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THE

LIFE AND EXPLOITS

OF

COMMODORE NAPIER,

BY HIMSELF.

WITH



PORTRAIT AND FIVE PLATES.

LONDON:
STRANGE, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND PURKISS, COMPTON STREET, SOHO.

—
1841.

LIFE AND EXPLOITS
OF
COMMODORE NAPIER.

IN proposing to give a Memoir of the Life and Exploits of the Naval Hero whom Britannia now acknowledges as her second Nelson, and whose gallant deeds fill the trumpet of fame throughout Asia and Europe, we enjoy in the present instance the singular advantage of being able to place before the public, from his own mouth and pen, the full particulars of every incident in the life of Captain Napier: since either in the excitement of an election contest, the necessary discharge of official duties, or in self-vindication from the slight of an ungrateful Sovereign, whose throne he had established, the brave and single-minded Napier has told in his own words his own eventful history. What, therefore, he has said of himself it is our purpose in the present work to give entire, merely authenticating it by compilations from such official documents and public accounts as may serve to render it more complete, as well as to give the reader a more exact notion of the brave Officer's character, by the addition of some particulars which modesty has induced him to omit.

Commodore Charles Napier is the eldest son of the Hon. Charles Napier, R. N., of Merchistoun Hall, in the County of Stirling. The inhabitants of Falkirk have put in their claim to him as a townsman in the following paragraph in their local paper:—

“**FALKIRK. COMMODORE NAPIER.**—While our gallant countryman is at present so eminently the observed of all observers, it may not be uninteresting to mention that our town can claim the honor of enrolling him ‘a bairn of Falkirk.’ The Commodore was born at Merchistoun Hall, within the burgh where his much-respected family resided. The parish Register has the following entry under date of baptism: ‘March 11th, 1786, Charles Napier, lawful son of the Hon. Captain Napier and Mrs. Christian Hamilton, born 6th March current.’ The family have ever had a warm side to Falkirk, and every one of its inhabitants, boy or aged man, delights to know that Charlie is guided by his star to a high place among British Naval Heroes.”

He married Eliza, widow of Lieutenant Edward Elers, R. N., and this lady has had paid to her the greatest compliment ever yet received by the wife of a naval officer, as, immediately after receiving the intelligence of the capture of Beyrout, Lord Minto, the First Lord of the Admiralty, posted down to her residence at Horndean, to announce to her that as a testimony of their Lordships' approbation of her husband's conduct they had appointed her son Captain Charles Napier to a ship; as well as to convey to her an expression of the obligation of the government and the gratitude of his Sovereign.

The Commodore entered the navy early in life; for at the age of twenty-two we find him a Captain in the Recruit on the West India station. From this period no account of his heroic services can be so interesting or so characteristic as that given by himself to the burgesses of Portsmouth, when he offered himself as a candidate at the election of 1833:—

“In the course of my canvass (said the Gallant Officer) I have been asked who I am? I'll tell you. I am Captain Charles Napier, who twenty-five years ago commanded the Recruit brig in the West Indies, and who had the honor of being twenty-four hours under the guns of three French line-of-battle ships flying from a British squadron, the nearest of which, with the exception of the Hawk brig, was from five to six miles astern the greatest part of the time. I kept flying double-shotted broadsides into them. One of these ships (the *Hauptpout*) only was captured by the *Pompey* and *Castor*, the other two escaped by superior sailing. Sir Alexander Cochrane, my Commander-in-chief, promoted me on the spot into her. At the siege of Martinique, the *Æolus*, *Cleopatra*, and *Recruit* were ordered to beat up in the night between Pigeon Island and the main, and anchor close

to Fort Edward; the enemy, fearing an attack, burnt their shipping. At daylight in the morning it appeared to me that Fort Edward was abandoned; this, however, was doubted. I offered to ascertain the fact, and with five men I landed in open day, scaled the walls, and planted the union jack on the ramparts. Fortunately I was undiscovered from Fort Bourbon, which stood about a hundred yards off, and commanded it. On this being reported to Sir Alexander Cochrane, a regiment was landed in the night. Fort Edward was taken possession of and the mortars turned against the enemy. I am in possession of a letter from Sir A. Cochrane, saying that 'my conduct was the means of saving many lives and shortening the siege of Martinique.' I had once the misfortune of receiving a precious licking from a French corvette; the first shot she fired broke my thigh, and a plumper carried away my mainmast. The enemy escaped, but the British flag was not tarnished. On my return to England, in command of the *Jason*, I was turned out of her by a Tory Admiralty, because I had no interest; but as I could not lead an idle life, I served a campaign with the army in Portugal as a volunteer, when I was again wounded. At the battle of Busasco, I had the honor of carrying off the field my gallant friend and relative, Colonel Napier, now near me, who was shot through the face. Busaco was not the only field where he shed his blood: at Corunna he was left for dead, but, thank God! he escaped with six wounds. On my return to England I was appointed to the *Thames*, in the Mediterranean: and if I could bring the inhabitants of the Neapolitan coast into this room, they would tell you, that from Naples to the Faro Point there was not a spot where I did not leave my mark, and brought off with me upwards of a hundred sail of gun-boats and merchant vessels. I had the honor of running the *Thames* and *Furieuse* into the small mole of Ponza, which was strongly defended; and before they could recover from their surprise, I captured the island without the loss of a man. I was then removed to the *Euryalus*, and had the good fortune to fall in with two French frigates and a schooner. I chased them in the night close into Calvi, in the island of Corsica, passing close under the stern of one, plumpering her as I passed; and though we were going eight knots, I tried to run aboard of her consort, who was a little outside, standing athwart my hawse; the night was dark, the land close, and she succeeded in crossing me, but I drove her ashore on the rocks, where she was totally wrecked, and her consort was obliged to anchor close to her. The *Euryalus* wore round, and got off, almost brushing the shore as she passed. These ships were afterwards ascertained to be *armée en flûte*, mounting 22 guns each, and the schooner 14. From the Mediterranean I was ordered to America; and if my gallant friend Sir James Gordon was here he would have told you how I did my duty on that long and arduous service up the Potomac; he would have told you that in a tremendous squall the *Euryalus* lost her bowsprit and all her topmasts, and that in twelve hours she was again ready for work. We brought away a fleet from Alexandria, were attacked going down the river by batteries, built close to what was the residence of the Great Washington, and I was again wounded in that action in the neck. On the peace taking place I went on half-pay, where I remained till I was appointed to the *Galatea*, which ship I commanded for three years on this station; and I hope and trust I have done my duty faithfully, during that period, to my king and country."

We shall now take the various passages of this speech as a text, and illustrate them by full particulars of the events slightly alluded to, either from the despatches of the Gallant Commodore himself or those of his Commanding Officers. We will take the events as the Commodore has placed them himself, though, evidently with the intention of putting "his best foot foremost," he has inserted the order of his first three exploits:—

**THE RECRUIT SLOOP AND THE THREE FRENCH SAIL
OF THE LINE.**

“I am Captain Charles Napier, who twenty-five years ago commanded the Recruit brig in the West Indies, and who had the honor of being twenty-four hours under the guns of three French line-of-battle ships flying from a British squadron, the nearest of which, with the exception of the Hawk brig, was from five to six miles astern the greatest part of the time. I kept flying double-shotted broadsides into them. One of these ships (the Hautpolt) only was captured by the Pompey and Castor; the other two escaped by superior sailing. Sir Alexander Cochrane, my Commander-in-Chief, promoted me on the spot into her.”

The particulars of this gallant action, as given by the best naval historians, are as follows:—

After the successful attack on Martinique in 1809, which we shall have occasion to mention below, the British land and sea forces, in the month of April, steered for the Saintes, a cluster of small islands lying near the southern extremity of Basse-terre and Guadaloupe, where a squadron of three French ships of the line and two frigates had taken up an anchorage. These ships had slipped out of L'Orient, unseen by the British cruisers, to the relief of Martinique, but finding that island was taken, had repaired to the Saintes as the only place of refuge remaining to them in the Windward Islands, and watched for an opportunity of getting across to Basse-terre or Guadaloupe. Scarcely, however, had the French ships anchored than a superior British force arrived to blockade them. The line-of-battle portion of the force, consisting of Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane in the Neptune 98, with the York 74, Pompey 74, Captain 74, and the Polyphemus 64.

The road or harbor of the Saintes, however, having three entrances in different directions, is not easily blockaded; under these circumstances, it was thought advisable to land a body of troops, for the double purpose of driving the French ships to sea, and of reducing the Saintes islands, which had at all times afforded to the enemy's ships a capital shelter. Accordingly, on the 12th of April, a small British squadron, under the orders of Captain Philip Beaver, of the 40-gun frigate Acasta, accompanied by a fleet of transports, having on board from 2000 to 3000 men commanded by Major-General Frederick Maitland, sailed from Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, and on the next day arrived off the Saintes. On the 14th the troops were landed with a very slight loss, and on the same afternoon possessed themselves, with some difficulty, of a mountain 800 feet high, called Mount Russell, and which completely overlooked the ships in the harbor. Upon these two eight-inch howitzers were presently brought to bear with such effect, that at 8 p. m. the three line of battle ships began to get under weigh, and at 9h. 30m. p. m., sailed out through the windward passage; but, although favored by an unusually dark night, not unseen by the British in-shore squadron of sloops and brigs, under the orders of Captain Hugh Cameron, of the 18-gun ship sloop Hazard, who immediately made the preconcerted signal to the Admiral outside.

At this time the Neptune was off the south-west passage at some distance, and the Pompey about a mile and a half to the westward of Terre d'en Bas, or the Lower Sainte. In a very few minutes the Pompey discovered the three French ships bearing down under a press of canvas, followed by the Hazard and other vessels belonging to the in-shore squadron. At 10 p. m. the Pompey closed with the sternmost French ship, and endeavored to stop her by the discharge of two broadsides; but, having a strong breeze in her favor, the latter continued her course to the west-south-west without returning a shot. At 10h. 15m. p. m. the 18-gun brig-sloop Recruit, Captain Charles Napier, got up and opened her fire on the enemy's sternmost ship. At 11 p. m. the Neptune joined in the chase, and at 30 minutes past midnight

crossed so near to the same [ship that the latter fired into her and killed one and wounded four of her men.

On the 15th at 4 A. M. the *Recruit*, by her superior sailing*, again got near enough to discharge a broadside at the *d'Hautpout* (an 18-gun brig at a 74!), now the rearmost French ship; and the *Pompey* was very soon in a situation to open a *distant* fire from her bow-chasers; all three French ships as they steered in line abreast returning the fire with their stern-chasers. At 10h. 30m. A. M. Captain Napier had his serjeant of marines wounded by a shot from one of the French ships: but the *Recruit* still persisted to harass them with her attacks. So annoying were those attacks, that at 10h. 45m. A. M. the *d'Hautpout* broached to and discharged her main and quarter-deck guns, cutting away two of the brig's fore-shrouds on the larboard side, and doing other damage to her rigging, but materially wounding no one. *Even this did not intimidate Captain Napier*; for no sooner had the *d'Hautpout* resumed her course before the wind, than the *Recruit* ran across her stern, and poured in one or two broadsides, receiving in return a fire from the seventy-four's stern-chasers. The *Pompey* also joined occasionally in the running fight; and thus the day passed. At 8 P. M. the French ships separated, the *Pompey* followed the *d'Hautpout*, and, with the *Castor*, took her on the 17th after a gallant battle commencing in a running fight, which commenced to the southward of *Vieux Fort*, *Guadaloupe*, at 10 P. M. on the 14th of April, and had ended within eight leagues north-east by north of *Cape Roxo*, *Pato Rico*, at 5h. 15m. A. M. on the 17th. The brave little *Recruit*, though compelled on the 16th to drop astern on account of her damaged rigging, was in at the death on the 17th, being less than nine miles to the westward of the *Pompey*, standing under a press of canvas when the *d'Hautpout* struck.

The *Recruit* in this audacious exploit lost only one man! The author of the *Naval History*, in commenting upon the action, says, "The conduct of the *Pompey* was such as was expected of her, and the *Castor* gave proofs of a commendable zeal in closing with so powerful an antagonist; but what shall we say of the *Recruit*? Her behaviour was gallant in the extreme. Next to the pleasure of recording acts of intrepidity like that performed by the *Recruit*, is that pleasure of being able to announce that they were appreciated in the quarter possessing the power to reward them. Sir Alexander Cochrane, with feelings highly honorable to him, appointed Captain Napier to the command of the *d'Hautpout*. The Admiral did this on the spot. The *d'Hautpout* was a tolerably fine ship of 1871 tons, and, under the name of the *Abercromby*, cruised for three or four years in the British service.

In his despatch concerning this action to the Admiralty, dated on board the *Neptune*, off the *Mona* passage, the 17th of April 1809, which appears in the *London Gazette* of May 23, 1809, Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane makes mention of Captain Napier in the following terms:—

"The superiority of the enemy's sailing left little chance for the *Neptune* getting up unless some of the ships were disabled; and if any accident had happened to the *Pompey*'s masts, they must inevitably have all escaped; I therefore directed Captain Fabie to endeavor to cripple the sternmost ship, without bringing on the collected fire of the three, then in line abreast. In this attempt he was most gallantly supported by Captain Napier, of His Majesty's sloop *Recruit*, who kept close up, although fired at from all their stern-chase guns, and did everything that was possible to be done to cut away the enemy's masts and rigging; and continued in this service during the whole chase, which lasted until this morning at half-past three.

* It may be as well to note here that every ship that Commodore Napier has commanded has proved a superior sailer; and may there not be something in the men *working with the Captain* as well as in the mere build of a ship?

“Until their Lordships’ pleasure is known, I have commissioned the prize, and appointed Captain Napier to the command of her as a reward for his spirited conduct during the chase.”

Captain Fahie, of the Pompey, also bore testimony in the same Gazette of the intrepidity of Captain Napier as follows:—

“It may not be improper here to go back to the occurrences of the 15th inst., in order to express my admiration of the gallant conduct of Captain Napier, of His Majesty’s brig the Recruit, in keeping within the fire of the stern-chasers of three sail of the line throughout that day, and constantly annoying them with his guns.”

THE SIEGE OF MARTINIQUE.

We now come to the siege of Martinique, of the Gallant Captain’s exploits at which little mention is made in the official accounts. He himself says:—

“At the siege of Martinique (February 1809), the *Æolus*, *Cleopatra*, and *Recruit* were ordered to beat up in the night between Pigeon Island and the main, and anchor close to Fort Edward. The enemy, fearing an attack, burned their shipping. At daylight in the morning it appeared to me that Fort Edward was abandoned; this, however, was doubted. I offered to ascertain the fact, and with five men I landed in open day, scaled the walls, and planted the union-jack on the ramparts. Fortunately I was undiscovered from Fort Bourbon, which stood about one hundred yards off, and commanded it. On this being reported to Sir Alexander Cochrane, a regiment was landed in the night. Fort Edward was taken possession of, and the mortars turned against the enemy. I am in possession of a letter from Sir A. Cochrane, saying, ‘that my conduct was the means of saving many lives, and shortening the siege of Martinique.’”

The official documents relating to the above are an Extract from Lieut.-Gen. Beckwith’s despatch, dated Martinique, Heights of Suriney, February 5, 1809, which appears in the *London Gazette* of March 28, 1809.

“On the 2nd it appeared to me to be desirable to extend to the right of our position, which was effected in a spirited manner by the King’s Infantry. An exertion was then made to carry the advanced redoubt, but having some reason to believe that it would have been acquired with a loss beyond the value of the acquisition, the troops were withdrawn, and the enemy abandoned it during the night, with another redoubt contiguous to it, with evident marks of disorder; both will be occupied and included in our position this night. Pigeon Island surrendered at discretion yesterday.”

Extract from despatch of 10th February:—

“The Lower Fort, formerly Fort Edward, was taken possession of before day-break on the morning of the 8th, by Major Henderson, commanding the Royal York Rangers, with that regiment without resistance.”

Extract from a despatch of Sir Alexander Cochrane, dated February 4th, 1809.

“In order to cut off the retreat of the enemy, I previously sent the *Æolus* and *Cleopatra* frigates and the *Recruit* sloop of war to the upper part of Fort Royal Bay. When this was perceived, the enemy set fire to and destroyed the *Amphitrite* frigate of 44 guns and all the shipping in the harbor.”

In Brenton’s “*Naval History*” the following account is given of the capture of Fort Edward, but nothing is said in it of the man to whom all the praise of this capture was really due, Major Henderson, who marched into the Fort, having, it appears, also walked off with all the fame.

“Admiral Villaret, the captain-general and governor of the island of Martinique, perceiving that he was overpowered, shut himself up in his forts, having about 3000 men, with an abundant supply of ammunition, and waited the destruction of our forces by the operation of the

climate and the heavy rains which fell incessantly. Supposing (as he afterwards declared) that Fort Bourbon was impregnable, he abandoned Fort Republique, or Fort Edward, leaving in it four 13-inch mortars and 38 heavy guns, with a quantity of shot and shells. From this fort being commanded by Bonibon, he had no doubt he could expel us at any time; but he was deceived. On the 7th, at night, Major Henderson, of the Royal York Rangers, and Captain Dilkes of the Neptune, with a strong party, entered and took possession of the fort; and at daylight the British flag was displayed on its walls. This drew on it a furious though unheeded bombardment from Bourbon, which demolished the houses and barracks, but hurt no one; and in the course of two hours the mortars were unspiked and returned the fire."

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE RECRUIT AND THE DILIGENTE.

"I once had the misfortune of receiving a precious licking from a French corvette; the first shot she fired broke my thigh, and a plumper carried away my mainmast. The enemy escaped, but the British flag was not tarnished."

Such are the Commodore's words; but he omits to state that though his thigh was broken he never left the deck during the action. The account of this affair given by a high naval authority is so curious, and so characteristic from first to last of British intrepidity, that we shall give it without omission.

On the 11th of August 1808, at 8h. 30m. p. m., latitude $45^{\circ} 58'$ north, longitude $5^{\circ} 4'$ west, the British 18-gun ship-sloop Comet, Captain Cuthbert Featherstone Daly, observed three strangers in the north-north-east. These were a small French squadron, which had sailed from L'Orient on the 9th, bound to Martinique with a supply of flour for the colony, and consisted of the 18-gun ship-corvette Diligente, Captain Jean Francois Lemaesquier, and 16-gun brig-corvettes Espiegle and Sylph, Captains Joseph Francois-Leon Moujouen and Louis-Marie Clement, all armed, we believe, with French 24-pounder carro-nades, and long sixes for bow-chasers.

At 9 a. m. the Comet, having approached nearer to the strangers, made them out to be three enemy's corvettes; and considering it likely that if he altered his course they would chase and overpower him by their united superiority, Captain Daly boldly stood on. Whether alarmed by the frigate-built appearance of the Comet, or that he considered himself bound by his orders to hasten to his destination, the French Commodore tacked from the Comet, and, with his two consorts, made all sail to the north-north-east. At noon the Diligente, having much outsailed the brigs, tacked again and stood to the southward.

Feeling no hesitation about attacking the two brigs, Captain Daly made all sail in chase of them. At 3h. 30m. p. m. the Espiegle, which was the headmost brig, tacked, and passed to windward of the Comet at the distance of about two gun shots. At 5 p. m. the Sylph, in pursuit of which the Comet continued, hoisted French colors, and commenced firing her stern-chasers. At 5h. 20m. p. m., having got within pistol-shot of her, the Comet opened her fire, and at the expiration of twenty minutes, being much disabled, and having, out of her crew of 98 men and boys, lost one midshipman and five men killed, and two midshipmen and three men wounded, the Sylphe hauled down her colors.

In this very gallant affair on the part of Captain Daly, the Comet had not a man hurt; but her main and main-topmasts were badly wounded, and her sails and rigging cut. The Sylphe, a fine brig of 343 tons, was afterwards added to the British navy under the name of the Seagull. To the additional credit of the crew of the Comet on this occasion, they consisted chiefly of newly-raised men.

The Espiegle afterwards succeeded in joining her remaining consort, and the two vessels proceeded in company to the westward. On the 16th, however, they were fallen in with by the British 38-gun frigate

Sibylle, Captain Clotworthy Upton. After a chase of some continuance, the *Diligente*, by her good sailing, escaped; but the *Espiegle* was captured, and, under the name of the *Electra*, became added to the British navy.

We now come to Napier.—Proceeding alone to her destination, the *Diligente* met no further obstruction until the 6th of September, in latitude $17^{\circ} 50'$ north, longitude from Greenwich, $28^{\circ} 20'$ west. On this day, at 6 A. M., the British 18-gun brig-sloop *Recruit*, Captain Charles Napier, standing close hauled on the starboard tack, with the wind from the east-by-north, discovered the *Diligente* in the north-east, going free on the larboard tack, or in the direction of the Island of Martinique. The *Recruit* immediately tacked, and made all sail in chase: and at 7h. 30m. A. M., fired two shot at the strange ship, and hoisted her colors. At 8h. 15m. A. M. the *Diligente* tacked to preserve the weather gage, and in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards hoisted a French ensign and pendant.

At 8h. 33m. A. M., the two vessels, the *Recruit* on the larboard, and the *Diligente* on the starboard tack, passed each other within pistol-shot, and exchanged broadsides. On this occasion Captain Napier was wounded, but not, we believe (says the historian), so as to oblige him to quit the deck. At 8h. 40m. both vessels having passed out of gun-shot, tacked, and again exchanged broadsides. The *Diligente* then wore, with the intention of raking the *Recruit* astern: but the brig wore also, and brought her antagonist to close action with the larboard guns. At 9h. 20m. A. M. the second lieutenant, Moses De Willetts, was wounded. In this way, broadside to broadside, the action continued until 11h. 30m. A. M., when the *Recruit* had her mainmast shot away. While this lay over her stern, the brig continued the action with her foremost guns, and made several attempts to board her antagonist; but the *Diligente* every time sheered off. The French ship then backed her mizen top-sail, and, shortening up under the brig's stern, raked her. As the *Diligente* stood along her starboard beam, the *Recruit* returned this fire; but the *Diligente* reserved her next broadside until, bearing up athwart the bows of her disabled antagonist, she was enabled to bestow it with more effect. The *Diligente* then stood along the brig's larboard beam, with the intention, probably, of running round her a second time; but a well-directed fire from the *Recruit* blew up a part of the ship's quarter, and cut away her stern-boat filled with small-arm men. Immediately on this the *Diligente* put her helm up, and ran away before the wind.

The *Recruit* quickly set about clearing the wreck, refitting her rigging, rebreeching and remounting her carronades, many of which had upset, and preparing herself to renew the action with the French ship, who then lay upon her lee beam repairing her damages. At 2 P. M., having got ready to engage, the *Recruit* bore up to close; but the *Diligente*, setting courses, topsails, and top-gallant-sails, hauled to the wind on the starboard tack. At 4 P. M., the *Recruit* got up a jury mainmast, and set a royal upon it, and, hoisting her fore-topsail, endeavored again to close; but every effort was in vain, and by 7h. 30m. P. M. the *Diligente* had run herself completely out of sight.

Notwithstanding the very serious nature of her damages, the *Recruit* does not appear to have had above one man killed, and a few, besides the captain and second lieutenant, wounded. The brig was of course obliged to make the best of her way into port to get a new mainmast, and on the 10th she anchored in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes. The extent of the loss which the *Diligente* sustained has not been made public, but we must suppose it to have been very heavy, to excuse Captain Lema-resquier for having abandoned the action after he had knocked away his antagonist's mainmast. He indeed takes care to assign a sufficient reason for his retreat—no less than that several enemy's vessels were in sight, although not a sail of any kind, except the *Diligente* herself, could be discovered from the *Recruit*. His opponent the French Captain takes to have been "*le Curieux, de 20 carronades de 32,*" (which brig was

then lying at anchor in the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia,) and says, "le dernier a été totalement desarmé, et n'a échappé parce que la Diligente, ayant une mission importante, et voyant plusieurs batimens ennemis, n'a pas du s'exposer en poursuivant son avantage, à ne voir couper le chemin de sa destination." This destination the Diligente reached in safety, and at the surrender of Martinique a few months afterwards, was one of the few French national vessels that fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Diligente was a vessel of 371 tons, and became added to the British navy by the name of St. Pierre, the port in which she was found by her captors.

CAPTURE OF A FRENCH CONVOY OF TWENTY-SIX SAIL OFF PORTO INFRESCHI.

"On my return to England I was appointed to the Thames in the Mediterranean; and if I could bring the inhabitants of the Neapolitan court into this room, they would tell you that from Naples to the Faro Point, there was not a spot where I did not leave my mark, and brought off with me upwards of 100 sail of gun-boats and merchant-vessels."

Be it ours to illustrate this passage.

1st. On the 21st of July, at 5 P. M., the British 12-pounder 32-gun frigate Thames, Captain Charles Napier, joined the Cephalus, off Porto del Infreschi, into which port the latter had the day before compelled a French convoy of 26 sail to run for shelter. The Cephalus, followed by the Thames, then stood in and anchored; and the two opened a heavy cannonade upon eleven French gun-boats and a felucca, mounting between them six long 18-pounders, two 12-pounder carronades, three brass and two iron 6-pounders, and manned with 280 men, moored across the port for the protection of fifteen merchant vessels and of thirty-six spars for the line-of-battle ship and frigate building at Naples. The fire of the gun-boats, as well as of a round tower, and of a body of musketry on the adjacent hills, was soon silenced; and while the boats, under Captain Clifford, took possession of the vessels of war and merchantmen, the marines, under Lieutenant Adams, landed, and stormed and carried the round tower, making an officer and eighty men prisoners. Within two hours from their anchoring, the Thames and Cephalus were again under weigh, with all their prizes in company, and all the spars alongside except two which could not be got off. Nor did this daring and important enterprise cost the life of a man; the whole loss sustained amounting to the boatswain (Hood Douglas) and three seamen of the Cephalus wounded.

The following is Captain Napier's despatches from the *London Gazette*, September 24, 1811:—

"His Majesty's Ship Thames,

"Off Porto del Infreschi, July 21, 1811.

"SIR—Captain Clifford, of the Cephalus, having the look-out off Paleniaro, on the 20th inst. informed me, by a Sicilian privateer, of a convoy of 26 sail attempting to gain that port, which he, with his usual activity, prevented them from doing, and compelled them to take shelter in Porto del Infreschi, off which place we arrived at five this evening. I immediately desired Captain Clifford to lead in and anchor, which service he performed in a most handsome style, and was closely followed by this ship, who soon silenced eleven gun-boats and an armed felucca carrying six 18-pounders, two 12-pounder carronades, three brass and two iron 6-pounders, and 280 men, moored across for the protection of fifteen merchant vessels and 36 spars for the line-of-battle ship and frigate at Naples, and under cover of a round tower and the adjacent hills lined with musqueteers from the merchantmen and peasantry. The marines were then landed under their Lieutenant, M'Adam, and got possession of the tower, performing the light-infantry manœuvres in a very pretty style, taking an officer and eighty men prisoners, and driving the rest before them. The boats at the same time, under Captain Clifford, took possession of the convoy, together with all the spars except two, which could not be got off, all of which

were alongside and the ships under weigh in less than two hours, without the loss of one man, and only the boatswain and another man badly and three of the brig's men slightly wounded: on entering the Bay her sails and rigging were a good deal cut up. The whole of the officers and ship's company behaved in the most steady manner, which ever reflects the greatest credit on my predecessor Captain Waldegrave for the excellent discipline on board. Captain Clifford likewise speaks in the highest terms of his first-lieutenant Richardson, officers, and crew.

I have the honor to be, &c.

“Rear-Admiral Boyles.”

“CHARLES NAPIER.”

Well might Rear-Admiral Boyles observe in his despatch to Sir Edward Pellew, “The complete success of the above-mentioned instantaneous and brilliant attack on the enemy's convoy by the *Thames* and *Cephalus* reflects much honor on the conduct and gallantry of Captains Napier and Clifford, their officers and crews.”

The total capture was—11 gun vessels, 20 merchantmen, 30 large spars, and 1 armed felucca with oil.

To this bold and brilliant achievement may be added another—

ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF THE TOWER OF SABRI.

On the 14th of May 1812, the 12-pounder 32-gun frigate *Thames*, accompanied by the *Pilot*, attacked the port of Sabri, defended by a strong battery and tower mounting two 32-pounders, and garrisoned by an officer and thirty-eight men. After being battered for two hours within pistol-shot, the garrison surrendered at discretion; “but,” says Captain Napier, “in consequence of their gallant defence, I allowed them to march out with the honors of war, but not to serve against us in this expedition.” The British found twenty-eight vessels laden with oil, some of them nearly a quarter of a mile in the country, all of which were launched and the battery blown up before sunset.—We subjoin Captain Napier's despatch:—

“SIR,

“H. M. Ship *Thames*, Sabri, May 14, 1812.

“I this day, in company with the *Pilot*, attacked the port of Sabri, defended by a strong battery and tower mounting two 32-pounders, with an officer and thirty-eight men, which surrendered at discretion after being battered for two hours within pistol-shot; but in consequence of their gallant defence, I allowed them to march out with the honors of war, but not to serve against us in this expedition. We found twenty-eight large vessels on the beach loaded with oil, some of them nearly a quarter of a mile in the country, all of which were launched and the battery in ruins before sunset.

I owe much to the support I received from Captain Nicholas, who flanked the battery in a most judicious manner, and afterwards commanded the launching, assisted by my first Lieutenant, Archibald Campbell, an officer of six years' standing, as well as Mr. Langford, acting-master of the *Pilot*, who, by his able disposition of the marines who were under his command (there being no officer of that corps on board), kept upwards of two hundred armed peasantry in check, and had only one man wounded. The firing of both ship's companies was superior to anything I ever saw, and their conduct on shore was no less praiseworthy. Neither ship lost men on board: our bowsprit wounded in three places is the only material injury we have suffered.

“I am, &c.

“Rear-Admiral T. F. Fremantle.”

“CHARLES NAPIER.”

We pause here to note that Mr. Langford was shortly after promoted to a lieutenantancy, and to claim attention to the handsome manner in which Captain Napier always speaks of those under his command, seemingly anxious that the credit of the action should be given to them and not to himself. How different from the conduct of too many commanding officers! The little touch in this despatch of “an officer of six years' standing” was intended to ensure the promotion of Lieut. Campbell, but was of no avail at that time.

CAPTURE OF THE ISLE OF PONZA.

"I had the honor," says our hero, "of running the Thames and Furieuse into the small mole of Ponza," (whence his name of Carlo de Ponza in the Portuguese war of succession,) "which was strongly defended; and before they could recover from their surprise, I captured the island without the loss of a man."

A statement which we thus illustrate.—On the 26th of February 1813, Captains Napier and Mounser, in the Thames and Furieuse frigates, with a body of troops consisting only of the second battalion of the 10th regiment of Infantry, took the little island of Ponza near Naples. This island has a small harbor, about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and a mole, which was defended by ten pieces of heavy cannon and two 9-inch howitzers. Waiting till the wind suited, Captain Napier ran the two ships in and anchored across the mole head, sustaining the fire from the enemy for half an hour before their position enabled the British ships to return a shot; but the moment the guns could be brought to bear, the ships engaged on both sides, while Colonel Coffin landed, and marched directly for a tower on the heights, to which the enemy had retreated, when they sent down a flag of truce to say that they surrendered. The British lost not a man in either service, although the Thames was hulled three times and the Furieuse twice, besides having their sails and rigging a good deal cut.

The following are extracts from the despatches from Vice-Admiral Sir E. Pellew to the Admiralty:—

"I have the honor to enclose a statement of the capture of the Island of Ponza, on the coast of Naples, which reflects much credit on Captains Napier and Mounsey, by whom the naval service was directed."

From Captain Napier to Captain Sir R. Laurie of the Ajax:—

"H. M. S. Thames, Ponza Harbor, Feb. 27, 1813.

SIR—Agreeable to your directions I embarked Lieutenant-Colonel Coffin and the second battalion of the 10th regiment on the 16th inst., and arrived off Ponza on the 23rd, the harbor of which is about a quarter of a mile wide, with a mole at the extreme end of it, defended by four batteries, mounting ten twenty-four and eighteen-pounders and two nine-inch mortars.

Colonel Coffin and myself agreed that the shortest and surest road to success was by running both ships into the mole, and carrying the place by assault; but the weather was unfavorable for such an attack until the morning of the 26th, when the ships bore up in close order with a fine breeze.

The enemy were prepared for our reception, and opened their fire nearly half-an-hour before our guns could bear: the batteries were, however, passed with little injury, the ships engaging on both sides, and the Thames was anchored across the mole-head, the Furieuse bringing up a little astern of her. Colonel Coffin and the troops landed the same instant, and pushed for the height of a strong tower, into which the enemy had retreated, and their appearance, together with the severe fire from the ships, induced the Governor to hoist a flag of truce, and agree to the inclosed capitulation.

I have much pleasure in informing you that this service has been performed without the loss of a man in either profession, we being hulled three times, and Furieuse twice; sails and rigging a good deal cut, is the only damage suffered.

The most perfect cordiality has subsisted between the two services, and I am much indebted to Captain Mounsey for the excellent support he gave and his quickness in following our motions; and if the resistance had been greater, and another battery (which was expected), I have little doubt but we should have succeeded, particularly with such a storming party as Colonel Cashell's regiment, and such a leader as Coffin.

I have much reason to be satisfied with my first Lieutenant Davies, officers, and ship's company: their steady conduct and excellent firing accounts for the smallness of our damage. * *

CHARLES NAPIER.

We now (1814) find Captain Napier in the *Euryalus*; but of the engagement with the two French frigates off Calvi there is no official mention in the gazettes. We will, therefore, proceed at once to the capitulation of Alexandria, in the United States, which seems ominous of his after-destiny, and the retreat from the Potomac, in which, to use a vulgar phraseology, the *shine* was amazingly taken out of the Yankees.—Thus speaks Napier:—

EXPEDITION UP THE POTOMAC, AND SEVERE LESSON TO THE YANKEES.

“From the Mediterranean I was ordered to America; and if my gallant friend Sir J. Gordon was here, he would have told you how I did my duty on that long and arduous service up the Potomac. He would have told you that in a tremendous squall the *Euryalus* lost her bowsprit and all her topmasts, and that in twelve hours she was again ready for work. We brought away a fleet from Alexandria,” (these words may now be re-echoed,) “were attacked going down the river by batteries built close to what was the residence of the Great Washington, and I was again wounded in the neck.”

To begin with the wound in the neck, we may as well premise that the Gallant Commodore owned this to his own audacious bravery. On the return of the ships down the Potomac, they were compelled to pass close to a point of land which jutted into the river. Here were posted 4000 or 5000 American troops, covered by the brushwood, who made sure of the frigates, supposing they could sweep off the crews by a single volley of their musketry. Gordon and Napier were not so easily caught; they were quite aware of the trap laid for them. On approaching the point of land, the frigates were weighed down on the starboard side, which had the effect of elevating the larboard broadside; the crew were protected from musketry by a thick rampart of hammocks, sails, &c. and the guns loaded with triple charges of grape, canister, musket-balls, pieces of iron, nails, and other missiles of the kind. With these the underwood was severely scoured, and the American troops scampered off *minus* their expected prizes. Napier, however, did not escape scot-free. Disdaining all cover, he jumped upon some elevation on the quarter-deck “*to see the fun*,” and received as his share of it a musket-ball in the back of the neck, one of the effects of which severe wound is a forward inclination of the head, thereby increasing the peculiarity of his very peculiar appearance. So much for the wound. We now proceed to give a full account of the affair from a high authority in all naval matters.

Of the many expeditions up the bays and rivers of the United States during the last war of 1814, none equalled in brilliancy of execution that up the Potomac to Alexandria. This service was intrusted to Captain James A. Gordon, of the *Seahorse*, 46, taking with him the *Euryalus*, 42, Captain Napier; *Devastation*, *Ettna*, and *Meteor* bombs, *Erebus* rocket-ship, and a small tender or despatch-boat; and was afterwards joined by the *Fairy* brig of 18 guns, Captain Baker.

On the 17th, at 9h. 15m. A. M., the squadron got under weigh from the anchorage at the entrance of the Potomac, and, without the aid of pilots, began ascending the intricate channel of the river leading to the capital of the United States. On the 18th the *Seahorse* grounded, and could only get afloat by shifting her guns to the tenders in company. That done, and the guns returned to their places, the squadron again stood up the river. On the 25th, while passing the flats of Maryland point, a squall struck the squadron: the *Seahorse* had her mizen-mast sprung; and the *Euryalus*, just as she had clewed up her sails to be in a state to receive it, had her bowsprit and the head of her foremast

badly sprung, and the heads' of all three topmasts fairly wrung off. Such, however, was the state of discipline on board the ship, that in twelve hours the *Euryalus* had refitted herself, and was again under weigh ascending the river. On the 27th, in the evening, after each of the ships had been aground not less than twenty times, and each time obliged to haul themselves off by main strength, and after having for five days in succession, with the exception of a few hours, been employed in warping a distance of not more than 50 miles, the squadron arrived abreast of Fort Washington. The bomb-ships immediately began throwing their shells into the fort, preparatory to an attack the next morning by the two frigates. On the bursting of the first shell the garrison was observed to retreat, but supposing some concealed design, Captain Gordon directed the fire to be continued. At 8 P. M., however, all doubts were removed by the bursting of the powder magazine, which destroyed the inner building. On the 28th, at daylight, the British took possession of the fort and of three minor batteries, mounting altogether 27 guns, chiefly of heavy calibre. The guns had already been spiked; and their complete destruction with the carriages was effected by the seamen and marines of the squadron. These forts were intended for the defence of Alexandria, the channel to which the British began immediately to buoy. A flag of truce now came off with a proposal to capitulate: and one hardly knows which to admire most, the prudence of Captain Gordon in postponing his answer to the common-council of Alexandria, "until," says he, "I was enabled to place the shipping in such a position as would ensure assent to the terms I had decided to enforce;" or the peremptory and humiliating conditions which he did enforce. It was in vain that the Americans had sunk their vessels:—they must get them up again, and put them in the state in which they were when the squadron passed the Kettle Bottoms; the owners of vessels must send on board their furniture without delay; merchandize removed must be brought back, and the merchants load their own vessels, which will be towed off by the captors! These terms, dictated by Captain Gordon and enforced to the letter are, says Brenton, "a model for future negotiators."

After the British had retired from Washington, the Americans recovered a little from their panic, and took strong measures to oppose Captain Gordon's return down the Potomac. Commodore Rodgers, with a chosen body of seamen from the *Guerriere* at Philadelphia; Captains Perry, Porter, and other distinguished officers; a party of officers and men from the *Constellation* at Norfolk; the men that had belonged to Commodore Barney's flotilla, regular troops, riflemen, artillerymen, and militia, all flocked to the shores of the Potomac to punish "the base incendiaries."

On the 30th, early in the morning, the brig-gun sloop *Fairy*, of 18 guns, Captain Baker, after having fought her way up the river, passed a battery of five guns and a large military force, joined Captain Gordon with Vice-Admiral Cochrane's orders for his return. Captain Gordon now prepared to run the gauntlet through this host of enraged foes; and without waiting to destroy those remaining stores which he had not the means of bringing away, weighed on his return with 21 sail of prizes, many of which, having been sunk by the enemy, had been weighed, masted, hove-down, caulked, rigged, and loaded, all within three days! Contrary winds again compelled the British to resort to the laborious task of warping the ships down the channel of the river, and a day's delay occurred by the grounding of the *Devastation*. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the Americans attempted the destruction of the bomb-ship by means of three fire-vessels and five row-boats, directed in person by Commodore Rodgers; but their object was defeated by the promptitude and gallantry of Captain Alexander, who pushed off with his own boats, and, being followed by those of the other ships, compelled the renowned Commodore Rodgers to face about and fly. The cool and steady conduct of Midshipman John Moore, of

the Seahorse, in towing the nearest fire-vessel on shore, while the others were removed from the power of doing mischief by the smaller boats of the squadron, is spoken of in high terms by Captain Gordon.

Notwithstanding that the Meteor and Fairy, assisted by the despatch-boat, a prize gun-boat, and a boat belonging to the Euryalus with a howitzer, had greatly impeded the progress of the Americans in their works, the latter were enabled to increase their battery from five to eleven guns, with a furnace for heating shot. On the 3rd of September, the wind coming to the north-west, the Etna and Erebus succeeded in getting down to the assistance of the Meteor and her companions. On the 4th the frigates and prizes reached the same spot, but the Devastation, in spite of the utmost exertions in warping her, still remained five miles up the river. This was the moment that the Americans made their greatest efforts to effect the destruction of the British squadron. The Erebus, who had been placed by her commander in an admirable position for harassing the workmen employed in the trenches, was attacked by three field-pieces, which, before they were beaten off, did the ship considerable injury. A second attempt was now made to destroy the Devastation by fire-vessels; but owing to the alacrity with which Captain Baker, with the boats of the squadron, went to her assistance, the American boats and fire-vessels retreated, and the ship was saved. In consequence of the Yankees having sought refuge under some guns in a narrow creek, thickly wooded, and from which it was impossible to dislodge them, Captain Baker sustained a serious loss, including among the killed his second lieutenant, Charles Dickenson. On the 5th, at noon, the wind coming fair, and every suitable arrangement having been made, the Seahorse and Euryalus anchored within musket-shot of the batteries, while the whole of the prizes passed between the frigates and the shoal. The three bomb-ships, the Fairy, and the Erebus, firing as they passed, anchored in a favorable position for facilitating by means of their force the further removal of the frigates. At 3 p. m., having completely silenced the fire of the American battery, the Seahorse and the Euryalus cut their cables, and the whole squadron proceeded to the next position taken up by the Yankee troops, who had here two batteries mounting from 14 to 18 guns, on a range of cliffs about a mile in extent, and close under which the ships were obliged to pass. It was not intended to make the attack that evening; but the Erebus grounding within range of the batteries, the frigates and other vessels were necessarily called into action. On this occasion the fire of the Fairy produced the most decisive effect, as well as that of the Erebus, while the Devastation, Etna, and Meteor peppered away with their shells with great precision. By 8 p. m., the Yankees had got enough of it, and their batteries were completely silent. On the 6th, at daylight, the British squadron again got under weigh, and the Yankees, having a belly-full, saw there was no further use in opposing their progress. On the 9th, the Seahorse and the Euryalus sailed out of the Potomac, and came to anchor in safety at the spot whence they had weighed twenty-three days before. The loss in this daring enterprise did not exceed on board all the vessels seven killed and thirty-five wounded, including Captains Napier and Bartholomew.

Our limits will not allow us to give from the despatch of Sir James Gordon more than the one extract, which follows:—

“To Captain Napier I owe more than I have words to express. The Euryalus lost her bowsprit, the head of her foremast, and the heads of all her topmasts, in a tornado which she encountered on the 25th, just as her sails were clewed up, whilst we were passing the flats of Maryland Point; and yet, after twelve hours’ work on her refitment, she was again under weigh, and advancing up the river.”

Captain Napier remained on half-pay until his appointment to the Galatea; and subsequent to his address to the burgesses of Portsmouth, at which election he was unsuccessful, became (on the death we believe of Captain Northby), by petition on account of his wounds (for the gal-

lant Captain is lame), an out-pensioner of Greenwich Hospital to the amount of 80*l.* per annum. Let it not, however, be supposed from this that the gallant officer is poor, far from it. He fights not for bread, but for the fun of the thing, and because he can no more help it than Sir Walter Scott could writing novels and romances. He amused himself about this time, as he could not get into the House of Commons as a member, by watching the storm and battle of party as a spectator from the gallery; and in the *United Service Journal* of 1832 will, we think, be found several able letters from his pen on the subject of Naval Expenditure and Economy; but this could not last long. The blast of war had sounded, and Liberty herself seemed to call upon him for aid in her dying struggles in the Peninsula.

NAPIER IN PORTUGAL.

We now come to the war of succession in Portugal, on the services of Napier as Admiral, in which our brief space will allow us to dwell but shortly. We therefore adopt a summary of them as furnished by our hero himself, in a letter addressed by him in his usual blunt style of truthful advice to the Emperor Don Pedro.

“Your Majesty cannot be aware on what slender grounds we began. I will tell your Majesty. The Chevalier Lima wrote to me to say that Oporto was reduced to the last extremity, and that he had received letters from Sartorius to say the fleet was determined to come to England. Not one shilling could be raised to pay them, or for anything else; the cause was gone. He requested me to come to town. It was proposed that I should take three steamers and twelve hundred Poles that Mendizabal fancied he could procure at Rochfort, and proceed to the Guadiana, pass the river, and march upon Bega. To put this wild scheme into execution, three English houses offered to advance the money provided I would go.* After some hesitation I acquiesced, provided the Marquis Palmella would go also. On his consenting, the £6000 increased to upwards of £20,000, and five steam-boats were fitted out. There was no great merit then in coming out; the merit was offering to risk life and everything in the cause of the person then in despair.”

Will it be believed that on his arrival at Oporto Napier was badly received, as we may judge from the following account, by himself of his interview with the Emperor?—

“When the expedition arrived from England, the Emperor was spirited up against Palmella, Mendizabal, and myself, and he was hardly civil to us. Ten days precious time was lost by their intrigues and indecision after we arrived, and when the Emperor had decided to go himself with five thousand men, I positively believe he was dissuaded from it under pretence that he ought not to risk his imperial person; but in reality they were afraid to go in the flag-ship with me.”

NAPIER'S INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR.

“We had all calculated on a welcome reception from the Emperor, and the Duke of Palmella had proposed at once to proceed to the palace, which I objected to, not being exactly in a costume to appear before royalty, having suffered much from a nervous affection of the face, and my head being wrapped up in flannel like a respectable old lady. The Marquis Doule conducted us to the palace, and ushered in the Duke of Palmella, who soon returned, not well pleased at the cool reception he met with. I came next, and was received at the door of the apartment by the Emperor, who stood with his hands behind him, looking very angry, and speaking as roughly as he looked. Not being accustomed to such company, I began to consider whether this was an uncivil or only an imperial manner of receiving a person who had come out to render a service. * * * I told the Marquis Saldanha that I felt much hurt at the reception, and, if something was not immediately decided upon, I should return to England immediately.

* Mr. Easthope, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Pitta.

* * * Next morning I accompanied the Marshal to the Emperor, and was most graciously received; he had got the better of his ill-humor, and I suppose had been told that I was not satisfied the day before."

Napier expressed his opinion pretty bluntly to the Emperor on the state of affairs, and at last, after many intrigues and delays, and a threat to sail away to England with the troops he had on board unless the full amount he required were sent, the admiral got his fleet off. We must now take up the story in his own words:—

DEPARTURE OF THE PORTUGUESE FLEET FOR THE ALGARVES.

"On the 20th, I wrote to the Minister, and took leave by telegraph, having failed in weighing, and lost an anchor the day before, as did the Don Pedro and Portuguese, in consequence of the heavy swell, and the want of proper messengers, nippers, &c. The steamers got away the day before, joined in the morning, and with a fine breeze we stood to the southward, our hearts leaping with joy at the brilliant prospect before us. At noon we reconnoitred Figueras, and for the first time in my life I felt what it was to be in an undisciplined ship. The people were at dinner as we closed the land. The breeze was fresh, and as it would be necessary to reef top-sails when we hauled off, the hands were turned up for that purpose and to trim sails; but such was the want of zeal and exertion on the part of the ship's company that there was no getting them on deck under half an hour; and had we been in a difficulty, we must either have lost our spars or run ashore before we could get the men to their stations. This state of things could not last, and the Commodore, who had a good deal of firmness and tact, made a severe example the first good opportunity, which soon convinced them of the necessity of turning over a new leaf.

"After shewing ourselves off Peniché, we shaped our course a few leagues outside of the rock of Lisbon, abreast of which we lay-to till sunset, with the view of distracting as much as possible the attention of Don Miguel's ministers, who had no idea where the blow was to be struck; indeed at this time we did not know ourselves which, after all, was the best way of keeping the expedition secret."

* * * * *

"On the night of the 23rd, we rounded Cape St. Vincent, which was well lighted by the friars in the convent, who have on certain nights a brilliant fire on the promontory."

The Gallant Commodore then goes on to narrate the particulars of the successful descent made by his party on the coast, and the capture of Beja, Tavira, Othao, and Faro, the capital of the Algarves. He then proceeds to describe the

GLORIOUS CAPTURE OF THE MIGUELITE FLEET.

From Lagos, the City of Waterford steamer was despatched to Oporto, and thence to England, with the news of our first success, and after organising the government and completing our supplies, on the evening of the 2nd of July we sailed from Lagos, leaving the steamers to take in fuel and follow us along-shore to Lisbon. At this time we knew nothing certain of the movements of Don Miguel's squadron. A vessel from the Tagus had brought intelligence of their having dropped down to Cascaes, and returned the following day; but this must either have been fabricated by the master, or she had been sent to throw us off our guard.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of July, the officers of the watch reported two sail, then three, then four, and so on until they counted nine. I was surprised, and, as Sir Richard Strachan said, delighted; but the delight was accompanied with a disagreeable sort of feeling just resembling the sensation of your heart coming up into your mouth, and requiring a tolerable gulp to keep it down. We were standing on the starboard tack under courses and top-gallant sails; the

enemy were on the larboard, broad on the lee-bow under their topsails : one alone, which we took for the fifty-gun ship, had her courses and top-gallant sails set, and sailed bad. The Villa Flor was immediately despatched to Logos for the steamers, and after nearing the enemy to three or four miles, we tacked. They were formed in two lines, having the Don John, bearing a Commodore's pennant to windward, supported by the Rainha of the line, the Martin Freitas, and Princess Real. The three corvettes and two brigs formed the lee division opposite the open spaces, all well painted, sails well set, and lines compact. It was a majestic sight, and I turned the hands up to shew the crews how well they looked, and to exhort them to pay attention to the management of their guns as the surest means of success. I had never been in a general action, and although delighted at the prospect before me, I could not but feel appalled at their great superiority and the magnitude of the enterprise I was about to undertake.

Both squadrons stood in for the land, and I was apprehensive they meant to prevent the junction of the steamers, who were in Logos Bay, and considerably to leeward. At two, I tacked and stood towards the enemy. This manœuvre had the desired effect ; they tacked also, and left the Bay open. At five, the Villa Flor and steamers joined, and we took our station about a mile and a half on their weather-beam. The breeze was strong, and the sea too rough to attempt to board with success—the plan of attack I had decided upon. * * *

During the night the hostile squadrons kept within musket-shot—the Miguelite fleet in a compact line, my squadron in two, ready to take advantage of any favorable opportunity that should offer of bringing on a general action, or cutting off any of their ships who might drop astern during the night. At daylight, one of the corvettes was about three miles in the rear of the body of the fleet : we bore up in two divisions. She was under her topsails ; but whether from indolence, or trusting to her superiority of sailing, she did not increase sail till we were within musket-shot. The Don John then tacked, and there being no possibility of cutting her off without risking a general action, we hauled off, neither ship firing. This brought us considerably to leeward. By noon we regained our station on their weather-beam. Neither party shewed any disposition to engage.

There was a good deal of impatience manifested by the crews to come to blows, and they expressed their concern that this might be delayed some time longer, or entirely given up. I instructed the different captains to assure them that the moment a favorable opportunity offered they should have their fighting propensities indulged to their fullest extent. * * *

We kept our station close to the enemy during the afternoon and following night, and towards morning there was every appearance of a calm, which eventually took place about nine o'clock. The steamers were now ordered to close, and to our astonishment and disappointment, the captains, engineers, and crews to a man, refused to take us in tow, with the exception of Captain Wilson of the William the Fourth, who with great difficulty persuaded his men to act. The Pembroke had parted the night before under pretence of her engines being out of order. Officers and seamen came forward with all the money they possessed to bribe the cowards to act, which they refused to do unless two thousand pounds were laid down on the capstan-head for each engineer. This being impossible, they were dismissed the ship, with the hearty curses of officers and men. It had now been calm two hours : had the steam-boats taken the frigates in tow, we should have chosen our position, and in all probability have gained a bloodless victory ; or had the ships been fitted with paddles similar to those in the Galatea, the effect would have been the same. Never before did I see an occasion where they could have been so triumphantly applied.

Towards noon cat's-paws here and there indicated an approaching breeze, and the swell had completely subsided ; the men went to din-

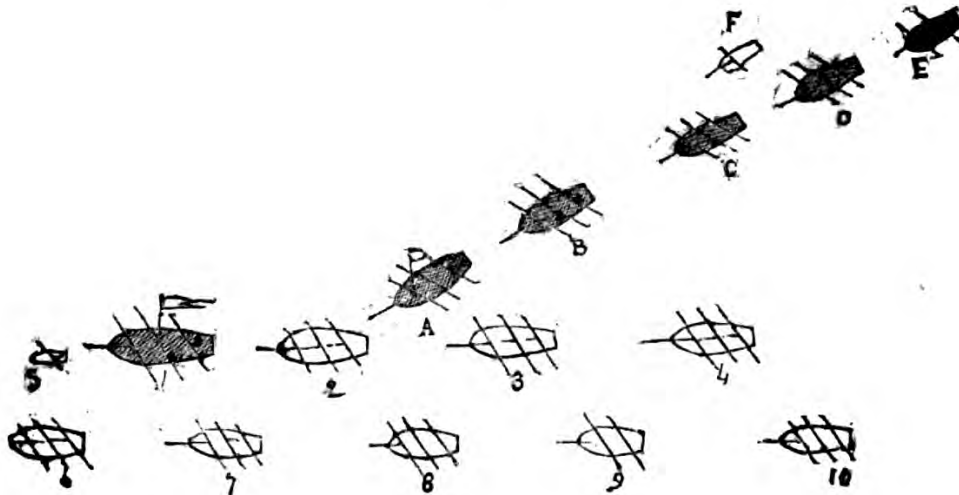
ner, and the captains came on board to receive their final instructions. I had at first intended to have laid the Don John on board with the flag ship, leaving the other line of battle-ships to the Don Pedro, and the Princess Real frigate to the Donna Maria; but the uncertainty of getting alongside her without being disabled in passing the sternmost ships, and the possibility of a repulse, induced me to relinquish that intention, and content myself with throwing the flag-ship and Don Pedro on board the Rainha of the line, which I calculated on carrying ere the Don John could come to her assistance. This effected, if not disabled, we should be ready to attack the Commodore, whom it was important to secure. At all events, we were pretty certain of holding our prize, and I felt quite satisfied that Captain Peak in the Donna Maria would carry the Princess Real, while the Portuense, Villa Flor, and Faro schooner, should make the most they could of the Martin Freitas, leaving the three corvettes and two brigs in the hands of Providence, who was sure to be on the side of the good cause. At the same time the steamers took their station to windward, ready for a bolt should the day be lost.

About one the breeze became steady; the people were at quarters, determined to fight to the last, and sate down to a hasty dinner with Commodore Wilkinson, Captains Cable, Blackstone, Pearn, Charles Napier, Roxton, and Macdonough, who had quitted the steamers in disgust. We talked over the approaching battle with great confidence, little thinking that in half an hour three of the party would cease to live or be mortally wounded, and two more dangerously. At two, the Captains returned to their ships; the signal was made for battle and close order; the boats were lowered down; and the squadron led by the Rainha, displaying the constitutional flag at each mast-head, gradually edged away under their courses and top-gallant sails. The enemy (with the exception of the Martin Freitas, who had her courses and top-gallant sails set) were under their topsails, and as we approached the lee-line closed up in the intermediate spaces, but a little to leeward, thus forming a sort of double column of two line of battle ships, a fifty-gun ship, a fifty-gun frigate, three heavy corvettes, two brigs, and a xibeqe. Previous to this, the frigate, being to leeward, tacked, and had all the appearance of coming over; but after fetching in the wake of the 50-gun ship, she again tacked and took her station. The breeze was good, the water smooth, not a cloud in the heavens; the enemy looked well and firm, and they were plainly seen training their guns as we approached. It was a trying and awful sight, and accompanied with a considerable degree of dread (at least I can answer for myself); officers and men were calm and determined, though aware of the danger of the enterprise, the success of which mainly depended on the state we should be in after the first broadside.

The enemy kept their line close, and reserved their fire till well within musket shot; the frigate then threw out a signal, which we concluded was for permission to fire: the moment was critical, and we all felt it.

The Commodore's answer was hardly at the mast-head ere the frigate opened her broadside, which was instantaneously followed by the whole squadron, with the exception of the Don John, whose stern and quarter guns could only bear. Poor Rainha! I looked up and expected to see every mast tottering; but the cherub was sitting aloft, and notwithstanding the most tremendous fire I ever witnessed, which made the sea bubble like a boiling cauldron round her, the smoke clearing away discovered to the astonished Miguelites the Rainha proudly floating on the waters of Nelson and St. Vincent, with her masts erect, her rigging and sails only shewing the fiery ordeal she had gone through*.

* The Commodore here had evidently in his eye the loss of his mainmast in the engagement between the Recruit and the Diligente, to which accident alone may be attributed the Frenchman's escape.



Battle of Cape St. Vincent between the Portuguese Squadrons.

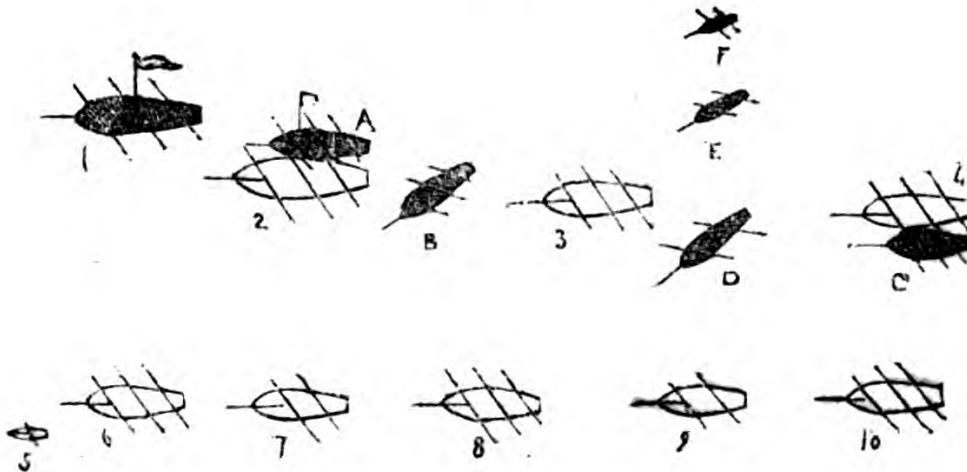
PLAN OF ATTACK.

DONNA MARIA'S SQUADRON.		DON MIGUEL'S SQUADRON.	
A, Rainha de Portugal Frigate, Vice-Admiral's Flag	46	1, Don John	80
B, Don Pedro, formerly Wellington Indiaman	48	2, Rainha	76
C, Donna Maria Frigate	42	3, Martin Freitas	48
D, Portuense Corvette	18	4, Princess Royal	56
E, Villa Flor Brig	16	5, Zebecque	
F, Faro Schooner	6	6, Isabel Maria	24
	176	7, Tagus	20
		8, Princessa Real Corvette	22
		9, Audaz	20
		10, Sybille	26

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The men were lying down at their quarters ; few were struck down on the main deck, but the three foremost guns on the quarter deck were nearly dismantled, and Lieutenant Nivett, of the marines, received a mortal wound. At this time we had not fired a shot, and I ordered a few to be thrown on board, to check, as much as possible, their taking a deliberate aim. Our example was followed by the Don Pedro, and we soon passed the frigate and Martin Freitas, the latter losing her fore-topmast. At this time the sternmost line-of-battle ship luffed to—our helm was put up to avoid her broadside, and the Don John bore up across her bows, intending to place us between the two line-of-battle ships. This was just what I desired, and when she had passed too far to leeward to recover a weather position, our helm was put suddenly down. The frigate flew to, grazing the Rainha's stern with her flying jib-boom ; the foremost guns were poured into her, crammed to the muzzle with round and grape ; the helm was then shifted, and we ran alongside under a very heavy fire, which struck down my secretary, master, and many men. The ships were lashed with the main sheet, and Commodore Wilkinson and Captain Charles Napier, heading the boarders, passed from the bower anchor to her bulwark, driving the men across the fore-castle along the larboard gangway.

I had not intended to board, having enough to do to look after the squadron ; but the excitement was too great, and I found myself, without hardly knowing it, on the enemy's fore-castle, supported by one or two officers. There I paused, till several men rushing on board, we rushed aft with a loud cheer, and either passed through or drove a party down upon the break of the quarter-deck. At this moment I received a severe blow from a crow-bar, the owner of which did not escape unscathed ; and poor Macdonough fell at my side by a musket-ball. Barradas, the Captain of the ship, came across me, wounded in the face, and fighting like a tiger. He was a brave man. I saved his



POSITION WHEN BOARDING.

1, Don John.	2, Rainha.	A, Rainha de Portugal.
3, Martin Freitas.	4, Princess Royal.	B, Don Pedro.
5, Zebecque.	6, Isabel Maria.	C, Donna Maria.
7, Tagus.	8, Princesa Real Corvette.	D, Portuense.
9, Audaz.	10, Sybille.	E, Villa Flor Brig.
		F, Faro Schooner.

life. The second captain came next, and made so good-natured a cut at me that I had not heart to hurt him : he also was spared. Barradas took up arms again, and was finally killed in the cabin.

The Commodore and Captain Charles Napier, after driving a whole host before them, fell, severely wounded, on the quarter-deck ; the former with difficulty regained his ship—the latter, being stunned, lay some time, until the noise of friends coming to his assistance roused him from his stupor.

The quarter-deck was now gained, but the slaughter still continued, notwithstanding the endeavor of the officers to subdue it. The main and lower decks were yet unsubdued ; and as the Don Pedro ranged up on the opposite side to board, both ships fired. I hailed Captain Goble to desist, as we had carried the upper deck, and desired him to follow the Don John, who had made off ; at the same moment a ball from the lower deck struck him, and in a few minutes he was no more. Lieutenants Edmunds and Wooldridge jumped down with a party on the main deck, which they carried, but both fell under mortal wounds. In a few minutes all was quiet ; the lower deck gave in, and many of the Portuguese seamen rushed on the quarter-deck for safety, with white canvas on their left arms, having discovered that was the badge worn by our men in boarding. Others got on board my ship, amongst whom several little boys found their way into the gun-rooms, and employed themselves wiping glasses.

The men were now ordered back to the Rainha, with the exception of those appointed to remain, and in the hurry the ships separated, leaving me in the prize. I, however, soon got back to the flag-ship. The fore topsail, which was cut to rags, was shifted* (in half an hour), all sail was set, and we were fast approaching the Don John, the Don Pedro being still nearer, when, seeing no chance of avoiding an action, she luffed to and hauled her colors down.

The Don Pedro was directed to secure her, and I followed the Martin Freitas, who had been too strong for the Portuense (whose captain, Blackstone, was mortally wounded), and Villa Flor, and though much disabled, was making off: by ten she was in my possession. The Princess Royal corvette, coming across a steamer, surrendered also. A little after I got alongside the Rainha, Captain Peak, in the Donna Maria, passed under the fifty-gun frigate's stern, raked her, luffed to,

* The mainsail was also useless, and was in the act of being shifted.

and, after firing a few broadsides, ran his bowsprit into her mizen rigging, and carried her in gallant style.

Thus finished the action of the 5th of July 1836, leaving in our possession two ships of the line, mounting eighty-six guns each, including four forty-eight pounders for throwing shells, one frigate of fifty-two guns, a fifty-gun ship, and a corvette of eighteen guns: two corvettes and two brigs escaped; the two former arrived safe in Lisbon; one brig joined the following day, and the other got to Madeira. The enemy were amply found in every species of warlike stores, and mounted stern-guns in addition to the full complement on their broadsides.

The loss of the squadron was about ninety killed and wounded. The enemy lost between two and three hundred.

It is not for me to comment on this action; I shall leave that to the world, simply observing, that at no time was a naval action fought with such a disparity of force, and in no naval action was there ever so severe a loss in so short a time.

It has been said by our detractors that the fleet was bought. I answer that they were, but with the same coin that Earl St. Vincent bought the Spanish fleet—viz. British powder, British shot, and British steel wielded by the hands of British officers and seamen, with the disadvantages of a long peace, an ill-found and ill-disciplined squadron, and many of the officers totally unacquainted with naval habits and discipline.

Such is the account given by our Hero himself of an event which raised him at once to the pinnacle of naval glory, and which even his recent exploits have not been able to surpass. Yet will it be believed that at this very moment he was made the subject of malignant attack by the Tory friends of Don Miguel in this country. Captain Napier himself says, "It is singular that I received an order to appear at the Admiralty the day the action was fought!" and our readers, aware of what has lately occurred, will learn with surprise, that under the Foreign Enlistment Bill the name of Napier was *erased from the English Naval List!*—To this fact he thus feelingly alludes in a subsequent portion of his work*, when describing the attentions he received from the Officers of the British squadron lying in the Tagus, at the time he sailed up the Tagus with the captured Miguelite fleet to Lisbon:—

"The Duke of Palmella and myself left the ships at the entrance of the river, and rowed up the Tagus. Our first visit was on board the *Asia*, where we were received in the warmest and handsomest manner; Admiral Parker saluted and cheered us on taking leave. This was followed by the rest of the squadron as we passed; nothing could be more gratifying to my feelings than receiving such honors from the officers of a profession to which I had so long belonged, and was a convincing proof that though removed from the naval list the infuriated howlings of an enraged and disappointed party, who by such a step might glut their revenge but could not save Don Miguel, I was not removed from the good opinion of naval officers, who on this occasion did not allow their political feelings to depreciate the service I had performed."

On this subject he further tells us:—"It appeared by the correspondence of Saraiva to the Viscount Santarem, that great exertions had been making in London by the friends of Don Miguel to support his cause, and the very people who were crying out against interference were doing all in their power to assist him. Captain Elliot, of the Royal Navy, had been in Lisbon, and made arrangements with Don Miguel's ministers to assume the command of his fleet, and had actually embarked on board the United Kingdom five hundred seamen and a host of officers, accompanied by bands of music to keep up their

* The History of the War of Succession in Portugal.

spirits on the passage ; and promises had been made that the Miguelite fleet should not sail till his arrival. The Government, however, trusting in their strength, very naturally sent the squadron out to prevent us, if possible, from carrying all before us in the Algarves ; and the 5th of July saved him and his officers the reproach of coming out to fight their own countrymen—and the disgrace of a defeat, which in all probability they would have met with. Be that as it may, the news arrived in London the day previous to that appointed for their sailing, and their cruise finished at Gravesend instead of in the Castle of St. George."

The evacuation of Lisbon by the Miguelites, which resulted from this victory, and the brave co-operation of the Duke of Terceira, and the final result in the triumph of Donna Maria's cause, are now matters of history ; but the style in which Napier carried on the war on land may be judged from the following laconic correspondence :—

"SIR—I have surprised Caminho ; you cannot be succoured. If you surrender, you shall be well received and retain your rank ; if you do not, I will storm the fort and put you and your garrison to the sword.

"CABO ST. VINCENT."

"To the Commanding Officer, at the Fontellezza."

"Before Valencia, April 2, 1834.

"Sir,—I know you are a friend of the cause of the Queen. I shall be sorry to shed Portuguse blood, but I am determined to take the place. I shall receive fifty guns to-morrow, and then I shall not treat ; at present I am ready to treat.

"CABO ST. VINCENT.

In such occupation as this, the year 1834 was partly passed, occasionally diversified however by squabbling with the intriguing ministers, who did all they could to disgust the man to whom their mistress owed her throne. One passage of his letter to M. Freire, the prime minister, is as follows :—

"I remark that anything that tends to disgust me is done immediately ; that there is no delay in your Excellency's office ; while at the same time anything I propose for the good of the service reposes quietly in your portfolio for months ; this state of matters cannot continue. I will not submit to affronts, and the Government shall either change the system or dismiss me ; and I shall return to England to justify the prophecies of my friends that I have been serving an ungrateful country."

These last words were prophetic. The death of Don Pedro severed the last link that bound him to the service of Portugal, and in the November following Admiral Napier returned to England, the minister of the Portuguese marine not even offering him a ship to carry him home, or even complimenting the hero of the 5th of July with a salute on leaving the Tagus !

The decided step taken by Napier on this occasion was well worthy an Englishman and a "British tar ;" and so marked was the injustice of the treatment towards him, that the young Queen ultimately requested him to retain his honors, and ordered all his demands to be granted : and when it becomes known that one and not the least of these demands was to secure pensions for the widows and orphans of those men who had so gallantly fought and nobly fallen while under his command, still more will the public appreciate the character of Napier, not only as a warrior, but as a friend to the widow and a protector to the fatherless.

From this time he remained quietly at his seat Purbrook, or in the vicinity of Horndean near Southampton, enjoying the retirement he had so nobly earned—living at once like a prince, an admiral, and an old English gentleman, and driving his four-in-hand with all the spirit, if not with the grace, of a Waterford. In his house and hall did the weary soldier and sailor find a friend and a welcome ; nor ever departed

the wayfarer from his door without a hearty meal or with an empty hand. Once more, however, the fire of his blood broke out, and in July 1837, Captain Napier stood for the borough of Greenwich, with Mr. Barnard and Mr. Wolverly Attwood, M.P., the Chairman of the General Steam Navigation Company. From the first there never was any doubt as to the return of Mr. Barnard, and the contest therefore was in fact between the gallant Captain in the Liberal interest and Mr. W. Attwood, the new Conservative candidate.

At the nomination a scene of most tremendous uproar and confusion took place. A large party of persons employed by the General Steam Navigation Company crowded round the hustings, and by their vociferations and shouts prevented anybody but their candidate from being heard. Captain Napier, when he presented himself, endured the storm with great good humor and patience. His pithy and characteristic declarations of principle were audible to the friends immediately surrounding him, but even this was too great a privilege to be enjoyed—for first came a lump of mud, and then a sort of independent firing of stones, till at length a general volley was given. "I'm d—d if we can stand this!" exclaimed the gallant Captain, who turned tail, and in an instant the hustings were cleared, although the rush down the solitary ladder which led to them was anything but pleasing to those gentlemen who were not desirous of having their legs broken.

On the second day, the gallant Captain, who was not going to allow his Conservative opponent to carry the battle his own way, brought over from the Medea steam frigate a party of seventy or eighty seamen, under the boatswain, who soon procured for the gallant Captain a fair field and no favor. One of these Jack tars seated himself on the top of the pent-house which covered the hustings, waving one of the colors which Captain N. had taken from Don Miguel's fleet off Cape St. Vincent. Three sturdy bargemen of the opposite party climbed up the supporters for the purpose of dislodging this venturesome Napierite. The first that came within Jack's reach went down to the ground much sooner than he came up; the next shared the same fate; and the third retreating, left Jack in undisputed possession of his elevated position. This little adventure, as may be supposed, excited much fun, and was considered an omen of the gallant Officer's success. On the third day, however, Mr. Attwood having a considerable majority, Captain Napier resigned.

Captain Napier is a stout man, with an intelligent face, the head poked rather forward, and with dark hair, now becoming grey. On the occasion of his election, he appeared in an old blue frock-coat with brass navy buttons; duck trowsers, not rivalling the snow in whiteness; shoes patched, but very easy; and white-cotton socks, carefully if not comfortably darned. On his left breast dangled a profusion of orders blazing in their brilliancy, yet serving only to render more striking the *tout ensemble of seediness*, which this true "British Tar" presented to the admiring crowd of the "beauty and fashion" of Greenwich and Deptford. The whole was crowned by a round hat of most *manageable* brim, of whose color the only adequate description must be given in the language of the Latin poet,—

"Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo."

And there stood the man, pelted by the bargemen at Greenwich in a paltry election squabble, on whose cool head, ready hand, and unflinching heart had depended the destinies of a nation—one who had gained more victories and made more captures with less loss of life than any man had ever done before—a man quick to plan, prompt to execute—whose very rashness was a carefulness of consequences, and who, when he struck a blow, always weighed how much depended upon that blow being at once decisive. Luckily for him he was not returned for Greenwich, and the dirty denizens of that shore-going vicinity can boast no hero for their reform-representative.

HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE POWERFUL.

In 1839 he was appointed to the *Powerful*, and when she came to Portsmouth for her crew, the following characteristic and somewhat prophetic bill was issued:—

“Wanted active seamen for the *Powerful*.”

“CAPTAIN NAPIER.”

“The *Powerful* is a fine ship, and in the event of a war will be able to take her own part.”

How well she has taken her own part, and how Napier has played his, it is unnecessary for us here to remind our readers. On the appointment of Napier to this ship, with the announcement of her destination to join the Mediterranean fleet, it was shrewdly suspected that more was meant than met the eye, and that it was not for a mere summer cruise along the coast of Troy, or among the isles of Greece, that such a man as Napier was summoned—not *from* but *to* the vasty deep. That he thought so himself, may be judged, not from the announcement of the *casus belli* in his placard at Portsmouth, but also from the fact of his sounding the Dardanelles and taking carefully notes of every gun in those famed batteries, as well as instructing his nephew Major Napier to make drawings for him of all the ports along the coast to Therapia, &c.; a fact to which the gallant Major himself bears testimony in his account of the interview between Khosra Pacha and Captain Napier on the 27th of August 1839.

Of Napier's promotion to the rank of Commodore in 1840—of the dark web of French intrigue encompassing the Eastern question, which, with the ministry of M. Thiers, was scattered like a cloud at sea by the first sound of the cannon at Beyrout in October 1840—of the landing in Djournie Bay of the British, Turkish, and Austrian forces—of the camp at Djournie, where Napier is described as working in his shirt sleeves, up at six in the morning, encouraging, urging, compelling all to labor at the fortifications, and himself setting the example—of the storming of Sidon, of Jaffa, of Tsour, and of Caiffa—we have not left ourselves space to give but the brief and characteristic sketches in which Napier figures below. All these are events too recent as it were to be new to the majority of the rising generation. We cannot, however, omit the following account by Napier himself of the

BRILLIANT AFFAIR ON THE HEIGHTS OF ORNSCHOJOUEN.

“*Powerful*, Djournie Bay, October 13.

“SIR—After the great advantages gained by the Emir Bechir over Osman Pacha at Marouba, it became necessary to move on Soliman Pacha to defeat him and obtain possession of Beyrout. I, in consequence, directed the Emir Bechir to join me on the heights of Ornschojouen on the 9th inst.; and on the 8th General Joehmus marched with four battalions, and was followed the day after by the Arab battalion, composed of the Turkish and Egyptian deserters. On the 9th, two steam-boats anchored in St. George's Bay, with a Turkish and marine battalion ready to disembark when necessary; and at nine in the morning I arrived on the heights, and found that our picquets had been driven in by an enemy we did not expect in that quarter. A Turkish battalion and the mountaineers sent them back; and on reconnoitring I found, to my surprise, between 2000 and 3000 men in a position that appeared unassailable. No time was to be lost, as the deserters assured me they expected a reinforcement of 2000 men the next morning. My own position was strong, being on a long narrow range of hills; my left almost inaccessible, and my right protected by a deep gorge, at the head of which the hills on which I was posted, after a considerable descent, turned off to the right. This part of the hill the enemy occupied in force, amongst rugged and

apparently inaccessible rocks. A road, considerably below the top of the mountain, wound round it; above the first position there was a second still stronger, and above that again a third. In the course of the day I learned that the Emir Bechir had crossed Dog River, and arrived at Beskintee in the enemy's rear. I desired him to continue his march, and I directed Omar Bey, who had been left with four battalions in our lines, to march at night with two on Argostoun, descend into the deep gorge of Dog River with great caution and secrecy, and cross over to Beckfega in the rear of the enemy, and effect a junction with the Emir Bechir; this movement was executed with great skill by Omar Bey, and about two o'clock we were delighted to hear a firing in the enemy's rear. By this time the other two Turkish battalions, who were ordered from our lines, were in sight, and another that I had passed over the gorge on our right was rapidly advancing on the enemy's left. All being prepared to the best of my ability, I directed the armed peasantry to throw themselves among the rocks, and advance on the enemy; and two Turkish battalions and the Arab were held in readiness to march along the winding road. The peasantry took a long circuit on the enemy's left, and advanced unseen to the heights without firing a shot. A Turkish battalion now advanced *en tirailleurs* in front, which they did with caution, but great gallantry, under a very heavy fire, and as they advanced they unexpectedly found much good cover under the rocks. A second battalion was directed to advance along the road in columns, headed by General Jochmus, but they broke into skirmishing parties. The Arab battalion was then advanced up in column; but they also broke into skirmishers, and the whole advanced with so much rapidity, that I thought it best to keep my last battalion in reserve to cover their retreat in case of disaster. This was a most anxious time, for our success depended on the steadiness of the Turks when they came in contact with the enemy on the top of the hill; but it was soon over. The moment the hill was crowned, the firing ceased, and the Egyptians laid down their arms. The reserve was now brought up, and the battalion which had crossed the gorge was making great progress on the enemy's left. A heavy fire was kept up from the second position, and I succeeded in getting the troops to make a second attack. The example of Selim Pacha, General Jochmus, and the Turkish officers, who all behaved well, brought them up again, and in less than half an hour it became a complete rout, the enemy leaving all their baggage, ammunition, and provisions in the second position. Night put an end to the pursuit. Ibrahim Pacha, who commanded, escaped with a few men, and the rest dispersed, leaving between six and seven hundred prisoners. On the heights at the end of the battle our Arab battalion, seeing a force coming forward, took them for the enemy, and placed themselves in position under a wall that had been thrown up to resist Omar Bey; he, on the other hand, took them for the enemy, and a sharp fire was opened on both sides. I, however, arrived in time to prevent mischief, which might have been serious. A green Turkish standard was taken. I have not been able to get the return of killed and wounded, but I believe it to be under fifty; that of the enemy, from their position, must have been less. The first effect of our forward movements, as you already know, has been the evacuation of Beyrout: the effect of our victory over Ibrahim, the entire disorganisation and submission of the army of Soliman Pacha, to the amount of nearly 3000 men, and the whole of his artillery and stores. I landed at Djournie on the 10th of September, with the army you did me the honor of putting under my command, consisting of 5300 Turkish troops and 1500 marines, which has from time to time been reduced to half that number, and, by the 10th of October, we have made about 5000 prisoners, and nearly 5000 deserters have come over. On giving up the command of the army to Sir Charles Smith, I beg to return my thanks to you for the confidence you have placed in me, and to assure you that I have

spared no pains to render all the service in my power to the cause of the Sultan.

“ I have the honor to be, &c.

“ CHARLES NAPIER, Commodore.

“ Admiral Sir R. Stopford, &c.

“ P. S.—I forgot to mention that the Emir Bechir did not come up in time, but did good service in checking the reinforcement of 2000 men that were intended to join Ibrahim.”

TAKING OF TYRE.

On the 24th September, Admiral Walker, with the Turkish fleet, appeared before Tyre, summoned and took it, with 560 captives. On the 26th Commodore Napier appeared before Saida with two line-of-battle ships, and with the Austrian Division. The Egyptian commander having refused to surrender, Napier commenced fire. After two hours' cannonade the breach was declared practicable, and 1000 British, with 1000 Turks and 200 Austrians, marched to the storm and carried the town. The Archduke Frederic was the first in the breach. Two thousand Egyptians laid down their arms: the allies lost 40 dead and 70 wounded. The result has been most complete and speedy. The whole of Lebanon is on fire; the effect on Ibrahim's troops was electric. The corps of 10,000 men under him dispersed, and on the news of the taking of Saida 60 officers with 4000 men went over to Napier. On the 27th September, Ibrahim himself left Balbeck with a small force and fled to Damascus. The four consuls who left Alexandria joined Napier's fleet.

NAPIER AT SIDON.

We copy the following spirited account of the taking of Sidon from the *Malta Times* of the 15th inst:—

“ Off Alexandria, Oct. 5.

“ The smartest affair is yet to be told you, Charles Napier, on Friday the 25th, talking with the Admiral, remarked that Sidon was not in our possession, and said to him, “ If you like I will go down and take it, and be back again in eight-and-forty hours.” He started, and was as good as his word. He had the Thunderer, Cyclops, Gorgon, and Hydra, with 800 Turks and 500 marines. On their way he fell in with the Stromboli from England, with a detachment of 200 marines: these he took with him, and after firing shot and shell at the town for a couple of hours, he made a breach, and landed at the head of his men. It was a sharp struggle, but after destroying a great number of the enemy, who neither gave nor would receive quarter, they at last killed the Egyptian Commander, who died *game*. With two marines' bayonets at his breast he refused quarter, and resisted, so they fired, and he of course died, when his troops threw down their arms to the amount of 500; 1500 were afterwards taken, and the whole 2000 have been brought round to the fleet at Djournie: I believe they will be sent to Cyprus. Napier was most daring—on the tops of the houses he made his way, waving his hat on the point of his sword, and cheering the men on (*see Plate*). Our loss amounted to fifteen marines killed and wounded; two mates badly wounded, Motley and Shears, of the Wasp; and a mate of the Revenge, with five seamen, one since dead; and one of the Thunderer's launchers killed. A marine officer, who had only that morning arrived in the Stromboli, was killed in the breach—his name is Hocken, and he has been serving on the coast of Spain; and I hear another was wounded. The Castor and Pique took Tyre.”

These exploits were crowned by the bombardment of Acre.

BOMBARDMENT OF ACRE.

The capture of St. Jean D'Acre, the far-famed fortress of the Levant, by the combined fleets of the Allies, is the most splendid of

all the recent achievements in those seas, demonstrating to the staggering faith of the politicians of Europe that nothing can withstand British genius and valor. Vainly have the French incendiaries defied the British naval forces to take the great "Fort of the East," for whilst they pour out their bitter invectives, and sing their savage war-hoop of nationality, a Council of War is formed to attack these redoubtable batteries—it is decided in a moment—and in another, St. Jean d'Acrc is a heap of smoking ruins, dyed with the profuse blood of the enemy.

We cannot pass by the splendid action of Admiral Stopford—an action which has covered the Admiral with immortal honour. It was Admiral Sir Robert Stopford who left his flag ship for the Phoenix, who directed the attack, who fired the first shot on the devoted fortress, who neared the formidable batteries, and under the bristling cannon (the labours and accumulations of ages) stood up with coolness, daring unshaken courage, and commanded the whole operations.

The Admiral, however, was nobly seconded by General Sir C. F. Smith, of the Royal Engineers, who was with him on board the Phoenix, and by other brave and intrepid officers under his command.

Commodore Napier—the glory of the British navy—headed one of the two divisions, and would not cease his fire till every gun of the enemy was silent. Admiral Walker behaved also most bravely, and took his flag ship under the guns.

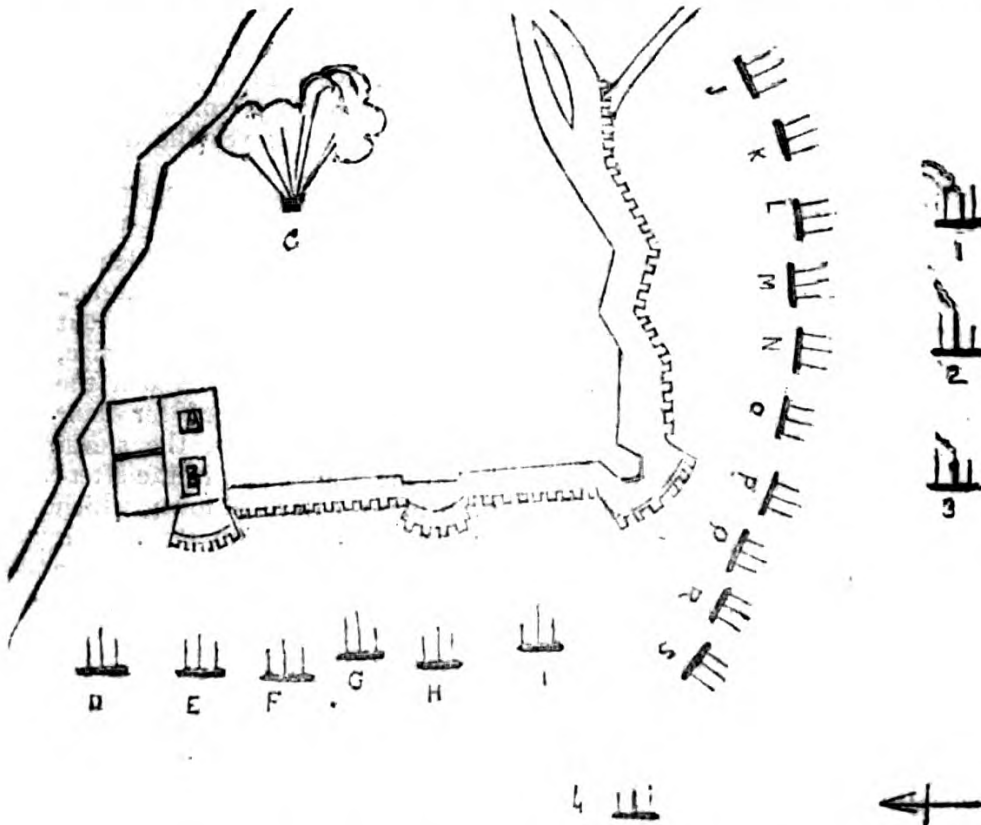
The result of this grand action is 3,000 prisoners, an immense quantity of warlike stores accumulated for years in the celebrated fortress, and possession of the entire coast of Syria.

The fall of Acre will echo and re-echo throughout the world. The Sovereigns of Europe will see that the spirit of Nelson still lives in the British navy, that her fleets can yet batter down mighty works deemed by ordinary people impregnable, and that England is yet the undisputed Mistress of the Sea.

On the 30th a general order was issued by command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, thanking the fleet for their zeal and exertions; and on the same day a council of war was held at which an immediate attack of Acre was decided on: the same evening the supernumerary marines were embarked, and on the following day about 3000 Turkish troops, each ship taking a portion according to her size, General Sir C. F. Smith accompanying them. In the afternoon the steamers Gorgon, Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Phoenix started for their destination. On the morning of Sunday, November 1st, the steam division arrived off Acre where they found the Pique, and in the afternoon commenced throwing shot and shell into the devoted town, which was briskly returned, but fortunately without effect. This amusement continued at intervals during the day, and must have harrassed the enemy a good deal, as a number of shot and shell were seen to fall and burst in the very centre of the town. In the evening the steamers anchored just out of range, and the Talbot and Wasp joined. At daylight on the 2nd the Turkish and Austrian Admirals made their appearance, and at eight o'clock the steamers weighed and resumed their work which was continued at intervals throughout the day, the batteries returning the fire as the day before, and with the like harmless effect. In the afternoon we had the satisfaction of making out the Admiral and Squadron running down before a fine breeze from the northward. Shortly before sunset the whole anchored off the town, the forces then assembled consisted of the following vessels:—Princess Charlotte (Flag), Powerful (broad Pendant), Thunderer, Bellerophon, Revenge, Edinburgh, and Benbow of the line, Castor, Pique, Carysfort, and Talbot frigates, Hazard corvette, Wasp brig, and the steam frigates Gorgon, Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Phoenix, the Austrian frigates, Guerriera, and Medea, and a corvette, and the Turkish Admiral and cutter tender. The night was spent in sounding, laying down buoys, and making the necessary preparations. It was originally intended that the steamers

should lash alongside, and tow the liners into their stations, but finding too much swell on in the morning, that plan was necessarily abandoned, and it was determined to proceed to attack under sail. At half-past 9 A. M. the signal was made to weigh with a light wind from the south-west.

The Admiral and Sir Charles Smith went on board the steam frigate Phoenix, from which vessel they conducted the attack; the flag, however, still remained flying on board the Princess Charlotte. Unfortunately, about noon, the wind fell very light, and the ships were obliged to wait for the sea-breeze, which happily sprung up sufficiently strong a little before 1 P. M., when the signal was made to bear up, and for the steamers to engage (they had in the forenoon thrown a few shot and shell). At 50 minutes past 1 the Phoenix opened her fire; the Powerful, closely followed by the Princess Charlotte, Thunderer, Bellerophon, and Pique, stood to the northward (it would be as well to state here that the town presents two faces to the sea—one to the west and the other to the south), and then bore up and anchored off the north-west angle of the town, in the order name before. The Castor, the Carysfort, Talbot, Benbow, Edinburgh, Turkish Admiral, Hazard, Wasp, and Austrians stood in for the south face. The Revenge was ordered to keep under weigh as a reserve. At a quarter-past 2 o'clock, the batteries to the south opened on the Castor, as she most gallantly, and to the admiration of the whole fleet, took up her station within about 700 yards of the batteries, where she and her consorts opened their



OFFICIAL PLAN OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF ACRE.

A, A strong Fort about 100 yards from the outer Batteries.	F, Thunderer.	O, Wasp.
B, Fourteen thirteen-inch Mortars.	G, Princess Charlotte.	P, Talbot.
C, Powder Magazine, blown up.	H, Revenge.	Q, Austrian Admiral.
D, Pique.	I, Powerful (Capt. Napier).	R, Austrian Frigate.
E, Bellerophon.	J, Turkish Admiral.	1, Stromboli Steam Vessel.
	K, Edinburgh.	2, Vesuvius Steam Vessel.
	L, Benbow.	3, Gorgon Steam Vessel.
	M, Castor.	4, Phoenix Steam Vessel.
	N, Carysfort.	

fire, as had also by this time the northern division. The steamers were placed between the two divisions under weigh, and thus the action became general. It would be impossible to attempt a description of the scene at this moment; but had those, who have heretofore doubted the bravery and constancy of the Egyptians, then witnessed the animated fire kept up by the batteries, they would no longer be sceptical as to their courage or endurance. About 3 o'clock the Revenge was ordered in to support the Powerful's division, and took up an admirable position ahead of that ship. At 20 minutes past 4, the action being at its height, a terrific explosion took place in the town, which for a time wholly concealed it and the southern division from view. Its appearance was truly awful, and I can compare it to nothing, says an eye-witness, but as if a huge yew-tree had suddenly been conjured up from the devoted town; it hung for many minutes a mighty pall over those hundreds it had hurled into eternity; and then slowly, owing to the lightness of the wind, drifted to the southward.

It proved to be the explosion of the principal magazine of the place, one-third of which it destroyed; and from a whole regiment having been quartered in a khan immediately adjoining, it is supposed from 1700 to 1700 soldiers perished in the ruins, besides a number of camels, horses, bullocks, and donkeys. After this fearful event the fire from the southern batteries nearly ceased; but the western one still kept it up with animation, and was answered broadside after broadside with redoubled vigour and tremendous effect. Shortly before five the Admiral made the signal to discontinue the engagement; but from the smoke it could not be seen for some time by the Powerful's division, which continued until half-past five to fire at the few guns which still maintained the action, after which not a shot was fired either from the town or fleet. This sudden silence immediately succeeding such a dinning uproar had a very peculiar effect.

In the early part of the night the Princess Charlotte and Revenge shifted further out, and the Benbow, Edinburgh, and Castor were hauled further in, for the purpose of breaching the south face in the morning. The steamers anchored as convenient. Admiral Walker made one or two unsuccessful attempts to land some spies, but happily about 30 minutes after 1, A. M., a small boat came off from the Captain of the Port to say that the Egyptians were leaving the town, and that if a party was landed at the water-gate, it would be found open. This was of course immediately done, and 300 Turks and a party of Austrian Marines took unopposed possession. At daylight the remainder of the Turkish troops and a considerable number of marines were landed, and quietly marched into the place.

Thus has fallen the far-famed fortress of Acre, after a bombardment of only three hours' duration. Any attempt to describe the awful scene of destruction that presented itself would be impossible, says an eye-witness: I shall therefore not even attempt the task, but confine myself to giving you the numbers supposed to have perished, and the damage done. From 1500 to 1700 are supposed to have perished by the explosion of the magazine, and about 300 were killed in the batteries: 3000 prisoners were taken; 700 of one regiment, who had evacuated the town in the night, marched down to the beach with drums beating, and quietly laid down their arms. The batteries are awfully knocked about, many guns upset, and several burst. Correct returns of the number of guns mounted have not been received, but I should suppose there are about 120 on the sea faces, and about 20 mortars, chiefly brass thirteen inches. Vast quantities of munitions of war and provisions, together with specie to the amount of £5000, were found in the town. Youssouf Aga (Colonel Schultz, a Pole), the chief engineer of the army of Syria, was taken prisoner, seriously wounded in the arm. The defence of the place had been entrusted to him. Mahmoud Bey, the governor, effected his escape, but has since been taken by the mountaineers.

It now only remains to state the loss sustained by the attacking force, which amounts in all to 14 English, and 4 Turks killed and 48 wounded. The only officers who suffered were, Lieut. Le Mesurier, of the *Talbot*, who received a severe contusion, of which he died the following day, and Commander Hastings, Mr. Davis Master (an assistant surgeon), and a midshipman, all of the *Edinburgh*, wounded by the bursting of a shell on the quarter-deck before she anchored, which also killed three seamen and one marine. Some of the ships are a good deal cut up about the rigging and spars: the *Edinburgh's* mizen-mast shot through, the *Castor's* bowsprit, the *Hazard's* mizen-mast, and the *Wasp's* foremast all severely struck, are the principal spars that suffered. The *Benbow* was struck by a 14lb. shot in the hull, but, strange to say, not a man touched. The Austrians sustained but little if any injury.

The wonderful precision and rapidity of the fire are best appreciated by Youssouf Aga (the Pole) declaring that no men could possibly have stood to their guns in the batteries. The *Princess Charlotte* alone fired 4000 shots. Little damage has been done to the works on the land side, which are even now very strong, but which a few months more would have rendered almost impregnable. Some hundreds of sick and a number of dead were found in the hospital, many having been killed in their beds during the bombardment, and all appear to have been sadly neglected. One vessel alone consumed one hundred and sixty barrels of gunpowder during the action.

A SAILOR'S ACCOUNT OF THE LATE VICTORIES.

My dear father,—I have received your welcome letter, and am happy to hear all our dear family are well, as I am at present, although I must say, since I wrote last to you, we have had some sharp work for the eyes, I do assure you. First and foremost, we took Sidon. I was ashore with the royal marines, whom we call jollies, and right jolly fellows, believe me, they are for fighting, as the Egyptians know to their cost; but now I must tell you, as far as I can learn from the marines, their officers proposed to send out skirmishers to cover their men while they formed their landing, and go on in what they call sections or threes, or quarter distant columns. But our brave Commodore, who is called Charley—a rum one to look at, but a rare one to go—swore he would have no “parade nonsense,” but would make skirmishers of us all; so off we set with the Turks helter-skelter, the devil take the hindmost. I believe our messmates, the Turks, thought us mad, for the moment one of them shortened sail, or lagged behind, the gallant old Commodore, who was without his jacket, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up, and an old straw hat, let fly a stone at him, with “Bear a hand, messmate; shake a reef out of your trowsers.” Oh, it was capital fun! only a pity they were not our saucy neighbours on the other side of the water, that we might have tried to take the shine out of them, instead of the miserable half-starved Egyptian recruits, poor rascals, we had to deal with. Poor fellows I pitied them, but it was no fault of ours. Next we went to St. Jean d’Acre, a mighty strong place, and where we cast anchor at about two o’clock on the afternoon of the 3rd of November, beat to quarters, and away we rattled at the fortifications; but, after the first broadside, the smoke was so thick, devil a thing could we see, but we blazed away at a fine rate. Some of us put four shots in the guns at a time, which made the guns kick, and sometimes stranded and carried away the breeching; but, as we were determined to give them a good dose, we did not stand upon trifles. When we had fired away about two hours, a most wicked shell from the *Gorgon* steam-ship went slap bang into their largest magazine of powder, blew 1300 men to atoms, upset their guns, and knocked the carriages to pieces on the ramparts, and killed their artillerymen; after which, no wonder that they were cowed, and would not stand to their guns, and marched out of the place, poor devils. Some mistake was

made by some of the ships not taking their proper berths, and the Admiral finding one of the ships firing over into another, hung out the signal to discontinue the action, so they had afterwards nothing to do but look on. We have taken a great many guns and stores, and a great deal of cash; so I hope, my dear father, to bring you home some prize money, which is a rare thing in these days. If it had not been for the blowing up of the magazine by the Gorgon, as we had fired away almost all our powder and shot, they say we should have attempted to storm it next day; in that case, I think a great number of us would have lost the number of our mess, which means, being sent to Davy's locker, or if not to kingdom come, the place was so devilish strong. But "All's well that ends well," and we have had rare good luck and rare good fun. The Egyptians stuffed bags filled with sand in their port-holes, and so could not trail their guns fore and aft, and fired very badly. Give my love to all at home. From your loving son,

St. Jean d'Acre, November 5.

J.

After this we hear again of our hero as follows:—

COMMODORE NAPIER'S RECEPTION BY THE SQUADRON.

"H. M. S. Ganges, off Alexandria, Nov. 21.—The Commodore joined this morning; we were all cock-a-hoop, expecting nothing less than a brush with the batteries; but our expectations soon fell to the ground on hearing that he remains here only a short time (about a fortnight), and then proceeds to Malta. All the ships (Vanguard excepted) manned rigging and cheered him on passing, the band playing 'Charlie is my darling,' with which 'old Charlie' was much pleased. The Powerful had the warmest berth at Acre; but, strange to tell, she was hulled only twice, one shot in the cutwater, and one hitting the main bits on the quarter-deck; three men were slightly wounded from one of their own guns. The reason given for the little loss of life in the action is, that the night previous, buoys had been laid down, as the Pasha's engineer thought, to denote the position each ship was to take the next day; the troops in the batteries seeing this, laid their guns for the buoys, but the ships anchored some two hundred yards in shore of the buoys, and the Egyptians not altering their elevation, of course generally fired over the ships, merely cutting their rigging and spars."

SETTLEMENT OF THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

Commodore Napier then crowned his glory in the following summary manner in a few days, by settling the Egyptian question, against which all the diplomatists in Europe had been knocking their heads for the last five years—a question which has cost some hundreds of thousands of lives, and which shook the Ottoman Empire to its centre, and all but involved Europe in the flames of a general war. This question, in his usual way, the Commodore settled in six hours, not with treaties and protocols, but on the word of honor of a British Officer, and under the guns of a British man-of-war.

Commodore Napier having arrived off Alexandria with a reinforcement of several ships, learnt from her Majesty's vice consul, Mr. Larking, of the transmission of the terms of settlement proposed by Mehemet Ali to Lord Palmerston through the government of Malta—namely that his highness would restore the Ottoman fleet, withdraw his forces from Syria, and content himself with the hereditary possession of Egypt alone. Whereupon the Commodore took the Powerful in with her guns double shotted, and signified that unless his highness would forthwith enter into a solemn treaty for the final settlement of the Turco-Egyptian question on the terms proposed, Alexandria would, within forty-eight hours, meet with the same fate as Acre. Twenty-four hours' time was given for the Pacha's *ultimatum*; before the expiration of which the Pacha signified his assent, and the treaty was duly signed and executed on the 24th instant. The substance is—that the

Pacha withdraws his forces from Syria; that these shall be forthwith conveyed to Alexandria either by the Egyptian ships, convoyed by those of Great Britain and Austria, or by the ships of the allies; that the Ottoman fleet be restored to the Sultan, to whom Syria shall revert, and that the Pacha shall have guaranteed to him by the five great powers the hereditary succession to Egypt—and Egypt alone.

Some doubts at first arose whether the Porte would agree to this arrangement, and some shuffling and intrigue between the Sultan and Russia were looked for; but by letters and papers, which have been received in London from Constantinople up to the 28th of November, it appears that Lord Ponsonby had addressed a letter to the Turkish government, recommending, on the part of his government, that the Sultan should lose no time in signifying his consent to the terms agreed upon, and that a proclamation should be immediately issued, in which the Sultan should revoke the deposition of Mehemet Ali. The Turks acted with the gravity due to their own dignity. The subject, they said, was by no means a matter of course, but they would call an extraordinary meeting of the Divan, and it should be there considered with the grave deliberation and respectful attention which were due to the character and good faith of the four allied powers. The meeting was accordingly called, the matter fully discussed, and the divan at length agreed to recommend to the Sultan to issue the proposed act of revocation.

In the meantime we conclude our brief memoir and leave Commodore Napier in the midst of his triumph a naval Alexander in the city of Alexandria, as appears by the following from a Malta correspondent:—

On the 25th of November he landed at Alexandria, and spent his time in walking through the town in a plain coat without epaulettes, and all the inhabitants, Turk, Arab, and Christian, manifested the most intense desire to see him: He took up his quarters at the British consulate, and in the course of the afternoon the principal consuls called on him. On the 27th, about noon, he passed through the bazaars in the carriage of Mr. Larking with a great cavalcade to be presented to the Pacha, and I perceived that most of the Orientals gave him a profound salaam. Nobody would have believed that Lord Palmerston would have entrusted such a delicate negotiation to Commodore Napier, who has always been considered a *mere* fighting man, but the result shews that his lordship's prognostications in this respect have not been deceived. The town is in a perfect state of jubilee, and the old stagers say this is the merriest Bairam they ever saw.

A few days since the Gallant Commodore was elevated by Her Most Gracious Majesty to the rank of Knight Commander of the Bath, and is now Sir Charles Napier. Three of his Lieutenants have been promoted; and it is said that further honors and distinctions await the return of "England's second Nelson" to his native shores.