

berries from the tree and enjoy as delicious a repose as if they dwelt in some city like Bruges, whence commerce has long since fled, while traces of civic grandeur survive, instead of in London, where commerce is at its height and the moss of decay has not yet begun to grow.

A little way from Basinghall street the goldsmiths have a magnificent hall, in which the purity of all the gold and silver plate-work of England is attested by the guild and stamped with its mark. Nearly opposite the goldsmiths the haberdashers have dwelt for four hundred and ten years, under the patronage of St. Catharine of Alexandria.

Near the halls of most of the guilds are the churches in which for many centuries the masters and wardens have attended service, and in them are to be seen many monuments of past generations of masters and wardens. Sir Andrew Judd, a great skinner, who died in 1588, kneels in armor with his four sons, his wife, and daughter at perpetual prayer in the

Church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. In the same church Sir John Spencer, the great cloth-worker, who died in 1609, reclines bearded and in state armor, with Dame Spencer at his side and their daughter dutifully kneeling in prayer at her parents' feet. Sir Hugh Hammersley, knight and haberdasher, who died in 1636, kneels with his wife in St. Andrew's undershaft; and there, sitting in an alcove in gown and ruff, with a book before him, is carved the effigy of John Stow, the historian of London, a man proud of her glories, learned in the history of everything within her walls, and acquainted with every church and every guild. He wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but whoever wishes at this day to study London city will do well to make Stow the companion of his walks.

In spite of the ravages of the great fire and the still greater demolitions of later times, the parish churches and the halls of the ancient guilds of London open a view of past times such as is to be seen in few cities of Europe.

Norman Moore.



UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON
TO SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE.



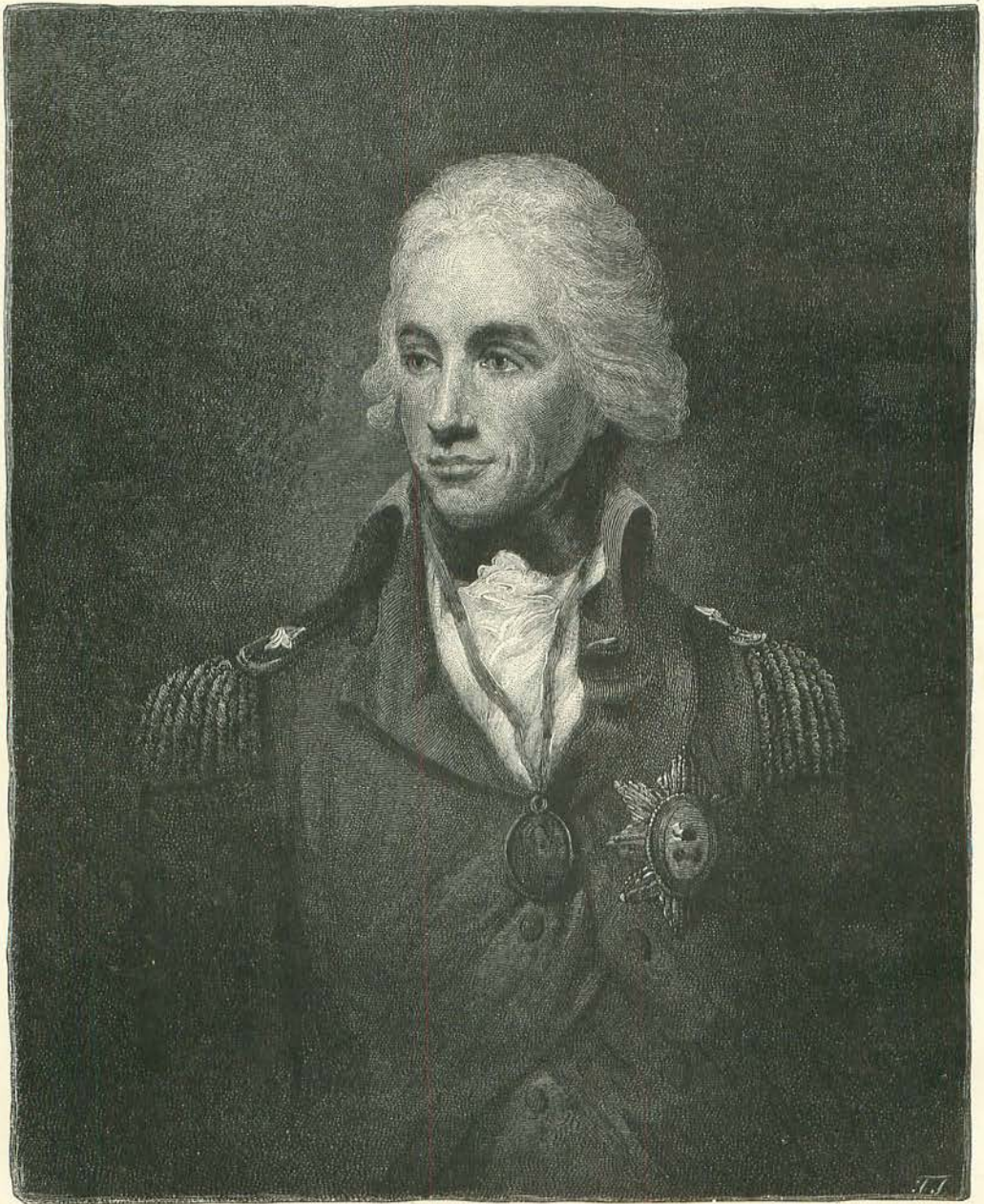
PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY, in his recently published "Short History of Napoleon I.," has said that "the heroism of Nelson has always been duly recognized, but the immense greatness of his work seems to have been generally overlooked. He reconquered the Mediterranean for England; he dissolved, at a blow, all Napoleon's dream of Oriental conquest; he broke up the armed neutrality."

It is to the latter achievement that the following letters of Lord Nelson refer. They treat exclusively of the expedition to the Baltic, and range from the beginning of March, 1801, until the end of May in the same year; the first letter having been written before the fleet left Spithead, the last after Nelson had left Revel. The series comprises his own account of a time which, although it eventually turned to his glory, yet, as these letters too plainly and sadly show, was embittered by an undercurrent of suffering, partly from ill health, and partly from the injustice done to his genius and his patriotism. When the moment of emergency came, it was inevitable that Nelson should take the lead and win the battle, which, as is so well

known, he did in defiance of the orders of the admiral under whom he had been placed. Perhaps some additional light may be shed on the details of the expedition to the Baltic by the publication of these letters, which were addressed by Nelson to his long-trying friend and companion in arms, Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge. In the collection of Nelson's letters printed by Sir Harris Nicolas in 1844 are some written to this officer in earlier days; but the present series of twenty-four has never hitherto seen the light, having been carefully put by and treasured up by his descendants for three generations.¹ They are here given without alteration; every word is fresh, strong, and natural as it fell from the pen of Nelson, inditing his thoughts to his intimate friend. The letters are on quarto paper, in good black ink; the writing vigorous, peculiar, clearly to be read in the main, and written necessarily with the left hand.

The naval officer to whom they are addressed was the first Sir Thomas Troubridge; and a brief reference to his character and career will be requisite to explain how the correspondence came about, and to show what qualities they were which gained for him the confidence of Nelson. Their friend-

¹ They now belong to Sir Thomas Troubridge, fourth Baronet.



PAINTED BY LEMUEL F. ABBOTT.

IN NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

LORD NELSON.



LORD NELSON.

(PAINTED BY HEINRICH FÜGER IN 1800 AT VIENNA. NOW IN NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.)

ship began on board the *Sea Horse*, in 1774, where both were rated as midshipmen; and the first world-renowned battle they fought together was that off Cape St. Vincent, under Sir John Jervis (from that time Earl St. Vincent), on the 14th of February, 1797—"the most glorious Valentine's day," as Nelson called it. Captain Troubridge was in the thickest part of this severe engagement. His ship, the *Culloden*, and Nelson's, the *Captain*, elicited the remark from Sir John Jervis, "I put my faith in those two ships." It is well known how greatly Lord St. Vincent prized the merits of Troubridge, calling him "the Bayard of the British navy; the ablest adviser and best executive officer in the navy, with honor and courage bright as his sword." The generous heart of Nelson also acknowledged the value of the advice and assistance which Captain Troubridge was well qualified to give; in fact, his character and conduct

exactly suited Nelson's ideas. He was a typical specimen of the ideal British sailor; with invincible pluck, animated, impetuous, slightly obstreperous manners, and conversation characterized by all the emphatic plainness of his day and profession. He possessed an unusual amount of knowledge of all that related to the service, an acute discernment (as was often proved), and an excellent judgment. Strong and ready in both mind and body, his handsome face and fine presence were as welcome to his friends as they were distasteful to his enemies. He did good service at the luckless siege of Santa Cruz, when Nelson had intended to wrest Teneriffe from the Spaniards. On that occasion, when the little hero lost his right arm, Troubridge got the English troops, consisting of a body of some three hundred marines and artillerymen, safely off the island—where they encountered eight thousand Spaniards—by threatening the immediate destruction of the

town by fire unless his terms were accepted. A year later, in 1798, when the full stress of Nelson's efforts to baffle the French was directed to the Mediterranean, Troubridge accompanied him and witnessed—alas for himself, only witnessed, his ship being aground, and out of “the full tide of happiness,” as Nelson expressed it—the first of those three great victories by sea achieved by the fiery spirit and profound skill of one man, without shell, steam, or other modern appliance. After the battle of the Nile the squadron moved towards Naples, and in 1799 Troubridge, who had been told off to seize the islands in the bay of Naples, preparatory to the recapture of Naples from the French, succeeded in taking and investing Procida, Capri, and Ischia, and received as an acceptable present the head of one of the Jacobin officials who had been in possession. “Sir, as a faithful subject of my king, Ferdinand the IV., I have the honor of presenting to you the head of a Jacobin, whom I killed as he was running away.” So ran the letter which accompanied the gift, and on the cover are the words, in Captain Troubridge's writing, “A jolly fellow.”

As the war was pushed on, St. Elmo, Capri, and Gaeta surrendered to Captain Troubridge, whose share in the matter is thus described by Nelson in a dispatch: “The liberation of the kingdom of Naples from the French robbers will not be less acceptable from being principally brought about by part of the crews of his Majesty's ships under my orders, under the command of Captain Troubridge. His merits speak for themselves.” The taking of Civita Vecchia and the city of Rome completed Troubridge's services in the Mediterranean, for which he received a baronetcy; and after the return of the fleet to England, in 1800, he became one of the lords of the Admiralty. It was to the Admiralty that the letters in the following series were addressed; and the packets which Lord Nelson so often mentions were letters to and from Lady Hamilton, which Troubridge undertook to convey between these friends. Letters from Nelson to Troubridge on the subject of Lady Hamilton were many, but these have all been recently destroyed.

Sir Thomas Troubridge was returned for the borough of Great Yarmouth in 1802; he became admiral of the “Blue” in 1804, and of the “White” in 1805. It was after he had been appointed to the command of the seas on the eastern coast of India that another command—that of the Cape of Good Hope—was given him; and it was on his way from Madras to the Cape that the fatal shipwreck took place which closed his career before he had attained his fiftieth year. The details are wrapped in

obscurity. The *Blenheim* was crazy, and the admiral knew it, but trusted to his own resources. He was accompanied by a frigate and a sloop of war. They sailed on the 12th of January, 1807, and encountered a hurricane which raged in February in the Indian seas east of Madagascar. The captain of a French frigate, the *Sémillante*, gave information, many years afterward, at Plymouth, that he had sighted the *Blenheim* near the island of Rodrigues, in a heavy gale of wind, on February the 18th, 1807. News came, more than a year after the event, by way of Calcutta,—having been brought thither by a frigate which had touched at the island of St. Mary's,—that in the month of February two vessels had arrived in distress at that small island off the coast of Madagascar, had put in for repairs, and had sailed again, the description of the officers exactly answering to Sir Thomas Troubridge and his companions. The inhabitants of Bourbon Island had, according to the same authority, caught sight, after the gale had subsided, of a line-of-battle ship in distress, with an admiral's white flag flying. No other tidings of the unfortunate ship and the brave admiral ever reached England; nor have such slight clues been sufficient to point to the spot, or to fix the date, where and when the *Blenheim* foundered.

It was in February, 1801, that Lord Nelson hoisted his flag on board the *St. George*, in preparation for accompanying Sir Hyde Parker to the Baltic, under whose orders he was placed. The first letter now printed here is undated, and appears, as has been mentioned, to have been written from Spithead. The second was written during the passage from Portsmouth to Great Yarmouth, a long and tedious one, from calms, contrary winds, and thick fog. The third letter begins the series, written after they had sailed for the north. Nelson arrived in Yarmouth Roads on the 6th of March, and the squadron set sail at daylight on the 12th. The expedition to the Baltic was undertaken in consequence of an alliance entered into by Sweden, Denmark, and Russia against England, with the object of curtailing her naval rights. The point in dispute, which led eventually to the battle of the Baltic, was the principle of “armed neutrality,” which denied the right to search vessels belonging to neutral powers in times of war—a right given by the old code of international maritime law. The English, who were masters of the sea, ignored the new principle, and captured, in July, 1800, a Danish merchantman, the *Freya*, for refusing to allow her cargo to be examined. An embassy was sent from England to Denmark to negotiate the matter; but when the vessels which conveyed it passed

the sound and anchored off the beautiful city of Copenhagen, the ire of the Russian emperor was aroused at the sight of English vessels in northern waters, and he at once seized all vessels in Russian ports belonging to England, and allied himself with Sweden, Denmark, France, and Prussia against England. These allies insisted upon continuing to abolish the right to search neutral vessels, a principle that favored especially the commerce of France. England as firmly desired to retain the right to molest, examine, and search everything afloat. She resolved still to rule the waves, and, in the face of the naval resources of this powerful league, she sent her little hero to the rescue. He succeeded, although second in command, in winning a victory off Copenhagen, destroying the Danish navy, and bringing about a change of policy on the part of the alliance. That alliance was dissolved by Alexander, Emperor of Russia, who succeeded the murdered Paul just before Nelson, with Sir Hyde Parker's squadron, reached the sound.

LETTERS FROM LORD NELSON TO SIR
THOMAS TROUBRIDGE.

AYE, my dear Troubridge, had you been here to-day you would have thought, had the *Pilot* arrived a fortnight hence, there would have been time enough. *Fame* says we are to sail the 20th, and I believe it, unless you pack us off. I was in hopes that Sir Hyde would have had a degree of confidence, but no appearance of it. I know he has from Nepean the plan of the fortifications of the New Islands off Copenhagen and the intended station of some Danish ship. I have, be assured, no other desire of knowing anything than that I may the better execute the service, but I have no right to know, and do not say a word of it to Lord St. Vincent, for he may think me very impertinent in endeavoring to dive into the plans of my commander-in-chief, but the water being clear, I can see the *bottom* with half an eye. I begged Domet¹ only to use the *St. George* and we would do anything. The *Squirrel* will be refitted in two hours tomorrow from a list of complaints of two sides of paper. The Gun Brigs are in wretched order, but they will get on. Poor Domet seemed in a pack of troubles. Get rid of us, my dear friend, and we shall not be tempted to lay abed till 11 o'clock. If the Earl would give Josiah a ship in greater forwardness, and send him abroad, it would be an act of kindness. I feel all your kindness, but perhaps I am now unfit to command, my only ambition is to obey. I have no wish ungratified in the ser-

¹ Sir Hyde Parker's captain, and captain of the fleet.

vice, so you may say, but I told you I was *unhappy*.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Since the departure of Lieutenant Yule for Nisbet's Ship, neither Hardy or myself can put our finger on a good lieutenant, but Hardy has just recollected one, the present first lieut. of the *Aurora*, Richard Hockie. If he is still in her, chuses to come here, and the Admiralty to appoint him, he can take a passage and bedding in either *Elephant* or *Edgar* if she is still at Spithead. You are right, my dear Troubridge, in desiring me not to write such letters to the Earl. Why should I? as my own unhappiness concerns no one but myself. It shall remain fixed in my own breast, but believe me I shall ever be your faithful

NELSON AND BRONTE.

"ST. GEORGE," March 4th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: You will see by my public letter the cause of the *Warrior's* going on shore. We have a damned stupid Dog on board, and as obstinate as the Devil. He objects to having assistance to carry this ship thro' the Gully although the moment before he complained that having been up all night he could not stay up this night, therefore wanted another Pilot. However I shall have a sharp eye on him. We shall weigh about 11 o'clock. I wrote you last night, but my letter was too late. Ever yours faithfully,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Lt. Layman was very active last night.

"ST. GEORGE," March 11th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: It is not that I care what support I may have as far as relates to myself, but the *glorious* support I am to have marks *me*; but let jealousy, cabal, and art conspire to do their worst, the *St. George* is and shall be fit for battle. I will trust to myself alone, and Hardy will support me. Far, far, very far from good health, this conduct will and shall rouse me for the moment, but we cannot get off. My information is, I dare say, better than your's. The *London* was unmoored when the signal was made to prepare for sea, but now she is safely *moor'd*. I shall trouble you to forward any letters to me and from me to my friends, and ever Believe me your most affectionate

NELSON AND BRONTE.

You will make — very happy by getting him a ship to go abroad. Hardy has been on board of Domett, who told Hardy to tell me he did not form the order of Battle. By that, he sees as I do. Captn. Otway has not been on board all yesterday or today. Domett hopes to sail tomorrow.

"ST. GEORGE," 10 o'clock, March 11th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The Signal is made to prepare to unmoor at 12 o'clock, but I think the wind being at SSE and very dirty, that our Chief may defer it. If it rains a little harder the wind will fly to the westward. Now we can have no desire for staying, for her Ladyship is gone, and the *Ball* for Friday night knocked up by your and the Earl's unpoliteness, to send gentlemen to sea instead of dancing with nice white gloves. I will only say as yet I know not that we are even going to Baltic except from newspapers, and at sea I cannot go out of my ship but with serious inconvenience. I could say much, but patience. I shall knock down my bulk heads throughout the ship and then let what will happen, the *St. George*—she has only to trust to herself—will be prepared. Make my best regards to the Earl and Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Every day and hour shows me Hardy's worth. Capt'n. Thesiger is not so active as Parker.

"ST. GEORGE," March 13th, 1801.

NAZE OF NORWAY,

NE by Compass, 01 Degr. at noon.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: When I receive a message from Domett both by Hardy & Murray, there can be no reason why I may not tell it. "Tell Lord Nelson that the present composition of the Van is not my arrangement." I had placed Foley¹ and Fremantle² instead of a 64 and 50, but Sir H. run his pen thro' them & placed them as they stand; that when I said, "Sir H., will two 64s and a 50 do well together?" his answer was, "Well, put the *Zealous* between them." You may make your comments. I *feel mine*. It never was my desire to serve under this man. He approved and seemed more desirous of it than myself, but I saw it the first moment, and all the fleet see it. George Murray, I have no doubt, will support me, and the *St. George* shall do her duty. To tell me to serve on in this way, is to laugh at me and to think me a greater fool than I am. If this goes on, I hope to be allowed to return the moment the fighting business is over.

March 16th. I am yet all in the dark, and am not sure we are bound to the Baltic. Reports say (and I only make my remarks from reports) that we are to anchor this side Cronenburgh to give time for negotiation. I earnestly hope this is not true, for I wish for peace with Denmark, and therefore am clearly of

opinion that to shew our fleet off Copenhagen would, if in the least wavering, almost ensure it, for I think that the Danish Minister would be a hardy man to put his name to a paper which in a few minutes would, I trust, involve his master's navy, and I hope his capital, in flames. But as I am not in the *secret*, and feel I have a right to speak out, not in the fleet certainly, but in England and to England, my ideas are to get up the Cattedag as soon as possible (we are now standing on a Wind at W. S. W. moderate weather, off the *Naze*), to send a flag of truce, if such is necessary, to Cronenburgh to say that I should pass the Castle, and that if they did not fire at me, I should not at them. The despatches, if any, for our Minister at Copenhagen, at the same time to be sent. I should certainly pass the Castle whether they fired or not, and send the same message to Copenhagen till negotiation was over. Being off that city, I could prevent all additional preparation from being carried on or any more gunboats &c placed outside, whilst I should prepare everything, and the moment the Danish Minister said WAR, he should have enough of it, but he would say peace, and save his honor with his new friends. Thus we should have peace with Denmark to a certainty either by *fair* or *fool* means, but I may be all wrong and the measures pursuing never better. I wish they may, but I doubt. Bold measures from ministers and speedily executed, meet my ideas. If you were here just to look at us! I had heard of the manœuvres off Ushant, but ours beats all ever seen. Would it were all over, I am really sick of it. With my kind respects to the Earl Believe me ever your affectionate and faithful

NELSON AND BRONTE.

March 17th, 1801.

"ST. GEORGE," March 20th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: It being moderate I got on board the *London* yesterday for an hour, for whatever inattentions may be shown me, nothing of respect shall be wanting on mine. I was glad to find that he was determined to pass Cronenburgh and to go off Copenhagen in order to give weight to our negotiator, and I believe this conduct will give us peace with Denmark. Sir Hyde told me, on my anxiety for going forward with an expedition, that we were to go no further without fresh orders. I hope this is all right, but I am sorry, as I wish to get to Revell before the departure of the fleet. We should recollect it is only twenty hours sail from Cronsted, and that the day the sea is open they sail.

I give you 10,000 thanks for your kind

¹ The *Zealous*, 74.

² *Ganges*, 74.

letters. I shall try and persevere this expedition, and further it is useless to look. I suppose we shall anchor this evening about 8 o'clock, between the Koll and Cronenburgh, not only to prepare for battle, for no signal is yet made, although I believe several have followed my example. I have not had a bulk head in the ship since last Saturday. It is not so much that being in the way as to prepare people's minds that we are going at it, and that they should have no other thought but how they may best annoy their enemies. Every letter of yours is in the *fire*, and ever shall, for no good but much harm might arise from their falling into improper hands. What a villain that young underling must be, but I dare say it was only an idle curiosity and not a desire to steal. Botany Bay would be a good berth for him. Both Hardy and myself rejoice that Parker acquits himself so well, and I hope he will get the gold chain and medal for burning a frigate.

½ pt. 5, the signal is just made to prepare for battle, therefore many of our ships may amuse themselves. We were at quarters and have nothing to do. The wind is getting directly contrary at S.S.W.

May God send us success, is the fervent prayer of your most affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

I beg my best regards to the Earl. Living or dead, pray send my letters as directed. 9 o'clock, wind at South. Cronenburgh distant 18 miles.

March 21st, Noon.

We anchored last night. It blew fresh all night, and this morning only 38 sail out of 58 were with us. *Bellona* and *Russel* missing; wind just getting to W.S.W. Signal to prepare to weigh. Much snow, I see, about our rigging. I find it very sharp. I suppose we shall anchor in the passage, and in the night collect our ships. I shall not close my letter till then.

March 23rd, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: As I hear the Danes will listen to no terms I have only to regret our loss of time. Till our arrival here we have had only one day's *foul wind*. Our small craft are behind—there is no activity. Now we have only to fight, and I trust we shall do honor to our country. With my best regards to the Earl, Believe me ever

Your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

We anchored off the Koll the 20th, 1801. Since then, the wind has been foul. The commander in chief has just sent for me, and shall have my firm support, and my honest

opinion, if he condescends to ask it. The wind will be at West or N.W. tomorrow.

On the 29th of March, Lord Nelson shifted his flag from the *St. George*, 98, to the *Elephant*, 74, commanded by Captain Foley. She was a lighter ship than the *St. George*. Captain Foley had arrived with intelligence of the loss of the *Invincible*.

"ELEPHANT," March 29th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: You will, I have no doubt, be very much surprized by the account given by Mr. Vansittart, and I hope he has fully stated the conversation and language I held to Sir Hyde Parker, which I believe, for I do not know the contents of Sir Hyde's letters except the last; compleatly altered his opinion, or rather the opinion of Captain Domett; for let me do justice, and if I speak on such a delicate subject that it may be as clear as it is true; that being the case, I do say that from all I have heard that Sir Hyde never would have thought of not passing the Sound if Domett had not seen great difficulty and danger in the passage, and no possible good, for very far be it from me to detract from the very high character of Captain Domett: his bravery, his abilities in the conduct of a fleet are, I hear (for I never served with him), of the very highest class; but perhaps they are calculated for the fleet off Ushant, not clearly in my judgment for a situation such as Sir Hyde Parker's, where the spur of the moment must call forth the clearest decision and the most active conduct. On occasions we must sometimes have a *regular* confusion, and that apparent confusion must be the most regular method which could be pursued on the occasion. To this service (with all respect for Domett) I cannot yet bring myself to think Domett is equal, and so much was working in my mind that I would not trust myself, after I had seen Sir Hyde the day Mr. Vansittart [left], to write the scrape of a pen. My last line to you before I left the *St. George* was, if you recollect, "Now we are going to fight, I suppose I am to be consulted." Little could I think it was to converse on not fighting. I feel happy I had so much command of myself, for I should have let out what you might have been sorry to see, especially fancying I had been, to say no worse, very unkindly treated by Sir Hyde, that is, with a degree of haughtiness which my spirit could not bear. However I have now every reason to believe that Sir H. has found it is not necessary to be high to me, and that I have his real honor at heart, and in having that, I have the honour of my country. His conduct is certainly the very reverse to what

it was. God knows I wish Sir Hyde could perform such services that he might receive more honors and rewards than any admiral.

March 30th, 6 o'clock in the morning.

We are now standing for Cronenburgh: the Van is formed in a compact line, and old Stricker, for that is the Governor's name, had better take care we do not *strike* his head off. I hope we shall mend on board the *London*, but I now pity both Sir Hyde and Domet; they both, I fancy, wish themselves elsewhere. You may depend on every exertion of mine to keep up harmony. For the rest, the spirit of this fleet will make all difficulty from enemies appear as nothing. I do not think I ever saw more true a desire to distinguish themselves in my life. I have more to tell you if ever we meet. With kindest regards to the Earl, Believe me,

Ever your affectionate

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Foley desires his best regards to you.

SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, BART.

On the back of this letter (March 30) is written the following list:

<i>Line</i>		} Ld. Nelson's division.
<i>Monarch</i>	<i>Polyphemus</i>	
<i>Bellona</i>	<i>Agamemnon</i>	
<i>Elephant</i>	<i>Defence</i>	
<i>Ardent</i>	<i>Russel</i>	
<i>Isis</i>	<i>Glatton</i>	

The battle which was fought three days after this letter was written was one fraught with greater difficulty and risk than any won by Nelson, partly from the unfavorable situation of the ships, close to the large shoal which lies in front of Copenhagen, and also from the formidable defenses with which the Danes had lined their shores. Nelson, too, was only second in command. On that momentous Good Friday Eve, when the English fleet took up its position and commenced the action, the firing of the Danish guns was so incessant — unslackened even after three hours — that Sir Hyde Parker signaled to Nelson to retreat. Nelson, however, disregarded the signal for discontinuing to fight. "You know, Foley," turning to his captain, "I have only one eye; I have a right to be blind sometimes; I really do not see the signal; d—n the signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying." In the simplest words, Nelson, in the following letter, tells the result of the engagement, which he considered likely to be one of the most important, in its results, of all those he had gone through.

Apl. 4th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The job is done, and the State of Denmark is convinced we can fight a little; more distinguished bravery

never was shown. Yesterday I was closeted 2 hours with the Prince Royal, and he allowed me to speak my mind freely, and I believe I told him such truths as seldom reach the ears of princes. H. R. H. seemed much affected, and I am satisfied 't is only fear of Russia and other powers that prevents the renunciation of his alliance with Russia and Sweden. However, he is to send off some proposition to Sir Hyde Parker, but I have not much hopes. My reception was too flattering, and landing at Portsmouth or Yarmouth could not have exceeded the blessings of the people; even the Palace and staircase were crowded, and huzzas, which could not have been very grateful to royal ears. I am, my dear Troubridge, very candidly pleased respecting the promotion. My duty pointed out the promotion of the first Lieutenant of the *Elephant* and all my own children are neglected. I should hope that the admiralty, if they promote the first Lieutenants of the ships engaged, will consider that Lord Nelson's recommendation may have some little weight. Mr. Bolton and Mr. Loyne it is my wish to have promoted. I only hope that I may have provisional leave to return home, for neither my health or spirits can stand the hard fag of body and mind I have endured since the 24th of last month. Pray send my letters as directed, and believe me Ever your attached and affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Bertie and Murray are perfectly well; *no* black sheep, thank God. Captain Thésiger came on board of me during the battle, and I sent him on shore with a flag of truce, and gave him charge of the Prizes in the first instance. Will have made port.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE.

Apl. 9th, 10 o'clock at night.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: I have only a moment to write my letters, as Colonel Stewart goes off at 4 o'clock in the morning. I am in a fright at the decision about the ministers thought of this armistice [sic]. Be it good or bad it is my own; therefore if blamable, let me be the only person censured. I shall certainly give up instantly. I believe no person can arrive from this fleet who will not tell you that mine has not been quite a life of inactivity since the 23rd. Foley and Murray's ships, and indeed all, are perfection again. I am trying to get over the ground, but Sir Hyde is slow, and I am afraid the Revel fleet will slip through our fingers. Why we are not long since at Revel is past my comprehension. Pray send my letters, and I have, my dear friend, a 1000 thanks for your care of those

sent me; they are my only comfort. Mr. Layman is really an acquisition when kept within bounds. Ever, my dear Troubridge, Your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Your son was well at 6 o'clock.

April 12th, 1801.

Ah, my dear Troubridge, the wind is now at the same point it was when I carried my division about the middle, and all our 74s and 64s ought this day to be over the grounds, but I am fretting to death. We had a report yesterday that the Swedish fleet were above the grounds, but nothing can rouse our unaccountable lethargy. I hope from my heart that my leave is coming out, and another Admiral, if it is necessary, in my place, for, my dear friend, I am miserable myself at being *useless* to our country.

"ELEPHANT," April 20th.

East of Bornholm 7 or 8 leags.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: As Sir Hyde may probably send something to Copenhagen to keep up our communication with England, and to know what is passing in the world, I send you a line which probably will be read, and therefore I shall not enter into the thousand things I could say in case the War in the Baltic goes on, to which, although I shall only be listener, yet from my heart shall I wish as much brilliant success as ever graced the arms of England, nor can anything prevent it that I can see. The *St. George* not able to get over the grounds, on the 14th, Sir Hyde sent me word that the Swedish fleet was at sea, consisting of ten sail of the line, making fourteen sail in the whole. You will believe that I came up 7 or 8 leags in a bitter cold night, and Foley was kind enough to receive me in the *Elephant*—for this I feel much obliged to Sir Hyde, for to have been left behind in the expectation of an action would have been worse than death. I hope that the first vessel will bring my leave of absence, either from the Board or from the First Lord. If not, I shall make my application to Sir Hyde Parker, for longer I cannot stay, and if I could tell you all which is passing in my mind, I am sure you and all good men would approve. We saw the Swedes yesterday very comfortable in Carlsroone, eight sail of the line and two frigates; whether they had more at sea is matter of doubt. I believe not, for where should they send them? The *Catgat* I should suppose in the summer, if this northern war goes on, will be impassable for Swedish craft. It will require a ship of the line, a frigate, and some good sloops to keep the Swedish flotilla and frigates in Gottenburg

in check. May God bless you, my dear Troubridge, and believe me forever, your most affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

"ST. GEORGE," April 23d.

Off Moon Island near Amark.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: Pray send the enclosed. I am longing to hear from England; not a scrap since the 5th. I could tell you such things that you would go quite mad. As for me, I am only half, but cannot sleep—you may fancy anything. Send for us all home, at all events for your old and faithful friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

In 14 days from this date I hope to shake hands with you.

"ST. GEORGE," KOIGE BAY,
April 25th, 1801.

SIR: From my state of health and other serious considerations, I have to request that you will be pleased to move my Lord's commissioners of the Admiralty that I may be permitted to return to England and to go on shore for the purpose of re-establishing my health, and to enable me to attend to those affairs which require my personal attendance. I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

EVAN NEPEAN, ESQR.

"ST. GEORGE," KOIGE BAY,
April 28th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: You may be useful to my friends, and those who have a fair and honourable claim for my interest to get them promoted, and I feel confident that you will. Most probably I shall never have the power myself, or be in any situation to be useful to either any of your or the Earl's friends. Last night's attack almost did me up, and I can hardly tell how I feel today. I have this day wrote to Sir Hyde Parker. Whatever has again brought on my old complaint, I cannot tell; the two last I had was going down to Plymouth with my brother, and a little one in Yarmouth Roads. Lt. Bolton, Lyne, and Langford are our old Mediterranean friends; the two first, I trust, will be made by the Admiralty—the last was with me in the action on board the *Elephant*, and, had I followed the plan of my commander in chief, I should have named him, but I could not, unfortunately for Mr. Langford, bring myself to do an act of injustice. You must recollect him—Lord St. Vincent placed him with Niza; he has no interest, and is as good an officer and a man as ever lived.

These are my three first, and were with us in the Mediterranean. All the others are really good, and if I ever serve again, will most assuredly be with me. Ever, my dear Troubridge, your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, BART.

“ST. GEORGE,” May 2nd, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: If I had been strong enough, I should have set out for England over land, but Sir Hyde sends me word that the *Blanche* shall go as soon as the *Cruizer* arrives. I believe one thing is pretty certain, that, if I do not get from here in a very short time, that I shall remain forever. I am dreadfully pulled down. May God bless you, and believe me ever yours faithfully,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

I beg my best respects to the Earl.

May 7th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The *Cruizer* arrived last night, and brought me yours of the 23rd. I hope to meet Lord St. Helens in Russia, if it please God I live to get there, which I assure you is matter of doubt, for my night sweats and cough are much against me. You may believe that nothing could have been more gratifying under good health than this command,¹ where I find everybody devoted and kind to me in the extreme. Had it been given to me at first, good to myself and the cause might have arisen, but it's now too late. Quiet I must have to have a chance of restoration to my health, but I dare say I have tormented you so much on this subject that you say, “Damn him, I wish he was dead, and not plaguing me this way”—therefore, I never shall mention to you one more word on the subject. I hope the next commander will be as strong as a horse. However, I wish you health and many years of it, and ever believe me, your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Tom² is well.

SIR T. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: Captn. Nowell is come out to supersede Bligh, who is gone home in the *Monarch*, having changed with Captn. Birchall. I have not returned Captn. Birchall to his *Harpy*, as I believe his confirmed post will come out in due time. As yet I have heard nothing of promotion, but I trust it will arrive before my departure. Pray send the enclosed. I am sending to Rodwell to en-

¹ The recall of Sir Hyde Parker, and the appointment of Lord Nelson as commander-in-chief, had arrived by this vessel.

quire the prices of beef and bread we have. I shall be, I dare say, miserably cheated.

Ever yours faithfully,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

Foul wind, 2 P. M., May 8th, 1801.

Lord Nelson had concluded an armistice with Denmark, to last for fourteen weeks, and just before the date of the next letter had gone with the fleet to Revel, intending to ask an interview with the Emperor Alexander, and to negotiate a peace. He did not succeed in obtaining the interview, and the final peace was not made until after Nelson had quitted the fleet for England.

“ST. GEORGE,” May 17th, 1801.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: I left Revel this morning. I believe the ministers thought with eleven ships I should run away with their miserable fleet of 43 sail of the Line, including 5 first rates. I expect to meet Murray en route, as he was directed to join me when relieved by Rear Ad. Totty. If we had been at war with Russia (and I do not find we are at peace with her) till the 3rd May nothing could have saved the Revel fleet, and as they now lay, if our ministers do not show by their conduct that we are coming we can attack them before they knew we were in the Gulph of Finland. I hope to meet a new Admiral when I see Bornholm. You will see our state of bread. The Russians wanted to cheat us, but we did not stay long enough. Pray send the enclosed. Expecting to shake hands with you in fourteen days from this day, I shall only say with truth that I am your most faithful friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

SIR THOS. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: I hope all will end to the advantage of our country. In the Baltic the raising of the embargo must give pleasure in England. Pray forward the enclosed. I hope my successor is near at hand. Ever your faithful friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

“ST. GEORGE,” May 27, 1801.

I am forced to pay as much again as I ought.

SIR T. TROUBRIDGE, BART.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: However flattering the honor done me by the Admiralty is, yet I must be sorry to tell you that it is a good

² Edward Thomas Troubridge, only son of Sir Thomas Troubridge, was serving on board Nelson's ship as midshipman.

Doctor, enough to save my life [that I need], therefore I have begged Lord St. Vincent to send some person here to take the command. I shall be in Russia in three days if Sir Hyde has gone, and something must soon be settled between the new Emperor and myself. I am seriously ill, I can scarce hold a pen, but ever your affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

MY DEAR TROUBRIDGE: The Duke of Mecklenburgh, the Queen's brother, has been aboard this day; we gave him royal honours, and I hope and believe from Lord Henry Paullet's account that His Highness is gone away content. At daylight I sail for Kiogi Bay, expecting to find there a new Admiral. Pray send the enclosed and believe me ever your affectionate

NELSON AND BRONTE.

6, P. M.



'MONGST THE HILLS O' SOMERSET.

'MONGST the Hills o' Somerset
Wisht I was a-roamin' yet!
My feet won't get usen to
These low lands I 'm trompin' through.
Wisht I could go back there, and
Stroke the long grass with my hand,
Like my school-boy sweetheart's hair
Smoothed out underneath it there!
Wisht I could set eyes once more
On our shadders, on before,
Climbin', in the airy dawn,
Up the slopes 'at love growed on
Natch'erl as the violet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

How 't 'u'd rest a man like me
Jes fer 'bout an hour to be
Up there where the mornin' air
Could reach out and ketch me there!—
Snatch my breath away, and then
Rense and give it back again
Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
The old pinks I ust to love,
And a-flavor'n' ever' breeze
With mixt hints o' mulberries
And May-apples, from the thick
Bottom-lands along the crick
Where the fish bit, dry er wet,
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

The above letter was written from off Rosstock in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, where the shores of the Baltic skirt North Germany. Nelson's wish was fulfilled, and Admiral Sir Charles Pole arrived to supersede him; but the British fleet was no longer required off Denmark, and left the Baltic shortly after Nelson, who reached England alone in a brig, landing where he had sailed from England, at Great Yarmouth.

His first thought, never for his own glory, was to visit those seamen who had been wounded in the late battle, and who were in hospital at Great Yarmouth. This, and his firmly refusing to take from the fleet any vessel but a brig for his return, are examples of the humanity and modesty which added so great a charm to his genius.

Mrs. Herbert Jones.

Like a livin' pictur' things
All comes back: the bluebird swings
In the maple, tongue and bill
Trillin' glory fit to kill!
In the orchard, jay and bee
Ripens the first pears fer me,
And the "Prince's Harvest," they
Tumble to me where I lay
In the clover, provin' still
"A boy's will is the wind's will."
Clean fergot is time, and care,
And thick hearin', and gray hair—
But they 's nothin' I fergot
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged — to be edzact,
Very middle-aged, in fact,—
Yet a-thinkin' back to then,
I 'm the same wild boy again!
There 's the dear old home once more,
And there 's Mother at the door—
Dead, I know, fer thirty year,
Yet she 's *singin'*, and I *hear*.
And there 's Jo, and Mary Jane,
And Pap, comin' up the lane!
Dusk 's a-fallin'; and the dew,
'Pears like it 's a-fallin' too—
Dreamin' we 're all livin' yet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

James Whitcomb Riley.