yacht was under way on her return from Portsmouth direct for the Thames.

The gloom which the death of Mr. Canning occasioned was general through the land; and the opinion which the Duke of Clarence expressed on the moment of hearing it—"They have killed him; I knew they would kill him"—was also general, and more especially among those who mixed with public men and public affairs. As Prime Minister, succeeding to the popular government of Lord Liverpool, he had announced an intention to consider, but nothing more for the present, what relief could with safety be vouchsafed to the Catholics; this alarmed his friends, who, in great haste and in an evil hour, resigned their official situations, which he was left to fill up with those of his personal friends among the Whigs, to enable him to carry on the government. By the Tories he found he was deserted—denounced as having betrayed them: the newspapers in their cause abused and slandered him with that virulence and malignity usually bestowed upon an apostate. They carried their malevolence so far as to insult him on his mean birth and family connexions; and even those, who were once his most intimate friends, taunted him or turned their backs upon him.

The secession of Mr. Canning's Tory or Protestant friends, and his union with those who had always been his political enemies, cannot but bring to one's mind what is just now occurring with regard to Sir Robert Peel. *His* friends have deserted him, because of his earnest endeavours to procure food and clothing for the people, and at reasonable prices. Mr. Canning's friends left him because he wished to confer toleration to the

immense body of Catholic subjects. The kind and amiable feelings of Mr. Canning were of too sensitive a nature, to enable him to bear up against the desertions of old friends, the ambiguous support of new ones, and the taunts of enemies. His mind was ill at ease, his spirits drooped, and he fled for repose to a house at Chiswick, where he had *one* friend that did not desert him; and here he terminated his mortal career, in recovering peace of mind and tranquillity as the end approached—that mind and those spirits, the elegance and playfulness of which were once the admiration of all who had the happiness of his acquaintance, were now at rest.

The following lines, by Mr. Croker, are so characteristically true, and so beautifully descriptive, that I cannot forbear reprinting them in this place:—

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CANNING.

Farewell, bright spirit! brightest of the bright!
Concentrate blaze of intellectual light!
Who show'd alone, or in the first degree,
Union so apt, such rich variety;
Taste guiding mirth; and sport enlivening sense;
Wit, wisdom, poetry, and eloquence,
Profound and playful, amiable and great;
And first in social life, as in the state.
Not wholly lost!—thy letter'd fame shall tell
A part of what thou wast. Farewell! Farewell!

Farewell, great statesman! whose elastic mind
Clung round thy country, yet embraced mankind;
Who, in the most appalling storms, whose power
Shook the wide world, wast equal to the hour.
Champion of measured liberty, whence springs
The mutual strength of people and of kings,
'Twas thine, like CHATHAM'S patriot task, to wield
The people's force, yet be the monarch's shield.
Not wholly lost!—for both the worlds shall tell
Thy history in theirs. Farewell! Farewell!

Farewell, dear friend! in all relations dear,
In all we love, or honour, or revere;
Son, husband, father, master, patron, friend:
What varied grief and gratitude we blend!
We who beheld, when pain's convulsive start
Disturb'd the frame, it could not change the heart;
We, whose deep pangs to soften and console
Were the last efforts of thy flying soul.
Not wholly lost!—our faith and feelings tell
That we shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!

There was something in the look and the general appearance of Mr. Canning so peculiarly his own, that a stranger, on meeting him and catching a glance of his finely-formed face and penetrating eye, would be apt to turn round and view his person, which was of the mean height and gracefully turned. In the company of friends he was always cheerful, lively, and brilliant; with strangers generally reserved. He was admitted to be one of the most accomplished scholars of his time; and, like a true Eton classic, a false quantity was not to be tolerated or passed; yet it once fell to my lot, unlearned as I felt myself to be, to express, perhaps incautiously, yet with all humility, a doubt whether he had not himself been guilty of a grave error of this kind. Sitting opposite to him at table, he was giving an account of his embassy to Lisbon, in H.M.S. the 'Granĭcus.' Looking at him and smiling, I repeated doubtfully, in a tone of interrogation, "Granĭcus?" "I beg pardon, Granīcus," he said; "I was classically wrong, but nautically right—I was talking sailor's Latin, Mr. Barrow." "I know," he continued, "you are great critics at the Admiralty; though I think I might venture a wager, that you christened that frigate Granĭcus, when she was launched, and that she has kept the name ever

since." I felt that, unintentionally, I had touched a tender point, but thought no more about it. However, some time after this, perhaps a twelvemonth, inquiring of me how his son was getting on with his new Captain, Dawkins (under whom I had placed him), I said, "Remarkably well; Dawkins gives an excellent account of him." "Better, I suppose," he rejoined, in a jocular but pointed manner, "than if he had gone with me in the 'Granĭcus?'" It really gave me concern to have been so indiscreet as to notice his error—if error it were—for, never having seen the word in Latin verse, I knew not, certainly, whether the middle syllable might be long or short: this doubt led me now to inquire, and I soon found a line that satisfied me of its being long:—

> "Fertur Alexirhoë, Granĭco nata bicorni."
>
> OVID, *Met.*, xi. 763.

Mr. Canning's son lost his life accidentally, in September, 1828, the year after his father's death; who was therefore spared the pain of knowing it. Being a high-spirited youth, nothing would serve him but the sea. Unfortunately, the discipline of the first ship, in which he entered, was very lax; and, among other vices, the young midshipmen indulged in gambling; in this, as well as in more praiseworthy pursuits, young William Pitt Canning bore away the palm. There happened, by ill-luck, to be in the ship a lieutenant of marines, who, knowing Canning's propensity, and that he was more than a match for him, enticed him into his private cabin, and won from him in the course of a little time something about 400*l.* The boy became unhappy, when pressed by the officer to get the money

from his father, to whom neither of them had the courage to apply. But young Canning told it to a brother midshipman, who being known to me thought it right to mention the circumstance. I immediately went to Mr. Canning, to get the youth removed out of so improper a ship; he was of course much annoyed, but said the money must be paid. I said the money must not be paid; and if the officer had his due, he should be brought before a court-martial. "No," said Canning, sharply, "never on my or my son's account. I must pay the money." "And thus," I replied, "encourage your son in the vice of gambling, and also the offending officer to ruin some other foolish boy. If he should have the impudence to apply to you, pray refer him to me: and let me get your son's discharge, and place him under a friend of mine, Captain Dawkins, whom I know, and who will instruct him in the right way." I placed him accordingly under Captain Dawkins, who kept him when on board under rigid discipline, with a due attention to the study of nautical subjects, made him his aide-de-camp, and took him with him on shore, and on visits to his friends; in short, made him an accomplished young officer: and, when the ship was paid off, I obtained from my friend Captain Houston Stewart, one of the best officers in the service, a berth for young Canning, and the same rigid and indulgent treatment; and under the instruction of these two officers, he proceeded rapidly in the career for promotion; and, not long before his father's death, was sent out, in the command of the 'Alligator,' to Madeira, where, in the contest between Don Miguel and Don Pedro, a revolution was threatened, and our merchants required protection for their persons and property. He found lying off

the island two sail of the line, two frigates, and three smaller vessels, having on board a new governor of Don Miguel to supersede Valdez, the legitimate one, who had refused to allow the new governor to land; and, on going on shore, Captain Canning found the two parties in a violent state of commotion, and many of our merchants and others requesting to be received on board. Valdez took the opportunity of escaping on board the 'Alligator,' in the Captain's absence, on which the Portuguese admiral, whose name was Prego, addressed a vulgar and impertinent letter to Canning, who, in a style not unworthy of the father, made him feel in what a contemptible light he received his swaggering and impotent language: and as the 'Alligator' was not of a capacity to receive all who were desirous of removing, Canning succeeded in hiring a large merchantship for their accommodation.

When the admirable account of Captain Canning's proceedings, and his correspondence, were read to the Board of Admiralty, Mr. Croker, at their conclusion, could not refrain from exclaiming, "There, my Lords, we have a true chip of the old block!" That chip, however, was ordained too soon to follow the old block to the place whence no one returns, and to leave his remains on the island where his early and last service was performed. Fatigued by a ramble over the hills, and heated, he repaired to a large tank behind Mr. Gordon's house, to cool himself by bathing, was seized with cramp, and sank. A female passing that way, seeing some clothes hanging on the railing, gave immediate alarm; the body was recovered, but all attempts to restore animation failed. Thus prematurely perished this highly gifted and promising young officer.

Mr. Canning never thought he could do enough for

the obligation he conceived he lay under for my attention to his son; though to reclaim so fine and promising a youth was indeed a sincere pleasure to me. Among his many unsolicited favours, the following letter bespeaks his kind intention:—

"Bath, Jan. 11, 1825.

"My dear Sir,

"A writership, which I gave away when I was at the Board of Control, has been returned upon my hands, by the death of the youth to whom I gave it.

"Among the progeny which you enumerated the last time that I had the pleasure of meeting you (at Mr. Backhouse's) there was one son, whose destination appeared not to be entirely settled, and whose age (if I mistake not) would qualify him for such an appointment.

"There are few persons in the world whom it would be a greater satisfaction to me to assist in the persons of their children—for I feel myself greatly in your debt for all the trouble I have given you about my son.

"If the nomination would be acceptable to you, pray let Backhouse know, and he will explain to you the particulars of it.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) "GEO. CANNING."

Nothing of any importance occurred in the remaining part of this year, except that strange, unlooked-for attack made on the Turkish fleet, lying quietly at anchor in the Bay of Navarino, by a British squadron, assisted by those of France and Russia—a feat of which his Royal Highness could never speak with temper,

But something more than this had ruffled his mind towards the middle of the year 1828, and it was supposed that he was not satisfied with the position in which he stood at the Admiralty. I saw him in his room daily, when in town, and could observe no change in his manner: always kindly disposed to accede to the numerous petitions he received; and when told, as I was frequently obliged to tell him, that the orders in council or regulations of the service would not admit of their being complied with, "Express my regret," he would say, "and say that I am sorry for it." He was, however, more frequently absent than in the former year, either at Windsor or at Bushy Park.

About the commencement of July, 1828, the yacht was ordered to be prepared for sea, and Sir Byam Martin apprised of the time that his Royal Highness meant to be at Portsmouth. He gave me notice that I should accompany him, but that he had no intention to make it a regular visitation; that a few points only would engage his attention. The Honourable Captain Spencer, his private Secretary, had command of the yacht, and our first port was Sheerness. As his Royal Highness made his own memoranda, he desired me to have copies of them taken, which he would sign; and, that after the Council had seen them, I should cause them to be bound and deposited among the records of the Admiralty. Those notes show so much good sense with so complete a knowledge of their several subjects, that I feel bound in duty to insert in this place an abstract of some and the whole of others; by which it will be seen that there was no want of either talent, judgment, or attention, in the performance of his duties as Lord High Admiral:—

Memorandum.

"Sheerness, July 10th, 1828.

"Sheerness Yard having so recently been visited by me, I have not thought it necessary on the present occasion to do more than consider of a proper site for a naval hospital; which is the only description of building, now required, in order to render this establishment complete for all purposes."

He gives, first, a plan of the ground, which he ascertains from the Commanding Officer of Engineers can be built upon without inconvenience to that department, and orders a plan and estimate of the building to be prepared.

"The situation is good; and, besides the ample space of seven acres, it is removed from the near neighbourhood of private buildings, and very convenient for landing sick and wounded men, on the north side, from the ships at the Nore, with the prevailing winds; and the landing on the harbour-side of Sheerness is always good."

His Royal Highness then adverts to the aggravation of the sufferings, and exposure of the lives to hazard, in the removal of sick and wounded men fourteen miles to Chatham Hospital, which, he observes, is convenient for the Marine corps, but of small advantage to the port of Sheerness for the equipment and refit of his Majesty's ships. He therefore recommends that Chatham Hospital should be transferred to the military department. He adds:—

"It is true that steam-vessels might be employed to remove the sick and wounded; but even this is objectionable, as the very concussion of the engine would

be distressing to wounded men; and, in a large fleet, accident and sickness would require an almost constant communication with the Hospital.

(Signed) "WILLIAM."

Memorandum.

"Deal, July 11th, 1828.

He finds the buildings of this Yard so good in repair, as well as their general arrangement for all purposes, that he only orders a wall to be removed to be rebuilt in another direction, and to alter the line of a drain from the town through the Yard into the sea. He gave directions also for an estimate to be made of the expense of laying down pipes and the purchase of some land for a reservoir; observing, that a convenient and copious supply of water will be beneficial for the trade of the country, as well as for his Majesty's ships; and any expense may be repaid to the public by a small charge for watering merchant-vessels.

He next adverts to the plan of a breakwater, or pier, in front of the Yard, which Lord Liverpool had brought under his consideration, having been induced to entertain a very favourable disposition to promote the undertaking; his Lordship's arguments resting chiefly on the facility of embarking troops, the convenience of landing the sick and wounded, and expedition in the shipment of stores. The observations made by the Lord Admiral were sensible and just.

"In the consideration of propositions of this nature, I feel the necessity of guarding against any unnecessary expenditure of the public money; but at the same time, any economy which trespasses upon the real

wants of the public service is a misapplication of the term; and it is with this feeling that I enter upon the various proposals which come before me.

"In the present instance I admit that, in war, a pier and breakwater at Deal would afford much convenience; but the great facility and expedition given to the movement of troops and the conveyance of stores by steam, are now so extended and so much better understood, that I cannot bring myself to think it expedient, under present circumstances, to undertake such a work; but the various plans and papers, being preserved in office, will be found useful if, at any future period, the work is to be taken in hand; and with this view I have directed a plan to be prepared of another description of breakwater, proposed by Mr. Taylor; the estimated expense will be about 70,000*l.*

(Signed) "WILLIAM."

On arriving at the Dock-Yard, I was directed by the Lord Admiral to deliver an order to Sir Robert Stopford to the following effect:—"Let Sir Robert Stopford be directed to issue orders to all the ships and vessels under his command, whether at Spithead or in harbour, that they are only to salute the Lord High Admiral and man the yards on his first arrival, and again on his final departure from the port at which he commands." This was settled, no doubt, in town, between his Royal Highness and the Ordnance, who will have given the same orders; which, I believe, were in consequence of some remarks made on the fêtes, and firing on shore and on the water at this port, the preceding year.

Memorandum.

"Portsmouth, July 12th, 1828.

In noticing the plan of the late Mr. John Rennie,* for the improvement of this Yard, which includes what is called the Common Hard, and for which there is an Act of Parliament to enable the Government to enclose it—

"This (says his Royal Highness) can only be done by a very serious sacrifice of the private interests, health, and convenience of the inhabitants of Portsea; and although the public good is paramount to every other consideration, yet the feelings and interests of individuals must not be disregarded, and I do not think this great range of work is so necessary as to justify such proceeding. The works contemplated by Mr. Rennie would, according to his own estimate, amount to 913,000*l.*"

And he decides, after a full consideration of the whole subject, to limit the expenditure for the erection of new mast-houses, necessary to the wants of the service, to 30,000*l.*

A memorial having been presented by the inhabitants of Gosport, praying for permission for a Company to erect a bridge over Haslar Creek—but having understood that in the year 1791 the unauthorized erection of a similar bridge had produced injury to the harbour, and that it was forthwith removed, after proceedings in a court of law, the Duke of Clarence observes:—

"Any encroachment on the banks of the harbour, or obstruction to the full flow of the tide, must be guarded

* Inserted in the Visitation Book at the Admiralty.

against by every possible precaution, and it will be proper to inform the petitioners that their prayer cannot be complied with; but I would recommend that application be made to the Board of Ordnance, that the Commanding Royal Engineer at Portsmouth be called upon to report whether any such bridge can be thrown over the creek without obstructing the flow of the tide; and if so, I see no objection to the bridge. But I cannot think it right that the public should entangle themselves with private individuals by allowing them to build a bridge in a situation entirely surrounded by lands belonging to his Majesty; and therefore, if a bridge is built at all, it ought undoubtedly to be done by the public; to be indemnified for the expense by a toll on the passengers."

He next visited the new victualling establishment at Weevil and the works in progress, which he considered to be well adapted to the wants of the service, and observes that—

"By concentrating the establishment, this branch of the service will be conducted with greater economy and dispatch than when the buildings were on each side of the harbour, and so scattered as to occasion great delay and inconvenience to the service.

(Signed) "WILLIAM."

I think it was on the third day that his Royal Highness received a dispatch from London which appeared to annoy him greatly, and determined him to set off immediately by land for town. He ordered Captain the Hon. Robert Spencer and myself to remain, and the former to hold the 'Royal Sovereign' in readiness to proceed, on his return, to the westward. We took the opportunity of

paying a visit to the Captain's mother, the Countess Spencer, at her marine villa, near Ryde, a very agreeable residence on the sea-shore, overlooking the whole extent of that fine piece of water between the Isle of Wight and the Hampshire coast. We were at a loss to conjecture what could have called up the Duke in such haste to town; but Spencer said that something was going on between him, the King, and the Government, and that his Royal Highness was dissatisfied with his present position; and he added, "in my opinion we shall lose him ere long."

The Lord High Admiral rejoined us on the 20th, and the yacht being all prepared, we entered Torbay on the 21st. His Royal Highness had desired Mr. Whidbey to meet him at this place with a report and plan he had made, at the suggestion of Lord St. Vincent, of a breakwater. The Duke's observations on this great bay are particularly important at this time:—

"Upon an inspection on the spot," he says, "it appeared to me that, whenever it shall be thought expedient to undertake the construction of a breakwater in Torbay, it will be desirable to carry the line farther seaward, so as to afford a greater scope of anchorage within it: and as the depth of water upon this new line, as described in dotted lines on the plan, is not greater than in the line of direction proposed by Mr. Whidbey, the expense will not be increased, while much greater accommodation will be afforded within, for a large fleet to anchor and work out.

"The growing importance of Cherbourg as a port of rendezvous for a fleet, led me to consider of the importance of rendering Torbay a safe anchorage in all winds

for a British fleet employed in watching the enemy at Cherbourg; and seeing that an easterly wind is fair for the departure of such a fleet, and would, if blowing hard, prevent the British fleet from moving—unless so sheltered by a breakwater as to enable the ships to get up their anchors—I have satisfied myself of the easy practicability of making a breakwater in Torbay; if at any time it shall be deemed right to make this spacious bay a safe harbour for his Majesty's fleet, with a view to the great object alluded to, and for the general accommodation and safety of the trade of the country; there being no port between Plymouth and Portsmouth which affords shelter in easterly winds.

(Signed) "WILLIAM."

His Royal Highness's attention was drawn to the quarries working along the whole range of Berry Head, and to the fact that the extreme point is almost severed from the land; that the waste of stone would be severely felt if the above suggestion should be acted upon; and that the Ordnance department would do well to disallow the working of the quarries. He says Mr. Whidbey's estimate at 40,000*l.* a-year for twenty-eight years (or 1,120,000*l.*) would, he doubted not, be undertaken by Sir Edward Banks, at a less estimate by 200,000*l.*

In proceeding for Plymouth, the yacht and the accompanying brig looked into the beautiful harbour of Dartmouth, and paid a visit to the Governor, Mr. Holdsworth, who resides on the uppermost terrace of the town. Here the inhabitants assembled in large groups to be gratified with the sight of, and pay their respects to, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, by whom they were received

with the greatest courtesy and kind attention. The Governor was highly delighted, and anxious the visit should be prolonged; but the Duke was equally anxious to get to Plymouth.

Memorandum.

"Plymouth, 22nd July.

The main object of the visit to Plymouth was to decide on the nature of the light to be exhibited on the western end of the Breakwater, whether on the work itself or in the channel near it. The advantage of a floating light consists in ships running directly for it in dark tempestuous weather with confidence; whereas, with a light-house, it would require a calculation to be made for the heel or slope of the Breakwater, and render ships liable to be thrown too near to the shoal water off Mount Edgcumbe. This consideration, backed by the opinion of the Masters Attendant, decided his Royal Highness for a light-house on the work itself; but, instead of carrying it up at once, at an expense of 33,000*l.*, he suggested that the foundation only should be carried up, with the progress of the work, at a cost of 4000*l.*, which was ordered to be done. The only other point touched upon by the Duke is professional.

"It is impossible that anything can be better than the state of preservation of the ships in ordinary; and also the attention paid to the selection of well-grown, active boys to serve in the ordinary, and to be drafted hereafter to commissioned ships. It shows that much more attention has been paid to this duty *here* than at Portsmouth, where children of tender health and stunted

growth have been admitted; and which I have forbidden in future.

(Signed) "WILLIAM."

This little trip was conducted by the Lord High Admiral in the most calm, mild, and tranquil state of mind, as if on a voyage of pleasure—as indeed it turned out to be—a relaxation from what had become to him a vexatious employment, and one from which he had determined to escape. It appears that his last trip to town was in consequence of a summons from the King to attend him, with the Duke of Wellington and certain of the cabinet ministers. The King, it seems, strenuously opposed his intended resignation, and implored him to remain, in which he was seconded with great earnestness by all, but more especially by the Duke of Wellington, who declared that, if there was anything he disliked, or any new arrangement of the office he held, which he wished to propose, and such as could constitutionally be given, they were prepared to receive and act upon it. But his Royal Highness remained firm to his purpose. The King, it is said, implored him, with tears in his eyes, to remain; but he was inflexible, and requested only his Majesty's permission to resign. On returning to town he commenced making his arrangements to leave the Admiralty, which were speedily completed; when he desired Spencer to write to the Duke of Wellington, requesting he would call upon him, on a certain day, to receive his resignation.

The Duke waited upon him at the time appointed, and his Royal Highness informed him that he was desirous to resign the office into his Grace's hands, and to

no other. The Duke said he hoped he would let him have it in writing. "By all means:" and ringing for Spencer, he said, "Sit down and write that 'I this day resign my commission as Lord High Admiral of England into the hands of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.'" He then signed it, and delivered it to the Duke, who put it into his pocket, and took leave. But his Royal Highness followed him towards the door, and holding out his hand to him said, "Though the Lord High Admiral and the Prime Minister may differ in matters of policy, the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Wellington must ever be friends. God bless you!"

This happy expression of kindly feeling occurred while Spencer was in the room, who told it to me; adding, moreover, that the Duke of Clarence had considered himself to have been placed in a false position; that his situation being precisely that of James, Duke of York, who was made Lord High Admiral by his brother, Charles II., he, the Duke of Clarence, on receiving the same appointment, and from similar authority, ought to have been invested with precisely the same powers. And Captain Spencer added, "I am not sure that it was not my father who first put that notion into his head." Now I find, on looking at the instructions, or patent, given by Charles to his Lord High Admiral, James had no more powers—perhaps less—than William; and that the material difference was, that instead of a fixed council, a certain number, more or less, of privy councillors, officers of state, were occasionally called in—that the King (whether Charles or James), on any important point of naval service, presided, and signed the orders; while, in presence of the sovereign, the Lord High Admiral's name was

registered merely at the head of those of the great officers of state present; and the entry of all such meetings bears date at *Whitehall.* It was a mistake then to suppose the authority of William to have been less than that of James; who, however, had or assumed the power of deputing his authority while absent at sea: thus, Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle had deputations to act as Lord High Admirals *at London,* in the Duke's absence.

But it was whispered that the Duke of Clarence was dissatisfied with his council, which was turned over from the preceding Board, without any consultation with him. I cannot believe anything of the kind; it was so decided that they should remain; he was told so, and did not object. He had full power and authority, by his patent, "to give, grant, and dispose of all offices, places, and employments belonging to the Navy or the Admiralty; he knew, and he exercised, that power—for, on the first day he entered the Board-room, he nominated, from the chair, the late Commissioners, then present, to be his council, and his two secretaries, by name. By his patent he was allowed two officers well skilled in maritime affairs, or a number not exceeding four, to be paid such fees, as by writ of privy council shall be directed.

He might perhaps dislike the principle, but no reasonable objection could be entertained to the Board as then constituted, which was unexceptionable in all and every individual: these were Sir W. J. Hope, Sir George Cockburn, Sir H. Hotham, Hon. W. K. Douglas, W. J. Denison. But I am rather inclined to think, that the restrictions by law, by orders in council, and by established regulations, which daily opposed the grati-

fication of his wishes to serve the numerous unfortunate petitioners, who were apt to think his powers unlimited, disturbed his tranquillity; while the many refusals he had to make might lessen, in his own estimation, the dignity and importance of the office. For I must declare that, after a daily intercourse of fifteen or sixteen months, I never met with a more kind-hearted man, more benevolent, or more desirous of relieving distress, than William, Duke of Clarence. I should be most ungrateful if I did not, on every fitting occasion, declare my opinion in this respect.

On the evening of his quitting the Admiralty for the last time, he sent for me into his room, to take leave—thanked me for the service, he was pleased to say, I had rendered to him, and, he would add, to the public; said he had ordered a silver inkstand to be made for me, with his arms and initials upon it, as a small testimonial of his esteem and regard; and he hoped that, whenever I could make it convenient, I would come to Bushey, where the Duchess would be equally glad to see me.

Shortly after his departure, I received a letter from Mr. Holdsworth, governor of Dartmouth, in which he expressed a wish that I would take an opportunity of conveying to their Royal Highnesses the great delight of his family, and of the inhabitants of Dartmouth, with the kind courtesy and condescension they met with during their short visit. The return of this letter, which I sent to the Duke, was accompanied with the following:—

"Bushey-House, October 16th, 1828.

"Dear Sir,

"In answer to yours of yesterday, and its enclosure from Mr. Holdsworth, which I return, I have to express the Duchess's thanks to you for showing her that gentleman's letter; she, as well as myself, can never forget Mr. Holdsworth or the good people of Dartmouth.

"I look upon you as a truly honest man; and may, therefore, observe we live in a strange and wicked world. Neither you nor I had fair play. I shall always esteem you; and if all I had, whilst at the Admiralty, to deal with, had been like yourself, we should both have been there now.

"God bless you, and ever believe me

"Your's most truly,

"WILLIAM."

I am completely at a loss to conjecture what his Royal Highness could mean by not having had fair play. I can honestly say I never had a grievance of any kind or a complaint to make against the Board of Admiralty collectively or individually; nor am I aware to what the Duke could have alluded with regard to those "he had to deal with." That there was something on his mind to make him uncomfortable I cannot doubt; I firmly believe that all the members of the Board were desirous of pleasing him: he must refer to higher quarters, and to those *he had to deal with* at Windsor. For myself, I had abundant proofs of the sincerity of his friendship, which was manifested on all occasions, not only after he left the Admiralty, but from the time he ascended the throne, in June, 1830, to his demise, in June, 1837, when he had reigned just

seven years. In all the dinners given to public bodies —the Directors of the East India Company, Corporation of the Trinity House, the officers of Government, and on special occasions — I had a card of command. Being still in office, these may perhaps be considered as official, and of course; but it was not so. Among many tokens of the friendship and regard with which I was honoured, the following, "unsolicited, and probably unexpected" (as Sir Robert Peel most correctly calls it), carries with it a distinctive mark of the King's feeling, which his Majesty was pleased, in person, to express to me, with the most cordial congratulations.

In my way to New Street chapel, a messenger put into my hand a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

"Whitehall Gardens, Feb. 1, 1835.

"My dear Sir,

"I have had the great satisfaction of proposing to the King to confer upon you the distinction of a baronet, and of receiving from his Majesty the most cordial approbation of my proposal.

"The value of such a distinction depends mainly upon the grounds on which it is offered, and I cannot help flattering myself that an unsolicited, and probably unexpected, honour conferred upon you by the King, on the double ground of eminence in the pursuits of science and literature, and of long, most able, and most faithful public service, will have, in the eyes of yourself, your family, and your posterity, a value which never can attach to much higher, when unmerited, distinctions. "Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

(Signed) "ROBERT PEEL."

The King, in his reply to Sir Robert Peel, expressing approbation, says,—

"And no one can admit more strongly than does his Majesty the claims, literary and scientific, and official, which are united in the person of his highly-esteemed friend Mr. Barrow.

(Signed) "WILLIAM R."

On the perusal of this letter I was so taken by surprise and so overcome by the announcement of an event, that had never for a moment entered into my thoughts, that I read it again, and could only conclude that it must have been meant for some other person. I read it a third time, and endeavoured to persuade myself it was, somehow or other, a mistake; and yet the marks of authenticity and intention were too strong to be resisted. On the same morning my friend Mr. Croker called on me, I showed him the letter—he congratulated me; I asked him on what? "My impression is to go to Sir Robert Peel, to implore him to allow me to forego the honour he has so kindly intended for me, stating to him as a reason, my numerous family of children and grandchildren, and my limited means." He stopped me short by asking, "Are you mad? Are you prepared to fly in the face of the Prime Minister, who has kindly and considerately proposed the honour, and of the King, who has not only approved of it, but has accompanied that approval with a high compliment? Go to Sir Robert Peel immediately, return thanks for the honour he has conferred on you, and to the King on the first levee-day." I resolved, somewhat reluctantly, to take his advice, and to dismiss from my mind all thoughts of the consequences.

Not but that my reasons were strong in favour of my first impression. A title without the means of properly supporting it, is no desirable acquisition. The small estate I possessed I had sold, on the death of my agent, which if still kept might have caused me more trouble than profit. Its produce, added to that of my literary labours, and the savings out of a forty years' salary, it had been my intention to distribute at my death among my children, reserving to my widow a decent maintenance during her lifetime—of which, as an affectionate wife and mother, and a careful manager of her husband's domestic concerns, she is most justly deserving.

On the 11th of October in the same year (1835), being the anniversary of the battle of Camperdown, and falling this year on a Sunday, the King and Queen attended divine service in the chapel of Greenwich Hospital, on which occasion a few naval officers and civilians were commanded to be present, and among others I had the honour to be ordered to attend, and to dine at St. James's Palace. The Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Grey) was appointed to preach a sermon, which he did—and, though a son of his was at the time lying a corpse, he would not excuse himself. The Queen, with a few ladies, joined the dinner party, and when the Queen was about to retire, the King desired that the ladies would stay, as he had something to say on this occasion, that would bring to the recollection of the naval officers then present the battles that their predecessors and brother officers had fought and won—battles worthy of record, as proving that the naval history of this country had not been neglected or forgotten by succeeding generations.

All being attentive, his Majesty began with noticing

the first invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar—which he said must have proved to the natives the necessity of a naval force to prevent and repel foreign invasion. From that period he passed on rapidly to the landing of the Danes and northern nations on our coasts, till he came down to more recent times, when the navy of Great Britain had become *great* and victorious—from the days of Elizabeth to William III., and thence to our own times; and it was remarked by the officers present, how correctly he gave the details of the great actions fought in the course of the last and present centuries. I believe, however, that the Queen and the ladies were not displeased to be released; and the King and his guests soon followed them.

When in the drawing-room the King beckoned to me, and said, "Barrow, I think—nay, I am sure—I omitted one general action; and you must know it." I assured him I was not aware of it. He said, "I fear I forgot to mention the name of Anson, and the action he fought off Cape Finisterre: I am not sure I know the details correctly; pray send me an account of it to-morrow." He added, "Anson was a good man, and knew his business well; though not brilliant, he was an excellent First Lord—improved the build of our ships, made more good officers, and brought others forward, in the seven years' war, than any of his predecessors had done. Howe, Keppel, Saunders, and many others, were of his making." *

* I have mentioned this drawing-room colloquy in a note to the preface of my 'Life of George Lord Anson,' which was published two years afterwards; which 'Life,' I am pretty certain, almost to conviction, was undertaken in consequence of being reminded of him then, and of having refreshed my memory in making out the details of the noble lord's action for his Majesty, as directed.

In the spring of 1837 his Majesty was seized with his old complaint the hay-fever, which in that season he rarely escaped: but, about the middle of May in that year, a most distressing complaint of the heart caused great alarm, and from this time he gradually got worse, his breathing became difficult, and about the middle of June the disease had made such progress that Sir H. Halford and Dr. Chambers had no hopes of his recovery, and on the 20th of that month he expired in a gentle sleep, resting on the Queen's arm; this most amiable lady having, for the previous month, scarcely ever left his bedside, depriving herself of all manner of rest or repose; the meekness and calmness she strove to keep up were the admiration of all, while sorrow was preying on her heart.

There is a narrative (printed in the Annual Register for 1837), dated Bushey-House, the 14th of July—the production of the Rev. Mr. Wood—detailing in an interesting and most affecting manner the few last days of the King's illness. His patience and cheerfulness—his avowal of gratitude to the Almighty Power, for having sustained him through much suffering—is beautifully expressed. Four days before his death, he observed to the Queen, "I have had some quiet sleep; come and pray with me, and thank the Almighty for it." She asked him if it would be agreeable she should read the prayers to him; his Majesty replied, "O yes, I should like it very much; but it will fatigue you." Even in the midst of his suffering his benevolent disposition never forsook him. "The poor Eton boys," he said, "will miss me at their regatta: Queen, I wish you to go." Then he said, "What a disappointment it will be to the public that none of the Royal Family will be pre-

sent at the Ascot races!—you must appear on the course." The Queen appeared to consent, but determined not to leave him.

A few days before his death the Archbishop of Canterbury was sent for, at his request, and his Grace declared that "to witness the calmness and patience, under the most oppressive sufferings, was most edifying; and observed how thankful he was to the Almighty, for any alleviation of his pain." He received the sacrament; and his Grace expresses the pleasure he derived from witnessing the devotion his Majesty paid to his religious duties on three different occasions. Two days before his death he said to Dr. Chambers, "This is the last day I shall see the sun go down." The day previous, as the attendants were assisting to dress and support him, he said in a most affectionate manner, "God bless you all!"

He signed official papers to the very last day; three or four were brought to him on that day, one of which was a free pardon to a criminal. "Thus," says the narrative, "the closing scene of his life was beautifully and practically exemplified by an act of mercy—that spirit of benevolence and forgiveness which shone with such peculiar lustre in his Majesty's character, and was so strongly reflected in the uniform tenor of his reign. Thus," says the writer, "expired, in the seventy-third year of his age, in firm reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, King William IV., a just and upright king, a forgiving enemy, a sincere friend, and a most gracious and indulgent master."

In all of which, from the frequent experience I had of his kindness and benevolence, I most cordially agree; and his good feelings were not displayed merely on

great and important occasions, but in matters of small moment, one of which I cannot forbear to mention.

Among the numerous instances of benevolent feeling that myself and family experienced at the hands of his Majesty, I may here be allowed, in a memoir that is avowedly personal, to mention a little trait that could not fail to make a due impression on myself, my wife, and children. It unfortunately happened that Lady Barrow had been confined to the house almost from the accession of his Majesty, and of course had never been at court. Her complaint was somewhat singular. Being one evening at the theatre, in Coutts's box, she was half-dozing in the corner close to the stage, and in the course of the pantomime a firing took place close to her. Though much startled at the time, she thought no more of it till the following morning, when a violent pain came on—the muscles of her neck were sprained, and so remained for some years; but, under the advice of Sir Benjamin Brodie, they gradually recovered their tone. The first visit she thought it her duty to make was to the Queen's drawing-room, and accordingly she sent her card, as usual, to the Chamberlain's office. The day before was the levee, when the King stopped Sir George Staunton and said to him, with an expression of great delight, "Sir George, your friend Lady Barrow is coming here to-morrow: I am very glad of it." And certainly the way in which he received her was more like that of a parent embracing a daughter than the King one of his humble subjects; he called her back to express the great pleasure he felt to see her once more able to enjoy the society of her friends.

Trifling as this may appear to one unconcerned, it made an impression on our minds never to be forgotten.

Indeed, from all that I have experienced of the character of his Royal Highness, from the time of his appointment as Lord High Admiral (the first knowledge I had of him) to the day of his death (in 1837), when sovereign of these realms (during which time he was pleased to honour me and my family with marked attention), I can honestly say that, after very many opportunities of witnessing his kind-hearted and generous reception of all who had claims to prefer on account of their services or misfortunes, I rarely knew of any one sent away dissatisfied with the manner in which he had been received, how much soever disappointed; and that is saying a great deal for a First Lord of the Admiralty, every one of whom I have heard to declare, that the day appointed to receive naval officers might be looked upon as one marked with a black stone—as a day of misery; being obliged to listen to so many tales of distress, without the power of relieving them. But the expression of kind feeling does much to soften the bitterness of disappointment, and is, I believe, seldom withheld.

I am aware that many stories were at one time afloat about the rude and uncourteous demeanour of the Duke of Clarence. It may have been so in the early part of his life, considering the vicious education that a youth, at that time, was likely to receive in common with his companions of the cockpit, which was not always much improved by a step to the quarter-deck. It is possible that his Royal Highness may have brought with him on shore some portion of such rude qualifications. But, be that as it may, it is well understood, that from the date of his marriage with the amiable Princess Adelaide (now the Queen Dowager), the meekness of her disposition, and the suavity of her manners, produced the

best possible effects on her husband. And I may add, that no one was more conscious than was his Royal Highness of the very defective system of education in a ship of war; and he often spoke to me concerning the method to be adopted for its improvement, which I know he would have followed up, had he remained longer in the Admiralty.

This improvement was in fact shortly after instituted, when the general taste for education began to spread through all classes of society. The introduction of suitable books into the navy, to form what is called the Seamen's Library, was the first step; this was followed by the appointment of well-qualified instructors to all ships of the line and frigates, mostly chaplains or young men from college: so that officers now, while in pursuit of their professional studies, may at the same time acquire or keep up a knowledge of the classics and mathematics; and seamen's schoolmasters were appointed to all ships, for the instruction of the crews. The result has been, not only that the improvement of the officers of the British navy is most conspicuous in point of knowledge, but the seamen also in propriety of conduct, and decency of manners, within the last twenty or thirty years, so as to keep pace with that progress among the civil classes of society, which the general system of education has had the effect of producing.

How very different was the condition of the Officers of the Navy when Prince William Henry was sent on board the 'Prince George,' at the age of thirteen!—for sent he was; the good old King declaring that his son Henry should work his way to promotion from a midshipman, in the same routine as the most friendless youngster in the fleet. He served under Lord Keith,

Lord Hood, and Lord Nelson, and was engaged in several actions. When Don Juan de Langara was brought a prisoner on board the 'Prince George,' and was told that a smart young midshipman, whom he had observed very active on his duty at the gangway, was a prince of the blood, a son of King George III.—"Well," he said, "may England be mistress of the sea, when the son of her King is thus engaged in her Navy."

The extraordinary difference—I may venture to call it improvement—that has taken place in the condition of naval cadets, midshipmen, mates, or by whatever name these young non-commissioned officers may have been designated, is very remarkable, compared with that in the days of his Royal Highness. The number of youngsters—many of them sons of the first families—who were in H. M. S. 'Lion,' on her voyage to China with Lord Macartney, had no comforts, much less luxuries, at their mess-table. Of this I had personal experience, as Lord Mark Kerr, Lord William Stuart, and two or three others of that ship were not satisfied if I did not sometimes descend to the bottom of the ship, on Saturday evenings, to drink to "sweethearts and wives." A bit of cold salt beef and biscuit, with a can of grog, was frequently their repast; the only light a tallow candle, stuck in the neck of a black-bottle, and a parcel of chests serving for seats: the scantiness of their meal was owing to our having no communication with any land on the homeward voyage, except St. Helena, which had nothing to spare; yet these young gentlemen made no complaint, but all were as cheerful and happy as mortals could be. Two thumbed and torn books constituted their library: 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Roderick Random;' and they had not the benefit

of either chaplain or naval instructor; two of these youngsters mentioned, when in command, were not inferior to the best officers in the service.

From forty to fifty years after this, I visited the midshipmen's berths in several ships of war. I found them comfortably and neatly fitted up, a display of good earthenware and table utensils, and also a small service of plate; a library of books for information or amusement; generally a chaplain, and always a naval instructor, and sometimes both. These, however, were ships in harbour: but the foundation was here laid for a comfortable mess at sea.

I have mentioned the kind and friendly disposition of the Lord High Admiral—indeed, I am not aware of his ever having given offence to any one—and he was particularly attentive to naval officers. Once, however, after he came to the throne, I was not a little mortified to witness a severe reproof-giving, in a full levee-room, to a distinguished flag-officer and most amiable and sensitive nobleman—Admiral Lord de Saumarez. Sir Richard Keats was a particular and early friend and favourite of King William, who, on his death, decided on distinguishing his funeral by inviting a great number of naval officers, and six flag-officers to bear the pall, one of whom was Lord de Saumarez. From some cause or other he failed to attend. On the first levee day that his Lordship made his appearance at Court, the King upbraided him before the whole assembly; and connected the name of Keats with that of De Saumarez in such a way, as to wound his sensitive mind far more deeply than the reproof for his absence. I was waiting in the lobby when his Lordship came down and approaching me in tears, told me how he had been treated, and said he should

never recover it; that the King would not listen to his excuse, which was a valid one. I observed to him that the Duke of Clarence, when at the Admiralty, was occasionally thrown off his guard and hasty, but was soon pacified; and my advice to him would be, to ask, the following morning, for an audience, and to request him to accept your apology, and permit you to explain. He did so; and was quite delighted with the manner in which he was received.

I suspect the King had incautiously let a word drop of how much he, of all others, owed to Keats; which, to a mind so sensitive as that of De Saumarez, would wound him deeply; though the service which he supposed to have been alluded to, was that in which Sir James Saumarez and Sir Richard Keats had been employed, and not a shadow of blame ever existed: on the contrary Keats, the junior officer, not only said, but put in print:—"The reception I met with was certainly of the most flattering kind. Sir James Saumarez received me himself at the gangway, and said aloud, 'That he could not find language to express his sense of the services I had rendered my country last night.'"

The service alluded to is one of a most extraordinary nature. On the 12th July, Sir James Saumarez weighed from Gibraltar with five sail of the line, one frigate, a sloop, and a brig. The enemy (Spanish) consisted of ten sail of the line and five frigates. Saumarez commanded the 'Cæsar,' and Keats the 'Superb.' The wind being strong and variable, the squadron separated before midnight; the "Cæsar" only could be seen from the 'Superb' indistinctly, about four miles astern. Keats observed to the first and second gunners that, "having been in action with

the enemy by night, I predicted to them that which *precisely took place*—that the Spaniards would blow up: and that we should have more to apprehend from our own carelessness of powder, than from any efforts of the enemy."

The 'Superb' had been ordered to go a-head, and had outsailed the 'Cæsar.' Coming up with the first Spanish ship, the 'Superb' stood between her and the Spanish shore, and when he got on her beam it was perceived that she was a three-decker, and had two ships nearly on a range with her on her larboard side. The 'Cæsar' was now lost sight of. To our first broadside "we were much surprised to receive no return of fire; and the more so, when the other ship, towards which she was sheering, opened her fire seemingly into the ship the 'Superb' had fired into. This unfortunate ship," adds Keats, "now sheered back again towards us, and fired, but more on the larboard than the starboard side; and in this situation received a second broadside from us. Confusion now seemed general among all of them; for they now began firing in various situations and directions, and evidently at each other. The third broadside had not, I believe, been all discharged from us, when our opponent was evidently on fire. We ceased to molest him."

After this it was deemed necessary to sheer farther from her; and it is coolly said, that the 'Superb's' people availed themselves of the leisure which the opportunity afforded to splice and knot some of the rigging that had been shot away. The unfortunate ship on fire continued to run for ten minutes or so, then came suddenly—flew, as it were—to the wind, near some other of the enemy's ships; "and this must have been

the moment when the other first-rate got on board her; the night was dark and stormy, and it may readily be supposed what was the fate of the second unfortunate three-decker.

"Whilst it was still dark," says Sir Richard Keats, "our attention was called to loud shrieks and cries of distress to windward, and presently a Spanish launch, filled with men, nearly all quite naked, came alongside, and scrambled into the ship. Attracted by the sentinel's light at my cabin door they huddled aft together, threw themselves on their knees, and with uplifted hands besought our protection; or, in an act of devotion, were returning thanks to their Creator for their deliverance. We then learned that the launch belonged to the 'Real Carlos,' into which all that could, as well from that ship as the 'San Hermanegildo,' threw themselves to escape from the conflagration (for both were on fire)." It was found that they had received on board the 'Superb' a second captain and eighteen men of the 'Real Carlos,' and an ensign and nineteen men of the 'San Hermanegildo.'

Some spirits were given to them; the men were supplied with slop-clothing, the officers re-clothed, and Keats had it explained to them "that as, in their distress, they had sought our protection, I could venture to assure them that our Admiral would not consider any of them as prisoners;" and they were not treated as such during the time they remained on board the 'Superb.' As none of them could speak either French or English intelligibly, and as the 'Superb' was not very well off for Spanish interpreters, Sir R. Keats says, possibly the information they obtained from them may not, in all its parts, be thoroughly correct. It states—

"That they considered themselves as secure from any attack that night. That some suspicion, as the 'Superb' approached, arose on board the 'Real Carlos:' for, on counting their squadron, they reckoned one more than their number; that a report was made, but was disregarded by the Captain, who, with several of the officers, were still at the table smoking after supper. That the Captain with some other officers were killed or wounded by the 'Superb's' first broadside *in the cabin*, from which none of them moved till the 'Superb' fired. That, regarding her destruction, it was said her fore-topmast was shot away the first broadside; and being almost immediately fired into by a ship on their larboard side also, their confusion was very great: and in firing, which they did from both sides, the fore-topsail, which was hanging down, caught fire, and occasioned the conflagration."

The ship that fired into them was speedily in a blaze, which their ship thought to be the English Admiral; and it was said fore and aft, "The English Admiral is on fire; let us go under his stern, and send 'em all to hell together;" and they believe that in that effort they ran foul of the ship on fire, and thus occasioned their own melancholy fate.*

The 'Cæsar' joined about one o'clock, and the squadron got back to Gibraltar about three in the morning.

* This narrative is briefly extracted from one drawn up by Sir R. Keats at the request of Mr. Ben. Tucker.

SECTION VIII.

ROBERT, VISCOUNT MELVILLE.

SECOND ADMINISTRATION.

Sept. 19, 1828 — Nov. 25, 1830.

Adm. Rt. Hon. Sir G. COCKBURN...First Naval Lord.
Right Hon. J. W. CROKER .....First Secretary.

As Lord Melville's resignation had opened the door for the introduction of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence into the high and conspicuous situation of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, so the retirement of the Duke afforded the opportunity of Lord Melville being, a second time, called upon to assume the place of First Lord of the Admiralty. His patent was dated the 19th September, 1828, and continued in force till the 25th November, 1830, when he was superseded by Sir James Graham; the Duke of Wellington's government having given way to that of the Earl Grey.

Nothing particular happened during the two years that Lord Melville's second presidency continued over the affairs of the Admiralty. Visitations of the Dock-Yards, and a few changes in the system of their management, with some partial retrenchments, took place; but no warlike preparations were undertaken in these two years—peace prevailed both at home and abroad. The Admiralty, however, in this period of inactivity, was

beset with projectors of all descriptions. Steam-vessels were fast increasing in number, some for public and others for private purposes; and all the gear appertaining to them, the engines themselves, the boilers, the mode of placing them, the paddle-wheels, the paddle-boxes, various kinds of propellers—all of them had a multitude of projectors, a class of persons who are never satisfied, if each of their individual projects be not practically put to the test, however obvious it may be to a disinterested person, capable of giving a sound opinion, that the invention, as it is called, is bad in principle and worthless in design. To avoid the enormous expense that would be incurred by submitting these projects to the test of experiment, the inventors were now generally given to understand, that facilities would be afforded in the Dock-Yards for preparing and trying their crotchets, but only at their own expense, and that a limited time would be allowed, when they must be removed at their own cost; which had the good effect of reducing the number of useless projects.

Then the dry-rot doctors, with their numerous nostrums, were the most pertinacious of all, and their various projects to expel the disease innumerable. All the mineral acids and the mineral substances, solutions of copper, iron, zinc, lead, were proposed, in which the wood already diseased, or to prevent disease, was to be steeped. Some of our wise men in the Dock-Yards took it into their heads that steeping loads of timber in the sea would cure or prevent the dry-rot—the medium in which the ships themselves would permanently be soaked; others would *steam* out the enemy, and others again *bake* it out; as many different opinions were pronounced as to the nature of the

disease or the cause of it. For a long time the dry-rot was a fungus, and their whole artillery was levelled at the mushroom, and thus the disease was to be cured at the expense of the material, in which it was supposed to be lodged. We are at length become as wise as our forefathers, and have learned, that the best and only preservative of timber, is to fell it at a proper time, when the sap is at rest and hardened in the wood; and then, to let it undergo a long and gradual dry-seasoning.

But Lord Melville was ever anxious to patronize any project decidedly advantageous to the Navy. In fact, it is to him that we owe the first introduction of the application of steam, as a locomotive power, to the ships of the Navy. So early as the year 1815 he directed the Navy Board to cause a sloop to be built of the name of 'Congo,' and to order a steam-engine suitable for her from Bolton and Watt, to be used as a trial in a ship of war. When ready, early in the following year, the engine was ordered to be sent to Plymouth, where it might be useful for pumping water. The 'Congo' was ordered to be fitted up as a sailing-vessel, to be commanded by Captain Tucker on his intended expedition to explore the African river of that name.

What objections may have occasioned this change I forget, but while this was going on, the ingenious Brunel took up the question of steam-navigation; stated all the difficulties that occurred to him—one of which was the external fitting, or propelling apparatus, and he undertook to obviate this objection by a practical experiment. There had been a steam-vessel built a couple of years before, called the

'Regent,' I believe by a private individual, and purchased as a packet to run from Margate to London. He says, "On the 9th July, 1816, the 'Regent' left Margate with a strong gale of wind blowing right a-head, and against a very strong tide. When out at sea the gale increased very much, and the sea broke over the vessel for several hours. The covering of the wheels was stove in; they, however, received no injury, though they were now and then overwhelmed. The steam-engine yielding gradually, and for a moment, to a greater power, was soon in action again."

Lord Melville, in reply to Mr. Brunel's encouraging letter, says, "That the Board deem it unnecessary to enter, at present, into the consideration of the question, as to how far the power of the steam-engine may be made applicable to the general purposes of navigation; but as it would be attended with material advantage to his Majesty's service, if it could be used for the purpose of towing ships of war out of harbour, in the Thames or Medway, and at Portsmouth and Plymouth, when they would be prevented from sailing by contrary winds, desire him to submit his ideas on that part of the subject, if it appears to him to be practicable." To this Mr. Brunel answers, by recommending that, as this is a practical experiment, the 'Regent' (laid up for the winter) should be employed under the direction of some competent person. The trial was made; and from this period may be dated the introduction of steam-navigation into the English Navy.

Lord Melville was now so fully convinced of the great utility, which the naval service would derive from the application of steam as a propelling power, that he ordered a small vessel to be built at Deptford, by Mr.

Oliver Lang, to be called the 'Comet,' of the burthen of 238 tons, and to have engines of eighty horse power. She was built accordingly, and ready for sea in 1822; and this little ship has been usefully and constantly employed ever since, and no complaint made either of the hull, the engines, or the paddle-wheels: and she is at this moment always ready for service at the shortest notice.

About this time Lord Stanhope, with his coadjutor Fulton, were dabbling in trials to make boats move by steam; and the latter set off for Scotland on learning that a boat on the Forth and Clyde Canal was navigated by wheels, the impelling force being that of steam, and constructed by one Symington, an assistant to Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton; who, in 1787, had published his account of working canal boats by wheels and cranks: and wherein he observes, "I have reason to believe, that the power of the steam-engine may be applied to work the wheels."

But the fact is, that neither Lord Stanhope, nor Fulton, nor the American Livingstone, nor Patrick Miller, or his assistant Symington, have the least claim of priority to the application of steam and wheels for propelling vessels through the water. Long before any of these had concerned themselves, there was printed in London a small volume, bearing date 1737, under the following title:—'Description and Draught of a new-invented Machine for carrying vessels or ships out of or into any harbour, port, or river, against wind or tide, or in a calm; for which his Majesty George II. has granted letters patent for the benefit of the Author for the space of fourteen years. By Jonathan Hulls.'

Prefixed to this little book is the "Draught" of a

stout boat with a chimney, as at present (smoking), paddle-wheels on each side not far from the stern, and from the stern is a tow-line fixed to the foremast of a large three-masted ship, which the steam-boat is towing through the water. There can be no doubt, then, that *Jonathan Hulls* is the real *inventor* of the *steam-boat*. But how happens it that nothing more appears to have been heard of this valuable invention? The ignorance of the time is not a sufficient explanation. Some of our engineers of the present day attempt to explain it by assuming that, though the happy thought which produced the invention is not to be questioned, yet it is probable enough that the boat and the ship in tow, as we see them in the print, existed only on the paper; and that Jonathan Hulls had not the means himself, or the support of others, or could not obtain that confidence which a new invention requires, and which alone would enable him to carry his valuable and very remarkable invention into practice.

But even the first discoverer, as we Englishmen deem him to be, of the power of steam for moving weights, lifting water, &c., as well as of its locomotive power, has, in later times, been a subject of doubt and dispute. Not only has the story of the Marquis of Worcester, as told by himself, been called in question, but the French, even before his time, and M. Arago in our own time, have claimed the discovery for another—one Salomon de Caus, a celebrated engineer in the time of Louis XIII.; to whom he dedicated a book published in 1615, entitled—'An Account of Moving Forces, with various Machines as well for Use as for Pleasure.' This work is undoubtedly prior, by nearly

half a century, to Worcester's 'Century of Inventions,' which was not published until 1663. This would prove nothing against the Marquis's discovery, unless De Caus has mentioned *steam* among his "moving forces," of which I profess my ignorance, not having seen his treatise. But the charge of the Marquis having *learnt his invention* from De Caus himself is curious, and, if true, as it appears to be, decides the question against him.

In an amusing French work, 'La France Historique,' &c., &c., *par Henri Berthoud*, I find a very curious and interesting letter, from Madame Marion de l'Orme to her husband the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, in which she says, "I have done the honours of Paris to your English Lord the Marquis of Worcester. I have led him—or rather he has led me—from one curiosity to another: always making choice of the most sad and the most serious, speaking little and listening with marked attention.

"We went to the Bicêtre, where he pretends to have discovered in a madman a man of genius. Had he not been raving, I verily believe your Marquis would have asked his liberty, to take him to London. In crossing the court where mad people are kept, more dead than alive from fear, I observed, on the other side of a strong barrier, an ugly face, screaming out—'I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich the country that should carry it into effect.' 'And what is his discovery?' I asked the keeper. 'Ah!' said he, 'you would never guess — it is the vapour of boiling water. His name,' continued he, 'is Salomon de Caus; he came from Normandy, four years ago, to present a memorial to the King of the wonderful effect of steam for turning machinery,

driving carriages, and a thousand other wonderful things; but the Cardinal drove him away without listening to him. From that time he has pursued the Cardinal wherever he went, so that he ordered him to be shut up in the Bicêtre as a madman, where he has been three years and a half. He has written a book on his admirable discovery, which I have here.' Lord Worcester is quite ravished with it; and after reading a few pages, 'This person,' he said, 'is no madman; and, in my country, instead of shutting him up, they would heap up riches upon him: bring me to him, I wish to question him.' He was taken to him, and returned sorrowful and pensive. 'At present,' he said, 'he is very mad; misfortune and captivity have for ever estranged his reason; you have made him mad—but when you threw him into this prison you there buried the greatest genius of your age.'"

From this time, it is said, the Marquis of Worcester never ceased talking of Salomon de Caus, and well he might talk and think of this poor maniac if the story be true. The writer of the letter, the person it is written to, and the genius of whom it treats, were all well-known characters of the time. De Caus was a distinguished engineer and architect, is known to have been the author of several ingenious works; one of them is 'Les Raisons des Forces Mouvantes, &c.,' above mentioned, which went through several editions, and was published in several languages. He also published four or five other works, one of which, entitled 'Institution Harmonique,' he dedicated to Queen Anne of England. The above letter, there can be little doubt, is genuine. Marion de l'Orme was a character well known among the *beaux esprits* of Paris and the Court.

She was supposed to have been privately married to the Marquis de Cinq Mars, but thought by some to be his mistress. She was accounted a woman of great talent for wit, and was the friend and associate of the celebrated Ninon. Arago asserts that De Caus was the first to discover the power of steam; any one, even Papin, with his *digester*, was an inventor, according to Arago, rather than an Englishman. If De l'Orme's story be true, Worcester's story of the cover of the cooking-pot being blown up the chimney is indeed *blown up*, and must be considered as a romance. We English, however, are inclined to believe what the Marquis has declared to be the fact; and that his assurance may be relied on, that "he desired not to set down any other men's inventions;" and, moreover, that "if he had, in any case, acted on them, to nominate likewise the inventor." Here I leave it.

Not only the Board of Admiralty, but the Navy at large, is indebted to the Viscount Melville, for his appointment of that excellent officer, Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Beaufort, to the important situation of Hydrographer to the Admiralty. Captain Hurd died in the year 1823, and a sufficiently qualified officer not being found to fill the vacant situation, Lord Melville appointed Captain Parry twice, or, I believe, a third time, as Acting Hydrographer. After the resignation of the Lord High Admiral, when Lord Melville, for the second time, became First Lord, he deemed it highly expedient that this important office should be permanently filled up, and with the most qualified officer that could be found. Various applications were made and duly considered, but no choice was fixed until 1829, when the can-

didates were reduced to two, both of them considered to be unexceptionable: these were Captain Peter Heywood and Captain Francis Beaufort. Lord Melville, being a cautious and conscientious man, felt a reluctance to take the decision on himself, and requested Mr. Croker and me to name the one whom we considered, in all respects, best qualified and most suited for the office, and he would immediately appoint him. We had little or no hesitation in assigning the palm to Captain Beaufort. It could not be otherwise, as far as I was concerned, that my mind should at once be made up. In Mr. Yorke's reign I had, at his request, selected Captain Beaufort and his ship, out of the whole Mediterranean fleet, to be sent to survey an unknown portion of the coast of Syria; of which, in due time, he published an account, under the name of 'Karamania,' containing, not merely the survey, but also an historical account of the numerous remains of antiquity, on the several points examined on that coast; a book superior to any of its kind in whatever language, and one which passed triumphantly through the ordeal of criticism in every nation of Europe.*

He was immediately appointed Hydrographer of the Admiralty, and still remains—and it is to be hoped will long remain—to execute the laborious duties of an office which, I am persuaded, no other would be found to do in that clear, precise, and efficient manner in which they have long been and still are executed. In fact, I cannot hesitate in giving an opinion that Admiral Beaufort has no equal in that line, and not many in most other branches of science.

* 'A Brief Description of the South Coast of Asia Minor, and of the Remains of Antiquity,' &c.

I cannot here omit the opportunity of giving to those, who may condescend to peruse my little volume, the following clearly expressed letter of the late Lady Spencer, describing with great accuracy, from having once only heard it read, a most interesting letter of great length and circumstantial detail, on a subject most curious, mysterious, and solemn.

The letter of Lady Spencer is as follows:—

"Spencer House, Dec. 6, 1829.

"My dear Mr. Barrow,

"I am not going to ask a job of you, but to request your assistance to obtain from Captain Beaufort, the very intelligent and eminent hydrographer, actually at the head of his peculiar department, the favour I am exceedingly anxious to procure from him.

"Some years since, my dear and regretted friend Dr. W. Wollaston showed me a most interesting and extraordinary letter, addressed to him from Captain Beaufort, in which he had, at the particular request of Dr. Wollaston, described his own sensations and thoughts, of body and mind, while in the act of drowning, when a young man, in Portsmouth harbour. He was happily preserved from a fatal termination of this alarming accident; but he one day described so vividly and so strikingly his state of mind while in danger of death under water, and again while in the process of recovery on shipboard, that Dr. Wollaston was instantly solicitous and earnest to persuade him to write down the precise details, which he had so admirably related to him.

"Captain Beaufort yielded to his entreaties, and wrote to him the letter which Wollaston read to me,

and of which he promised to give me a copy, on my eagerly petitioning him to do so. Alas! he was seized by disease and died before he performed his promise. Now my present object in troubling you, my dear Sir, is to entreat you to discover if Captain Beaufort would kindly bestow on me a copy of this highly interesting narrative. Wollaston told me that he was very anxious to prepare that, which he possessed, for the Royal Society; and this leads me to suppose that Captain Beaufort was not unwilling to impart it to his friends, since it had been in contemplation to prepare it for the public eye. God knows! he might safely exhibit such a description of fortitude and rectitude of thought as this beautiful account of his mind displays when in the fearful peril of death. Yet I feel that my request to possess it requires the intermediate assistance which I venture to claim from you.

"Sir Henry Halford has urged me so strongly to attempt to acquire this valuable document, that he gave me courage to make the attempt. He is pursuing a peculiar subject, to which this very curious statement of facts relative to the human mind, while struggling with death, would be of invaluable assistance. In conversation with him on this topic, I naturally mentioned the letter Wollaston had shown to me; and the result of our conversation was a strong desire of obtaining a copy of it. You now have all I can say to excuse my present application. Will you forgive me? I feel sure that you will. Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Entirely yours,

"LAVINIA SPENCER."

I shall now insert a copy of the letter sought for by her Ladyship, which has been kindly given to me,

at my request, by Admiral Beaufort; and which for its composition and style, but still more for its subject, is deserving of and will receive the approbation and admiration of all who may peruse it; being no common subject nor handled in a common manner.

Copy of a Letter to Dr. W. Hyde Wollaston, written, I think, in 1825, and returned to me by his Executor in 1829.—F. B.

" Dear Dr. Wollaston,

" The following circumstances which attended my being drowned have been drawn up at your desire; they had not struck me as being so curious as you consider them, because, from two or three persons, who like myself had been recovered from a similar state, I have heard a detail of their feelings, which resembled mine as nearly as was consistent with our different constitutions and dispositions.

" Many years ago, when I was a youngster on board one of his Majesty's ships, in Portsmouth harbour, after sculling about in a very small boat, I was endeavouring to fasten her alongside the ship to one of the scuttle-rings; in foolish eagerness I stepped upon the gunwale, the boat of course upset, and I fell into the water, and not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or of the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and therefore it was not till the tide had drifted me some distance astern of the ship that a man in the foretop saw me splashing in the water, and gave the alarm. The first lieutenant instantly and gallantly jumped overboard, the carpenter followed his example, and the gunner hastened into a boat and pulled after them.

"With the violent but vain attempts to make myself heard I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggles, and before any relief reached me I had sunk below the surface—all hope had fled—all exertion ceased—and I *felt* that I was drowning.

"So far, these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued; my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable—and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday.

"From the moment that all exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous sensations—it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil—I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated, in a ratio which defies all description—for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable, by any one who has not himself been in a similar