CHARLES BERESFORD

THE MEMOIRS OF ADMIRAL LORD BERESFORD

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Содержание

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PREFACE

This work is a record of my life from the year 1859, when I entered the Royal Navy, to the year 1909, when I hauled down my flag and came on shore.

For the Introduction and the Notes, which have been written in order to amplify the personal narrative and to connect it with the historical events of the period, Mr. L. Cope Cornford is responsible.

I have dedicated the book to my brother officers of the Royal Navy.

As luck would have it, my career has been of a singularly varied character. And my hope is that, in reading its story, boys and girls, as well as their elders, may find pleasure.

CHARLES BERESFORD
Admiral
1 GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE, W.
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE HOUSE OF BERESFORD

Lord Charles William de la Poer Beresford, born in 1846, was the second of five brothers, sons of Sir John de la Poer Beresford, fourth Marquess of Waterford. Lord Charles's elder brother, Sir John Henry de la Poer Beresford (to give him his full title), Earl and Viscount of Tyrone, Baron de la Poer of Curraghmore in the county of Waterford, and Baron Beresford of Beresford in the county of Cavan, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Tyrone of Haverfordwest in the county of Pembroke, in the Peerage of Great Britain, Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, succeeded to these titles in 1866. Sir John joined the 1st Life Guards. He died in 1895, and was succeeded by his son (nephew to Lord Charles), as presently to be noted.

Of the other three brothers, Lord William de la Poer joined the 9th Lancers and became Military Secretary to five successive Viceroys of India, was a patron of the Turf, and died in 1900; Lord Marcus de la Poer joined the 7th Hussars, took charge of the King's racehorses, an office which he still fulfils, and was appointed Extra Equerry to King George; Lord Delaval James de la Poer (sixteen years younger than Lord Charles) ranched in

North America and was killed in a railway accident in 1906.

The five brothers were keen sportsmen, hard riders, men of their hands, high-couraged, adventurous, talented in affairs, winning friendship and affection wherever they went. Lord John-Henry, fifth Marquess, the eldest brother, inherited the family tradition of good landlordship. There was never any oppression of tenants on the Waterford estate. In the House of Lords and in the country, Lord Waterford took a strenuous part in the troubled and complex issues of Irish politics; although during the last years of his life he was crippled and helpless, the result of an accident which befell him in the hunting field. Lord William won the V.C. by an act of cool and audacious gallantry in the Zulu war of 1879; renowned for reckless hardihood, there was hardly a bone in his body which he had not broken; and it is probable that his injuries, diminishing his powers of resistance, caused him to succumb to his last illness. Lord Charles has broken his chest-bone, – a piece of which was cut out in his boyhood, leaving a cavity, – pelvis, right leg, right hand, foot, five ribs, one collar-bone three times, the other once, his nose three times; but owing to his extraordinary physique and strict regimen, he is younger and stronger at the time of writing than most men of half his age.

The family home of the five brothers was Curraghmore, a noble estate lying some twelve miles west of Waterford. The great house stands in a cup of the hills, whose slopes are clothed with woods of oak, the primæval forest of Ireland. The oak woods adjoining the house were planted with the design

of supplying timber to the Royal Navy. Built foursquare, like most houses in Ireland, the mansion faces upon a vast gravelled quadrangle, closed in on left and right by the long ranges of stables. Beyond the lawns of the terraced garden, beyond the hanging woods, the bony shoulders of the mountains of Comeragh hunch upon the changing sky; nearer hand, darkens the lone hill of Croughaun; and day and night the noise of running waters, the voice of the Clodagh River, flowing through tawny shallow and sombre pool, breaking white-maned upon rock and fall, rises upon the quiet air. Looking westward from the bare summit of the hill above the deer-park, you shall view the rich valley parcelled into garden and farm and paddock, which are set among deep groves; in the midst, flanked by a gleam of water, the house darkens upon the westering sunlight; and beyond, the sparkling landscape fades into the profound and aerial blue of the mountain wall. Eastward, the rounded bosses of the forest clothe the hills; and in the valley's gentle opening, the river Suir, like a scimitar laid on cloth of tapestry, glimmers dark and bright upon the plain, which, studded with woods and dotted with white specks of villages, stretches to where the dim sea-line merges in the sky.

Over yonder, cloven through the heart of the ancient woods, a green drive rises to the skyline, bordered on either side by rhododendrons, like huge ropes of jewels, three miles long. In the forest there is silence. Few birds or none nest in that deep labyrinth of silver-barked and shaggy trees, rooted for centuries

in the mould of their own perennial decay. The martin-cat is lord of that hoary solitude. As a boy, Lord Charles trapped the martin-cats, and presented his mother with a muff made from their skins.

High on the hill rising to the north of the house of Curraghmore, set in a grove of beeches and enclosed within a wall, the last resting-place of the Beresfords opens upon a great and shining prospect of wood and mountain. Here is a wide and broad stone platform, like an ancient altar, the hue of rusty iron, compact of the granite slabs whereon the names of the dead are graven. On three sides it is walled with the tall silver stems of beeches, whose branches high overhead interlace in a green canopy.

Hard by stands the private chapel, once the parish church of Clonegam, a bleak and an unfeatured edifice. Within, there reclines the bronze effigy of the third Marquess, he of the aquiline profile and the full beard, who broke his neck out hunting in 1859. Opposite to him lies the white marble figure, urbane and majestic, of Lord John, his successor, father of Lord Charles Beresford. In the south wall of the chancel, in an arched recess cut out of the thickness of the wall, the white light falls from an unseen opening above upon the sculptured figure of a lady, sleeping recumbent, and beside her nestles the tiny form of her child. She was the first wife of the fifth Marquess, and she died in childbirth. Near by the private chapel, high uplifted on the bare shoulder of the hill, stands a round tower, a mark

for leagues, the monument set up to the memory of the little boy, Marcus, Lord le Poer, heir to Lord Tyrone, afterwards first Marquess. He died from the effects of a fall from his pony, the accident occurring when he was jumping hurdles just outside the great courtyard of the house. His portrait, painted by Gainsborough, hangs in the drawing-room. It is a noble head, done with Gainsborough's inimitable delicacy. The lad's blue eyes gaze frankly out of the picture; his fair hair curls upon his shoulders; his coat is scarlet, with the open falling collar of the time; the face is of a singular beauty.

Near by, in the centre of the wall, hangs Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Sir Francis Delaval, K.B. A tremendous figure, Sir Francis, posed in a commanding attitude upon a hillside, right arm extended, grasping a musket with fixed bayonet, and clad in a rich suit of claret colour and cocked hat. He was the uncle of the wife of the second Marquess of Waterford. By reason of that alliance, many of the Delaval family pictures came to Curraghmore.

Here is Lord Delaval himself, who died in 1808, a nobleman of a somewhat rugged and domineering countenance. Here is the first Marquess of Waterford, with a long hooked nose; he is thin-lipped, narrow-eyed (it seems that he had a squint), wearing the ribbon and star of a Knight of St. Patrick. Henry, second Marquess, was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence; a handsome head, crowned with a mass of fine light hair. In the hall hangs the portrait of the third Marquess; he whose bronze effigy lies in

the chapel. He is reading. With his pale and finely cast features, his thick brown hair and beard, he might have been (but was not) an ascetic student. He married the Hon. Louisa Stuart, second daughter and co-heiress of Charles, Lord Stuart dc Rothesay. The Marchioness was a lady of taste, and was considered the most talented amateur painter of her day. She laid out anew the gardens, where heretofore the horses used to graze close to the house, took great interest in the improvement of the mansion itself, designed the Cawnpore Memorial, designed Ford village, formerly the property of the Delavals in Northumberland, and achieved a series of cartoons representing religious subjects, which adorn the walls of the school at Ford.

These and many other ancestral portraits gaze from the walls of gallery and hall and chamber, in the great house of Curraghmore. Each generation as it grew up has traced in them its own lineaments fore-ordained, and has marked the miracle of heredity repeated again and again, from Sir Tristram Beresford, darkling in full armour, through the masterful Katherine le Poer and the beautiful Susanna Carpenter, whose mother was a Delaval, to the penultimate head of the house of De la Poer Beresford.

The entrance hall of the mansion of Curraghmore is the ancient keep, which was built by the De la Poers in the late twelfth or early thirteenth century, foursquare, the walls ten feet thick. The rest of the house is eighteenth century. The original edifice is briefly described in *The Antient and Present State of*

the County and City of Waterford, by Charles Smith, published in Dublin in 1740, and in *The History, Topography and Antiquities of the County and City of Waterford*, by the Rev. R. H. Ryland, published by Murray in 1824. Sir Marcus, first Earl of Tyrone, and his son, afterwards first Marquess of Waterford, made considerable additions, which, according to the date inscribed upon the lead work, were completed in 1771. From the old keep, transformed into an eighteenth-century entrance hall, a flight of steps leads to the inner hall, whence a wide staircase rises, following the walls, and out of which open the reception rooms. These face upon lawn and fountain and terrace. Over the entrance door are carved the family coat; and the crest of the De la Poers, a stag couchant bearing a cross upon his forehead, crowns the parapet. Upon the garden front are sculptured the Beresford shield and their crest, "a dragon's head erased, the neck pierced with a tilting spear, and holding the point broken off in the mouth." Motto, *Nil nisi cruce*.

Such was the home of the five brothers, when their father, Lord John dc la Poer Beresford, in holy orders, succeeded his brother in 1859. Lord Charles Beresford, who had been for some years at school in England, joined the Navy in that year. He came to Curraghmore in his brief and widely spaced intervals of leave, while his brothers came home more frequently during their vacations. In those days, the stables were filled with horses, the house was populous with guests; and the great courtyard in front of the house, now silent, resounded with the cheery bustle

of a jovial company coming and going. All winter the house was thronged; there was hunting six days in the week; and more than a hundred horses were stabled at Curraghmore. Lord Charles Beresford has told how that many a time, when, as a midshipman, he was humping beef into the blood-boats for the Fleet, did he think not without envy upon his brothers, each with his two or three hunters, riding to hounds at Curraghmore.

The house of Beresford derives from the "very old and eminent English family of Beresford of Beresford, in the county of Stafford," and from the De la Poers, an ancient Breton family, and their quarterings include the noble houses of Hamilton, Monck, Carpenter, Plantagenet, Lastile and Leon, Mortimer, De Burgh, Holland, Wake, Wevill, Beauchamp, Delaval, Blake. The Beresfords represented the English plantation in the North of Ireland, until the marriage was made which united them with De la Poers, who were of the first English plantation in the South.

Tristram Beresford came into Ireland in the reign of James I., as manager of the corporation of Londoners, known as "The Society of the New Plantation in Ulster." The first Tristram settled at Coleraine, in county Londonderry. His son, Sir Tristram, first Baronet, in common with the first created Baronets of Ulster, bore on his shield the open red hand of Ulster, hitherto borne by the forfeited O'Neils. Sir Randal, second Baronet, sat in the first Parliament held after the Restoration.

Sir Tristram, his son, commanded a regiment of foot against King James II., and was attainted. He it was who married the

Hon. Nicola Sophia Hamilton, concerning whom a legend of the supernatural is current. Briefly, it is that the friend of her early years, the Earl of Tyrone, visited her after his death, according to agreement, and, to prove the reality of his appearance, touched her wrist, shrivelling nerve and sinew, so that ever afterwards she wore a bracelet of black velvet. A picture, supposed to represent this lady, hangs in Curraghmore. It must be said that the evidence of it extant is so highly dubious, that the story is not worth telling in detail.

Sir Tristram was succeeded by his son, Sir Marcus, fourth Baronet, who married the Lady Katherine de la Poer, who was Baroness in her own right. Thus the two houses were conjoined. Lady Katherine was the only daughter and heiress of James, third and last Earl of Tyrone. She was allowed the Barony of La Poer in fee by resolution of the Irish House of Lords, on 16th November 1767. Sir Marcus her husband was created Earl of Tyrone in 1746. The son of Sir Marcus and Lady Katherine, George De la Poer, was created Marquess of Waterford in 1789, and Knight of St. Patrick at the Institution of the Order in 1783. First Marquess, he was the first De la Poer Beresford.

The De la Poer, Power, or Poher, family traces its descent from Comorre I., Count of le Poher, who married the widow of Jonas, King of Domnonée, and who died A.D. 554. Le Poher was one of the five independent states of Brittany, of which the others were La Domnonée, La Cornouailles, Le Vannes, and Le Leon. The genealogy of the Le Poers is interesting, if

only by reason of its romantic names. From Comorre I., Count of le Poher, descended the Counts Comorre, Erispoë, Rivallon, Nominoë. Nominoë married one Argantal, defeated Charles the Bald, drove the Franks out of Brittany, and was proclaimed King of that country in 841. He was succeeded by his son Erispoë, who married Mormohec. From the aforesaid Rivallon descended Salomon, who (having achieved a little murderous intrigue) succeeded King Erispoë, and married Wembrit. From the brother of Salomon, Mathuedoi, descended Alain, Count of Vannes and Duke of Brittany, who fought against the Normans, and who was driven by them to take refuge in England. His son Alain (called Barbe-torte) returned to Brittany, drove out the Normans in his turn, and united Le Poer to the Duchy.

From the Pohers, in the female line, descended Arthur, Duke of Brittany, who was done to death by John, King of England, A.D. 1203. There is this other link between John of England and the De la Poers, that in the demesne of Curraghmore an ancient bridge of stone, over which the English King is said to have passed, spans the river and is called John's Bridge to this day. From the Duchess Constance, the mother of Arthur of Brittany, descended the Duchess Anne, who married King Louis XII. of France. Brittany was thus incorporated in France.

The Pohers seem to have come to England with Duke William of Normandy, called the Conqueror. In 1066 they are found in Devonshire; and later, in Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Shropshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire,

Wiltshire, Herefordshire; a fructuous and an acquisitive clan. They came to Ireland in the reign of the second Henry: then came Sir Robert, Sir Roger, William and Simon. Sir Roger helped in the invasion of Ulster. But the founder of the De la Poers of Curraghmore was Sir Robert, who, in the year 1172, accompanied King Henry II. as Knight Marshal, and to whom was given by the King, the town of Waterford and a great parcel of county Waterford.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Sir Henry Sidney, in the course of his account of the province of Munster, communicated to the Lords of the Council, describes his visit to John, Lord le Poer, who was born in 1527. "27th Feb., 1575. The day I departed from Waterford I lodged that night at Curraghmore, the house that Lord Power is baron of, where I was so used, and with such plenty and good order entertained (as adding to it the quiet of all the country adjoining, by the people called Power country, for that surname has been since the beginning of the Englishman's planting inhabitants there), it may be well compared with the best ordered country in the English Pale. And the Lord of the country, though he be of scope of ground a far less territory than his neighbour is, yet he lives in show far more honourably and plentifully than he or any other, whatsoever he be, of his calling that lives in his province."

The "Peerage of Ireland" of 1768 urbanely observes: "It is very remarkable, that in so long a succession in this family, and in a country continually disturbed and torn by rebellion and civil

wars, that not one of this family was ever engaged in any rebellion against the crown of England, nor was there ever a forfeiture in the family during the space of six hundred years that they have been planted in Ireland; and they at this day enjoy the family lands, and reside at the same place they were originally settled in, in the county of Waterford. In a grant of letters patent from King Charles II. to this Richard, Lord la Poer, bearing date the 9th May, the twenty-third year of his reign, there is this recital. That the ancestors of the said Richard, Lord la Poer, from their first planting in Ireland, for above four hundred years, had entirely preserved their faith and loyalty to the crown of England, in consideration therefore," etc.

Sir Tristram Beresford, up in the North, fought against King James Second; but the De la Poers harboured that monarch; who in the course of his retreat from Ireland, slept a night at Curraghmore, and departing thence took ship at Waterford, and was no more seen in Erin.

Sir Marcus, the son of Sir Tristram, as above recited, united the two houses by marrying the Lady Katherine le Poer; and their descendants, as in 1768, "at this day enjoy the family lands and reside at the same place they were originally settled in." The earldom of Tyrone, which was extinguished by the death of Lady Katherine's father, the third Earl, was revived in Sir Marcus Beresford. Tracing back the direct line of the De la Poers of Curraghmore, we find that Nicholas de la Poer was summoned to Parliament in 1375, in 1378, and in 1383, by the most ancient

writs contained in the Rolls Office in Ireland. This Sir Nicholas of Curraghmore traced his descent from Brian Boru, King of Erin, who died in 1014. The line of Irish Kings (as recorded in *Whitaker's Almanack*) goes back to A.D. 4; and some say much further.

A collateral branch of the De Pohers, or Powers, was the Barons of Donoyle, or Dunhill, the ruins of whose castle remain to this day. It was stoutly defended against Cromwell by the Baroness; and, according to tradition, was betrayed into the hands of the enemy by the lieutenant of her garrison. These Powers were then transplanted to Connaught, and their estates were forfeited. Another collateral branch was the Powers of Knockbrit, county Tipperary. In the year 1789, to Edmund Power and his wife, who was a daughter of "Buck" Sheehy, was born Marguerite, who became Lady Blessington. It seems that her father, "Buck" Power, dissipated his fortune, as the mode was in those days; that he compelled his daughter to marry one Captain Farmer, who ill-treated her; that Mrs. Farmer left her husband, came to London with her brother, was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and, after Farmer's death, married Lord Blessington. Here is a link with my Lord Byron.

The relation of the De la Poer Beresfords with the Delavals of Seaton-Delaval in Northumberland, consists in the marriage of Sir Henry de la Poer, second Marquess (1772-1826), with Lady Susanna Carpenter, who was the granddaughter of Lord Delaval. Her mother, daughter of Lord Delaval, married George,

second Earl of Tyrconnel. The Lady Tyrconnel was famed for her beauty. The portrait of her daughter, Lady Susanna, now at Curraghmore, represents a singularly beautiful, fair-haired creature, delicately featured, blue-eyed. The Delavals would seem to have been a high-spirited, reckless, and spendthrift race. Extravagant entertainments were devised at their house of Seaton-Delaval, which was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, playwright and architect. The actor Foote was a friend of the family; they were devoted to amateur theatricals; and Garrick once lent Drury Lane Theatre to them. The Delavals were singularly addicted to practical jokes; a tendency to the same diversion has reappeared in later generations. Lord Delaval's only son died young, and the title expired. There is a picture of the sturdy, brown-haired lad at Curraghmore. It is worth noting that an ancestor of Lady Susanna, and, therefore, of Lord Charles Beresford, was a naval officer of some distinction. George Delaval, vice-admiral of the Red, was present at the action fought off Cape Barfleur in May 1692.

The generation of the second Marquess, he who married the Lady Susanna, produced an Archbishop: even the Right Honourable and Most Reverend Lord John George de la Poer Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. He was born in 1773, and died in 1862. Possessing great wealth, he was known for his immense benefactions. He gave largely to Dublin University, and to the College of Saint Columba; restored the Cathedral at Armagh at a cost of £30,000; and augmented

the salaries of his clergy. The bust of this magnificent prelate stands in the private chapel at Curraghmore. His body is interred in Armagh Cathedral. The Archbishop bequeathed his Property in county Cavan to Lord Charles Beresford; the townlands on the estate bearing such euphonious names as Ballyheady, Corraleehan Beg, Crockawaddy, Kiltynaskeelan, Derrynacrieve, Gubnagree, Scrabby, Tullynamoultra.

The third Marquess, Sir Henry de la Poer, having met his death in the hunting-field, was succeeded in 1859 by his brother, Sir John, who was Dean and Prebendary of Mullaghbrack, in the Arch-diocese of Armagh. He married, in 1843, Christina Leslie, daughter of Charles Powell-Leslie. She was born in 1820, and lived until 1905. The Marchioness learned to ride when she was between forty and fifty years of age, and speedily became a noted rider to hounds. Their sons, as before recited, were Sir John-Henry de la Poer, fifth Marquess of Waterford; Lord Charles, Lord William, Lord Marcus, and Lord Delaval; of whom Lord Charles and Lord Marcus survive at the time of writing. Lord Charles was born on 10th February 1846 at Philipstown Glebe, Louth. It was the year of the great famine; and at Curraghmore, half a regiment was then quartered in the house.

The fifth Marquess, elder brother of Lord Charles, was succeeded in 1895 by his son, nephew to Lord Charles. The sixth Marquess lost his life by a sad accident in 1911. The present heir is a minor.

In this chronicle, brief as it is, three notable figures cannot be

omitted: Mr. Commissioner John Beresford, Admiral Sir John Poo Beresford, and the Marshal. (For information concerning these worthies, I have drawn upon the *Dictionary of National Biography*.)

John Beresford, whose name is even yet occasionally reproached by the descendants of his political opponents, was born in 1738, and died in 1805. He was the second son of Marcus, Earl of Tyrone (brother of the first Marquess) and Lady Katherine, Baroness de la Poer. Appointed First Commissioner of Revenue in 1780, John Beresford became in fact ruler of Ireland. He was entrusted by Pitt with the management of all Irish affairs. Viceroys came and viceroys went, but Beresford continued to hold a position "greater than that of the Lord Lieutenant himself"; much to the indignation of Lord Fitzwilliam, who, when he was appointed Lord Lieutenant, permitted himself to address the First Commissioner in terms so indigestible that Beresford promptly challenged him. The duel, however, was prevented. John Beresford took a great part in the preparation and passing of the Act of Union; was M.P. for Waterford and a Privy Councillor; and did much to improve the city of Dublin, the fine Custom-house being built under his auspices. He married Barbara Montgomery, who was one of the "Three Graces" in the painting done by Sir Joshua Reynolds, now in the National Gallery. The other two Graces were her sister, Lady Mountjoy, and the Marchioness of Townshend.

Admiral Sir John Poo Beresford (1768 (?) -1884) was a

natural son of the first Marquess of Waterford. He entered the Royal Navy in 1782; fought a smart action in the capture of the French store-ships in Hampton Roads on 17th May 1795; and performed distinguished service in the West Indies. He took part in the famous eight months' blockade off Ferrol in 1808, and in the blockade of Lorient, commanding one of those "weather-beaten ships upon which the Grand Army never looked." In 1810 he was co-operating off Lisbon with Wellington's army, with which his younger brother the Marshal, in command of the Portuguese Army, was also co-operating. He represented in Parliament, in succession, Coleraine, Berwick, Northallerton, and Chatham. In 1835 he was Junior Lord of the Admiralty. His career, a combination of fighting seaman, member of Parliament, and Junior Lord, presents a singular resemblance to the career of his relative, Lord Charles Beresford.

Marshal Beresford, or, more precisely, General Viscount William Carr Beresford, was born in 1768 and died, full of years and honours, in 1854. Son of the first Marquess, he also, like the Admiral, bore the bar sinister on his escutcheon. As captain of the 69th Regiment, he was with Lord Hood at Toulon in 1793, and commanded the storming party at the tower of Martello. He was present at the captures of Bastia, Calvi, and San Fiorenzo. After service in India, Beresford's brigade led the march across the desert in the Egyptian campaign of 1801. Eighty-four years later, his relative, Captain Lord Charles Beresford, took his Naval Brigade across the desert with Sir Herbert Stewart's forlorn

hope.

Beresford was present at the capture of Cape Colony under Baird in 1805. Then he went up to Buenos Ayres, and with 1200 men took that place from the Spanish. After three days' hard fighting, Beresford was driven out of Buenos Ayres by an overwhelming force. Then he went with Sir Arthur Wellesley to Portugal; where he commanded two brigades under Sir John Moore. In the terrible winter retreat to Corunna, Beresford's brigade, told off to assist the rescue, was constantly engaged with the French vanguard. At Corunna, Beresford fought on the English left, achieving the greatest distinction.

In 1809, at the request of the Portuguese Government, Beresford was appointed to reorganise the Portuguese Army. Gifted with that marvellous capacity for handling men and for organisation, which Irishmen of English descent sometimes combine with a reckless gallantry, Beresford speedily transformed an ill-found, insubordinate mob into an efficient, well-fed, fighting force. He knew how to establish obedience to discipline, together with the confidence that good conduct would be rewarded; or, in Lord Charles Beresford's phrase, he coupled "commendation with condemnation." The Portuguese Government made him marshal in the Portuguese Army while he was lieutenant-general in the British Army; nor did the annoyance discovered by British officers at the double rank, which gave Wellington trouble, perturb the Marshal in the least. His Portuguese fought well alongside the English at Busaco, an

action which earned Beresford the K.C.B. and other decorations.

He won the battle of Albuera, defeating Soult, though not without heavy losses. The victory was said to be due to the action of one of his Staff, rather than to Beresford's tactics; a good deal of controversy was waged on the subject, in which the Marshal, after his retirement, took a vigorous part; but the fact remains that Albuera was won.

Beresford was present at the tremendous siege of Badajoz and at the battle of Salamanca, at which he was severely wounded. He speedily recovered, and fought at Vittoria in 1813, in the battles of the Pyrenees, and in the battles of Nivelle, Nive, and Arthez. He then returned to Portugal to command the Portuguese Army; so that he was not present at Waterloo. At the conclusion of the war he was created Baron. He left Portugal in 1822, and took his seat in the House of Lords, where he was a sturdy supporter of the policy of the Duke of Wellington. In 1828 he was appointed Master-General of Ordnance. In 1830 he retired.

Wellington wrote of the Marshal in 1812: "All that I can tell you is that the ablest man I have yet seen with the army, and that one having the largest views, is Beresford … he is the only person capable of conducting a large concern." And upon another occasion, Wellington affirmed that if he were removed by death or illness, he would recommend Beresford to succeed him, not because he was a great general, but because he alone could "feed an army."

General Lord Beresford married the Hon. Louisa Hope, his

first cousin, daughter of the Most Rev. William Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam and Lord Decies, and widow of Thomas Hope, author of *Anastatius*. His stepson was A. T. Beresford-Hope, sometime member for Cambridge University.

In 1824 the Marshal purchased the ancestral estate of the Beresfords in Staffordshire. His portrait, which bears a singular resemblance to Lord Charles, hangs in Curraghmore. It depicts a burly, martial figure, gorgeous in full uniform, with a broad, jovial, open countenance, and a bold blue eye, head thrown back, and a vast spread of chest and shoulder. Endowed with extraordinary physical strength, he was a born fighter, a great administrator, a big, warm-hearted, quick-tempered, irrepressible Beresford.

The formal list of his titles is: Viscount and Baron in the peerage of England, Duke of Elvas in the peerage of Spain, Conde de Trancoso in the peerage of Portugal, K.C.B., etc., colonel-in-chief 60th Rifles, colonel 16th Regiment, general in the English Army, marshal in the Portuguese Army.

The generations pass: the House remains. The House of de la Poer Beresford derives, from among other sources innumerable, from the Counts of Brittany, in the sixth century; from Brian Boru, King of Ireland, in the eleventh; from the Beresfords, that "very old and eminent English family," Norman in origin; from the Delavals of Northumberland, whose forefathers fought in the Crusades. This is the virtue of ancient lineage: that from generation to generation, an honourable tradition of service, of

peculiar obligation, gathers reinforcement. Every scion of the House is judged by the stern company of his forefathers; who, together with his dower of body and of mind and heritage of land or wealth, bequeath him warning or example. No traffic in titles can purchase that unique inheritance, nor can any forfeiture of material possessions diminish its essential value.

L.C.C.

CHAPTER I
I SEE THE FLEET

I saw the Navy for the first time in the year 1858, when I was twelve years old. The Channel Squadron came into the Downs; the admiral, who was a friend of my father, invited me to visit his flagship. The admiral put off from Deal in a six-oared galley, and I was taken into a second boat. Both crews began to pull with all their might. I remember being intensely excited, beating with my hand on the gunwale and urging the men to row faster. We were overhauling the admiral, when the boat in which I was slackened her pace.

"Row!" I shouted. "Why don't you go on rowing?"

"We can't pass the admiral, sir," said the coxswain. And that was my first lesson in naval etiquette.

As we drew near to the ships, there arose a great tumult of shouting, and I could see the men running to and fro and racing aloft, and presently they stood in rows along the yards, manning yards in honour of the arrival of the admiral.

The neatness and order of the stately ships, the taut rigging, the snowy sails, the ropes coiled down neatly on deck: these things left an abiding impression upon my youthful mind.

It was in the winter of the same year, 1858-9, that a certain young soldier, who had fought throughout the Indian Mutiny

with great gallantry and conspicuous ability, came to his home in County Waterford on his first furlough. He was Lieutenant Roberts, V.C.; now Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar.

"During the winter months," he writes, "I hunted with the Curraghmore hounds, and was out with them the day before Lord Waterford was killed. We had no run, and at the end of the day, when wishing us good-bye, he said 'I hope, gentlemen, we shall have better luck next time.' 'Next time' there was 'better luck' as regarded the hunting, but the worst of all possible luck for Lord Waterford's numerous friends; in returning home after a good run, and having killed two foxes, his horse stumbled over quite a small ditch, throwing his rider on his head; the spinal cord was snapped, and the fine sportsman breathed his last in a few moments." (*Forty-one years in India*. By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar. Bentley. 2 vols. London, 1897, p. 451, vol. 1.)

My father, the Rev. Lord John Beresford, succeeded to the marquisate. In the same year, 1859, I joined the Naval Service. I remember, some years afterwards, thinking with some degree of envy of my two younger brothers, each of whom had three hunters, while I was only the "blood-boat" (the jolly-boat bringing beef to the ship) midshipman of a man-of-war.

At that time the Navy consisted of both sailing ships and steamships. Steam was used as seldom as possible in those ships which were fitted with masts and yards. The flagships of the Cape of Good Hope, East Indies and China, South-east Coast

of America, Pacific and North America and West Indies stations were all sailing ships. The Navy List of 1859 gives the names of no less than 548 "effective" ships, together with a list of 185 "steam gunboats" and a list of 121 vessels employed in Harbour Service.

That there was so large a number of "steam gunboats" was the result of the Crimean war, during which very many were built for service in the Baltic. There is a story that an admiral returning from foreign service noticed eight gunboats aground on the Spit. Upon his inquiry, he was informed by one of his crew that they were "commanded by these old Baltic War mates and second masters, the sort what knows nothing and fears nothing." But of the sailing master there will be more to say.

The line-of-battle sailing ships which were flagships on naval stations abroad were: – the *Boscawen*, 70 guns, Rear-Admiral Hon. Sir Frederick W. Grey, Cape of Good Hope; *Calcutta*, 84, Rear-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, East Indies and China; *Cumberland*, 70, Rear-Admiral Sir Stephen Lushington, S.E. Coast of America; *Ganges*, 84, Rear-Admiral R. L. Baynes, Pacific; *Hibernia*, 104, Rear-Admiral H. J. Codrington, Malta; *Indus*, 78, Vice-Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, North America and West Indies.

The number of ships distributed among the various stations in 1859 was no less than 130. "Trade follows the flag."

East Indies and China… 36

Pacific..... 12

W. Coast of Africa… 17
N. America and W. Indies… 14
S.E. Coast of America… 13
Mediterranean..... 22
Cape of Good Hope… 5
Australia..... 4
River Gambia..... 1
Channel..... 6

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Total 130

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The presence of so large a force in Chinese waters was due to the affair of "the lorcha *Arrow*," which occurred on 8th October, 1856, in the Canton River. The *Arrow*, a small vessel flying the British flag, was captured by the Chinese authorities and the crew were arrested on a charge of piracy. In the result, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour bombarded Canton. Operations were suspended during the Indian Mutiny, to be resumed in 1858, with the assistance of France. Canton was captured, and

the treaty of Tien-Tsin was concluded with China. It was not, however, ratified, and in June, 1859 – six months before I entered the Navy – hostilities were resumed, to terminate in the burning of the Summer Palace at Pekin, and the subsequent signing of a convention.

CHAPTER II
THE BEGINNING OF SERVICE

I was sent to sea for the somewhat vague reasons which so often determine a boy's future. There was a belief that I was of a delicate constitution, and an impression – perhaps justified – that I needed discipline. I was sent to Bayford School in England when I was very young, together with two of my three brothers. We were known as the three "wild Irish." Among my schoolfellows were the present Lord Rosebery, James Lowther, Lord Newport, Lord Claud Hamilton and Lord George Hamilton, Lord Worcester, and Lord Methuen. From Bayford I went to the educational establishment of the Rev. David Bruce Payne (afterwards Canon) at Deal, where I first saw the ships of the Royal Navy, as already related. Canon Payne was a splendid type of the best British clergyman, and I had a great respect and affection for him. I was afterwards a pupil of the Rev. Mr. Foster, of Stubbington, Fareham.

I received my nomination from Captain Charles Eden, C.B., and qualified as a naval cadet on 12th December, 1859. The qualifying certificate must be signed by the candidate; a regulation which, simple as it seems, was nearly my undoing.

"Do you always sign your Christian name William with one 'l'?" asked the examiner.

It was a critical moment. Irish resource supplied the answer.

I said, "Only sometimes, sir."

The examiner smiled grimly. But he passed me. It was my first narrow escape in the Navy.

I have the faded blue paper before me as I write. The signature, laboriously written in a round hand, is "Charles Wiliam Delapoer Beresford."

The qualifying examination was not very formidable in those easy days. The knowledge required consisted of a little "English," less French or Latin (with the "aid of a dictionary"), a "satisfactory knowledge of the leading facts of Scripture and English History," a certain amount of geography, and an elementary knowledge of arithmetic, algebra and Euclid. The preliminary course of education afforded to "Volunteers," as the naval cadets used to be called, at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, had been abolished in 1837, and for the next twenty years cadets were sent straight to sea. In 1857, cadets were entered for training in the *Illustrious*, Captain Robert Harris. The number of cadets exceeding the accommodation in the ship, the *Britannia* was commissioned on 1st January, 1859, by Captain Harris. But not for many years did the entrance examination become the competitive ordeal for which cramming is the only preparation, known to the present generation. But I remember Admiral William Bowles, commander-in-chief of Portsmouth, taking me kindly by the shoulder and saying, "Well, my little man, you are very small for your age. Why are you being sent

to sea?"

I said that I wanted to go to sea.

"Are you good at your books?" asked the admiral. "Bless me, I know many an admiral who could not pass the examination you have passed. Good Heavens, what they expect boys to do nowadays!"

The *Britannia* was then moored at the entrance to Haslar Creek in Portsmouth Harbour, where the depot ships of the submarines are moored to-day. Alongside her, in the following year, lay the training frigate *Eurydice*, which was afterwards capsized off the Isle of Wight on 24th March, 1878, when 318 lives were lost out of a complement of 320. I learned to heave the lead from the chains of the *Eurydice*.

In addition to the ordinary school curriculum on board the *Britannia*, the cadets were taught seamanship, gunnery and navigation. Book-work did not interest me, but I took great pains to become proficient in seamanship, in which I always secured a high place.

A cadet entering the *Britannia* under 14 years of age, would be rejected from the Service if he failed to pass the fourth quarterly examination after his entrance. Having entered the *Britannia* in December, 1859, I was sent to sea in March, 1861. I was very happy during my time in the *Britannia*. Out of school time, we did a great deal of boat-pulling. My boat was called the *Gazelle*. I remember that one day, when I borrowed a private boat to put off to the *Gazelle*, my comrades pushed me out into the stream,

and I drifted out to Spithead, without oars. There was nothing in the boat but a painter, which I considered it to be my duty neatly to coil down. Then I sat still and waited until a boat came to fetch me.

Seamanship was taught by the use of models, and sail-drill was taught upon the mizen-mast. I remember being haunted by a doubt lest the handling of small models, and going aloft in a stationary ship, might not enable me to practise the knowledge thus acquired when I came to deal with the real full-size objects and to go aloft in a ship at sea. My prevision was largely justified; and when I came to command a ship, I made the youngsters learn their business by handling real things and not the models of them. For if anything goes wrong while teaching a youngster, for instance, to lay out a 6-ton anchor upon a model, he puts it right with his finger and thumb and thinks he can do the same with the real anchor.

The captain of the *Britannia* was Robert Harris, to whom the Service owes the inestimable benefit of cadet training ships. The first lieutenant was George S. Nares (now Vice-Admiral Sir George S. Nares, K.C.B.). He commanded the *Challenger* in her voyage of scientific discovery of 1872, during which he was recalled to proceed upon his celebrated voyage of Arctic exploration. Another lieutenant was William H. Heaton, whose long whiskers afforded the cadets much innocent amusement. On a windy day his whiskers used to stream backwards over his shoulders. Lieutenant Heaton chose to wear his stripes running

longitudinally up his arm, a peculiarity which exemplifies the prevailing latitude with regard to uniform. There was no rule prescribing the pattern of cap or great-coat worn in the Service. Officers might wear the mohair band and badge on any kind of cap that took their fancy. Some of them used to transfer plain clothes buttons to a uniform coat or greatcoat, if they were going ashore, for the sake of economy; for we were nearly all poor in those days. The chaplain and naval instructor was the Rev. Robert M. Inskip.

My chest on board the *Britannia* stood between the chests of poor "Andy" Wauchope and Henry John Thoroton Hildyard. Both subsequently left the Navy for the Army. The late Major-General Andrew Gilbert Wauchope, D.S.O., was fatally wounded at Magersfontein during the South African war. General Sir Henry J. T. Hildyard, G.C.B., K.C.B., retired in 1911, after long and distinguished service. I was strongly inclined to follow the example of my comrades and to join the Army; and I have since occasionally regretted that I remained in the Navy, in which Service there is less opportunity for attaining the highest rank.

I was raised to the rank of "captain" in the *Britannia*; but I regret to say that my enjoyment of that dignity was singularly brief, for I was disrated upon the same day, even before I had time to put on the stripe. For my delight at my promotion so exhilarated me, that I forgot to resist the temptation to empty a bread-barge upon the head of the old master-at-arms as he was

coming up the hatchway, and the spectacle was so amusing that I stayed to laugh at it.

When I entered the Service, the system of training young seamen, as well as cadets, was in operation. To Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty, is due the credit of introducing the training of seamen. In 1854, he caused the *Illustrious*, two-decker, to be commissioned for that purpose, under the command of Captain Robert Harris. The fact was that as sails gave place to steam and as the science of gunnery progressed, it became necessary to enter seamen as boys and to train them for continuous service. For some time the short service and long service systems were concurrent. When I went to sea, captains still entered men direct from the merchant service, and very good seamen they were. They were engaged for a commission, at the end of which they could re-engage or not as they pleased. But in the meantime, under the admirable administration of Captain Harris, "Jimmy Graham's novices," as they were called, earned an excellent reputation in the Fleet; and continuous service gradually replaced intermittent service. In the continuous service system resided our chief superiority over foreign Navies. The objection to it on the part of the Government was (and is) the increasing permanent charge of pensions. But in the interests of the Service and of the country, it cannot be too clearly understood that the system is well worth the cost, and that the revival of the short service system is profoundly to be regretted.

NOTE

H.M.S. *Britannia*. – She was the seventh ship of her name. She was launched at Plymouth in 1820, was pierced for 120 guns, and her complement was 900 men. Her length, beam and draught were 205 feet, 53 feet and 18 feet respectively. In the Crimean war, she landed 200 men as part of the naval brigade which assisted the Army at the siege of Sevastopol, and took part in the bombardment of that town. She was commissioned on 1st January, 1859, by Captain Robert Harris, as a training ship for cadets. The *Britannia* was stationed first in Portsmouth Harbour, then at Dartmouth. She was broken up in 1869. The memory of Captain Robert Harris deserves to be held in high honour. Vice-Admiral Sir William Fanshawe Martin, who himself achieved great reforms in the discipline of the Fleet, while in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, wrote to Captain Harris under date 18th January, 1861, "There is no man in England whose opportunity of doing good to our country for ages to come is greater than yours; and assuredly the Navy is greatly your debtor." (*The Story of the Britannia*, by Commander E. P. Statham, R.N. Cassell.)

The successor of the *Britannia* in which Lord Charles Beresford received his training, the eighth of her name, known and remembered with affection by all naval officers save the new generation, lay at Dartmouth for more than forty years, when her functions were transferred to the colleges on shore. (*The King's*

Ships, by H. S. Lecky, Lieut. R. N. Muirhead. Vol. 1.)

CHAPTER III
THE SHIP OF HAPPIEST MEMORY

On the 25th of March, 1861, I was appointed naval cadet in the *Marlborough*. As I climbed up her side by the hand-rungs, while my chest was being hoisted in over all, I perceived two huge men looking down upon me, and I heard one say to the other: —

"That white-faced little beggar ain't long for this world, Dick."

The speaker was John Glanville (called Clamfy Glanville), boatswain's mate (of whom more anon), and he addressed this lugubrious remark to Dicky Horne, the quartermaster, a very fat man. It was a far from encouraging welcome to the sea; but the fact was that I had been ill, and was feeling very cold as I climbed up the side of the ship. At first, I was much disappointed at having been sent to a large ship, for we youngsters had a notion that there were more freedom and independence in a small ship; and besides, I wanted to go to China. But I went to China all in good time.

The *Marlborough* was the flagship of the Mediterranean station. She was a wooden line of battleship, three-decker, launched in 1835, 4000 tons burthen old measure, 6390 displacement new measure, fitted with single screw horizontal Maudslay engines. The length of her gundeck was 245 feet 6

inches, her extreme beam was 61 feet, her maximum draught was 26 feet. Her complement was 950, and she always carried 100 or more supernumeraries. She was pierced for 131 guns and she carried 121 guns. She was one of the first ships to be fitted with wire lower rigging. In the *Marlborough* the old 24-inch hemp cable was used for laying out anchor at drill. It was the same class of cable as that which was used in Nelson's time; it was superseded by the chain cable.

The vice-admiral in command of the Mediterranean station was Sir William Fanshawe Martin (called "Fly" Martin); the captain, William H. Stewart; the commander, Thomas Brandreth: three of the finest officers that ever lived. The captain of the Fleet was Rear-Admiral Sydney C. Dacres, C.B. His duties were those of what we should now call a chief of staff. The office was subsequently abolished; and it was always my desire to see it restored.

Ships in those days were manned according to the number of guns they carried. The theory was that if the boats' crews were absent from the ship, there should always be sufficient men on board to work the sails and the guns. The watch-bills were made out upon this principle, the men being distributed among what were called the "parts of the ship." In the case of a newly commissioned ship, the making out of the watch-bills and assigning his place to each man, was the first thing to be done. It was no small task, especially as no printed forms were supplied for the purpose. The watch-bills were ruled and

entered by the officers on paper supplied by themselves, and were arranged upon the tradition handed down for centuries. Even the signalmen supplied their own pencils and paper. Each ship made its own arrangement. It was not until 1860 that uniform watch-bills, quarter-bills and station-bills were instituted.

The men were classed in the following categories, each "part of the ship" being divided into port watch and starboard watch.

The Forecastlemen
The Foretopmen
The Maintopmen
The Mizentopmen
The Gunners
The Afterguard
The Royal Marines
The Idlers

The Forecastlemen were most experienced seamen. They wore their caps a little differently from the others. They manned the foreyard, and worked the foresail, staysail, jib, flying jib, jibboom, flying jibboom and lower studdingsails.

The Foretopmen worked the foretopsail, foretopgallant and foreroyal yards, foretopgallantmast, foretopmast and topgallant studding-sails.

The Maintopmen worked the maintopsail, maintopgallant and main-royal yards and maintopgallantmast, maintopmast and topgallant studding-sails.

The Mizentopmen worked the mizentopsail, mizentopgallant

and mizen-royal yards, and mizentopgallantmast, mizentopmast and mizencourse (if there was one), also the driver.

The upper-yard men were the smartest in the ship, whose character largely depended upon them.

The Gunners, assisted by the Afterguard, worked the mainsail and mainyard. These were generally old and steady men, who were not very quick aloft. The gunners were also responsible for the care and maintenance of the gun gear, side tackles, train tackles and the ammunition. The senior warrant officer was the gunner.

There were only three warrant officers: – gunner, boatswain and carpenter.

The Royal Marines were divided between fore and aft, working on forecastle and quarterdeck. I remember seeing a detachment of Marines, upon coming aboard, fallen in while the blacksmith, lifting up each man's foot behind him, wrenched off and dropped into a bucket the metal on the heel of his boot, lest it should mark the deck.

The Afterguard worked on the quarterdeck and helped with the mainyard. They were the less efficient men and were therefore employed under the eye of the commander.

The Idlers were not idlers. They were so called because (theoretically) they had their nights in, although actually they turned out at four o'clock a.m. They were artificers, such as carpenters, caulkers, plumbers, blacksmiths, etc. They worked all day at their several trades until their supper-time. They were

nearly all old petty officers, steady and respectable. It was part of their duty to man the pumps every morning for washing decks. I made up my mind that, if ever I was in a position to do so, I would relieve them of an irksome and an inappropriate duty.

In action, the carpenters worked below decks, stopping holes with shot-plugs, while many of the other Idlers worked in the magazines. Among the Idlers was the ship's musician – unless the ship carried a band – who was a fiddler. He used to play to the men on the forecastle after working hours and when they manned the capstan. Personally I always considered the name of Idlers to be anomalous. They are now called Daymen.

Among the ship's company were several negroes. At that time, it was often the case that the captain of the hold and the cooper were coloured men.

An instance of the rapidity and efficiency of the organisation of the *Marlborough* occurred upon the night before she sailed for the Mediterranean. She was newly commissioned, and she carried a large number of supernumeraries on passage. We took out 1500 all told. A fire broke out on the orlop deck; the drum beat to quarters; every man instantly went to his station, to which he had previously been told off; and the fire was speedily extinguished. The event was my first experience of discipline in a big ship.

The nature of the discipline which was then in force, I learned on the way out to the Mediterranean. In the modern sense of the word, discipline was exemplified by the Royal Marines alone. I

cannot better convey an idea of the old system than by means of an illustration. Supposing that a Marine and a bluejacket had each committed an offence. The Marine was brought up on the quarter-deck before the commander, and the charge was read to him. The commander asked him what he had to say. The prisoner, standing rigidly to attention, embarked upon a long rambling explanation. If his defence were invalid, the commander cut him short, and the sergeant gave his order. "Right turn. Quick march." The Marine, although continuing to protest, obeyed automatically, and away he went. He continued to talk until he was out of hearing, but he went. Not so the bluejacket. He did not stand to attention, not he. He shifted from one foot to the other, he hitched his breeches, fiddled with his cap, scratched his head.

"Well, sir," said he, "it was like this here, sir," … and he began to spin an interminable yarn.

"That'll do, my man," quoth the commander. But, not at all. "No, sir, look here, sir, what I wants to say is this" – and so on, until the commander had to order a file of Marines to march him below.

But both Marine and bluejacket had this in common: each would ask the commander to settle the matter rather than let it go before the captain; and the captain, to sentence him rather than hold a court-martial.

The explanation of the difference between the old system of discipline and the new is that in the sailing days it was

of the first importance that the seaman should be capable of instant independent action. The soldier's uniformity and military precision were wholly unsuited to the sailor, who, at any moment, might have to tackle an emergency on his own initiative. If a seaman of the old days noticed anything wrong aloft, up he would run to put it right, without waiting for orders. Life and death often hung upon his promptitude of resource.

In the old days, we would often overhear such a conversation as the following: —

Officer: "Why the blank dash didn't you blank well do so-and-so when I told you?"

Man: "Why didn't I? Because if I had I should have been blank well killed and so would you."

Officer: "Damn you, sir, don't you answer me! I shall put you in the report."

Man: "Put me in the ruddy report, then."

And the next day the commander, having heard both sides, would say to the officer,

"Why, the man was quite right." And to the man, "You had no right to argue with the officer. Don't do it again. Now get away with you to hell."

And everyone would part the best of friends.

The change came with the improvement and progress in gunnery, which involved, first, the better drilling of the small-arm companies. In my early days, the small-arm companies used to drill with bare feet. Indeed, boots were never worn on board.

It was of course impossible to wear boots going aloft for a sailor going aloft in boots would injure the heads and hands of his topmates. Occasionally the midshipmen went aloft barefooted like the men. So indurated did the feet of the sailors become, that they were unable to wear boots without discomfort, and often carried them when they were ashore.

A sailor's offences were hardly ever crimes against honour. They rather arose from the character induced by his calling. Its conditions were hard, dangerous and often intensely exciting. The sailor's view was devil-may-care. He was free with his language, handy with his fists and afraid of nothing. A smart man might receive four dozen for some violence, and be rated petty officer six months afterwards. Condemnation was then the rule. Personally, I endeavoured to substitute for it, commendation. For if there are two men, one of whom takes a pride in (say) keeping his rifle clean, and the other neglects it, to ignore the efficiency of the one is both to discourage him and to encourage the other.

Before the system of silence was introduced by the *Marlborough* the tumult on deck during an evolution or exercise was tremendous. The shouting in the ships in Malta Harbour could be heard all over Valetta. The *Marlborough* introduced the "Still" bugle-call. At the bugle-call "Still" every man stood motionless and looked at the officer. For in order to have an order understood, the men must be looking at the officer who gives it. During the Soudan war, I used the "Still" at several critical moments. Silence and attention are the first necessities

for discipline. About this time the bugle superseded the drum in many ships for routine orders.

There were few punishments, the chief punishment being the cat. The first time I saw the cat applied, I fainted. But men were constantly being flogged. I have seen six men flogged in one morning. Even upon these painful occasions, the crew were not fallen in. They were merely summoned aft "for punishment" – "clear lower deck lay aft for punishment" was piped – and grouped themselves as they would, sitting in the boats and standing about, nor did they even keep silence while the flogging was being inflicted. The officers stood within three sides of a square formed by the Marines. Another punishment was "putting the admiral in his barge and the general in his helmet," when one man was stood in a bucket and the other had a bucket on his head.

Very great credit is due to Admiral Sir William Martin, who reformed the discipline of the Fleet. The Naval Discipline Act was passed in 1861; the New Naval Discipline Act in 1866. In 1871 a circular was issued restricting the infliction of corporal punishment in peace time. Flogging was virtually abolished in 1879. (Laird Clowes' *The Royal Navy*, vol. 7.) Now we have proper discipline and no cat. In former days, we had the cat but no proper discipline.

The men were granted very little leave. They were often on board for months together. When they went ashore, there they remained until they had spent their last penny; and when they came on board they were either drunk or shamming drunk. For

drunkenness was the fashion then, just as sobriety is, happily, the fashion now. In order to be in the mode, a man would actually feign drunkenness on coming aboard. In many a night-watch after leave had been given have I superintended the hoisting in of drunken men, who were handed over to the care of their messmates. To-day, an intoxicated man is not welcomed by his mess, his comrades preferring that he should be put out of the way in cells. It was impossible to keep liquor out of the ship. Men would bring it aboard in little bladders concealed in their neckties. Excess was the rule in many ships. On Christmas Day, for instance, it was not advisable for an officer to go on the lower deck, which was given up to license. I remember one man who ate and drank himself to death on Christmas Day. There he lay, beside a gun, dead. Other cases of the same kind occurred in other ships.

The rations were so meagre that hunger induced the men constantly to chew tobacco. For the same reason I chewed tobacco myself as a boy. Nor have I ever been able to understand how on such insufficient and plain diet the men were so extraordinarily hardy. They used to go aloft and remain aloft for hours, reefing sails, when a gale was blowing with snow and sleet, clad only in flannel (vest) serge frock and cloth or serge trousers, their heads, arms and lower part of their legs bare. Then they would go below to find the decks awash in a foot of water, the galley fire extinguished, nothing to eat until next meal time but a biscuit, and nothing to drink but water.

Seamen often curse and swear when they are aloft furling or reefing sails in a gale of wind; but I have never heard a sailor blaspheme on these occasions. Their language aloft is merely a mode of speaking. Although in the old days I have heard men blaspheme on deck, blasphemy was never heard aloft in a gale. To be aloft in a whole gale or in a hurricane impresses the mind with a sense of the almighty power of the Deity, and the insignificance of man, that puny atom, compared with the vast forces of the elements.

In later life, I once said to a young man whom I heard using blasphemous language in a club:

"If you were up with me on the weather yard-arm of a topsail yard reefing topsails in a whole gale, you would be afraid to say what you are saying now. You would see what a little puny devil a man is, and although you might swear, you would be too great a coward to blaspheme."

And I went on to ram the lesson home with some forcible expressions, a method of reproof which amused the audience, but which effectually silenced the blasphemer.

The fact is, there is a deep sense of religion in those who go down to the sea in ships and do their business in the great waters. Every minister of God, irrespective of the denomination to which he belongs, is treated with respect. And a good chaplain, exercising tact and knowing how to give advice, does invaluable service in a ship, and is a great help in maintaining sound discipline, inasmuch as by virtue of his position he can discover

and remove little misunderstandings which cause discontent and irritation.

The discomforts of the Old Navy are unknown to the new. The sanitary appliances, for instance, were placed right forward in the bows, in the open air. If the sea were rough they could not be used. On these occasions, the state of the lower deck may with more discretion be imagined than described. As the ship rolled, the water leaked in through the rebated joints of the gun-ports, and as long as a gale lasted the mess-decks were no better than cesspools. It is a curious fact that in spite of all these things, the spirits of both officers and men rose whenever it came on to blow; and the harder it blew, the more cheery everyone became. The men sang most under stress of weather; just as they will to-day under the same conditions or while coaling ship. After a gale of wind, the whole ship's company turned-to to clean the ship.

In those days the men used to dress in cloth trousers and tunic with buttons. The men used to embroider their collars and their fronts with most elaborate and beautiful designs. They had two hats, a black hat and a white hat, which they made themselves. The black hats were made of straw covered with duck and painted. Many a man has lost his life aloft in trying to save his heavy black hat from being blown away.

The fashion of wearing hair on the face was to cultivate luxuriant whiskers, and to "leave a gangway," which meant shaving upper lip, chin and neck. Later, Mr. Childers introduced a new order: a man might shave clean, or cultivate all growth, or

leave a gangway as before, but he might not wear a moustache only. The order, which applied to officers and men (except the Royal Marines) is still in force.

Steam was never used except under dire necessity, or when entering harbour, or when exercising steam tactics as a Fleet. The order to raise steam cast a gloom over the entire ship. The chief engineer laboured under considerable difficulties. He was constantly summoned on deck to be forcibly condemned for "making too much smoke."

We were very particular about our gunnery in the *Marlborough*; although at the same time gunnery was regarded as quite a secondary art. It was considered that anyone could fire a gun, and that the whole credit of successful gunnery depended upon the seamanship of the sailors who brought the ship into the requisite position. The greater number of the guns in the *Marlborough* were the same as those used in the time of Nelson, with their wooden trucks, handspikes, sponges, rammers, worms and all gear complete. The *Marlborough* was fitted with a cupola for heating round-shot, which were carried red-hot to the gun in an iron bucket. I know of no other ship which was thus equipped.

The gunnery lieutenant of the *Marlborough*, Charles Inglis, was gifted with so great and splendid a voice, that, when he gave his orders from the middle deck, they were heard at every gun in the ship. We used to practise firing at a cliff in Malta Harbour, at a range of a hundred yards or so. I used to be sent on shore to collect the round-shot and bring them on board for future use. I

remember that when, in the course of a lecture delivered to my men on board the *Bulwark* more than forty years afterwards, I related the incident, I could see by their faces that my audience did not believe me; though I showed to them the shot-holes in the face of the cliff, which remain to this day. On gunnery days, all fires were extinguished, in case a spark should ignite the loose powder spilt by the boys who brought the cartridges to the guns, making a trail to the magazines. At "night quarters," we were turned out of our hammocks, which were lashed up. The mess-tables were triced up overhead. The lower-deck ports being closed, there was no room to wield the wooden rammer; so that the charges for the muzzle-loading guns were rammed home with rope rammers. Before the order to fire was given, the ports were triced up. Upon one occasion, so anxious was a bluejacket to be first in loading and firing, that he cherished a charge hidden in his hammock since the last night quarters, a period of nearly three months, and, firing before the port was triced up, blew it into the next ship.

In those days, the master was responsible for the navigation of the ship. He was an old, wily, experienced seaman, who had entered the Service as master's mate. (When I was midshipman in the *Defence*, the master's assistant was Richard W. Middleton, afterwards Captain Middleton, chief organiser of the Conservative Central Office.) The master laid the course and kept the reckoning. As steam replaced sails, the office of master was transferred to the navigating officer, a lieutenant who

specialised in navigation. The transformation was effected by the Order in Council of 26th June, 1867.

The sail-drill in the *Marlborough* was a miracle of smartness and speed. The spirit of emulation in the Fleet was furious. The fact that a certain number of men used to be killed, seemed to quicken the rivalry. Poor Inman, a midshipman in the *Marlborough*, a great friend of mine, his foot slipping as he was running down from aloft, lost his life. His death was a great shock to me.

The men would run aloft so quickly that their bare feet were nearly indistinguishable. Topmasts and lower yard were sent down and sent up at a pace which to-day is inconceivable.

I once saw the captain of the maintop hurl himself bodily down from the cap upon a hand in the top who was slow in obeying orders. That reckless topman was Martin Schultz, a magnificent seaman, who was entered by the captain direct from the Norwegian merchant service, in which he had been a mate.

Mr. George Lewis, an old topmate of mine, who was one of the smartest seamen on board H.M.S. *Marlborough*, has kindly sent to me the following interesting details with regard to the times of sail-drill and the risks incidental to the evolutions.

Marlborough.	Time allowed by		Time in Admiral.	
	Min.	Sec.	Min.	Sec.
Cross topgallant and royal yards	1	0	0	30
Down topgallant yards with royal yards across	2	0	1	13
Up topgallant mast, cross upper yards and loose sails	2	30	1	27
Shift topgallant masts from royal yards across	7	0	5	40
Up topgallant mast and make all plain sail	4	0	2	40
Up topgallant mast and make all possible sail	6	0	3	0
Shift topsails from plainsail	6	0	4	50
In all boom boats from away aloft	7	0	6	0
Out all boom boats	7	0	5	40
Away lifeboat's crew	0	30	0	20

What Mr. Lewis means by "admiral's time," let him explain in his own words. "When our admiral" (Sir William Martin) "was captain of the *Prince Regent*, which was considered the smartest ship in the Navy, he brought all her times of all her drills to the grand old *Marlborough* along with him; and you know, my lord, that he allowed us six months to get our good old ship in trim before we drilled along with the Fleet; but we started to drill along with the Fleet after three months, and were able to beat them all."

"Now, my lord," continues Mr. Lewis, "I come to one of the smartest bits of our drill. When we were sailing in the Bay of Naples under all possible sail, our captain wanted to let the world see what a smart ship he had and what a smart lot of men was under him. From the order 'Shift topsails and courses make all possible sail again'" – which really means that the masts were

stripped of sails and again all sails were hoisted – "Admiral's time 13 minutes, our time 9 minutes 30 seconds. All went without a hitch, within 400 yards of our anchorage."

Mr. Lewis proceeds to recount a very daring act of his own. "We were sending down upper yards and topgallant mast one evening, and it was my duty to make fast the lizard. But I could only make fast one hitch, so I slid down the mast rope and it turned me right over, but I managed to catch the lizard and hold on to it, and so saved the mast from falling on the hundred men that were in the gangway. No doubt if it had fallen on them it would have killed a good many…"

What happened was that Lewis, in the tearing speed of the evolution, not having time properly to secure the head of the mast as it was coming down, held the fastening in place while clinging to the mast rope and so came hurtling down with the mast. He adds that he "felt very proud" – and well he might – when the captain "told the admiral on Sunday that I was the smartest man aloft that he had ever seen during his time in the Service." He had an even narrower escape. "I was at the yard-arm when we had just crossed" (hoisted into place). "I was pulling down the royal sheet and someone had let it go on deck, and I fell backwards off the yard head-foremost. I had my arm through the strop of the jewel block, and it held me, and dropped me in the topmast rigging, and some of my topmates caught me."

Mr. Lewis himself was one of the smartest and quickest men aloft I have ever seen during the whole of my career. The men

of other ships used to watch him going aloft. "My best time," he writes – and I can confirm his statement "from "way aloft' to the topgallant yard-arm was 13 seconds, which was never beaten." It was equalled, however, by Ninepin Jones on the foretopgallant yard. The topgallant and royal yard men started from the maintop, inside of the topmast rigging, at the order '"way aloft." The height to be run from the top, inside of the topmast rigging, to the topgallant yard-arm was 64 feet. From the deck to the maintop was 67 feet. At one time, the upper-yard men used to start from the deck at the word "away aloft"; but the strain of going aloft so high and at so great a speed injured their hearts and lungs, so that they ascended first to the top, and there awaited the order "away aloft."

The orders were therefore altered. They were: first, "midshipmen aloft," when the midshipmen went aloft to the tops; second, "upper-yard men aloft," when the upper-yard men went aloft to the tops, and one midshipman went from the top to the masthead.

At the evening or morning evolution of sending down or up topgallant masts and topgallant and royal yards, only the upper-yard men received the order, "upper-yard men in the tops." The next order was "away aloft," the upper-yard men going to the masthead.

At general drill, requiring lower- and topsail-yard men aloft, as well as upper-yard men, the orders were: first, "midshipmen aloft"; then "upper-yard men in the tops"; then, "away aloft,"

when the lower- and topsail-yard men went aloft to the topsail and lower yards, and the upper-yard men went aloft to the masthead.

These arrangements applied of course only to drill. In the event of a squall or an emergency, the men went straight from deck to the topgallant and royal yards.

Mr. Lewis's performance was a marvel. Writing to me fifty years afterwards, he says: – "I think, my lord, it would take me a little longer than 13 seconds now to get to the maintopgallant yard-arm and run in again without holding on to anything, which I have done many hundreds of times."

The men would constantly run thus along the yards – upon which the jackstay is secured, to which again the sail is bent, so that the footing is uneven – while the ship was rolling. Sometimes they would fall, catching the yard, and so save themselves.

The foretopgallant-yard man, Jones, was as smart as Lewis, though he never beat Lewis's record time. These two men were always six to ten ratlines ahead of the other yard men, smart men as these were. One day Jones lost a toe aloft. It was cut clean off by the fid of the foretopgallant mast. But Jones continued his work as though nothing had happened, until the drill was ended, when he hopped down to the sick bay. He was as quick as ever after the accident; and the sailors called him Ninepin Jack.

Another old topmate, Mr. S. D. Sharp, writing to me in 1909, when I hauled down my flag, says: – "I was proud of the old *Marlborough* and her successor up the Straits, the *Victoria*. They

were a noble sight in full sail with a stiff breeze. No doubt the present fleet far excels the old wooden walls, but the old wooden walls made sailors. But sailors to-day have to stand aside for engine-men. Going round Portsmouth dockyard some few years since, I was very sad to see the noble old Marlborough a hulk" (she is now part of H.M.S. *Vernon* Torpedo School), "laid aside, as I expect we all shall be in time" (Mr. Sharp is only between seventy and eighty years of age). "I am doubtful if there are many men in the Navy to-day who would stand bolt upright upon the royal truck of a line-of-battle ship. I was one of those who did so. Perhaps a foolish practice. But in those days fear never came our way."

There speaks the Old Navy.

When a ship was paid off out of Malta Harbour, it was the custom that there should be a man standing erect on each of the trucks, main, mizen and fore. Many a time have I seen these men balanced more than 200 feet in the air, strip off their shirts and wave them. And once I saw a man holding to the vane-spindle set in the truck, and I saw the spindle break in his hand, and the man fall…

In the course of my experience, I have seen a man fall off the main-royal yard, be caught in the belly of the mainsail slip down the sail, catch the second reef-line with his legs, and hold on until a topmate ran aloft with a bowline and saved him.

I have seen a man fall off the maintopsail yard, and be caught in the bight of the mainsheet in the main rigging, and run aloft

again. And this was at sea.

And several times I have seen a man fall from aloft to be dashed to pieces upon the deck.

One of the closest escapes I have ever had occurred aloft in the *Marlborough*. Being midshipman of the mizenroyal, I was furling the sail, leaning forward upon the yard, gathering in the canvas, my feet braced backward upon the footrope, when another midshipman, leaping upon the footrope, accidentally knocked it from under my feet. For two or three seconds I hung by the tips of my fingers, which were pressed against the jackstay of the mizen-royal yard (the rope running taut along the top of the yard to which the sail is bent) under which I could not push my fingers, and then, at the last moment, I found the footrope again. I have never forgotten my feelings, when I saw certain death approaching while my feet were clawing about for the footrope.

When the hands were turned out to bathe, John Glanville, chief boatswain's mate, would go up to the main-yard, stand with one foot on the yard and the other on the preventive braceblock, and thence take a header. The height was between 50 and 60 feet. Once he struck the sea sideways, and was injured, so that he was never quite the same man afterwards. But any other man would have been killed.

On another occasion, when the ship was hove-to for the hands to bathe, the captain of the forecastle hauled the jib sheet aft, and the ship began to glide away from the officers and men, myself among them, in the water. Luckily all got on board again.

In the spirit of emulation, I fell into deserved disgrace at sail-drill. In order to be first in the evolution, I secretly unbent the foretopgallant sheet before the men arrived at the masthead. Another midshipman did likewise at the main. He was Arthur Gresley, one of the smartest midshipmen aloft, and one of the best oars in the Service, a splendid, cheery, chivalrous, noble-minded lad. We were discovered; and, before all the men, we were ordered down on deck, and were severely reprimanded for having endeavoured to gain an unfair advantage, thereby staining the character of a ship justly noted for her scrupulous fair play. I was taken out of my top, deprived of the command of my boat, and disrated to cadet; and I had serious thoughts of ending a ruined career by jumping overboard. I have never been so genuinely unhappy before or since. But upon the following day I was rated up again, and replaced in my top and my boat.

At first in the *Marlborough* I was midshipman of the mizentop, and in charge of the jolly-boat. The midshipman in charge of a boat learned how to handle men. As he was away from the ship with them for long periods, he was forced to understand them and to discover how to treat them, thus learning the essential elements of administration. As all my delight was in seamanship, I contrived to miss a good deal of school. It was not difficult, when the naval instructor desired my presence, to find a good reason for duty with my boat. I was afterwards midshipman of the foretop, and when I was promoted from the jolly-boat to the second pinnace, and to the command of the first subdivision

of the three-pounder division of field-guns for landing, being placed in charge of one three-pounder gun, I thought I was an emperor.

We used to land with the guns for field-battery exercises, setting Marine sentries all round to prevent the men getting away to drink. Returning on board, we used to race down the Calcara Hill at Malta to the harbour. On one occasion, we were going so fast that we couldn't turn the gun round the corner, and gun and all toppled over the wharf into the water…

I fell into another scrape in excess of zeal for marksmanship. We used to practise aiming with rifles and muzzle-loading Enfields, the Service rifle of that day. We fired percussion caps without charges, at little bull's-eyes painted on a strip of canvas, which was stretched along the bulwarks below the hammock-nettings. The marksman stood on the opposite side of the deck. Another midshipman and myself contrived to fire a couple of caps as projectiles, which of course entered the woodwork behind the targets, making dreadful holes. This appalling desecration, involving the fitting in of new planking, was discovered by the commander, Brandreth. His rage was justifiable. We were stood on the bitts, and also mastheaded.

Captain Houston Stewart used to fish from the stern gallery when the ship was at anchor. He tied his line to the rail, and went back into his cabin, returning every few minutes to see if he had a fish. Beneath the stern gallery opened the ports of the gunroom. With a hooked stick I drew in his line, attached a red herring to

the hook, dropped it in again, and when the captain came to feel his line I jerked it. He hauled it up in a hurry. Instantly after, he sent for all the midshipmen; and, for some reason or other, he picked me out at once.

"*You* did that, Beresford," he said. "Most impertinent! Your leave will be stopped."

Next day, however, he let me off.

Among the most delightful incidents were the boat-races. It was before the time when fleet regattas were instituted. What happened was that a boat would row round from their ship, to the ship they wished to race, and toss oars under her bows in sign of a challenge. Then the boat's crew of the challenged ship would practise with intense assiduity until they felt they were fit to meet the enemy. The bitterest feeling was aroused. Even the crews of "chummy ships" could not meet without fighting. Hundreds of pounds were wagered on the event. In the *Marlborough* we had the cutter, *Black Bess*, specially built for racing. Her stroke was John Glanville, the gigantic boatswain's mate, who, when I joined the ship, told Dicky Horne, the quartermaster, that I was not likely to live long. He was the son of Ann Glanville, the redoubtable West country woman who pulled stroke in the crew of Saltash women that raced and beat a crew of Frenchmen at Cherbourg, under the eyes of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Emperor Napoleon III., and the British and French navies. That notable victory was won in 1858, when Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince Consort, visited Napoleon III. The

Queen and the Prince sailed in H.M.S. *Victoria and Albert*, escorted by a squadron of men-of-war. They were received by the French Navy. After the race, the Queen invited the Saltash women on board the Royal yacht. Later in life, it was my privilege to remove anxiety concerning her livelihood from fine old Mrs. Glanville.

I steered the *Black Bess*, and we beat the two best boats in the Fleet; and then we were challenged by the *St. George*. The *St. George* had taken the upper strake off her boat to make her row easier. Now the stroke of the *St. George* was George Glanville, brother to John, and of the same formidable weight and size. The race was rowed in Malta Harbour, over a 3½-mile course, and we were beaten. We could not understand it; but beaten we were. That night George Glanville came aboard the *Marlborough* with a bag containing some £300 the money put up to cover the stakes. George came to receive the stakes, and according to custom he brought the cover-money to show that all was above-board. To him came John his brother; and scarce a word was said ere the two big men were fighting furiously, the bag of gold on the deck beside them. They were torn apart with difficulty. Nor could the respective crews be landed together for a long time afterwards. Next year we beat the *St. George*.

When we lay in Corfu Harbour, the *Marlborough* was challenged by a crew of artillerymen. It was I think on this occasion that John Glanville headed a deputation to me, asking me to be the coxswain.

"Well, sir," he said, "it's like this here, sir, if you'll pardon me. Yew be young-like, and what we was thinking was whether you have the power of language that du be required."

I said I would do my best. I did. I astonished myself. As for the artillerymen, they rowed themselves right under. There was a little seaway, and they rowed the boat under and there they were struggling in the water.

"What! Yew bain't never going to pick 'em up?" cried John Glanville, in the heat of his excitement.

I also rowed bow-oar in the officers' boat, the second cutter. I was young and small, but I had great staying power. I could go on rowing for ever.

When my leave was stopped – which did occur occasionally – I had a system by means of which I went ashore at night. I lashed a hammock-lashing round the port stern-ring, crawled out of the stern port, lowered myself to the water, and swam to a shore boat, waiting for me by arrangement. Maltese boats are partly covered in, and I dressed in a spare suit of clothes. On one occasion, upon landing, I nearly – but not quite – ran into the arms of the commander.

One night I went ashore, taking a painter and two men. We lowered the painter over the edge of the cliff, and he inscribed on the cliff in immense letters, "'Marlborough,' Star of the Mediterranean." Next morning the whole Fleet, not without emotion, beheld the legend. Another brilliant wit went ashore on the following night and altered the word "Star" into "Turtle." My

reply was the addition "Until the 'Queen' comes out." After this exploit I was sent ashore to clean the cliff.

There were numerous horses in Malta, and the midshipmen and bluejackets used to hire them for half-a-crown a day. When the horses had had enough of their riders, they used to gallop down to the Florian Gate, kick them off, and return to their stable. I heard one sailor remark to another, who, sticking to his horse, was bounding up and down in his saddle:

"Get off that there 'orse, Jack, 'e's a beast!"

"He aint no beast at all," retorted Jack. '"E's the cleverest 'orse I ever see. He chucks me up and he catches me, he chucks me up and he catches me – why, 'e's only missed me three times in a hour!"

There used to be very bad feeling between English and Maltese. Both sailors and soldiers frequently lost their lives on shore. The seamen used to be stabbed, and the soldiers were sometimes thrown over the fortifications at night. I have seen a dead soldier lying on the rocks where he was thrown. A party of *Marlborough* officers drove out in "go-carts" (two-wheeled vehicles in which passengers lay on cushions) to Civita Vecchia, to hear the celebrated Mass on New Year's Eve. The Cathedral was the richest church in Europe until Napoleon confiscated its treasure. Somehow or other, there was a row, and we were fighting fiercely with a crowd of Maltese. A clerk of our party, a very stout person, was stabbed in the belly, so that his entrails protruded. We got him away, laid him in a go-cart, drove back

to Malta, a two-hours' drive, and put him on board, and he recovered.

At nine o'clock p.m. the seniors in the gunroom stuck a fork in the beam overhead, the signal for the youngsters to leave their elders in peace – too often to drink. Sobriety – to put it delicately – was not reckoned a virtue. I remember visiting a ship at Bermuda (never mind her name) to find every member of the mess intoxicated. Two were suffering from delirium tremens; and one of them was picking the bodies of imaginary rats from the floor with a stick, His case was worse than that of the eminent member of a certain club in London, who, when a real rat ran across the carpet, looked solemnly round upon the expectant faces of his friends, and said, "Aha! You thought I saw a rat. *But I didn't!*"

There was no rank of sub-lieutenant, the corresponding grade being a "mate." Many of the mates were men of thirty or more, who had never gained promotion and who never would gain it. I remember an old mate who used to earn his living by rowing a wherry in Portsmouth Harbour. He was then (1862) on half-pay, with seniority of 1820. His name was Peter B. Stagg, as you may see in the Navy Lists of the period. In the Navy List of 1862, Stagg is rated sub-lieutenant, the rank of mate having been abolished in the previous year.

Wisdom spoken by babes was not approved in the *Marlborough*. I ventured to remark a thing I had observed, which was that the masts of men-of-war were out of proportion

tall as compared with the sails they carried; or, in technical language, that the masts were very taunt, whereas the sails were not proportionately square. I said that the masts ought to be lower and the sails squarer, thus increasing the sailing power.

"D – n it! Listen to this youngster laying down the law as if he knew better than Nelson!" cried an old mate. I was instantly sentenced to be cobbed; and received twelve strokes with a dirk scabbard.

It was true that the rig had been inherited from the men of Nelson's day; but it was not true that I had pretended to know better than the late admiral; for, since his death, the ships had become longer; so that, whereas in Nelson's time the masts, being closer together, were made taller, with relatively narrow sails, in order that in going about the yards should not lock, in my time the reason for the disproportion had ceased to exist. Very shortly after I had been beaten for the impiety of thinking for myself, the merchant clippers adopted the very plan I had in mind, lowering masts and increasing the size of sails and thereby gaining a speed which was unrivalled.

I visited Corfu during my time in the *Marlborough* when that island, together with the rest of the Ionian Islands – Cephalonia, Zante, Ithaca, Santa Maura, Cerigo and Paxo – was an independent State under the protection of Great Britain. In the following year, 1864, the Islands were annexed to Greece. When the Great Powers agreed that a sovereign should be nominated to reign over Greece, it was suggested that, as the integrity of his

kingdom could not be guaranteed, he should be provided with a place of refuge in case of trouble. So at least ran the talk at the time. In any case, Great Britain was induced to relinquish these magnificent Islands, which she had won from the French in 1809. Their loss was greatly deplored by the Navy at the time; for Corfu has one of the finest harbours in the world; a harbour in which a whole fleet can be manoeuvred. The Islands, moreover, had magnificent roads, and were furnished with barracks, and in all respects formed an invaluable naval base. Prince William of Schleswig-Holstein was proclaimed King George I of Greece on 30th March, 1863. The late King was a most admirable sovereign, whose personal friendship I was privileged to enjoy. When I was in Corfu there was a story current to the effect that when Mr. Gladstone came to the Islands on his mission of inquiry in 1858, he delivered a superb oration in the Greek tongue. He was, of course, an excellent scholar in ancient Greek; but modern Greek differs in pronunciation and other respects. When he had finished, the official in attendance, while complimenting him upon his eloquence, observed what a pity it was that Mr. Gladstone delivered his speech in the English language.

As I am writing, it is the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the late King Edward with Queen Alexandra, who is still spared to us. I remember that on the 10th March, 1863, the *Marlborough* was illuminated with a dainty splendour I have never seen surpassed, even in these days of electricity. Every port-hole was framed in sixteen little Maltese glass lamps; the

rails and yards were set with them; so that, ports being triced up, and the ship being lit within, she was as though wrought in a glow of mellow fire.

Early in the year 1863 I was ordered home, to my great grief. I was discharged to the *Hibernia* stationed in Malta Harbour, to await the homeward bound P. and O. mail steamer. Many years afterwards, when commanding the *Undaunted*, I was tried by court-martial in the old *Hibernia* for running my ship ashore and was acquitted of all blame. While waiting in the *Hibernia* for a passage, I learned that the *Marlborough* had gone to the rescue of a Turkish liner, carrying troops, which had run aground on the Filfola rocks, twelve or fifteen miles by sea from Malta Harbour. I was so eager to see my old ship again, that I hired a duck-punt and pulled all by myself to the Filfola rocks. Fortunately the sea was calm, or I must have been drowned. I found a party from the *Marlborough* rolling the Turkish vessel to get her off. Each British sailor took a Turkish sailor by the scruff of his neck, and ran with him from side to side of the ship, until she rolled herself into deep water. I had a delightful dinner on board the *Marlborough* and then I pulled all the way back in the dark to the *Hibernia*. I was sad indeed that my time in the *Marlborough* was ended; for, in the words of George Lewis, my old topmate, "the dear old *Marlborough* was the smartest and happiest ship that ever floated."

I took passage home in the mail steamer, and was appointed midshipman to the *Defence* by Rear-Admiral Charles Eden,

C.B., my "sea-daddy." He very kindly said he wished me to gain experience of one of the new iron ships.

NOTE

The Old Navy. – The *Marlborough* was a survival of the Old Navy, in whose traditions Lord Charles Beresford and his contemporaries were nurtured. It was a hard-fisted, free-living, implacable, tragic, jovial, splendid Service; it was England at her valorous best.

The present generation hardly realises that the naval cadets, who, like Lord Charles Beresford, entered the Service in the mid-nineteenth century, were taught their business by the men who had served with Nelson. The admirals and old seamen of fifty years' service who are alive to-day, therefore represent the direct link between Nelson's time and our own. When they entered the Navy, many of the admirals and the elder seamen had actually fought under Nelson, and the Service was in all essentials what it was at Trafalgar. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edward Seymour relates (in *My Naval Career*) that as a cadet he often talked with Master-Commander G. Allen, who saw Nelson embark from the sally-port at Portsmouth for Trafalgar.

The change from sails to steam was just beginning. Never again will the Royal Navy be administered by men who were brought up in that stern school, which produced a type of men unique in history.

The time-honoured divisions of the Fleet into Red, White and Blue were still in use while Lord Charles Beresford was a midshipman. They were abolished by an Order in Council of 9th July, 1864.

In the year 1858-9 there was only one admiral of the Fleet, Sir John West, K.C.B. He entered the Navy in 1788, as a "first-class Volunteer," as a naval cadet was then called. West served on the coast of Guinea, in the West Indies, Newfoundland and the Channel in the *Pomona*. He was midshipman in the *Salisbury*, 50, and the *London*, 98, and was in the *Hebe*, Captain Alexander Hood. He was lieutenant in the *Royal George*, Captain Domett. He was present at the action of Île de Groix of the 23rd June, 1795, under Lord Bridport. He was promoted to captain in 1796. In 1807, commanding the *Excellent*, 74, he was engaged off Catalonia, helping the Spaniards to defend the citadel of Rosas, which was besieged by 5000 French. He was promoted to rear-admiral in 1819, and to admiral of the White in 1841.

Here was an instance of an officer becoming a captain at the age of 22, after no more than eight years' service; remaining a captain for 23 years; and a rear-admiral for 22 years; and in 1859 he was still alive as an admiral of the Fleet, being then 85 years of age.

The Board of Admiralty in 1858-9 consisted of: the Right Hon. Sir John Somerset Pakington, Bart., M.P.; Vice-Admiral William Fanshawe Martin, who entered the Navy in 1814; Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Richard Saunders Dundas, K.C.B., who

entered the Royal Naval College in 1814; Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, K.C.B., who entered the Royal Naval College in 1817; and the Right Hon. Lord Loraine, M.P.

A very brief survey of the services of the admirals of the Red, White and Blue shows that they derived directly from the French wars and the time of Nelson.

Admiral of the Red Sir William Hall Gage, G.C.H., had been acting-lieutenant of the *Minerva*, when she bore the broad pennant of Commodore Nelson; had fought in the battle of St. Vincent under Sir John Jervis; and commanded the *Indus* under Sir Edward Pellew in the action off Toulon of 13th February, 1814.

Admiral of the Red Sir Edward Durnford King, K.G.H., in command of the *Endymion*, watched 26 sail of the line and nine frigates put into Cadiz on 16th April, 1805, and carried the information to Vice-Admiral Collingwood, who was cruising off Gibraltar with four ships. He had the ill-luck to be detailed for special service at Gibraltar on Trafalgar Day.

Admiral Sir George Mundy, K.C.B., fought in the battles of St. Vincent and of the Nile, and had a deal of other distinguished fighting service in his record.

Then there was Admiral of the Red the Right Hon. Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B., whose skill in privateering amounted to genius. As Lord Cochrane, commanding in 1800 the *Speedy* sloop, 14 guns and 54 men, he captured in one year and two months 33 vessels containing 128 guns and 533 men. Among

other spirited exploits, he boarded and carried the Spaniard *El Gamo*, 32 guns, 319 men. Falling under the displeasure of the politicians, his rank and his seat in Parliament were forfeited. In 1818, he accepted the chief command of the Chilian Navy, then of the Brazilian Navy, and then entered the Greek naval service. King William the Fourth upon his succession reinstated Dundonald in his rank in the Royal Navy.

Admiral of the Red Sir William Parker, Bart, G.C.B., went with Nelson in pursuit of the French Fleet to the West Indies and back in 1805.

Admiral of the White Sir Lucius Curtis, Bart, C.B., served in the Mediterranean in 1804 and 1805.

Admiral of the White Sir John Louis, Bart., served in the Mediterranean in 1804.

Admiral of the White John Ayscough was flag-lieutenant in the *Queen Charlotte*, Lord Rowe's flagship, in the Channel in 1797; he afterwards served with distinction in Holland, Quiberon, Cadiz, Egypt, the West Indies; and, with two frigates and some sloops, protected Sicily against the invasion of Joachim Murat.

Admiral of the Blue Sir Edward Chetham Strode, K.C.B., K.C.H., served under Lord Hood in the *Victory* in the Mediterranean, taking part in the evacuation of Toulon, in the sieges of St. Fiorenza, Bastia and Calvi, in Corsica. In August, 1794, he was lieutenant in the *Agamemnon*, commanded by Nelson. He performed much distinguished service until, in 1841,

he attained flag rank and went on half-pay.

Admiral of the Blue William Bowles, C.B., entered the Navy in 1796, was employed in the Channel and off Cadiz, in the North Sea, West Indies, and North American station. In command of the *Zebra* bomb, he went with Lord Gambier to Copenhagen. In 1813, and again in 1816, he performed excellent service in protecting British trade in Rio la Plata and the neighbouring coasts.

Admiral of the Blue James Whitley Deans Dundas, C.B., entered the Navy in 1799, took part in the blockade of Alexandria in 1800, and served with distinction in the North Sea, Baltic and Mediterranean.

Admiral of the Blue Henry Hope, C.B., took part in the blockade of Alexandria in 1800, and served in the Mediterranean.

Admiral of the Blue the Hon. Sir Fleetwood Broughton Reynolds Pellew performed long and gallant fighting services in the Dutch East Indies.

Admiral of the Blue Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., etc. etc., had a most distinguished fighting record in the West Indies and on the coast of Syria. In 1841 he represented Marylebone in Parliament, in which respect, as in others, his career resembled that of Lord Charles Beresford.

In 1854, Sir Charles Napier was appointed to the command of the great fleet which sailed for the Baltic in the spring of that year. Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, who received his nomination

to the Navy from Sir Charles Napier, and who served in the second Baltic expedition of the following year, makes some instructive observations in respect of the treatment of Sir Charles Napier by the authorities.

"… The issue was really decided in the Black Sea, and both Baltic expeditions were, practically speaking, failures. The admirals were told by the Government that they were not to attack stone forts with their wooden ships, and were then censured by the same Government for doing nothing, when there was really nothing else to do. Sir Charles Napier, who commanded the British Baltic fleet in the summer of 1854, was shamefully treated by the politicians, and, being a hot tempered old gentleman, he couldn't stand it. He got into Parliament as member for Southwark and gave them back as good as they gave… It was the old story – the politicians shunting the blame on to the soldiers or the sailors when they fail to achieve such success as is expected of them, but quite ready to take credit to themselves for their magnificent strategy and foresight when it turns out the other way… When Sir Charles was peremptorily ordered to haul down his flag, as a punishment for not disobeying orders, he was superseded in command by Admiral Dundas, who had been a Lord of the Admiralty in 1854…"

Sir Charles Napier requested the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, to grant an inquiry into his case. He then addressed the following letter to Lord Palmerston: – "I sent your Lordship my case, which I requested you to lay before the Cabinet, but

you have not favoured me with a reply. I am aware of the various occupations of your Lordship, but still there ought to be some consideration for an old officer who has served his country faithfully, and who has held an important command. Had my papers been examined by your Cabinet, and justice done, instead of dismissing me, and appointing one of the Lords of the Admiralty my successor, you would have dismissed Sir James Graham and his Admiralty, for treachery to me." (*Life of Sir Charles Napier*, by General Elers Napier. Quoted by Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, in *Memories of the Sea*.)

Sir Charles Napier, remarks Admiral Fitzgerald, "thus gave his wary enemies a chance of accusing him of disrespect towards those in authority."

Admiral of the Blue Phipps Hornby, C.B., was promoted acting-lieutenant from the *Victory*, flagship of Lord Nelson, to the *Excellent*, 74. As captain of the *Volage*, 22, he received a gold medal from the Admiralty for gallant conduct in the action off Lissa of March, 1811, when a British squadron of 156 guns and 859 men defeated after six hours' action a Franco-Venetian force of 284 guns and 2655 men.

Such is the tale of the admirals of the Red, White and Blue in the year 1858-9. Several of them had actually served in Nelson's ships; the most of them had served under Nelson's command, when Lord Charles Beresford joined the Navy.

In the same year, the number of officers receiving pensions for wounds on service was 104.

Admirals..... 2
Vice-admirals..... 10
Rear-admirals..... 4
Captains..... 27
Commanders..... 22
Lieutenants..... 24
Masters..... 5
Surgeons..... 2
Mates..... 2
Second masters..... 1
Paymasters..... 5

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The total number of men in the Royal Navy in 1858-9 was 53,700: 38,700 seamen, 15,000 Marines. In 1912-13, the total number was 137,500: 118,700 seamen, 15,800 Marines. In 1810, the number of seamen and Marines was 145,000: 113,600 seamen, 31,400 Marines.

CHAPTER IV
THE SHIP OF UNHAPPY MEMORY

I did not like the *Defence*. I thought her a dreadful ship. After the immaculate decks, the glittering perfection, the spirit and fire and pride of the *Marlborough*, the "flagship of the world," I was condemned to a slovenly, unhandy, tin kettle which could not sail without steam; which had not even any royal-masts; and which took minutes instead of seconds to cross topgallant yards, a disgusting spectacle to a midshipman of the *Marlborough*. Instead of the splendid sun and blue waters of the Mediterranean, there were the cold skies and the dirty seas of the Channel. I wrote to my father asking him to remove me from the Navy.

The *Defence* was one of the iron-built, or iron-cased, armoured, heavily rigged, steam-driven, broadside-fire vessels launched from 1860 to 1866. They represented the transition from the Old Navy to the New, inasmuch as they retained large sailing powers and broadside fire, combining with these traditional elements, iron construction and steam propulsion. They were the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Defence*, *Resistance*, *Hector*, *Valiant*, *Achilles*, *Minotaur*, *Agincourt*, and *Northumberland*. The *Defence*, launched in 1861, was (in modern terms) of 6270 tons displacement, 2540 h.p., 11.6 knots speed, carried 22 guns, and had a complement of 450 men.

She was commanded by Captain Augustus Phillimore, and was one of the Channel Squadron, which, in the year 1863, was commanded by Rear-Admiral Robert Smart, K.H.

CHANNEL SQUADRON
(NAVY LIST, 1863, DESCRIPTION)

Rate H.P. Name Guns Tons Com. Officer Complement

2nd S. 800 Revenge (Flag) 73 3322 Capt. Charles *Fellowes* 800

Iron-cased
ship S. 1250 Warrior 70 6109 Capt. Hon. A. *A. Cochrane, C.B.* 704

" S. 1250 Black Prince 40 6109 Capt. J. F. A. *Wainwright* 704

" S. 600 Defence 16 372 °Capt. Augustus *Phillimore* 457

" S. 600 Resistance 16 371 °Capt. W. C. *Chamberlain* 457

Gunboat S. 60 Trinculo 2 – Tender to *Revenge* 24

The Channel Squadron at that time was employed in cruising round the coasts of the British Isles, in order to familiarise people on shore with the Fleet. In later life it fell to me, as commander-

in-chief, to conduct similar cruises, of whose object I thoroughly approve.

The *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, in particular, were stately and noble vessels whose beauty was a delight to behold. Their great spread of sail, their long hulls and yacht bows, the vast expanse of flush wooden decks, their solidity and grace, set them among the finest ships ever built.

I was somewhat consoled in the *Defence* by being placed in charge of the cutter; in which I succeeded, by a small feat of seamanship, in earning the rare commendation of the first lieutenant. I was about to sail off to the Fleet from Devonport, when I discovered that the yard of the dipping lug was sprung. This was serious, as it was blowing fairly hard. Fortunately, I had one of those knives so dear to boyhood, containing a small saw and other implements; and with this weapon I shaped a batten and fitted it to the yard, woolded it with spun-yarn and wedged it tight. I did not expect it to hold; but, double-reefing the sail, I put off. All the way to the ship I had an eye on the yard, and it held. Of course I was late on board; and the first lieutenant declined to believe my explanation of the delay until he had had the yard hoisted on deck. Then he was kind enough to say, "Well, my boy, if you can do a thing like that, there's hope for you yet." Every little ray of hope is worth having.

But by reason of my love for the cutter, I fell into trouble. In the dockyard at Devonport, there stood a mast newly fitted with beautiful new white signal halliards, the very thing for the

cutter. I should explain that, as we were kept very short of stores, stealing in the Service from the Service for the Service, used to be a virtue. There was once an admiral who stole a whole ship's propeller in order to melt the brass from it; and it was another admiral who boasted to me of his brother officer's achievement. Of course, no one ever steals anything nowadays; nothing is ever missing out of store; and no midshipman would dream of attempting to convey signal halliards from the dockyard into his boat.

But I did. I brought an end of the halliard into an adjacent shed, concealed in which I revolved swiftly upon my axis, winding the rope about me. Then I put on an overcoat, borrowed for the purpose. But my figure presented an appearance so unnaturally rotund that a policeman experienced in diagnosing these sudden metamorphoses, compelled me to divest and to revolve, unwinding, in the public eye. He also reported me for stealing Government stores. "Zeal, all zeal, Mr. Easy!"

It was during my time in the *Defence* that I was so fortunate as to be enabled to save two lives. On one occasion, the ship was lying in the Mersey, and visitors were on board. A party of these was leaving the ship, when their boat was slewed round by the strong tide, and one of them, a big, heavy man, fell into the water. I dived after him. Luckily there was a boat-keeper in the galley secured astern of the ship. He held out a boat-hook, which I caught with one hand, holding up my man with the other.

I received the gold medal of the Liverpool Shipwreck Humane

Society, and the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society. The name of the man who fell overboard was Richardson. More than forty years afterwards, the son of Mr. Richardson sent me a kind letter, enclosing a photograph of his father, who had died in 1882, nineteen years after his rescue.

"My mother," wrote Mr. J. Richardson, "was in very great terror, as my father could not swim a stroke. He was a very fine man, and this made your task you so quickly undertook not any the easier… The clothes he wore on that memorable occasion were, after their thorough wetting, too small for him to wear again, so they were cut down for my elder brothers, and were called by them their 'Channel Fleet' clothes, and jolly proud they were to wear them too."

The boys' sentiment is pleasing, whether it arose from the exciting fact that Mr. Richardson had fallen overboard in them – a thing which might happen to any gentleman – or from his having in them been picked out by an officer (however junior) of the Channel Fleet.

The second occasion when I was successful in saving a man from drowning was in Plymouth Sound. A string of boats from the Fleet carrying liberty men was pulling ashore, when a shore-boat crossed their bows and was run down by the leading boat. I jumped in and held up one of the passengers; and was again awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

In the *Defence*, as in my other ships, my Service transgressions were few and venial, as in the case of the signal halliards. My

troubles arose from my intervals of relaxation on shore. It is now so long ago that perhaps I may without imprudence relate a sad episode in which I fell under the condemnation of the law, with all that attendant publicity which – as one journalist rather unctuously remarked at the time – is so often worse than the penalty.

"*Defence*, PLYMOUTH

"MY DEAREST FATHER, – I am writing to you at once to tell you what a sad scrape I have just come out of. On Friday night I was with some other wild fellows on the outside of a cab, pea-shooting, myself the worst, when unfortunately I hit a lady who was leaning on a gentleman's arm in the face. The man chased us and with a good deal of difficulty, caught us; we were then taken to the station-house, and given into custody. The hotel-keeper we always go to, very kindly bailed us for the night. In the morning we went to the station-house according to promise; and were tried; the result was my paying £2, 10s. and costs, or one month's imprisonment, and another £1, or 7 days. The other two got off, no peas being found upon them. You will see all about it in the papers I am sending you. I am writing to you in such a hurry, as I am afraid you might believe the papers if you saw them before my letter. I most *solemnly swear* to you on my honour that I was *quite* sober the whole of the day that this took place. And as for behaving unbecoming a gentleman in the Court, I certainly did laugh, but the judge made me, and all did so, as he was chaffing all the time. The reason I did not apologise to the

man was because he swore on his oath that I was drunk; which was a lie. I had been dining with Hutchinson (see in the paper), who was giving a dinner as he was leaving the ship. All I drank was two glasses of Moselle. The papers I sent you are Radical so of course they run me down… All that remains to be said is, I hope you will look upon it as a boyish lark and not as a disgraceful action … and will you send me 5 pounds as I have but 3 shillings left; and I must have some money to pay mess, wine, etc. etc. So now write soon to your prodigal son,

"CHARLIE BERESFORD"

I received in reply a severe but affectionate reproof from my father.

The gentlemen of the Press took upon themselves to improve the occasion, having first taken care, of course, to describe the affair as a great deal worse than it was. "Let this lesson be taken," says one kind journalist, "it may be a guide and a warning for the future. The days are gone – gone for ever – when the pranks of a Waterford would be tolerated; but while we would hope his follies are lost, we would likewise hope that his manly, frank, chivalrous nature is still inherited by his kinsmen."

Another reporter did me the justice to record that, on being called on for my defence, I said: "I certainly do apologise if I did strike the lady, because it was not my intention to do so; but I certainly don't apologise for striking Mr. Yates." I trust he bears me no malice.

Yet another guardian of public morals observed that "his

Worship, in announcing the penalties, called attention to the inequalities of the law, which exacted fines for the same offence alike from the man with whom sovereigns were plentiful as hours and the man whose night's spree must cost him a week's fasting." Had his Worship taken the trouble to refer to the scale of pay granted by a generous country to midshipmen, comparing it with the scale of rations and the price we paid for them, and had he (in addition) enjoyed the privilege of perusing the financial clauses of the letter addressed to me more in sorrow than in anger by my father, he might perhaps have modified his exordium.

As an illustration of the strict supervision exercised by the senior officers, I may record that I received – in addition to my other penalties and visitations – a severe reproof from Captain Stewart, my old captain in the *Marlborough*.

The Channel Fleet visited Teneriffe. It was the first iron fleet ever seen in the West Indies.

In the cutting-out action off Teneriffe, Nelson lost his arm, and several ensigns of the British boats were captured by the French. Ever since, it has been a tradition in the Navy that the flags ought to be recaptured. A party of bluejackets did once succeed in taking them from the cathedral and carrying them on board; but the admiral ordered their restoration. They were then placed high up on the wall, out of reach, where I saw them. We held a meeting in the gun-room of the *Defence* to consider the best method of taking the flags. But the admiral, who was of course aware that all junior officers cherished the hope of

recovering the relics, issued orders that no such attempt was to be made.

I was invited by an old friend of my father, a religious old gentleman living in Cornwall, to a couple of days' rabbit-shooting. I was overjoyed at the opportunity, and was the object of the envy of my brother midshipmen. Arriving after lunch, I was brought into the great room where the old gentleman was sitting in an arm-chair, with his feet, which were swathed in masses of cotton-wool, resting on gout-rests. Near him was a turn-table laden with books.

"Don't come near me, my boy," he shouted, as I entered. "I am very glad to see you, but don't come near me. I have a terribly painful attack of gout, the worst I ever had in my life. Go and sit down on that chair over there."

With the breadth of the polished floor between us, we chatted for a while; and then the old gentleman, pointing to the table of books, asked me to give him a particular volume.

"Now be very careful," said he.

Full of ardour, delighted to think that I should now escape to the keeper and the rabbits, I jumped up, ran to the table, my foot slipped on the parquet, and I fell face forward with my whole weight upon the poor old man's feet, smashing both foot-rests. The agonising pain shot him into the air and he fell on my back. I have never heard such language before or since. As he rolled off me, he shouted:

"Ring the bell, you – !"

In came the butler.

"Take that – out of my house! Send him back to his – ship! Never let me see his – face again!" screamed my host.

So I departed in the dog-cart. It was many a long day ere I heard the last of my rabbit-shooting from my messmates.

A few months afterwards, when I had been less than a year in the *Defence*, Rear-Admiral Charles Eden appointed me to the *Clio* as senior midshipman. He said he wanted me to learn responsibility.

NOTE

The New Ships. – The predecessors of the *Defence* and her class were wooden vessels plated with iron armour. The first iron-built, armoured, sea-going British vessel was the *Warrior*, launched in 1860. She was laid down in the previous year, in which Lord Charles Beresford entered the Navy. Several wooden ships (*Royal Oak*, *Caledonia*, *Prince Consort*, *Ocean*, *Royal Alfred*, *Repulse*, *Favorite*, *Research*) were converted into armoured ships during their construction. These were launched from 1862 to 1864. For some years the Admiralty built wooden armoured ships and iron armoured ships simultaneously. From 1860 to 1866, ten iron-built, armoured, sail and steam ships were launched: *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Defence*, *Resistance*, *Hector*, *Achilles*, *Valiant*, *Minotaur*, *Agincourt*, *Northumberland*. In 1864 and 1865, five wooden-built, armoured ships were launched:

Lord Clyde, *Lord Warden*, *Zealous*, *Pallas*, *Enterprise*. The *Royal Sovereign*, launched in 1857 as a wooden line-of-battle ship, was converted in 1862 to an armoured vessel and was equipped with four turrets. She was thus the first turret-ship in the British Navy. The next step was to group the guns in a central armoured battery, and to belt the ship with armour along the water-line. At the same time, more turret-ships were constructed. Earnest controversy was waged among naval authorities as to what were the most important qualities of the fighting ship, to which other qualities must be partially sacrificed; for, broadly speaking, all warships represent a compromise among speed, defence and offence – or engines, armour and guns. The controversy still continues. The disaster which befell the *Captain* decided, at least, the low-freeboard question in so far as heavily rigged sailing steam vessels were concerned, for the Captain, a rigged low-freeboard turret-ship, capsized on 6th September, 1870. (*The Royal Navy*, vol. i., Laird Clowes.)

Lord Charles Beresford, entering the Navy at the beginning of the changes from sails to steam, from wood to iron, and from iron to steel, learned, like his contemporaries, the whole art of the sailing ship sailor, added to it the skill of the sailor of the transition period, and again added to that the whole body of knowledge of the seaman of the New Navy. He saw the days when the sailing officers hated steam and ignored it so far as possible; as in the case of the admiral who, entering harbour under steam and sail, gave his sailing orders but neglected the

engineer, and so fouled the wharf, and said, "Bless me, I forgot I was in a steamship!"

Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, who entered the Navy five years before Lord Charles Beresford, describes the transitional period in his *Memories of the Sea*. Speaking of the *Hercules*, one of the new central-battery, armoured-waterline ironclads, to which he was appointed first lieutenant when she was first commissioned in 1868, Admiral Fitzgerald writes: – "The *Hercules* was the most powerful ironclad afloat, in this or any other country. She carried 18-ton guns – muzzle-loaders – and nine inches of armour, though this was only in patches; but she had a good deal of six-inch armour, and her water-line and battery were well protected, as against ordnance of that date. She was full-rigged, with the spars and sails of a line-of-battle ship, and she could steam fourteen knots – on a pinch, and could sail a *little*. In fact she was the masterpiece of Sir Edward Reed's genius.

"Up to the advent of the *Hercules* the three great five-masted ships of 10,000 tons, the *Minotaur*, *Agincourt* and *Northumberland*, had been considered the most powerful ships in the British Navy, and probably in the world, and Sir Edward Reed's triumph was, that he built a ship of about 8500 tons which carried a more powerful armament, thicker armour, fifty feet shorter and thus much handier, steamed the same speed, and I was going to say – sailed better; but I had better say – did not sail quite so badly; and it must ever be borne in mind that at this transition stage in the development of the Navy, our rulers

at Whitehall insisted that our ships of all classes should have sail power suitable to their tonnage. 'For,' said they, 'the engines might break down, and then where would you be?'" (*Memories of the Sea*, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, chap. xiv.)

CHAPTER V
THE MIDSHIPMAN OF 1864

I wish I could convey to my readers something of the pride and delight which a sailor feels in his ship. But who that has never had the luck to be a deep-water sailor, can understand his joy in the noble vessel, or the uplifting sense of his control over her matchless and splendid power, born of a knowledge of her every rope and sail and timber, and of an understanding of her behaviour and ability. For every ship has her own spirit, her own personality. You may build two ships or twenty upon the same design, line for line the same, and each will develop her own character. As there are no two people alike, so there are no two ships the same.

What can be more glorious than a ship getting under way? She quivers like a sentient thing amid the whole moving tumultuous lusty life. Men are racing aloft; other men, their feet pounding upon the white decks, are running away with the ropes; the ringing commands and the shouting fill the air; the wind strikes with a salt and hearty sting; and the proud and beautiful creature rises to the lift of the sea. Doctor, paymaster, idlers and all used to run up on deck to witness that magnificent spectacle, a full-rigged ship getting under sail. As for me, I blessed my luck when I returned from the *Defence* to a sailing ship.

The *Clio* was a corvette pierced for 22 guns, of 1472 tons burthen, and 400 h.p. The screw was hoisted when she was under sail, which was nearly all the time. She was an excellent sailer, doing fourteen to sixteen knots.

The midshipmen's mess was so small, that there was no room for chairs. We sat on lockers, and in order to reach the farther side, we must walk across the table. One of our amusements in this tiny cabin was racing cockroaches, which were numerous. We used to drop a bit of melted tallow from a purser's dip upon their backs, plant in it a piece of spun-yarn, light the spun-yarn, and away they would go from one end of the table to the other. There was once a cockroach – but not in the *Clio*– which escaped, its light still burning, and set the ship on fire.

I began in the *Clio* by immediately assuming that responsibility of senior midshipman desired by Rear-Admiral Charles Eden. I purchased the stores for the gunroom mess, expending £67, accounting for every penny, with the most sedulous precision. We paid a shilling a day for messing, and the stores were to supplement our miserable rations. They were so bad that I wonder we kept our health; indeed, only the fittest survived.

We sailed from Portsmouth in August, 1864. It was my first long voyage. It is curious that the first week of a long voyage goes very slowly, and the rest of the time very fast. I used to keep the first dog watch and to relieve the officer in the morning watch. In the keen pleasure of handling the ship – loosing sails, sheeting them home, reefing, furling, and all the rest of the work of a

sailor – I regained all my old delight in the sea which I had lost in the *Defence*. Keeping watch under sail required unremitting vigilance, perpetual activity, and constant readiness. The officer of the watch must be everywhere, with an eye to everything, forward and aft; while the helmsman handling the wheel under the break of the poop, keeps the weather leach just lifting.

The memory of the continuous hard work of the daily routine, makes the sober and pleasant background to the more lively recollection of events, which were after all but the natural reaction from the long monotony of sea life.

It was my duty to preserve order in the gun-room; and a lively lot I had in charge. One of the midshipmen, a big fellow, was something of a bully. He used to persecute a youngster smaller than himself, and one day the boy came to me and asked what he could do to end the tyranny. I thought that this particular bully was also a coward – by no means an inevitable combination – and I advised his victim, next time he was bullied, to hit the bully on the point of the nose as hard as he could, and I promised that I would support him in whatever came afterwards. He did as he was told; whereupon the bully came to me with a complaint that a junior midshipman had struck him. I formed a ring and put the two to settle the matter with their fists. The little boy was a plucky youngster, and clever with his fists. He knocked out his enemy, and had peace thereafter.

I crossed the Line for the first time. In going through the usual ceremonies, being ducked and held under in the big tank,

I was as nearly drowned as ever in my life, being hauled out insensible. We towed out the *Turtle*, a Government vessel, bound for Ascension with stores. While towing, it is necessary to wear instead of tacking, for fear of coming on top of the tow. But the first lieutenant thought he would tack; so he tried to go about. There was a gale of wind; the ship missed stays, and came right on top of the unfortunate *Turtle*, dismasting and nearly sinking her. I was sent on board her to give assistance; and I made excellent use of the opportunity to collect from the *Turtle's* stores many useful little ship's fittings of which the *Clio* was in need. We took the *Turtle* into Ascension, where the midshipmen landed, collected the eggs of the "wideawake" gulls, and bottled them for future consumption.

We put in at the Falkland Islands in November. The population consisted of ex-Royal Marines and their families. It was considered necessary to populate the Islands; and we always send for the Royal Marines in any difficulty. There were also South American guachos and ranchers. The governor came on board to ask for the captain's help. The governor wanted a man to be hanged, and his trouble was that he was afraid to hang him. The prisoner was a guacho, who had murdered a rancher, whom he had cast into the river and then shot to death. The governor was afraid that if he executed the murderer, the other guachos would rise in rebellion. So he wanted the captain to bring the murderer on board and hang him to the yard-arm. The captain refused this request; but he offered to hang him on shore, a proposal to which

the governor agreed. The boatswain's mate piped: "Volunteers for a hangman – fall in." To my surprise, half the ship's company fell in. The sergeant of Marines was chosen to be executioner. He took a party on shore, and they constructed a curious kind of box, like a wardrobe, having a trap-door in the top, above which projected the beam. The man dropped through the trap door into the box and was no more seen, until the body was taken out under cover of night and buried.

The shooting on that island was naturally an intense delight to a boy of my age. We midshipmen used to go away shooting the upland geese. I managed to bring aboard more than the others, because I cut off the wings, heads and necks, cleaned the birds, and secured them by toggling the legs together, so that I was able to sling four birds over each shoulder. The whole island being clothed in high pampas grass, it was impossible to see one's way. Officers used to be lost in the Falklands. The body of a paymaster who was thus lost was not discovered for eight years. The cold induced sleep, and a sleeping man might freeze to death.

Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, in his *Memories of the Sea*, relating his experience as a midshipman in the Falkland Islands, says, "Everybody has heard of the Falkland Island geese, and they may be seen to-day in St. James's Park. The upland geese – as they are generally called – are excellent eating; but there are also immense numbers and different varieties of other geese and these are known as 'kelp geese.' Alas! our ornithological education had been so sadly neglected that we did not know

the difference with the feathers on, though we soon found it out, when we came to cook and eat them. All the birds we shot were kelp geese, about as fishy as cormorants; but they were not wasted, for we gave them to our Marine servants, who ate them all and declared them to be excellent. 'Some flavour about them,' as they said."

While we lay at the Falkland Islands a merchant ship came in whose whole company was down with scurvy. When I joined the Navy, lime-juice, the prophylactic, was served out under the regulation; but in the mercantile marine scurvy was still prevalent. It is a most repulsive disease. The sufferer rots into putrid decay while he is yet alive. If you pressed a finger upon his flesh the dent would remain. He is so sunk in lethargy that if he were told the ship was sinking he would decline to move. His teeth drop out and his hair falls off. It is worthy of remembrance that the use of lime-juice as a prophylactic was discovered, or at least largely introduced, by Captain James Cook the navigator; whose statue, erected at Whitby, I had the privilege of unveiling in 1912. Historically, I believe that Captain Lancaster, commanding the *Dragon*, in the service of the Honourable East India Company in the time of James I, was the first to cure scurvy by administering three spoonfuls of lemon to each patient, with his breakfast.

From the Falkland Islands we proceeded to the Straits of Magellan, where the natives of Terra del Fuego came off to us in boats. They were totally naked, and were smeared all over with

grease. It was snowing, and they had made a fire in the boats; and when the sea splashed upon the fire and put it out, they beat the sea in anger with their paddles.

At the convict settlement there used to be a box to hold mails fixed on the top of a pole. The letters were taken on board the next ship passing homeward bound. I posted a letter addressed to my mother, who received it in due time.

We dropped anchor off Port Mercy. It came on to blow a hurricane. We had two anchors down ahead, struck lower yards and topmast, and kept the screw moving to ease the cables. Without the aid of steam, we should have been blown away. Even so, the captain became anxious and decided to put out to sea. We battened down and went out under trysails and forestaysail. Instantly we were plunged into a mountainous sea, and the wind whipped the canvas out of us. We set close-reefed foretopsail. A tremendous squall struck us, we shipped water and were blown upon our beam ends. So strong was the wind that each successive blast listed the ship right over. The captain then determined to run back to Port Mercy. The master set the course, as he thought, to clear the headland; and we steamed at full speed. I was standing half-way up the bridge ladder holding on to the man-rope in a violent squall of hail and snow, the hail cutting my cheeks open, when I saw land right ahead. The fact was that the master had mistaken his course, and the ship was driving straight on shore, where every man would have perished. I reported my observation to the first lieutenant, who merely remarked that it

was probable that the master knew better than I did. But presently he too saw the high rocks looming ahead through the smother of snow and spray, and the course was altered just in time. The wind was on the port beam; we edged into it out to sea; and so were able to clear the headland and get under the lee of the land. The first lieutenant afterwards handsomely admitted that it was a good job I was standing where I was "with my eyes open" at the critical moment. It was in the height of this emergency, that I first heard the pipe go "Save ship."

We proceeded to Valparaiso, where the ship put in to refit. At Valparaiso, we were able to get horses, and we organised paper-chases.

It was about this time that the incident of the Impresario occurred. He was conducting the orchestra from the stage itself, being seated in a hole cut in the stage, so that his legs rested upon a little platform below. The refreshment room was underneath the stage, and the Impresario's legs projected downwards from the ceiling into the room, where were two or three midshipmen and myself. The temptation was irresistible. We grasped the legs; hauled on them; and down came the Impresario. Overhead, the music faltered and died away.

From Valparaiso we proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, whence we were ordered to take Queen Emma to Panama, on her way to England to see Queen Victoria. Queen Emma was born Miss Emma Booker. She married Kamehameha IV in 1856. We took the Queen on board with one native lady as her attendant.

The natives were devoted to their queen, and they insisted on loading the ship with presents for her. They brought pigs, masses of yams, sweet potatoes, water-melons and other fruit. The pigs were housed forward on the main deck, and the other offerings were piled on the rigging and hammock nettings and about the davit guys, so that the ship looked like an agricultural show when we sailed for Panama.

We sighted a schooner flying signals of distress. The life-boat was called away to go to her assistance. I was in charge of the life-boat. When a boat is called away at sea, the crew of course take their places in her before she is lowered. The whole operation, from the sound of the pipe to the moment the boat touches the water, occupies no more than a few seconds in a smart ship. There was a little sea-way on, and the movement of the boat caused a jerk to the falls, unhooking the safety catch, and dislodging an enormous water-melon, which fell through about eighteen feet upon the top of my head. I was knocked nearly senseless. It was the melon that split upon the impact, deluging me with red pulp; but I thought that it was my skull which had cracked, and that they were my brains which were spoiling my uniform, and I remember wondering that my brains should be so queerly and vividly coloured.

But I recovered from the shock in a few minutes. Boarding the schooner, I found she was short of water. But the remarkable thing about that schooner was that although she carried a cargo of six thousand pounds in Mexican dollars, they had only four

men on board, all told – an easy prize for a pirate.

After touching at Acapulco, which was all heat and flies, we landed the Queen of the Sandwich Islands at Panama.

Some years afterwards, I went to call upon her Majesty. In all my voyages, I carried with me a set of tandem harness; and on this occasion, I hired a light cart and a couple of ponies, and drove them tandem. Approaching the royal residence, I took a corner too sharply, the cart capsized, I was flung out, and found myself sitting on the ground in the Queen's presence.

But before we quitted the Sandwich Islands, an event occurred (of which I was the humble and unwitting instrument) which nearly brought about what are called international complications. I should explain that feeling ran pretty high between the English and the Americans in the Sandwich Islands with regard to the American Civil War, which was then waging. It was none of our business, but we of the *Clio* chose to sympathise with the South. Now that these unhappy differences have been so long composed, there can be no harm in referring to them. But it was not resentment against the North which inspired my indiscretion. It was the natural desire to win a bet. A certain lady – her name does not matter – bet me that I would not ride down a steep pass in the hills, down which no horse had yet been ridden. I took the bet and I won it. Then the same fair lady bet me – it was at a ball – that I would not pull down the American flag. That emblem was painted on wood upon an escutcheon fixed over the entrance to the garden of the Consulate. I took that bet, too, and won it.

Having induced two other midshipmen to come with me, we went under cover of night to the Consulate. I climbed upon the backs of my accomplices, leaped up, caught hold of the escutcheon, and brought the whole thing down upon us. Then we carried the trophy on board in a shore-boat. Unfortunately the boatman recognised what it was, and basely told the American consul, who was naturally indignant, and who insisted that the flag should be nailed up again in its place. I had no intention of inflicting annoyance, and had never considered how serious might be the consequences of a boyish impulse. My captain very justly said that as I had pulled down the flag I must put it up again, and sent me with a couple of carpenters on shore. We replaced the insulted emblem of national honour, to the deep delight of an admiring crowd. The *Clio* put to sea. We heard afterwards that the American Government dispatched a couple of ships of war to capture me, but I do not think the report was true.

Having landed the Queen of the Sandwich Islands at Panama, as I have said, about the middle of June, 1865, we left the Bay early in July, and proceeded to Vancouver, arriving there in the middle of August. There we remained until early in December.

I was placed in charge of a working party from the *Clio*, to cut a trail through the virgin forest of magnificent timber with which the island was then covered. I was pleased enough to receive an extra shilling a day check-money. Where the flourishing town of Victoria now stands, there were a few log huts, closed in by gigantic woods. When I revisited the country recently, I found a

tramway running along what was once my trail, and I met several persons who remembered my having helped to cut it, nearly fifty years before.

I believe that Canada will eventually become the centre of the British Empire; for the Canadians are a splendid nation, gifted with pluck, enterprise and energy.

The free forest life was bliss to a boy of my age. To tell the truth, we were allowed to do pretty well what we liked in the *Clio*, which was so easy-going a ship that she was nicknamed "the Privateer." We used to go out fishing for salmon with the Indians, in their canoes, using the Indian hook made of shell. To this day the Indians fish for salmon in canoes, using shell hooks. I made a trot, a night-line with a hundred hooks, and hauled up a goodly quantity of fish every morning. I remember that a party of midshipmen (of whom I was not one) from another ship were playing cricket on the island, when a bear suddenly walked out of the forest. The boys instantly ran for a gun and found one in an adjacent cabin, but there were no bullets or caps. So they filled up the weapon with stones from the beach. In the meantime the bear had climbed a tree. The midshipmen levelled the gun at him and fired it with a lucifer match.

We used to go away into the forest deer-shooting, and on one occasion we were lost for a day and a night. It was at this time that I made the acquaintance of the celebrated Mr. Dunsmuir, who became a mayor and a millionaire, simply because he slept one night in the forest – for the sake of coolness. When he awoke

in the morning, he found that he had pillowed his head upon a lump of coal. He subsequently obtained an enormous concession of land from the Government and amassed a huge fortune in coal. Two of our lieutenants put money in the scheme. I wrote at the time to my father, asking him to let me have a thousand pounds to invest in the coal business. But he replied affectionately but firmly that, until I ceased to exceed my allowance, he did not think it right that I should embark in a gambling project. The two lucky lieutenants were eventually bought out by Mr. Dunsmuir for a very large sum of money.

I was very happy in the *Clio*; but, for reasons, it was considered expedient that I should be transferred to the *Tribune*. Accordingly, I turned over to the *Tribune* early in December, by the orders of my constant friend, Admiral Charles Eden. He said it would do me good to serve under Captain Lord Gillford. He was right. It did.

CHAPTER VI
STRICT SERVICE

Captain Lord Gillford, afterwards Lord Clamwilliam, was one of the finest seamen, and his ship was one of the smartest ships, in the Service. The *Tribune* was what we used to call a jackass frigate. She was pierced for 31 guns, was of 1570 tons burthen, and 300 h.p. – not that anything could ever induce the captain to use steam.

Before I joined the *Tribune*, she had sprung her foremast so she went up the Fraser River to cut a new spar out of he forest. Such things were done in those days. But on the way up she grounded on the bar. Everything – guns, coal, stores – was taken out of her; anchors were got out; and every effort was made to warp her off. Still she would not move. In this desperate pass, when every man in the ship, except one, was hauling on the purchases, it is on record that when the chaplain put his weight on the rope, away she came. The power of the man of God is remembered even unto this day. Then the *Tribune* sailed up the river, and they cut a new spar, set it up and rigged it, and she came home with it.

Captain Lord Gillford prided himself on the speed of his ship under sail. He had fitted her with all sorts of extra gear, such as they had in the famous tea-clippers. His tacks and sheets were

much thicker than was usual; strengthening pieces were fitted to the sails; there were gaffs for topgallant backstays, and extra braces. His order book was a curiosity, Day after day it bore the same entry: "The course. Carry sail." Sailing from Vancouver to Valparaiso, the *Tribune* beat the *Sutlej*, another fine sailing ship commanded by another first-class seaman, by two days.

Captain Lord Gillford's orders were that sail should never be shortened without his permission. One night when it was blowing hard I went down to the captain's cabin to ask him if we might take in the topmast studding-sail. The ship was then heeling over. The captain stuck one leg out of his cot and put his foot against the side of the ship. "I don't feel any water here yet," says he, and sent me on deck again. The next moment the sail blew away.

I can never be too grateful for the seamanship I learned on board the *Tribune*. The captain lost no opportunity of teaching us. On one occasion, for instance, we carried away the starboard foremast swifter, in the fore rigging – the *Tribune* had rope lower rigging. Captain Lord Gillford, instead of splicing the shroud to the masthead pennants, chose, in order to educate us, to strip the whole foremast to a gantline. We got the whole of the lower rigging over the masthead again. I was in the sailmaker's crew; and another midshipman and myself, together with the forecastle men, fitted in the new shroud, turned it in, wormed, parcelled, and served it; put it over the masthead, and got the fore rigging all a-taunto again. I also helped to make a new foresail and jib out of number one canvas, roped them, put the clews in, and completed

the job. Lord Gillford's object was to teach those under him to carry out the work in the proper shipshape manner. The sailmaker's crew, among whom was another midshipman, named Morrison, and myself, numbered 15 or 20 men, including able seamen, and we were all as happy as possible. We were taught by one of the best sailmakers in the Service, who was named Flood. We always worked in a sailmaker's canvas jumper and trousers made by ourselves. I could cut out and make a seaman's canvas working suit, jumper and trousers, in 30 minutes, using the sailmaker's stitch of four stitches to the inch.

I had a complete sailmaker's bag with every sailmaker's tool necessary – serving and roping mallets, jiggers, seaming and roping palms, all-sized marling-spikes, fids, seam-rubbers, sail-hooks, grease-pot, seaming and roping twine, etc. etc.

Morrison and I worked together at everything. We turned in new boats' falls, replaced lanyards in wash-deck buckets, as well as taking our turn at all tricks sailmaker's crew. We put in new clews to a topsail and course. We roped a jib and other fore-and-aft sails. Both of these jobs require great care and practice, and both of them we had to do two or three times before we got them right. A sailmaker knows how difficult it is to keep the lay of the rope right in roping a sail. We used also to go aloft and repair sick seams in the sails to avoid unbending.

Captain Lord Gillford himself could cut out a sail, whether fore-and-aft or square. I have heard him argue with Flood as to the amount of goring to be allowed, and Lord Gillford was always

right. It was he who put it into my head to try to teach myself all that I could, by saying, "If a man is a lubber over a job, you ought to be able to *show* him how to do it, not *tell* him how to do it."

We were never so proud as when Lord Gillford sent for us and told us that we had made a good job of roping the new jib. Among other things, I learned from the "snob," as the shoemaker was called, to welt and repair boots. In after years, I made a portmanteau, which lasted for a long time, for my old friend, Chief Engineer Roffey; and I made many shooting and fishing bags for my brother officers.

Merely for the sake of knowing how to do and how not to do a thing, in later years I have chipped a boiler (a devil of a job), filled coal-sacks, trimmed bunkers, stoked fires and driven engines.

We used up all our spare canvas in the *Tribune*; and I remember that on one occasion we were obliged to patch the main-royal with a mail-bag, so that the main-royal bore the legend "Letters for England" on it thereafter.

While in the *Tribune*, two misfortunes occurred to me on the same day. As we all know, misfortunes never come singly. The sailmaker had reported me for skylarking; and it occurred to me that if he was going to put me in the report, he might as well have a better reason for that extreme action. I therefore rove a line attached to a sailmaker's needle through the holes of the bench upon which he sat. When he seated himself to begin his work, I jerked the line, and he leaped into the air with a loud cry.

That was my first misfortune. The second was entirely due to the rude and thoughtless conduct of another midshipman, who, in passing me as I sat at my sailmaker's bench, industriously working, tilted me over. I took up the first thing which was handy, which happened to be a carpenter's chisel, and hurled it at his retreating figure. It stuck and quivered in a portion of his anatomy which is (or was) considered by schoolmasters as designed to receive punishment. I had, of course, no intention of hurting him. But I was reported for the second time that day. I was put on watch and watch for a week, a penance which involved being four hours on and four hours off, my duties having to be done as usual during the watch off in the daytime.

We sailed from Vancouver early in December, 1865. On 2nd January I was promoted to be acting sub-lieutenant. I find that Captain Lord Gillford endorsed my certificate with the statement that Lord Charles Beresford had conducted himself "with sobriety, diligence, attention, and was always obedient to command; and I have been much pleased with the zealous manner in which he has performed his duties."

We arrived at Valparaiso towards the end of January. I continued to discharge my duties in the *Tribune* until the middle of February, when I was transferred to the *Sutlej.*

I was as happy on board the *Tribune* as I had been in the *Marlborough* and the *Clio*, and for the same reason: the splendid seamanship and constant sailorising.

The *Sutlej* was a steam frigate pierced for guns, of 3066 tons

and 500 h.p., flagship of the Pacific station. Before I joined her, the commander-in-chief of the station was Admiral Kingcome, who had (as we say) come in through the hawse-pipe. It was the delight of this queer old admiral to beat the drum for night-quarters himself. He used to steal the drum, and trot away with it, rub-a-dub all along the lower deck, bending double beneath the hammocks of the sleeping seamen. On one of these occasions – so runs the yarn – a burly able seaman thrust his bare legs over the edge of his hammock, clipped the admiral under the shoulders, swung him to and fro, and, with an appropriate but unquotable objurgation, dispatched him forward with a kick.

Such (in a word) was the condition of the flagship to which Rear-Admiral the Honourable Joseph Denman succeeded, after the enjoyment of twenty-five years' profound peace in the command of the Queen's yacht.

The captain, Trevenen P. Coode, was tall and thin, hooked-nosed and elderly, much bent about the shoulders, with a habit of crossing his arms and folding his hands inside his sleeves. He was a taut hand and a fine seaman. He nearly broke my heart, old martinet that he was; for I was mate of the upper deck and the hull, and took an immense pride in keeping them immaculately clean; but they were never clean enough for Captain Trevenen P. Coode. In those days we had little bright-work, but plenty of whitewash and blacking. The test of a smart ship was that the lines of white or black should meet with absolute accuracy; and a fraction of error would be visited with the captain's

severe displeasure. For he employed condemnation instead of commendation.

There was an old yarn about a mate of the main deck, who boasted that he had got to windward of his captain. We used to take live stock, poultry and sheep to sea in those days. The captain found fault with the mate because the fowls and coops were dirty. The mate whitewashed the chickens and blacked their legs and beaks. Now the poultry in question belonged to the captain. Thereafter the fowls died.

It was the custom for the admiral to take a cow or two to sea, and the officers took sheep and fowls. There is a tradition in the Navy that the cow used to be milked in the middle watch for the benefit of the officer on watch; and that, in order that the admiral should get his allowance of milk, the cow was filled up with water and made to leap backwards and forwards across the hatchways. Another tradition ordains that when the forage for the sheep ran short, the innocent animals were fitted with green spectacles, and thus equipped, they were fed on shavings.

When we put into Valparaiso the Spanish fleet was threatening to bombard the town. Rather more than a year previously, in 1864, Spain had quarrelled with Chile, alleging that Chile had violated neutrality, and had committed other offences. In March, 1864, Spain began the diplomatic correspondence with Chile in which she demanded reparation, which was refused. Chile sent artillery and troops to Valparaiso. The Spanish admiral, Pareja, then proclaimed a blockade of the

Chilian ports, and Chile declared war.

The European residents in Valparaiso, who owned an immense amount of valuable property stored in the custom-houses, were terrified at the prospect of a bombardment, and petitioned Admiral Denman to prevent it. An American fleet of warships was also lying in the Bay. Among them was the *Miantonomoh*, the second screw ironclad that ever came through the Straits of Magellan, the first being the Spanish ironclad *Numancia*.

When the *Miantonomoh* crossed the Atlantic in 1866, *The Times* kindly remarked that the existing British Navy was henceforth useless, and that most of its vessels "were only fit to be laid up and 'painted that dirty yellow which is universally adopted to mark treachery, failure, and crime.'"

The British and American admirals consulted together as to the advisability of preventing the bombardment. The prospect of a fight cheered us all; and we entered into elaborate calculations of the relative strength of the Spanish fleet and the British-American force. As a matter of fact, they were about equal. The Spanish admiral, Nunez, who had succeeded Pareja, visited the *Sutlej* and conversed with Admiral Denman. It was reported by the midshipman who was A.D.C. to the admiral that, upon his departure, the Spaniard had said: "Very well, Admiral Denman, you know your duty and I know mine." The information raised our hopes; but at the critical moment a telegram forbidding the British admiral to take action was received from the British

Minister at Santiago.

So the British and American fleets steamed out to sea while the Spaniards fired upon Valparaiso from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, setting the place on fire, and then retired to their anchorage outside. The British and American fleets then returned to the Bay, and I accompanied a landing-party to help to extinguish the conflagration.

Five of us were standing on the top of the high wall of a building whose roof had fallen in, so that the whole interior was a mass of burning wreckage, upon which we were directing the hose, when the men below shouted that the wall was falling. We slid down the ladder, and no sooner had we touched the ground than the whole wall tottered and fell inwards.

We put the fires out, but the inhabitants were so angry with us because we had not prevented the bombardment, that they requested that the landing-party should be sent back to their ships. Then the flames broke out afresh. For years the resentment of the Valparaisians remained so hot that it was inadvisable to land in the town men from British ships.

The meeting of the British and American seamen gave rise to much discussion concerning the respective merits of the British and American theories of gunnery. The Americans advocated the use of round shot to deliver a "racking blow"; the British preferred firing a pointed projectile which would penetrate the target instead of merely striking it. When an American bluejacket asked his British friend to explain the new English system of

shell-fire, the British bluejacket said: "We casts our shot for the new gun so many fathoms long, and then, d'ye see, we cuts off a length at a time, regulatin' the length required according to the ship we uses it against. For your ship, I reckon we should cut off about three and a half inches."

The Spanish fleet was afflicted with scurvy; and we used to pull over to the Spanish ships in the evenings, bringing the officers presents of chicken, fresh meat and fruit.

Having done with Valparaiso, the Spaniards went to Callao; but there they had a more difficult job; for Callao was fortified, and the Spaniards were considerably damaged by the gun-fire from the forts.

During the progress of hostilities between the Chilians and the Spaniards, the Chilians constructed one of the first submarines. It was an American invention worked by hand and ballasted with water. The Chilians intended, or hoped, to sink the Spanish fleet with it. The submarine started from the beach on this enterprise; but it was never seen again. It simply plunged into the sea, and in the sea it remains to this day.

We left Valparaiso about the middle of April, 1866, and proceeded to Vancouver. On the way, the *Sutlej* ran into a French barque, taking her foremast and bowsprit out of her. Captain Coode stood by the rail, his arms crossed, his hands folded in his sleeves, looking down upon the wreck with a sardonic grin, while the French captain, gesticulating below, shouted, "O you goddam Englishman for you it is all-a-right, but for it it is not so nice!"

But we repaired all damages so that at the latter end he was better off than when he started.

We arrived at Vancouver early in June, and left a few days later, to encounter a terrific hurricane. It blew from the 18th June to the 22nd June; and the track of the ship on the chart during those four days looks like a diagram of cat's-cradle. The ship was much battered, and her boats were lost. On this occasion, I heard the pipe go "Save ship" for the second time in my life.

We put into San Francisco to refit. Here many of our men deserted. In those days, it was impossible to prevent desertions on these coasts, although the sentries on board had their rifles loaded with ball cartridge. Once the men had landed we could not touch them. I used to meet the deserters on shore, and they used to chaff me. As we had lost our boats, the American dockyard supplied us with some. One day the officer of the watch noticed fourteen men getting into the cutter, which was lying at the boom. He hailed them from the deck. The men, returning no answer, promptly pushed off for the shore. The officer of the watch instantly called away the whaler, the only other boat available, intending to send a party in pursuit. But the deserters had foreseen that contingency, and had cut the falls just inside the lowering cleat, so that the whaler could not be lowered.

While I was at San Francisco, I had my first experience of the American practical view of a situation. Bound upon a shooting excursion, I had taken the train to Benicia, and alighted with a small bag, gun and cartridges. I asked a railway man to carry my

bag for me to a hack (cab). He looked at me, and said,

"Say, is it heavy?"

"No," I said, "it is quite light."

"Waal then," said he, "I guess you can carry it yourself." I had to, so I did.

Benicia is celebrated as the birthplace of John Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," the famous American boxer. The great fight between Heenan and Tom Sayers was fought at Farnborough on the 17th April, 1860. Heenan was a huge man, six feet and an inch in height; Sayers, Champion of England, five feet eight inches. The fight was interrupted. Both men received a silver belt. I remember well the event of the fight, though I was not present at it. More than three years afterwards, in December, 1863, Tom King beat Heenan.

From San Francisco we proceeded to Cape Horn, homeward bound. On these long sailing passages we used to amuse ourselves by spearing fish. Sitting on the dolphin-striker (the spar below the bowsprit) we harpooned albacore and bonito and dolphin, which is not the dolphin proper but the coryphee.

We rounded the Horn, buffeted by the huge seas of that tempestuous promontory. On that occasion, I actually saw the Horn, which is an inconspicuous island beaten upon by the great waves, standing amid a colony of little black islands. And off Buenos Aires we were caught in a pampero, the hurricane of South American waters. It blew from the land; and although we were three or four hundred miles out at sea, the master smelt it

coming. Indeed, the whole air was odorous with the fragrance of new-mown hay; and then, down came the wind.

We were bound for Portsmouth. And when we rounded the Isle of Wight, and came into view of Spithead, lo! the anchorage was filled with great ships all stationed in review order. They were assembled for a review to be held for the Sultan of Turkey.

We took in the signal containing our instructions, and fired a salute; and then, standing in under all plain sail and starboard studdingsails, we sailed right through the Fleet, and all the men of the Fleet crowded rails and yards to look at us, and cheered us down the lines. For the days of sails were passing even then; we had come home from the ends of the world; and the splendid apparition of a full-rigged man-of-war standing into the anchorage moved every sailor's heart; so that many officers and men have since told me that the *Sutlej* sailing into Spithead through the lines of the Fleet was the finest sight it was ever their fortune to behold.

In the *Tribune* and in the *Sutlej* it was my luck to serve under two of the strictest and best captains in the Service, Captain Lord Gillford and Captain Trevenen P. Coode. I may be forgiven for recalling that both these officers added a special commendation to my certificates; an exceedingly rare action on their part, and in the case of Captain Coode, I think the first instance on record.

Part of the test for passing for sub-lieutenant was bends and hitches. Captain Lord Gillford was highly pleased with a white line which I had spliced an eye in and grafted myself. Knowing

that I was a good sailmaker, he once made me fetch palm and canvas and sew an exhibition seam in public.

From the *Sutlej* I passed into the H.M.S. *Excellent*, in order to prepare for the examinations in gunnery. In those days, the *Excellent* was a gunnery school ship of 2311 tons, moored in the upper part of Portsmouth Harbour. The *Excellent* gunnery school is now Whale Island.

While in the *Excellent* I had the misfortune, in dismounting a gun, to break a bone in my foot; and although the injury seemed to heal very quickly under the application of arnica, I have felt its effects ever since.

In 1867 I was appointed to the *Research*, which was stationed at Holyhead, and in which I served for a few months. There was a good deal of alarm felt with regard to the Fenians, who were active at the time, and the *Research* was ordered to look out for them. With my messmates, Cæsar Hawkins, Lascelles, and Forbes, I hunted a good deal from Holyhead with Mr. Panton's hounds. I also hunted with the Ward Union in Ireland. I used to cross from Holyhead at night, hunt during the day, and return that night.

Among other memories of those old days, I remember that my brother and myself, being delayed at Limerick Junction, occupied the time in performing a work of charity upon the porter, whose hair was of an immoderate luxuriance. He was – so far as we could discover – neither poet nor musician, and was therefore without excuse. Nevertheless, he refused the proffered

kindness. Perceiving that he was thus blinded to his own interest, we gently bound him hand and foot and lashed him to a railway truck. I possessed a knife, but we found it an unsuitable weapon: my brother searched the station and found a pair of snuffers, used for trimming the station lamps. With this rude but practicable instrument we shore the locks of the porter, and his hair blew all about the empty station like the wool of a sheep at shearing-time. When it was done we made him suitable compensation.

"Sure," said the porter, "I'll grow my hair again as quick as I can the way you'll be giving me another tip."

We had an old Irish keeper at home, whose rule in life was to agree with everything that was said to him. Upon a day when it was blowing a full gale of wind, I said to myself that I would get to windward of him to-day anyhow.

"Well, Harney," said I. "It is a fine calm day to-day."

"You may say that, Lord Char-less, but what little wind there is, is terrible strong," says Harney.

A lady once said to him, "How old are you, Harney?"

"Och, shure, it's very ould and jaded I am, it's not long I'll be for this worrld," said he.

"Oh," said she, "but I'm old, too. How old do you think I am?"

"Sure, how would I know that? But whatever age ye are, ye don't look it, Milady."

CHAPTER VII
THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA*

I. TO THE ANTIPODES

After a brief spell in the royal yacht, I was promoted out of her to lieutenant, and was appointed to the *Galatea*, Captain H.R.H. Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., K.T.

H.M.S. *Galatea* had four months previously returned from the long cruise of seventeen months, 24th January, 1867, to 26th June, 1868, during which the Duke visited South Africa and Australasia. While he was in Australia, an attempt had been made to assassinate his Royal Highness, who had a very narrow escape. The pistol was fired at the range of a few feet, and the bullet, entering the Duke's back, struck a rib and ran round the bone, inflicting a superficial wound. A full account of the voyage is contained in *The Cruise of H.M.S. Galatea*, by the Rev. John Milner and Oswald W. Brierley (London, 1869; W. H. Allen). The *Galatea* frigate was built at Woolwich and launched in 1859. She was of 3227 tons burthen, 800 h.p.; she was pierced for 26 guns; maindeck, 18 guns, 10-inch, 86 cwt., and 4 guns, 10-inch, 6½ tons; on the quarterdeck, 2 guns, rifled, 64-pounders; in the forecastle, 2 guns, rifled, 64-pounders. The 6½-ton guns

threw a shot of 115 lb., and a large double-shell weighing 156 lb. She stowed 700 tons of coal and 72 tons of water. Previously the *Galatea*, commanded by Captain Rochfort Maguire, had been employed from 1862 to 1866 in the Baltic, and on the Mediterranean and West Indian stations. She took part in the suppression of the insurrection at Jamaica, and, after the loss of H.M.S. *Bulldog*, destroyed the batteries on Cape Haitien. Her sister ship was the *Ariadne*, and Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, who served in the *Ariadne*, in 1861, writes: "It would not be too much to say that she and her sister ship, the *Galatea*, were the two finest wooden frigates ever built in this or any other country" (*Memories of the Sea*). Personally, I am inclined to consider, that fine sailor as the *Galatea* was, the *Sutlej* was finer still.

The Duke of Edinburgh was an admirable seaman. He had a great natural ability for handling a fleet, and he would have made a first-class fighting admiral. The Duke's urbanity and kindness won the affection of all who knew him. I am indebted to him for many acts of kindness, and I was quite devoted to him.

The voyage of the *Galatea* lasted for two years and a half. We visited Cape Town, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, India, and the Falkland Islands. It is not my purpose to describe that long cruise in detail; but rather to record those incidents which emerge from the capricious haze of memory. In many respects, the second long voyage of the *Galatea* was a repetition of her first voyage, so elaborately chronicled by the Rev. John Milner and Mr.

Brierley. In every part of the Queen's dominions visited by her son, the Duke was invariably received with the greatest loyalty and enthusiasm. It should be understood throughout that, when his ship was not in company, or was in company with a ship commanded by an officer junior to his Royal Highness, he was received as the Queen's son; but when a senior officer was present, the Duke ranked in the order of his seniority in the Service.

We left Plymouth early in November, 1868, and once more I was afloat in a crack sailing ship, smart and well found in every detail, and once more I entered into the charm of the life in which above all I delighted. We touched at Madeira, where I grieve to say some of the junior officers captured a goat and some other matters during a night on shore; touched at St. Vincent; and arrived at Cape Town on Christmas Day.

At Cape Town, my set of tandem harness came again into requisition. From the Cape we proceeded to Perth. The fact that an attempt upon his life had been made in Australia, was one of the reasons why the Duke chose to pay the Colony another visit.

Upon a part of our voyage to Australia we were accompanied by my old ship, the *Clio*, and so admirably handled was she, that she sometimes beat the *Galatea* in sailing. In every place to which we went in Australia and New Zealand, we received the most unbounded hospitality, of which I shall always retain the most pleasant recollections. We were asked everywhere; livery stables were put at the disposal of the officers; we went to shooting

parties, and to every kind of festivity.

At Perth I visited the convict settlement; and there I found a relative or connection of the Beresford family, who had been so unfortunate as to be transported for forgery. He appeared to be a most respectable old gentleman, and (with the permission of the governor) I presented him with a small cheque. Alas! incredible as it may seem, the sight of my signature awoke the ruling passion; and my gentleman promptly forged a bill of exchange for £50, and (as I found when I came home) got it cashed.

It was in Perth, too, that I visited a prisoner, a fellow-Irishman, who had been convicted of murder. He had been a soldier, and had slain his corporal and his sergeant. This man inspired me with some ideas with regard to criminals which later in life I tried to put into practice; and also aroused in me an interest in prisons and prison discipline which I have always retained. He was a gigantic person, of immense physical strength, with receding forehead and a huge projecting jaw. He was considered to be dangerous; five or six warders accompanied me into his cell; and they spoke to him as though he were a dog. I looked at the man's eyes; and I was convinced then, as I am convinced now, that his intellect was impaired. Criminal psychology then hardly existed; and although it is now recognised as a science, it must be said that existing penal conditions are still in many respects awaiting reform. Subsequent experience has proved to me that I was right in believing that many crimes of violence are due to a lesion of the brain, and cannot therefore be treated as moral

offences. I heard some time subsequently that the Irishman had been shot for the attempted murder of a warder. Perth and New South Wales were the only places in the British Dominions in which there was a death penalty for attempted murder.

I may here mention that in after years I was appointed, together with the (late) Duke of Fife, as civil inspector of prisons; an office which I held for a year or two. I was able to institute a reform in the system then in force of mulcting prisoners of good conduct marks. These were deducted in advance, before the man had earned them, if he gave trouble. A prisoner sentenced to a long term – who usually gives trouble during his first two years – found, when he began to run straight, that good marks he earned had been deducted in advance. I was able to change the system, so that no marks should be deducted before they were earned.

It was after I had been placed in command of the police at Alexandria, in 1882, that I was offered the post of chief commissioner of police in the Metropolis; and I was honoured by a gracious message from a very distinguished personage, expressing a hope that I would accept the appointment; but, as I wished to remain in the Navy, I declined it.

We returned to Australia on our homeward voyage, but for the sake of convenience I may here deal with the two visits as one. At Sydney, I purchased a pair of horses. They were reputed to be runaways, and I bought them for £9 a pair, and I drove them tandem with ring snaffle bits. They never ran away with me – except once. When they came into my possession, I found that

their mouths were sore, and I did what I could to cure them. Many a drive I had, and all went well. Then one day we all drove to a picnic. The Duke, who was very fond of coaching, drove a coach. I drove my tandem, taking with me the commander, Adeane. On the way home, the road was down a steep hill. We were beginning to descend, when one of the Duke's mounted orderlies mixed himself up with the traces between the leader and the wheeler. The leader, taking fright, bolted, and the sudden tightening of the traces jerked the orderly head over heels into the bush. Away we went down the hill as hard as the horses could gallop. The next thing I saw was a train of carts laden with mineral waters coming up the hill and blocking the whole road. The only way to avoid disaster was to steer between a telegraph pole and the wall. It was a near thing, but we did it. I gave the reins of one horse to the commander and held on to the reins of the other.

Then I was aware, in that furious rush, of a melancholy voice, speaking close beside me. It was the voice of the commander, speaking, unknown to himself, the thoughts of his heart, reckoning the chances of mishap and how long they would take to repair. It said: "an arm, an arm, an arm – a month. A leg, a leg, a leg – six weeks. A neck, a neck a neck – O! my God!" And so on, over and over, saying the same words. Thus did Jerry Adeane, the commander, think aloud according to his habit. He continued his refrain until we pulled up on the next rise.

"Thank God, that's over," said Jerry Adeane.

Before leaving Australia, I sold my pair of horses for more

than I gave for them.

When the *Galatea* was in New Zealand, Sir George Grey, who owned an island called the Kanwah, gave me permission to shoot there. He had stocked it for years with every sort of wild bird and beast. Indigenous to the island were wild boar and wild cattle, which were supposed to have been turned down there by the buccaneers. I landed early one morning to stalk the wild cattle, with my servant, a pulpy, bulbous sort of rotten fellow who hated walking. He carried my second rifle. We climbed to the top of a hill with the wind against us, to get a spy round. When I came near the top, I perceived the unmistakable smell of cattle; and, on reaching the top, there, within thirty yards of me, were a great black bull and two cows.

The bull saw me. He shook his head savagely, bellowed, pawed the ground, put his head about, and charged straight for me. I was standing in a thick sort of tea scrub which was level with my shoulders, so that I could see only the beast's back as he charged. I thought it was of no use to fire at his back; and, remembering that the scrub was thin, having only stems underneath, I dropped on my knee, hoping to see his head. Fortunately, I was able to see it plainly. I fired, and he dropped within about five yards of me.

I said to my man:

"Well, that was lucky; he might have got us."

As there was no reply, I turned round, and saw my trusty second gun half-way down the hill, running like a hare. I was

so angry that I felt inclined to give him my second barrel. On returning on board I dispensed with his services, and engaged a good old trusty Marine to look after me.

I killed six of these wild cattle altogether, and a landing party bringing them off to the ship, there was beef enough for the whole ship's company.

There was a number of sheep on the island, under the care of a shepherd named Raynes, who was a sort of keeper in Sir George's service. He said to me, "You have not killed a boar yet. Come with me to-morrow, and I will take you where we can find one." I said, "All right, I will come at four o'clock to-morrow and bring my rifle." "No," said he, "don't bring a rifle, bring a knife. I always kill them with a knife."

I thought he was chaffing, but I said, "All right, I will bring a knife, but I shall bring my rifle as well."

In the morning he met me at the landing-stage with three dogs, one a small collie, and two heavy dogs like half-bred mastiffs, held in a leash. We walked about three miles to a thick swampy place, with rushes and tussocks. He chased the collie into the bush, and in about twenty minutes we heard the collie barking furiously. Raynes told me to follow him close, and not on any account to get in front of him. The heavy dogs fairly pulled him through the bush. We soon came up to the collie, and found him with an immense boar in a small open space.

Raynes slipped the heavy dogs, who went straight for the boar, and seized him, one by the ear and the other by the throat. The

boar cut both the dogs, one badly. When they had a firm hold, Raynes ran in from behind, seized one of the boar's hind legs, and passing it in front of the other hind leg, gave a violent pull, and the boar fell on its side. Raynes immediately killed it with his knife, by stabbing it behind the shoulder. I never saw a quicker or a more skilful performance.

I suggested to Raynes that I should like to try it.

"Well," he said, "we will try and find a light sow to-morrow. A boar would cut you if you were not quick."

On the following day, we got a sow, but I made an awful mess of it, and if it had not been for the heavy dogs, she would have cut me badly; as it was, she bowled me over in the mud before I killed her.

In New Zealand, we went up to the White Springs and we all bathed with the Maories. You stand in the water warm as milk, close beside springs of boiling water, and occasionally a jet of steam makes you jump. The person of one of the guests, a very portly gentleman, suggested a practical joke to the Maori boys and girls, who dived in and swam up to him under water, pinched him and swam away with yells of laughter. The old boy, determined to preserve harmony, endured the torment with an agonised pretence of enjoyment. "Very playful, very playful!" he kept miserably repeating. "Oh, very playful indeed. *Tanaqui* (how do you do), *Tanaqui*."

We had an excellent lunch, of pig, fowls, and yams, all boiled on the spot in the hot springs. I saw a live pig chased by some

Maori children into a hot spring, and it was boiled in a moment.

In this region I rode over soil which was exactly like dust-shot; the whole ground apparently consisting of ore. We visited the White Terraces, where, if you wrote your name in pencil upon the cliffs, the silicate would preserve the legend as if it were raised or embroidered. Some of the signatures had been there for years. I have since heard that the place was destroyed by volcanic eruption.

We witnessed the weird and magnificent war dances of the Maoris. Never have I seen finer specimens of humanity than these men. When, after leaping simultaneously into the air, they all came to the ground together, the impact sounded like the report of a gun. A party of the Chiefs came to pay a ceremonial visit to the Duke. It struck me that they looked hungry, and I said so. They want cheering up, I said. I went to forage for them. I took a huge silver bowl, and filled it with chicken, whisky, lobster, beef, champagne, biscuits and everything else I could find, and presented it to them. You never saw warriors more delighted. They ate the whole, using their fingers, and were greatly cheered.

It was in New Zealand that I had an interesting conversation with a cannibal – or rather, an ex-cannibal. I asked him if he ever craved for human flesh, and he said no, not now – unless he happened to see a plump woman. In that case, he said he lusted for the flesh of the ball of the thumb, which (he gave me to understand) was the prime delicacy.

Some of the half-caste women were of great beauty. Their

savage blood endowed them with something of the untamed, implacable aspect of their ancestry. I heard of one such woman, who, outwardly attuned to every tenet of white civilisation, and received everywhere in white society, suddenly reverted. A native rebellion breaking out, she rejoined her tribe and slew a missionary with her *meri*– the native chief's badge of office. She cut off the top of the missionary's skull, and used it thereafter as a drinking-vessel. Poor lady, she was (I heard) eventually captured and was executed.

CHAPTER VIII
THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*Continued*)

II. MY TWO FAITHFUL SERVANTS

They came to me first in the *Galatea*, so that their story may fitly be related in this place. Tom Fat the China boy came to me at Kowloon. He was brought to me by his uncle, who desired to dispose of his nephew, for a consideration. The consideration was £5. Lest I should be accused of Chinese slavery – and anything is possible in these days – I should explain that the fiver was not the price of Tom Fat, but was in the nature of a delicate compliment paid to his uncle. Tom was a free boy; he was entered in the ship's books as my servant, at so much wages per month. Not that he valued his wages particularly; he had wider views. He was an invaluable servant, clever, orderly, indefatigable and devoted. I attired him in gorgeous silks, and he bore my crest with perfect unassuming dignity. He kept my purse, and expended my money with prudence, even with generosity. When I wanted money, Tom Fat had plenty of ready cash. I sometimes wondered how it was that he always seemed to be provided with a margin,

for I was not conscious of practising economy. The fact was, I was careless in those days, and kept no accounts. It was not until he had been in my service for some years, that I discovered the secret of his wealth. It was simple enough. He was in the habit of forging cheques. Altogether, he forged cheques for nearly twelve hundred pounds. How much of that amount he kept for himself I never knew; but it is certain that a great deal of it he spent upon me. Nor do I know why he did not ask for a cheque instead of forging it. Apparently it was a point of honour with Tom not to ask for money. When I asked him if he wanted a cheque to defray expenses, he usually replied cheerfully that he had no need of it. Certainly he acquired a reputation for economy by these means.

His methods were subtle. He was well aware that I kept no private account book of my own, and that my bankers did not enter the names of payees in my pass-book, but only the numbers of the cheques cashed, and also that the bank returned cashed cheques from time to time. On these occasions, Tom, finding pass-book and cashed cheques among my papers, would abstract both the counterfoils and the cheques which he had forged, knowing that as I should not take the trouble to compare the numbers of the cheques with the numbers in the pass-book, I should not notice that some cheques were missing. He was always careful to arrange that the last counterfoil filled up – at which one naturally looks – should be that of my cheque and not that of his; and he never drew large sums, varying his amounts between £5 and £20, except on one occasion, when he forged a cheque for

£50. The Oriental mind is inscrutable; but whether or no Tom considered that he was robbing me; whether, if he considered that he was robbing me, he believed he was justified in so doing; he took the most sedulous care that no one else should enjoy that privilege.

Tom was universally popular. I took him everywhere with me. In his way, he was a sportsman. One day, hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, I mounted him on a skewbald pony. We came to a nasty slippery place, a bad take-off, a wall to jump, and the road beyond. Tom's pony took it safely. A big, hard-riding guardsman who was coming up behind us, not liking the look of the place, shouted to me, "Is it all right?"

"That hideous Chinaman has just done it!" I shouted back. Not to be outdone by a Chinaman, the guardsman rode at the fence, his horse went down, and he got a dreadful toss. When he got up, he was furiously angry with me.

When Tom had been with me for some years, he came to me and said, "Master, you never give me leave! You give others leave but not me leave. I want leave."

The request was reasonable enough, and I sent Tom to my house in town, there to amuse himself for a week. At the end of the week he did not return. He was reported missing. I advertised for him, offering a reward. The next day he was arrested at the Criterion Restaurant, being one of a party of thirteen (of whom twelve were ladies) to whom Tom was about to play the host.

It turned out that during his week in town, my faithful servant

had spent £70. He had also raised money at one of my clubs.

"Lord Charles want twenty-five pounds," he said to the porter, who took him to the cashier.

"His lordship must give me his I.O.U.," says the cashier.

"What thing that?" says Tom.

The cashier explained.

"All-light," says the man of resource, and promptly forged my I.O.U. for thirty-five pounds.

"You said twenty-five," remarked the cashier.

"I tink Lord Charles like little more," Tom replied.

Of course, the cashier sent me the document. When I investigated Tom's transactions, I found a few of his forged cheques in the bank, and I could hardly tell the difference between my signature and his forgeries. The cheque-books were compared with the pass-book, and counterfoils were found to be missing. I took legal action against him, and he was sentenced to five years. Shortly afterwards, when I was in Scotland, I received a letter from the hapless Tom, saying he was dying, and asking me to come and see him. I went at once. I found him in the infirmary, a dying man indeed, with his face to the wall. A Chinaman dies at will. He simply lies down and dies; but by the same token, he can continue to live. So I determined to rouse him. I hailed him in a loud and cheerful voice.

"Tom! Cheer up, Tom! What's the matter? You're not ill. Rouse up."

"Me die, master," said Tom.

"Not you," I said. "Come! Cheer up, and I'll try to get you out of this."

And sure enough, he turned back, became quite well, and I secured his release after he had served a short term. I found him a place in China, sent him East, and never saw him again. When I went to China subsequently, I failed to find him. After his interval of Western service, China took him and swallowed him up. And that was the end of Tom Fat.

He was in my service when, upon the return voyage to Australia of the *Galatea*, we touched at Mauritius. In that strange island I came across a youthful negro savage. I learned his history from his master, an amiable French gentleman. Punch, as I named him, had been brought to Mauritius by a British cruiser. The warship had chased a slaver, whose crew jettisoned the slaves. They were fettered in chains and hove over the side. When the British seamen boarded the vessel they found her holds empty, except for the odour. In a dark corner was stowed a bundle of rags, into which a bluejacket thrust his cutlass. The rags sprang to life with a yell, and there was Punch with a wound in his thigh, of which he carried the scar to his end.

It occurred to me that Punch would serve me for a groom, and I said so to his master.

"*Tiens!*" said that gentleman pleasantly. "You shall have him for five shilling."

"Done!" said I, and paid him the money. He did not think I was serious; but he made no bones about ridding himself of his

garden-boy.

Punch was the most hideous savage I have ever viewed. He was black as a boot; even his lips were black; his face was seamed with the cicatrices which were the totem marks of his tribe, whatever that may have been; and his countenance was exactly like the countenance of a bull-dog. The scars wrinkled his cheeks, like a bull-dog's jowl. He was densely stupid, and wild of temper. He attacked one of the men on board with his teeth. But he was utterly fearless, and although he knew nothing about horses, he was never afraid of them. He was apparently constructed of india-rubber. Nothing hurt him. When I drove a tandem, it was his duty as tiger to spring up behind as we started. But as my horses started at speed, Punch had not always time to run from their heads to the back of the vehicle. I have known him catch a spoke of the wheel and be whirled into the air, and the wheel to pass over him, without harming him in the least.

At a race meeting in Australia, Punch begged for a mount, and I borrowed a horse, which galloped away down the course, Punch clinging to him with arms and legs exactly like a monkey. He took two big fences like a bird; but at the third, the horse breasted it, fell backwards and rolled over upon his rider. I thought he was killed, but he wasn't. He was not even damaged.

When I went on half-pay, I placed Punch in the stables. The women servants took a fancy to him; but Punch, whatever he may have thought of the women, had no love for the head groom, in whose arm he made his teeth meet. So I found him a billet

in a hairdresser's shop, which bore the legend, "Hairbrushing by machinery." Punch was the machinery. I saw him at it, turning a wheel in the window. I never saw him again, and know not what became of him.

CHAPTER IX
THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*Continued*)

III. TAHITI AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

We arrived at Tahiti in June, 1869. Here is the most lovely climate in the world. The inhabitants never seemed to do any work, with the single exception of carrying bananas. In this exercise they were extraordinarily expert, bearing enormous weights upon the shoulders, the skin of which becomes hard like leather. I considered myself to be fairly strong; but when I tried to carry one of the masses of bananas under which the natives march swiftly all day long, up hill and down, I found that I was able to carry it only for a short distance, and with difficulty, on level ground. The people were perfectly delightful. We went ashore and lived among them; and it was then that I understood how it was that the men of the *Bounty* mutinied. The fact was that those discontented mariners could not bear to leave islands so delectable. I do not of course, desire to justify their very reprehensible conduct. All I say is that I can understand the strength of its motive. It was simply the desire to remain in an

earthly paradise which inspired the men of the *Bounty* when they left Otaheite in April, 1789, to set Captain Bligh adrift in an open boat, with the nineteen men who stayed by him, and a small stock of provisions. The captain and his men made an astonishing voyage of nearly 4000 miles, and fetched up at the island of Timor, south of the Malaccas, in the following June. Some of the mutineers were subsequently brought to justice in the year 1792. Six of them were condemned and three were executed. In 1814 it was discovered that ten among the mutineers had colonised Pitcairn Island.

We in the *Galatea* stayed at Tahiti as long as we possibly could, and enjoyed every moment of the time. One of our amusements was to float down a narrow and swift stream and shoot the waterfall. At a point some little distance from the coast, the stream ran deep and rapid between banks which were about three feet apart. The natives, boys and girls, used to drop into the stream and let themselves be carried down feet foremost to a waterfall, which descended some 40 or 50 feet in a wide pool; and it occurred to me that what they could do, I could accomplish. I watched these intrepid children very carefully, and I observed that they always came to the surface some distance away from the fall. In spite of some dissuasion, I determined to attempt the enterprise. I floated down the stream feet foremost, shot the fall, and the moment I reached the foot of it I struck out under water. I was amazed to find that the water was just like air, or an enormous cauldron of soda water, buoying one up, and I came

to the surface without the slightest difficulty. Afterwards I went down head first. The only thing to remember was not to come up under the fall itself. Shooting the waterfall became a popular amusement.

Another of our diversions was surf-playing. This enchanting exercise is performed with the aid of a long board shaped like a wedge. The swimmer takes his board, pushes it before him over the breakers, while he dives through them, then turns, and, leaning on the board, rides back on the crest of the surf. The speed, whatever it may be, feels like sixty miles an hour. It is one of the most exhilarating pastimes in the world.

I remember that we all went to church on Sunday. During the service, the Queen of Tahiti suddenly clapped her hands, whereupon the clergyman desisted from his ministrations, while her Majesty distributed tobacco among the congregation. When it was well alight the Queen again clapped her hands, and the clergyman went on with the service.

We left Tahiti with profound regret, receiving and giving many presents on parting. From Tahiti we proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, where I met many old friends, made during my sojourn four years previously. The American population had quite forgiven and forgotten my boyish freak, which had so agitated them at the time. Our old friend Queen Emma, whom we had taken to Panama on her way to England to see the Queen, had returned. I went to call upon her, driving tandem, as already related. Turning in at the gate, I took the corner too sharply,

the wheels locked, and the buggy capsized. In the meantime the Queen, having heard the jingling of the Canadian sleigh bells attached to the harness, came out to find her visitor sitting on the grass at her feet. The horses galloped on and wrecked the vehicle and also themselves. Altogether it was a very expensive drive.

CHAPTER X
THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA*

IV. OLD JAPAN

NOTE

When Lord Charles Beresford visited Nippon (from the Chinese Jih Pun, the place or rising of the sun, changed by English pronunciation to Japan), it was the old Japan that he saw; the Japan of centuries of isolation, inviolate save for the intrusion of the Jesuit missionaries in the sixteenth century, and the little wedge of Dutch traders. It had been the Japan of the Mikado, who was as a god; of the Tycoon, his temporal representative, who, like a man walking the tight-rope above a wood of transfixing swords, maintained a delicate equipoise of power among the feudal seigneuralty, the great Daimios, each lord of his domain and master of life and death over thousands of retainers. It was the Japan of the Samurai, the two-sworded rufflers; of the Ronins, the masterless men, the outlaws, who roved the country in bands, patriotic, ferocious and pitiless. It was still the Japan in which the common people, men and

women and maidens, walked naked and unashamed; in which the warriors went to battle clad in armour wrought of tortoise-shell and silk, girt with swords and carrying bows and arrows; in which the life of a barbarian foreigner was never safe from hour to hour, so that he must be guarded by the two-sworded Yaconins, the Government officers, who, knowing the hatred of the Government towards their charges, seldom drew sword in their defence until it was just one blood-stained second too late; in which a fault in honour was instantly expiated by hara-kiri, the fatal cross-cut upon the belly, performed in the public eye, which was justly offended if the incision were so clumsily executed that the entrails protruded. Such, at least, is the ceremonial theory. In practice, the dagger is driven in below the ribs, drawn horizontally across the belly, and up the other side; an operation requiring inconceivable courage.

It is the land of tea-houses and temples, of running footmen and palanquins; where houses and string and handkerchiefs are made of paper; where the people wash themselves every day and their clothes never; where the oldest profession in the world is counted honourable service, and the pictures of courtesans adorn the temples in which the bonzes intone prayers in the midst of games and dances: where the writing is done from top to bottom, from right to left, and keys are turned from left to right, and carpenters draw their planes towards them, and the houses are built from the roof downwards, and horses are mounted on the off-side, and ladies black their teeth. It was a

land of immense processional pageants: the processions of the high Daimios, who once a year quitted their ancestral homes with a great train to dwell in Yedo, the capital of the Tycoon, for six months; and returned again, leaving as hostages for their loyalty their wives and children for another six months. The two-sworded Samurai march in front, crying "Shitanirio!" and all the spectators drop upon their knees and hide behind their legs while the long procession ambles by, spearmen and banners and baggage-carriers and palanquins; the norimons, which are the palanquins of the notable, and the cangos, which are the palanquins of the humble.

When the foreigner rode abroad in state, he was attended by the Ward-guards, who marched in front, striking the earth at every step with their long staves whereon loose iron rings were strung, so that their jingling warned the populace to make way.

At night, festivals were celebrated by immense processions filling the streets, in which everyone carried a lighted lantern swaying upon the end of a flexible bamboo, and the lanterns were painted with bats and dragons, and the people wore horrible masks, distended with the monstrous rictus of the devil-gods. In the Yoshiwara, where the women, painted and gilded, sashed and bedecked, sit in a double row, each with her price placarded upon her knee, there were the great priapic processions, concerning which the English works upon Japan preserve a shocked reticence.

In old Japan, the common ideal of the ruling classes was

that their country should maintain for ever intact its immemorial laws, traditions and customs; an ideal whose attainment the entrance of the foreigner would render impossible. As for the common people, they had no aspirations beyond the day's work. Japan, in her own view, was complete, self-sufficient and wholly satisfied with a civilisation compared with which the politics of the Occident were of yesterday. The Islands of Nippon were ensphered in holy crystal, whose flawless preservation was the highest duty of a patriot.

Into that rare atmosphere, surcharged with perilous elements, sailed Commodore Perry of the United States Navy in the year 1853. Some fifty years later, Pierre Loti entered Japanese waters in a French warship. "Et nous entrions maintenant dans une espèce de couloir ombreux, entre deux rangées de très hautes montagnes, qui se succédaient avec une bizarrerie symétrique – comme les 'portants' d'un décor tout en profondeur, extrêmement beau, mais pas assez naturel – on eut dit que ce Japon s'ouvrait devant nous, en une déchirure enchantée, pour nous laisser pénétrer dans son cceur même" (*Madame Chrysanthème*).

It was Commodore Perry who rent open the heart of Old Japan, and her blood flowed. The gallant commodore, anchoring off Cape Idzu on 8th July, 1853, with two steam frigates and two sloops of war, demanded no more than a treaty securing help and proper treatment to sailors shipwrecked on the coasts of Japan. The Japanese Government said neither yes nor no; whereupon Perry gave them a year to consider the matter, promising to

return at the end of it with a "larger fleet." And on 12th February, 1854, there was Commodore Perry in the Bay of Yedo with three steam frigates and four sloops of war. After long negotiations, a treaty of amity was signed, including a promise to succour ships in distress, and (above all) opening two new ports. From that moment the isolation of Japan was ended. The door opened but a crack; but into that crack the wedge of commerce, driven by the lust of gain, was thrust by America (1854), Russia (1857), England and France (1858).

In 1859, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Rutherford Alcock, British representative of H.B.M. Government in China was appointed her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. His book, *The Capital of the Tycoon* (London, 1863. Longman, 2 vols.), gives one of the first authoritative accounts of Old Japan presented to the British public. During his three years in that country he was constantly in peril of assassination. In August, 1859, an officer and a sailor from one of the Russian ships lying in the harbour were cut down and slashed to pieces in the streets of Yedo, and a steward was severely wounded.

In the following year the Japanese linguist attached the British Legation was stabbed to death, and two Dutch ship-captains were cut to pieces in Yokohama. The next demonstration of the hatred of foreigners was the murder of the Gotairo, the Regent, Iko-mono-no-kami. His escort was suddenly attacked as it was leaving his castle by some twenty swordsmen, wielding the terrible Japanese two-handed weapon. The hands of the bearers

of his norimon were severed on the pole and the Regent himself decapitated, his head being carried away as a trophy.

In 1861, Mr. Heuskin, attached to the American Legation, was murdered. Soon afterwards, one of the Governors (or Under-Secretaries) of Foreign Affairs, Oribeno-no-Kami, who had been especially friendly in his intercourse with the Legations, "died," in the Japanese phrase, "without the effects of medicine." To be more precise, he had committed hara-kiri.

In July, 1861, the British Legation at Yedo was attacked at night by a band of swordsmen, who passed the guards and rushed the building. Mr. Oliphant, who had recently been appointed Secretary to the Legation, was severely wounded. One of the guards, a porter, and a groom, and two of the assailants, were killed outright. One of the assailants was severely wounded, to six of the Legation party who were severely wounded and eleven slightly wounded.

Such were the beginnings of Western influence in Japan. Sir Rutherford Alcock's voluminous account of his three years' ministry reveals a gallant, honest, kindly gentleman sorely perplexed by the ethical problems involved in the forcible interference of one powerful nation in the affairs of a weaker nation, whose sole ambition was to be let alone. Hampered, on the one hand, by the greed and discourtesy of the European traders, and on the other, by the immitigable duplicity and the furtive and implacable enmity of the Japanese, yet singly determined to do his duty to his Queen and country, Sir

Rutherford Alcock honourably fulfilled a task of extreme danger and incredible difficulty.

Thenceforward, until the year 1869, the duel between East and West continued with increasing ardour. The whole polity of old Japan was shaken as by the earthquakes which agitate and rend its soil. There were frequent assassinations of the foreign barbarians; the governing classes, which consisted wholly of the military caste, employed every invidious method to restrict trade with Europeans; while the Western nations, on their side, brought their armed strength to bear in the enforcement of treaty rights, which by the same means had originally been wrung from the Tycoon's government. And here it falls to distinguish between the divine prestige of the Mikado, descendant of the sun-goddess, and the temporal administration of the Tycoon, or Shogun. In that dual administration resided a main factor of the extraordinary difficulty of the situation. Both the spiritual and temporal rulers, the Imperial Court and the Bakufu, or Tycoon's Government, were equally inspired by hatred of the foreigner. But whereas the Mikado, dwelling majestically apart, could avoid all contact with the barbarians, the Tycoon was compelled by superior force to negotiate with them. He was thus placed between two fires; on the one side, the Mikado ordered him to expel the foreigner; on the other, the foreigner threatened him with war unless the treaties were carried into execution.

For long the Tycoon, or his advisers, maintained his position with singular address. But no man born of woman could have

solved its complications. For the great Daimios, the feudal nobility, held allegiance primarily to the Mikado. The Tycoon could and did detach some of the clans to his side; but the great body of the western clans defied him. The influence of the Tycoon began swiftly to decline. At the same time the Imperial party began to perceive that the expulsion of foreigners had become impossible. The immediate result was the revolt of some of their adherents. Inspired as it was by hatred of the foreigner, it was directed equally against Mikado and Tycoon, and accompanied by expressions of loyalty to both parties.

In 1864 the troops of the Choshiu clan attempted to capture Kioto and to obtain possession of the person of the Mikado. They were defeated after heavy fighting. In June of the previous year, the Choshiu men had fired upon the American ship *Pembroke* while she was passing through the Inland Sea, and also upon the Dutch corvette *Medusa*. The French commander-in-chief of the station, Admiral Jaurès proceeded to Shimoseki and destroyed the batteries. In August a British naval force under the command of Vice-Admiral Kuper proceeded to Kagoshima in order to enforce the payment of the indemnity due for the murder of Mr. Richardson, bombarded the town and destroyed the batteries. It was these two actions which for the first time really convinced the ruling classes in Japan that it was hopeless any longer to endeavour to prevent the intrusion of foreign influence.

In 1866 the Tycoon Iyemochi died. In the same year a new and enlarged Convention was concluded with Great Britain,

France, America and Holland. In the following year Keiki, very unwillingly, became Tycoon, an office which by this time had become exceedingly insecure. In the same year the Mikado, Komei, died and was succeeded by his son Mutsuhito, a minor. In the following year the Mikado assumed the whole administrative power hitherto vested in the Tycoon, and a new system of Government was promulgated. Followed, civil war and the defeat of the Tycoon, who retired into seclusion. In the meantime the Mikado had invited the Representatives of Foreign Powers to visit him at Kioto.

"That the Mikado of Japan, who claims to be descended from the sun-goddess, and in whose person a peculiar odour of sanctity was considered to exist, should voluntarily invite to his palace at Kioto the Envoys of nations who had hitherto been looked upon as outer barbarians, and intercourse with whom was a profane thing, was indeed a great step in advance. No foreigner had ever yet crossed the Imperial threshold, or looked upon the face of the sacred Emperor of Japan. It was a proof that a new order of things was inaugurated, and gave good hopes for the future" (Adams, *History of Japan*. Lond., 1875).

But although the Imperial Government perceived the wisdom of accepting the inevitable, the hatred of the foreigner, bred in the blood of the military caste, could neither be dissembled nor controlled; and the attack made upon the British Envoy, Sir Harry Parkes, while actually on his way to the Imperial Palace on 23rd March, 1868, illustrates the condition of affairs. On

the road to Kioto and in the sacred city itself, the Europeans had been regarded by the people with a polite and respectful curiosity, nor was there any sign of hostility.

Sir Harry Parkes left the temple of Chi-on-in, where he lodged, to proceed to the audience, with a mounted escort of twelve ex-Metropolitan mounted police, under the command of Inspector Peacock, with whom rode a Japanese officer, Nakai Kozo. Behind these massive veterans rode Sir Harry himself, accompanied by Goto Shojiro, of the Japanese Foreign Department, and followed by Mr. Mitford, Mr. Satow, Dr. Willis, and other members of the Legation. Then came a guard of forty men of H.M.'s 9th Regiment under the command of Lieutenant Bradshaw and Lieutenant Bruce. A native guard preceded the train, and another guard followed it. Just as the policemen were turning the corner of a narrow street, Sir Harry observed signs of confusion, and the next moment a Japanese, his great sword flashing and hewing, dashed round the corner, closely pursued by two policemen. Sir Harry cried out to the soldiers behind him to stop the Samurai. Turning his head, he saw his companion, Goto Shojiro, on foot, sword in hand rushing forward to attack a second Samurai, who was already fighting hand to hand with Nakai Kozo, the Japanese officer who had been riding alongside Inspector Peacock at the head of the policemen. Behind Sir Harry, shots rang out as the soldiers fired at the first assassin. Sir Harry Parkes was suddenly aware of the wild figure of a Japanese warrior, advancing towards him

through the press. His face was a mask of blood; in one hand shone a long sword, dripping red from hilt to point; in the other, the victor lifted the bloody head, shorn clean from the shoulders, of his countryman. It was Nakai Kozo. Nakai gave the following ingenuous account of his deed of arms to Mr. Adams, secretary of the Legation, who quotes it in his *History*, as follows: —

"I saw a man running down the line cutting at one man after another. I jumped off my horse, drew my sword, and rushed after him; he turned and we engaged; he cut me on the head. Then Goto came up and dealt him a blow which felled him to the ground. Unfortunately Goto's sword-hilt, which was of lacquer, slipped from his hands, and I had to cope with the fellow alone. I could only see out of one eye, the other being covered with blood, but I kept chopping at him, and after about ten blows I managed to cut his head off. I then took the head and showed it to Sir H. Parkes."

The soldiers bayoneted the first Samurai, who was still alive when he was finally secured by Mr. Mitford. He was afterwards beheaded by the Imperial Government. But those two desperate enemies of the foreigner wounded thirteen men and five horses ere they were cut down. One of the wounded was a soldier, another a native groom; the remaining nine, of whom two were so seriously hurt that they were invalided home, were ex-Metropolitan policeman to whom the methods of the Samurai must have been startling. These trained fighters wield their two-handed swords, heavy, perfectly balanced, razor-sharp weapons,

with an appalling swiftness and dexterity. At a single blow they can cleave a man to the chin, or cut off his head, or lop off a limb.

In May, 1868 Sir Harry Parkes presented his credentials, which had hitherto been addressed to the Tycoon, to the Emperor. On the 23rd was celebrated the Queen's birthday, when many Japanese of high rank, some of whom had never before made acquaintance with a foreigner, were entertained by Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, commander-in-chief of the China Station, on board H.M.S. *Rodney*. It was not until November that the civil war was ended by the submission of the rebels. The Emperor then took up his residence for a time in Yedo – now called Tokio – which had been the capital of the Tycoon, and which was henceforth to be the eastern metropolis of the Emperor, as Kioto was the western capital. In the following year, after another insurrection had been suppressed, the great Daimios made their memorable sacrifice, offering their lands and servants to the Emperor; thereby deliberately exchanging their almost independent state for a condition of subservience to the central Government.

Such, in brief, was the beginning of the New Japan; and it was at this stage in its development that, for the first time in history, a foreign prince, in the person of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, visited the Mikado.

CHAPTER XI
THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*Continued*)

V. WITH THE DUKE IN JAPAN

The *Galatea* arrived at Yokohama on the 29th August 1869. The Duke with his suite, including myself, went up to Tokio (the old Yedo) and took up his quarters at Hama-go-ten, which had been the summer residence of the Tycoon. The estate marched with a piece of water opening into the bay; here were many summer-houses; and a commodious building equipped for the Duke by the orders of the Mikado. The name was changed to Yen-Rio-Kan, signifying a place set apart for distinguished foreigners.

We were entertained with the most delicate and sumptuous hospitality by this charming people whose courtesy greatly impressed us. Conjurers, acrobats and wrestlers performed for the entertainment of his Royal Highness; whenever we went abroad, thirty two-sworded Yaconins attended us.

The Duke went in state to visit the Mikado in his palace. All along the route the upper windows of the houses were sealed

with paper, so that none should look down upon he royal visitor; a precaution only taken in the case of the highest nobility. The Duke, attended only by Sir Harry Parkes, Admiral Sir Harry Keppel and Mr. Mitford (afterwards Lord Reedsdale and author of the delightful *Tales of Old Japan*), had a private audience of the Emperor, who was presented by his Royal Highness with a diamond snuff-box. Six of us were afterwards admitted to the presence. I remember the dim figure of a young man seated behind a screen at the end of the audience chamber. Many years afterwards, when I again visited Japan, the Mikado, who remembered my former visit, graciously invited me to lunch, and entertained me with the royal sport of catching ducks in a hand-net. The ducks are preserved in the royal gardens, which are charmingly diversified with lawns and running water, and flowering shrubs. As you enter, the ducks rise suddenly, and the sport was to net them as they rose.

As we remained no longer than a week in Tokio, my recollections are few. I was tattooed by the native artificers, to the astonishment of the Japanese officials and nobles; for in Japan none save the common people is tattooed. The Japanese artist designs in white upon dark, working upon the skin round the chief ornament in his scheme; whereas the English tattooer designs dark upon white, using the natural skin as a background. Both methods are beautifully illustrated upon my person.

I witnessed the decapitation of six criminals. The victims stand in a row, their hands bound behind them: each in turn is

tapped on the shoulder, when he kneels down, and bows his head. With a single half-arm stroke, the executioner slices through the neck. I also saw a crucifixion. The man's hands and feet are extended and tied to cross-bars, so that he makes a figure like an hour-glass. Then he is transfixed with a spear.

On the 8th September, the Duke returned to Yokohama by sea, taking with him as his guest in the *Galatea*, Hiobukio-no-Miya, Prince of the Blood, Minister of War, and other high dignitaries, who attended a ball given at the British Legation. On the 16th, the *Galatea* sailed for China.

CHAPTER XII
THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. *GALATEA* (*Continued*)

VI. THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE

From Japan we proceeded to China, touching at Chefoo, Shanghai and Hongkong. Nothing could exceed the princely hospitality of the great British mercantile firms in China. It was then that I learned, what subsequent experience confirmed, the remarkable integrity of the business dealings of the Chinese. The head of the Chinese Bank told me that he never had a bad account with a Chinaman. The Chinese keeps agreements to the letter, quite irrespective of documentary contracts.

From China we proceeded to Manila, then a Spanish possession. My principal recollection of Manila is the extraordinary prevalence of cock-fighting. There was a cockpit in every street; and the sole occupation of the inhabitants appeared to consist of betting upon their birds. One used constantly to meet men walking in the street with their birds under their arms. The cocks were armed with steel spurs shaped like a scythe, and sharpened to a razor edge. I have seen a bird

spring up and slice the head of its adversary clean off, and I have seen the chest of a bird slashed open, almost cutting its body in two. The use of the artificial spurs affected the betting, making the fight very much more uncertain and therefore more exciting. For, whereas if a cock uses its natural spurs, the best bird probably wins, an inferior bird armed artificially might gain the victory.

From Manila we proceeded to Calcutta. Upon landing, I met my brother, Lord Marcus, and with him I rode up, together with the staff, to Government House. It is a singular coincidence that when I landed at Calcutta, six years afterwards, on the corresponding date, when I was a member of the staff of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII), I met my other brother, Lord William, and rode up with him to Government House.

The *Galatea* lay alongside the wharf. It was necessary to take the most stringent precautions against cholera. Only one boy in the ship's company was taken ill during our stay. He died inside an hour. But in the merchant ships lying in the port there were many deaths. Men were employed in working parties to push off with long bamboos the corpses that were continually floating down from the Hooghli, lest they should foul the moorings. The bodies used to come floating down with the birds perching and feeding upon them.

We went up country, and enjoyed a great deal of excellent sport. We went out pig-sticking, which is the finest sport in the

world; we went out tiger-shooting upon elephants; and riding upon elephants, we shot partridges – a form of sport by no means easy. I remember an irascible old colonel of artillery, who became very hot, and who missed a good many partridges, saying indignantly to the Duke:

"This is all d – d rot. I could shoot more partridges on Woolwich Common."

It was the same peppery soldier who, when one of the members of the staff had fallen ill, went with me upon a visitation to the sick. We found the invalid in a state of extreme agitation, and surrounded with books of a religious nature.

"I think – I hope – " he kept saying, "that I shall be forgiven. I think I shall – I hope so."

"What's he saying? What's he saying?" cried the colonel, who, as often happens to people in hot weather, had become rather deaf.

"He thinks he's dying," I shouted.

Whereupon the colonel, turning angrily to the invalid, shouted,

"You d – d fool, you have only over-eaten yourself!"

The sick man was so infuriated that he hurled his books of religion at the colonel, and sprang out of bed. Next day he was quite well.

Another member of the staff was mounted one day upon a red horse (they paint their horses in India), a wild, half-broken Arab steed, which was giving its rider a deal of trouble. I advised my

friend to dismount, and left him. Presently I rode back to find him on foot and alone. I asked him, where was his horse?

"Gone," said he. "Whenever that d – d horse saw a mosquito, it sat down and cried like a child. So I kicked it in the belly and it ran away into the jungle."

We visited Trincomalee, where the elephants built the dockyard. They carried the timber and they carried the stones, and they lifted the stones into position and adjusted them with their feet. The remarkable thing about the climate of Ceylon is its intermittent showers of tropical violence, followed by bursts of sunshine. In the result, you actually see the foliage growing. I remember the extraordinary beauty of the native decorations, which are fabricated of palms and leaves and flowers.

From Colombo we went to Mauritius, arriving there in May, 1870. Here I climbed the famous mountain called Pieter Botte, or, more correctly, Pieter Both.

The mountain is so named after Pieter Both, Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the founder of Dutch power in that region. On his homeward voyage he was wrecked in the bay overlooked by the mountain, which thereafter bore his name. Previous ascents are recorded in the archives at Mauritius, from which it appears that mine was the fourteenth. Admiral Sir William Kennedy ascended Pieter Botte in 1861; he gives an account of his climb in his interesting book, *Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor* (London, Nash). Kennedy started with a party of

fourteen persons, of whom five reached the summit.

At nine o'clock in the morning I started, together with the captain of the maintop, Edward Hele. We took with us ropes, a rope ladder, cod-line, and a small lead. These were all our appliances. We drove to the foot of the mountain and began the ascent at 11.5 a.m. Now the mountain of Pieter Botte is shaped like a church with a steep roof, from one end of which rises a spire. This pinnacle of rock is crowned with a huge, rounded, overhanging boulder.

Part of the ridge was so sharp that we were forced to sit on it and to proceed astride. Then we came to the pinnacle. The ascent was so sharp and difficult that we were obliged to take off both shoes and socks. At one point, I lost my balance, and was only saved from falling backwards by Hele's ready hand. Climbing the pinnacle was far more difficult than scaling the overhanging boulder at the top. At the top of the pinnacle there was just room to stand beneath the overhanging boulder. The only possible method of climbing the boulder was to get the rope ladder over the top of it. Accordingly, one end of the rope ladder was attached to the lead-line. In order to swing the lead, one of us was roped with a round turn round his body, while the other, lying on his back, held the rope while the leadsman, leaning right backwards and outwards over the sheer precipice of some 3000 feet fall, swung the lead. We took it in turns to swing the lead; as we leaned outwards, the rock spread over our heads like an umbrella; and it was an hour and a half before we succeeded in

casting it over the boulder. Then we hauled the rope ladder over and made all fast. It was too short, and the last few yards we hauled ourselves up hand over hand. So we climbed to the top, which is a platform of about 20 feet square. It was then 1.59 p.m. We took off our shirts, and waved them to the warships lying far below in the bay, from which we were plainly to be distinguished with the aid of a telescope. The ships each saluted us with one gun. We planted on the summit a flag upon whose staff were carved our names and the names of our ships. When we returned, my brother officers gave us a dinner to celebrate the event.

Hele was eventually promoted to warrant officer. When Hele died, I was able to help his son to gain his education, and he did very well. It was in Mauritius that we went out shooting with the native population; one of the most dangerous amusements in which I have ever taken part, for the bullets used to whistle in the air all round us.

From Mauritius we proceeded to Cape Town. Here, on the 12th July, 1870, the Duke inaugurated the new harbour, breakwater and docks. I kept a team on shore, and used to drive up from Simon's Bay to Cape Town. Every now and then we stuck in a quicksand. On one such occasion I had a brother officer with me; and as he was afflicted with a cold, I took him on my back to save him from wet feet. But I fell with him, and we were both soaked to the skin. Upon another day, when we stuck, I put two of my messmates on the leaders, and they pulled the coach right through. If you want horses to pull a weight out of a tight

place, put weight on their backs.

The Colonial Secretary at Cape Town was Mr. Southey. He was a most delightful and sagacious person, and became a great friend of mine. He prophesied in a most wonderful way what would be the future of South Africa.

"If," said he, "we could only get a big man, a master-mind, to come out here, all that I foresee would come true."

The right man presently arrived in the person of the late Cecil John Rhodes, and my friend's prophecies have been most singularly fulfilled.

While at the Cape, we went up country, shooting. Both Dutch and English families were most kind and hospitable to us. Upon one of these expeditions, a member of the staff went out by himself very early in the morning to shoot. Observing some ostriches in the distance, he stalked them with immense labour and patience, and presently succeeded in shooting a couple of birds. When he returned, he complained that it had been very difficult to get his sights on, owing to some high rails which were between himself and the birds. It had not occurred to him that he had been stalking tame ostriches on a farm.

I once rode from Cape Town to Simon's Town and back, between lunch and dinner, galloping the whole distance, with four changes of horses. The distance between the two places is about 35 miles as the crow flies. My errand was merely to postpone the arrival of a visitor who was to come to the *Galatea*.

The ride, however, showed that I was in good condition. I have

always tried to keep myself fit, holding that condition of body regulates condition of mind. Cheery people deserve small credit, because their frame of mind is due to their being right inside. Quarrelsome people are wrong inside.

On our way to England we touched at the Falkland Islands where I visited a relative of mine who kept a ranch. He used bull-dogs to catch his bulls, when he required them for branding. The dogs seized the bulls by the nose and held them while they were lassoed by the guachos.

When we touched at Montevideo, I remember conversing with various persons, who foretold the immense profit which must eventually accrue if the land there was purchased at that time. Their opinion has since proved true. But I had no money to invest; so that the opportunity was only another instance of what might have been.

The *Galatea* was badly strained in a gale of wind, her deck seams opening so that the water streamed into the cabins beneath. One lieutenant used to say to another:

"How did you sleep last night? It was pretty rough.

"Woke at one o'clock and saw them reefing tops'ls" – meaning that, lying in bed, he could see clear through the seams.

I used my sail-making ability to make a canvas awning for my bed; fitted it with a ridge rope, laced it down and hauled it taut, led a trough from it to take the water into the slop-pail; and slept dry under it.

It was during the visit of the *Galatea* to Australia that I was

made a Freemason; and I have always regretted that I have never been able to devote as much time to Masonry as I should have liked to give to the Craft. The Australian Lodge into which I was admitted was under the impression that I was the most timid neophyte who had ever joined it.

When the ceremony was ended, one of the members of the Lodge said to me:

"You are safely through it. But do you know that of all the men we have had through this lodge, we never had one so paralysed with fear as yourself. You were shivering like an aspen!"

The fact was that during the initiatory ceremonies something unaccountably struck me as extraordinarily funny. The effort to subdue my emotions caused me to tremble all over.

One of our diversions in the *Galatea* when she was at sea, was to listen to the conversations which used repeatedly to occur between a certain worthy member of the Duke's suite and the old quartermaster. The member of the staff in question had endeared himself to us by his high seriousness. He dealt with the most trifling incidents of life in a spirit of preternatural and wholly sincere solemnity. Supposing that you told him that a common friend had fallen off his horse and bruised his leg, our member of staff would instantly ship a countenance of intense concern.

"Bruised his leg? You don't say so! Good God! Has he indeed?"

"Yes – he's bruised his leg!"

"Has he now? Well, well. Bruised his leg! I hope it's not

serious. I do hope it's not serious. Tut-tut! Bruised his leg, you say?"

"It's not serious. But he's bruised his leg."

"I'm delighted to hear it's not serious. But – bruised his leg. I am really distressed."

And so on.

Among other matters, our friend took his family very seriously. One of his ancestors had been an admiral; and it was this distinguished officer who made the link between the member of staff and the quartermaster. The member of staff used to stroll on the quarterdeck in the evening, and fall into talk with the seamen.

"Well, Jones. Good evening, Jones. I suppose, now, you've heard of my uncle, the admiral?"

"Heard of 'im, sir? I should think I 'ad heard of 'im. Ah, he was a *man*, he was. He could handle a ship, he could – ah, and handle the men, too!"

"Why, where did you serve with him, Jones?"

"Where, sir? Where not? All over the world, sir. Ah, he was a man!"

"I'm delighted to meet anyone who knew a member of my family so well, Jones – delighted, I assure you."

"Knew 'im? Why, sir, to know 'im was to admire 'im, as the saying is. Many a time I've seen the men turn out *for* to admire 'im, sir.

"Have you indeed, Jones – have you indeed! Dear me. Most

interesting, I am sure. I daresay a glass of grog would not come amiss to you, Jones?"

"Wery kind of you, I'm sure, sir. It 'ud be a pleasure to drink your health, and the admiral's too, sir. Ah, he was a man!"

Mr Jones, afterwards, forward on the lower deck, to envious friends:

"Pretty sweet conversation that, mates. I wonder 'oo the b – y h – l 'is uncle might 'a been!"

There was another member of the suite who surely deserves record – the elephant. He was really a member of the ship's company, for he could do, and did, the work of twenty men. He joined the ship in India, when he was quite small, and he grew enormously on board. He lived in a house built aft, and fed upon branches of trees and bran and biscuits and anything he could get. I trained him myself. I taught him to obey the words of command, and he would do anything for me. He would hoist me upon his shoulders with a fore foot, or upon his back with a hind foot. In the dinner hour, when most of the men were below, he used to take his share in working the ship. We slung the rope in a bowline round his neck, and he would clew up the mainsail by walking on till he was told to stop. He was never seasick. He used to balance himself, swaying to and fro as the ship rolled. One night when the midshipmen and I, having supper on deck aft, were called forward to trim sails, the elephant finished the meal for us. He ate everything on the table, put his foot on the plates and smashed them, and squashed the big coffee-tin quite

flat. Then he looked at us like a naughty child.

I was the only person who could persuade him to leave the ship or to come on board again when he had been ashore. When we reached home, he was put in a railway truck and directed to the Zoological Gardens. His keeper, a marine artilleryman, went with him in the truck. Elephants have a habit of rolling on their feet and squirming their vast bulk. When the marine was trying to pass the elephant, the great beast unconsciously pinned his keeper against the side of the truck, and against a projecting bolt, which broke the man's rib, forcing it into his heart. He was taken out dead.

CHAPTER XIII
FLAG-LIEUTENANT AT PLYMOUTH

In 1871, I was appointed flag-lieutenant to Admiral (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet) the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, commander-in-chief at Plymouth. His flag was flown in the *Royal Adelaide*. Sir Harry, as already recorded, had been commander-in-chief upon the China station when the Duke of Edinburgh visited Japan, and had accompanied his Royal Highness upon his visit to the Mikado. It was at Plymouth that I first had the honour of serving under Sir Harry Keppel: a splendid seaman, a most distinguished officer, a fine sportsman, one of the best and kindest of men.

Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, who served as a midshipman under Sir Harry, relates in his *Reminiscences* some interesting actions of his old captain, which I may be permitted to quote. Commodore Keppel distinguished himself by his personal gallantry and skilful leadership in the battle of Fatshan Creek, 1st June, 1857; of which a full account is given in Laird Clowes' *The Royal Navy*; and Admiral Montagu records his own recollections of the affair:

"During the many years in which I knew him I never once Sir Harry lose his temper, except when the Chinese war-junks

beat us back on the first attack we had made on them… John Chinaman, seeing us retire, took the hint, and began making off himself, which so infuriated Harry Keppel that he jumped up on our paddle-box, shook his fist at the war-junks, some 500 or 600 yards away, and shouted out: 'You d – d rascals! I'll pay you out for this! Man the boats, boys – man the boats at once! The beggars are trying to escape!' I never saw such a rush. At no regatta could men have rowed faster."

Commodore Keppel commissioned the *Raleigh* frigate, 50 guns, for the China station. Admiral Montagu states that she was "the last man-of-war that ever sailed out of Portsmouth Harbour." Keppel would have none of your steam-tugs. "We ran out with a fair wind with studding-sails set on both sides." Alas! the *Raleigh* never came back any more. On 14th April, 1857, she struck a sunken rock in the China Seas, near Macao. Keppel's indomitable conduct turned a disaster into an achievement.

"Shortly afterwards," writes Admiral Montagu, who was a midshipman on board at the time, "we descried a French squadron lying at anchor in Macao Roads, with an admiral's flag flying, and, though we were firing minute guns of distress as the water gained on our pumps, Keppel, nothing daunted, called out: 'Up with the French flag. Give him his salute. Sinking or not, let the Frenchmen hear us.'"

A French frigate coming to the assistance of the *Raleigh*, her captain asked permission "to go below to see how high the water had risen in the ship. 'Oh,' said Keppel, 'don't go below; look

down the hatchway.' 'Ah! mon Dieu!' exclaimed the captain." …

Keppel kept the pumps going, crowded sail on the ship, and finally beached her off Macao, just in time. He landed the ship's company, but himself stayed aboard the vessel, sleeping on the bridge. The stores and guns were saved. Keppel was deeply distressed at the loss of his fine ship, "which," he wrote, "brings my career as a captain to an end." Fortunately he was mistaken. In after years, when I told him that the Admiralty were about to build a second *Raleigh*, Keppel replied, "Very glad to hear it, my dear boy. I had the honour of losing the first one."

Admiral Montagu records that Keppel, while in command of the *Raleigh*, challenged an American clipper ship to race from Penang to Singapore. "We were constantly going at a speed of thirteen knots, during heavy squalls, close-hauled, and trailing the muzzles of our main-deck guns through the water on the lee side, and I sometimes used to turn into my hammock in abject terror, fearing that at any moment we might capsize."

Sir Harry Keppel was famous throughout the Service when I was appointed his flag-lieutenant. One of my first recollections of that office concerned an old-fashioned "Eighteen-hundred-and-war-time," peppery, strict-service captain, who, having just come home from the West Coast of Africa, asked to see the commander-in-chief. It happened that Sir Harry and myself were on the point of going out hunting when the old captain called, and the admiral was attired in hunting kit.

"Tell him I'll see him to-morrow," said Sir Harry.

But that wouldn't do at all, nor would any other excuse serve.

"I insist on seeing the admiral," said the captain. "I have just come home and it is my duty to see him at once."

"Bring him in, then," said Sir Harry impatiently, "Now, sir," said he, "my flag-lieutenant informed you that I was engaged. Why couldn't you see the secretary?"

"The secretary, sir? The secretary!" says the old captain wrathfully staring at Sir Harry's informal attire. "Indeed I am told, sir, that the secretary *is* the Commander-in-chief here. That's what they say, sir – that's what they say!"

"Do they?" returned Sir Harry placidly. "And a d – d good commander-in-chief too!" says he.

When, in later years, I became commander-in-chief, I made it a rule that all admirals and captains should have direct access to myself, no matter how trifling the occasion.

In those days, there was a turnpike-gate outside the town. I was driving a brother officer home late one night, after dining at a house some distance away and when we came to the toll-gate, the keeper was in bed, and all my knocking and shouting failed to wake him up. So I proceeded to heave a large stone through his window. That fetched him; and down he came, grumbling and swearing. I thrust a sovereign – the only coin I had – into his hand to pay for his broken window and the toll. It was bad tactics, for he promptly retreated into his house (with my sovereign) leaving us still on the wrong side of the gate. There was nothing for it but to break the rest of his windows, but still he wouldn't come

out. Evidently a surly fellow, unfit to take charge of turnpike gates, an office demanding tact and courtesy; and we thought it well to remove his temptation. So my companion and I wrenched the gate from its hinges and lashed it to the cart, vertically, so that it projected over our heads like a kind of ornamental roof, its weight nearly lifting the mare between the shafts off her legs and making her kick like blazes. Then we drove into Plymouth, gate and all. The gate was reduced to firewood before sunrise. Next day, the town was placarded with vain offers of reward for information concerning "some evil-disposed person or persons unknown who," etc.

At that time, I used to ride steeple-chases whenever I had an opportunity, and kept myself in regular training by hard exercise; a habit which on one occasion involved the commander-in-chief in an alarming rumour. It arose from the trifling circumstance that I had borrowed his overcoat. The Fleet was at Holyhead, to celebrate the opening of the new breakwater by the Prince of Wales; I was just going for a training run up and down that breakwater, when, finding I had no coat, I took Sir Harry Keppel's uniform overcoat. I took it, without thinking, merely because I wanted it. The next thing that happened was that the signalmen in the Fleet reported that the Admiral must have gone mad on the breakwater, seeing that he was racing up and down it clad in a shooting-cap, grey trousers, muffler and uniform overcoat. As my face was almost hidden by cap and muffler, the signalmen were deceived by the gold lace, took me for

the admiral, and thought that poor Sir Harry was smitten with insanity.

We used to hunt a good deal with the Dartmoor hounds; and upon a day when there was no run, and everyone was bored, one of the ladies present begged me to provide some kind of sport, kindly suggesting that I should personate the fox, a part I declined.

"You *must* do something to amuse us," she said.

"Very well, I will," said I.

Among the officers there were an elderly admiral and an elderly general, and I pointed them out to the lady.

"I will get up a race between the two of them," said I.

She bet me I would not, and I took it. I began with the soldier.

Ambling alongside the general, I asked him casually if he had ridden much in his life.

"Of course I have," says he irritably. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Nothing at all," says I. "I thought I would ask. The admiral – "

"What about the admiral?" cries the general, staring suspiciously at the distant and unconscious officer.

"He was saying he didn't think you knew very much about a horse."

The general lost his temper. He swore. He said he would show the admiral what he knew about a horse.

"You can easily prove it," said I; and before he understood what was happening, he had agreed to ride a race. Then I went over to the admiral.

"Do you know what the general says? He says you look like a monkey on a horse," said I; and it was the admiral's turn to swear.

"D – d impertinence!" says he. "I'll race him, and beat him any day in the week." And he continued to use forcible language.

"You can do that," I said, for the admiral was riding one of my best horses.

"If you really want a race, I'll arrange the whole thing," said I. And I brought the two wrathful old gentlemen together, rode with them to the starting-point, gave the word, and off they went as hard as they could pelt. I followed, cheering them on. The general began to draw ahead, when his horse baulked at a soft place. The admiral's horse did the same, throwing his rider upon his neck.

"Get back into the saddle and he'll go through," I shouted, for I knew the horse. The admiral hove himself into his seat, and won the race. He wouldn't have won, if his adversary hadn't baulked.

The members of the Board of Admiralty came down to Plymouth to witness the autumn military manoeuvres. I offered to drive them all in my coach; and they were settled in their places – Mr. Goschen the First Lord, Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, the Earl of Camperdown and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre – when out of the house came Rear-Admiral Beauchamp Seymour.

"Get down!" he shouted. "Gentlemen, you must get down."

They asked him why.

"You don't know that boy," said Seymour. "He's not safe. He'll upset you on purpose, just to say he's upset the whole Board of Admiralty!"

And he actually ordered my guests off my coach, so that they had to go in barouches.

Sir Harry Keppel often came sailing with me in my little yacht. We were out together, when I said to him,

"I cannot weather that ironclad, sir."

"Then run into her, my dear boy," said Keppel placidly.

"All right, sir – obey orders."

I held on, and we cleared the jib-boom of the ironclad by an inch.

Sir Harry had an old friend of his to stay with him, Captain Clifton, a most remarkable and interesting man. In the old days, the passage for the opium trade existing between China and India was taken only once a year – the opium ships running up to China with one monsoon and down to India with the other. Clifton went to the Government of India and undertook, if the Government would permit him to build vessels to his own design, to build clippers to thrash up against the monsoon as well as run before it, and so double the income accruing from the opium trade. The Government consenting, Clifton designed the *Blue Jacket* and the *Red Jacket* and vessels of that class, which were the famous opium clippers of the "roaring forties" and fifties.

The Indian Government gave Captain Clifton a lakh of rupees. On his way home, Clifton, touching at what is now the city of Melbourne in Australia, but which was then a small assemblage of wooden shanties, noticed the possibilities of the magnificent harbour. He told me that he could have bought the whole site of

Melbourne for a lakh; but on consideration, he decided against the project.

One of my great friends, Sir Allan Young, a brilliant seaman of the old school, commanded, at the age of twenty-four, one of Clifton's opium clippers.

Upon the occasion of the Prince of Wales's opening the new breakwater at Holyhead, in 1873, his Royal Highness was entertained together with a large party at a country house in the neighbourhood. The Prince called to me, and said:

"This is very slow. You really must do something to enliven the proceedings."

"Well, sir," said I, "I will run a hundred yards race with Lord – . As he is Irish, he is sure to take me up if I challenge him."

Sure enough, Lord – accepted the challenge, but on conditions. These were: that I should race in full uniform, excepting my sword, while himself should "take his wardrobe from off himself." Lord – then proceeded to divest himself there and then of his Patrick ribbon, coat, waistcoat, and boots, which he confided to the care of the wife of a certain distinguished Liberal statesman. He dropped his Patrick ribbon into her lap, saying:

"Madam, will ye have a care now of me Jewel, for glory be to God there's no saying what twist this mad one might give me!"

Entirely at ease, with the seat of his breeches patched with stuff of another colour from the rest, and his toes sticking from his stockings, he was wholly unperturbed by the laughter of the

assemblage.

Although attired in cocked hat, frock coat, and epaulettes, I had the speed of him, and waited on him. Then the devil entered into me; and when Lord – drew abreast of a big plant of pampas grass, I cannoned into him, pitching him head first into the grass, not, of course, intending to harm him. But to my consternation and sorrow, Lord – 's leg was broken below the knee. I put the poor lord into his coach – he had a coach and four-in-hand – and drove him back to his hotel. That excellent and magnanimous sportsman was perfectly unconcerned.

"You hit me a bad skelp, and I am destroyed," said he. "Never mind, they all laughed, anny way."

It was about this period of my life, when, returning from a ball in London in the early morning, I came upon a person selling whelks. He invited me to sup – or breakfast – upon a plate of these delicacies.

"How much do you charge for a plateful?"

"Threepence," said he.

"I'll give you sixpence for every plateful you eat yourself."

"Done," said he.

He finished two platefuls, and had begun a third, when he was overtaken by rebellion from within, swiftly followed by catastrophe.

"That's not fair," I said. "You can't count those two platefuls."

"O my Gawd," he said. "'Ave I got to begin again?"

To this time, too, belong my memories of a certain famous

naval captain, who was extraordinarily particular both as to his own dress and the wearing of proper uniform by others. His regard for appearances, however, did not prevent his diving overboard in full and immaculate uniform, including white gloves, to save a seaman. Exceedingly precise in his speech, he owned the singular trait of becoming deprived of utterance when he was angry; and few things made him more angry than faulty attire in the Service.

He was driving with me in a cab towards Plymouth, when we met an old warrant officer, who was wearing a purple woollen waistcoat and green gloves. My friend, stopping the cab so suddenly that the horse slithered along on its haunches, leaped from the vehicle. The old warrant officer, his attention arrested, had halted and turned round. My friend went up to him. Then I perceived that he was stricken speechless with wrath; for, continuing to swallow nothing, as his habit was in these crises of emotion, he tapped the warrant officer's waistcoat and gloves. Glaring at him and still silently swallowing, he turned about and got into the cab. The old warrant officer stood staring with dropped jaw, like a man petrified.

It was my friend who, being asked at a court-martial what he would have done in certain difficult circumstances, replied deliberately:

"If I was where I was not I might have done something I did not do."

In after years, when he was commander-in-chief at the Nore,

he was walking along the road to Sheerness, dressed in plain clothes, when a bluejacket, who was slightly intoxicated, lurched against him.

"Man, man," said my friend, with his picked elocution, "do you know what you are doing? Man, you are colliding with the commander-in-chief."

"Ho," returned the seaman, totally unimpressed. "Har you, indeed? Then all I've got to say, is to say you've got a ruddy good billet – an' wha's more, you take care you don't lose it by getting drunk."

Despite of my diversions, I did a good deal of hard work. As flag-lieutenant I was in charge of the signalling, a science which, as it was understood in those days, I mastered completely.

My first independent command was the *Goshawk* gunboat, to which I was appointed as lieutenant-commander for the manoeuvres and for review in 1873, while I was still flag-lieutenant to Sir Harry Keppel. I had a narrow escape from disaster at the very beginning. Fortunately I noticed that the navigator was going the wrong side of the buoy off Drake's Island, and I was just in time to point out his mistake. I remember my feeling of horror at the prospect of running on a rock in Plymouth Sound in my first command.

The first thing I did in the *Goshawk* was to get from the flagship a big working party of a hundred men to work at holystoning our decks until they were as clean as a hound's tooth. From that day onwards I set myself steadily against bright-work

and spit-and-polish. My objection to bright-work is that you have first to dirty it with brick and oil in order to clean it afterwards. There are certain things in a ship which must be kept bright, and these I would burnish; but everything that could be painted I would paint, and then scrub the paint with soap and water. I remember the shock it was to the commander when I told him to cover the brass rails with canvas and paint it. Under the spit-and-polish system no doubt the men take a pride in keeping the ship bright, but such a process involves perpetual extra bother and worry and black-list, which are quite unnecessary. Cleaning bright-work makes the men's hands filthy at divisions; and after ten minutes of bad weather, the copper turns blue and the brass green, and the whole of the work must be done over again.

At one time the bright-work system was carried to absurd extremes. I have known a ship actually to have a bright cable. I have known another ship with bright hammock hooks. The hatchways of some vessels were polished and decorated with inlay and all kinds of ocean ornament until the ship looked like a lady's boudoir or a transatlantic liner. The custom came in as the old sailing ships gave place to steam ships, when the time hitherto devoted to making a vessel all a-taunto, ropes taut, sail furling and mending and so forth, was given instead to polishing, burnishing and making bright-work shine, until the present system of gunnery and gymnastic training was introduced. Captains and officers used to spend on their ships large sums out of their private income, which very often they

could ill afford. "Promotion by paint" was not unknown. A ship ought to be scrupulously clean, but she should have paint wherever possible, and soap and water should replace spit-and-polish.

CHAPTER XIV
POLITICAL EVENTS OF 1873-80 AND POSTSCRIPT

NOTE

The following brief summary of political and international affairs is introduced for convenience of reference. It may be skipped by the reader, should he disdain politics.

The Government of Mr. Gladstone, returned to power in 1868, began to disintegrate in 1873. The proximate cause was the Irish University Education Bill, announced in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the session on 6th February, 1873. Irish affairs have always been the curse of the Liberal Party. But a popular Government would have survived even the Irish University Education Bill, which, designed to please all parties, failed of course to please any. The truth is that, as people soon or late weary of all administrations, so they turned from the Liberal Government. Mr. Disraeli summarised the history of the Government in a piece of invective which has become classic: "You have had four years of it. You have despoiled churches. You have threatened every corporation and every endowment in

the country. You have examined into everybody's affairs. You have criticised every profession and vexed every trade. No one is certain of his property, and no one knows what duties he may have to perform to-morrow. I believe that the people of this country have had enough of the policy of confiscation."

The Government were beaten on the Irish University Education Bill; Mr. Gladstone resigned; but Mr. Disraeli declined to take office. Mr. Gladstone was therefore compelled to carry on the Government. Early in 1874 he suddenly appealed to the electorate; which, however, chose to give his opponents a majority. Mr. Gladstone resigned, or partly resigned, his leadership, and plunged into the esoteric joys of a controversy dealing with the doctrine of Papal infallibility. It would seem that a great ecclesiastic was sacrificed, when the young Gladstone chose to give to politics talents which would have won him the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

In Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet Lord Cairns was Lord Chancellor; Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary; Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State for India; Lord Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary; Mr. Cross, Home Secretary; Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Secretary of State for War; Mr. Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty; Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Duke of Richmond, as Lord President of the Council, led the Conservative party in the House of Lords. The Liberal leader, walking in the Gladstonian shadow, was Lord Hartington.

In 1874 the Bill for the Regulation of Public Worship was

passed. In the following year Mr. Plimsoll, by the exercise of that dogged determination and gallant defiance of Parliamentary conventions, by means of which Parliament can sometimes be goaded into acts of justice, forced the Government to pass the Merchant Shipping Bill. Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, introduced the useful Artisans' Dwellings Bill, which was passed. Upon 25th November, 1875, the Government, at the suggestion of Mr. Frederic Greenwood, purchased from the Khedive of Egypt, 176,000 Suez Canal shares for the sum of £4,000,000.

In the same year, the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, went to India, whither he was accompanied by Commander Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., as A.D.C. (Lord Charles was promoted to the rank of commander on 2nd November, 1875.) The Prince received a telegram informing him of the purchase of the Suez Canal shares when his ship was passing through the Canal on the way to India. Lord Lytton was appointed Viceroy of India. In 1876 it was announced that the Queen was to assume the additional title of "Empress of India."

In July, 1875, there was trouble in the Near East, which, nearly two years later, in April, 1877, resulted in the declaration by Russia of war against Turkey. The Mediterranean Fleet was ordered to pass the Dardanelles. In March, 1878, Lord Derby resigned, and Lord Salisbury succeeded him at the Foreign Office. Mr. Gathorne Hardy went to the India Office, Colonel Stanley to the War Office, and Mr. James Lowther became Chief Secretary for Ireland. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had already

succeeded Lord Carnarvon at the Colonial Office.

In the Parliament of 1875-80, young Mr. Parnell began his career. Indomitable, subtle, cold and inscrutable, he speedily became a power. A Protestant in faith, he had his foot on the necks of the Irish Roman Catholic Nationalist members; half an Englishman by birth, he was an implacable enemy of England. Utilising the tactics of obstruction, he succeeded in bringing discredit upon a Government which was powerless to control him and his led captains. He forced the Government to pass a Bill for University Education in Ireland; and as the measure was no better, if no worse, than the Gladstonian scheme which had been rejected, so the result upon the Conservative administration was equally injurious.

Mr. Gladstone emerged from his studies in Papal infallibility to denounce Bulgarian atrocities and the like. But the country declined to become excited on the subject. In the meantime the Russian army was approaching Constantinople. The British Government took public measures of military and naval precaution clearly implying that Russia would not be permitted to occupy Constantinople. Prince Bismarck thereupon intervened, and invited the nations concerned to discuss matters at Berlin. Lord Beaconsfield (he had received his peerage in 1876) and Prince Bismarck were the two most powerful men in Europe. Beaconsfield chose himself to represent Great Britain at the Congress, which opened at Berlin on 13th June, 1878. Lord Beaconsfield returned in triumph, bearing with him "Peace with

Honour."

The advance of Russian influence in Afghanistan induced the British Government, in 1878, to dispatch an expedition to Cabul, which was occupied by British troops, and from which the Amir, Shere Ali, fled. Followed, the signature of the treaty of Gandamak by Yakoob Khan, son and successor of Shere Ali; the treacherous murder of Sir Louis Cavagnan, British Envoy, and the greater number of his staff; and the recapture of Cabul by British troops. The true history of the whole affair, much distorted at the time (and since) by political malice, is lucidly set forth in Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, by the great soldier who took so distinguished a part in it.

Another frontier war broke out in 1879. In South Africa, Sir Theophilus Shepstone had annexed the Transvaal; Sir Bartle Frere, Lord High Commissioner, announcing to the Zulu king Cetewayo, that Cetewayo was entitled to a strip of territory claimed both by Cetewayo and the Transvaal Republic, ordered him to disband his army. The advance of British troops was checked by their total defeat by the Zulus on 22nd January, 1879, at Isandhlwana. Lord Chelmsford the commander-in-chief, prosecuted the campaign, defeated Cetewayo and took him prisoner. During the war the young Prince Louis Napoleon, son of the Empress Eugenie, lost his life.

In the meantime, the trade of the country had been profoundly depressed, with the natural result that there was much discontent. On 24th March, 1880, Parliament was dissolved; and the Liberal

party were returned with a majority of some hundred and twenty. The Queen sent for Lord Hartington; sent for Lord Granville; and finally, for Mr. Gladstone.

The Russo-Turkish war of 1877 had brought Russia into opposition to Austria-Hungary, thus destroying the alliance of the three Emperors; and although Bismarck made peace between the two Powers at the Congress of Berlin, Russia became estranged from Germany. In order to restore her security, Germany concluded an alliance with Austria-Hungary and shortly afterwards with Italy, which had quarrelled with France concerning her occupation of Tunis. Thus was formed the Triple Alliance. Its counterpoise was the drawing together of France and Russia, in view of whose possibilities Prince Bismarck in 1887 increased the German Army. In 1900 Germany passed the Navy Law, which ordained that the German Fleet should be so strong that any attack upon it would be dangerous to the attacking party.

Nothing but the strength of the British Fleet, which had been largely increased by the action of Lord Charles Beresford in 1888, and again by the naval programme of 1893, and whose organisation had been brought to a high state of efficiency by Admiral Sir Frederick Richards (afterwards admiral of the Fleet), prevented the outbreak of war between England and France at the time of the Fashoda incident in 1897.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.