

what passed after the boat touched the shore.

About the same time, Codrington, willing, if possible, to bring things to an amicable arrangement, sent his boat to the Egyptian Admiral's ship, with instructions, that if he did not fire upon any of the allied flags, not a shot should be fired at him.—Mr Mitchell, the pilot of the Asia, having reached the ship, delivered his message, and, having a flag of truce, considered himself and boat's crew as safe; but, as the boat was leaving the ship, Mr Mitchell was shot, while sitting in the stern-sheets of the boat, and dropped into the arms of the man who pulled the stroke oar. One of the men held up the flag as high as he could with one hand, pointed to it with the other, and demanded the reason of their firing on it. He received no other answer than another volley of small shot, which, however, had no effect. They pulled for the Asia, and, immediately on reaching it, a most tremendous broadside was poured into the Egyptian Admiral's ship, that made her reel again.—The French and Russians had not yet reached their stations, in consequence of the wind having nearly died away; but, seeing the Asia commence the firing, they attacked the forts as they passed them; and, as they proceeded, they engaged the triple line of the enemy on the opposite side of the bay, consisting of their frigates and sloops of war, some of which frigates carried 64 guns.

Tom and I were just making our way down from the fore-topsail yard, when the enemy's guns opened upon us. Morfiet, grasping my hand, exclaimed, "Don't forget Tom Morfiet, M. Farewell!—to your gun! to your gun!" and, so saying, he jumped down on the main-deck, where he was quartered, and I made the best of my way to the lower-deck, and took my place at the gun. Lieutenant Broke drew his sword, and told us not to fire till ordered. "Point your guns sure, men," said he, "and make every shot tell—that's the way to show them British play!" He now threw away his hat on the deck, and told us to give the Turks three cheers, which we did with all our heart. Then crying out, "Stand clear of the guns," he gave the word "FIRE!" and immediately the whole tier of guns was discharged, with terrific effect, into the side of the Turkish Admiral's ship, that lay abreast of us. After this, it was "Fire away, my boys, as hard as you can!" The first man I saw killed in our vessel was a marine; and it was not till we had received five or six rounds from the enemy. He was close beside me. I had taken the sponge out of his hand, and, on turning round, saw him at my feet, with his head fairly severed from his body, as if it had been done with a knife. My messmate, Lee, drew the corpse out of the tracks of the guns, and hauled it into midships, under the after ladder. The firing continued incessant, accompanied occasionally by loud cheers, which were not drowned even in the roar of the artillery; but, distincter than these, could be heard the dismal shrieks of the sufferers, that sounded like death-knells in the ear, or like the cry of war-fiends over their carnage.

The battle at this time was raging with the most relentless fury; vessel after vessel

was catching fire; and, when they blew up, they shook our ship to its very keelson. We sustained a most galling fire from the two line-of-battle ships abreast of us, which kept playing upon us till they were totally disabled, by having all their masts shot away, and whole planks tore out of their sides, by the enormous discharge of metal from our guns. We were ordered to only double-shot the guns, but, in this particular, we ventured to disobey orders; for, after the first five or six rounds, I may venture to say, that the gun I was at was regularly charged with two 32lb shot and a 32lb grape; and sometimes with a cannister crammed above all. On being checked by the officer for overcharging, one of the men replied, as he wiped the blood and dirt from his eyes, that he liked to give them a *speciment* of all our pills. In the line-of-battle ship that was right a-beam of us, there was a great stout fellow of a Turk, in a red flannel shirt, working a gun in the port nearly opposite ours, and, as he was very dextrous, he was doing us a deal of mischief. One of the marines, observing this, levelled his musket, and shot our bully antagonist through the head, who dropped back, and hung out of the port, head downwards, but was soon pitched overboard by the one that took his place.

"From the effect every shot had on the finely-painted sides of the Moslem vessels, we expected them to strike speedily; and many were the enquiries whether they had 'doused the moon and stars yet?' but the Turks were resolute, and not one of them struck colours during the engagement.—'Pelt away, my beauties, cried the captain, of our gun, a young Irish lad, and a capital marksman; 'if they don't strike, we'll strike for them.'—*Life on board a Man-of-war.*

*DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER.*—I was once—for a few hours only—in the militia. I suspect I was in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in Joe Miller of a man, who, being pressed to serve his Majesty on another element, pleaded his polite breeding to the gang as a good ground of exemption! but was told that the crew being a set of unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character they wanted. The militiamen acted, I presume on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up; and in a moment of incautious hilarity—induced perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, except pleasure—I wrote myself down as "Quite a gentleman." The consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed by the High Constable of Westminster to the Lower ditto of St. M\*\*\*, and indorsed with my name, informed me that it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the ballot. At sight of the orderly, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, and my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion of any distinctions in military service—a soldier was a soldier—and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to a fresh Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent system, which absolved the militia from going out of the

kingdom—"except in case of an invasion." In vain I represented that we were "locals;" they had heard of local diseases, and thought there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line;—they could see nothing to choose between being shot in a line, or in any other figure. I told them, next, that I was not obliged to "serve myself;"—but they answered, "'twas so much the harder I should be obliged to serve any one else." My being absent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed, at Ramsgate, the embarkation of the Walcheren expedition, and too well remembered "the misery of the soldiers' wives at seeing their husbands in transports!"—I told them that, at the very worst, if I should be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again;—but they both declared, they never did, and never would, believe in those "Returns of the killed and wounded." The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door, a report equal in its effects on us to that of the memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could recover ourselves, a strapping sergeant entered the parlour with a huge bow, or rather rain-bow, of party-coloured ribands in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, "Who and what did he think *could* be a substitute for a son and a husband?" The poor sergeant looked foolish at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds, the campaigns of the militia-man having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions, he endeavoured to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he assured me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was 6-feet-2 or 2-feet-6,—in short, whether he was as tall as the flag or "under the standard." The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace; that a civil war, or an invasion was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face. Accordingly I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the sergeant with a note to the War-Secretary to this purport:—"That I considered myself *drawn*; and expected therefore, to be well *quartered*: That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militiamen "to be mustarded;" but that if his Majesty did "call me out," I hoped I should "give him satisfaction." The females were far from being pleased with this-billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth; but I shall ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the General's red-coats, or General postmen, brought me a large packet sealed with the War-office Seal, and superscribed "Henry Hardinge;" by which I was officially absolved from serv-