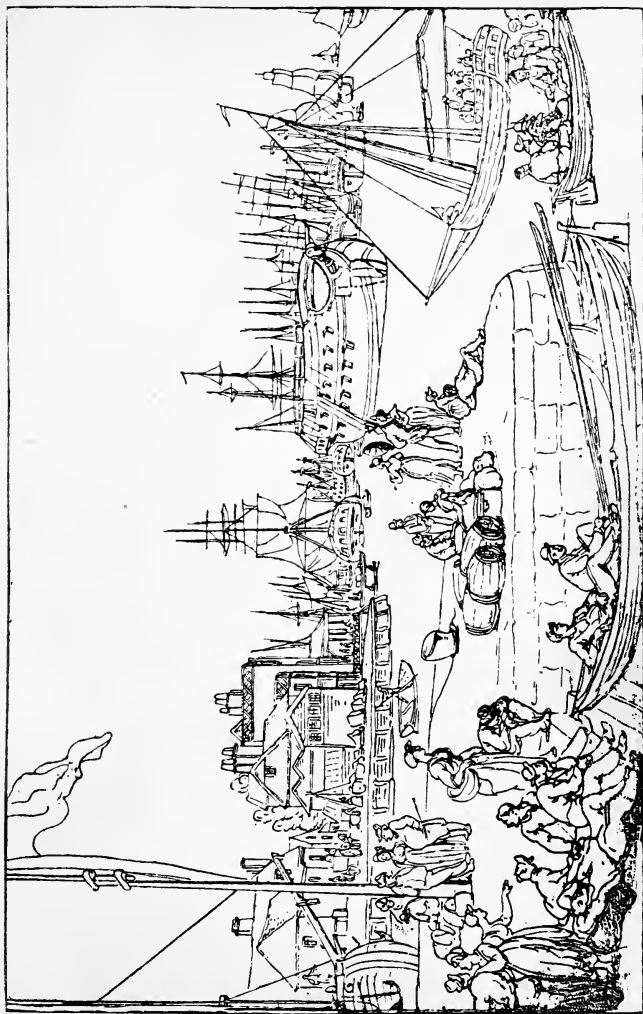
Adl. Warren. Adl. Gardiner. Lord Bntport. Lord St. Vincent



JOHN BULL, taking a Luncheon or — *Bright Cooks cramming Old Crumble-Cassant with Romie-Chere*

Sheriden, Fox, and the "Opposition,"
James Gillray.

Lord Howe. Lord Nelson. Lord Duncan.
Oct. 24, 1798



Thomas Rowlandson.

PORTSMOUTH.



Thomas Rowlandson.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

1799.

The girl who fain would choose a mate,
Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
May thank her lucky stars, if fate
Should splice her to a sailor.

He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her ;
Diamonds,—if diamonds she could eat,
Would seek her honest sailor.

THE SAILOR.

[*See Illustration.*]

That girl who fain would choose a mate
 Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
 May thank her lucky stars if fate
 Should splice her to a sailor.
 He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
 The yellow boys to nail her ;
 Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
 Would seek her honest sailor.

If she'd be constant, still his heart
 She's sure will never fail her ;
 For, though a thousand leagues apart,
 Still faithful is her sailor.
 If she be false, still he is kind,
 And absent does bewail her ;
 Her trusting as he trusts the wind,
 Still faithless to the sailor.

A butcher can provide her prog,
 Three threads to drink, a tailor ;
 What's that to biscuit and to grog,
 Procured her by her sailor ?
 She who would such a mate refuse.
 The devil sure must ail her,
 Search round, and, if you're wise, you'll choose
 To wed an honest sailor.

GEORGE AND ENGLAND SAVE. 1805.

[*See Illustration.*]

[A Patriotic Ballad—Written by CAPTAIN MORRIS, composed by J. DALE, and sung by Mr. DIGNUM.]

While deeds of hell deface the world,
 And Gallia's throne in ruin lies,
 While round the earth revolt is hurl'd,
 And Discord's baneful banner flies;
 Loud shall the Loyal Briton sing,
 To arms, to arms! your bucklers bring,
 To shield our country, guard our King,
 And George and England save.

Ne'er shall the desolating woe,
 That shades with horror Europe o'er,
 To us her hideous image shew.
 Or steep in blood this happy shore;
 Firm as our rock-bound Isle we'll stand,
 With watchful eye and iron hand,
 To wield the might of Britain's land,
 And George and England save.

While wide the threat'ning frenzy burns,
 And prostrate nations mourn its rage,
 Sternly his eye the Briton turns,
 To EDWARD'S and to HENRY'S page;
 As o'er their conqu'ring urn he sighs,
 Touch'd by their fame, "Proud sires," he cries,
 "Thus o'er our foes we'll ever rise,
 And George and England save."

Oft Fancy views them on the deep,
 And turning as their squadrons roll,
 Where great ELIZA'S ashes sleep,
 With triumph fills the Briton's soul;
 As DRAKE and RALEIGH catch the glance,
 "Advance," he cries, "rash fools, advance!
 The grave of Spain shall ope for France,
 And George and England save."

What prompts these restless foes of life,
 To dare our dreaded arms again?
 What but the hope that party strife
 Had broke Britannia's shield in twain?
 But know they not, when France is near,
 The war of tongues is silent here,
 That all may grasp Britannia's spear,
 And George and England save?

Ne'er in the pinch of Britain's fate
 Shall statesmen's rival feuds be known ;
 Or faction strive, with thwarting hate,
 To break the British bulwark down ;
 No, round the altar of our land,
 Link'd in one soul, the British band
 Shall firm in sacred union stand,
 And George and England save.

Tho' moral order sink to th' ground,
 Tho' all the virtues trodden lie,
 Tho' fury tear the nations round,
 And blood and rapine fill each eye ;
 Ne'er shall the storm here turn its flight,
 While British hearts at home unite,
 To guide our thoughts, to guard our right,
 And George and England save.

O happy isle ! wise order'd state !
 Well-temper'd work of Freedom's hand !
 No shock of realms can touch thy fate,
 If union bind thy sea-girt land :
 Vainly the storms shall round thee ring,
 While Briton's sons in concord sing,
 We'll shield our country, guard our king,
 And George and England save.

NELSON'S VICTORY AT TRAFALGAR.

(C. DIBDIN.)

[*See Gillray's version, "THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL LORD NELSON IN THE
 MOMENT OF VICTORY."*]

Then let us rejoice, for old England so glorious
 A victory never was seen ;
 We have often o'er five, nine, eleven been victorious,
 But now we have taken nineteen ;
 Yet, 'twas earned by a wound that for years will want healing,
 A wound that, at sea and ashore,
 Every Briton shall mourn with one heart and one feeling,
 Our hero, great Nelson, 's no more.

I sailed with him often in pretty hard service.
 More than once saw him wounded and smile ;
 I was there when he gained such renown under Jervis,
 And he pepper'd the French on the Nile.
 I heard his last words that so grieved each bystander,
 Words sounding so mournful and sweet,
 'Twas " his love and farewell !"—D—— me ! there's a commander—
 " To each brother tar in the fleet."

But he's gone, and so nobly the French and the Spaniards
 Have been lathered,—fore, aft, back, and sides,
 That we have not left a rope from the shrouds to the laniards,
 For in fighting we work'd double tides.
 And the notion's a right one ;—ah, where's such another,
 We've lost !—why, the count 's without end,—
 The king a great subject, each sailor a brother,
 And every Briton a friend !

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN. (1806.)

[*See Illustration.*]

Bound 'prentice to a waterman, I learnt a bit to row,
 But, bless your heart, I always was so gay,
 That, to treat a little water-nymph that took my heart in tow,
 I run'd myself a bit in debt, and then I run'd away !

'Board a man-of-war I enter'd next, and learn'd a bit to quaff good flip,
 And, far from home, we scudded on so gay,
 Ran my rigs, but lik'd so well my captain, crew, and ship,
 That, run what will, why, damme if I ever run away !

With Nelson I've sail'd the world around, and learnt a bit to fight,
 But, somehow, I a prisoner was ta'en,
 So, when my Spanish jailor to my dungeon show'd a light,
 I blinded just his peepers, and then run away again !

I've run many risks on ocean and on shore,
 But always, like a Briton, *not* the day ;
 And, fighting in old England's cause, will run as many more,
 But, let me face ten thousand foes, will never run away !



Francis Wheatley, R.A.

ENGLISH PLENTY.

If wedlock's your port, and your mate true and kind,
In all weathers will stick to her duty,
A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind,
Safe moor'd in the haven of beauty.

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

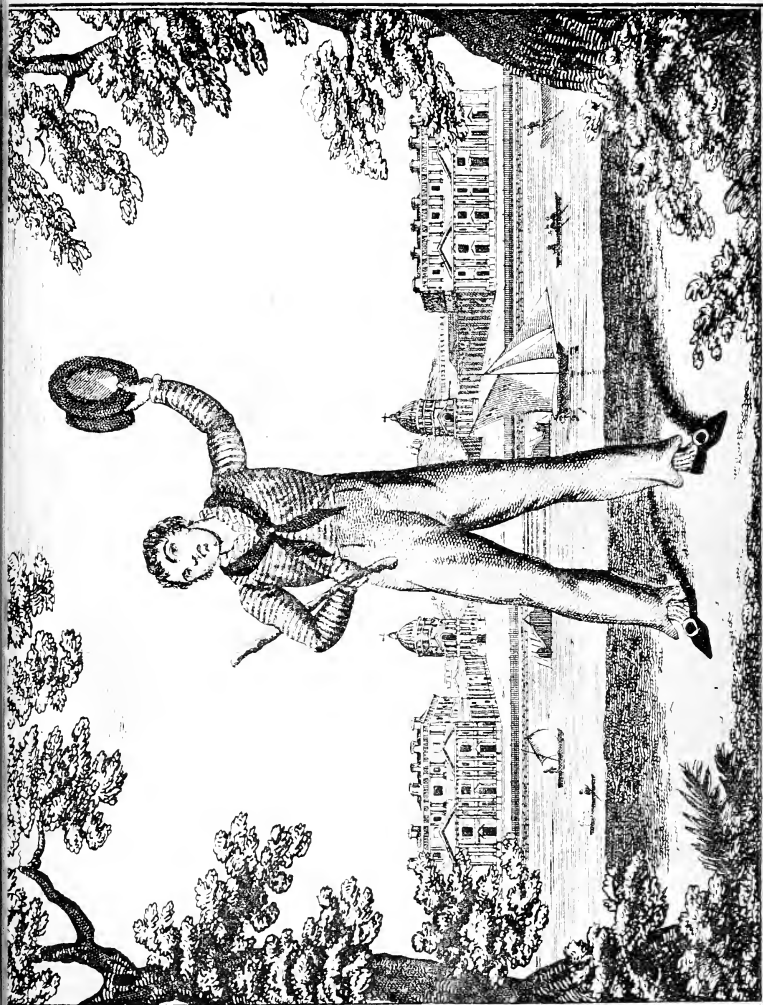


Thomas Rowlandson.

A SAILOR'S RETURN FROM ACTIVE SERVICE.

Would'st know, my lad, why every tar
Finds with his lass such cheer?
'Tis all because he nobly goes
And braves each boist'rous gale that blows,
To fetch, from climates near and far,
Her messes and her gear;
For this around the world sails Jack,
While love his bosom warms;
For this, when from the wars come back,
Poll takes him in her arms.

C. Dibdin.



I've run many risks on ocean and on shore,
But always, like a Briton, got the day,

And fighting in old England's cause, will run as many more.
But, let me face ten thousand foes, will never run away.



I. & G. Cruikshank.

DICK DOCK, OR THE LOBSTER AND CRAB. (The Veterans.)

Though crippled and laid up, with one foot in the grave,
Then, Tars and Soldiers, never fear,

You shall not want compassion's tear;
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave!

DICK DOCK; OR, THE LOBSTER AND CRAB. ("THE VETERANS.")
1806.

[*See Illustration.*]

Dick Dock, a tar at Greenwich moor'd,
One day had got his beer on board,
When he a poor main'd pensioner from Chelsea saw ;
And all to have his jeer and flout,
For the grog once in, the wit's soon out,
Cried, How, good master Lobster, did you loose your claw ?
Was't that time in a drunken fray ?
Or t'other, when you ran away ?
But hold you, Dick, the poor soul has one foot in the grave ;
'Fore slander's wind too fast you fly ;
D'ye think it fun?—you swab, you lie ;
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

Old Hannibal, in words as gross,—
For he, like Dick, had got his dose,—
To try a bout at wrangling quickly took a spell ;
If I'm a Lobster, master Crab,
By the information on your nab.
In some scrimmage or other, why they crack'd your shell.
And then, why, how you hobbling go
On that jury-mast, your timber toe,
A nice one to find fault, with one foot in the grave ;
But halt, old Hannibal! halt. halt !
Distress was never yet a fault,
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

If Hannibal's your name, d'ye see,
As sure as they Dick Dock call me,
As once it did fall out, I ow'd my life to you :
Spilt from my hawse once when t'was dark,
And nearly swallowed by a shark,
You boldly plunged in, saved me, and pleased all the crew.
If that's the case, then cease our jeers :
When boarded by the same Mounseers
You, a true English lion, snatch'd me from the grave,
Cried cowards, do the man no harm,
Damme, don't you see he's lost his arm ?
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

Then broach a can before we part,
 A friendly one, with all our heart,
 And as we put the grog about, we'll cheerly sing,
 At land and sea may Britons fight,
 The world's example and delight,
 And conquer every enemy of George our King :
 'Tis he that proves the hero's friend,
 His bounty waits us to our end,
 Though crippled, and laid up, with one foot in the grave,
 Then, 'Tars and Soldiers, never fear,
 You shall not want compassion's tear ;
 Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

JACK STEADFAST ; OR, THE HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR
 ANOTHER.

(SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.)

[See Illustration, page 85.]

Jack Steadfast and I were both messmates at sea,
 And plough'd half the world o'er together ;
 And many hot battles encountered have we,
 Strange climates, and all kind of weather.
 But seamen, you know, are inur'd to hard gales,
 Determin'd to stand by each other ;
 And the boast of a tar, wheresoever he sails,
 Is the heart that can feel for another.

Thus smiling at peril, at sea, or on shore,
 We box'd the old compass right cheerly
 Toss'd the can, boys, about, and a word or two more,
 Yes, drank to the girls we lov'd dearly.
 For sailors, pray mind me, tho' strange kind of fish,
 Love the girls just as dear as their mother ;
 And, what's more, they love, what I hope you all wish,
 Is the heart that can feel for another.

THE SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF A CHASE AND CAPTURE.

By GEO. CRUIKSHANK. *After* LIEUT. JOHN SHERINGHAM, R.N., *Jan. 7, 1822.*

[See Illustration.]

Why, d'ye see, 'twas blowing strong, and we were lopping it in fore-castle-under in Portland Roads, when a sail hove in sight in the offing. We saw, with half an eye, she was an enemy's cruiser, standing over from Cherbourg. Better she couldn't come. So we turned the hands up and drew the splice of the best bower. But she, not liking the cut of our jib, hove in stays. All hands make "Sail Ahoy!" Away



G. Cruikshank (designed by Lieut. John Sheringham, R.N.)

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF A CHASE AND CAPTURE.

"—overboard went her mizen-mast, in dashed our boarders, and down came her colours, to the Glory of Old England and 'The Flying Saucy' with three hearty cheers !!!"

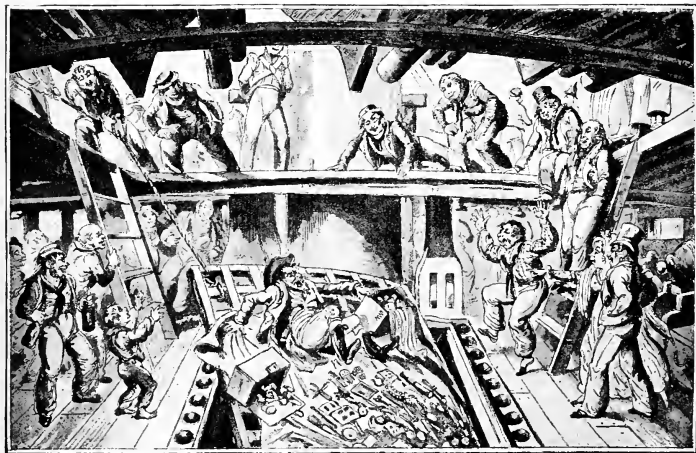
Jan. 1822.

ILLUSTRATIONS
TO
GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

A SERIES OF NAVAL SKETCHES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE LIFE.
OF A MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN, BY AN OLD SAILOR

BY
CAPTAIN M. H. BARKER.

1825.



G. Cruikshank.

1825.

PAYING OFF

Solomon.—a swindling Jew pedlar,—who has cheated some of the sailors,—falls into a trap laid for him on a hatch grating, and takes an involuntary journey with his fancy wares,—which suffer in the experience.

flew the cable, end for end,† and, before you could say “pease,” we had her under double reef’d topsails and topgallant sails. My eyes! how she walked, licking in whole green seas at the weather chess-tree, and canting it over the lee yard-arm, pigs and live lumber afloat in the lee scuppers. But just as we opened the bill, standing through the tail of the race, by the holy! I thought she’d have tipt us all the nines; but she stood well up under canvas; while Johnny Crapaud was grabbing to it, nigh on his beam ends. So, my boys, we bowsed in the lee guns, gave her a mugian ree., and found she had as much sail as she could stagger under, we came up with her hand over fist, and about seven bells she began to play long balls with her stern chasers. But overboard went her fore topmast, her sails took aback, and she fain would be off. But we, twigging her drift, let run the clew garnets ranged up to windward, and gave her a broadside ’twixt wind and water, as hard as she could suck it. That dose was a sickner; d—n the shot did she fire afterwards.† Hard a-starboard flew our helm, and whack went our cathead into her quarter gallery with a hell of surge, overboard went her mizenmast, in dashed our boarders, and down came her colours, to the Glory of Old England and “The Flying Saucy,” with three hearty cheers!!!

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.—NAVAL SKETCHES.

[See Illustrations.]

One of the triumphs of George Cruikshank’s art in that congenial aspect, where it will be found his high spirits were at their fairly rollicking best—the fitting portrayal of a seaman’s career, with all its humorous and its picturesque phases duly emphasised—will be recognised in his illustrations to Captain Barker’s famous “Naval Sketches, descriptive of the life of a man-of-war’s man; by an Old Sailor.”

It must be conceded that the opportunity was an exceptionally tempting one, and that the artist has risen to the inspiring subjects so racily dealt with by Captain Barker’s kindly pen.

In his memorable “Essay on the genius of George Cruikshank,” contributed by W. M. Thackeray to the *Westminster Review*, June, 1840, that great writer has a friendly word for the “Naval Sketches” :—

“Then there are the ‘Greenwich Hospital’ designs, which must not be passed over. ‘Greenwich Hospital’ is a hearty, good-natured book, in the Tom Dibdin school, treating of the virtues of British tars in approved nautical language. They maul Frenchmen and Spaniards, they go out in brigs and take frigates, they relieve women in distress, and are yard-arm and yard-arming, athwart-hawsing, marlin-spiking, binnacling, and helm’s a-lecing, as honest sailors invariably do, in novels, on the stage, and doubtless on board ship. This we cannot take upon us to say, but the artist, like a true Englishman as he is, loves dearly these brave guardians of Old England, and chronicles their rare or fanciful exploits with the greatest good-will. Let any one look at the noble head of Nelson, in the ‘Family Library,’ and they will, we are sure, think with us, that the designer must have felt and loved what he drew.”

The same sympathetic associates gave us "Tough Yarns:" by the "Old Sailor," in 1834, and in 1845, "The Old Sailor's Jolly Boat, laden with Tales and Yarns to please all Hands;" with this we have the author's name, Matthew Henry Barker; the 24 etchings are, in small part, by George Cruikshank, the largest proportion being by his brother Robert, who, as mentioned, had himself gone to sea for a span in his young days.

The series of full-page etchings to "The Naval Sketches" are reproduced in this "selection from the humorous side of nautical life," as being amongst the most successful group of pictures delineating the popularly accepted aspect of "true sons of the sea":—

" Thus be we sailors all the go,
On Fortune's sea we rub ;
We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the generous bub."

The stories are redolent of "the briny," and it is a moot point whether the author is more indebted to the illustrator, or the artist to the writer; the result is a subject for congratulation.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

The writer has taken for the motto of "Greenwich Hospital" the concluding stanza of C. Dibdin's "Nautical Philosophy":—

" Then, just as it comes, take the bad with the good ;
One man's spoon's of silver, another's of wood ;
What's poison for one man's another man's balm ;
Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm ;
Some are rolling in riches, some not worth a sous ;
To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobscouse.
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak."

I. BILLY CULMER AND THE GOOSE.

The Lieutenant, in search of Billy, discovering the missing old midshipman before the kitchen fire basting his goose.

" Then Bill was, moreover, a comical dog,
And, if rightly I stick to my story,
He would now and then get so aboard of the grog,
That, d'ye see, he was all in his glory."

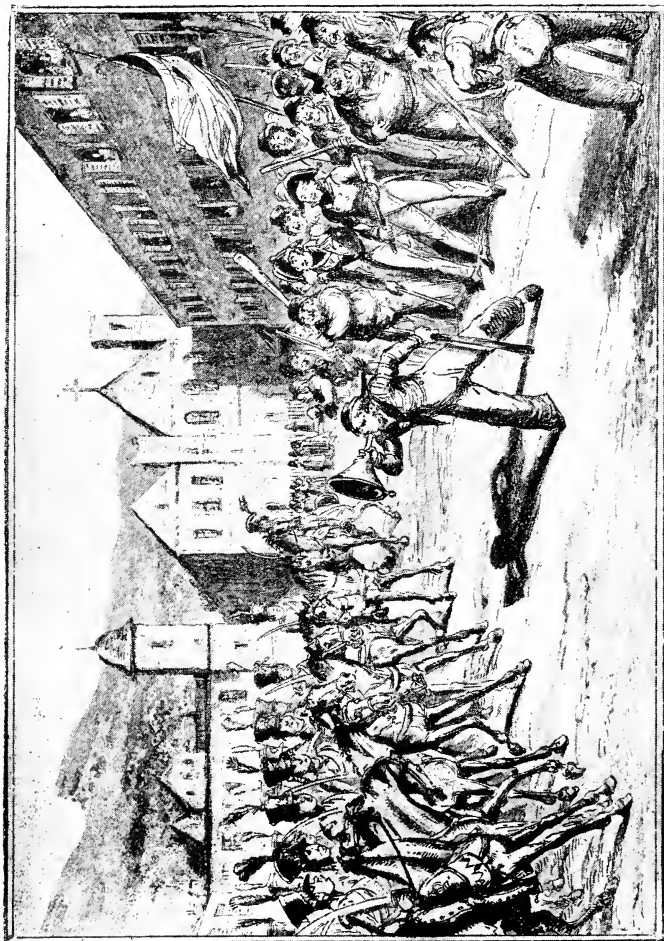


BILLY CULMER AND THE GOOSE.

The Old Midshipman discovered by the Lieutenant engaged in basting his goose at the moment he was wanted on board.

Ed. by J. Mullins, & Co. - 37, Lane, F. N. P. 1881.

J. Sandhu, del.



G. Cruikshank.

JACK'S TRUMP OF DEFIANCE.—(Scene at Rio Janeiro.)
Challenging the troop of Royal Cadets to charge.

1835.

Billy Culmer, who was upwards of fifty at the time of the episode described by the "Old Sailor," preferred the honour of being the oldest midshipman in the service to any commission that could be offered. After the flag-ship on which he served was refitted at Portsmouth, orders came for the fleet to sail, and as Billy was ashore, the Admiral—a distant relative of the "oldest middy"—requested the Lieutenant to ferret out the absentee messmate and get him on board. The task was a difficult one, but, after searching fifty houses in vain, when the Lieutenant was about to give up the chase in despair, a voice, singing with great glee, "Then haul away, pull away, jolly boys, At the mercy of Fortune we go," caused him to discover Billy seated comfortably before the kitchen fire, with one hand turning the spit to his own music, while basting a fine goose he was roasting. Billy, after some persuasion, consented to go off at once, conditionally on the goose going too, and ran out to get "a fresh scrape." The Lieutenant, finding the bird burning, stripped off his coat, and had a turn at the spit. Meanwhile Billy, on his way to the barber's, ran into the Admiral, who had, in indignation, come to look after his officers. His lordship now inquired of the real offender if he had met the Lieutenant? "Yes, my lord," says Billy, and conducts the Admiral to the spot where the roasting was under weigh. The Lieutenant—busily engaged with the sputtering bird—shouted, without turning his face to the unexpected visitor, "Come along, old Bet, a pretty kettle of fish I've made of it! There's the fleet getting under weigh—and old Shiver-the-wind will give me a sermon as long as the main-top bow-line. There's the goose as brown as a berry, and I've burnt my fingers with the ladle!" Billy exploded with laughter, and the Admiral thus addressed the young Lieutenant: "Old Shiver-the-wind is greatly obliged to you!" and, ordering the pair to hasten down to his barge, departed in wrath. "I'll have satisfaction, Mr. Culmer; this is your doings," said the discomfited Lieutenant. "So you shall," replied Billy, "you put the goose upon me, you know—I clapped it upon you—and now we'll go and saddle it upon the Admiral."

2. RIO JANEIRO.

"We always are ready—steady boys, steady—
To fight and to conquer again and again."

A slight *fracas*—between an English and Portuguese naval officer—over the subject of kissing the hand of the Infanta—led to an attempt on the part of the Portuguese guards to arrest the British sailor for knocking down his opponent. Commodore Campbell appeared on the scene, and advised the British tars—who had rescued their officer—to peacefully go back to their ships. Before quitting the Piazzas, a troop of Royal cadets charged the party, now considerably augmented, and armed with what came first to hand. The incident of "Jack's Trump of Defiance" was due to a jolly tar putting to his mouth, by way of trumpet, a large tin funnel, used for filling the casks, and favouring the troopers with a flourish, exciting them to make an attack which ended in the troopers being out-manceuvred; some of them, horses and all, going clean over the quay.

3. "HERE WE GO UP, UP, UP —."

Geo. Cruikshank has taken the precise incident which is the point of the "Old Sailor's" story of "Flying Artillery, or a Horse Marine." The ship's boats had been ashore at Port Praya taking in fresh water; one of the militia of the island, a light dragoon, mounted on a donkey, had attacked the coxson of the launch, and, in return, the soldier was clapped into the boat among the casks. Instead of a barrel, the slings used for hoisting the barrels on board were placed under the trooper and his mount, the word given to haul up, and the first lieutenant was astonished to discover a specimen of the royal horse guard, regularly seated on his donkey, "swinging aloft by the mainyard tackle 'twixt heaven and ocean, in an awful state of suspense," the ass braying to the music of the boatswain's whistle. The trooper was sent ashore again, with a caution to, in future, "have nothing to do with sharps."

4. SAILORS CAROUSING; OR, A PEEP INTO THE LONG ROOM.

"For grog is our larboard, our starboard,
Our mainmast, our mizen, our log;
At sea, or on shore, or when harbour'd,
The mariner's compass is grog."

Under the heading of "Sir Isaac Coffin," Cruikshank has introduced his animated scene of "Sailors Carousing, or a Peep into the Long Room." The picture represents the lively spectacle of "an evening rattled away in jollity and punch." "Ah!" wrote the "Old Sailor," "them were the times, messmates. I think I sees 'em all now, jigging away, while the fiddlers scraped the catgut, and the grog flowed in pearly streams, and the volumes of smoke rolled their columns to the ceiling. Sometimes, too, we could detect interlopers among us, who the next day mounted the dog-vane and epaulettes, though then only rigged in blue jacket and trousers. There would also be lieutenants and midshipmen in abundance, dressed like poor Jack."

5. THE POINT OF HONOUR.

"He would find it another guess story,
Would bring his bare back to the cat."

"Do your duty, and no one shall wrong you; neglect it, and I'll punish," was the plan adopted by the captain who figures in this yarn. Among the orders given by this strict but just disciplinarian was one that no man should sing out in pulling a rope or other duty. "Hurrah, my boys, heave!" was sung out at the capstan. The



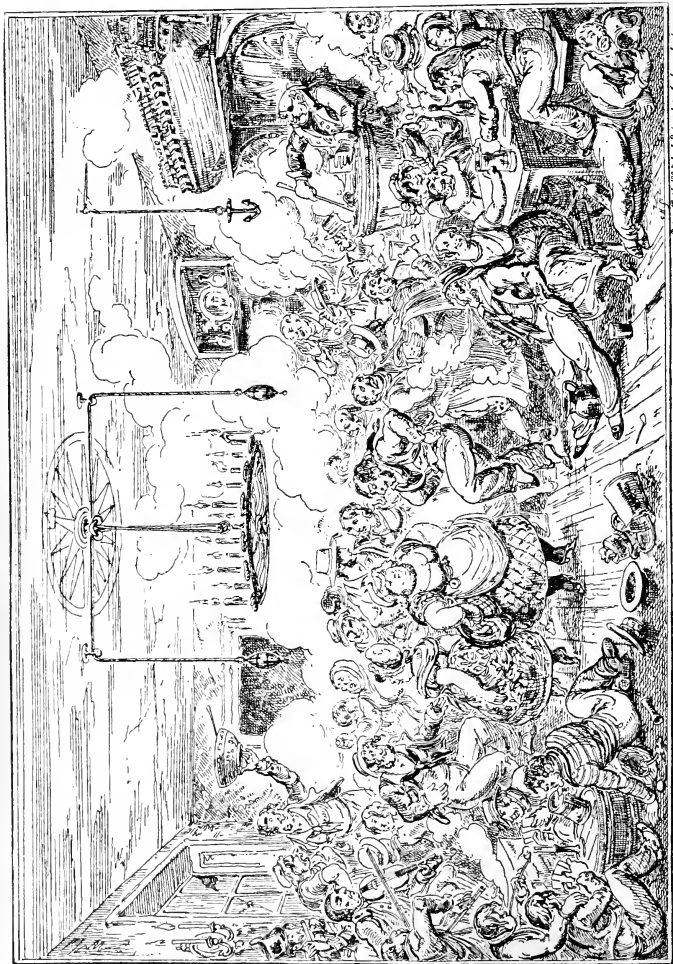
300. The Hawk Feels

Pub. by J. Roberts & Co. Sydney, P.R. Row

FLYING ARTILLERY, OR A HORSE MARINE.

“Here we go up, up, up—”

A Mounted Militiaman of Port Praya, swung up by the main yard arm, 'twixt heaven and ocean.

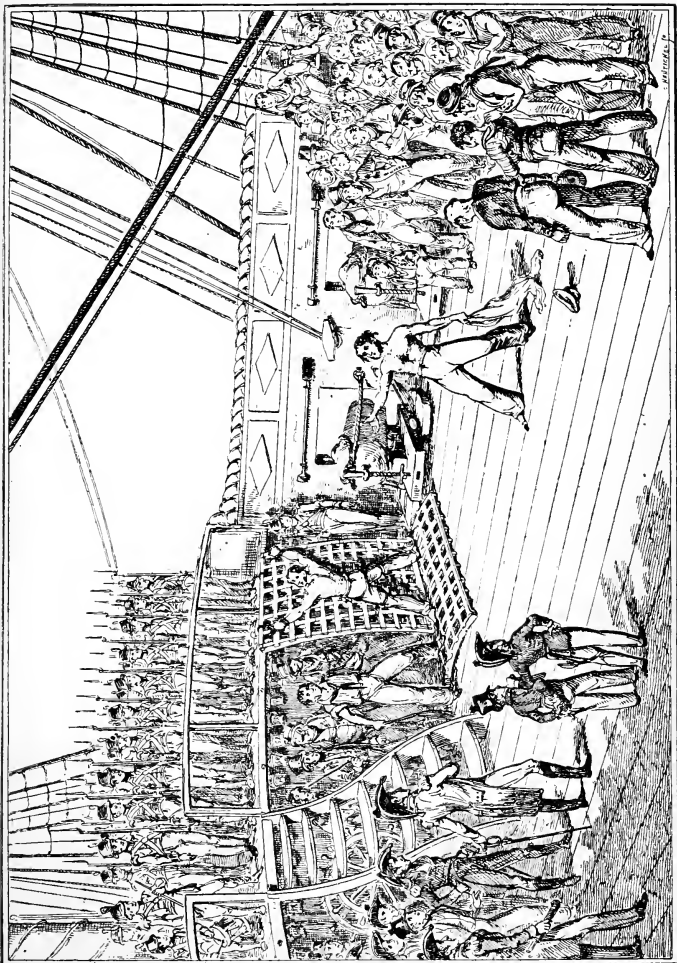


SAILORS CAROUSING, OR A PEEP INTO THE LONG ROOM.

For grog is our larboard, our starboard,
Our mainmast our mizen, our log ;

At sea, or on shore, or when harbour'd
The manner's compass is grog

Published by R. B. S. & T. Rowland & Co. by order, London

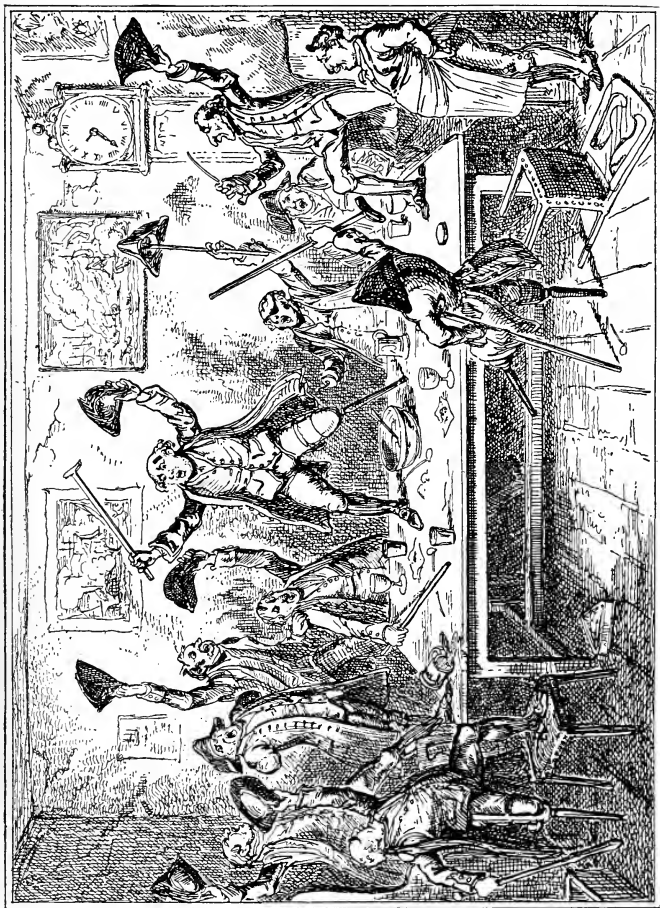


—London—Engraved by J. Roberts & Co. for J. G. Smeath & Co. Publishers.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

The Seaman "who will not peach on a pal" strung up to be flogged, as it happens wrongfully, and for his shipmate's offence, is released by the real offender voluntarily coming forward to take his place.

See "Cruikshank's Life."



London, Pub^d July 11th 1833 by J. Robinson & Co. Dublin.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

The parlour of "The Jolly Sailor," Jack Rattlin—while giving a description of the Battle of the Nile—shouting "Boards on the Starboard bow!" the entire company of "old Nilers" rising enthusiastically to the spirit of the occasion.

© G. & J. Robinson, 1833.

captain heard it, ordered the offender to be picked out and sent on deck for punishment. The officer picked out the wrong man. There stood the ship's company, the captain and officers round him. The gratings were lashed to the break of the poop, the quartermasters ready with their foxes, and the boatswain's mates with the cats. "Why," said the captain, "did you disobey my orders?" "It warn't me, sir, I never opened my lips," replied the victim. The poor fellow was seized up, hats off, the Article of War for disobedience of orders read, and "Boatswain's mate, give him two dozen" was heard. The tails of the cat were cleared, the arm was lifted up, and the blow just falling, when a man rushed from amongst us and called out, "Avast! it was I that sung out at the capstan!" and, in an instant, his shirt was over his head, and his back bare. "Stop," said the captain to the boatswain's mate; and then, turning to the seaman, "Why didn't you come forward before?" "Because, sir, I was in hopes you would have taken my messmate's word, for he never tells a lie, axing your pardon. But when I saw him likely to suffer for me,—no, no, I couldn't stand that." "And did he know it was you?" "Yes, your honour, he knew it well. I was alongside of him at the bar; but he scorned to flinch." "Cast him off, and pipe down," said the captain. It was a sight to see "the two bare-backed dogs" grasp each other's hands, and walk off together.

6. THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

This quotation forms the motto of the "Old Sailor's" essay upon "an assemblage of old blue-bottles belonging to Greenwich College, under the title of the 'Quidam Association,' who met at the 'Jolly Sailor' for the purpose of recounting past adventures, and fighting their battles o'er again. It would do your heart good to hear them." George Cruikshank's picture illustrates the subject of the Veteran Nilers, "when the enthusiastic crisis is on, in the description of an engagement." "I remember once, Jack Rattlin had gone through the Battle of the Nile, till the moment they were called from their quarters to board their opponent; he did it so naturally, and bellowed so loudly, applying his hand to his mouth by way of speaking trumpet, 'Boarders on the Starboard bow!' that the whole company rose spontaneously, and, with visages 'like the grim ferryman that poets write of,' seized crutches, sticks, wooden legs, &c., and presented so formidable an appearance, that I began to get alarmed, but was soon relieved from apprehension by three hearty cheers,—the enemy had struck! This was the signal for the landlord to replenish."

7. DAVY JENKINS AND THE GOAT.

8. THE JEW.

"To clink the chink's the music still for me!" is the appropriate head-line of the story of "The Jew," wherein is introduced the incident of "Paying off," rendered with spirit in G. Cruikshank's version of the well-deserved tribulations of "Old Solomon Schernbac, that used to live near the 'Blue Posts' on Portsmouth Point." The Jew had swindled the tars, sold them watches without their proper complement of works, had in fact taken advantage of the honest fellows' simplicity. "The complaint became general, so they determined to play the rogue a trick: pay day came, and he was permitted to be aboard with all his traps, and so he spread them all out on the fore-grating, making a grand display. There was his sealing wax of brick-dust, copper gilt-gold rings, pencils without lead, watches with bogus movements, lockets to pick your pockets, and a hundred other *imposing* articles. Well, one of the sufferers, unobserved, made a rope's end fast to the grating; they gave it a bowse upon deck,—and away went old Solomon!—with a parachute descent from the fore-gratings to the cockpit—shop. watches, *colifichets* and all!" When, later on, this yarn was told in old Solomon's hearing, "Ah!" cried the Jew, "I losht more as von hunder pounds." "Avast there, Solomon, avast!" retorts the narrator. "Didn't the ship's company make it up to you? They had their frolic and you your money." "Upon ma consience dat shlipt ma memory; but 'tvas almosht cosht ma life!"

9. THE ARETHUSA.

A health to the captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusia.

This sketch introduces the incident illustrated in G. Cruikshank's etching of "Sailors on a Cruise." The gallant "Arethusers," in 1800, under the command of Admiral Pellew, later created Lord Exmouth, after taking the French squadron off Ireland, are introduced with their pockets filled with prize-money, which they are bent upon sending flying, after their hard days of fighting. "However, as most of the Jehus about Plymouth can testify," they spent a roaring time on shore. "Five on 'em bought a coach, horses and all, and then hired the coachman for three days to drive about; but all hands kept upon deck, and left the inside empty, for what was the use of skulking under hatches in fine weather? So they stowed the craft well with grog and 'bacca, got all snug, with a fiddler forward, and an organ-grinder abaft, and carried on between Plymouth and Dock during the whole time they stopped on shore. Ah, them were the days, when a sailor had no trouble in getting rid of his money!"



Pub. by J. P. Robinson, 10, St. John Lane, Pall Mall, London, W. 1855.

SAILORS ON A CRUISE

The gallant "Harry-thusers" starting for a pleasure trip on shore, their pockets bursting with prize-money, have purchased a coach and horses, shipped a fiddler in front, a man to turn an organ astern, and filled the cabin (interior) with stores of spirits and tobacco.

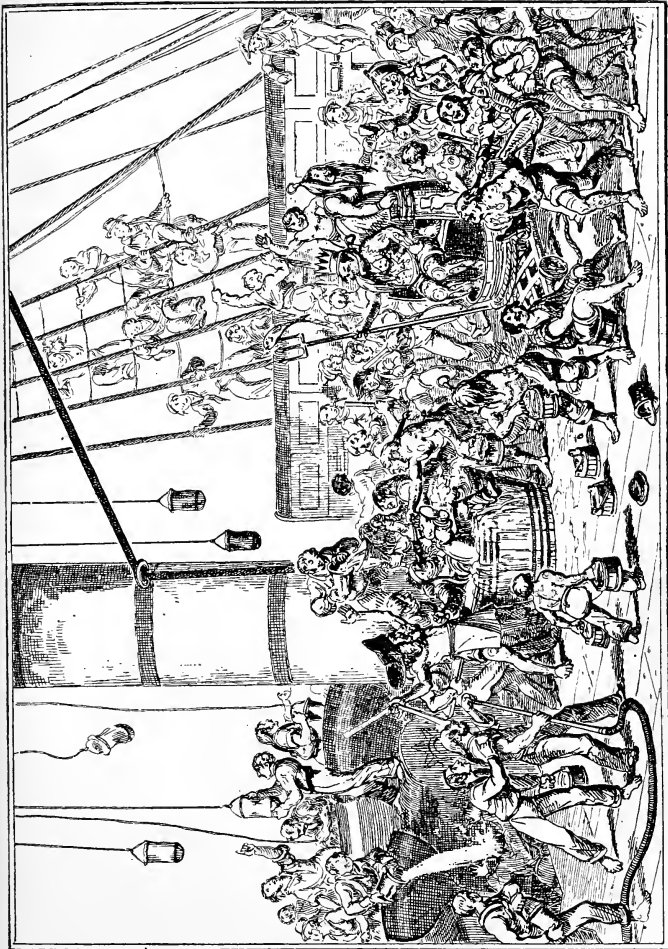


Illustration by J. G. S. for the Illustrated London News.

CROSSING THE LINE.

Deck of "The Bedford" man of war, the seamen holding Neptune's Revels, and sousing those new-comers who are unwilling to pay the Court their fines. The ceremony of lathering and shaving novices by the Court Barber and his deputies.

J. G. S. 1840.



Pub. Oct. 1815 by Adlard & Co. No. 15, Pall Mall, London.

J. G. Smeaton del.

SCUD HILL.

The Gallant Tars, who have successfully stormed the breach at Toulon, and are arrested by their military comrades, and required, at the point of the bayonet, to disgorge the plunder they are carrying off, are, by Admiral Nelson, rescued from their critical position, the valiant hero is pledging his sailors in a goblet—"Here's better times to us!"

10. A WITNESS.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Joe James bringing the old mare into court as a witness in defence of his friend Jack Moberly, who is charged before the Mayor of Portsmouth by a rogue of a landlord, from whom the simple tar had hired the broken-kneed hack.

11. CROSSING THE LINE.

The sign of a true-hearted sailor
 Is to give and to take a good joke.

Deck of the "Bedford" man-of-war, with the seamen sousing the new-comers ; one of the Court with Neptune's shaving-brush.

12. SCUD HILL.

Then haul away, pull away, jolly boys ;
 At the mercy of Fortune we go ;
 We're in for it now—'tis a folly, boys,
 To be down-hearted, yo ho !

Nelson drinking "Here's better times to us," at the request of Peter M'Cormick and his comrades, who had just successfully stormed the breach at Toulon, and stoutly refused to give up, at the bidding of the soldiery, the finery and plunder they had picked up after their feat of valour.

MEG OF WAPPING.

[See Illustration.]

'Twas landlady Meg that made such rare flip ;
 Pull away, pull away, hearties !
 At Wapping she lived, at the sign of the Ship,
 Where tars meet in such jolly parties.
 She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,
 All rigg'd out so gay and so topping ;
 For she married six husbands, and buried them all,—
 Pull away, pull away, pull away ! I say ;
 What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping ?

The first was old Bluff, with a swingeing purse ;
 Pull away, pull away, jolly boys !
 He was cast away. Said Meg, Who cares a curse ?
 As for grieving, why, Lord, that's a folly, boys !
 The second in command was blear-eyed Ned :
 While the surgeon his limb was a-logging,
 A nine-pounder came, and smack went his head,—
 Pull away, pull away, pull away ! I say ;
 Rare news for my Meg of Wapping !

Then she married to Sam, and Sam loved a sup ;
 Pull away, pull away, brother !
 So groggy Sam got, and the ship he blew up,
 And Meg had to look for another.
 The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger would smile,
 Till his courage a crocodile stopping,
 Made his breakfast on Ben on the banks of the Nile,—
 Pull away, pull away, pull away ! I say :
 What a fortunate Meg of Wapping !

Stay, who was the fifth ? Oh ! 'twas Dick so neat ;
 Pull away, pull away, so merry !
 And the savages Dick both kill'd and eat,
 And poor Meg she was forced to take Jerry.
 Death again stood her friend, for kill'd in a fray,
 He also the grave chanced to pop in ;
 So now with my song I shall soon belay ;—
 Pull away, pull away, pull away ! Belay !
 The six husbands of Meg of Wapping.

MEG OF WAPPING.

'Twas landlady Meg that made such rare flip ;
Pull away, pull away, hearties !
At Wapping she lived, at the sign of "The Ship,"
Where tars meet in such jolly parties.



She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,
All rigg'd out so gay and so topping ;
For she married six husbands, and buried them all, —
What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping ?



George Corder Hand-C.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

In spite of those, there are some joys
Us jolly tars to bless,

For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

But I didn't tell you how that she married seven ;
 Pull away, pull away, so neatly !
 'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to heaven,
 And her strong box rummaged sweetly ;
 For Meg, growing old, a fond dotard proved,
 And must after a boy needs be hopping ;
 So she popp'd off, and Tom, with the girl that he loved—
 Pull away, pull away, pull away ! I say—
 Spent the shiners of Meg of Wapping.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

[*See Illustration.*]

'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards, when we leave the shore,
 Our friends should mourn,
 Lest we return
 To bless their sight no more.
 But this is all a notion
 Bold Jack can't understand,
 Some die upon the ocean,
 And some upon the land.
 Then, since 'tis clear,
 Howe'er we steer,
 No man's life's under his command ;
 Let tempests howl,
 And billows roll
 And dangers press :
 Of those in spite, there are some joys
 Us jolly tars to bless,
 For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
 To drink to Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sails, another heaves the log,
 The purser swops
 Our pay for slops,
 The landlord sells us grog ;
 Then each man to his station,
 To keep life's ship in trim.
 What argufies noration ?
 The rest is all a whim.
 Cheerly, my hearts !
 Then play your parts,
 Boldly resolved to sink or swim ;
 The mighty surge
 May ruin urge,
 And danger press :
 Of these in spite, &c.

For all the world, just like the ropes aboard a ship,
 Each man's rigg'd out—
 A vessel stout,
 To take for life a trip.
 The shrouds, the stays, the braces,
 Are joys, and hopes, and fears ;
 The halliards, sheets, and traces,
 Still, as each passion veers,
 And whim prevails,
 Direct the sails,
 As on the sea of life he steers.
 Then let the storm
 Heaven's face deform,
 And dangers press :
 Of these in spite, &c.

ALL GIRLS.

[*See Illustration.*]

No more of waves and winds the sport,
 Our vessel is arrived in port ;
 At anchor see she safely rides,
 And gay red ropes adorn her sides ;
 The sails are furl'd, the sheets belay'd,
 The crimson petticoat's displayed,
 Deserted are the useless shrouds,
 And wenches come aboard in crowds.
 Then come, my lads, the flip put round,
 While safely moored on English ground,
 With a jorum of diddle,
 A lass and a fiddle,
 Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found ;
 And, while upon the hollow deck,
 To the sprightly jig our feet shall bound,
 Take each his charmer round the neck,
 And kiss in time to the merry sound.

Bess hears the death of honest Jack,
 Who swore he'd safe and sound come back ;
 She calls him scurvy, lying swab,
 And then she kindly takes to Bob.
 Ben asks the news of Bonny Kate,
 Who said she'd prove a constant mate ;
 But winds and girls are false, for she
 Took Ned the morn Ben went to sea.
 Well come, says Ben, the flip put round,
 While safely moored on English ground.
 With a jorum of diddle, &c.



George Cruikshank

ALL GIRLS—SAILORS CAROUSING.

Deserted are the useless shrouds,
And wenchies come aboard in crowds.

Then come, my lads, the flip put round,
While safely moor'd on English ground.

POOR JACK.

I said to our Pell, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What arguties sniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why, what a fond fool you must be!



What then, all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

By will and power, when last ashore,
 His rhino Tom to Poll made o'er,
 Poll touch'd the prize-money and pay,
 And with the agent ran away.
 And Jenny, just as cute a trick
 His back once turned, play'd whistling Dick
 Dick left her clothes to cut a flash,
 She sold 'em all and spent the cash.
 But come, says Dick, the flip put round,
 While safely moor'd on English ground,
 With a jorum of diddle, &c.

While feet and tongues like lightning go,
 With—What cheer, Suke? and How do, Joe?
 Dick Laniard chooses Peg so spruce,
 And buxom Nell takes Kit Caboose.
 Thus 'mongst the girls they left behind,
 A lot of true and false they find;
 While they bewail those shot or drown'd,
 And welcome home the safe and sound;
 Still thankful, while the flip goes round,
 They're safely moor'd on English ground.
 With a jorum of diddle, &c.

POOR JACK.

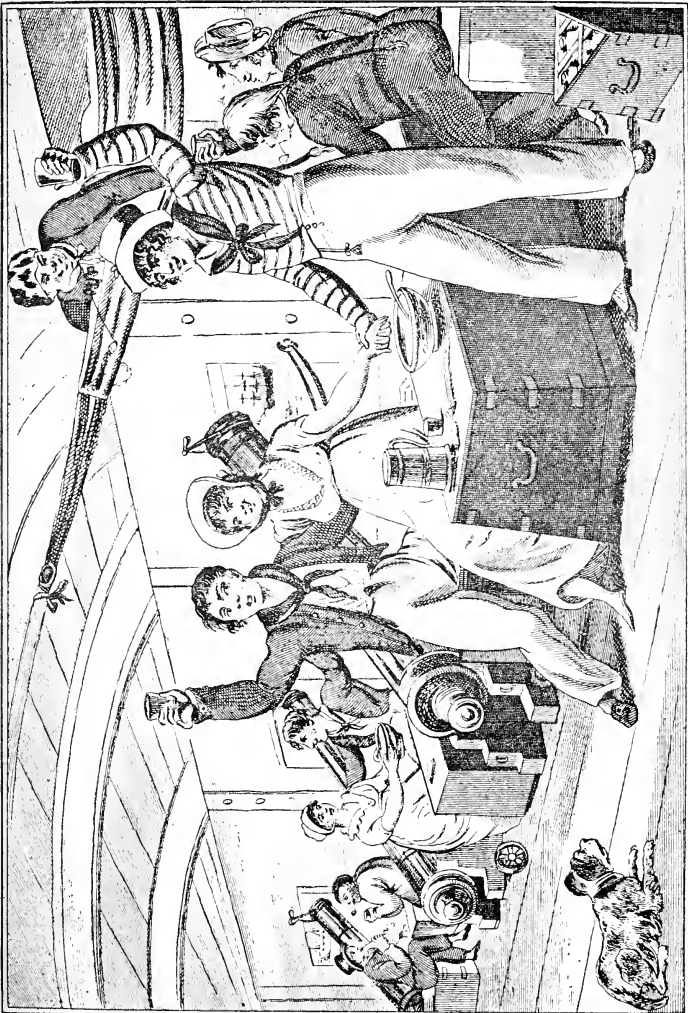
[*See Illustration.*]

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger. and fear. and the like;
 A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me.
 And t'ent to a little I'll strike:
 Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck. stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
 Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
 To be taken for trifles aback;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch !
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below ;
 And many fine things that proved clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow :
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye ?
 Why, what a damn'd fool you must be !
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore.
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 Why you never will hear of me more :
 What then ? all's a hazard ; come, don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world without offering to flinch
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
 And as for my life—'tis the King's.
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback,
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.



J. & G. Cruikshank.

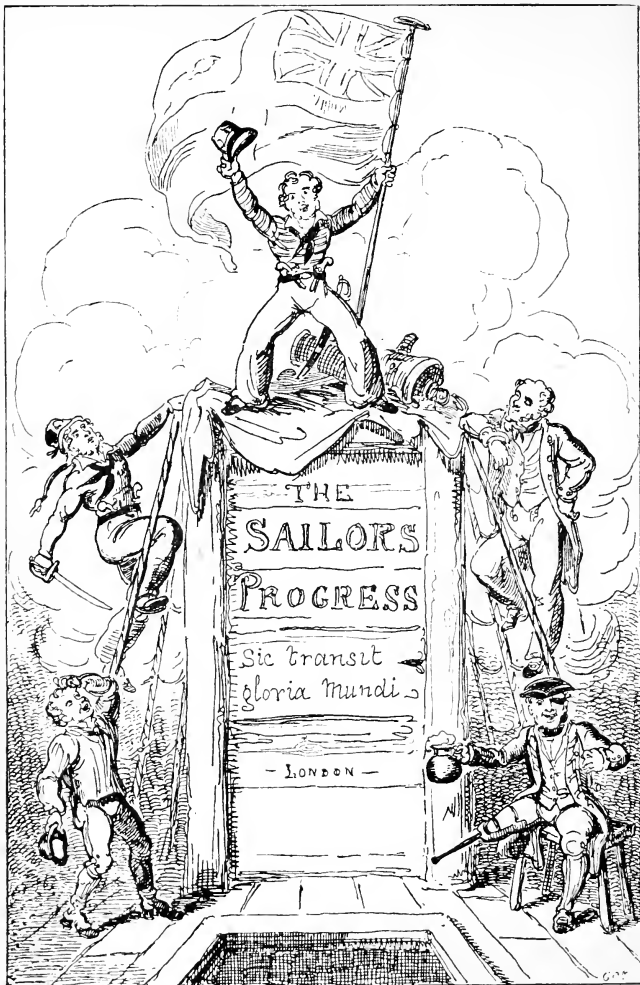
JACK STEADFAST, OR THE HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR ANOTHER.

For sailors, pray mind me, tho' strange kind of fish,
Love girls just as dear as their mother;

And, what's more, they love, what I hope you all wish,
Is the heart that can feel for another!

—See *Times*, page 56.

1807.



G. Cruikshank.

The Sailor's Progress.—I. ENTERING AS LANDSMAN.



G. Cruikshank, after designs by Lieut. John Sheringham, R.N. 1818.

I, that was once a ploughman, a sailor am now,—
No lark that, aloft in the sky,
Ever fluttered his wings to give speed to the plough,
Was so gay or so careless as I.
But my friend was a carfindo aboard a king's ship,
And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip ;
And he talked of such things,
As if sailors were kings,
And so teasing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep :
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn ;
I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

The Sailor's Progress.—2. IN IRONS FOR GETTING DRUNK.



G Cruikshank, after designs by Lieut. John Sheringham, R.N., 1818.

I did not much like to be aboard a ship ;
When, in danger, there's no door to creep out ;
I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and flip,
But I did not like rocking about.
By and bye comes a hurricane,—I did not like that ;
Next a battle, that many a sailor laid flat.



G. Cruikshank, after designs by Lieut. John Sheringham, R.N.

1818.

But yet, think not our fate is hard,
Though storms at sea thus treat us,
For coming home, a sweet reward,
With smiles our sweethearts greet us !
Now, too, the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toast
Her we love most,
And gaily sing and laugh :
The sails we furl,
Then for each girl

The petticoat display ;
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms survey ;
And then the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man :
We sing a little, we laugh a little,
And work a little, and foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can.



G. Cruikshank, after designs by Lieut. John Sheringham, R.N.

1818.

'Tis not that in the hottest fight
The murd'rous ball will sooner light
On him than any other spot,
To face the cannon is his lot ;
He must of danger have his share.

But honest tar,
Though fire, and winds, and water jar,
Consults his heart and shakes off care ;
And when the battle's heat is o'er,
In grog aboard, drinks girls ashore !



G. Cruikshank, after designs by Lieut. John Sheringham. R.N.

1818.

Ben Backstay was our boatswain. a very merry boy,
For no one half so merrily could pipe all hands a-hoy ;
And when it chanced his summons we didn't well attend.
No lad, than he, more merrily could handle a rope's end.



G. Cruikshank, after designs by Lieut. John Sheringham, R.N.

1818.

Now, laid up in Greenwich quarter,
Chatham chest my right, by charter,
Being old, I've lost all but my tongue :

So, says I,

'Twas not so when I was young ;

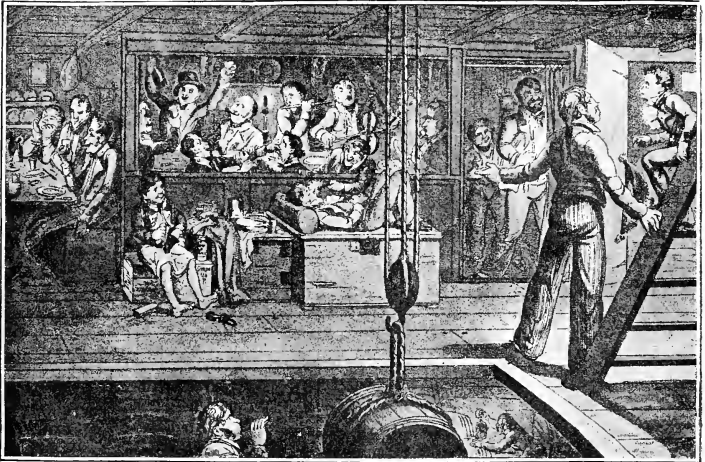
But, then, says I again, you dunce !

Be fear afar

From every tar ;

Damme, a man can die but once !

THE PROGRESS OF A MIDSHIPMAN.



G. Cruikshank, after designs by Capt. Mackintosh, R.N.

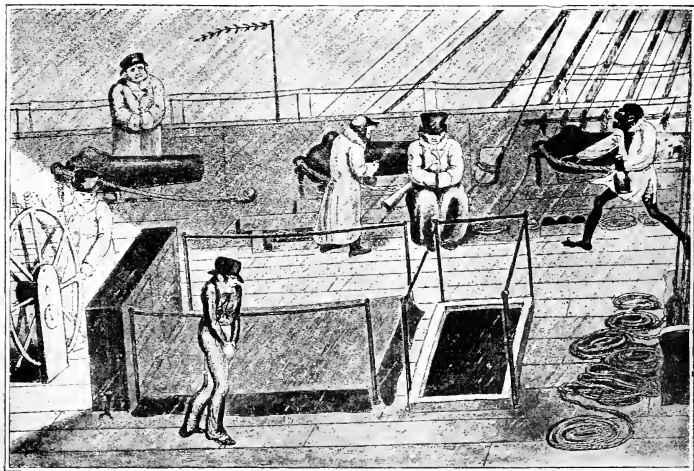
1820.

FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE MIDSHIPMEN'S BERTH. "Finding things not exactly what he expected."

" Deep in that fabric, where Britannia boasts
O'er seas to waft her thunders and her hosts,
A cavern lies, unknown to cheering day,
Where one small taper lends a feeble ray,
Where wild disorder holds her wanton reign,
And careless mortals frolic in her train."

Falconer.

THE PROGRESS OF A MIDSHIPMAN.



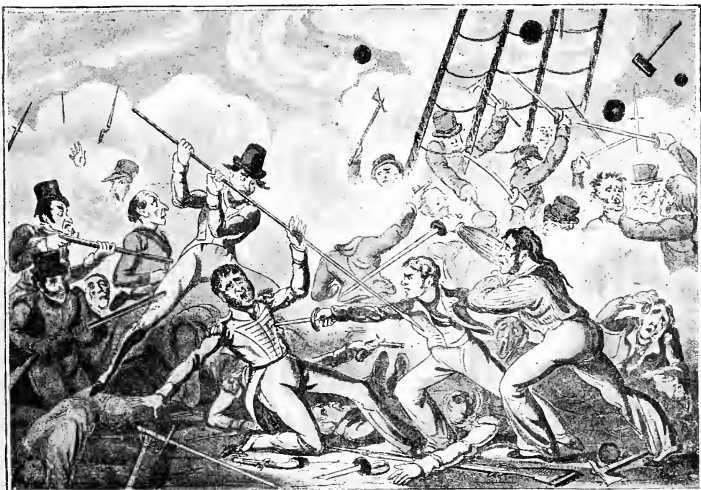
G. Cruikshank, after designs by Capt. Marryat, R.N.

1820.

THE MIDSHIPMAN ON THE MIDDLE WATCH. "Cold blows the wind, and the rain's coming on"

"Or sailing on the midnight deep,
When weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck
To guard the ship from foes or wreck—
And whilst his thoughts oft homeward veer—
Some well-known voice salutes his ear :
'Who goes there? Brother, quickly tell !'
'Above ! Below !'—' Good-night ! All's well !'"

THE PROGRESS OF A MIDSHIPMAN.



G. Cruikshank, after designs by Capt. Marryat, R.N.

1820.

SEEKING THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.

“the pulse’s maddening play
That thrills the wanderer of the trackless way,
That, for itself, can woo the approaching fight
And turn what some deem danger to delight.
No dread of death, if with us die our foes,
Save that it seems e’en duller than repose.”

Byron.

THE PROGRESS OF A MIDSHIPMAN



G. Cruikshank, after designs by Capt. Marryat, R.N.

1820.

*Waiting** ROOM AT THE ADMIRALTY.—(* no misnomer).

“’Tis the curse of service that preferment goes by favour and affection”—*Othello*.

In sore affliction, tried by God's commands,
Of patience. Job the great example stands,
But, in these days, a trial more severe
Had been Job's lot, if God had sent him here.



Charles Green, R.I.

AN INCIDENT IN THE WOR



OF THE PRESS GANG, 1795.

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