

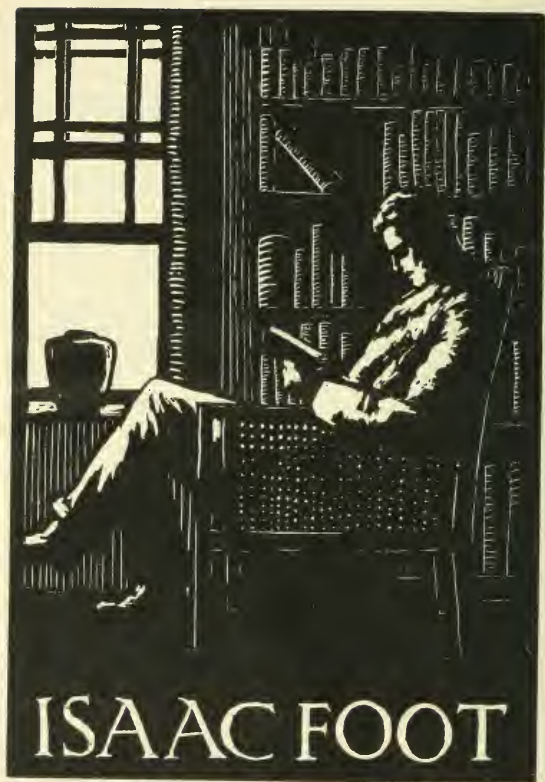
93
4

A
A
0
0
2
5
2
4
6
6
8



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

ELSON'S WORDS
AND DEEDS



ISAAC FOOT



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

NELSON'S WORDS AND DEEDS

SEA STORIES BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. In uniform crown
8vo volumes, half leather, gilt top, 3s. 6d. each.

AN OCEAN FREE LANCE.
THE FROZEN PIRATE.
A SEA QUEEN.
THE LADY MAUD.
MY WATCH BELOW.
JACK'S COURTSHIP.
A STRANGE VOYAGE.
A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.
THE WRECK OF THE "GROSVENOR".
LITTLE LOO.
JOHN HOLDSWORTH, CHIEF MATE.

"That richly gifted chronicler of the great waters, Mr. W. Clark Russell, whose knowledge, imagination, and graphic power, each being excellent of its kind, unite in a marine style which has no modern parallel."

Daily Telegraph.

LONDON:

Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, Ltd.,
St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

NELSON'S WORDS AND DEEDS

A SELECTION

*From the Dispatches and Correspondence
of Horatio Nelson*

EDITED BY

W. CLARK RUSSELL

"An ambitious love of distinction, a thirst for the acquisition of honours, or a glorious death, was the ruling passion, and his destiny led him to experience them all. Conqueror of 'a hundred fights,' he died at last, as all true heroes could wish to do, in the arms of victory."—*Sir John Barrow.*

"Others may be great in many points; nay, admit but another like himself might appear again amongst the disciples he has formed, there would yet be wanting *all he had done* and all the *circumstances* of the times in which he *did* those wondrous deeds. Every victory was greater than the last."—*Lord Malmesbury.*

LONDON

Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, Ltd.

St. Dunstan's House

FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1890

ISAAC FOOT
LIBRARY

DA

87.1

N4 A32

P R E F A C E .

THE design of this little book is to submit the character and the more conspicuous of the features of the career of Horatio Nelson as they are described by his own pen. The slender dimensions of the volume rendered choice difficult by restriction. The Nelson literature is extraordinarily voluminous; yet it is believed that most of the best of the plums which enrich it will be found in the following pages.

It would have been hopeless to attempt to connect the extracts into any sort of form of historic sequence. The best and most familiar of the narratives of the Battles of the Nile and of the Baltic are not Nelson's: *his* relations of them must be sought in dry and colourless dispatches; yet the scheme of this little work would not admit of the inclusion of the accounts by other hands. The story, however, of the death of Nelson at Trafalgar must prove an exception. During his last hours he spoke often to those who were about him, and portions of Beatty's narrative contain so much of the hero's own words that the description could scarcely be more Nelson's had he himself dictated it.

There is very much that is tiresome in the seven

stout volumes of dispatches and letters. Sir Harris Nicolas's veneration for Nelson knew no bounds. Every scrap of the great Admiral's writing that was to be come at he printed. Insipid orders, uninteresting opinions, every commonplace of the service—instructions for victuals—requests for nightcaps and jumpers : all these things the deeply-admiring Sir Harris Nicolas published ; and the eye reading through page after page of dull, formal, official communications, grows exhausted in the search for something good.

But Nelson's unofficial letters—particularly those to his friend Davison, to his wife, and to Lady Hamilton—are full of clever, of exhilarating, of high, and of noble thought. Most of the following extracts are made from this side of his correspondence ; so that in this little book the reader will find Nelson not only as Patriot and Sailor, not only as Politician and plain dealer in Marine Philosophy, but as Husband, Son, Brother, Lover, and Friend. He was before all things a Seaman ; and his was pre-eminently the nautical characteristic of "whipping out" with what was in his mind when untrammelled by official form. He is never so engaging, so inspiring, and, it may be added, so lovable, as when he is in earnest and writing with quarter-deck candour. Most of the thoughts collected here flowed from his heart, and they were chosen for that reason.

The memory of his tactics, the inspiration of his professional opinions, the example of his seamanship, in a word, can no longer serve the country who owed her security and her continuance as a nation to his genius and valour as a sea-captain. The steam-engine has extinguished the topsail; and it is now long ago since there came an end to wearing and tacking, to weather-gauges, and to lee manœuvrings. It may interest but it cannot edify living and future generations to learn that Rodney cut the enemy's line in one place, and Nelson in two; that the battle of Trafalgar was fought and won without reference to the tactics of Clerk; and that the most signal of the St. Vincent achievements was the result of a disregard of the flagship's signals. But the ironclad is manned by a breed of men surely not less heroic in ardour, not less magnanimous in patriotic sentiment, not less chivalrous in spirit, than those whose cannon thundered at Copenhagen and off Cadiz. So long as the English sailor preserves his qualities, the name of Nelson must prove a note of magic, animating to a degree not to be matched by the inspiration of the greatest of the military memories of these kingdoms.

W. C. R.

December, 1889.

SKETCH OF MY LIFE.

HORATIO NELSON, son of the Reverend Edmund Nelson, Rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and Catherine, his wife, daughter of Doctor Suckling, Prebendary of Westminster, whose [grand] mother was sister to Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Oxford.

I was born September 29th, 1758, in the parsonage house, was sent to the high school at Norwich, and afterwards removed to North Walsham, from whence, on the disturbance with Spain relative to the Falkland Islands, I went to sea with my uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, in the *Raisonable*, of 64 guns. But the business with Spain, being accommodated, I was sent in a West India ship, belonging to the house of Hibbert, Purrier, Horton, with Mr. John Rathborne, who had formerly been in the navy, in the *Dreadnought*, with Captain Suckling. From this voyage I returned to the *Triumph*, at Chatham, in July, 1772; and if I did not improve in my education, I returned a practical seaman, with a horror of the Royal Navy, and with a saying then constant with the seamen—"Aft the more honour, forward the better man". It was many weeks before I got in

the least reconciled to a man-of-war, so deep was the prejudice rooted ; and what pains were taken to instil this erroneous principle in a young mind ! However, as my ambition was to be a seaman, it was always held out as a reward that if I attended well to my navigation I should go in the cutter and decked long-boat, which was attached to the commanding officer's ship at Chatham. Thus, by degrees, I became a good pilot for vessels of that description, from Chatham to the Tower of London, down to the Swin and to the North Foreland, and confident of myself amongst rocks and sands, which has many times since been of the very greatest comfort to me. In this way I was trained till the expedition towards the North Pole was fitted out, when, although no boys were allowed to go in the ships (as of no use), yet nothing could prevent my using every interest to go with Captain Lutwidge in the *Carcass* ; and as I fancied I was to fill a man's place, I begged I might be his cockswain, which, finding my ardent desire for going with him, Captain L. complied with, and has continued the strictest friendship to this moment. Lord Mulgrave, who I then first knew, continued his kindest friendship and regard to the last moment of his life. When the boats were fitting out to quit the two ships blocked up in the ice, I exerted myself to have the command of

a four-oared cutter raised upon, which was given me, with twelve men; and I prided myself in fancying I could navigate her better than any other boat in the ship.

On our arrival in England, and paid off, October 15, I found that a squadron was fitting out for the East Indies; and nothing less than such a distant voyage could in the least satisfy my desire for maritime knowledge, and I was placed in the *Sea-horse*, of 20 guns, with Captain Farmer, and watched in the foretop, from whence in time I was placed on the quarter-deck, having, in the time I was in this ship, visited almost every part of the East Indies from Bengal to Bussorat. Ill-health induced Sir Edward Hughes, who had always shown me the greatest kindness, to send me to England in the *Dolphin*, of 20 guns, with Captain James Pigot, whose kindness at that time saved my life. This ship was paid off at Woolwich on the 24th September, 1776. On the 26th I received an order from Sir James Douglas, who commanded at Portsmouth, to act as lieutenant of the *Worcester*, 64, Captain Mark Robinson, who was ordered to Gibraltar with a convoy. In this ship I was at sea with convoys till April 2, 1777, and in very bad weather; but although my age might have been a sufficient cause for not entrusting me with the charge of a watch, yet Captain Robinson

used to say "he felt as easy when I was upon deck as any officer in the ship".

On the 8th of April, 1777, I passed my examination as a lieutenant, and received my commission the next day as second lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe*, frigate, of 32 guns, Captain (now Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital) William Locker. In this ship I went to Jamaica; but even a frigate was not sufficiently active for my mind, and I got into a schooner, tender to the *Lowestoffe*. In this vessel I made myself a complete pilot of all the passages through the (Keys) islands situated on the north side of Hispaniola. Whilst in this frigate an event happened which presaged my character; and as it conveys no dishonour to the officer alluded to, I shall relate it.

Blowing a gale of wind, and a very heavy sea, the frigate captured an American Letter of Marque. The first lieutenant was ordered to board her, which he did not do, owing to the very high sea.¹ On his return on board, the captain said, "Have I no officer in the ship who can board the prize?" on which the master ran to the gangway to get into the boat, but I stopped him, saying, "It is my turn now; and if I come back, it is yours". This

¹ He was below hunting for his sword, and Locker lost his patience.

little incident has often occurred to my mind, and I know it is my disposition that difficulties and dangers do but increase my desire of attempting them.

Sir Peter Parker, soon after his arrival at Jamaica (1778), took me into his own flagship the *Bristol* as third lieutenant, from which I rose in succession to be first. Nothing particular happened whilst I was in this ship, which was actively employed off Cape François, being the commencement of the French war.

On the 8th of December, 1778, I was appointed commander of the *Badger*, brig, and was first sent to protect the Mosquito shore and the Bay of Honduras from the depredations of the American privateers. Whilst on this service I gained so much the affections of the settlers that they unanimously voted me their thanks, and expressed their regret on my leaving them, entrusting to me to describe to Sir Peter Parker and Sir John Dalling their situation should a war with Spain break out. Whilst I commanded this brig, H.M.S. *Glasgow*, Captain Thomas Lloyd, came into Montego Bay, Jamaica, where the *Badger* was lying; in two hours afterwards she was fired by a cask of rum; and Captain Lloyd will tell you that it was owing to my exertions, joined to his, that her whole crew were rescued from the flames.

On the 11th of June, 1779, I was made Post into the *Hinchinbrook*, when, being at sea, and Count d'Estaing arrived at Hispaniola with a very large fleet and army from Martinico, an attack on Jamaica was expected. In this critical state, I was, by both admiral and general, entrusted with the command of the batteries at Port Royal; and I need not say, as the defence of this place was the key to the port of the whole naval force—the town of Kingston and Spanish Town—it was the most important port in the whole island.

In January, 1780, an expedition being resolved upon against St. Juan's, I was chosen to command the sea part of it. Major Polson, who commanded, will tell you of my exertions—how I quitted my ship, carried troops in boats one hundred miles up a river which none but Spaniards, since the time of the buccaneers, had ever ascended. It will then be told how I boarded (if I may be allowed the expression) an outpost of the enemy situated on an island in the river; that I made batteries, and afterwards fought them, and was a principal cause of our success. From this time I was appointed to the *Janus*, 44, at Jamaica, and went to Port Royal in the *Victor*, sloop.

My state of health was now so bad that I was obliged to go to England in the *Lion*, Honourable William Cornwallis captain, whose care and atten-

tion again saved my life. In August, 1781, I was commissioned for the *Albemarle*, and, it would almost be supposed, to try my constitution, was kept the whole winter in the North Sea. In April, 1782, I sailed with a convoy for Newfoundland and Quebec, under the orders of Captain Thomas Pringle. From Quebec, during a cruise off Boston, I was chased by three French ships of the line and the *Iris*, frigate. As they all beat me in sailing very much, I had no chance left, but running them amongst the shoals of St. George's Bank. This alarmed the line-of-battle ships, and they quitted the pursuit; but the frigate continued, and at sunset was little more than gunshot distance, when, the line-of-battle ships being out of sight, I ordered the main-topsail to be laid to the mast, when the frigate tacked, and stood to rejoin her consorts.

In October I sailed from Quebec with a convoy to New York, where I joined the fleet under the command of Lord Hood; and in November I sailed with him to the West Indies, where I remained until the Peace; when I came to England (being directed in my way to attend H.R.H. Duke of Clarence in his visit to the Havannah), and was paid off at Portsmouth on July 3, 1783. In the autumn I went to France, and remained till the spring of the year 1784; when I was appointed to

the *Boreas* frigate of 28 guns, and ordered to the Leeward Island station.

This station opened a new scene to the officers of the British navy. The Americans, when colonists, possessed almost all the trade from America to our West India Islands; and, on the return of peace, they forgot on this occasion they became foreigners, and of course had no right to trade in the British colonies. Our governors and custom-house officers pretended that by the Navigation Act they had a right to trade, and all the West Indians wished what was so much for their interest.

Having given governors, custom-house officers, and Americans notice of what I would do, I seized many of their vessels, which brought all parties upon me; and I was so persecuted from one island to another, that I could not leave my ship. But conscious rectitude bore me through it, and I was supported, when the business came to be understood, from home; and I proved (and an Act of Parliament has since established it) that a captain of a man-of-war is in duty bound to support all the maritime laws, by his Admiralty commission alone, without becoming a custom-house officer.

In July, 1786, I was left with the command till June, 1787, when I sailed for England. During this winter H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence visited the Leeward Islands in the *Pegasus* frigate, of

which he was captain ; and in March this year I married Frances Herbert Nisbet, widow of Dr. Nisbet, of the Island of Nevis, by whom I have no children.

The *Boreas* being paid off at Sheerness on November the 30th, I lived at Burnham Thorpe, county of Norfolk, in the parsonage house. In 1790, when the affair with Spain relative to Nootka Sound had near involved us in a war, I made use of every interest to get a ship, *ay*, even a boat, to serve my country, but in vain ; there was a prejudice at the Admiralty evidently against me, which I can neither guess at or in the least account for.

On the 30th of January, 1793, I was commissioned in the very handsomest way for the *Agamemnon*, 64, and was put under the command of that great man and excellent officer Lord Hood, appointed to the command in the Mediterranean. The unbounded confidence on all occasions placed in me by his Lordship will show his opinion of my abilities, having served in the command of the seamen landed for the sieges of Bastia and Calvi. His Lordship, in October, 1794, left the Mediterranean to Admiral Hotham, who also honoured me with the same confidence. I was in the actions of the 13th and 14th of March, 1795, and 13th of July in the same year. For the share I had in them I refer to the Admiral's letters. I was then

appointed by Admiral Hotham to co-operate with the Austrian General De Vins, which I did all the time Admiral Hotham retained the command—till November, when he was superseded by Sir John Jervis, now Earl St. Vincent.

In April, 1796, the commander-in-chief so much approved my conduct that he directed me to wear a distinguishing pennant. In June I was removed from the *Agamemnon* to the *Captain*, and on the 11th of August appointed a captain under me. Between April and October I was employed in the blockade of Leghorn, taking Port Ferrajo, the Island of Caprea, and finally in the evacuation of Bastia; when, having seen the troops in safety to Port Ferrajo, I joined the admiral in St. Fiorenzo, and proceeded with him to Gibraltar; from whence, in December, I was sent in *La Minerve* frigate, Captain George Cockburn, to Port Ferrajo to bring down our naval stores, &c. On the passage we captured a Spanish frigate, *La Sabina*, of 40 guns, 28 eighteen pounders on her main-deck, as will appear by my letter. . . .

In April I hoisted my flag as rear-admiral of the Blue, and was sent to bring down the garrison of Port Ferrajo; which service performed, I shifted my flag from the *Captain* to the *Theseus* on May the 27th, and was employed in the command of the river squadron in the blockade of Cadiz. It

was during this period that perhaps my personal courage was more conspicuous than at any other period of my life. In an attack of the Spanish gunboats I was boarded in my barge, with its common crew of ten men, cockswain, Captain Fremantle, and myself, by the commander of the gunboats. The Spanish barge rowed twenty-six oars, besides officers—thirty in the whole. This was a service hand to hand with swords, in which my cockswain, John Sykes (now no more), twice saved my life. Eighteen of the Spaniards being killed and several wounded, we succeeded in taking their commander.

On the 15th of July I sailed for Teneriffe; the event I refer to my letter of that expedition. Having lost my right arm, for this loss, and my former services, his Majesty was pleased to settle £800 a year; and by some unlucky mismanagement of it I was obliged to go to England, and it was the 13th of December before the surgeons pronounced me fit for service. On the 19th the *Vanguard* was commissioned for my flagship. On the 1st of April, 1798, I sailed with a convoy from Spithead: at the back of the Wight, the wind coming to the westward, I was forced to return to St. Helen's, and finally sailed on the 9th, carrying a convoy at Oporto and Lisbon. I joined Earl St. Vincent off Cadiz on April 29th, being on

the 30th ordered into the Mediterranean. I refer to a book printed for my proceedings to the close of the battle of the Nile.

On the 22nd September I arrived at Naples, and was received as a deliverer by the king, queen, and the whole kingdom. October 12th, the blockade of Malta took place, which has continued without intermission to this day.¹ On the 21st December his Sicilian Majesty and family embarked in the *Vanguard*, and were carried to Palermo in Sicily. In March I arranged a plan for taking the islands in the Bay of Naples, and for supporting the Royalists, who were making head in the kingdom. This plan succeeded in every part. In May I shifted my flag, being promoted to be rear-admiral of the Red, to the *Foudroyant*, and was obliged to be on my guard against the French fleet. In June and July I went to Naples, and, as his Sicilian Majesty is pleased to say, I reconquered his kingdom and placed him on his throne. On the 9th August I brought his Sicilian Majesty back to Palermo, having been upwards of four weeks on board the *Foudroyant*.

On the 13th his Sicilian Majesty presented me with a sword most magnificently enriched with diamonds, the title of Duke of Bronté, and annexed to it the feud of Bronté, supposed to

¹ The 15th of October, 1799, when the sketch was written.

be worth £3,000 per annum. On the arrival of the Russian squadron at Naples, I directed Commodore Troubridge to go with the squadron and blockade closely Civita Vecchia, and to offer the French most favourable conditions if they would evacuate Rome and Civita Vecchia; which terms the French general, Grenier, complied with, and they were signed on board the *Culloden*. Thus a prophecy made to me on my arrival at Naples was fulfilled, viz., *that I should take Rome with my ships*.

Thus may be exemplified by my life that perseverance in any profession will most probably meet its reward. Without having any inheritance, or having been fortunate in prize money, I have received all the honours of my profession, been created a peer of Great Britain, &c., &c., as set forth in the annexed paper, and I may say to the reader, "Go thou and do likewise".—*Written by Nelson, and communicated by him, in October, 1799. to John M'Arthur.*

A NEW-BORN HOPE.

I felt impressed with an idea that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could dis-

cover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron. My mind exulted in the idea. "Well, then," I exclaimed, "I will be a hero, and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger." — *Circa 1777. Clarke and M'Arthur.*

THE GOUT.

I have been so ill since I have been here¹ that I was obliged to be carried to and from bed, with the most excruciating tortures, but, thank God, I am now upon the mending hand. I [am] physicked three times a day, drink the waters three times, and bathe every other night, besides [*qu.* not] drinking wine, which I think the worst of all.—
To W. Locker, January 23, 1781.

HIS HEALTH.

My health, thank God, is very near perfectly restored; and I have the perfect use of all my limbs, except my left arm, which I can hardly tell what is the matter with it. From the shoulder to my fingers' ends are as if half-dead; but the surgeon

¹ Bath.

and doctors give me hopes it will all go off.—*To W. Locker, February 15, 1781.*

NAVY CHAPLAINS.

I hope you have lost all ideas of going to sea, for the more I see of chaplains of men-of-war, the more I dread seeing my brother in such a disagreeable station of life.—*To the Rev. W. Nelson, December 18, 1781.*

A TROUBLESOME MIDSHIPMAN.

The instant I received your letter, the latter part struck me so very much, that perhaps I write to you sooner than otherwise I should have done. I need not say it to you, but what in the *name of God* could it be to me, whether a midshipman in my ship had not a farthing or fifty pounds a year? Therefore I must tell you, as far as I know, his wish to leave the ship. When he came on board I sent him into Mr. Bromwich's mess, where he was two or three days. In that time they spoke to me that they hoped I would not take it amiss, but they could not think of keeping that young man (I forget his name) in their mess, as he could not pay his part of their small expenses. I am sure that you will not think I should attempt to force any person upon people who were behaving exceedingly well in the ship (which would have been

tyrannical in the highest degree) against their inclination. Whether the lad sent to speak to me, or I sent for him, I do not recollect, but I told him of what the mess had said. He seemed very uneasy at what I told him, and said that he could not afford to live in a mess that cost anything, and then said he wished to leave the ship. The next day he pressed me much to discharge him, as he could not live in any of the mid messes. Much against my inclination I *discharged* him. What he took the idea of £30 a year from I do not know; for I declare I never opened my lips to him upon the subject. A youngster in the ship, whose friends are Norfolk people, who had not made an allowance for their son, I took it upon me to allow £20 a year.

I assure you I hold myself under very great obligations to you, that you asserted it was an *infamous lie*. Had I in the least suspected the story he has told, he should have stayed on board, and might have lived as he pleased. It was my endeavouring to put him in a comfortable situation that has made any person speak ill of me. If he had come into the ship, as many hundred youngsters of the kind do, and the captain had [*a word here is illegible*] to him or anybody for . . . months, I should have had no trouble about him.¹—*To W. Locker, January 2, 1782.*

¹ The name of this person has never been ascertained.

PROMOTION.

I wish I could congratulate you upon a rectory instead of a vicarage ; it is rather *awkward* wishing the poor man *dead*, but we all rise by *deaths*. I got my rank by a shot killing a post-captain, and I most sincerely hope I shall, when I go, go out of [the] world the same way ; then we all go in the line of our profession—a *parson* praying, a captain fighting.—*To his father, Rev. E. Nelson, February 8, 1782.*

FAIR CANADA.

Health, that greatest of blessings, is what I truly never enjoyed until I saw *fair Canada*. The change it has wrought, I am convinced, is truly wonderful.—*To The Rev. E. Nelson, October 19, 1782.*

PRINCE WILLIAM.¹

My situation in Lord Hood's fleet must be in the highest degree flattering to a young man. He treats me as if I was his son, and will, I am convinced, give me anything I can ask of him. Nor is my situation with Prince William less flattering. Lord Hood was so kind as to tell him (indeed I cannot make use of expressions strong enough to describe

¹ Afterwards Duke of Clarence and William IV.

what I felt) that if he wished to ask questions relative to naval tactics, I could give him as much information as any officer in the fleet. He will be, I am certain, an ornament to our service. He is a *seaman*, which you could hardly suppose. Every other qualification you may expect from him. But he will be a *disciplinarian*, and a strong one; he says he is determined every person shall serve his time before they shall be provided for, as he is obliged to serve his. A vast deal of notice has been taken of him at Jamaica; he has been addressed by the Council, and the House of Assembly were to address him the day after I sailed. He has his levées at Spanish Town; they are all highly delighted with him. With the best temper and great good sense he cannot fail of being pleasing to everyone.—*To William Locker, February 25, 1783.*

JACK'S DISLIKE OF THE NAVY.

My time, ever since I arrived in town, has been taken up in attempting to get the wages due to my *good fellows*, for various ships they have served in the war. The disgust of the seamen to the navy is all owing to the infernal plan of turning them over from ship to ship, so that men cannot be attached to their officers, or their officers care twopence about them.—*To W. Locker, July 12, 1783.*

HONOUR AND RICHES.

I have closed the war without a fortune ; but I trust and, from the attention that has been paid to me, believe that there is no speck in my character. True honour, I hope, predominates in my mind far above riches.—*To H. Ross, August 9, 1783.*

IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE.

We dined at Canterbury the day we parted from you, and called at Captain Sandys' house, but he was just gone out to dinner in the country, therefore we did not see him. We slept at Dover, and next morning at seven o'clock put to sea with a fine north-west wind, and at half-past ten we were safe at breakfast in Monsieur Grandsire's house at Calais. His mother kept it when Hogarth wrote his *Gate of Calais*. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* is the best description I can give of our tour. Mac advised me to go first to St. Omer, as he had experienced the difficulty in attempting to fix in any place where there are no English. After dinner we set off, intended for Montreuil, sixty miles from Calais. They told us we travelled *en poste*, but I am sure we did not get on more than four miles an hour. I was highly diverted with looking what a curious figure the postilions in their jack boots and their

rats of horses made together. Their chaises have no springs, and the roads generally paved like London streets ; therefore you will naturally suppose we were pretty well shook together by the time we had travelled two posts and a half, which is fifteen miles to Marquise. Here we [were] shown into an inn—they called it—I should have called it a pigstye. We were shown into a room with two straw beds, and, with great difficulty, they mustered up clean sheets, and gave us two pigeons for supper, upon a dirty cloth, and wooden-handled knives. *O what a transition from happy England!*

But we laughed at the repast, and went to bed with the determination that nothing should ruffle our tempers. Having slept very well, we set off at daylight for Boulogne, where we breakfasted. This place was full of English—I suppose because wine is so very cheap. We went on after breakfast for Montreuil, and passed through the finest corn country that my eyes ever beheld, diversified with fine woods, sometimes for two miles together through noble forests. The roads mostly were planted with trees, which made as fine an avenue as to any gentleman's country seat. Montreuil is thirty miles from Boulogne, situated upon a small hill, in the middle of a fine plain, which reached as far as the eye could carry you, except towards the sea, which is about twelve miles from it. We put

up at the same house, and with the same jolly landlord that recommended Le Fleur to Sterne. Here we wished much to have fixed, but neither good lodgings or masters could be had here ; for there are no middling class of people. Sixty noblemen's families lived in the town, who owned the vast plain around it, and the rest very poor indeed. This is the finest country for game that ever was : partridges twopence halfpenny a couple, pheasants and woodcocks in proportion, and, in short, every species of poultry. We dined, supped, lay, and breakfasted next day, Saturday ; then we proceeded on our tour, leaving Montreuil, as you will suppose, with great regret.

We reached Abbeville at eight o'clock ; but unluckily for us, two Englishmen, one of whom called himself *Lord Kingsland* (I can hardly suppose it to be him), and a Mr. Bullock, decamped at three o'clock that afternoon in debt to every shopkeeper in the place. These gentlemen kept elegant houses, horses, &c. We found the town in an uproar ; and as no masters could be had at this place that could speak a word of English, and that all masters that could speak English grammatically attended at the places that are frequented by the English, which is St. Omer, Lisle, and Dunkirk, and Boulogne, to the northward of Paris, and as I had no intention of travelling to the south of France till the spring,

at any rate, I determined, with Mac's advice, to steer for St. Omer, where we arrived last Tuesday; and I own I was surprised to find, instead of a dirty, nasty town, which I had always heard it represented, to find a large city, well paved, good streets, and well lighted.

We lodge in a pleasant French family, and have our dinners sent from a *traiteur's*. There are two very agreeable young ladies, daughters, who *honour* us with their company pretty often; one always makes our breakfast, and the other our tea, and play a game at cards in the evening. Therefore I must learn French if 'tis only for the pleasure of talking to them, for they do not speak a word of English. There are a great number of English in this place, but we visit only two families; for if I did I should never speak French. Two noble captains are here—Ball and Shepard; you do not know, I believe, either of them. They wear fine epaulettes, for which I think them great coxcombs.¹ They have not visited me, and I shall not, be assured, court their acquaintance.—*To W. Locker, November 2, 1783.*

LEARNING FRENCH.

The French goes on but slowly; but patience, of

¹ The epaulet was a French fashion not then introduced into the British Navy.

which you know I have not much, and perseverance will, I hope, make me master of it.—*To W. Locker, November 26, 1783.*

PRINCELY CAPTURE.

I shall go to Paris in the spring, where I have received a most polite invitation from the officer who I detained off Porto Caballo. I did not know his rank at that time or after till I came here. He went by the name of Count de Deux Ponts. He is a Prince of the Empire, a General of the French army, Knight of the Grand Order of St. Louis, and was second in command at the capture of York Town. His brother is heir apparent to the Electorate of Bavaria, and of the Palatinate. The present Elector is eighty years of age, and this gentleman's brother is upon his death-bed; so most probably I shall have had the honour of having taken prisoner a man who will be a sovereign prince of Europe.¹—*To the same.*

HIS SECOND LOVE.²

My heart is quite secured against the French

¹ Nelson's anticipations were greatly surpassed, for the Prince de Deux Ponts not only succeeded to the Electorate of Bavaria, 1799, but in 1806 became King of Bavaria. His Majesty died in 1825.

² He had previously fallen in love with a lady in Canada.

beauties ; I almost wish I could say as much for an English young lady, the daughter of a clergyman, with whom I am just going to dine and spend the day. She has such accomplishments, that had I a million of money I am sure I should at this moment make her an offer of them. My income is at present by far too small to think of marriage, and she has no fortune.—*To the Rev. W. Nelson, December 4, 1783.*

HIS LETTER ON HIS LOVE.

There arrives in general a time in a man's life (who has friends) that either they place him in life in a situation that makes his application farther totally unnecessary, or give him help in a pecuniary way, if they can afford and he deserves it.

The critical moment of my life is now arrived—that either I am to be happy or miserable ; it depends solely on you.

You may possibly think I am going to ask too much. I have led myself up with hopes you will not, till this trying moment. There is a lady I have seen, of good family and connexions, but with a small fortune—£1000 I understand ; the whole of my income does not exceed £130 per annum. Now to come to the point. Will you, if I should

marry, allow me yearly £100 until my income is increased to that sum either by employment or any other way? A very few years, I hope, would turn something up, if my friends would but exert themselves. If you will not give me the above sum, will you exert yourself with either Lord North or Mr. Jenkinson to get me a guardship, or some employment in a public office, where the attendance of the principal is not necessary, and of which they must have such numbers to dispose of. In the India Service, I understand (if it remains under the directors), their marine force is to be under the command of a captain in the Royal Navy; that is a station I should like.

You must excuse the freedom with which this letter is dictated; not to have been plain and explicit in my distress had been cruel to myself. If nothing can be done for me, I know what I have to trust to. Life is not worth preserving without happiness, and I care not where I may linger out a miserable existence. I am prepared to bear your refusal, and have fixed my resolution if that should happen; but in every situation I shall be well-wisher to you and your family, and pray they or you may never know the pangs which at this instant tear my heart.—*To his uncle, William Suckling, January 14, 1784.*

TREATMENT OF MIDSHIPMEN.

Your excellency must excuse me for bringing one of my midshipmen; I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to besides myself during the time they are at sea.—*By Lady Hughes, 1784.*

A CHAPTER OF ADVENTURE.

Since I parted from you, I have encountered many disagreeable adventures. The day after I left you, we sailed at daylight, just after high water. The d—d pilot—it makes me swear to think of it—ran the ship aground, where she lay with so little water that the people could walk round her till next high water. That night, and part of the next day, we lay below the Nore, with a hard gale of wind and snow; Tuesday, I got into the Downs; on Wednesday, I got into a quarrel with a Dutch Indiaman who had Englishmen on board, which we settled after some difficulty. The Dutchman has made a complaint against me, but the Admiralty have fortunately approved my conduct in the business, a thing they are not very guilty of where there is a likelihood of a scrape. And yesterday, to complete me, I was riding a blackguard horse that ran away with me at Common, carried

me round all the works into Portsmouth, by the London gates, through the town out of the gate that leads to Common, where there was a waggon in the road, which is so very narrow that a horse could barely pass. To save my legs, and perhaps my life, I was obliged to throw myself from the horse, which I did with great agility, but unluckily upon hard stones, which has hurt my back and my leg, but done no other mischief. It was a thousand to one that I had not been killed. To crown all, a young girl was riding with me. Her horse ran away with mine; but, most fortunately, a gallant young man seized her horse's bridle a moment before I dismounted, and saved her from the destruction which she could not have avoided.—*To W. Locker, April 21, 1784.*

JAMAICA.

Collingwood is at Grenada, which is a great loss^o to me, for there is nobody that I can make a confident of. The little man S—— is a good-natured, laughing creature, but no more of an officer as a captain than he was as a lieutenant. Was it not for Mrs. Moutray, who is *very, very* good to me, I should almost hang myself at this infernal hole. Our admiral¹ is tolerable, but I do not like him;

¹ Sir Richard Hughes.

he bows and scrapes too much for me. His wife has an eternal clack, so that I go near them as little as possible. In short, I detest this country; but, as I am embarked upon this station, I shall remain in my ship.—*To W. Locker, September 24, 1784.*

WEST INDIANS.

The longer I am upon this station, the worse I like it. Our commander has not that opinion of his own sense that he ought to have. He is led by the advice of the islanders to admit the Yankees to a trade—at least, to wink at it. He does not give himself that weight that I think an English admiral ought to do. I, for one, am determined not to suffer the Yankees to come where my ship is; for I am sure, if once the Americans are admitted to any kind of intercourse with these islands, the views of the loyalists in settling Nova Scotia are entirely done away. They will first become the carriers, and next have possession of our islands are we ever again embroiled in a French war. The residents of these islands are Americans by connection and by interests, and are inimical to Great Britain. They are as great rebels as ever were in America, had they the power to show it.

After what I have said, you will believe I am not very popular with the people. They have never visited me, and I have not had a foot in any house

since I have been on the station—and all for doing my duty, by being true to the interests of Great Britain. A petition from the President and Council has gone to the Governor-General and Admiral, to request the admission of Americans. I have given my answer to the Admiral upon the subject: how he will like it I know not, but I am determined to suppress the admission of foreigners all in my power. I have told the Customs that I will complain if they admit any foreigner to an entry: an American arrives, sprung a leak, a mast, and what not; makes a protest, gets admittance, sells his cargo for ready money; goes to Martinico, buys molasses, and so round and round. But I hate them all.—*To W. Locker, January 15, 1785.*

HIS THIRD LOVE.

My present attachment is of pretty long standing; but I was determined to be fixed before I broke this matter to any person. The lady is a Mrs. Nisbet, widow of a Dr. Nisbet, who died eighteen months after her marriage, and has left her with a son. From her infancy (for her father and mother died when she was only two years of age) she had been brought up by her mother's brother, Mr. Herbert, President of Nevis, a gentleman whose fortune

and character must be well known to all the West Indian merchants. Therefore, I shall say nothing upon that head. Her age is twenty-two, and her personal accomplishments you will suppose, *I think*, equal to any person's I ever saw; but, without vanity, her mental accomplishments are superior to most people's of either sex, and we shall come together as two persons most sincerely attached to each other from friendship.—*To W. Suckling, November 14, 1785.*

TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Separated from you, what pleasure can I feel? None, be assured. All my happiness is centred with thee; and where thou art not, there I am not happy. Every day, hour, and act convince me of it. With my heart filled with the purest and most tender affection do I write thus, for, were it not so, you know me well enough to be certain that even at this moment I should tell you of it. I daily thank God, who ordained that I should be attached to you. He has, I firmly believe, intended it as a blessing to me; and I am well convinced you will not disappoint His beneficent intentions. Fortune—that is, money—is the only thing I regret the want of, and that only for the sake of my affectionate Fanny. But the Almighty, who brings us

together, will, I doubt not, take ample care of us, and prosper all our undertakings. No dangers shall deter me from pursuing every honourable means of providing handsomely for you and yours; and again let me repeat that my dear Josiah¹ shall ever be considered by me as of my own. The Omnipotent Being, who sees and knows what passes in all hearts, knows what I have written to be my undisguised sentiments towards the little fellow.—*To Mrs. Nisbet,*² *March 3, 1786.*

OFFICIAL THANKS.

The Treasury, by the last packet, has transmitted thanks to Sir Richard Hughes, and the officers under him, for their activity and zeal in protecting the commerce of Great Britain. Had they known what I have told you (and if my friends think I may, without impropriety, tell the story myself, I shall do it when I get home), I don't think they would have bestowed thanks in that quarter and have neglected me. I feel much hurt that, after the loss of health and risk of fortune, another should be thanked for what I did, against his orders. I either deserved to be sent out of the

¹ Mrs. Nisbet's child by her first marriage.

² Afterwards his wife.

service, or at least have had some little notice taken of me. They have thought it worthy of notice, and have neglected me: if this is the reward for a faithful discharge of my duty, I shall be careful and never stand forward again. But I have done my duty, and have nothing to accuse myself of.—*To W. Locker, March 5, 1786.*

RELATIONS.

Relations are not always the people we are to look up to for doing friendly offices.—*To William Suckling, March 9, 1786.*

HIS COUNTRY'S HEIR.

You have been my best friend, and I trust will continue as long so as I shall prove myself by my actions worthy of supplying that place in the service of my country which my dear uncle left for me. I feel myself, to my Country, his heir, and it shall, I am bold to say, never lack the want of his counsel. I feel he gave it to me as a legacy, and had I been near him when he was removed he would have said, “My boy, I leave you to my country. Serve her well and she'll never desert but will ultimately reward you.”—*To W. Suckling, July 5, 1786.*

SALT WATER AND ABSENCE.

As you begin to know something about sailors, have you not often heard that salt water and absence wash away love? Now, I am such a heretic as not to believe that faith; for, behold, every morning since my arrival I have had six pails of salt water at daylight poured upon my head, and instead of finding what the seamen say to be true, I perceive the contrary effect; and if it goes on so contrary to the prescription, you must see me before my fixed time. At first I bore absence tolerably, but now it is almost insupportable; and by-and-bye I expect it will be quite so.—*To Fanny Nisbet, August 21, 1786.*

COURTS-MARTIAL.

In order to show my disapprobation of officers writing for courts-martial to vindicate their conduct for trivial matters, I gave you the enclosed order,¹ that others might not fall into the same error. It

¹ "BOREAS,"

ENGLISH HARBOUR,

January 23, 1786 [1787].

SIR,—I have received your letter of this day's date, desiring that I would order a court-martial (when opportunity offered) to be assembled to inquire into the charge alleged against you by his Royal Highness Prince William Henry,

might soon have risen to such a height that if a topsail was not thought properly or briskly reefed by a captain, or some other trivial matter, and he reprimanded the officer, the officer would say, "Sir, I think it properly done, and I shall write for a court-martial to vindicate my conduct from your unjust accusation". If this was to be allowed, farewell discipline; the service is ruined; his Majesty may be deprived of the services of his officers; and the best-laid schemes may be frustrated by the malignity of individuals, or pique against their commanders.—*To Commodore Gardner, May 13, 1787.*

DANCING FOR SEA OFFICERS.

In the first place, my Lord, it is necessary that he¹ should be made complete in his navigation, and, if the peace continues, French is absolutely necessary. Dancing is an accomplishment that probably a sea

your captain, and enclosing a copy of his Royal Highness's accusations for my perusal.

In answer, I acquaint you that I shall order a court-martial to inquire into the charge alleged against you as soon as possible. And, sir, from the receipt of your letter you are under arrest, with such restrictions or indulgences as his Royal Highness, your captain, may think proper.— I have the honour to remain, &c., HORATIO NELSON.

¹ The Honourable Courteney Boyle.

officer may require. You will see almost the necessity of it, when employed in foreign countries; indeed, the honour of the nation is so often entrusted to sea officers that there is no accomplishment which will not shine with peculiar lustre in them.—*To the Earl of Cork, July 22, 1787.*

HIS DETERMINATION.

I now rejoice at the *Boreas* being ordered to be paid off, which will release me for ever from an ungrateful service, as it is my firm and unalterable determination never again to set my foot on board a king's ship. Immediately after my arrival in town I shall wait on the First Lord of the Admiralty, and resign my commission.¹—*November 30, 1787.*

SINCERITY OF CONDUCT.

You have given up all the toils and anxieties of business; whilst I must still buffet the waves—in search of what? That thing called honour is now, alas! thought of no more. My integrity cannot be mended, I hope; but my fortune, God knows, has grown worse for the service: so much for serving my country. But the devil, ever willing to tempt the virtuous (pardon this flattery of myself), has

¹ Said in anger, because of the *Boreas* having been employed as a slop and receiving ship.

made me an offer, if any ships should be sent to destroy his Majesty of Morocco's ports, to be there ; and I have some reason to think that, should any more come of it, my humble services will be accepted. I have invariably laid down, and followed close, a plan of what ought to be uppermost in the breast of an officer : that it is much better to serve an ungrateful country than to give up his own fame. Posterity will do him justice ; a uniform conduct of honour and integrity seldom fails to bring a man to the goal of fame at last.—*To H. Ross, May 6, 1788.*

THE GREAT.

Not being a man of fortune is a crime which I cannot get over, and therefore none of the great care about me. I am now commencing farmer—not a very large one, you will conceive, but enough for amusement. Shoot, I cannot, therefore I have not taken out a licence ; but notwithstanding the neglect I have met with, I am happy, and now I see the propriety of not having built my hopes on such sandy foundations as the friendships of the great.—*To W. Locker, Sept. 10, 1789.*

A MODEST APPEAL.

My wish to be employed is so great that I trespass on your Lordship's time with a letter. I

am sensible I have no great interest to recommend me, nor have I had conspicuous opportunities of distinguishing myself; but thus far, without arrogating, I can declare that no opportunity has been passed by, and that I have ever been a zealous officer. I am sure Lord Hood will bear testimony of what I have taken the liberty of saying. If the *Raisnable* is not given away, I should esteem myself highly honoured by the command of her.—*To Lord Chatham, September 26, 1790.*

NEGLECT.

In what way it might be in the power of such an humble individual as myself to best serve my King has been matter of serious consideration, and no way appeared to me so proper as asking for a ship; and on Saturday last Lord Chatham received my letter asking for the command of one; but, as I have hitherto been disappointed in all my applications to his Lordship, I can hardly expect any answer to my letter, which has always been the way I have been treated; but neither at sea nor on shore, through the caprice of a Minister, can my attachment to my King be shaken, and which will never end but with my life.—*To the Duke of Clarence, November 3, 1792.*

A GOOD SHIP AND CREW.

To me it is perfectly indifferent to what quarter of the world we go : with a good ship and ship's company, we can come to no harm.—*To the Rev. E. Nelson, April 18, 1793.*

BULL-FEAST.

A bull-feast was exhibited, for which the Spaniards are famous ; and from their dexterity in attacking and killing of these animals, the ladies choose their husbands. We English have certainly to lament the want of humanity in the Dons and Donnas. The amphitheatre will hold 16,000 people ; about 12,000 were present. Ten bulls were selected, one brought out at a time. Three cavaliers on horseback and footmen with flags were the combatants. We had what is called a fine feast, for five horses were killed and two men very much hurt. Had they been killed it would have been quite complete. We felt for the bulls and horses, and I own it would not have displeased me to have had some of the Dons tossed by the enraged animals. How women can sit out, much more applaud, such sights, is astonishing. It even turned me sick, and we could hardly go through it : the dead, mangled horses, with their entrails torn out, and the bulls covered with blood, were too much. However, we have

seen one bull-feast, and agree that nothing shall tempt us to see another. The better sort of people never miss one, if within reach of them, and the lowest will sell his jacket, or go without his victuals, rather than be absent.—*To his Wife, June 23, 1793.*

SPANIARDS AT SEA.

We saw a fleet off Alicante on the close of the 7th, and lay-to mid-channel between that place and Ivica. At daybreak we formed our line, and soon perceived them to be the Spanish fleet, twenty-four sail of the line. The Dons did not, after several hours' trial, form anything which could be called line of battle ahead. However, after answering our private signal, the Spanish admiral sent down two frigates with answers to Lord Hood's letters to *l'Aigle*, acquainting him that as his fleet was sickly, 1900 men, he was going to Carthagen. The captain of the frigate said, "It was no wonder they were sickly, *for they had been sixty days at sea*". This speech to us appeared ridiculous; for from the circumstance of having been longer than that time at sea, do we attribute our getting healthy. It has stamped with me the extent of their nautical abilities; long may they remain in their present state.—*To the Duke of Clarence, July 14, 1793.*

NEGLECT OF SAILORS.

I believe the world is convinced that no conquests of importance can be made without us ; and yet, as soon as we have accomplished the service we are ordered on, we are neglected. If Parliament does not grant something to this fleet, our Jacks will grumble, for there is no prize-money to soften their hardships : all we get is honour and salt beef.—*To his Wife, September 11, 1793.*

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

You are a man after my own heart ; you do business in my own way ; I am now only a captain, but if I live, I will be at the top of the tree.—*Harrison's "Life of Nelson".*¹

FORCE OF HABIT.

Some of our ships have been pegged pretty handsomely ; yet such is the force of habit that we seem to feel no danger. The other day we sat at a court-martial on board Admiral Hotham, when *Princess Royal*, a French 74, our friend, three frigates, and four mortar-boats were firing at a

¹ This *Life of Nelson* was written under the eye of Lady Hamilton, and many of its statements must be received with distrust.

battery for four hours, the shot and shell going over us, which, extraordinary as it may seem, made no difference.—*To his Wife, October 12, 1793.*

A REPUBLICAN'S ANSWER.

This morning being very fine, I anchored off Rogliani, and sent on shore to say that I was come to deliver them from the republicans, and wished to be received as a friend, but that if a musket was fired I would burn the town. The answer from the commandant was as follows: "We are republicans; that word alone ought to satisfy you. It is not to Magginagio, a place without defence, you ought to address yourself. Go to St. Fiorenzo, Bastia, or Calvi, and they will answer you according to your wishes. As to the troops whom I command, they are ready to show you that they are composed of French soldiers."

Upon receiving this answer I landed and struck the national colours with my own hand on the top of an old castle, and ordered the tree of liberty in the centre of the town to be cut down, not without great displeasure from the inhabitants. The military commandant retired to a hill about two miles distant, where he paraded his troops and kept the national flag flying all day. We destroyed about 500 tuns of wine ready to be shipped and ten sail of vessels.—*To Lord Hood, February 8, 1794.*

SLOWNESS OF SOLDIERS.

Armies go so slow that seamen think they never mean to get forward ; but I dare say they act on a surer principle, although we seldom fail.—*To his Wife, February 28, 1794.*

PAOLI.

The attachment of the Corsicans to General Paoli is wonderful. When I took Miomo, near Bastia, the Corsicans all declared for the English, and a gentleman came down and said, "I can now venture to say how attached I am to Paoli"; upon which, taking a miniature of him from his bosom, he kissed it, and hundreds on their knees immediately begged to do the same. This is pure affection. Paoli has nothing to give them, nor any honours to bestow. It is the tribute of a generous people to a chief who has sacrificed everything for their benefit.—*To his Wife, February 28, 1794.*

OLD-FASHIONED VICTUALLING.

We are absolutely without either water, provisions, or stores of any kind, and not a piece of canvas, rope, twine, or nail in our ship; but we cheerfully submit to it all if it turns out for the advantage of our country.—*Nelson's Journal, March 12, 1794.*

THE BRITISH FLAG.

I cannot bear the thought of showing myself in a foreign port without its being known that the British flag is triumphant.—*To Sir W. Hamilton, March 27, 1794.*

LORD HOOD.

I am just come from Lord Hood at Fiorenzo. His zeal, his activity for the honour and benefit of his King and country, are not abated. Upwards of seventy, he possesses the mind of forty years of age. He has not a thought separated from honour and glory. May each opposer of such a character have for their accusers their own minds. I am sure that will be all-sufficient.—*To Sir William Hamilton, March 27, 1794.*

NELSON'S PHILOSOPHY.

Recollect that a brave man dies but once, a coward all his life long. We cannot escape death; and should it happen to me in this place, remember it is the will of Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death.—*To his Wife, May 1, 1794.*

ALWAYS FIGHT.

Our country will, I believe, sooner forgive an officer for attacking his enemy than for omitting to do it.¹—*To Rev. D. Hoste, May 3, 1794.*

ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

I always was of opinion, have ever acted up to it, and never have had any reason to repent it, that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen.—*To his Wife, May 20, 1794.*

THE BLUE JACKET'S RISKS.

From the nature of our profession, we hold life by a more precarious tenure than many others; but when we fall, we trust it is to benefit our country. So fell your son by a cannon ball, under my immediate command, at the siege of Bastia. I had taken him on shore with me, from his abilities and attention to his duty.—*To E. Davis, June, 1794.*

AFTER THE FRENCH.

We are just got to sea after the French fleet, which, we hear, is out of Toulon. Our squadron

¹ Nelson's whole philosophy of war is embodied in this sentence.

is after them, steering for Calvi, where I fear they will get, in spite of Admiral Hotham's endeavours. The enemy are nine sail of the line, Admiral Hotham seven; two will join from St. Fiorenzo, and Lord Hood goes with six of us. If we have but the good fortune to catch them at sea, we shall, I am sure, give a good account of them. Lord Hood only got the information last night at eleven o'clock, and by seven this morning we were all under sail. The *Agamemnon* had two hundred tons of ordnance to get out, and Lord Hood had given me orders to follow him as fast as possible. I was enabled to sail in half-an-hour after him, and we are now alongside the *Victory*. I pray God we may meet this fleet.—*To his Wife, June, 1794.*

HIS NAME.

If any accident should happen to me, I am sure my conduct will be such as will entitle you to the Royal favour: not that I have the least idea but that I shall return to you, and full of honour; if not, the Lord's will be done. My name shall never be a disgrace to those who may belong to me. The little I have you know I have given to you, except a small annuity. I wish it was more; but I have never got a farthing dishonestly: it descends from clean hands. Whatever fate awaits

me, I pray God to bless you, and preserve you for your son's sake. I think always in the most affectionate manner of my father; tell him so. . . .
—*To his Wife, June, 1794.*

MONEY-MAKERS.

Those people who so liberally abuse everybody but themselves are probably the very persons who deserve abuse. I hope those who are to get so much money will make a proper use of it. Had I attended less than I have done to the service of my country, I might have made some too. However, I trust my name will stand on record when the money-makers' will be forgot.—*To his Wife, June 27, 1794.*

IN HIS GLORY.

We shall take Calvi in due time, and, I hope, without much loss of men. I am very busy, yet I own I am in all my glory: except with you, I would not be anywhere but where I am for the world. I am well aware my poor services will not be noticed. I have no interest; but, however services may be received, it is not right in an officer to slacken his zeal for his country.—*To his Wife, July 8, 1794.*

LOSS OF HIS EYE.

Except a very slight scratch towards my right eye, I have received no hurt whatever ; so you see I am not the worse for campaigning. But I cannot say I have any wish to go on with it. This day I have been four months landed, except a few days when we were after the French fleet, and I feel almost qualified to pass my examination as a besieging general.—*To his Wife, 4th August, 1794.*

As it is all past, I may now tell you that on the 10th of July, a shot having hit our battery, the splinters and stones from it struck me with great violence in the face and breast. Although the blow was so severe as to occasion a great flow of blood from my head, yet I most fortunately escaped, having only my right eye nearly deprived of its sight. It was cut down, but is so far recovered as for me to be able to distinguish light from darkness. As to all the purposes of use, it is gone. However, the blemish is nothing,—not to be perceived, unless told. The pupil is nearly the size of the blue part—I don't know the name.—*To the same, August 18, 1794.*

HIS WOUND.

I have to request that you will take such measures as you may judge proper, that my Sovereign may be

informed of my loss of an eye in his service ; and I do not think his Majesty will consider that I suffered less pain from my determination to do my duty in twenty-four hours after the accident, less those laborious duties intrusted by your Lordship to my directions should have been neglected. I submit my case entirely to you, resting assured that you will mention me in this matter as I deserve, and will do ample justice to the gallant officers and seamen employed under me.—*To Lord Hood, October 2, 1794.*

SENSE OF DUTY.

I rejoice that my conduct gives you pleasure, and I trust I shall never do anything which will bring a blush on your face, or on that of any of my friends. It is very true that I have ever served faithfully, and ever has it been my fate to have been neglected ; but that shall not make me inattentive to my duty. I have pride in doing my duty well, and a self-approbation, which, if it is not so lucrative, yet perhaps affords more pleasing sensations. I trust the time will come when I may be rewarded, though really I don't flatter myself it is near.—*To his Wife, January 31, 1795.*

HOOD'S OMISSION.

When I reflect that I was the cause of re-attacking Bastia, after our *wise* generals gave it over, from not

knowing the force, fancying it 2000 men; that it was I who, landing, joined the Corsicans, and with only my ship's party of marines drove the French under the walls of Bastia; that it was I who, knowing the force in Bastia to be upwards of 4000 men, as I have now only ventured to tell Lord Hood, landed with only 1200 men and kept the secret till within this week past—what I must have felt during the whole siege may be easily conceived. Yet I am scarcely mentioned. I freely forgive, but cannot forget. This, and much more, ought to have been mentioned. It is known that for two months I blockaded Bastia with a squadron: only fifty sacks of flour got into the town. At St. Fiorenzo and Calvi, for two months before, nothing got in, and four French frigates could not get out, and now are ours. Yet my diligence is not mentioned; and others for keeping succours out of Calvi for a few summer months are handsomely mentioned. *Such things are.*

I have got upon a subject near my heart, which is full when I think of the treatment I have received: every man who had any considerable share in the reduction has got some place or other—I, only I, am without reward. The taking of Corsica, like the taking of St. Juan's, has cost me money. St. Juan's cost nearly £500; Corsica has cost me £300 and an eye, and a cut across my

back ; and my money, I find, cannot be repaid me. Nothing but my anxious endeavour to serve my country makes me bear up against it ; but I sometimes am ready to give all up.—*To W. Suckling, February 7, 1795.*

A GLORIOUS DEATH.

We are just in sight of the French fleet, and a signal is out for a general chase. We have but little wind, and unfortunately the enemy are inshore of us ; however, I hope the admiral will allow us to go on, and if the French do not skulk under their batteries, I trust we shall give a good account of them. Whatever may be my fate, I have no doubt in my own mind but that my conduct will be such as will not bring a blush on the face of my friends. The lives of all are in the hands of Him who knows best whether to preserve mine or not ; to His will do I resign myself. My character and good name are in my own keeping. Life with disgrace is dreadful. A glorious death is to be envied ; and, if anything happens to me, recollect that death is a debt we must all pay, and whether now, or a few years hence, can be but of little consequence.—*To his Wife, March 10, 1795.*

HOTHAM'S EASY SATISFACTION.

I wish to be an admiral, and in the command of the British fleet. I should very soon either do much or be ruined. My disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. Sure I am, had I commanded our fleet on the 14th, that either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape. I went on board Admiral Hotham as soon as our firing grew slack in the van, and the *Ça Ira* and *Censeur* had struck, to propose to him leaving our two crippled ships, the two prizes, and four frigates to themselves, and to pursue the enemy; but he, much cooler than myself, said: "We must be contented; we have done very well". Now, had we taken ten sail and had allowed the eleventh to escape, when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done. Goodall backed me; I got him to write to the admiral, but it would not do; we should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced. I verily think if the admiral can get hold of them once more, and he does but get us close enough, that we shall have the whole fleet. Nothing can stop the courage of English seamen. — *To his Wife, April 1,* 1795.

THE BRAVE.

What has happened may never happen to anyone again, that only one ship of the line out of fourteen should get into action with the French fleet, and for so long a time as two hours and a half, and with such a ship as the *Ça Ira*. Had I been supported I should certainly have brought the *Sans Culottes* to battle—a most glorious prospect. A brave man runs no more risk than a coward.—*To his Wife, April 12, 1795.*

INDIFFERENCE TO HIS CLAIMS.

One hundred and ten days I have been actually engaged at sea and on shore against the enemy. Three actions against ships, two against Bastia, in my ship, four boat actions, and two villages taken, and twenty sail of vessels burned. I don't know anyone has done more, and I have had the comfort to be ever *applauded* by my commander-in-chief, but never *rewarded*; and, what is more mortifying, for services in which I have been slightly wounded, others have been praised who at the time were actually in bed, far from the scene of action.—*To W. Locker, May 4, 1795.*

PRINCE OF WALES' DEBTS.

The extraordinary circumstance of the Prince of Wales' debts is much more lamentable; his best

friends must be hurt and the others are, as far as I hear, as much in debt as people will trust them. They are of an age to know better, and if they will not practise what they know, they ought to be punished by letting them feel that want they are making others so severely partake of. However, I trust, if this debt is once more paid, that he will be acquainted by the nation they will pay no more for him. What a figure would the Duke of Clarence have made had he served, out of debt and beloved by the nation: in short, our profession, *in war*, is so popular that he might have done what he pleased.—*To Rev. Dixon Hoste, June 22, 1795.*

110 DAYS IN ACTION.

I have to boast, that no officer can this war, or any other that I know of, being, in 15 months, 110 days in action at sea and on shore.—*To Rev. W. Nelson, June 22, 1795.*

COLONEL OF MARINES.

I have seen in the newspapers that I am appointed one of the colonels of marines, an appointment certainly most flattering to me as it marks to the world an approbation of my conduct. To your Lordship I beg leave to express gratification, more especially as, by a letter from your Lordship to Lord Hood, you declared your intention to represent

my services in the most favourable point of view to the King; for which I beg leave to return your Lordship my most sincere thanks. In the same letter the doubts which had arisen respecting the damage my eye had sustained at the siege of Calvi made it, your Lordship said, impossible to say whether it amounted to the loss of a limb. I have only to tell your Lordship that a total deprivation of sight for every common occasion in life is the consequence of the loss of part of the crystal of my right eye.

As I mean not to press on your Lordship the propriety of considering my loss, I shall conclude by assuring you that my endeavours shall never be wanting to merit a continuance of your good opinion.—*To Earl Spencer, July 19, 1795.*

PARSONS AND SAILORS.

He had much better be a parson than a sailor: it is a much quieter trade.—*To Rev. W. Nelson, July 24, 1795.*

POLITICAL COURAGE.

Political courage in an officer abroad is as highly necessary as military courage.—*To his Wife, July 29, 1795.*

A GIFT.

Pray draw for £200: my father and myself can settle our accounts when we meet; at present, I

believe, I am the richer man, therefore I desire you will give my dear father that money.—*To his Wife, August 2, 1795.*

COURT POLITICS.

The politics of courts, my dear sir, are, I perceive, so mean that private people would be ashamed to act in the same way. All is trick and *finesse* to which the common cause is sacrificed.—*To Sir G. Elliot, September 18, 1795.*

A FRENCH CAPTAIN TEMPTED.

An Austrian Commissary was travelling from Genoa towards Vado with £10,000 sterling, and it was known he was to sleep at a place called Voltri, about nine miles from Genoa. This temptation was too great for the French captain of the *Brune*, in concert with the French Minister, to keep his word of honour; and the boats of that frigate, with some privateers, went out of the port, landed, and brought back the money.—*To the Duke of Clarence, November 18, 1795.*

FRENCHMEN.

To me, I own, all Frenchmen are alike: I despise them all. They are (even those who are fed by us) false and treacherous; even Louis XVIII. receives

our money and will not follow our advice, and keep up the dignity of the King of France at Verona.—*To W. Suckling, October 22, 1795. . . .* I trembled at your account of want of bread for our poor. Pray God send us peace. We have established the French Republic, which, but for us, I verily believe, would never have been settled by such a volatile, changeable people. I hate a Frenchman. They are equally objects of my detestation, whether Royalists or Republicans: in some points I believe the latter are the best.—*To Rev. Dixon Hoste, December 12, 1795.*

FRENCH SOLDIERS.

I have had letters from my poor lieutenants and midshipmen telling me that a few of the French soldiers are more than 23 or 24 years old; a great many do not exceed 14 years, all without clothes; and my officers add they are sure my barge's crew would have beat a hundred of them, and that had I seen them, I should not have thought, if the world had been covered with such people, that they could have beat the Austrian army.—*To his Wife, December 18, 1795.*

HIS NAME.

However, this I can say, that all I have obtained I owe to myself and to no one else, and to you I

may add that my character stands high with almost all Europe; even the Austrians knew my name perfectly. When I get through this campaign I think myself I ought to rest. I hope to God the war will be over, and that I may return to you in peace and quietness. A little farm and my good name form all my wants and wishes.—*To his Wife, July 14, 1795.*

A NEAR TOUCH.

Nothing has occurred since I wrote last except the sailing of the French squadron from Genoa. As soon as they knew of my absence they made a push, and I fear are all got off. Two of our frigates were seen firing at them, but I have not much expectation of their success. It was a near touch, for I came back the next morning after they had sailed on the preceding evening. I am vexed and disappointed, but the best laid schemes, if obliged to be trusted to others, will sometimes fail. I must submit and hope for better luck another time; yet a squadron of French ships would have graced my triumph!—*To his Wife, October 5, 1795.*

PARLIAMENTARY PRETENSIONS.

My pretensions are only a long series of services performed for my country; and if that part of my

country who may honour me with their confidence in Parliament think me an eligible person to serve them in the House of Commons, the same zeal shall manifest itself there as it has done so repeatedly in their service in action against the French. I have only to say that I have been more than one hundred times engaged in battle, at sea and on shore, against the French since the commencement of this war, and that I have been twice wounded. If these gentlemen are satisfied, the Duke of Portland must be applied to through Lord Walpole and Lady Walpole; for though I have so often seen the French shot, yet, truly, I have seen little of their money.—*To . . . November 6, 1795.*

INFAMOUS ACCUSATION.

MY LORD,—Having received from Mr. Drake a copy of your Lordship's letter to him in October, enclosing a paper highly reflecting on the honour of myself and others of his Majesty's officers employed on this coast under my orders, it well becomes me, as far as in my power lies, to wipe away this ignominious stain on our characters. I do, therefore, on behalf of myself and much-injured brethren, demand that the person, whoever he may be, that wrote or gave that paper to your Lordship, should fully and expressly bring home his charge, which, as he states that this agreement is made by

numbers of people on both sides, there can be no difficulty in doing. We dare him, my Lord, to the proof. If he cannot, I do humbly implore that his Majesty will be most graciously pleased to direct his attorney-general to prosecute this infamous libeller in his Majesty's courts of law. And I likewise feel that, without impropriety, I may, on behalf of my brother officers, demand the support of his Majesty's Ministers: for as, if true, no punishment can be too great for the traitors, so, if false, none can be too heavy for the villain who has dared to allow his pen to write such a paper. Perhaps I ought to close my letter here, but I feel too much to rest easy for a moment when the honour of the navy and our country is struck at through us, for if ten captains, whom chance has thrown together, can instantly join in such a traitorous measure, it is fair to conclude we are all bad.

As this traitorous agreement could not be carried on but by concert of all the captains, if they were on the stations allotted to them—and as they could be only drawn from those stations by orders from me—I do most fully acquit all my brother captains from such a combination, and have to request that I may be considered as the only responsible person for what is done under my command, if I approve of the conduct of those under my orders, which in

this most public manner I beg leave to do ; for officers more alert, and more anxious for the good and honour of their King and country, can scarcely ever fall to the lot of any commanding officer. Their names¹ I place at the end of this letter. For myself, from my earliest youth I have been in the naval service, and in two wars have been in more than one hundred and forty skirmishes and battles at sea and on shore ; have lost an eye, and have often bled in fighting the enemies of my King and country ; and, God knows, instead of riches, my little fortune has been diminished in the service. But I shall not trouble your Lordship further at present than just to say that at the close of this campaign, where I have had the pleasure to receive the approbation of the generals of the allied Powers ; of his Excellency Mr. Drake, who has always been on the spot ; of Mr. Trevor, who has been at a distance ; when I expected and hoped, from the representation of his Majesty's Ministers, that his Majesty would have most graciously condescended to have favourably noticed my earnest desire to serve him, instead of all my fancied approbation to receive an accusation of a most traitorous nature—it has almost been too much for me

¹ Captains Fremantle, Hope, Cockburn, Hon. C. Elphinstone, Shields, Middleton, Plampin, Brisbane, T. Elphinstone, M'Namara.

to bear. Conscious innocence, I hope, will support me.¹—*To Lord Grenville, November 23, 1795.*

DOING AS HE PLEASED.

The fleet was not a little surprised at my leaving them so soon, and, I fancy, there was some degree of envy attached to the surprise, for one captain told me, “You did just as you pleased in Lord Hood’s time, the same in Admiral Hotham’s, and now again with Sir John Jervis. It makes no difference to you who is commander-in-chief.” I returned a pretty strong answer to this speech.—*To his Wife, January 27, 1796.*

THE SAILOR’S DREAM.

Time, my dear Fanny, will soon wear away, when we shall, I doubt not, possess a cottage of our own, and an ample income to live on—if not in luxury, at least in comfort. As yet, I appear to stand well with Sir John Jervis, and it shall not be

¹ A scandalous and calumniating suspicion prevailed at that time amongst the allies that there existed a criminal connivance between the British cruisers in the Mediterranean and the coasting vessels of the enemy, whereby they were permitted to land their cargoes for the supply of the French army in the Riviera of Genoa.—*Clarke and M’Arthur.*

my fault if I do not continue to do so : my conduct has no mystery. I freely communicate my knowledge and observations, and only wish that whatever admiral I serve under may make a proper use of it. God forbid I should have any other consideration on service than the good of my country.—*To his Wife, February, 1796.*

JERVIS.

Sir John Jervis, from his manner, as I plainly perceive, does not wish me to leave this station. He seems at present to consider me more as an associate than a subordinate officer, for I am acting without any orders. This may have its difficulties at a future day, but I make none, knowing the uprightness of my intentions. He asked me if I had heard any more of my promotion ; I told him no. His answer was : “ You must have a larger ship, for we cannot spare you either as captain or admiral ”.—*To his Wife, February 17, 1796.*

AMBASSADORS.

I cannot but observe between ourselves that a Minister may be continued too long at a particular Court ; he thus becomes imperceptibly the friend of that Court, when he ought to be the jealous observer of their conduct.—*To Sir John Jervis, May 4, 1796.*

HIS COMPLAINT.

My complaint is as if a girth were buckled taut over my breast, and my endeavour, in the night, is to get it loose.—*To Sir John Jervis, June 3, 1796.*

HONOUR.

I shall not be *very* sorry to see England again. I am grown old and battered to pieces, and require some repairs. However, on the whole, I have stood the fag better than could have been expected. I am sorry to tell you the fancied rich prize is not likely to be condemned; I believe the captor will be glad to give her up again. However, I never built much on her: if I return not poorer than I set out, I shall be perfectly satisfied; but I believe the contrary. Mine is all *honour*: so much for the navy!—*To Rev. W. Nelson, March, 1796. . . .* If we have a Spanish war, I shall yet hope to make something this war. At present, I believe, I am worse than when I set out—I mean in point of riches; for if credit and honour in the service are desirable, I have my full share. Opportunities have been frequently offered me, and I have never lost one, of distinguishing myself, not only as a gallant man, but as having a head; for of the numerous plans I have laid not one has failed, nor of opinions given has one been in the event wrong.

It is this latter which has perhaps established my character more than the others; and I hope to return in as good health as I set out with.—*To the same, June 20, 1796.*

GENEROUS ENEMY.

Generous nations are above rendering any other damage to individuals than such as the known laws of war prescribe. In a vessel lately taken by my squadron was found an *imperiale* full of clothes belonging to a general officer of artillery. I, therefore, send you the clothes as taken, and some papers which may be useful to the officer; and have to request you will have the goodness to forward them.—*To the French Minister at Genoa, June 22, 1796.*

NELSON FIRST.

Had all my actions, my dearest Fanny, been gazetted, not one fortnight would have passed during the whole war without a letter from me. One day or other I will have a long gazette to myself: I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. I cannot, if I am in the field of glory, be kept out of sight. Probably my services may be forgotten by the great by the time I get home; but my mind will not forget, nor cease to feel, a

degree of consolation and of applause superior to undeserved rewards. Wherever there is anything to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps. Credit must be given me in spite of envy. Even the French respect me. Their Minister at Genoa, in answering a note of mine, when returning some wearing apparel that had been taken, said: "Your nation, sir, and mine, are made to show examples of generosity, as well as of valour, to all the people of the earth. . . ." I will also relate another anecdote, all vanity to myself, but you will partake of it. A person sent me a letter, and directed as follows: "Horatio Nelson, Genoa". On being asked how he could direct in such a manner, his answer, in a large party, was: "Sir, there is but one Horatio Nelson in the world". The letter certainly came immediately. At Genoa, where I have stopped all their trade, I am beloved and respected, both by the Senate and lower order. If any man is fearful of his vessel being stopped, he comes and asks me; if I give him a paper, or say, "All is right," he is contented. I am known throughout Italy; not a kingdom or state where my name will be forgotten. This is my gazette.—*To his Wife, August 2, 1796.*

AN ANTICIPATION.

As to our fleet, under such a commander-in-chief as Sir John Jervis, nobody has any fears. . . .

We are now twenty-two sail of the line ; the combined fleet will not be above thirty-five sail of the line, supposing the Dons detach to the West Indies. I will venture my life Sir John Jervis defeats them ; I do not mean by a regular battle, but by the skill of our admiral, and the activity and spirit of our officers and seamen. This country is the most favourable possible for skill with an inferior fleet ; for the winds are so variable that some one time in twenty-four hours you must be able to attack a part of a large fleet, and the other will be becalmed, or have a contrary wind, therefore I hope the Government will not be alarmed for our safety—I mean more than is proper. I take for granted they will send us reinforcements as soon as possible, but there is nothing we are not able to accomplish under Sir John Jervis.—*To the Duke of Clarence, August 19, 1796.*

DUTY AND REWARD.

Your most affectionate letter of July 4 gave me infinite pleasure, and I assure you that no small part of the satisfaction I feel in doing my duty is knowing the pleasure it will give you and my dear wife. As to the rewards, I think it very possible those who are on the spot will get them, whilst we who fag at a distance are forgot. The *last* service

is always the best, for it is natural. This gentleman had a victory two years ago, the fruits of which we have enjoyed, and perhaps have lost again. The other is on the spot to receive his reward before the newer object presents itself. But all cannot be employed near home, and half the rewards are useless. God forbid I should ever lose myself so much as to be knighted. Fame says we are to have a Spanish war in this country. The only consequence it can be to us may be the necessary evacuation of Corsica, and that our fleet will draw down the Mediterranean. The Dons will suffer in every way for their folly, if they are really so foolhardy as to go to war to please the French.

I am now an established commodore, having a captain appointed to the ship; therefore, my professional rise is regular and honourable. My brother William thinks I have been making a fortune, but I have assured him to the contrary.
—*To the Rev. E. Nelson, August 19, 1796.*

THE POPE.

I do not think that he will oppose the thunder of the Vatican against my thunder; and you will, I daresay, hear that I am at Rome in my barge. If I succeed I am determined to row up the Tiber and into Rome.—*To his Wife, August 23, 1796.*

SHOT-HOLES.

The King of England cannot, although I hear he is one of the best masons in his dominions, stop shot-holes half so soon as I can make them.—*To Sir John Jervis, September 3, 1796.*

TO THE GOVERNOR OF CAPRAJA.

Had your answer been a refusal to treat, before this time, our attack by land and sea would have commenced, and the lives and property of innocent inhabitants would have been sacrificed by your fruitless attempt against the superior forces attacking you. We will not permit any delay beyond one hour for you to take your resolution of treating with us, and we assure you such favourable terms will never again be offered by, &c.—*September 18, 1796.*

WAR OR PEACE?

To Don Juan De Sannava, Captain of the Spanish Frigate "La Vengeance".

HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S SHIP "CAPTAIN,"
AT SEA, 20th September, 1796.

SIR,—It is not possible for me to desire a Spanish officer to do what would be in the smallest

degree considered dishonourable. I am in doubt, sir, whether it is war or peace between the two Courts. You, sir, say you are sure that all is peace, and that the most perfect good understanding subsists between the two Courts.

Thus circumstanced, I have to request, as a mark of your desire to cement that harmony, that you will attend me to Bastia, to speak with the Viceroy of Corsica on this very delicate question. Should, sir, you refuse to comply with this most reasonable request, the fatal consequences must rest with you, and I must do my duty in using force.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

HORATIO NELSON.

Don Juan de Sannava.

HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S SHIP "CAPTAIN,"
AT SEA, 20th September, 1796.

SIR,—From the repeated assurances you have given me, on your honour, that there is no offensive alliance entered into by Spain with France against England, I am induced to show your Court how desirous an English officer is to preserve that harmony and good understanding which ought ever to subsist between our two countries, by allowing you to return to Spain instead of enforcing my

reasonable request for you to proceed to Bastia to speak to the Viceroy of Corsica.

Therefore, sir, if you will pledge me your word of honour that the harmony between our two Courts is uninterrupted, I will, on your giving me your honour that you will proceed direct to Spain, allow you to proceed.

I am, Sir,

You most obedient Servant,

HORATIO NELSON.

“CAPTAIN,” AT SEA, *September 21, 1796.*

SIR,—Yesterday morning I saw a Spanish frigate coming from the southward, who, when she raised our hull, hauled her wind to the eastward. In about one hour after this she bore down to us, and I sent on board the letter No. 1, on which the letters to No. 6 passed between us. As to permitting him to go into Leghorn, that was out of the question with me; but I chose to have a good deal of communication with him, that I might draw my final opinion if it was war when he sailed, which I am certain it was not. The second captain, who came on board, admitted that an English ship was detained at Carthagena, but that it was in consequence of several Spanish ships having been

detained by the English, particularly in Corsica, and that Lord Bute had made representations of the subject. On the other hand, his circuitous route through the Straits of Bonifaccio, wishing to get into Leghorn from the southward, led me to fancy he had cause for not wishing to meet any English ships of war.

I have before me Mr. Drake's, Mr. Wyndham's, and the Russian Minister at Genoa's letters, saying that an alliance, offensive and defensive, had been entered into between Spain and France; also Mr. Budd's letter with Mr. Gregory's.

On the other hand I had your letter sending Mr. Gregory's and Mr. Budd's, but no insinuation that it was actually a war; the Viceroy's that he considered the Spanish question still in suspense, although an embargo had been laid on the English shipping at Cadiz and Carthagea; that war was not generally expected at Gibraltar, and that it was not to be wished for by us.

Thus circumstanced, I thought it most proper not to take him (although I own my fingers itched for it), which I hope you will approve of. The Don is not aware that it is this question that was working in my mind, but that it was that I wanted him to go to Bastia, to know from the Viceroy whether I might allow him to go into Leghorn, and that I would force him to go to Bastia, to have this

answer, before I could allow him to return to Spain.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
HORATIO NELSON.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis.

BRITISH FLEETS.

We are all preparing to leave the Mediterranean, a measure which I cannot approve. They at home do not know what this fleet is capable of performing: anything and everything. Much as I shall rejoice to see England, I lament our present orders in sackcloth and ashes, so dishonourable to the dignity of England, whose fleets are equal to meet the world in arms; and of all the fleets I ever saw, I never beheld one in point of officers and men equal to Sir John Jervis's, who is a commander-in-chief able to lead them to glory.—*To his Wife, October, 1796.*

BRITISH OPINION.

BASTIA, *October 17, 1796.*

I am sorry you or any Englishman should think I acted without thought on the 11th September.¹ Whether the measure was right or wrong in itself is not for me to say. I certainly

¹ In the affair of St. Pierre d'Arena.

thought a good deal before I ordered the reprisal. The King's honour was, I conceived, too much insulted to forbear. I ordered my officers to be prepared for the event. However, we all regret that an innocent merchant suffers from public measures. The Viceroy and admiral both think I acted right, even had I attacked the French vessel and battery before they fired. The Genoese were bound in duty to have fired on the French vessel, and not on his Majesty's flag. But I mentioned this as I really wished to have retained your and every Englishman's good opinion. You will hear that we are evacuating Corsica. The inhabitants are in grief, but it is by no means certain that we shall leave the Mediterranean. The Spanish are up, but what can they do against us?—*To Messrs. Heath & Co., Genoa.*

AN ANTICIPATION OF ST. VINCENT.

As soon as our fleet is united, I have no doubt but we shall look out for the combined fleet, who, I suppose, are about thirty-four sail of the line, badly manned, and worse ordered; while ours is such a fleet as I never before saw at sea. There is nothing hardly beyond our reach. I need not give you the character of Sir John Jervis, you know him well; therefore I shall only say he is worthy of such a fleet, for he knows how to use us in the most beneficial manner for our country.—*To*

William Locker, November 5, 1796. . . . You will by this time have known the determination that has been made for this fleet to remain in the Mediterranean. As soon as we have defeated the Spanish fleet, which I doubt not, with God's help, we shall do, I have two or three little matters to settle in Italy, and then I care not how quickly I return to you. Do not flatter yourself that I shall be rewarded ; I expect nothing, and therefore shall not be disappointed ; the pleasure of my own mind will be my reward. I am more interested, and obtain a greater satisfaction, in obtaining yours and my father's applause than that of all the world besides.—*To his Wife, November 7, 1796.*

AMBITION IS WITHOUT LIMITS.

It is not in my nature to forget, for an instant, the many acts of kindness you have shown me during the whole course of my life. I can only endeavour to give you the satisfaction of knowing that it has not been thrown away upon an unworthy object. My professional reputation is the only riches I am likely to acquire in this war ; what profit that will bring me time only can determine ; however, it is satisfactory to myself, and, I believe, will be so to you. This day has brought me from Lord Spencer the fullest and handsomest approbation

of my *spirited, dignified, and temperate* conduct both at Leghorn and Genoa, and my first lieutenant is made a captain; a share of a galleon, and I want no more, but, God knows, ambition has no end!—*To William Suckling, November 29, 1796.*

BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.

At 1 P.M., the *Captain* having passed the sternmost of the enemy's ships, which formed their van and part of their centre, consisting of seventeen sail of the line, they on the larboard, we on the starboard tack, the admiral made the signal to "tack in succession"; but I, perceiving the Spanish ships all to bear up before the wind, or nearly so, evidently with an intention of forming their line going large, joining their separated division, at that time engaged with some of our centre ships, or flying from us—to prevent either of the schemes from taking effect, I ordered the ship to be wore, and, passing between the *Diadem* and *Excellent*, at a quarter past one o'clock was engaged with the headmost, and of course leewardmost, of the Spanish division. The ships which I know were the *San-tissima Trinidad*, 126; *San Josef*, 112; *Salvador del Mundo*, 112; *San Nicolas*, 80; another first-rate and seventy-four, names not known. I was immediately joined and most nobly supported by

the *Culloden*, Captain Troubridge. The Spanish fleet, from not wishing (I suppose) to have a decisive battle, hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, which brought the ships afore-mentioned to be the leewardmost and sternmost ships in their fleet. For near an hour, I believe (but do not pretend to be correct as to time), did the *Culloden* and *Captain* support this apparent, but not really unequal, contest; when the *Blenheim*, passing between us and the enemy, gave us a respite, and sickened the Dons. At this time the *Salvador del Mundo* and *San Isidro* dropped astern, and were fired into in a masterly style by the *Excellent*, Captain Collingwood, who compelled the *San Isidro* to hoist English colours, and I thought the large ship *Salvador del Mundo* had also struck; but Captain Collingwood, disdainful of the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up, with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate, who was, to appearance, in a critical state. The *Blenheim* being ahead, and the *Culloden* crippled and astern, the *Excellent* ranged up within ten feet of the *San Nicolas*, giving a most tremendous fire; the *San Nicolas* luffing up, the *San Josef* fell on board her, and the *Excellent* passing on for the *Santissima Trinidad*, the *Captain* resumed her situation abreast of them, and close alongside. At this time, the *Captain* having lost

her fore-topmast—not a sail, shroud, or rope left—her wheel shot away, and incapable of further service in the line, I directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and, calling for the boarders, ordered them to board.

The soldiers of the 69th regiment, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pierson of the same regiment, were amongst the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy's mizzen-chains was Captain Berry, late my first lieutenant (Captain Miller was in the very act of going also, but I directed him to remain); he was supported from our spritsail-yard, which hooked in the mizzen-rigging. A soldier of the 69th regiment, having broke the upper quarter gallery window, jumped in, followed by myself and others as fast as possible. I found the cabin doors fastened, and some Spanish officers fired their pistols; but, having broke open the doors, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish brigadier (commodore, with a distinguishing pennant) fell, as retreating to the quarter-deck on the larboard-side near the wheel. Having pushed on the quarter-deck, I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. I passed with my people and Lieutenant Pierson on the larboard gangway to the fore-castle, where I met two or three Spanish officers, prisoners

to my seamen, and they delivered me their swords.

At this moment a fire of pistols or muskets opened from the admiral's stern galley of the *San Josef*. I directed the soldiers to fire into her stern; and, calling to Captain Miller, ordered him to send more men into the *San Nicolas*; and directed my people to board the first-rate, which was done in an instant, Captain Berry assisting me into the main-chains. At this moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail and said they surrendered; from this most welcome intelligence it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish captain, with a bow, presented me his sword, and said the admiral was dying of his wounds below. I asked him, on his honour, if the ship were surrendered; he declared she was; on which I gave him my hand, and desired him to call to his officers and ship's company and tell them of it, which he did; and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of vanquished Spaniards, which, as I received, I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who put them, with the greatest *sang froid*, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pierson, 69th regiment; John Sykes, John Thomson, Francis Cook, all old *Agamemmons*; and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers. Thus fell those ships.

N.B.—In boarding the *San Nicolas*, I believe we lost about seven killed and ten wounded, and about twenty Spaniards lost their lives by a foolish resistance. None were, I believe, lost in boarding the *San Josef*.—*Nelson Papers*. . . . There is a saying in the fleet too flattering for me to omit telling, viz., “Nelson’s patent bridge for boarding first-rates,” alluding to my passing over an enemy’s eighty-gun ship; and another, of a sailor’s taking me by the hand on board *San Josef*, saying he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and assuring me he was heartily glad to see me.—*Ibid.*

HOME LOVE.

If I have money enough in Marsh and Reed’s hands, I wish you would buy a cottage in Norfolk. I shall follow the plough with much greater satisfaction than viewing all the magnificent scenes in Italy.—*To his Wife, December, 1796.*

“THE SABINA.”

Last night at ten o’clock I saw two Spanish frigates, and directed Captain Cockburn, in the *Minerve*, to attack the ship which carried a poop light. The *Blanche* bore down to attack the other.

. . . Captain Cockburn brought his ship to close action at twenty minutes before eleven, which continued without intermission until half-past one, when *La Sabina*, of 40 guns, 28 eighteen pounders on her main-deck, 286 men, Captain Don Jacobo Stuart, having lost her mizzenmast (as she did after the action), her main and foremasts, 264 men killed and wounded, struck her colours.—*To Sir J. Jervis, 20th December, 1796.* .

. . . In addition to my letter of this morning, I have to acquaint you that Lieutenants Culverhouse and Hardy, with a proper number of men, being put in charge of *La Sabina*, and she taken in tow, at four A.M. a frigate was seen coming up, which by her signals was known to be Spanish. At half-past four she came into action with the *Minerve*, who cast off the prize, and Lieutenant Culverhouse was directed to stand to the southward. After a trial of strength of more than half-an-hour she wore and hauled off, or I am confident she would have shared the fate of her companion. At this time three other ships were seen standing for the *Minerve*. Hope was alive that they were only frigates, and also that the *Blanche* was one of them, but when the day dawned it was mortifying to see there were two Spanish ships of the line and two frigates, and the *Blanche* far to windward. In this situation, the enemy frequently within shot by

bringing up the breeze, it required all the skill of Captain Cockburn, which he eminently displayed, to get off with a crippled ship; and here I must do justice to Lieutenants Culverhouse and Hardy, and express my tribute of praise at their management of the prize; a frigate repeatedly firing into her without effect; and at last the Spanish admiral quitted the pursuit of the *Minerve* for that of *La Sabina*, who was steering a different course, evidently with the intention of attracting the notice of the Admiral, as English colours were hoisted over the Spanish. The *Sabina's* main and foremast fell overboard before she surrendered. This is, sir, an unpleasant tale, but the merits of every officer and man in the *Minerve* and her prize were eminently conspicuous throughout the whole of this arduous day. The enemy quitted the pursuit of the *Minerve* at dark.—*To the same.* . . . My late action will be in the *Gazette*, and I may venture to say it was what I know the English like. My late prisoner, a descendant from the Duke of Berwick, son of James II., was my brave opponent, for which I have returned him his sword, and sent him in a flag of truce to Spain. I felt it consonant to the dignity of my country, and I always act as I feel right, without regard to custom. He was reputed the best officer in Spain, and his men were worthy of such a commander. He was the only

surviving officer. It has ever pleased God Almighty to give His blessing to my endeavours.—*To his Father, 1st January, 1797.* . . . When I hailed the Don, and told him, “This is an English frigate,” and demanded his surrender or I would fire into him, his answer was noble and such as became the illustrious family from which he is descended. “This is a Spanish frigate, and you may begin as soon as you please.” I have no idea of a closer or sharper battle. The force, to a gun, the same, and nearly the same number of men, we having two hundred and fifty. I asked him several times to surrender during the action, but his answer was, “No, sir ; not whilst I have the means of fighting left”. When only himself of all the officers was left alive, he hailed and said he could fight no more, and begged I would stop firing.—*To Rev. W. Nelson, January 13, 1797.*

LOVE OF DECORATIONS.

You will now, I am sure, think me an odd man, but still I hope you will agree with me in opinion ; and if you can be instrumental in keeping back what I expect will happen, it will be an additional obligation, for very far is it from my disposition to hold light the honours of the Crown ; but, I con-

ceive, to take hereditary honours without a fortune to support the dignity is to lower that honour it would be my pride to support in proper splendour.

On the 1st of June, 12th of April, and other glorious days, baronetage has been bestowed upon the junior flag officers. This honour is what I dread, for the reasons before given, and which I wish a friend to urge for me to Lord Spencer, or such other of his Majesty's Ministers as are supposed to advise the Crown. There are other honours which die with the possessor, and I should be proud to accept if my efforts are thought worthy of the favour of my King.¹—*To Sir G. Elliot, Feb. 16, 1797.*

“SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD.”

We got up here with our prizes this afternoon. The more I think of our late action, the more I am astonished: it absolutely appears a dream. The *Santissima Trinidad*, of four decks, lost five hundred killed and wounded. Had not my ship been so cut up I would have had her; but it is

¹ His desire, according to Colonel Drinkwater Bethune, was to obtain an honour which carried with it a decoration which he could pin to his breast.

well, thank God for it! As to myself, I assure you I never was better, and rich in the praises of every man from the highest to the lowest in the fleet. The Spanish war will give us a cottage and a piece of ground, which is all I want. I shall come one day or other laughing back, when we will retire from the busy scenes of life. I do not, however, mean to be a hermit: the Dons will give us a little money. If my father should at any time wish for any part that is in my agent's hands, I beg he would always take it, for that would give me more real pleasure than buying either house or land.—*To his Wife, February 20, 1797.*

ALL SUFFICIENT.

Though we can afford no more than a cottage, yet with a contented mind, my dearest Fanny, my chains, medals, and ribbons are all-sufficient. We must be contented with a little, and the cottage near Norwich, or any other place you like better, will, I assure you, satisfy me. Do not mention this mark of the Royal favour¹ to anyone except my father. Be assured, whether my letters are long or short, yet still that my heart is entirely with you.—*To his Wife, April, 1797.*

¹ The Order of the Bath.

AN ANECDOTE.

Sir John Jervis is not quite contented, but says nothing publicly. An anecdote in the action is honourable to the admiral, to Troubridge, and myself. Calder said: "Sir, the *Captain* and *Culloden* are separated from the fleet, and unsupported: shall we recall them?" "I will not have them recalled; I put my faith in those ships; it is a disgrace that they are not supported and separated."—*To Rev. W. Nelson, April 6, 1797.*

HIS HUMANITY.

I send you the state of the *Swiftsure*; even the sight of the two poor men¹ in irons on board her has affected me more than I can express. If Mr. Weir² would look at them I should be glad. The youth may, I hope, be saved, as he has intervals of sense; his countenance is most interesting. If any mode can be devised for sending him home, I will, with pleasure, pay fifty pounds to place him in some proper place for his recovery; the other, I fear, is too old. . . . I hope, for the poor men's sakes, that they are imposing on me; but, depend on it, that

¹ Suspected of simulating insanity.

² Physician to the fleet.

Almighty God has afflicted them with the most dreadful of all diseases. They do not sham—indeed you will find I am not mistaken—and all the commissioners in the world cannot convince me of it. For what purpose can these poor wretches attempt to destroy themselves? For what purpose could one of them have spoken to me as rationally as any person could do? Do let Mr. Weir look at them. . . .—*To Sir J. Jervis, June 9 and 10, 1797.*

A TRIBUTE.

A few nights ago a paper was dropped on the quarter-deck, of which this is a copy: "Success attend Admiral Nelson! God bless Captain Miller! We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them; and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalised as high as the *Captain's*.—SHIP'S COMPANY."—*To his Wife, June 15, 1797.*

SUPPORTERS, CREST, AND MOTTO.

I have sent my brother my supporters, crest, and motto. On one side a sailor properly habited, holding in his hand the broad pennant on a staff, and trampling on a Spanish flag; on the other

side the British lion tearing the Spanish flag, the remnants hanging down and the flag in tatters. Motto, what my brother William suggested, turned into English—"Faith and works".—*To his Wife, June 29, 1797.*

HIS CHARITY.

I intend my next winter's gift at Burnham should be fifty good large blankets of the very best quality, and they will last for seven years at least. This will not take from anything the parish might give. I wish inquiry to be made and the blankets ordered of some worthy man. They are to be at my father's disposal in November.—*To his Wife, same date.*

CADIZ LADIES.

We are looking at the ladies walking the walls and Mall of Cadiz, and know of the ridicule they make of their sea officers.—*To Rev. D. Hoste, June 30, 1797.*

CADIZ NEWS.

News from Cadiz, by a market-boat, that our ships did much damage. The town was on fire in three places. A shell that fell in a convent destroyed several priests (that no harm, they will never be

missed); that plunder and robbery was going on— a glorious scene of confusion. . . . —*To Sir J. Jervis, July 7, 1797.*

TENERIFFE.

On Friday, the 21st instant (July), I directed to be embarked on board the *Seahorse*, *Terpsichore*, and *Emerald* frigates one thousand men (including 250 marines under the command of Captain Thomas Oldfield), the whole commanded by Captain Troubridge, attended by all the boats of the squadron, scaling-ladders, and every implement which I thought necessary for the success of the enterprise. I directed that the boats should land in the night, between the fort on the north-east side of the bay of Santa Cruz and the town, and endeavour to make themselves masters of that fort, which, when done, to send in my summons, the liberal terms of which I am sure you will approve.

Although the frigates approached within three miles of the place of debarkation by twelve o'clock, yet, from the unfortunate circumstance of a strong gale of wind in the offing, and a strong current against them inshore, they did not approach within a mile of the landing-place when the day dawned, which discovered to the Spaniards our force and intentions. On my approach with the line-of-battle

ships, Captains Troubridge and Bowen, with Captain Oldfield of the marines, came on board to consult with me what was best to be done, and were of opinion if they could possess themselves of the heights over the fort above-mentioned, that it could be stormed, to which I gave my consent, and directed the line-of-battle ships to batter the fort, in order to create a diversion ; but this was found impracticable, not being able to get nearer the shore than three miles from a calm and contrary currents, nor could our men possess themselves of the heights, as the enemy had taken possession of them, and seemed as anxious to retain them as we were to get them. Thus foiled in my original plan, I considered it for the honour of my King and country not to give over the attempt to possess ourselves of the town, that our enemies might be convinced there is nothing which Englishmen are not equal to ; and, confident in the bravery of those who would be employed in the service, I embarked every person from the shore on the 22nd at night.

On the 24th, I got the ships to an anchor about two miles to the northward of the town, and made every show for a disposition of attacking the heights, which appeared to answer the end, from the great number of people they had placed on them. The *Leander*, Captain Thompson, joined this afternoon, and her marines were added to the

force before appointed, and Captain Thompson also volunteered his services.

At 11 o'clock at night the boats of the squadron, containing between six and seven hundred men, one hundred and eighty men on board the *Fox* cutter, and about seventy or eighty men in a boat we had taken the day before, proceeded towards the town. The divisions of the boats, conducted by all the captains, except Fremantle and Bowen, who attended with me to regulate and lead the way to the attack ; every captain being acquainted that the landing was to be made on the Mole, and from whence they were to proceed, as fast as possible, into the Great Square, where they were to form and proceed on such services as may be found necessary. We were not discovered till within half gun-shot of the landing place, when I directed the boats to cast off from each other, give a hurrah, and push for the shore.

For the details of their proceedings I send you a copy of Captain Troubridge's account to me, and I cannot but express my admiration of the firmness with which he and his brave associates supported the honour of the British flag.

Captains Fremantle, Bowen, and myself, with four or five boats, stormed the Mole, although opposed, apparently, by 400 or 500 men, took possession of it, and spiked the guns, but such a heavy

fire of musketry and grape-shot was kept up from the citadel and houses at the head of the Mole, that we could not advance, and we were all nearly killed or wounded.

The *Fox* cutter, in rowing towards the town, received a shot under water from one of the enemy's distant batteries, immediately sunk, and Lieutenant Gibson, her commander, with 97 men, were drowned.

I must not omit to acquaint you of the satisfaction I received from the conduct of Lieutenant Baynes of the Royal Artillery, not only from the ardour with which he undertook every service, but also from his professional skill.¹—*Nelson Papers*.

¹ Attended by his son-in-law, Nelson had proceeded from the *Seahorse* to the Mole of Santa Cruz, and had there received his severe wound [a grape-shot] through the right elbow [the same fire having wounded seven other men in their right arms] as he was in the act of drawing his sword and stepping out of the boat. This sword, which he had so long and deservedly valued from respect to his uncle, Maurice Suckling, was grasped, when falling, in his left hand, notwithstanding the agony he endured. Lieutenant Nisbet, who had remained close to him, saw his father-in-law wounded from the tremendous fire of the Spaniards, and heard him exclaim, "I am shot through the arm; I am a dead man". Nisbet placed him at the bottom of the boat, and, observing that the sight of the quantity of blood that had rushed from the shattered arm seemed to increase the faintness, he took off his hat to conceal it. He then,

THE COTTAGE A NECESSITY.

I am so confident of your affection that I feel the pleasure you will receive will be equal whether my letter is wrote by my right hand or by my left.

with great presence of mind, examined the state of the wound, and, holding the shattered arm so as to staunch the blood, he took some silk handkerchiefs from his neck and bound them tightly about the lacerated vessels; but for this attention Nelson, as he afterwards declared, must have perished. Mr. Nisbet was assisted by a seaman of the name of Lovel, one of the admiral's bargemen, who, having torn his shirt into shreds, constructed a sling for the wounded arm. They then collected five other seamen, and at length, with their assistance, got the boat afloat, which had grounded from the falling of the tide. Having thus succeeded, Lieutenant Nisbet took one of the oars that remained, and ordered the man who steered to go close under the guns of the batteries that they might be safe from their tremendous fire. The voice of his son-in-law, enforcing this judicious order, roused Nelson from his fainting state, and he immediately desired to be lifted up in the boat that, to use his own words, "he might look a little about him". He was accordingly raised by Nisbet. The scene of destruction and the tempestuous sea were sublimely dreadful; a painful uncertainty prevailed respecting the fate of his brave companions, when, on a sudden, a general shriek from the crew of the *Fox*, which had sunk from a shot she had received under water, made the admiral forget his own weak and painful state. Many were rescued from a watery grave by Nelson himself, whose humane exertions on this

It was the chance of war, and I have great reason to be thankful; and I know that it will add much to your pleasure in finding that Josiah, under God's providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life. As to my health, it never was better, and now I hope soon to return to you; and my country, I trust, will not allow me to linger any longer in want of that pecuniary assistance which I have been fighting the whole war to preserve to her. But I shall not be surprised to be neglected or forgot, as probably I shall no longer be considered as useful. However, I shall feel rich if I continue to

occasion added considerably to the agony and danger of his wound. Ninety-seven men, including Lieutenant Gibson, were lost, and eighty-three were saved. The first ship which the boat could reach happened to be the *Seahorse*, but nothing could induce the admiral to go on board, though he was assured that it might be at the risk of his life if they attempted to row to another ship. "Then I will die," he exclaimed; "for I would rather suffer death than alarm Mrs. Fremantle by her seeing me in this state, and when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband." They accordingly proceeded without further delay for the *Theseus*, when, notwithstanding the increased pain and weakness he experienced, he peremptorily refused all assistance in getting on board. "Let me alone; I have yet my legs left and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better."—*Clarke and M'Arthur's Life.*

enjoy your affection. The cottage is now more necessary than ever. — *To his Wife, August, 1797.*

THANKSGIVING.

An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed upon him. [For next Sunday.]¹—*Dispatches and Letters.*

A MAN'S DUTY.

If a man does not do his utmost in time of action, I think but one punishment ought to be inflicted. Not that I take a man's merit from his list of killed and wounded, for but little may be in his power; and if he does his utmost in the station he is placed in, he has equal merit to the man who may have his ship beat to pieces, but not his good fortune. I would have every man believe I shall only take my chance of being shot by the enemy, but if I do not take that chance, I am certain of being shot by my friends.—*To Captain Bertie, January 4, 1798.*

VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION FOR WAR.

I am sorry the King is so poor. Had he been worth what those vile dogs of Opposition think,

¹ Sent to the clergyman at St. George's Church, Hanover Square.

what a vast sum would have been given to the nation, but now I hope all the nation will subscribe liberally. You will believe that I do not urge others to give and withhold myself, but my mode of subscribing will be novel in its manner, and by doing it I mean to debar myself of many comforts to serve my country, and I expect great consolation every time I cut a slice of salt-beef instead of mutton.—*To Thomas Lloyd, January 19, 1798.*

A GALE OF WIND.

I ought not to call what has happened to the *Vanguard* by the cold name of accident: I believe firmly that it was the Almighty's goodness to check my consummate vanity. I hope it has made me a better officer, as I feel confident it has made me a better man. I kiss with all humility the rod.

Figure to yourself a vain man on Sunday evening at sunset walking in his cabin with a squadron about him who looked up to their chief to lead them to glory, and in whom this chief placed the firmest reliance, that the proudest ships, in equal numbers, belonging to France would have bowed their flags, and with a rich prize lying by him. Figure to yourself this proud, conceited man, when the sun rose on Monday morning, his ship dis-

masted, his fleet dispersed, and himself in such distress that the meanest frigate out of France would have been a very unwelcome guest. But it has pleased Almighty God to bring us into a safe port, where, although we are refused the rights of humanity, yet the *Vanguard* will in two days get to sea again as an English man-of-war.—*To his Wife, May 24, 1798.*

TROUBRIDGE.¹

Captain Troubridge is my honoured acquaintance of twenty-five years, and the very best sea officer in his Majesty's service.—*To Sir W. Hamilton, June 14, 1798.*

THE FRENCH FLEET.

It is an old saying, "The Devil's children have the Devil's luck". I cannot find, or to this moment learn, beyond vague conjecture, where the French fleet are gone. All my ill-fortune hitherto has proceeded from want of frigates. Off Cape Passaro, on the 22nd of June, at daylight I saw two frigates, which were supposed to be French, and it has been said that a line-of-battle ship was to leeward of them, with the riches of Malta on board, but it was the

¹ Sir Thomas Troubridge, second alone to Nelson in valour and his equal in judgment.

destruction of the enemy, not riches for myself, that I was seeking. These would have fallen to me if I had had frigates, but except the ship of the line I regarded not all the riches in this world. From every information off Malta I believed they were gone to Egypt. Therefore, on the 28th, I was communicating with Alexandria in Egypt, where I found the Turks preparing to resist them, but knew nothing beyond report. From thence I stretched over to the coast of Caramania, where, not meeting a vessel that could give me information, I became distressed for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and having gone a round of 600 leagues at this season of the year (with a single ship) with an expedition incredible, here I am as ignorant of the situation of the enemy as I was twenty-seven days ago.—*To Sir W. Hamilton, July 20, 1798.*

I yet live in hope of meeting these fellows, but it would have been my delight to have tried Buonaparte on a wind, for he commands the fleet as well as the army. Glory is my object, and that alone.—*To his Wife, July 2, 1798.*

LAUREL OR CYPRESS.

Thanks to your exertions, we have victualled and watered: and surely, watering at the Fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail

with the first breeze, and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress.—*To the Hamiltons, July 22, 1798.*

A PEERAGE OR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey.¹—*August 1, 1798, from Clarke & M'Arthur.*

FIRST GAIN A VICTORY.

First gain a victory and then make the best use of it you can.—*By Cooper Willyams, August 1, 1798.*

TO THE CAPTAINS OF THE SHIPS OF THE SQUADRON.

“VANGUARD,” OFF THE MOUTH OF THE NILE,
2nd day of August, 1798.

The admiral most heartily congratulates the captains, officers, seamen, and marines of the squadron he has the honour to command on the event of the late action; and he desires they will

¹ These gasconades are to be received with distrust. Both Sir Harris Nicolas and Dr. Pittigrew render it certain that Nelson had no wish to be buried in Westminster Abbey. The above is supposed to have been uttered on the eve of the battle of the Nile.

accept his most sincere and cordial thanks for their very gallant behaviour in this glorious battle. It must strike forcibly every British seaman how superior their conduct is, when in discipline and good order, to the riotous behaviour of lawless Frenchmen.

The squadron may be assured the admiral will not fail, with his dispatches, to represent their truly meritorious conduct in the strongest terms to the commander-in-chief.

HORATIO NELSON.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's arms in the late battle by a great victory over the fleet of the enemy, who I attacked at sunset on the 1st of August off the mouth of the Nile. The enemy were moored in a strong line of battle for defending the entrance of the bay (of Shoals), flanked by numerous gunboats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van, but nothing could withstand the squadron your Lordship did me the honour to place under my command. Their state of discipline is well known to you; and with the judgment of the captains, together with their valour and that of the officers and men of every description, it was absolutely irresist-

ible. Could anything from my pen add to the character of the captains, I would write it with pleasure, but that is impossible.

I have to regret the loss of Captain Westcott of the *Majestic*, who was killed early in the action, but the ship was continued to be so well fought by her first lieutenant, Mr. Cuthbert, that I have given him an order to command her till your Lordship's pleasure is known. The ships of the enemy, all but their two rear ships, are nearly dismasted, and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say, made their escape; nor was it, I assure you, in my power to prevent them. Captain Hood most handsomely endeavoured to do it, but I had no ship in a condition to support the *Zealous*, and I was obliged to call her in. The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head and obliged to be carried off the deck; but the service suffered no loss by that event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg leave to refer you for every information relative to this victory. He will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the commander-in-chief being burnt in *L'Orient*.—*To Lord St. Vincent, August 3, 1798.* . . . Almighty God having blessed His Majesty's arms with victory, the admiral intends

returning public thanksgiving for the same at two o'clock this day; and he recommends every ship doing the same as soon as convenient.—*To the Captains of the Squadron.*

THE CAPTAINS' GIFT.

I feel most sensibly the very distinguished honour you have conferred upon me by your address of this day. My prompt decision was the natural consequence of having such captains under my command, and I thank God I can say, in the battle every officer's conduct was equal. I accept, as a particular mark of your esteem, the sword you have done me the honour to offer, and will direct my picture to be painted the first opportunity for the purpose you mention.—*To the Captains who fought at the Nile, August 3, 1798.*

BLANQUET'S SWORD.

“VANGUARD,” MOUTH OF THE NILE,
August 8, 1798.

MY LORD,—Having the honour of being a freeman of the city of London, I take the liberty of sending to your Lordship the sword of the commanding French admiral, Monsieur Blanquet, who survived after the Battle of the First off the Nile; and request that the city of London will honour

me by the acceptance of it, as a remembrance that Britannia still rules the waves, which, that she may for ever do, is the fervent prayer of your Lordship's most obedient servant,

HORATIO NELSON.

To the Lord Mayor of London.

BUONAPARTE'S WRITING.

I send you a packet of intercepted letters, some of them of great importance; in particular, one from Buonaparte to his brother. He writes such a scrawl no one not used to it can read; but luckily we have got a man who has wrote in his office to decipher it. Buonaparte has differed with his generals here; and he did want—and if I understand his meaning, does want, and will strive to be, the Washington of France. “*Ma mère*” is evidently meant “my country”.—*To Earl Spencer, 9th August, 1798.*

PESTS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

I trust Almighty God will in Egypt overthrow these pests of the human race. It has been in my power to prevent 12,000 men from leaving Genoa, and also to take eleven sail of the line and two frigates; in short, only two sail of the line and two

frigates have escaped me. This glorious battle was fought at the mouth of the Nile at anchor. It began at sunset, August the 1st, and was not finished at three the next morning. It has been severe, but God blessed our endeavours with a great victory. I am now at anchor between Alexandria and Rosetta to prevent their communication by water, and nothing under a regiment can pass by land.—*To the Governor of Bombay, August 9, 1798.*

HIS WOUND.

My head is ready to split, and I am always so sick; in short, if there be no fracture, my head is severely shaken. I shall remain off this coast as long as circumstances will allow me, and will endeavour to annoy the enemy to the utmost of my power.—*To Lord St. Vincent, August 10, 1798.*

L'ORIENT.

This you will believe when I tell you that only two masts are standing out of nine sail of the line. *L'Orient* certainly struck her colours and did not fire a shot for a quarter of an hour before, unfortunately for us, she took fire; but, although we suffer, our country is equally benefited. She had on board near six hundred thousand pounds

sterling ; so says the Adjutant-General of the Fleet, who was saved out of her ; and although he does not say she struck her colours, yet he allows that all resistance on her part was in vain. Admiral Brueys was killed early in the battle, and from the commencement of the fight declared all was lost. They were moored in a strong position in a line of battle, with gunboats, boom-vessels, frigates, and a gun and mortar battery on an island in their van, but my band of friends was irresistible.—*To the Hon. W. Wyndham, August 21, 1798.*

.

You know, my dear Lord, that I have more than once thought that the Mediterranean fleet has been put in our power to annihilate, therefore I had the advantage of my predecessors. I regret that one escaped, and I think, if it had pleased God that I had not been wounded, not a boat would have escaped to have told the tale ; but do not believe that any individual in the fleet is to blame. In my conscience I believe greater exertions could not have been, and I only mean to say that if my experience could (in person) have directed those exertions of individuals, there was every appearance that Almighty God would have continued to bless my endeavours for the honour of our King, the advantage of our country, and for the peace and happiness (I hope) of all Europe.

It is no small regret that *L' Orient* is not in being to grace our victory. She was completely beat, and I am sure had struck her colours before she took fire; for as she had lost her main and mizzen masts, and on her flag-staff, which Hood cut from her wreck, was no flag, it must be true that the flag was hauled down, or it would have been entangled with the rigging, or some remnant remained at the masthead. She had on board £600,000 sterling, in ingots of gold and diamonds, for the French brought no coin with them.—*To Lord Minto, August 29, 1798.*

HATRED OF THE FRENCH.

“*Down, down* with the French!” ought to be placed in the council room of every country in the world.—*To Sir M. Eden, September 10, 1798.*

SICILIAN TRANSPORTS.

The kingdom of the Two Sicilies is mad with joy; from the throne to the peasant all are alike. According to Lady Hamilton's letter, the situation of the Queen was truly pitiable; I only hope I shall not have to be witness to a renewal of it. I give you Lady Hamilton's own words: “How shall I describe the transports of the Queen? ‘Tis not possible,” she cried, kissed her husband, her children,

walked frantic about the room, cried, kissed, and embraced every person near her, exclaiming, 'O brave Nelson! O God, bless and protect our brave deliverer! O Nelson, Nelson! What do we not owe to you? O victor! Saviour of Italy! O that my swollen heart could but tell him personally what we owe to him!'" You may judge, Fanny, of the rest; but my head will not allow me to tell you half; so much for that. My fag, without success, would have had no effect, but blessed be God for His goodness to me.—*To his Wife, September 16, 1798.*

AT NAPLES.

The poor wretched *Vanguard* arrived here on the 22nd of September. I must endeavour to convey to you something of what passed; but if it were so affecting to those who were only united to me by bonds of friendship, what must it be to my dearest wife, my friend, my everything that is most dear to me in this world? Sir William and Lady Hamilton came out to sea, attended by numerous boats with emblems, etc. They, my most respectable friends, had really been laid up and seriously ill; first from anxiety and then from joy. It was imprudently told Lady Hamilton in a moment, and the effect was like a shot; she fell apparently dead, and is not yet recovered from severe bruises.

Alongside came my honoured friends ; the scene in the boat was terribly affecting. Up flew her Ladyship, and exclaiming, "O God! is it possible?" she fell into my arm more dead than alive. Tears, however, soon set matters to rights ; when alongside came the King. The scene was in its way as interesting ; he took me by the hand, calling me his "deliverer and preserver," with every other expression of kindness. In short, all Naples calls me *Nostro Liberatore* ; my greeting from the lower classes was truly affecting. I hope some day to have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady Hamilton ; she is one of the very best women in this world ; she is an honour to her sex.—*To his Wife, September 25, 1798.*

GOD'S HAND.

The Almighty has blessed my exertions for the happiness of mankind, and I am daily receiving the thanks and prayers of Turks and Christians. In short, I am placed by Providence in that situation, that all my caution will be necessary to prevent vanity from showing itself superior to my gratitude and thankfulness. The hand of God was visibly pressed on the French ; it was not in the power of man to gain such a victory. In their Sicilian Majesties' thanks and congratulations are the following lines : "History, either ancient or modern,

does not record such a battle. You have saved us, sir, by this most glorious action, which, superior to any battle fought at sea, has this singular and important consequence—of being to all Europe, I repeat it, of the highest advantage.” The whole letter, being in the same strain, is enough to make me vain. My head is quite healed ; and, if it were necessary, I would not at present leave Italy, who looks up to me as, under God, its protector.—*To his Father, September 25, 1798.*

CELEBRATIONS.

The preparations of Lady Hamilton for celebrating my birthday to-morrow are enough to fill me with vanity ; every ribbon, every button, has “Nelson,” etc. The whole service is marked “H. N., glorious 1st of August !” Songs and sonnetti are numerous beyond what I ever could deserve. I send the additional verse¹ to “God save the King,”

¹ Written by Miss Cornelia Knight. The first verse ran thus :—

“ Join we in great Nelson’s name,
 First on the rolls of fame ;
 Him let us sing.
 Spread we his fame around,
 Honour of British ground,
 Who made Nile’s shore resound
 God save the king.”

as I know you will sing it with pleasure. I cannot move on foot, or in a carriage, for the kindness of the populace; but good Lady H. preserves all the papers as the highest treat for you. The Queen yesterday, being still ill, sent her favourite son to visit, and bring me a letter from her of gratitude and thanks. Miserable accounts of *Le Guillaume Tell*. I trust God Almighty will yet put her into the hands of our King. His all-powerful hand has gone with us to the battle, protected us, and still continues destroying the unbelievers. All glory be to God! The more I think, the more I hear, the greater is my astonishment at the extent and good consequences of our victory.—*To his Wife, September 28, 1798.*

THE SICILIES.

I trust, my Lord, in a week we shall all be at sea. I am very unwell, and the miserable conduct of this Court is not likely to cool my irritable temper. It is a country of fiddlers and poets, whores, and scoundrels.—*To Lord St. Vincent, September 30, 1798.*

NEAPOLITAN HONOURS.

Our time here is actively employed; and between business and what is called pleasure, I am not my own master for five minutes. The continued kind

attention of Sir William and Lady Hamilton must ever make you and I love them ; and they are deserving the love and admiration of all the world. The Grand Signior has ordered me a valuable diamond ; if it were worth a million, my pleasure would be to see it in your possession. My pride is being your husband, the son of my dear father, and in having Sir William and Lady Hamilton for my friends. While these approve of my conduct, I shall not feel or regard the envy of thousands. Could I, my dearest Fanny, tell you half the honours which are shown me here, not a ream of paper would hold it. On my birthday eighty people dined at Sir William Hamilton's ; one thousand seven hundred and forty came to a ball, where eight hundred supped. A rostral column is erected under a magnificent canopy, never, Lady H. says, to come down while they remain at Naples. A little circumstance has also happened, which does honour to the King of Naples, and is not unpleasant to me. I went to view the magnificent manufactory of china. After admiring all the fine things sufficient to seduce the money from my pocket, I came to some busts in china of all the Royal Family. These I immediately ordered, and when I wanted to pay for them, I was informed that the King had directed whatever I chose should be delivered free of all cost ; it was handsome in the King.—*To his Wife, October 1-6, 1798.*

TROUBRIDGE'S MERITS.

My letter on the subject of our dear friend Troubridge, which was lost with many others in the *Leander*, was to authorise you to add a paragraph to my public letter if you thought it more to the advantage of Troubridge; for I thought it better to make no mention of his disaster. I consider Captain Troubridge's conduct as fully entitled to praise as any one officer in the squadron, and as highly deserving reward. He commanded a division equally with Sir James Saumarez by my order dated in June; and I should feel distressed if any honour which is granted to one be not granted to the other. This part of my letter I wish you, my dear Lord, to make use of to Lord Spencer, should any difference be made. The eminent services of our friend deserve the very highest rewards. I have experienced the ability and activity of his mind and body. It was Troubridge who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse; it was Troubridge who exerted himself for me after the action; it was Troubridge who saved the *Culloden* when none that I know in the service would have attempted it; it is Troubridge whom I have left as myself at Naples. He is, as a friend and as an officer, a nonpareil.—*To Lord St. Vincent, October 19, 1798.*

STATE OF THE TWO SICILIES.

I see the finest country in the world, full of resources, yet not enough to supply the public wants ; all are plundering who can get at public money or stores. In my own line I can speak. A Neapolitan ship of the line would cost more than ten English ships' fitting out. Five sail of the line must ruin the country. Everything else is, I have no doubt, going on in the same system of thieving. I could give your Lordship so many instances of the greatest malconduct of persons in office, and of those very people being rewarded. If money could be placed in the public chest at this moment, I believe it would be well used ; for the sad thing in this country is that although much is raised, yet very little reaches the public chest. I will give you a fact. When the Order of Jesuits was suppressed in this country and Sicily, they possessed very large estates. Although these, with every other part of their property, were seized by the Crown, yet to this moment not one farthing has reached the public chest. On the contrary, some years the pretended expense of management was more than the produce. Taxes have been sold for sums of money, which now are five times more than when sold. This, it is true, was done by Viceroys to please their distant masters.

—*To Earl Spencer, November 13, 1798.*

HIS FAMILY.

I have a moment in which I can find time to write you a line to say that I earnestly pray that the victory, of which it has pleased God to make me a principal, may be useful to my family. As to myself, the probability is that I shall never take my seat in the House of Peers. My health has declined very much, and nothing keeps me on service but the thought that I am doing good.—*To Rev. W. Nelson, November 20, 1798.*

SICILIAN TROOPS.

The Neapolitan officers have not lost much honour, for God knows they have but little to lose; but they lost all they had. Mack has supplicated the King to sabre every man who ran from Cività Castellana to Rome. He has, we hear, torn off the epaulettes of some of these scoundrels and placed them on good sergeants. I will as briefly as I can state the position of the army and its lost honour—for defeat they have had none. The right wing of nineteen thousand men, under General St. Philip and Michaux (who ran away to Toulon), were to take post between Ancona and Rome, to cut off all supplies and communication. Near Fermi they fell in with the enemy, about three thousand. After a little distant firing St. Philip advanced to

the French general, and, returning to his men, said, "I no longer command you," and was going off to the enemy. A sergeant said: "You are a traitor. What! have you been talking to the enemy?" St. Philip replied: "I no longer command you". "Then you are our enemy;" and levelling his musket, he shot St. Philip through the right arm. However, the enemy advanced; he was amongst them. Michaux ran away, as did all the infantry; and had it not been for the good conduct of two regiments of cavalry, would have been destroyed. So great was their panic that cannon tents, baggage, and military chest—all were left to the French. Could you credit, but it is true, that this loss has been sustained with the death of only forty men? The French lost many men by the cavalry, and, having got the good things, did not run after an army three times their number. Some ran thirty miles to Pesaro.—*To Earl Spencer, December 11, 1798.*

SIR SYDNEY SMITH'S APPOINTMENT.

I do feel, for I am a man, that it is impossible for me to serve in these seas with the squadron under a junior officer—could I have thought it—and from Earl Spencer! Never, never was I so astonished as your letter made me. As soon as I

can get hold of Troubridge I shall send him to Egypt to try and destroy the ships in Alexandria. If it can be done, Troubridge will do it. The Swedish knight¹ writes Sir William Hamilton that he shall go to Egypt and take Captain Hood and his squadron under his command. The knight forgets the respect due to his superior officer ; he has no orders from you to take my ships away from my command ; but it is all of a piece. Is it to be borne ? Pray grant me your permission to retire ; and I hope the *Vanguard* will be allowed to convey me and my friends, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, to England.—*To Lord St. Vincent, December 31, 1798.*

TO EARL HOWE.

It was only this moment that I had the invaluable approbation of the great, the immortal Earl Howe—an honour the most flattering a sea-officer could receive, as it comes from the first and greatest sea-officer the world has ever produced. I had the happiness to command a band of brothers, therefore night was to my advantage. Each knew his duty, and I was sure each would feel for a French ship. By attacking the enemy's van and centre,

¹ Sir Sidney Smith was a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword of Sweden.

the wind blowing directly along the line, I was enabled to throw what force I pleased on a few ships. This plan my friends readily conceived by the signals (for which we are principally, if not entirely, indebted to your Lordship) and we always kept a superior force to the enemy. At twenty minutes past six, the sun in the horizon, the firing commenced. At five minutes past ten, when *L'Orient* blew up, having burnt seventy minutes, the six van ships had surrendered. I then pressed further towards the rear; and had it pleased God that I had not been wounded and stone-blind, there cannot be a doubt that every ship would have been in my possession. But here let it not be supposed that any officer is to blame. No; on my honour I am satisfied that each did his very best. I have never before, my Lord, detailed the action to anyone; but I should have thought it wrong to have kept it from one who is our great master in naval tactics and bravery. May I presume to present my very best respects to Lady Howe and to Lady Mary, and to beg that your Lordship will believe me ever your most obliged—
NELSON.—*January 8, 1799.*

HIS AFFECTIONATE NATURE.

What shall I say to you and good Sir Peter for all your goodness to me? You who have known me

from my youth, even until now, know that Horatio Nelson is still the same—affectionate in his disposition and grateful to his friends. God knows, my dear friend, I have very few indeed. My health is such that without a very great alteration I will venture to say a short space of time will send me to that bourne from whence none return ; but God's will be done. After the action I had nearly fell into a decline, but at Naples my invaluable friends, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, nursed and set me up again. I am worse than ever ; my spirits have received such a shock that I think they cannot recover it. You who remember me always laughing and gay would hardly believe the change, but who can see what I have and be well in health? Kingdoms lost and a royal family in distress, but they are pleased to place confidence in me ; and whilst I live, and my services can be useful to them, I shall never leave this country, although I know that nothing but the air of England, and peace and quietness, can perfectly restore me.—*To Lady Parker, February 1, 1799.*

A DEAR FRIEND.

I well know your own goodness of heart would make all due allowances for my present situation. You know, my old friend, after twenty-seven years' acquaintance, that nothing can alter my attachment

and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar ; it was you who taught me to board a Frenchman by your conduct when in the *Experiment* ; it was you who always told me : " Lay a Frenchman close, and you'll beat him ". And my only merit in my profession is being a good pupil. Our friendship will never end but with our lives.—*To W. Locker, February 9, 1799.*

LOVE OF HIS FAMILY.

Whenever [I can] in ANY way be useful to you, or my nephew and niece, you know me not to be disinclined. I neither wish to be thought richer or poorer than I am ; but of this be assured, that except my pension I am much poorer than when I left England a year ago. I feel that you have cause for complaint that not one relation of the *Victor of the Nile* has been noticed. I wrote to both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Wyndham and Lord Spencer ; the two first never answered my letter, the latter has told me he does not know how he can be useful to my brother Maurice. So much for *my* interest ! However, time must, I think, bring matters round, for I can never bring myself to believe that Nelson's family should be unnoticed by the English Government.—*To the Rev. W. Nelson, April 10, 1799.*

POLITICS.

As to politics, they are my abomination. — *To Lord St. Vincent, May 30, 1799.*

LORD ST. VINCENT.

We have a report that you are going home. This distresses us most exceedingly, and myself in particular; so much so that I have serious thoughts of returning if that event should take place. But for the sake of our country do not quit us at this serious moment. I wish not to detract from the merit of whoever may be your successor; but it must take a length of time, which I hope the war will not give, to be in any manner a St. Vincent. We look up to you, as we have always found you, as our father, under whose fostering care we have been led to fame. If, my dear Lord, I have any weight in your friendship, let me entreat you to arouse the sleeping lion. Give up not a particle of your authority to anyone; be again our St. Vincent, and we shall be happy.—*June 10, 1799.*

THE FAMOUS TREATY.

On the 17th the *Alexander* and *Goliath* joined me from off Malta, leaving to look out in that quarter three sloops of war. The force now with me was

fifteen sail of two-decked ships, English, and three Portuguese, with a fire-ship and cutter. On the 20th the *Swallow*, Portuguese corvette, brought me your Lordship's dispatch of the 17th acquainting me of the near approach of the squadron under Sir Alan Gardner, and that Lord Keith was going in search of the French fleet. As I had now no prospect of being in a situation to go in search of the enemy's fleet, which at least is twenty-five sail of the line, and might be reinforced with two Venetian ships, although I was firmly resolved they should not pass me without a battle, which would so cripple them that they might be unable to proceed on any distant service, I determined to offer myself for the service at Naples, where I knew the French fleet intended going. With this determination I pushed for Palermo, and on the 21st I went on shore for two hours, saw their Majesties and General Acton, who repeated to me what the General had wrote (but which I had not received), to request that I would instantly go into the bay of Naples to endeavour to bring his Sicilian Majesty's affairs in that city to a happy conclusion.

I lost not one moment in complying with the request, and arrived in the bay of Naples on the 24th, where I saw a flag of truce flying on board his Majesty's ship *Seahorse*, Captain Foote, and also on the castles of Uovo and Nuovo. Having

on the passage received letters informing [me] that an infamous armistice was entered into with the rebels in those castles, to which Captain Foote had put his name, I instantly made the signal to annul the truce, being determined never to give my approbation to any terms with rebels but that of unconditional submission. The fleet was anchored in a close line of battle, N.W. by N. and S.E. by S., from the Mole head, one and a half miles distant, flanked by twenty-two gun and mortar boats, which I recalled from Procida. I sent Captains Troubridge and Ball instantly to the Cardinal Vicar-General to represent to his Eminence my opinion of the infamous terms entered into with the rebels, and also two papers which I enclose. His Eminence said he would send no papers, that if I pleased I might break the armistice, for that he was tired of his situation. Captain Troubridge then asked his Eminence this plain question: "If Lord Nelson breaks the armistice, will your Eminence assist him in his attack on the castles?" His answer was clear: "I will neither assist him with men or guns". After much communication his Eminence desired to come on board and speak with me on his situation. I used every argument in my power to convince him that the treaty and armistice was at an end by the arrival of the fleet; but an admiral is no match in talking with a cardinal. I therefore

gave him my opinion in writing—viz. : “ Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, who arrived in the bay of Naples on the 24th of June with the British fleet, found a treaty entered into with the rebels, which he is of opinion ought not to be carried into execution without the approbation of his Sicilian Majesty, Earl St. Vincent, Lord Keith ”.

Under this opinion the rebels came out of the castles, which were instantly occupied by the marines of the squadron.—*To Lord Keith, June 27, 1799.*

THE ORDER TO HANG CARACCIOLO.

By Horatio, Lord Nelson, &c., &c., &c.

Whereas, a Board of Naval Officers of his Sicilian Majesty hath been assembled to try Francisco Caracciolo for rebellion against his lawful sovereign, and for firing at his Sicilian Majesty's frigate *La Minerva* ;

And whereas, the said Board of Naval Officers have found the charge of rebellion fully proved against him, and have sentenced the said Caracciolo to suffer death ;

You are hereby required and directed to cause the said sentence of death to be carried into execution upon the said Francisco Caracciolo accordingly, by hanging him at the fore-yardarm of his Sicilian Majesty's frigate *La Minerva*, under your

command, at five o'clock this evening; and to cause him to hang there until sunset, when you will have his body cut down and thrown into the sea.

Given on board the *Foudroyant*, Naples Bay. the 29th of June, 1799.—*To Count Thurn.*

THE GOOD CAUSE.

You will have heard, sir, and conversation will naturally arise upon it, that I have disobeyed Lord Keith's orders in not sending or going down with the squadron under my command; but by not doing it, I have been, with God's blessing, the principal means of placing a good man and faithful ally of your royal father on his throne, and securing peace to the two kingdoms. I am well aware of the consequences of disobeying my orders; but, as I have often before risked my life for the good cause, so I with cheerfulness did my commission. For although a military tribunal may think me criminal, the world will approve of my conduct. I regard not my own safety when the honour of my gracious King is at stake. The Almighty has in this war blessed my endeavours beyond my most sanguine expectations, and never more than in the entire expulsion of the French thieves from the Kingdom of Naples.—*To the Duke of Clarence, July 13, 1799.*

HIS GENEROSITY.

I never regarded money nor wanted it for my own use; therefore, as the East India Company have made me so magnificent a present,¹ I beg that £2000 of it may be disposed of in the following manner:—Five hundred pounds to my father; five hundred to be made up to Mr. Bolton, and let it be a *God-send* without any restriction; five hundred to Maurice and five hundred to William. And if you think my sister Matcham would be gratified by it, do the same for her. If I were rich I would do more, but it will very soon be known how poor I am except my yearly income. I am not surprised at my brother's death; three are now dead younger than myself, having grown to man's age. My situation here is not to be described, but suffice it to say I am endeavouring to work for good. To my father say everything which is kind. I love, honour, and respect him, as a father and as a man, and as the very best man I ever saw. May God Almighty bless you, my dear father, and all my brothers and sisters, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate
—NELSON.—*To his Wife, July 14, 1799.* . . .

His Sicilian Majesty having created me a duke, by the title of Bronté, to which he has attached a feud, it is said, of £3000 a year, to be at my disposal, I

¹ £10,000.

shall certainly not omit this opportunity of being useful to my family, always reserving a right to the possessor, of leaving one-third of the income for the payment of legacies. It shall first go to you, my dear father, and in succession to my eldest brother and male child; William the same, Mrs. Bolton's boys, Mrs. Matcham's, and my nearest relations. For your natural life the estate shall be taxed with £500 a year, but this is not to be drawn into a precedent that the next heir may expect it. No, my honoured father, receive this small tribute as a mark of the gratitude to the best of parents from his most dutiful son—NELSON.—*To his Father, August 15, 1799.*

BUONAPARTE.

We have great news from Egypt. The siege of Acre was raised May 21—Buonaparte leaving all his cannon and sick behind. The vagabond has got again to Cairo, where I am sure he will terminate his career. Communication is cut off between the coast and Cairo, Damietta, Rosetta, and Aboukir being taken by the Turks. Alexandria is besieged and will soon fall. *Adieu, Mr. Buonaparte!—To Commodore Troubridge, August 19, 1799.*

THE NELSON FAMILY.

I am truly sorry that administration have neither done that for me or my family which might have

been expected. Lords St. Vincent and Duncan have £1000 a year from Ireland; I have heard of no such thing for *Nelson*. You may be assured that I never have [forgotten] or ever will forget my family; I think that would be a crime; and if you will tell me to whom and what I am to ask for, for the descent of the title and the pension goes with it, I will do it.—*To the Rev. W. Nelson, August 21, 1799.*

NARROW OFFICIAL MEASUREMENT.

I have the full tide of honour, but little real comfort; could I have that with a morsel of bread and cheese, it would be all I have to ask of kind Heaven. If the war goes on I shall be knocked off by a ball or killed with chagrin. My conduct is measured by the Admiralty by the narrow rule of law, when I think it should have been done by that of common sense. I restored a faithful ally by breach of orders—Lord Keith lost a fleet by obedience against his senses; yet as one is censured, the other must be approved.—*To A. Davison, August 23, 1799.*

SERVING NEAR HOME.

I still find it good to serve near home; there a man's fag and services are easily seen; next to that is writing a famous account of your own actions.—*To his Wife, November 7, 1799.*

THE NELSON TOUCH.

Your letter to me of yesterday's date is incomprehensible, except the highly improper language in which it is couched. I shall send it to the Board of Admiralty that they may either support the dignity of the Admiral they have entrusted with the command of the Mediterranean fleet or remove him. You never mentioned the extraordinary price paid for fresh beef, for the several days you were soliciting to have the exclusive privilege of supplying the fleet, and your refusal afterwards to bring forward any proof of fraud, warrants every expression in my letter to the Victualling Board. If you could bring proof of what you asserted, you are in the highest degree, as a public officer, criminal; and if you could not, your conduct is highly reprehensible. My letters to you are all directed "On his Majesty's Service," and I desire yours may be so to me.—*To Charles Lock, Consul at Naples, December 4, 1799.*

TRUTHFULNESS.

One of my greatest boasts is that no man can ever say I told a lie.—*To the Victualling Commissioners, December 5, 1799.*

- ST. VINCENT'S TEACHING.

My heart rejoices to hear you are so well recovered, and that there are hopes of your being

employed in the home fleet, where our gentlemen will not find it so necessary as it has been to go into harbour to be refitted. But you will have an Herculean labour to make them what you had brought the Mediterranean fleet to. Peers and members of Parliament *must* attend their duties in London, but the nation will be better taken care of by their being off Brest. You taught *us* to keep the seamen healthy without going into port, and to stay at sea for years without a refit. We know not the meaning of the word. The *Audacious*, *Alexander*, and others have never seen an arsenal since they have been under my command. Louis, to his great comfort, has had a treat of shifting his masts, and stayed six weeks in harbour, but he sees not a port again, if I had the command, for the next year. Our friend Troubridge is as full of resources as his *Culloden* is full of accidents; but I am now satisfied that if his ship's bottom were entirely out, he would find means to make her swim.—*To Lord St. Vincent, February 1, 1800.*

HIS FATHER'S APPROVAL.

I can assure you that one of the greatest rewards in this world is your approbation of my conduct; and in having done my duty in life so fortunately, I have always recollected what pleasure this will give my father. Although few things in this world

could give me so much pleasure as seeing you, yet I see but little prospect of my going to England at this moment of the war; but we shall meet when and where it pleases God, and my only prayer is that your life may be prolonged, and that every moment I may be able to increase your felicity; but whether I am higher or lower in the world, or whatever fate awaits me, I shall always be your dutiful son—BRONTÉ NELSON.—*To his Father, February 7, 1800.*

SIR JOHN ACTON.¹

Acton is married to his niece, not fourteen years of age; so you hear it is never too late to do well. He is only sixty-seven.—*To Admiral Goodall, March 11, 1800.*

“READY, BOYS, READY!”

It was my orders in May, 1798, to destroy the French Mediterranean fleet. By the happy capture of *Généreux* and *William Tell* (the last on the 30th March), thanks to the Almighty and the bravery of the officers and men under my command, *all, all*, are taken, burnt, or sunk. Of the thirteen sail of the line not one remains; and I trust that

¹ The Sicilian Prime Minister, an Englishman, born abroad and scarcely capable of spelling in English.

very soon the same may be told of their army, who dared to land on the territory of the Sublime Porte. Perish all the enemies of his Imperial Majesty, the Grand Signior! Having completely obeyed my orders, with great injury to my health, I am going to England for the benefit of it; but should the enemy (which I do not believe) dare to send another fleet to menace the dominions of his Imperial Majesty, I shall hold myself ready, if I am thought fit for such a service, to come forth and be the instrument of God's vengeance on such miscreant, infernal scoundrels.—*To the Caimakan Pacha, April 7, 1800.*

THE GUILLAUME TELL.¹

I have the happiness to send you a copy of Captain Dixon's letter to Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, informing him of the capture of the *William Tell*. The circumstances attending this glorious finish to the whole French Mediterranean fleet are such as must ever reflect the highest honour on all concerned in it. . . . The conduct of these excellent officers enabled Sir Edward Berry to place the *Foudroyant* where she ought, and is the fittest ship in the world to be close alongside

¹ One of the French ships which had escaped at the Battle of the Nile.

the *William Tell*—one of the largest and finest two-decked ships in the world—where he showed that matchless intrepidity and able conduct as a seaman and officer, which I have often had the happiness to experience in many trying situations. I thank God I was not present, for it would finish me could I have taken a sprig of these brave men's laurels. They have, and I glory in them, my darling children, served in my school, and all of us caught our professional zeal and fire from the great and good Earl St. Vincent.—*To Lord Keith, April 8, 1800.*

TIME.

“Time, Twiss—time is everything; five minutes make the difference between a victory and a defeat.”
—*Dispatches and Letters*, vol. iv., 290.

WESTCOTT'S MOTHER.

At Honiton I visited Captain Westcott's mother—poor thing, except from the bounty of Government and Lloyds', in very low circumstances. The brother is a tailor, but had they been chimney-sweepers, it was my duty to show them respect.¹—*To Lady Hamilton, January 17, 1801.*

¹ Captain Westcott was killed at the Battle of the Nile.

CAPTAIN MILLER.¹

I beg, if you think the two hundred pounds are enough for poor dear Miller's monument, that you will direct Flaxman to proceed instantly about it, and as far as that sum, should no one subscribe more, I will be answerable. If those officers who were in the 14th of February are to be allowed the honour of subscribing, I then think we ought to expend five hundred pounds. A less sum would not be proper for such a body. Pray let me know the intended inscription, for we must take care not to say too much or too little ; the language should be plain, as flowing from the heart of one of us sailors who had fought with him.—*To Sir Edward Berry, January 26, 1801.*

HIS SUFFERINGS.

My eye is very bad. I have had the physician of the fleet to examine it. He has directed me not to write (and yet I am forced this very day to write to Lord Spencer, St. Vincent, Davison about my lawsuit, Troubridge, Mr. Locker, &c.), not to eat anything but the most simple food, not to touch wine or porter, to sit in a dark room, to have green shades for my eyes (will you, my dear friend, make

¹ Killed whilst serving with Sir Sidney Smith at Alexandria and Joppa.

me one or two?—nobody else shall), and to bathe them in cold water every hour. I fear it is the writing has brought this complaint. My eye is like blood, and the film so extended that I can only see from the corner nearest my nose. What a fuss about my complaints!—*To Lady Hamilton, January 28, 1801.*

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

I am not in very good spirits, and except that our country demands all our services and abilities to bring about an honourable peace, nothing should prevent my being the bearer of my own letter. But, my dear friend, I know you are so true and loyal an Englishwoman that you would hate those who would not stand forth in defence of our King, laws, religion, and all which is dear to us. It is your sex that make us go forth and seem to tell us "None but the brave deserve the fair"; and if we fall we still live in the hearts of those females who are dear to us. It is your sex that rewards us; it is your sex who cherish our memories.—*To Lady Hamilton, February 8, 1801.*

THE DOMINION OF THE SEAS.

As to the plan of pointing a gun truer than we do at present, if the person comes, I shall of course look at it, and be happy, if necessary, to use it; but

I hope we shall be able, as usual, to get so close to our enemies that our shot cannot miss their object, and that we shall again give our northern enemies that hailstorm of bullets which is so emphatically described in the *Naval Chronicle*, and which gives our dear country the dominion of the seas. We have it, and all the devils in hell cannot take it from us, if our wooden walls have fair play.—*To Sir Edward Berry, March 9, 1801.*

ANECDOTE OF THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

Lord Nelson was at this time, as he had been during the whole action, walking the starboard side of the quarter-deck, sometimes much animated, and at others heroically fine in his observations. A shot through the mainmast knocked a few splinters about us. He observed to me with a smile: "It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment"; and then, stopping short at the gangway, he used an expression never to be erased from my memory, and said with emotion: "But, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands". When the signal No. 39 was made, the signal-lieutenant reported it to him. He continued his walk, and did not appear to take notice of it. The lieutenant, meeting his Lordship at the next turn, asked whether he should repeat it. Lord Nelson answered: "No, acknowledge it". On the officer

returning to the poop, his Lordship called after him: "Is No. 16 still hoisted?" The lieutenant answering in the affirmative, Lord Nelson said: "Mind you keep it so". He now walked the deck considerably agitated, which was always known by his moving the stump of his right arm. After a turn or two he said to me in a quick manner: "Do you know what's shown on board of the *Commander-in-Chief*, No. 39?" On asking him what that meant, he answered: "Why, to leave off action. Leave off action!" he repeated, and then added with a shrug: "Now, damn me, if I do". He also observed, I believe, to Captain Foley: "You know, Foley, I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes"; and then with an archness peculiar to his character, putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed: "I really do not see the signal". This remarkable signal was therefore only acknowledged on board the *Elephant*, not repeated.—*Stewart's Narrative*.

NELSON FIRST.

Soon, very soon, I hope to return. You say, my dear friend, why don't I put my chief forward? He has put me in front of the battle, and *Nelson will be first*. I could say much, but I will not make your dear mind uneasy: the *St. George*¹

¹ His ship, which he afterwards exchanged for the *Elephant*.

will stamp an additional ray of glory to England's fame if your Nelson survives, and that Almighty Providence who has hitherto protected me in all dangers, and covered my head in the day of battle, will still, if it be His pleasure, support and assist me.—*To Lady Hamilton, March 11, 1801.*

THE BEST NEGOTIATORS.

I hate your pen-and-ink men : a fleet of British ships-of-war are the best negotiators in Europe : they always speak to be understood and generally gain their point : their arguments carry conviction to the breasts of our enemies.—*To Lady Hamilton, March, 1801.*

NO JOKE WHEN IN EARNEST.

Now we are sure of fighting, I am sent for. When it was a joke I was kept in the background ; to-morrow will, I hope, be a proud day for England.—*To Lady Hamilton, March 23, 1801.*

A YOUNG COXCOMB.

I have hardly time to tell you that the aide-de-camp of the Prince-Royal of Denmark has been on board, Sir Hyde Parker, a young coxcomb of about twenty-three. In writing a note in the admiral's

cabin the pen was bad. He called out, "Admiral, if your guns are no better than your pens, you may as well return to England". On asking who commanded the different ships, among others he was told Lord Nelson, he exclaimed, "What! is he here? I would give a hundred guineas to see him. Then I suppose it is no joke if he is come." He said, "Ay, you will pass Cronenburg, that we expect, but we are well prepared at Copenhagen: there you will find a hard nut to crack".—*To Lady Hamilton, March 28, 1801.*

FOR THOSE WHO FELL.

To-day I have been obliged to write a letter to Lord St. Vincent, which I hope will touch his heart. God knows, it has mine; it was recommending to his protecting hand the widows and orphans of those brave men who lost their lives for their King and country under my orders. It positively made my heart run out of my eyes; it brought fresh to my recollection that only when I spoke to them all, and shook hands with every captain, wishing them all with laurel crowns—alas! too many are covered with cypress. The commander-in-chief has just told me that the vessel goes to England this night if possible. May the heavens bless you, &c., &c.—*To Lady Hamilton, April 5, 1801.*

NATIONS LIKE INDIVIDUALS.

In my opinion nations, like individuals, are to be won more by acts of kindness than cruelty.—*To Lady Hamilton, April 9, 1801.*

' SWEDISH FLEET.

I have answered the King of Naples's letter, and have told him that in six weeks after the peace I hope to be at his feet, for that it is my intention to go to Bronté. I can assure you that I am fixed to live a country life, and to have many (I hope) years of comfort, which, God knows, I never yet had—only moments of happiness; but the case shall be altered. I tell you, my dear good friend, all my little plans, for I know you did, and I hope always will, take an interest in my happiness. The death of Paul may prevent the shedding of more human blood in the North. The moment that is clear I shall not remain one minute, and, at all events, I hope to be in England in May. We have reports that the Swedish fleet is above the Shallows, distant five or six leagues. All our fellows are longing to be at them, and so do I, as great a boy as any of them, for I consider this as being at school, and going to England as going home for the holidays, therefore I really long to finish my task.—*To Lady Hamilton, April 11, 1801.*

JOHN BULL.

John Bull has always had faith in me, and I am grateful.—*To Lady Hamilton, April 13, 1801.*

WHO CAN STOP HIM ?

My commander-in-chief has left me, but if there is any work to do, I dare say they will wait for me. *Nelson will be first.* Who can stop him?—*To Lady Hamilton, April 15, 1801.*

HIS BELIEF.

I own myself a BELIEVER IN GOD, and if I have any merit in not fearing death, it is because I feel that His power can shelter me when He pleases, and that I must fall whenever it is His good pleasure.—*To Lady Hamilton, April 25, 1801.*

NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.

The French have always in ridicule called us a nation of shopkeepers—so, I hope, we shall always remain, and like other shopkeepers, if our goods are better than those of any other country, and we can afford to sell them cheaper, we must depend on our shop being well resorted to.—*To S. Barker, April 27, 1801.*

NELSON'S PHILOSOPHY.

Damn our enemies!—Bless our friends! Amen. Amen. Amen.

I am not such a hypocrite as to bless them that hate us, or if a man strike me on the cheek to turn the other. No, *knock* him down, by God!—*To Lady Hamilton, May 8, 1801.*

BRITISH ADMIRAL'S WORD.

The word of a British admiral, when given in explanation of any part of his conduct, is as sacred as that of any sovereign in Europe.—*May, 1801.*

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

As both my friends and enemies seem not to know why I sent on shore a flag of truce,¹ the former, many of them, thought it was a *ruse de guerre*, and not quite justifiable; the latter, I believe, attributed it to a desire to have no more fighting, and few, very few, to the cause that I felt, and which, I trust in God, I shall retain to the last moment—*humanity*. I know it must to the world be proved, and therefore I will suppose you all the world to me.

¹ Referring to the Battle of Copenhagen.

First, no ship was on shore near the Crown batteries or anywhere else within reach of any shore when my flag of truce went on shore; the Crown batteries and the batteries on Amack and in the dockyard were firing at us, one half their shot necessarily striking the ships who had surrendered, and our fire did the same; and worse, for the surrendered had four of them got close together, and it was a massacre. This caused my note. It was a sight which no real man could have enjoyed. I felt, when the Danes became my prisoners, I became their protector; and if that had not been a sufficient reason, the moment of a complete victory was surely the proper time to make an opening with the nation we had been fighting with. When the truce was settled, and full possession taken of our prizes, the ships were ordered, except two, to proceed and join Sir Hyde Parker, and in performing this service the *Elephant* and *Defiance* grounded on the middle ground. I give you *verbatim* an answer to a part of a letter from a person high in rank, about the Prince-Royal, which will bear testimony to the truth of my assertions, viz. : “As to your Lordship’s motive for sending a flag of truce to our Government, it never can be misconstrued, and your subsequent conduct has sufficiently shown that humanity is always the companion of true valour. You have done more; you have shown

yourself a friend of the re-establishment of peace and good harmony between this country and Great Britain."

If after this, either pretended friends or open enemies say anything upon the subject, tell them **THEY BE DAMNED.**—*To Lady Hamilton, May 8, 1801.*

THE SWEETS OF COMMAND.

The *Cruizer* arrived yesterday, and Sir Thomas Troubridge had the nonsense to say, now I was a commander-in-chief I must be pleased. Does he take me for a greater fool than I am? for if I had ever such good health, that I must soon be a complete beggar if I stayed, I will explain to you. Sir Hyde Parker, when he had the command in the Baltic given to him, had the chance of great honours and great riches from the prizes to be taken; but that was not enough for such a great officer; he had the emolument of the whole North Sea command given to him, and taken from Dickson, and of course then I had the honour of sharing one-fifth part as much as Sir Hyde Parker, Dickson, Totty, &c., will share for the Danish battle, and Sir Hyde, I dare say, will get near £5000. Now, what is done for me? Orders not to make prizes in the Baltic. My commission as commander-in-chief does not extend to the North Sea, therefore,

I can make no prize-money here, and am excluded from sharing with Dickson what may be taken in the North Sea. He shares for my fighting, but if the Dutch come out, and he fights, I am not to have one farthing. I have now all the expenses of a commander-in-chief, and am stripped even of the little chance of prize-money which I might have had by being in a subordinate position. 'This is the honour, this is my reward—a *prison for debt*. I see no other prospect.—*To Lady Hamilton, May 8, 1801.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Without friendship this life is but misery, and it is so difficult to find a true friend that the search is almost needless, but if ever you do, it ought to be cherished as an exotic plant.—*To Lady Hamilton, May 11, 1801.*

PRIVATEERS.

Respecting privateers, I own I am decidedly of opinion that, with very few exceptions, they are a disgrace to our country; and it would be truly honourable never to permit one after this war. Such horrid robberies have been committed by them in all parts of the world, that it is really a disgrace to the country which tolerates them.—*To the Right Hon. H. Addington, May 27, 1801.*

A VISIT.

I have been annoyed to death for an hour this day. The Duke of Mecklenburg, with his whole court, men, women, and children, to the amount of one hundred, I am told, came on board at two o'clock, but I got rid of them before three. He is a respectable, venerable man, made ten thousand apologies for the liberty he had taken in bringing so many persons, for he knew that I had forbid it; to which I could only reply that *he commanded*; and having given him two salutes of the whole fleet of twenty-one guns each, he went off quite happy.—*To Lady Hamilton, June 1, 1801.*

ILLNESS.

As I know you have always been kind to me, I know you will be sorry to hear that I have been even at *death's* door, apparently in a consumption. I am now rallied a little, but the disorder is in itself so flattering that I know not whether I am really better, and no one will tell me, but all the fleet are so truly kind to me, that I should be a wretch not to *cheer up*. Foley has put me under a regimen of milk at four in the morning; Murray has given me lozenges, and all have proved their desire to keep my mind easy, for I hear of no complaints or of other wishes than to have me with them.—*To Sir A. Ball, June 4, 1801.*

AN ANNIVERSARY.

June 11th.—This day twenty-two years I was made a post captain by Sir Peter Parker, as good a man as ever lived. If you meet him again, say that I shall drink his health in a bumper this day, for I do not forget that I owe my present exalted rank to his partiality, although I feel if I had even been in an humble sphere, that Nelson would have been Nelson still.—*To Lady Hamilton, 1801.*

THE NAME OF NELSON.

I received your kind letter from Plymouth, and congratulate you on the birth of a grandson, who I am much flattered with your intention to call after me. I trust that the name of NELSON will remain with credit to our country for many ages, and although I do not yet despair but that I may have fruit from *my* own loins, yet the honour of the Nelson family will not, I am confident, be lost by yours.—*To R. Nelson, July 7, 1801.*

LAME DEFENDERS.

To-day I dine with Admiral Græme, who has also lost his right arm, and as the commander of the troops has lost his leg, I expect we shall be caricatured as the *lame* defenders of England.—*To Lady Hamilton, July 27, 1801.*

ABSENT FROM EMMA.

“MEDUSA,” AT SEA, BETWEEN CALAIS AND
BOULOGNE, August 1, 1801.

When I reflect, my dearest Emma, that for these two years on this day we have been together, the thoughts, and so many things rush into my mind, that I am really this day very low indeed; even Parker could not help noticing it by saying, “On this day you should be cheerful”. But who can tell what passes in my mind? Yes, you can, for I believe you are feeling as I do. When I was in the bustle I did not feel so strongly perhaps our separation, or whether being at sea makes it appear more terrible, for terrible it is. My heart is ready to flow out of my eyes, but we must call fortitude to our aid.—*To Lady Hamilton.*

THE SEA FENCIBLES.

As there can be no doubt of the intention of the French to attempt the invasion of our country, and as I trust, and am confident, that if our seafaring men do their duty, that either the enemy will give over the folly of the measure, or, if they perish in it, that not one Frenchman will be allowed to set his foot on British soil; it is, therefore, necessary that all good men should come forward on this momentous occasion to oppose the enemy, and, more particularly, the Sea Fencibles, who have

voluntarily enrolled themselves to defend their country afloat, which is the true place where Britain ought to be defended, that the horrors of war may not reach the peaceful abodes of our families.—*To certain Captains, August 6, 1801.*

AN ADDRESS.

“MEDUSA,” *August 6, 1801.*

As there can be no doubt of the intention of the French to attempt the invasion of our country, and as I trust and am confident that if our seafaring men do their duty, that either the enemy will give over the folly of the measure, or if they persist in it, that not one Frenchman will be allowed to set his foot on British soil; it is therefore necessary that all good men should come forward on this momentous occasion to oppose the enemy, and more particularly the Sea Fencibles, who have voluntarily enrolled themselves to defend their country afloat, which is the true place where Britain ought to be defended, that the horrors of war may not reach the peaceful abodes of our families. And as the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have been pleased to appoint me to command the sea defence of Great Britain, within the limits of your district, it is my duty to request that you will have the goodness to acquaint all the Sea Fencibles under your command, and all other

seafaring men and fishermen, that their services are absolutely required at this moment on board the ships and vessels particularly appointed to defend that part of the coast where the enemy mean to attempt a landing, if unopposed. I am authorised to assure the Fencibles and other seafaring men who may come forward on this occasion, that they shall not be sent off the coast of the kingdom, shall be kept as near their own houses as the nature of the service will permit, and that the moment the alarm of the threatened invasion is over, that every man shall be returned to their own homes; and also, that during their continuance on board ship, that as much attention as is possible shall be paid to their reasonable wants. And I flatter myself that at a moment when all the volunteer corps in the kingdom come forward to defend our land, that the seamen of Great Britain will not be slow to defend our own proper element, and maintain, as pure as our glorious ancestors have transmitted it to us, our undoubted right to the sovereignty of the Narrow Seas, on which no Frenchman has yet *dared* to sail with impunity. Our country looks to its sea defence, and let it not be disappointed.

INVASION OF ENGLAND.

I am sure that the French are trying to get from Boulogne; yet the least wind at W.N.W. and they

are lost. I pronounce that no embarkation can take place at Boulogne; whenever it comes forth it will be from Flanders, and what a forlorn undertaking! Consider cross tides, &c., &c. As for rowing, that is impossible. It is perfectly right to be prepared against a mad government, but with the active force your Lordship has given me, I may pronounce it almost impracticable.—*To Lord St. Vincent, August 7, 1801.*

WISHING AND DOING.

When we cannot do all we wish we must do all we can.—*To Lord St. Vincent, August 7, 1801.*

THE NEWSPAPERS.

I wish, my dear Emma, that my name was never mentioned by the newspapers; it may create poor Nelson enemies. Not that I care, only that I hate to be praised, except by you. My conduct at this time of service is not to be altered by either praise, puffs, or censure. I do my best, and admit that I have only zeal to bear me through it.—*To Lady Hamilton, August 9, 1801.*

STARED AT.

Oh! how I hate to be stared at.—*To Lady Hamilton, August 11, 1801.*

TOM ALLEN.¹

That beast, Allen, has left behind or lost all my papers, but I have sent him after them, and he is such a notorious liar that he never says truth—no, such is his delight in lying that even to do himself good he cannot resist the pleasure he has in telling a lie, for I asked him in the boat for my red case as I did not see it. His answer was, “Sir, I put it in the stern locker”. I then desired him to take particular care in handing the case up the side, when he knew perfectly well that he had not put it in the boat, and as all my things were brought by him from Coffin’s house to the landing place, I never expect to see it more. There is £200 in it and all my papers. *Huzza! Huzza!* What a beast he is! But I trust more to other people’s honesty than his cleverness. He will one day ruin me by his ignorance, obstinacy, and lies.—*To Lady Nelson, August 12, 1801.*

LOW SPIRITS.

I cannot get on shore and afloat again, the surf is so great, and yet I could have wished to have seen Parker, but nothing but necessity should have made me remain on shore, and if I was to go I

¹ His old servant.

could not get off. I expect the *Amazon* to-day, and shall get on board her, but in a very wretched state, for I have nothing in reality fit to keep a table, and to begin and lay out £500 is what I cannot afford; therefore, in every respect I shall be very miserable. I know not why, but to-day I am ready to burst into tears. Pray God your friendly letters may arrive and comfort me.—*To Lady Hamilton, August 22, 1801.*

THE BOULOGNE AFFAIR.

I agree with you and all my friends that this is not a service for me beyond the moment of alarm; but I am *used* and *abused*; and so far from making money I am spending the little I have. I am after buying a little farm at Merton—the price £9000. I hope to be able to get through it. If I cannot, after all my labour for the country, get such a place as this, I am resolved to give it all up and retire for life. I am aware *none* of the *Ministry* care for me beyond what suits themselves; but my belief is that we shall have peace.—*To A. Davison, August 31, 1801.*

TO MR. HILL.

“AMAZON,” DOWNS, *September 6, 1801.*

MR. HILL,—Very likely I am unfit for my present command, and whenever Government change

me I hope they will find no difficulty in selecting an officer of greater abilities; but you will, I trust, be punished for threatening my character. But I have not been brought up in the school of fear, and, therefore, care not what you do. I defy you and your malice.—NELSON AND BRÖNTE.¹

PEACE WITH HONOUR.

I pray God we may have peace, when it can be had with honour; but I fear that the scoundrel Buonaparte wants to humble us, as he has done the rest of Europe—to degrade us in our own eyes by making us give up all our conquests as proof of our sincerity for making a peace, and then he will condescend to treat with us. He be d——d, and there I leave him. . . .—*To H. Ross, September 12, 1801.*

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF VALOUR.

The Admiralty have refused to bury Captain Parker.² He might have stunk above ground or been thrown into a ditch; the expense of that and lodgings, etc., have cost me near £200, and I have taken, poor fellow, all his debts on myself,

¹ An answer to a fellow who hoped to blackmail him.

² Killed off Boulogne.

if the creditors will give me a little time to find the money.—*To Lady Hamilton, September 30, 1801.*

IN THE DOWNS.

What can be the use of keeping me here, for I can know nothing. Such weather; and what a change since yesterday! It came on in one hour, from the water like a mill-pond to such a sea as made me very unwell. If I had gone to make my visits I could not have got off again. I rejoice that I did not go. Until I leave this station I have no desire to go on shore, for Deal was always my abhorrence.—*To Lady Hamilton, October 8, 1801.*

• THE ENGLISH ROD.

There is no person in the world rejoices more in peace than I do, but I would burst sooner than let a damned Frenchman know it. Let them rejoice that the English rod (its navy) is taken from them: the rod that has flogged, and would continue to flog them from one end of the world to the other. We have made peace with the French despotism, and we will, I hope, continue to adhere to it whilst the French continue in due bounds; but whenever they overstep that, and usurp a power which would degrade Europe, then I trust we shall join Europe in crushing her ambition; then I would with

pleasure go forth and risk my life for to pull down the overgrown detestable power of France. The country has so foolishly called out for peace that I almost wonder we had not to make sacrifices. It has been the cowardice and treachery of Europe that has elevated France, and certainly not her own courage or abilities.—*To Lady Hamilton, October 9, 1801.*

NATIONAL MADNESS.

Can you cure madness? for I am mad to read that our d——d scoundrels dragged a Frenchman's carriage.¹ I am ashamed for my country.—*To Dr. Baird, October 11, 1801.*

MILITARY REJOICING.

I am very angry at the great rejoicings of the military, and, in some ports, of our naval men, at peace. Let the rejoicings be proper to our several stations: the manufacturer because he will have more markets for his goods—but seamen and soldiers ought to say, "Well, as it is peace, we lay down our arms, and are ready again to take them up if the French are insolent". There is a manly rejoicing and a foolish one; we seem to have taken

¹ General Lauriston, who arrived in London October the 10th, with the ratification of the preliminaries of peace.

the latter, and the damned French will think it proceeds from fear.—*To Lady Hamilton, October 18, 1801.*

DEAL.

This is the coldest place in England most assuredly.—*To Lady Hamilton, October 20, 1801.*

VICTORIES AND REWARDS.

I remember, a few years back, on my noticing to a *Lord Mayor* that if the City continued its generosity, we should ruin them by their gifts, his Lordship put his hand on my shoulder and said: *Aye, the Lord Mayor of London said*—“Do you find victories, and we shall find rewards”. I have since that time found *two complete victories*. I have kept my word, and shall I have the power of saying that the City of London, which exists by victories at sea, has not kept its promise—a promise made by the Lord Mayor in his robes, and almost in the royal presence?¹—*To A. Davison, July 9, 1801.*

TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Lord Nelson returns his most respectful compliments to the Lord Mayor elect and the Sheriffs,

¹ Nelson here refers to the absence of all recognition of the claims of the victors at Copenhagen.

and is most exceedingly sorry that it is not in his power to do himself the honour and pleasure of dining with them at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, for the following reasons :

Lord Nelson having waited with the greatest patience until every individual who had rendered the smallest service to the country had been marked by the City of London, wrote a letter to the Lord Mayor (Sir John Eames) stating his sorrow that those under his command who fought the most bloody battle, and obtained the most complete victory, of any naval battle¹ in this, or Lord Nelson believes, in any war, had not had the honour to receive from the great City of London the same mark of approbation as had been bestowed on others ; but Lord Nelson, being advised of the impropriety of pointing out what the City of London ought to have done, wrote another letter to the Lord Mayor, desiring to withdraw his letter.

But Lord Nelson's sentiment being precisely the same, and feeling for the situation of those brave captains, officers, and men who so bravely fought, profusely bled, and obtained such a glorious, complete, and most important victory for their King and country, cannot do himself the honour and happiness of meeting his fellow-citizens on the 9th of November.

¹ Referring to the Battle of Copenhagen.

Lord Nelson flatters himself that the Lord Mayor elect and the Sheriffs will approve of his feelings on this occasion, and consider that if Lord Nelson could forget the services of those who have fought under his command, that he would ill deserve to be supported as he always has been.—*November 8, 1802.*

NELSON'S INCOME (1803).

Lord Nelson's Income and Property.

My exchequer pension for the Nile,	£2,000	0	0
Navy pension for loss of one arm and one eye,	923	0	0
Half-pay as Admiral,	465	0	0
Interest of £1000, 3 per cent.,	30	0	0
	<u>£3,418</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

Outgoings of Lord Nelson.

To Lady Nelson,	£1,800	0	0
Interest of money owing,	500	0	0
Pension to my brother's widow,	200	0	0
To assisting in educating my nephew,	150	0	0
Expenditure,	£2,650	0	0
Income,	3,418	0	0
For Lord Nelson,	<u>£768</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

Therefore Lord Nelson is *free* of house-rent, but has to pay charities necessary for his station in life, taxes, repairs, servants, and to live upon £768 per annum.

Property of Lord Nelson.

Merton House, land, plate, and furniture, in 3 per cents., £1000 stock,	£20,000 0 0
---	-------------

Debts.

By mortgage on Merton to assist in the purchase,	£6,000 0 0
Fitting out for the <i>Baltic</i> , and again for my command on the <i>Least</i> , in summer, 1801,	4,000 0 0
	£10,000 0 0

Real property of Lord Nelson, £10,000, in three per cents. £1000 stock.¹—*To Right Hon. H. Addington, March 8, 1803.*

PENSIONS.

If it is said that the pensions are not given for the victories, but to enable the noble admirals to support their ranks in the peerage, then Lord Nelson

¹ The feud of Brönte that was supposed to yield him about £3000 per annum, he does not mention in this list.

trusts that his wants will be found superior to either of the others ; for Earl St. Vincent, at the time his pension was granted, had realised not a less sum than £100,000, and Viscount Duncan not less than £50,000, whereas Lord Nelson, at the time his pension of £2000 a year was granted, had not realised £5000; therefore, why Lord Nelson should have had £1000 a year less pension than either of the two noble admirals is unaccountable. This comparison is only made to the battle of the Nile. Since which time Lord Nelson was by his Majesty raised to the dignity of a viscount for his services in commanding his Majesty's fleet when the great, decisive, and important victory off Copenhagen was obtained, but no pension was given with this accession of title.—*To the Right Hon. H. Addington, April 23, 1803.*

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

I have sent to offer the French admiral in Toulon an exchange of prisoners. After keeping the boat waiting three hours, a message came down that the French admiral would receive no letter or message and ordered the boat to return ; therefore, you must blame the cruelty of your own admiral for keeping you prisoners. At the same time, I shall be happy to do all in my power to render your captivity as easy as possible—always re-

membering, *do as you would be done by.*—*To some French Prisoners at Malta, August 13, 1803.*

HORATIA.¹

I have, my dearest Emma, done what I thank God I have the power of doing—left £4000 to my dear Horatia, and desire that she may be acknowledged as my adopted daughter, and I have made you her sole guardian ; the interest of the money to be paid you until she is eighteen years of age. I trust, my dearest friend, that you will (if it should please God to take me out of this world) execute this great charge for me and the dear little innocent, for it would add comfort to my last moments to think that she would be educated in the paths of religion and virtue, and receive, as far as she is capable, some of those brilliant accomplishments which so much adorn you. You must not allow your good heart to think that although I have left you this important charge, I fancy myself nearer being knocked off by the French admiral. I believe it will be quite the contrary, that God Almighty will again and again bless our just cause with victory, and that I shall live to receive your kind and affectionate congratulations on a brilliant victory.

¹ His daughter by Lady Hamilton.

But be that as it may, I shall support, with God's help, my unblemished character to the last.—*To Lady Hamilton, September 8, 1803.*

OLD HADDOCK'S SAYING.

I believe I attend more to the French fleet than making captures; but what I have, I can say as old Haddock said, "It never cost a sailor a tear nor the nation a farthing". This thought is far better than prize-money,—not that I despise money—quite the contrary, I wish I had one hundred thousand pounds this moment, and I will do everything consistent with my good name to obtain it.—*To A. Davison, October 4, 1803.*

FIRST LETTER TO HIS CHILD.

"VICTORY," OFF TOULON, *October 21, 1803.*

MY DEAR CHILD,—Receive this first letter from your most affectionate father. If I live it will be my pride to see you virtuously brought up; but if it please God to call me, I trust to Himself, in that case I have left Lady Hamilton your guardian. I therefore charge you, my child, on the value of a father's blessing, to be obedient and attentive to all her kind admonitions and instructions. At this moment, I have left you in a codicil, dated the 6th of September, the sum of £4000 sterling, the

interest of which is to be paid to your guardian for your maintenance and education. I shall only say, my dear child, may God Almighty bless you and make you an ornament to your sex, which I am sure you will be if you attend to all Lady Hamilton's kind instructions, and be assured that I am, my dear Horatia, your most affectionate father,

NELSON AND BRÖNTE.

BAD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

It is the custom, and a very bad one, for the English never to tell their own story. — *To Sir Alex. Ball, November 7, 1803.*

FRENCH PROSPECTS.

The French fleet yesterday at two o'clock was in appearance in high feather, and as fine as paint could make them: eight sail of the line, eight frigates, and several corvettes were ready for sea. One ship of the line was fitting in the arsenal, her topmasts on end. This is their state; but when they may sail, or where they will go, I am very sorry to say is a secret I am not acquainted with. One weather-beaten ship, I have no fear, will make their sides like a plum-pudding.—*Off Toulon. To Sir John Acton, November 24, 1803.*

INVASION OF ENGLAND.

By the French papers, which we have to November 19, we are in momentary expectation of Buonaparte's descent upon England; and although I can have no fears for the event, yet there is, I hope, a natural anxiety to hear what is passing at so critical a moment when everything we hold dear in this world is at stake. I trust in God Buonaparte will be destroyed, and that then the French may be brought, if the Powers of Europe have either spirit or honour, to reasonable terms of peace. That this may be soon, and with every honour to our country, is my fervent prayer, and shall ever be my most ardent endeavour.—*Off Toulon. To the Duke of Clarence, December 7, 1803.*

HIS SIGHT.

My crazy fleet are getting in a very indifferent state, and others will soon follow. The finest ships in the service will soon be destroyed. I know well enough that if I was to go into Malta I should save the ships during this bad season; but if I am to watch the French I must be at sea, and, if at sea, must have bad weather; and if the ships are not fit to stand bad weather, they are useless. I do not say much, but I do not believe that Lord

St. Vincent would have kept the sea with such ships. But my time of service is nearly over. A natural anxiety, of course, must attend my station; but, my dear friend, my eyesight fails me most dreadfully. I firmly believe that in a very few years I shall be stone-blind. It is this only of all my maladies that makes me unhappy; but God's will be done.—*To A. Davison, December 12, 1803.*

SUCCESSFUL BATTLES.

A wish to imitate successful battles is the one road, by exertion, to surpass them.—*To J. Dalton, December 14, 1803.*

THE "VICTORY".

We are not stoutly or in any manner well-manned in the *Victory*, but she is in very excellent order, thanks to Hardy; and I think, woe to the Frenchman she gets alongside of.—*To Sir T. Troubridge, December 21, 1803.*

DESERTION.

When British seamen and marines so far degrade themselves in time of war as to desert from the service of their own country, and enter into that of Spain; when they leave us a day and plenty of the very best provisions, with every comfort that can be

thought of for them—for 2d. a day, black bread, horse beans, and stinking oil for their food :—when British seamen or marines turn Spanish soldiers, I blush for them ; they forfeit in their own opinion, I am sure, that character of love of their own country which foreigners are taught to admire. A Briton to put himself under the lash of a Frenchman or Spaniard must be more degrading to any man of spirit than any punishment I could inflict on their bodies. I shall leave the punishment to their own feelings, which, if they have any, and are still Englishmen, must be very great. But as they thought proper to abandon voluntarily their wives, fathers, mothers, and every endearing tie, and also all prospect of returning to their native country, I shall make them remain out of that country which they do not wish to see, and allow others who love their country, and who are attached to their families, to return in their stead. And as they have also thought proper to resign all their pay, I shall take care that it is not returned to them, nor their “ R ” taken off ; but it shall be noted against their names “ Deserted to the Spaniards,” or “ Entered as a Spanish soldier,” as the case was.—*January, 1804.*

MERTON.

I would not have you lay out more than is absolutely necessary at Merton. The rooms and

the new entrance will take a good deal of money. The entrance by the corner I would have certainly done : a common white gate will do for the present, and one of the cottages, which is in the barn, can be put up as a temporary lodge. The road can be made to a temporary bridge ; for that part of the *Nile* one day shall be filled up. Downing's canvas awning will do for a passage. For the winter the carriage can be put into the barn ; and giving up Mr. Bennett's premises will save £50 a-year ; and another year we can fit up the coach-house and stables which are in the barn. The footpath should be turned. I did show Mr. Haslewood the way I wished it done ; and Mr. — will have no objections if we make it better than ever it has been ; and I also beg, as my dear Horatia is to be at Merton, that a strong netting about three feet high be placed round the Nile, that the little thing may not tumble in ; and then you may have ducks again in it. I forget at what place we saw the netting ; and either Mr. Perry or Mr. Goldsmid told us where it was to be bought. I shall be very anxious till I know this is done.—*To Lady Hamilton, March 14, 1804.*

AN ANTICIPATION OF TRAFALGAR.

Day by day, my dear friend, I am expecting the French fleet to put to sea—every day, hour, and

moment; and you may rely that if it is within the power of man to get at them, it shall be done; and I am sure that all my brethren look to that day as the finish of our laborious cruise. The event no man can say exactly, but I must think, or render great injustice to those under me, that let the battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. My shattered frame, if I survive that day, will require rest, and that is all I shall ask for. If I fall on such a glorious occasion, it shall be my pride to take care that my friends shall not blush for me. These things are in the hands of a wise and just Providence, and His will be done. I have got some trifle, thank God, to leave those I hold most dear, and I have taken *care* not to neglect it. Do not think I am low-spirited on this account, or fancy anything is to happen to me. Quite the contrary; my mind is calm, and I have only to think of destroying our inveterate foe.—*To A. Davison, March 28, 1804.*

ENGLAND NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

I have wrote you a line, intended for the *Swift* cutter, but instead of her joining me, I had the mortification, not only to hear that she was taken, but that *all* the dispatches and letters had fallen into the hands of the enemy: a very pretty piece of work! I am not surprised at the capture, but am

very much so that any dispatches should be sent in a vessel with twenty-three men, not equal to cope with any row-boat privateer. The loss of the *Hindustan* was great enough, but for importance, it was lost in comparison to the probable knowledge that the enemy will obtain of our connections with foreign countries! Foreigners for ever say—and it is true—“We dare not trust England one way or other, we are sure to be committed!”—*To Lady Hamilton, April 19, 1804.* . . . The capture of the *Swift* cutter of four or six guns, with twenty-three men, with all the dispatches, is a loss which ages cannot do away. I only hope, but I have my *great fears*, that not only the secrets of our own country are exposed, but that perhaps Naples, Russia, Sardinia, and Egypt may be mentioned. How the Admiralty could send out such a vessel is astonishing! I wish it to be known at Petersburg and Constantinople in case any plan has been agreed upon by our Courts, for the French will of course strike a blow instantly. Naples will keep on her guard, for we must prepare for the worst which may have happened. It has made me very uneasy and unwell.—*To Hugh Elliot, Esq., April 19, 1804.*

A MEMORY.

I remember you, dear sir, most perfectly at Burnham, and I shall never forget the many little

kindnesses I received from your worthy brother, with whom I was always a great favourite. Most probably I shall never see dear, dear Burnham again; but I have a satisfaction in thinking that my bones will probably be laid with my father's in the village that gave me birth. Pardon this digression; but the thought of former days brings all my mother into my heart, which shows itself in my eyes.—*To Dean Allott, May 14, 1804.*

SOLDIERS ON BOARD SHIP.

I have received your letter of yesterday's date, acquainting me that you had confined James Braid, of the Royal Artillery, agreeably to the tenour of your instructions from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, dated the 28th March, 1804, for disobedience to your orders in replying to your command "that he was neither to pull nor haul till he had received that order from his own officer". In reply thereto I must express my surprise that you have not either communicated my order of the 13th instant to the officer of artillery on board the *Thunderer*, or, if you have, that he has been guilty of so much neglect of his duty as not to have informed, in a regular manner, the artillerymen that they must, upon every occasion, be obedient and respectful to all commands of the officers of the ship; and that, if they have any cause

of complaint, they will report it to their officer, who will represent in a respectful manner to the commander of his Majesty's bomb, that any real grievance may be immediately redressed. If the man confined has not been informed of my order of the 13th instant, he may have erred through ignorance; but if the officer of artillery, being informed of my order, has neglected to inform the artillerymen of it, you will acquaint him that he has been guilty of a great neglect of his duty.—*To Captain G. Cocks, May 17, 1804.* . . . There is no real happiness, my dear Lord, in this world. With all content and smiles around me, up start these artillery boys—I understand they are not beyond that age—and set us all at defiance—speaking in the most disrespectful manner of the navy and its commanders, &c. I know you, my dear Lord, so well, that with your quickness the matter would have been settled, and perhaps some of them broke. I am perhaps more patient, but I do assure you not less resolved, if my plan of conciliation is not attended to. You and I are on the eve of quitting the theatre of our exploits; but we owe it to our successors, never whilst we have a tongue to speak, or a hand to write, to allow the navy to be in the smallest degree injured in its discipline by our conduct. If these continued attacks upon the navy are to be carried on every

two or three years, it would be much better for the navy to have its own corps of artillery.¹ The present case is indeed with lads ; but they are set on by men : I can see that very clearly.—*To Lord St. Vincent, May 25, 1804.*

NAVY V. ARMY.

Although my career is nearly run, yet it would embitter my future days and expiring moments to hear of our navy sacrificed to our army. I can readily conceive the attempts of the army at this moment, when they think themselves of such great importance.—*To Sir T. Troubridge, May 25, 1804.*

A BRITISH OFFICER'S WORD.

I can assure you, sir, that the word of honour of every captain of a British man-of-war is equal, not only to mine, but to that of any person in Europe, however elevated his rank.—*From Clarke and M'Arthur.*

CORNICANS AND FRENCHMEN.

You may safely rely that I never trust a Corsican or a Frenchman. I would give the devil ALL the good ones to take the remainder.—*To Hugh Elliot, June 1, 1804.*

¹ Nicolas states that this was afterwards done by the establishment of the existing Royal Marine Artillery.

THE FRENCH ADMIRAL AT TOULON.

M. La Touche has several times hoisted his topsail-yards; and on the 4th of June, we having hoisted the standard and saluted, he sent outside Sepet, about one mile, five sail of the line and two frigates, and kept three sail and three frigates with their yards aloft, *himself* one of them, and the *rear*-admiral another, therefore I did not believe him in earnest; however, we ran as near as was proper, and brought to. They formed a pretty line at sunset, and then stood into the harbour. A ship of the line and frigate every morning weigh, and stand between Sepet and La Malgue. Some happy day I expect to see his light sail which are in the Outer Road come out; and if he will get abreast of Porquerolle, I will try what stuff he is made of; therefore you see, my dear Ball, I have no occasion to be fretful; on the contrary I am full of hopes, and command a fleet which never gives me an uneasy moment.—*To Sir A. Ball, June 7, 1804.*

THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

Buonaparte, by whatever name he may choose to call himself—general, consul, or emperor—is the same man we have always known, and the common disturber of the human race: it is much more dangerous to be his friend than his enemy.

With the appearance of friendship he deceives ; to be on the latter terms the hand should be always on the sword.—*To the Grand Vizier, June 13, 1804.*

TO THE POINT.

I am blocking Genoa, &c., and am continuing it in the way I think most proper. Whether modern or ancient law makes my mode right, I cannot judge ; and surely of the mode of disposing of a fleet, I must, if I am fit for my post, be a better judge than any landsman, however learned he may appear. It would be the act of a fool to tell Europe where I intend to place the ships, for the purpose of effectually obeying my orders. Not a captain can know it, and their positions will vary according to information I may receive ; therefore, if I were so inclined, I can assure you, upon my word, that I cannot at any one moment tell the most likely spot to intercept the commerce of Genoa and Especia. I endeavour, as well as I am able, to obey my orders, without entering into the nice distinctions of lawyers. I will not further take up your time on a subject which, without being a lawyer, merely as a man, could have admitted of no dispute.—*To Mr. Stoddard, Genoa, June 16, 1804.*

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

In case Earl St. Vincent and Sir Thomas Troubridge should send you my letters to them, respect-

ing the conduct of soldiers embarked to serve in his Majesty's ships, I think it of great consequence to the naval service you should be informed of my sentiments upon that subject. It requires not the gift of prescience to assert if soldiers embarked in ships of war are not, as heretofore, left subject to the Act of Parliament for the government of his Majesty's ships, vessels, and forces by sea, whereon, as our forefathers said, "the safety, wealth, and prosperity of the kingdom chiefly depend," that the navy, which we have all heretofore looked up to, will be ruined. The absolute power must remain: there cannot be two commanders in one ship, nor two sets of laws to regulate the conduct of those embarked in one bottom. I will not, my Lord, take up your time in debating whether it would be better for the navy to be subject to the same articles of war as the army, but we may take a lesson from the epitaph: "I was well, I would be better, and here I am". My opinion is: "Let well alone".
 —*To Lord Melville, June 21, 1804.*

NO HONOURS FOR COPENHAGEN.

It is to redeem the solemn pledge I have made, never to omit, upon any change of administration, stating the just claim which I consider the battle of Copenhagen has to the reward of medals, such as have been given for other great naval victories;

I therefore inclose for your Lordship's perusal a statement of facts, and the letters which passed between me and Earl St. Vincent upon that occasion, and when your Lordship has leisure time I request your perusal of them. . . . I am aware, my Lord, that his Majesty has the most undisputed right to bestow medals, or to withhold them, as he pleases. No man admits it more fully than myself; but, my Lord, I turn back to the 1st of June, 1794. From that moment I have always considered that his Majesty, by implication, pronounced these words to his fleet, holding forth the medal: "This, my fleet, is the great reward which I will bestow for great and important victories like the present!" Considering this as a solemn pledge, his Majesty gave it as the reward for the battles of St. Vincent, of Camperdown, and the Nile; then comes the most difficult achievement, the hardest-fought battle, the most glorious result that ever graced the naval annals of our country. The medal is withheld, for what reason Lord St. Vincent best knows. Could it be said that the Danes were not brave? The contrary has always been shown. Was our force so superior that there was no merit in gaining the victory? If guns made the superiority, the Danes were very superior. If it be said: "Ay, but your ships were superior," to that I can answer that the force placed by the Danes

for the preservation of their arsenal, their fleet, and the city of Copenhagen was such, and of that description of vessels which they thought inexpugnable by any force that could be brought against it. I have no more to say, but beg to refer your Lordship to the papers sent herewith ; and I hope, in the name of those brave commanders who were under my orders on the glorious 2nd of April, 1801, for your recommendation to his Majesty, that he may be pleased to bestow that mark of honour on the battle of Copenhagen which his goodness has given to the battles of St. Vincent, the 1st of June, of Camperdown, and the Nile.—
To Lord Melville, June 22, 1801.

SMALL MEASURES.

Small measures produce only small results.—*To the Queen of Naples, July 10, 1804.*

SPAIN.

I live in hopes yet to see Buonaparte humbled, and Spain resuming her natural rank amongst the nations, which that clever scoundrel prevents. He wants to have her revolutionised, or that he should have more money for preserving the name of the Spanish Monarchy. I sincerely hope England and Spain will long remain at peace.—*To J. Duff, July, 1804.*

SEA AFFAIRS.

In sea affairs nothing is impossible and nothing improbable.—*To Count Mocenigo, August 4, 1804.*

HIS FLEET.

I am sorry to tell you that my health, or rather constitution, is so much shook that I doubt the possibility of holding out another winter without asses' milk and some months' quiet; then I may get on another campaign or two; but, my dear Kingsmill, when I run over the under-mentioned wounds—eye in Corsica, belly off Cape St. Vincent, arm at Teneriffe, head in Egypt—I ought to be thankful that I am what I am. If Monsieur La Touche will give me the meeting before I go home it will probably finish my naval career. He is ready, and, by their handling their ships, apparently well manned; but I command, for captains and crew, such a fleet as I never have before seen, and it is impossible that any admiral can be happier situated. *Rotten ships* neither rest with me nor with them.—*To Sir R. Kingsmill, August 4, 1804.*

ADMIRAL TREVILLE'S LETTER.

You must excuse a short letter. You will have seen Monsieur La Touche's letter of how he chased

me and how I *ran*. I keep it; and, by God, if I take him, he shall *eat* it!—*To the Rev. W. Nelson, August 8, 1804.*

Although I most certainly never thought of writing a line upon Monsieur La Touche's having cut a caper a few miles outside of Toulon, on the 14th of June, where he well knew I could not get at him without placing the ships under the batteries which surround the port, and that, had I attacked him in that position, he could retire into his secure nest whenever he pleased, yet, as that gentleman has thought proper to write a letter stating that the fleet under my command ran away, and that he pursued it, perhaps it may be thought necessary for me to say something. But I do assure you, sir, that I know not what to say, except by a flat contradiction; for if my character is not established by this time for not being apt to run away, it is not worth my time to attempt to put the world right. It is not, therefore, I do assure their Lordships, with any such intention that I stain my paper with a vaunting man's name, and, therefore, I shall only state that the fleet I have the honour and happiness to command is in the highest state of discipline, good order, good humour, and good health, and that the united wishes of all are, I am sure, to meet Monsieur La Touche at sea; then I ought not to

doubt that I should be able to write a letter equally satisfactory to my King, my country, and myself.—
To W. Marsden, August 12, 1804.

I have every reason to think that if this fleet gets fairly up with Monsieur La Touche, his letter, with all his ingenuity, must be different from his last. We had fancied that we had chased him into Toulon; for blind as I am, I could see his water-line when he clewed his topsails up, shutting in Sepet; but from the time of his meeting Captain Hawker in the *Iris*, I never heard of his acting otherwise than as a poltroon and a liar. Contempt is the best mode of treating such a miscreant.—*To Captain Sutton, August 20, 1804.*

LA TOUCHE TREVILLE AT TOULON.

If he had but come out and fought us it would at least have added ten years to my life.—*Said during the Blockade, 1804.*

A HINT.

I have wrote to Lord Melville my desire to return to this command in March or April if I am removed; but the administration may have so many other admirals looking to them that I may very possibly be laid upon the shelf. I dare not pre-

sume to think, that with all my zeal and attachment to their Sicilian Majesties, that I am of sufficient importance for the King¹ to express his wish *to England* for my return. That must be for him to consider, and if he thinks proper to do it, nothing, I suppose, but a letter to his brother George can do it, and that must not go through me, but through his Minister Castelcicala.—*To H. Elliot, August 28, 1804.*

NELSON NEVER CHANGES.

I do assure you, my dear Lord, that not one of all your naval friends—and you ought to have many—loves, honours, and respects you more than myself, or is more grateful for all your kindness. Circumstances may have separated us; but my sincere respect and attachment can never be shaken by either political or other considerations, and it will always give me pleasure in showing my regard for the father by attentions to the son. The sight of your letter called forth feelings of which I have reason to be proud, but which cannot be readily expressed; therefore I will only say for myself that Nelson never has nor can change.—*To Earl Spencer, October 10, 1804.*

¹ The King of Naples.

SARDINIA IN 1804.

We know everything respecting Sardinia which is necessary—that it has no money, no troops, no means of defence. . . . I will only mention the state of one town—Alghiera, fortified with seventy large cannon, and containing 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants. It has forty soldiers and a governor, not one of whom has been paid any wages for more than three years. They levy a small tax upon what comes in or goes out of the town. Guns, honey-combed for want of paint, and only two carriages fit to stand firing; and the governor shows this and says, *How long can we go on in this manner?* This place was intended to, and would in our hands, possess the whole of the coral fishery; but for want of active commerce grass grows in the streets. I could repeat the same miserable state of the city of Sassari, where there is a regular university established, now in misery. The French mean to make that the seat of government. It is in a beautiful and fertile plain, twelve miles from the sea, to which a river flows.—*To Lord Harrowby, October 11, 1804.*

STILL WAITING.

The weather was very thick when I looked into Toulon, but I believe a vice-admiral has hoisted

his flag; his name I have not yet heard.¹ They now amuse themselves with night signals; and by the quantity of rockets and blue lights they show with every signal, they plainly mark their position. These gentlemen must soon be so perfect in theory that they will come to sea to put their knowledge into practice. Could I see that day it would make me happy.—*Off Toulon. To Lord Melville, October 30, 1804.*

THE FRENCH FLEET SAILS.

The French fleet sailed from Toulon on Friday last, the 18th. Our frigates saw part of them all day, and were chased by one of the ships. At ten o'clock the same night they were in the French Fleet, then nearly in the latitude of Ajaccio, steering south, or S. by W., the direct course for the Island of Toro, south end of Sardinia, it blowing a strong gale at N.W. and a heavy sea. The French were then, by Captain Moubray's account, carrying a heavy press of sail. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th Captain Moubray made his report to me at Madalena, and at six the whole fleet was at sea with a fresh breeze at W.N.W., steering to the southward along the Sardinian shore, intending to push for the south end of Sardinia, where I

¹ Vice-admiral Villeneuve.

could have little fear but that I should meet them ; for, from all I have heard from the captains of the frigates, the enemy must be bound round the south end of Sardinia, but whether to Cagliari, Sicily, the Morea, or Egypt I am most completely in ignorance. I believe they have six or seven thousand troops on board. On the 20th we were taken with a heavy gale at S.S.W., which has arrested our progress. It is now (eight o'clock on the morning of the 22nd) at W. by S., and we are sixteen leagues east from Cape Carbonara, blowing fresh, with a heavy sea, so that I stand no chance of closing with Sardinia to-day. I have sent a frigate to both Cagliari and the Island of St. Pierre to try and get information ; and although I have only one frigate with me, I send her to your Excellency that you may be put upon your guard in case the enemy are bound to Sicily ; and I beg that you will send likewise to Naples in case their passing the south end of Sardinia should be a feint in order to deceive me. But I rather think they believe I am off Cape St. Sebastian, where I am often forced to take shelter. If the French have had similar winds to us, it was impossible they could be round Toro before the morning of the 20th, and since that time till this morning they have had no winds which would allow them to weather Maritimo, if they are destined for either Egypt or the Morea. It is almost impossible

they can have passed us and gone to Naples; and I am at this moment in the best possible position for intercepting them should that be their destination. I must be guided in all my future movements by information which I may receive.—*To Sir John Acton, January 22, 1805.*

SELF-APPROVAL.

Although I have not yet heard of the French fleet, and remain in total ignorance where they are got to, yet to this moment I am more confirmed in my opinion, from communicating with Alexandria, that Egypt was the destination of the French armament from Toulon; and when I call all the circumstances which I know at this moment, I approve (if nobody else does) of my own conduct in acting as I have done. We know the success of a man's measures is the criterion by which we judge of the wisdom or folly of his measures. I have done my best. I feel I have done right; and should Ministers think otherwise, they must get somebody else of more wisdom; for greater zeal I will turn my back on no man.—*To Sir A. Ball, February 11, 1805.*

PURSUIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

You will readily believe that my heart is almost broke at not having got hold of those French folks.

From January 19th to this day I have not been to be envied. Had they not been crippled, nothing could have hindered our meeting them on January 21st off the south end of Sardinia. Ever since we have been prepared for battle; not a bulkhead up in the fleet. Night or day, it is my determination not to lose one moment in attacking them.—*To A. Davison, March 11, 1805.*

My good fortune seems flown away. I cannot get a fair wind, or even a side wind. Dead foul!—Dead foul! But my mind is fully made up what to do when I leave the Straits, supposing there is no certain information of the enemy's destination. The officer who commands the prize sent from Gibraltar will tell you all the news. I believe this ill-luck will go near to kill me; but as these are times for exertions, I must not be cast down whatever I feel.—*To Sir A. Ball, April 19, 1805.*

The circumstance of their having taken the Spanish ships which were for sea from Cadiz satisfies my mind that they are not bound to the West Indies (nor probably the Brazils), but intend forming a junction with the squadron at Ferrol, and pushing direct for Ireland or Brest, as I believe the French have troops on board; therefore, if I receive no intelligence to do away my present

belief, I shall proceed from Cape St. Vincent and take my position fifty leagues west from Scilly, approaching that island slowly that I may not miss any vessels sent in search of the squadron with orders. My reason for this position is, that it is equally easy to get to either the fleet off Brest or to go to Ireland, should the fleet be wanted at either station. I trust this plan will meet their Lordships' approbation; and I have the pleasure to say that I shall bring with me eleven as fine ships of war, as ably commanded, and in as perfect order, and in health, as ever went to sea.—*To W. Marsden, April 19, 1805.*

.

I am not made to despair: what man can do shall be done. I have marked out for myself a decided line of conduct, and I shall follow it well up; although I have now before me a letter from the physician of the fleet, enforcing my return to England before the hot months. Therefore, notwithstanding, I shall pursue the enemy to the East or West Indies, if I know that to have been their destination; yet, if the Mediterranean fleet join the Channel, I shall request, with that order, permission to go on shore.—*To Lord Melville, April 20, 1805.*

.

Salt beef and the French fleet is far preferable to roast beef and champagne without them.—*To A. Davison, May 7, 1805.*

PLAN OF ATTACK.¹

The business of an English commander-in-chief being first to bring an enemy's fleet to battle on the most advantageous terms to himself (I mean that of laying his ships close on board the enemy as expeditiously as possible); and secondly, to continue them there without separating until the business is decided, I am sensible beyond this object it is not necessary that I should say a word, being fully assured that the captains and admirals of the fleet I have the honour to command will, knowing my precise object—that of a close and decisive battle—supply any deficiency in my not making signals; which may, if extended beyond these objects, either be misunderstood, or if waited for, very probably from various causes, be impossible for the commander-in-chief to make; therefore, it will only be requisite for me to state, in as few words as possible, the various modes in which it may be necessary for me to attain my object, on which depends not only the honour and glory of our country, but possibly its safety, and with it that of all Europe, from French tyranny and oppression.

If the two fleets are both willing to fight, but

¹ Drawn up by Nelson during his pursuit of the French fleet to the West Indies in anticipation of his ships meeting with those of the enemy.

little manœuvring is necessary ; the less the better — a day is soon lost in that business ; therefore I will only suppose that the enemy's fleet being to leeward, standing close upon a wind on the starboard tack, and that I am nearly dead ahead of them, standing on the larboard tack, of course I should weather them. The weather must be supposed to be moderate ; for if it be a gale of wind the manœuvring of both fleets is of but little avail, and probably no decisive action would take place with the whole fleet. Two modes present themselves : one to stand on, just out of gunshot, until the van ship of my line should be about the centre ship of the enemy, then make the signal to wear together, then bear up, engage with all our force the six or five van ships of the enemy, passing certainly, if opportunity offered, through the line. This would prevent their bearing up, and the action, from the known bravery and conduct of the admirals and captains, would certainly be decisive ; the second or third rear ships of the enemy would act as they please, and our ships would give a good account of them should they persist in mixing with our ships. The other mode would be to stand under an easy but commanding sail directly for their headmost ship, so as to prevent the enemy from knowing whether I should pass to leeward or windward of him. In that situation I would make the signal to

engage the enemy to leeward, and to cut through their fleet about the sixth ship from the van, passing very close; they being on a wind and you going large, could cut their line when you pleased. The van ships of the enemy would, by the time our rear came abreast of the van ship, be severely cut up, and our van could not expect to escape damage. I would then have our *rear* ship and every ship in succession wear, continue the action with either the van ship or second ship, as might appear most eligible from her crippled state; and this mode pursued, I see nothing to prevent the capture of the five or six ships of the enemy's van. The two or three ships of the enemy's rear must either bear up or wear; and in either case, although they would be in a better plight probably than our two van ships (now the rear), yet they would be separated, and at a distance to leeward, so as to give our ships time to refit, and by that time, I believe, the battle would, from the judgment of the admirals and captains, be over with the rest of them. Signals from these moments are useless, when every man is disposed to do his duty. The great object is for us to support each other and to keep close to the enemy and to leeward of him.

If the enemy are running away, then the only signals necessary will be to engage the enemy as arriving up with them; and the other ships to pass

on for the second, third, &c., giving, if possible, a close fire into the enemy in passing, taking care to give our ships engaged notice of your intention.

THE COLONIAL SYSTEM.

I ever have been, and shall die, a firm friend to our present Colonial system. I was bred, as you know, in the good old school, and taught to appreciate the value of our West Indian possessions, and neither in the field nor in the Senate shall their just rights be infringed whilst I have an arm to fight in their defence or a tongue to launch my voice.—*To S. Stayner, June 10, 1805.*

STORY OF THE PURSUIT.

I arrived at Barbadoes June 4, where I found Lieutenant-General Sir William Myers, who the night before had received information from Brigadier-General Brereton, at St. Lucia, that eight-and-twenty sail of the enemy's fleet had been seen to windward of St. Lucia, steering to the southward. As there was no reason to doubt this information, the General offered to embark himself, with 2000 troops, for either the relief of Tobago or Trinidad, which were supposed to be the intended objects of the enemy's attack. On the 6th we were off Tobago, on the 7th at Trinidad, on the 8th I received an account that the enemy had not moved

on the 4th from Port-Royal, but were expected to sail that night for the attack of Grenada. On the 9th I was at Grenada, when I received a letter from General Prevost, to say that the enemy had passed Dominica on the 6th, standing to the northward, to the leeward of Antigua, and took that day a convoy of fourteen sail of sugar-loaded ships which unfortunately left St. John's in the night for England. On the 11th I was at Montserrat, and, at sunset on the 12th, anchored at St. John's, Antigua, to land the troops, which was done on the morning of the 13th, and at noon I sailed in my pursuit of the enemy; and I do not yet despair of getting up with them before they arrive at Cadiz or Toulon, to which ports I think they are bound, or, at least, in time to prevent them from having a moment's superiority. I have no reason to blame Dame Fortune. If either General Brereton could not have wrote, or his lookout-man had been blind, nothing could have prevented my fighting them on June 6; but such information, and from such a quarter, close to the enemy, could not be doubted.—*To Lord R. Fitzgerald, June 15, 1805.*

GENERAL BRERETON.

There would have been no occasion for opinions had not General Brereton sent his damned intelligence from St. Lucia; nor would I have received

it to have acted by it, but I was assured that his information was very correct. It has almost broken my heart, but I must not despair.—*To Sir E. Nepean, June 16, 1805.*

EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE DIARY.

Midnight, nearly calm; saw three planks which I think came from the French fleet. Very miserable, which is very foolish.—*June 21.*

THE WHOLE RUN.

Our run from Barbuda, day by day, was 3459 miles; our run from Cape St. Vincent to Barbadoes was 3227 miles; so that our run back was only 232 miles more than our run out—allowance being made for the difference of the latitude and longitude of Barbadoes and Barbuda; average per day, thirty-four leagues, wanting nine miles.—*Private Diary, July 17, 1805.*

SPELL OF SHIPBOARD.

I went on shore for the first time since the 16th of June, 1803; and from having my foot out of the *Victory*, two years wanting ten days.—*Private Diary, July 20, 1805.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I am as miserable as you can conceive. But for General Brereton's damned information, Nelson

would have been, living or dead, the greatest man in his profession that England ever saw. Now, alas, I am nothing—perhaps shall incur censure for misfortunes which may happen and have happened. When I follow my own lead I am, in general, much more correct in my judgment than following the opinion of others. I resisted the opinion of General Brereton's information till it would have been the height of presumption to have carried my disbelief further. I could not, in the face of admirals and generals, go N.W. when it was *apparently* clear that the enemy had gone south. But I am miserable.—*To A. Davison, July 24, 1805.*

SIR ROBERT CALDER'S VICTORY.

I was, in truth, bewildered by the account of Sir Robert Calder's victory and the joy of the event, together with the hearing that *John Bull* was not content, which I am sorry for. Who can, my dear Fremantle, command all the success which our country may wish? We have fought together, and therefore well know what it is. I have had the best-disposed fleet of friends, but who can say what will be the event of a battle? And it most sincerely grieves me that in any of the papers it should be insinuated that Lord Nelson could have done better. I should have fought

the enemy as did my friend Calder; who can say that he will be more successful than another? I only wish to stand upon my own merits, and not by comparison one way or the other upon the conduct of a brother-officer. You will forgive this dissertation, but I feel upon the occasion.¹—*To Captain Fremantle. Quoted by Pettigrew.*

NORTH WIND IN MEDITERRANEAN.

In summer-time, coming from the Mediterranean, you must not expect to lose the northerly wind until you get into the longitude of 17° W.—*Private Diary, August 8, 1805.*

GENERAL MACK.

I knew him at Naples to be a rascal, a scoundrel, and a coward.—*To the Duke of Clarence, August, 1805.*

BEFORE TRAFALGAR.

Depend on it, Blackwood, I shall yet give Mr. Villeneuve a drubbing.—*Said in August, 1805.*

¹ Calder's victory averted the invasion of England and saved the country. National gratitude was expressed by his being severely reprimanded for not having taken more than two of the enemy's ships.

MUCH TO LOSE, NOTHING TO GAIN.

I hope my absence will not be long, and that I shall soon meet the combined fleets, with a force sufficient to do the job well, for half a victory would but half content me. But I do not believe the Admiralty can give me a force within fifteen or sixteen sail of the line of the enemy; and therefore, if every ship took her opponent, we should have to contend with a fresh fleet of fifteen or sixteen sail of the line. But I will do my best, and I hope God Almighty will go with me. I have much to lose, but little to gain; and I go because it's right, and I will serve the country faithfully.—*To A. Davison, September 6, 1805.*

FAREWELL TO HOME.

FRIDAY, *September 13, 1805.*

Friday night, at half-past ten, drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go and serve my King and country. May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country; and if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest

submission, relying that He will protect those so dear to me that I may leave behind. His will be done. Amen, amen, amen. — *Communicated by Rev. A. J. Scott, July 5, 1806.*

A SIGNIFICANT REFERENCE.

“VICTORY,” OFF PLYMOUTH, *September 17* [1805].
 Nine o'clock in the morning. Blowing fresh
 at W.S.W. Dead foul wind.

I sent, my own dearest Emma, a letter for you last night, in a Torbay boat, and gave the man a guinea to put it in the post-office. We have had a nasty blowing night, and it looks very dirty. I am now signalling the ships at Plymouth to join me; but I rather doubt their ability to get to sea. However, I have got clear off Portland, and have Cawsand Bay and Torbay under the lee. I entreat, my dear Emma, that you will cheer up, and we will look forward to many, many happy years, and be surrounded by our children's children. God Almighty can, when He pleases, remove the impediment.¹ My heart and soul is with you and Horatia. I got this line ready in case a boat should get alongside.

¹ It is lamentable to understand that this should refer to his wife, Lady Nelson.

TOUCH AND TAKE.

I will try to have a motto—at least it shall be my watchword: “*Touch and Take*”.—*To Right Hon. George Rose, September 17, 1805.*

NELSON TOUCH.

I am anxious to join the fleet, for it would add to my grief if any other man was to give them the Nelson touch, which WE say is warranted never to fail.—*To Lady Hamilton, September 25, 1805.*

SHORT ABSENCE.

I was only twenty-five days, from dinner to dinner, absent from the *Victory*. In our several stations, my dear admiral, we must all put our shoulders to the wheel, and make the great machine of the fleet entrusted to our charge go on smoothly.—*To Admiral Knight, September 30, 1805.*

GLORIOUS EXPECTATION.

Day by day, my dear friend, I am expecting the fleet to put to sea every day, hour, and moment, and you may rely that if it is within the power of a man to get at them that it shall be done; and I am sure that all my brethren look to that day as the finish of our laborious cruise. The event no

man can say exactly ; but I must think, or render great injustice to those under me, that, let the battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. My shattered frame, if I survive that day, will require rest, and that is all I shall ask for. If I fall on such a glorious occasion, it shall be my pride to take care that my friends shall not blush for me. These things are in the hands of a wise and just Providence, and His will be done ! I have got some trifle, thank God, to leave to those I hold most dear, and I have taken care not to neglect it. Do not think I am low-spirited on this account, or fancy anything is to happen to me. Quite the contrary ; my mind is calm, and I have only to think of destroying our inveterate foe.—*To A. Davison, September 30, 1805.*

CALDER'S RETURN.

I did not fail, immediately on my arrival, to deliver your message to Sir Robert Calder, and it will give your Lordship pleasure to learn—as it has me—that an inquiry is what the Vice-Admiral wishes, and that he had written to you, by the *Nautilus*, to say so. Sir Robert thinks that he can clearly prove that it was not in his power to bring the combined fleets again to battle. It would be only taking up your time were I to enter more at large on all our conversation ; but Sir Robert felt

so much, even at the idea of being removed from his own ship, which he commanded, in the face of the fleet, that I much fear I shall incur the censure of the Board of Admiralty, without your Lordship's influence with the members of it. I may be thought wrong, as an officer, to disobey the orders of the Admiralty by not insisting on Sir Robert Calder's quitting the *Prince of Wales* for the *Dreadnought*, and for parting with a 90-gun ship before the force arrives, which their Lordships have judged necessary; but I trust that I shall be considered to have done right as a man, and to a brother officer in affliction—my heart could not stand it, and so the thing must rest.—*To Lord Barham, September 30, 1805.*

PAINFUL DISORDER.

It is a relief to me to take up the pen and write you a line, for I have had, about four o'clock this morning, one of my dreadful spasms, which has almost enervated me. It is very odd: I was hardly ever better than yesterday. Fremantle stayed with me till eight o'clock, and I slept uncommonly well, but was awoke with this disorder. My opinion of its effect some one day has never altered. However, it is entirely gone off, and I am only quite weak; but I do assure you, my Emma, that the

uncertainty of human life makes the situation of you dearer to my affectionate heart. The good people of England will not believe that rest of body and mind is necessary for me ; but perhaps this spasm may not come again these six months. I have been writing seven hours yesterday ; perhaps that had some hand in bringing it upon me.—*To Lady Hamilton, October 1, 1805.*

RECEPTION BY THE FLEET.

I got round Cape St. Vincent the 26th, but it was the 28th before I got off Cadiz and joined Admiral Collingwood ; but it was so late that I did not communicate till next morning. I believe my arrival was most welcome, not only to the commander of the fleet, but also to every individual in it ; and when I came to explain to them the *Nelson touch* it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears : all approved. “It was new—it was singular—it was simple ;” and from admiral downwards it was repeated : “It must succeed if only they will allow us to get at them ! You are, my Lord, surrounded by friends whom you inspire with confidence.” Some, my dear Emma, may be Judases, but the majority are certainly much pleased with my commanding them.—*To Lady Hamilton, October 1, 1805.*

THE COMBINED FLEETS.

The far greater part of the combined fleets is in the harbour, and indeed more can be called in the bay of Cadiz ; they lie in such a position abreast of the town, and many of them entirely open, over the narrow strip of land, that Congreve's rockets, if they will go one mile and a half, must do execution. Even should no ships be burnt, yet it would make Cadiz so very disagreeable that they would rather risk an action than remain in port. I do assure your Lordship that myself and many thousands in the fleet will feel under the greatest obligations to Colonel Congreve. But I think, with your Lordship's assistance, we have a better chance of forcing them out by want of provisions : it is said hunger will break through stone walls ; ours is only a wall of wood.—*To Viscount Castlereagh, October 1, 1805.*

SWEETEST SENSATION OF HIS LIFE.

The reception I met with on joining the fleet caused the sweetest sensation of my life. The officers who came on board to welcome my return forgot my rank as commander-in-chief in the enthusiasm with which they greeted me. As soon as these emotions were past, I laid before them the plan I had previously arranged for attacking the

enemy ; and it was not only my pleasure to find it generally approved, but clearly perceived and understood. The enemy are still in port, but something must be immediately done to provoke or allure them to a battle. My duty to my country demands it, and the hopes entered in me I hope in God will be realised. In less than a fortnight expect to hear from me, or of me, for who can foresee the fate of battle? Put up your prayers for my success, and may God protect all my friends.—
*October 3, 1805.*¹

EYES OF THE FLEET.

I have only two frigates to watch them, and not one with the fleet. I am most exceedingly anxious for more *eyes*, and hope the Admiralty are hastening them to me. The last fleet was lost to me for want of frigates. God forbid this should.—*To Viscount Castlereagh, October 5, 1805.*

I am sorry ever to trouble their Lordships with anything like a complaint of a want of frigates and sloops ; but if the different services require them, and I have them not, those services must be neglected to be performed. I am taking all

¹The name of the person to whom this was addressed is unknown.

frigates about me I possibly can ; for if I were an angel, and, attending to all the other points of my command, let the enemy escape for want of the *eyes of the fleet*, I should consider myself as most highly reprehensible. Never less than eight frigates and three good fast-sailing brigs should always be with the fleet to watch Cadiz ; and to carry transports in and out to refit it would take at least ten and four brigs to do that service well. At present I have only been able to collect two, which makes me very uneasy.—*To W. Marsden, October 5, 1805.*

A PROPHEPIC FOREBODING.

I verily believe the country will soon be put to some expense for my account—either a monument or a new pension and honours ; for I have not the very smallest doubt but that a few days, almost hours, will put us in battle. The success no man can ensure, but the fighting them, if they are to be got at, I pledge myself, and if the force arrives which is intended. I am *very, very, very* anxious for its arrival ; for the thing will be done if a few more days elapse, and I want, for the sake of our country, that it should be done so effectually as to leave nothing to wish for ; and what will signify the force the day after the battle ? It is, as Mr. Pitt knows, annihilation that the country wants, and not

merely a splendid victory of twenty-three to thirty-six — honourable to the parties concerned, but absolutely useless in the extended scale to bring Buonaparte to his marrow-bones: numbers can only annihilate.—*To Right Hon. G. Rose, October 6, 1805.*

UNCERTAINTY IN SEA-FIGHTS.

Something must be left to chance; nothing is sure in a sea-fight beyond all others.—*Memorandum, October 9, 1805.*

TO LORD COLLINGWOOD.

I send you my plan of attack as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in. But, my dear friend, it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll., have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend.—*October 9, 1805.*

TO LADY HAMILTON.

“VICTORY,” *October 19, 1805, CADIZ,*
E.S.E., 16 leagues.

My dearest beloved Emma, the dear friend of my bosom, the signal has been made that the enemy's fleet are coming out of port. We have very little wind, so that I have no hopes of seeing them before to-morrow. May the God of battles crown my endeavours with success ; at all events, I will ever take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life. And as my last writing before the battle will be to you, so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the battle. May heaven bless you, prays your

NELSON AND BRÖNTE.

October 20. In the morning we were close to the mouth of the Straits, but the wind had not come far enough to the westward to allow the combined fleets to weather the shoals off Trafalgar ; but they were counted as far as forty sail of ships of war, which I suppose to be thirty-four of the line and six frigates. A group of them was seen off the lighthouse of Cadiz this morning, but it blows so very fresh and thick weather that I rather

believe they will go into the harbour before night. May God Almighty give us success over these fellows, and enable us to get a peace.

A PRAYER.

MONDAY, *October 21*, 1805.

At daylight saw the enemy's combined fleet from East to E.S.E. bore away ; made the signal for order of sailing, and to prepare for battle, the enemy with their heads to the southward ; at seven the enemy wearing in succession. May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory ; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it ; and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen.—*Private Diary*.

THE FAMOUS SIGNAL.

His Lordship came to me on the poop, and after ordering certain signals to be made about a quarter to noon, he said—"Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to

the fleet ‘ENGLAND CONFIDES THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY’”; and he added, “You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action”. I replied—“If your Lordship will permit me to substitute *expects* for *confides*, the signal will soon be completed, because the word *expects* is in the vocabulary, and *confides* must be spelt”. His Lordship replied in haste, and with seeming satisfaction, “That will do, Pasco; make it directly”. When it had been answered by a few ships in the van, he ordered me to make the signal for close action, and to *keep it up*; accordingly, I hoisted No. 16 at the top-gallant mast-head, and there it remained until shot away.—*Related by John Pasco, who was Flag Lieutenant of the “Victory”*. See *Letters and Dispatches*.

DEATH OF NELSON.

It was from this ship (the *Redoubtable*) that Lord Nelson received his mortal wound. About fifteen minutes past one o’clock, which was in the heat of the engagement, he was walking the middle of the quarter-deck with Captain Hardy, and in the act of turning near the hatchway with his face towards the stern of the *Victory*, when the fatal ball was fired from the enemy’s mizen-top, which, from the situation of the two ships (lying on board of each other), was brought just abaft, and rather below the

Victory's main-yard, and, of course, not more than fifteen yards distant from that part of the deck where his Lordship stood. The ball struck the epaulet on his left shoulder, and penetrated his chest. He fell with his face on the deck. Captain Hardy, who was on his right (the side furthest from the enemy), and advanced some steps before his Lordship, on turning round, saw the sergeant-major (Secker) of marines, with two seamen raising him from the deck, where he had fallen on the same spot where, a little before, his secretary had breathed his last, with whose blood his Lordship's clothes were much soiled. Captain Hardy expressed a hope that he was not severely wounded; to which the gallant Chief replied—"They have done for me at last, Hardy". "I hope not," answered Captain Hardy. "Yes," replied his Lordship, "my backbone is shot through."

Captain Hardy ordered the seamen to carry the Admiral below to the cockpit. And now two incidents occurred, strikingly characteristic of this great man, and strongly marking that energy and reflection which, in his heroic mind, rose superior even to the immediate consideration of his present condition. While the men were carrying him down the ladder from the middle deck, his Lordship remarked that the tiller-ropes were not yet replaced; and desired one of the midshipmen

stationed there to go upon the quarter-deck and remind Captain Hardy of that circumstance, and request that new ones should be immediately rove. Having delivered this order, he took his handkerchief from his pocket, and covered his face with it, that he might be conveyed to the cockpit at this crisis unnoticed by the crew.

Several wounded officers, and about forty men, were likewise carried to the surgeon for assistance just at this time ; and some others had breathed their last during their conveyance below. Among the latter were Lieutenant William Andrew Ram and Mr. Whipple, captain's clerk. The surgeon had just examined these two officers, and found that they were dead, when his attention was arrested by several of the wounded calling to him, " Mr. Beatty, Lord Nelson is here ; Mr. Beatty, the Admiral is wounded ". The surgeon now, on looking round, saw the handkerchief fall from his Lordship's face ; when the stars on his coat, which also had been covered by it, appeared. Mr. Burke, the purser, and the surgeon ran immediately to the assistance of his Lordship, and took him from the arms of the seamen who had carried him below. In conveying him to one of the midshipmen's berths, they stumbled, but recovered themselves without falling. Lord Nelson then inquired who were supporting him ; and, when the surgeon

informed him, his Lordship replied—"Ah! Mr. Beatty, you can do nothing for me. I have but a short time to live; my back is shot through." The surgeon said "he hoped the wound was not so dangerous as his Lordship imagined, and that he might still survive long to enjoy his glorious victory". The Reverend Dr. Scott, who had been absent in another part of the cockpit administering lemonade to the wounded, now came instantly to his Lordship; and, in his anguish of grief, wrung his hands, and said—"Alas! Beatty, how prophetic you were!" alluding to the apprehensions expressed by the surgeon for his Lordship's safety previous to the battle.

His Lordship was laid upon a bed, stripped of his clothes, and covered with a sheet. While this was effecting he said to Dr. Scott, "Doctor, I told you so. Doctor, I am gone;" and after a short pause he added in a low voice, "I have to leave Lady Hamilton and my adopted daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country". The surgeon then examined the wound, assuring his Lordship that he would not put him to much pain in endeavouring to discover the course of the ball, which he soon found had penetrated deep into his chest, and had probably lodged in the spine. This being explained to his Lordship, he replied "he was confident his back was shot through". The back was

then examined externally, but without any injury being perceived; on which his Lordship was requested by the surgeon to make him acquainted with all his sensations. He replied that he felt a gush of blood every minute within his breast; that he had no feeling in the lower part of his body, and that his breathing was difficult and attended with very severe pain about that part of the spine where he was confident that the ball had struck; "for," said he, "I felt it break my back". These symptoms, but more particularly the gush of blood which his Lordship complained of, together with the state of his pulse, indicated to the surgeon the hopeless situation of the case; but till after the victory was ascertained and announced to his Lordship, the true nature of his wound was concealed by the surgeon from all on board except only Captain Hardy, Dr. Scott, Mr. Burke, and Messrs. Smith and Westenburg, the assistant surgeons.

The *Victory's* crew cheered whenever they observed an enemy's ship surrender. On one of these occasions Lord Nelson anxiously asked what was the cause of it, when Lieutenant Pasco, who lay wounded at some distance from his Lordship, raised himself up and told him that another ship had struck, which appeared to give him much satisfaction. He now felt an ardent thirst, and

frequently called for drink, and to be fanned with paper, making use of the words, "fan, fan," and "drink, drink". This he continued to repeat when he wished for drink or the refreshment of cool air, till a very few minutes before he expired. Lemonade and wine-and-water were given to him occasionally. He evinced great solicitude for the event of the battle, and fears for the safety of his friend, Captain Hardy. Doctor Scott and Mr. Burke used every argument they could suggest to relieve his anxiety. Mr. Burke told him "the enemy were decisively defeated, and that he hoped his Lordship would still live to be himself the bearer of the joyful tidings to his country". He replied, "It is nonsense, Mr. Burke, to suppose I can live; my sufferings are great, but they will all be soon over". Dr. Scott entreated his Lordship "not to despair of living," and said "he trusted that Divine Providence would restore him once more to his dear country and friends". "Ah, Doctor!" replied his Lordship, "it's all over; it's all over."

Many messages were sent to Captain Hardy by the surgeon requesting his attendance on his Lordship, who became impatient to see him, and often exclaimed: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed; he is surely destroyed!" The Captain's aide-de-camp, Mr. Bulkeley, now came

below, and stated that "circumstances respecting the fleet required Captain Hardy's presence on deck, but that he would avail himself of the first favourable moment to visit his Lordship". On hearing him deliver this message to the surgeon, his Lordship inquired who had brought it. "It is Mr. Bulkeley, my Lord." "It is his voice," replied his Lordship. He then said to the young gentleman, "Remember me to your father".

An hour and ten minutes, however, elapsed from the time of his Lordship's being wounded before Captain Hardy's first subsequent interview with him, the particulars of which are nearly as follows. They shook hands affectionately, and Nelson said, "Well, Hardy, how goes the battle? How goes the day with us?" "Very well, my Lord," replied Captain Hardy, "we have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession; but five of their van have tacked and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have, therefore, called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said his Lordship, "none of *our* ships have struck, Hardy." "No, my Lord, there is no fear of that." Lord Nelson then said, "I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come near to me. Pray, let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other

things belonging to me." Mr. Burke was about to withdraw at the commencement of this conversation, but his Lordship, perceiving his intention, desired he would remain. Captain Hardy observed that "he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life". "Oh! no," answered his Lordship, "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then returned on deck, and at parting shook hands again with his revered friend and commander.

His Lordship now requested the surgeon, who had been previously absent a short time attending Mr. Rivers, to return to the wounded, and give his assistance to such of them as he could be useful to; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me". The surgeon assured him that the assistant surgeons were doing everything that could be effected for those unfortunate men; but on his Lordship several times repeating his injunction to that purpose, he left him surrounded by Dr. Scott, Mr. Burke, and two of his Lordship's domestics. After the surgeon had been absent a few minutes attending Lieutenants Peake and Reeves of the Marines, who were wounded, he was called by Dr. Scott to his Lordship, who said: "Ah, Mr. Beatty! I have sent for you to say what I forgot to tell you before, that all power of motion and feeling below my breast are gone; and *you*," continued he, "very

well *know* I can live but a short time". The emphatic manner in which he pronounced these last words left no doubt in the surgeon's mind that he adverted to the case of a man who had some months before received a mortal injury of the spine on board the *Victory*, and had laboured under similar privations of sense and muscular motion. The case had made a great impression on Lord Nelson; he was anxious to know the cause of such symptoms, which was accordingly explained to him, and he now appeared to apply the situation and fate of this man to himself. The surgeon answered: "My Lord, you told me so before," but he now examined the extremities to ascertain the fact, when his Lordship said: "Ah, Beatty, I am too certain of it; Scott and Burke have tried it already. You *know* I am gone." The surgeon replied: "My Lord, unhappily for our country nothing can be done for you"; and having made this declaration he was so much affected that he turned round and withdrew a few steps to conceal his emotions. His Lordship said: "I know it, I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me I am gone". Drink was recommended liberally, and Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke fanned him with paper. He often exclaimed: "God be praised I have done my duty"; and upon the surgeon's

inquiring whether his pain was still very great, he declared "it continued so very severe that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too," and after a pause of a few minutes he added in the same tone, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?"

The surgeon, finding it impossible to render his Lordship any further assistance, left him to attend Lieutenant Bligh, Messrs. Smith and Westphal, midshipmen, and some seamen, recently wounded. Captain Hardy now came to the cockpit to see his Lordship a second time, which was after an interval of about fifty minutes from the conclusion of his first visit. Before he quitted the deck he sent Lieutenant Hills to acquaint Admiral Collingwood with the lamentable circumstance of Lord Nelson's being wounded. Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy shook hands again, and whilst the Captain retained his Lordship's hand he congratulated him, even in the arms of death, on his brilliant victory, "which," said he, "was complete; though he did not know how many of the enemy were captured, as it was impossible to perceive every ship distinctly. He was certain, however, of fourteen or fifteen having surrendered." His Lordship answered: "That is well; but I bargained for twenty," and then emphatically exclaimed: "*Anchor, Hardy; anchor!*"

To this the Captain replied : "I suppose, my Lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs?" "Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," replied the dying chief, and at that moment endeavoured, ineffectually, to raise himself from the bed. "No," added he ; "do *you* anchor, Hardy." Captain Hardy then said : "Shall we make the signal, sir?" "Yes," answered his Lordship ; "for if I live I'll anchor." The energetic manner in which he uttered these his last orders to Captain Hardy, accompanied with his efforts to raise himself, evinced his determination never to resign the command while he retained the exercise of his transcendent faculties, and that he expected Captain Hardy still to carry into effect the suggestions of his exalted mind, a sense of his duty overcoming the pains of death. He then told Captain Hardy "he felt that in a few minutes he should be no more," adding, in a low tone, "don't throw me overboard, Hardy". The Captain answered : "Oh, no ; certainly not". "Then," replied his Lordship, "you know what to do ; and," continued he, "take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy : take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy!" The Captain now knelt down and kissed his cheek, when his Lordship said : "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Captain Hardy stood for a minute or two in silent

contemplation ; he knelt down again and kissed his Lordship's forehead. His Lordship said : "Who is that ?" The Captain answered : "It is Hardy" ; to which his Lordship replied : "God bless you, Hardy". After this affecting scene Captain Hardy withdrew and returned to the quarter-deck, having spent about eight minutes in this his last interview with his dying friend.

Lord Nelson now desired Mr. Chevalier, his steward, to turn him upon his right side, which being effected, his Lordship said : "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone". He afterwards became very low, his breathing was oppressed, and his voice faint. He said to Dr. Scott : "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner" ; and, after a short pause : "*Remember* that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country ; and," added he, "never forget Horatia". His thirst now increased, and he cried for "drink, drink," and "fan, fan," and "rub, rub," addressing himself in the last case to Dr. Scott, who had been rubbing his Lordship's breast with his hand, from which he found some relief. These words he spoke in a very rapid manner, which rendered his articulation difficult ; but he every now and then, with evident increase of pain, made a greater effort with his vocal powers, and pro-

nounced distinctly these last words : " Thank God, I have done my duty," and this great sentiment he continued to repeat as long as he was able to give it utterance.

His Lordship became speechless in about fifteen minutes after Captain Hardy left him. Dr. Scott and Mr. Burke, who had all along sustained the bed under his shoulders (which raised him in nearly a semi-recumbent posture, the only one that was supportable to him) forbore to disturb him by speaking to him ; and when he had remained speechless about five minutes, his Lordship's steward went to the surgeon, who had been a short time occupied with the wounded in another part of the cockpit, and stated his apprehension that his Lordship was dying. The surgeon immediately repaired to him, and found him on the verge of dissolution. He knelt down by his side and took up his hand, which was cold, and the pulse gone from the wrist. On the surgeon's feeling his forehead, which was likewise cold, his Lordship opened his eyes, looked up, and shut them again. The surgeon again left him, and returned to the wounded who required his assistance, but was not absent five minutes before the steward announced to him that he " believed his Lordship had expired ". The surgeon returned, and found that the report was but too well founded : his Lordship had breathed

his last at thirty minutes past four o'clock, at which period Dr. Scott was in the act of rubbing his Lordship's breast, and Mr. Burke supporting the bed under his shoulders.—*From the Account of Beatty, Surgeon of the "Victory"*.

INDEX.

- Absence, salt water and, 33.
 Absent from Emma, 146.
 Accusation, an infamous, 58-61.
 Action, 110 days in, 53.
 Acton, Sir John, 129.
 Address, an, 147-8.
 Adventure, a chapter of, 26-7.
 Allen, Tom, 150.
 All sufficient, 84.
 Always fight, 44.
 Ambassadors, 62.
 Ambition is without limits, 74-5.
 An anticipation, 65-6.
 " " of St. Vincent, 73-4.
 " " of Trafalgar, 166-7.
 Anecdote, an, 85.
 Anecdote of the Battle of Copenhagen, 134-5.
 Anniversary, an, 145.
 Appeal, a modest, 36-7.
 Army *v.* Navy, 171.
 Attack, plan of, 187-190.
 Bad English customs, 162.
 Battle of St. Vincent, 75-9.
 " the Nile, 99-101.
 " Copenhagen, anecdote of, 134-5.
 Battles, successful, 164.
 Belief, his, 139.
 Blanquet's sword, 101-2.
 Blue-jacket's risks, the, 44.
 Boulogne affair, the, 151.
 Brave, the, 52.
 Brereton, General, 191-2.
 British Admiral's word, 140.
 " flag, the, 43.
 " fleets, 72.
 " officer's word, a, 171.
 " opinion, 72-3.
 Bull-feast, a, 38-9.
 Buonaparte, 125, 172-3.
 Buonaparte's writing, 102.
 Cadiz ladies, 87.
 " news, 87-8.
 Calder's (Sir Robert) victory, 193-4.
 " return, 198-9.
 Canada, 17.
 Capraja, the Governor of, 68.
 Captains of the ships of the squadron, to the, 98-9.
 Captains' gift, the, 101.
 Capture, a princely, 21.
 Carracciolo, the order to hang, 122-3.
 Celebrations, 108-9.
 Chaplains in Navy, 15.
 Chapters, a chapter of, 26-7.
 Charity, his, 87.
 Claims, indifference to his, 52.
 Collingwood, to Lord, 204.
 Colonel of Marines, 53-4.
 Colonial system, the, 190.
 Combined fleets, the, 201.
 Complaint, his, 63.
 Conduct, sincerity of, 35-6.
 Copenhagen, anecdote of the battle of, 134-5.
 Copenhagen, no honours for, 174-6.
 Corsicans and Frenchmen, 171.
 Cottage a necessity, the, 92-4.
 Country's heir, his, 32.
 Courage, 54.
 Court politics, 55.
 Courts-martial, 33-4.
 Coxcomb, a young, 136-7.
 Crest, motto and supporters, 86-7.
 Crew, a good ship and, 38.
 Cypress or laurel, 97-8.
 Dancing for Sea Officers, 34-5.
 Deal, 155.
 Death of Nelson, 207-220.
 " a glorious, 50.
 Debts, the Prince of Wales', 52-3.
 Decorations, love of, 82-3.
 Desertion, 164-5.
 Determination, his, 35.
 Diary, extract from private, 192.
 Disappointment, 192-3.
 Do as you would be done by, 159-60.
 Doing and wishing, 149.
 " as he pleased, 61.
 Dominion of the seas, the, 133-4.
 Downs, in the, 153.
 Dream, the sailor's, 61-2.
 Duty and reward, 66-7.
 " of a man, 94.
 " sense of, 48.

- Emma, absent from, 146.
 England, invasion of, 148-9, 163.
 ,, not to be trusted, 167-8.
 English and French, 44.
 ,, rod, the, 153-4.
 ,, customs, bad, 162.
 Extract from private diary, 192.
 Eye, loss of his, 47.
 Eyes of the fleet, 202-3.
 Fair Canada, 17.
 Family, his, 113.
 ,, love of his, 118.
 ,, the Nelson, 125-6.
 Famous signal, the, 206-7.
 ,, treaty, the, 119-122.
 Farewell to home, 195-6.
 Father's approval, his, 128-9.
 Fight, to always, 44.
 First gain a victory, 98.
 ,, letter to his child, 161-2.
 Flag, the British, 43.
 ,, of truce, the, 140-2.
 Fleet, Nelson's, 177.
 ,, reception by the, 200.
 Fleets, British, 72.
 ,, the combined, 201.
 ,, the French, 96-7.
 Force of habit, 40-1.
 For those who fell, 137.
 France, impressions of, 19-22.
 French and English, 44.
 ,, after the, 44-5.
 ,, Admiral at Toulon, the, 172.
 ,, captain tempted, a, 55.
 ,, Emperor, the, 172-3.
 ,, fleet sails, the, 182-4; pur-
 suit of, 184-6.
 ,, fleet, the, 96-7.
 ,, hatred of the, 105.
 ,, learning, 22-3.
 ,, prospects, 162.
 ,, soldiers, 56.
 Frenchmen, 55-6; and Corsicans,
 171.
 Friend, a dear, 117-8.
 Friendship, 143.
 Gale of wind, a, 95-6.
 Generous enemy, 64.
 Generosity, his, 124-5.
 Gift, a, 54-5.
 Glorious death, a, 50.
 ,, expectation, 197-8.
 Glory, in his, 46.
 God's hand, 107-8.
 Good cause, the, 123.
 ,, ship and crew, a, 38.
 Gout, the, 14.
 Governor of Capraja, to the, 68.
 Great, the, 36.
 "Guillaume Tell," the, 130-1.
 Habit, force of, 40-1.
 Haddock's saying, 161.
 Hamilton, Sir Wm., 40.
 ,, last letters to Lady, 205-6.
 Hatred of the French, 105.
 Health, his, 14-5.
 Heir, his country's, 32.
 Hill, to Mr., 151-2.
 Hint, a, 179-80.
 Home love, 79.
 ,, farewell to, 195-6.
 Honour, 63-4.
 ,, and riches, 19.
 ,, peace with, 152.
 Hood, Lord, 43.
 Hood's omission, 48-50.
 Hope, a new-born, 13-4.
 Horatia, his daughter, 160-1; first
 letter to, 161-2.
 Hotham's (Admiral), easy satisfac-
 tion, 51.
 Howe, to Earl, 115-6.
 Humanity, his, 85-6.
 Illness, 144.
 Impressions of France, 19-22.
 Income, his, 157-8.
 Indifferent to his claims, 52.
 Infamous accusation, 58-61.
 In the Downs, 153.
 Invasion of England, 148-9; 163.
 Jack's dislike of the Navy, 18.
 Jamaica, 27-8.
 Jervis, Sir John, 62.
 John Bull, 139.
 Ladies of Cadiz, 87.
 Lame defenders, 145.
 "La Sabina," 79-82.
 Laurel or cypress, 97-8.
 Learning French, 22-3.
 Letter on his love, 24-5.
 ,, to his sweetheart, 30-1.
 Liberality, his, 124-5.
 Life, sketch of my, 1-13.
 "L'Orient," 103-5.

- Loss of his eye, 47.
 Love, his second, 23-4.
 " letter on his, 24-5.
 " his third, 29-30.
 " of his family, 118.
 " of home, 79.
 " of decorations, 82-3.
 Low spirits, 150-1.
 Mack, General, 194.
 Man's duty, a, 94.
 Marines, Colonel of, 53-4.
 Mayor of London, to the Lord, 155-7.
 Mediterranean, north wind in, 194.
 Memory, a, 168-9.
 Merton, 165-6.
 Midshipman, a troublesome, 15-6;
 treatment of, 26.
 Military rejoicing, 154-5.
 Miller, Captain, 132.
 Modest appeal, a, 36-7.
 Money-makers, 46.
 Motto, crest and supporters, 86-7.
 Much to lose, nothing to gain, 195.
 Name, his, 45-6; 56-7.
 " of Nelson, the, 145.
 Naples, at, 106-7.
 Narrow official measurement, 126.
 National madness, 154.
 Nation of shopkeepers, 139.
 Nations like individuals, 138.
 Nature, his affectionate, 116-7.
 Navy Chaplains, 15.
 " Jack's dislike of, 18.
 " z. Army, 171.
 Neapolitan honours, 109-10.
 Near touch, a, 57.
 Neglect, 37.
 " of sailors, 40.
 Negotiators, the best, 136.
 Nelson's death, 207-20.
 " fleet, 177.
 " income, 157-8.
 " philosophy, 43, 140.
 " sight, 163-4.
 Nelson family, the, 125-6.
 " first, 64-5, 135-6.
 " never changes, 180.
 " touch, the, 127, 197.
 " the name of, 145.
 New-born hope, a, 13-4.
 Newspapers, the, 149.
 Nile, battle of the, 99-101.
 No honours for Copenhagen, 174-6.
 " joke when in earnest, 136.
 North wind in Mediterranean, 194.
 Official recognition of valour, 152-3.
 " thanks, 31-2.
 Old-fashioned victualling, 42.
 Old Haddock's sayings, 161.
 Order to hang Carracciolo, the, 122-3.
 Painful disorder, 199-200.
 Paoli, General, 42.
 Parliamentary pretensions, 57-8.
 Parsons and sailors, 54.
 Peace? War or, 68-72.
 " with honour, 152.
 Peerage or Westminster Abbey, a,
 98.
 Pensions, 158-9.
 Pests of the human race, 102-3.
 Philosophy, 43, 140; of war, 44.
 Plan of attack, 187-90.
 Political courage, 54.
 Politics, 119.
 " of Courts, the, 55.
 Pope, the, 67.
 Prayer, a, 206.
 Princely capture, 23.
 Privateers, 143.
 Promotion, 17.
 Property of Lord Nelson, 158.
 Prophetic foreboding, a, 203-4.
 Pursuit of the French fleet, 184-6.
 " story of the, 190-1.
 "Ready, boys, ready!" 129-130.
 Reception by the fleet, 200.
 Reference, a significant, 196.
 Relations, 32.
 Republican's answer, a, 41.
 Reward, duty and, 66-7.
 Rewards, victories and, 155.
 Riches and honour, 19.
 "Sabina," the, 79-82.
 Sailor's dream, the, 61-2.
 " neglect of, 40.
 Sailors and soldiers, 173-4.
 " and parsons, 54.
 St. Vincent, an anticipation of, 73-4.
 " battle of, 75-9.
 " Lord, 119.
 St. Vincent's teaching, 127-8.
 Salt water and absence, 33.
 "Santissima Trinidad," 83-4.
 Sardinia in 1804, 181.

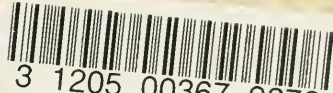
- Sea affairs, 177.
 Sea fencibles, the, 146-7.
 Sea-fights, uncertainty in, 204.
 Sea-officers and dancing, 34-5.
 Seas, the dominion of the, 133-4.
 Second love, his, 23-4.
 Self-approval, 184.
 Sense of duty, 48.
 Serving near home, 126.
 Shopkeepers, nation of, 139.
 Short absence, 197.
 Shot-holes, 68.
 Sicilian transports, 105-6; troops, 113-4.
 Sicilies, the, 109; state of the two, 112.
 Sight, his, 163-4.
 Signal, the famous, 206-7.
 Significant reference, a, 196.
 Sincerity of conduct, 35-6.
 Sketch of my life, 1-13.
 Slowness of soldiers, 42.
 Small measures, 176.
 Smith's (Sir Sydney) appointment, 114-5.
 Soldiers on board ship, 169-71.
 " and sailors, 173-4.
 " slowness of, 42.
 Spain, 176.
 Spaniards at sea, 39.
 Spell on shipboard, 192.
 Stared at, 149.
 State of the two Sicilies, 112.
 Still waiting, 181-2.
 Successful battles, 164.
 Sufferings, his, 132-3.
 Supporters, crest and motto, 86-7.
 Swedish fleet, 138.
 Sweetest sensation of his life, 201-2.
 Sweetheart, to his, 30-1.
 Sweets of command, the, 142-3.
 Teneriffe, 88-91.
 Thanksgiving, 94.
 Thanks, official, 31-2.
 Time, 131.
 To Earl Howe, 115-6.
 To the captains of the ships of the squadron, 98-9.
 To the point, 173.
 Touch and take, 197.
 " a near, 57.
 Toulon, the French Admiral at, 172.
 Trafalgar, an anticipation of, 166-7.
 " before, 194.
 Treatment of midshipmen, 26.
 Treaty, the famous, 119-22.
 Treville's letter, Admiral, 177-9.
 " La Touche, at Toulon, 179.
 Tribute, a, 86.
 Troubridge, Captain, 96.
 Troubridge's merits, 111.
 Truce, the flag of, 140-2.
 Truthfulness, 127.
 Valour, official recognition of, 152-3.
 Victories and rewards, 155.
 "Victory," the, 164.
 Victory, first gain a, 98.
 Victualling, 42.
 Visit, a, 144.
 Voluntary subscription for war, 94-5.
 Wales' debts, the Prince of, 52-3.
 War or Peace? 68-72.
 War, voluntary subscription for, 94-5.
 Westcott's mother, 131.
 West Indians, 28-9.
 Westminster Abbey or a Peerage, 98.
 Who can stop him? 139.
 Whole run, the, 192.
 William, Prince, 17-8.
 Wind, a gale of, 95-6.
 Wishing and doing, 149.
 Woman's influence, 133.
 Wound, his, 47-8; 103.

DA
87.1
N4 A32

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Santa Barbara

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.





3 1205 00367 9873

MP

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 252 466 8

