

the first French ship, raked her from almost a safe position, until Captain Hooc. tired of slaughter, and having hailed again and again without answer, sent his first lieutenant and took possession of the Frenchman. Her loss in killed and wounded was estimated at half her complement, or at least 350 men, while the *Zelus* had only seven men wounded. The second French ship was overpowered as completely, and surrendered earlier. The third French ship had for her principal assailant the *Nanguard*, and as two other British ships could bring some of their guns to bear on her, it is not wonderful that she was reduced to render about the same time as the leading ship. But the *Vanguard*, having, besides the broadsides of the third ship, been exposed to a raking fire from the fourth French ship, lost severely. She had 30 men killed and 70 wounded, and Nelson himself received a painful though not dangerous wound. The fourth French ship also surrendered, and the fifth, being greatly disabled, parted her cable and dropped out of the line.

Thus by 9.30 p.m., or about three hours after the commencement of the action, the five leading French ships were disposed of. But the *Bellerophon* found her station hotter than she could bear, and the same may be said of the *Majestic*. Two of the three British ships which were at a distance when the battle began had now come near enough to take part in it, but Captain Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, was fast upon the rocky shoal, and, except that his ship served as a beacon to the other two which followed him, he might as well have been in Portsmouth harbour. One of these ships, the *Swiftsure*, was coming up guided by the flashes of the guns when she met in the darkness a dismasted ship without light or colors flying, and was about to fire into her as an enemy, but, hailing first, was answered, "*Bellerophon*, going out of action disabled." Instantly the stern anchor was let go, and the *Swiftsure* brought up nearly in the spot which the *Bellerophon* had just quitted, and opened fire upon the French three decker. The *Alexander*, following her leader, joined in the attack upon *L'Orient*, and the *Leander*, of 50 guns, which had been detained to help the *Culloden*, now came up, and also assailed this, which was the strongest part of the French line. Fortune combined with skill and valour to make Nelson's victory complete. About 10 p. m. *L'Orient*, which had been for some time on fire, blew up. The nearest British ships made every preparation for this explosion, and managed to extinguish the fires kindled by the burning fragments which fell upon them.

The destruction of the French flagship was decisive of the battle, although firing was again more than once renewed. The *Culloden* was got off the rocks during the night, and although she was making seven feet of water in an hour, a gail was thrummed and put under her bottom, and we find her next year at Naples. Such an accident would probably be fatal to a man-of-war of the present day. The French fleet had consisted of only thirteen ships, but one of these, *L'Orient*, was nearly equal to two English ships and three others were more powerful than any of their opponents; also, one of the English ships carried only 50 guns. We may safely say, therefore, the French fleet was at least as strong in tonnage, men, and guns as the English; but the difference in skill, and in that confidence which skill inspires, was wonderful; and it was the growth of only a few years. In 1794 Lord Howe was not properly supported by all his captains, and the

victory which he gained over the fiery energy of the newly born Republic was the more welcome because not very confidently expected. But in four years all had changed. That quality, whatever it was, which made French soldiers victorious over Continental armies, either did not exist among their sailors, or it had no effect when Englishmen were their opponents. It is evident that the best hope of the brave and skilful Admiral Brueys, and of Bonaparte who instructed him, was that the French fleet might steal away from Egypt before Nelson could pounce upon it. On the other hand, the sure eye and firm hand of a great commander were never more clearly shown than in Nelson's conduct in Aboukir Bay. He might have truly said "Veni, vidi, vici." Almost all his captains gave either before or afterwards some conspicuous proof of ability, and yet there were not specially selected. All the ships but one were of the same class of two decked line-of-battle ships, and they were mostly smaller than French ships of equal armament. The *Vanguard* was no better as a ship than the rest of the fleet, and her crew are said to have been at the beginning of the cruise inferior. Yet the result of that night's work was that all the French fleet except two ships was taken or destroyed. Victory was not doubtful from the moment that Nelson's design of doubling on the French line took effect, but this as Nelson himself said, was a conquest.

Nelson, having, as we have said, no frigates, sent home the 50 gun ship *Deander* to announce his victory, and she was captured by one of the French ships which escaped from Aboukir Bay. Nelson sent a duplicate of his despatch by an officer, who made his way very slowly overland; and thus it happened that a victory gained on the night of the 1st of August was first announced in London by the *Times* of 2nd October. We have changed all that, as well as the construction and armament of our ships, and nobody knows how much else that has to with them. The new *Vanguard* is run down by a consort in our own seas and sinks helplessly. After this it will hardly do when the sufficiency of our army is questioned to point compositely to the navy. We had better bring ourselves to the state of mind which existed in 1793, when we prepared ourselves strenuously, but not over confidently, to contend against new, and, as then appeared, incalculable force. The spirit which was thus fostered in the nation triumphed over foreign and even more terrible domestic enemies. In the interval between the battles of Cape St. Vincent and Aboukir Bay occurred the Mutiny at the Nile and an Irish rebellion supported by French ships and troops. We need not fear to speak of '98, but the contrast between the careers of the old and the new *Vanguard* may excite in our minds some salutary apprehensions. Whatever be the ships of the future, let us hope that there may be men inside them.—*The Saturday Review*.

The Prince of Wales at Bombay.

BY A NEW BRUNSWICKER.

The following account of the landing of the Prince of Wales in Bombay is taken from a letter addressed by a young naval officer, a native of New Brunswick, to his friends in Fredericton, to whom, as well as to his friends here, we are indebted for permission to use a very graphic letter. The

dates are in the early days of November, and the letters in the shape of a diary.

As I closed my letter to you on Monday the *Serapis*, with the Prince of Wales on board arrived. His landing, the welcome he received, and the illumination that followed, are now a part of the history of Bombay, but as a brief description of it may amuse you, I will, while it is fresh in my memory, try to give you one.

At 6 a.m., on Nov. 8, the *Serapis* was sighted, and the signal announcing that fact was, in a very short time, the means of circulating the news far and near through Bombay, producing and excitement among all classes, which, I imagine, has seldom or never been surpassed.

At 8 a.m., the fleet fired a Royal salute of 21 guns, and as the smoke cleared away, every man-of-war was discovered decked with flags, and looking in that perfect order, aloft and below, so peculiar to no other nation but our own.

Every vessel in the harbour followed suit and soon displayed bunting of many colors. As the light breeze swept the smoke of the guns clear of the entrance to the Bay H.M.S. *Serapis* was seen steaming majestically towards the anchorage with the Royal Standard flying proudly from her mainmast head. "Here she comes!" was the cry of all, and soon wharves, jetties and shore were lined with natives to see the vessel that carried the "Rance-Ka Chokra," (Son of the Queen) as they call the Prince in Hindoostan. At 8.45 the *Serapis* entered the space between the two lines of men-of-war, and was received first with another salute of 21 guns from each ship and then with a cheer from the sailors who manned the yards of the different ships, which sounded as cheers only sound when coming from English throats. It was a glorious sight, a clear, sunny day, a light cool breeze floating the smoke slowly away. The *Serapis* steaming through the lines of men-of-war with the smoke partially hiding her and her from the sight of the crowds of spectators. At 9 a.m. the *Serapis* was moored, and His Royal Highness witnessed for the first time in his life the western capital of his future Empire.

The heat was so intense during the day that arrangements were made for his leaning the ship at 4 p. m.: At 3 p.m. the Viceroy paid him an official visit on board under a salute from shore and aloft of 21 guns. At 3.25 the Governor of Bombay went on board the *Serapis* under a salute of 17 guns, and was presented. He then returned to the shore, and landing at the place set apart for the Prince's disembarkation stood ready to welcome His Royal Highness to his Presidency. A part of the dockyard had been prepared for the landing, and long stages reaching into the water, had been carried out from one of the building sheds which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. In this shed were seats for all the Native Princes and others of the officials, English and Native, as well as for other specially invited spectators. A guard of honor, with a band, &c., was placed near the landing. This shed presented a queer sight with its motly crowd of occupants, all in a state of intense excitement and awaiting impatiently for His Royal Highness.

At 4 p. m., under a thundering salute from the men-of-war, the Prince of Wales left the *Serapis*, and shortly afterwards, his boat pulled magnificently by a picked boat's crew belonging to the fleet, was seen slowly wending its way through the two lines of men-of-war boats that lined his passage to the shore. At 4.20 p.m. His Royal High-