

PAGES OF BRITISH HISTORY.

Historical Battles—Noteworthy Events in the Story of the Creation of the British Empire.

Cape St. Vincent, 1797.

While the armies of Republican France were proving almost everywhere triumphant on the Continent, the fleets of Britain rode victoriously in every sea; and by two brilliant victories in this year appeared more than ever to vindicate her old claim to the dominion of the ocean.

Admiral Sir John Jervis, K. B., who had for some time been blockading Cadiz, having received intelligence from Captain Foote, of the Niger, then stationed off Carthage, that the Spanish fleet, under Don Jose de Cordova, had put to sea, sailed immediately in quest of it, with fifteen ships of the line, four frigates, a twenty-gun corvette, an eighteen-gun brig, and ten-gun cutter.

He had with him old Trowbridge, of gallant memory, in the Culloden, 74; Admiral Parker, in the Prince George, 98; Captain (afterwards Sir Robert) Calder, in the Victory, 100, which carried his own flag; Sir Charles Knowles, in the Goliath, 74; Collingwood, in the Excellent, 74; and one whose name was yet to be greater than all, Horatio Nelson, commodore in the Captain, 74 guns.

The fleet bore altogether 1,414 pieces of cannon.

With high hope and gallant expectation in every heart, the seamen of Jervis, at dawn of day on the 14th of February, when on the starboard tack, Cape St. Vincent (known to the Portuguese as Cabo-de-Sao-Vicente) rising high and rocky against the horizon east by north, about twenty-four miles distant, descried the Spanish fleet, consisting of forty sail, extending from south-west to south, with all their canvas shining in the morning sun. After a time, the wind being west by south, the weather became hazy.

Among the Spanish ships were the Santissima Trinidad, 130 guns, a veritable floating castle; the Conception, Salvador del Mundo, Manecano, and Principe de Asturias, 112 guns each; one of eighty, and nineteen of seventy-four guns, with seven frigates and one twelve-gun brig.

At half-past six Captain Trowbridge, in the Culloden, signalled, "Five sail visible in the south-west quarter." At forty minutes past ten a.m., amid the deepening haze, Captain Charles Lindsay, in La Bonne Citoyenne (a French prize, of twenty guns), made a signal to Sir John Jervis, reporting the strength of the enemy, on which he ordered the ships to form in order of battle.

Formed in the most compact order for sailing, and in two lines, the fleet came on under a press of canvas, and with such speed that as the admiral states in his despatch, he "was fortunate in getting in with the enemy's fleet at half past eleven o'clock, before it had time to collect and form a regular order of battle."

The five ships first discovered by the Culloden were at this period separated from their main body, which was bearing down in loose order to join them. It appeared to have been the first intention of Sir John Jervis to cut off those five ships before the main body of the fleet could arrive to their assistance. With this view he signalled the swift-sailers to give chase; on observing the near position of the main body, he afterwards formed his ships into a line of battle ahead, as most convenient.

At 20 minutes to eleven the admiral signalled to pass through the enemy's fleet, which was done. The separated ships attempted to form on the larboard tack, says Southey, in his "Life of Nelson," either with a design of passing through the British line or to leeward of it, and thus rejoining their friends. Only one succeeded in doing this, being so shrouded in smoke after the firing began as to be completely hidden.

Ten minutes after the passage through the line was effected, the Culloden began to fire on the enemy's leading ships to windward; and as ship after ship came up the action soon became general.

The regular and spirited cannonade of the British was but feebly returned by the enemy to windward; and they were completely prevented from joining their companions to leeward, and compelled to haul their wind on the larboard tack. "Admiral Jervis having thus fortunately obtained his first object," says Captain Schomberg, now directed his whole attention to the main body of the enemy's fleet to windward, which was reduced at this time by the separation of the ships to

leeward to eighteen sail of the line. A little after twelve o'clock the signal was made for the British fleet to tack in succession, and soon after the signal for again passing the enemy's line; while the Spanish admiral's design appeared to be to join the ships to leeward by wearing round the rear of the British line."

Nelson, whose station was in rear of the latter, perceived that the Spaniards were bearing up before the wind with an intention of forming their line, going large (i.e., with the breeze abaft the beam), and joining their separated vessels, or else of getting away without an engagement. To prevent either of these schemes, he disobeyed the last signal without a movement of hesitation, and ordered his ship to be wore, and stood on the other tack towards the enemy.

In executing this bold and decisive manœuvre, he found himself alongside of the Spanish admiral, Don Jose de Cordova, in the Santissima Trinidad, 130 guns; while close by were the San Josef, 112; the Salvador del Mundo, 112; the San Nicolas, 80; the San Isidoro, 74; another ship of the same calibre, and a first-rate. Notwithstanding this terrible disparity of force, the gallant Nelson did not shrink from the contest.

Trowbridge, in the Culloden, immediately came up and supported him bravely; and for nearly an hour they maintained an unequal contest with the mighty Spanish arks, which were crowded with men, and spouting fire and death from all their red portholes, while a blaze of musketry rolled in incessantly along their upper decks.

The Blenheim, 90 guns, under Captain Frederick, now bore in between them and the enemy, and gave them a little respite, and time to replenish their lockers with shot, by pouring in her fire upon the Spaniards. The Salvador del Mundo and San Isidoro were fired into with great spirit by Captain Collingwood, in the Excellent, 74 guns. The red and yellow standard of Castile and Leon descended from the high, gilded poop of the San Isidoro, and Nelson thought that the Salvador had also struck. "But Collingwood," as he states, "disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up, with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate, who was, to all appearance, in a critical situation."

For Nelson, in the Captain, was at that time under the concentrated fire of the San Nicolas, 80 (or 84), a seventy-four, and three other first-rates. The Blenheim was ahead and the Culloden astern, sorely crippled. Collingwood ranged up, and, hauling up his mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the San Nicolas, giving her a most tremendous fire, and then bore on for the Santissima Trinidad."

The San Nicolas luffing up, the San Josef fell on board of her; then Nelson resumed his station abreast of them, and close alongside. His ship, after the dreadful cannonade she had undergone, was now incapable of further service, either in the line or in the chase. She had lost her foretopmast; her wheel was shot away, and not a sail, shroud, or rope was left. Finding her in this state, the commodore resolved on a bold and decisive measure; and this was, whatever might be the sequel, to board his opponent sword in hand. The boarders were summoned, and orders were given to lay the ship closer alongside the enemy.

(To be continued.)

BRITAIN'S NEW AFRICAN KINGDOM.

The announcement that the British government has decided to retain Uganda will surprise no one; nor will it seem strange that Sir William Harcourt, who, before the last general election, declared that he would not consent to add to British responsibilities in Africa by laying hands on Uganda, should favor the proclamation of a protectorate over the kingdom. Uganda is too valuable a prize to slip through the hands of the "mother of nations."

The people, the Wa-Ganda, are a very intelligent industrious race. Their desire for all sorts of useful knowledge is insatiable. They are excitable, but brave and always ready and spilling for a fight.

The kingdom itself is full of low hills and valleys, the hills being covered with rich pasture grass, and the valleys filled with a rich black soil. It is of halfmoon shape, and lies on the north and west of Victoria Nyanza. There are in it ten provinces, of which the four largest are Chagwe, Singo, Buddu and Bulamwezi. Uganda occupies an extent of some 50,000 square kilometers, and, with its dependencies, more than three times as much. Mr. Stanley estimated the population at between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000, but missionaries

consider there are nearly 5,000,000. Mwanga is the sovereign potentate of the country.

BRITISH VERACITY.

English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our Oriental empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by the imitating the doublings, the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us, is as nothing when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed. No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage, however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," of a British envoy. No fastness, however strong by art of nature, gives to its inmates a security like that enjoyed by the chief who, passing through the territories of powerful and deadly enemies, is armed with British guarantee. The mightiest princes of the East can scarcely, by the offer of enormous usury, draw forth any portion of the wealth which is concealed under the hearths of their subjects. The British Government offers little more than four per cent., and avarice hastens to bring forth ten millions of rupees from its most secret repositories. A hostile monarch may promise mountains of gold to our sepoys on condition that they will desert the standard of England. The Crown promises only a moderate pension after a long service. But every sepoy knows that the promise of the Crown will be kept; he knows that if he lives a hundred years his rice and salt are as secure as the salary of the Governor-General; and he knows that there is not another State in India which would not, in spite of the most solemn vows, leave him to die of hunger in a ditch as soon as he had ceased to be useful. The greatest advantage which a government can possess is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust.—*Edinburgh Review.*

HOW HE WAS DAZED.

There was an Englishman at Butte City, Mont., who was talking about purchasing land near by for a horse ranch, and as he strolled around the depot the half dozen drummers who happened to meet there put up a job on him. One of them borrowed a coat and a hat of a ranchero, took the cartridges out of his revolver, and with the weapon held aloft in his hand he suddenly jumped into the waiting-room and yelled:

"Whoop! I'm a cantankerous old fighter from the headwaters of Fighting Creek. I'm half-hoss and half alligator! I'm down on everything that walks on two legs, particularly Englishmen. Whar's the bloody blooming Briton who called me a liar."

"What the row about?" inquired the Englishman, as he came to a halt and faced about.

"Whoop! I've fit in three wars and kept a grave yard of my own the rest of the time, shouted the terror, as he danced around, "Down on yer narrow-bones and beg my pardon if you want to live two minutes longer."

"Not if I know it!" drawled the Englishman cool as ice, as he squared off and landed a thumper on the drummer's nose, which piled him over among the stacks of pelts, and dazed him so that he could not speak the next five minutes. We had to hold the "foreigner" to keep him from following up, and when the drummer had been sponged off and brought too he sat down on a baggage trunk and held his nose and reflected for a long time. Then he slowly remarked:

"When you fellows get through being tickled perhaps you can explain at just what stage of the game the belt run off."

Lodge British Oak, No. 82.

LONDON, ONT., March 31st, 1894. RESPECTED BRETHREN,—We received permission at last Grand Lodge meeting, assembled in Toronto, to circulate a petition on behalf of Bro. E. Barnes, a member of Lodge British Oak, now in good standing, and who is suffering from internal injuries, which, we fear, will prove fatal.

He has a wife and family to support, and, having been on our funds for upwards of eleven months, we deem it our duty to try and make a slight provision for his wife and family by appealing to our brethren in the Dominion for a share of their liberality.

We trust you will give this matter your earnest consideration by granting a small donation, for which we shall feel truly thankful, and the same will be promptly acknowledged by

Yours fraternally,

ALFRED F. WICKS, V.P., Secretary, 372 Horton street.
Bro. W. J. ANDERSON, P.D.D., Treasurer.
Bro. T. P. HOBBS, Chairman.

ANCIENT LONDON LANDMARKS REMOVED.

The Old Gate House Tavern on the summit of Highgate Hill, London, is shortly to be pulled down, and with it will disappear reminiscences which carry us back over 500 years. In 1336 a gatehouse was erected on the spot now occupied by the tavern, for the purpose of levying tolls payable to the Bishop of London for the use of the new road to the north through Holloway, Highgate, Whetstone, and High Barnet. The old main road to the north ran by Battle Bridge, Tollington, Crouch End, and Hornsey, but in course of time it became almost impassable, and in 1386 Robert de Braybrooke, Bishop of London, sanctioned the construction of a new road through the park or hunting woods appertaining to his see. He built the tollhouse at the south-east end of the park, and a similar tollhouse at another entrance to the park, where the well-known tavern, the Spaniards, stands on Hampstead Heath. The Old Gate House at Highgate is one of the Highgate Taverns where the custom of "swearing on the horns" was carried out, and there is still preserved a fine pair of antlers which were used in the mock ceremonial. It is intended to build on the site of the Old Gate House a new structure more in accord with modern ideas, but the Old Gate House as it has been known for centuries past will soon be no more.

DO YOU WANT IT.

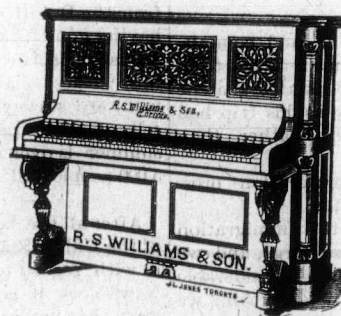
Just before the writer took up a pen to write this item, the following editorial article, from the Chicago Ledger, was brought to his attention. It says: "Nearly every day the newspapers give an account of some eminent man falling suddenly dead at his desk from heart disease. As a rule, no middle-aged man in active business dies thus suddenly unless poisoned, and that poison, in the majority of cases, is tobacco. Meanwhile the slaughter goes on. The press and pulpit seem muzzled, the majority being participants in the popular vice, and those who are not seem hypnotized and afraid to speak out."

Right here is the time and place for you to decide if you want a cure for the tobacco habit, and determine that you will forever rid yourself of this disease. A package of No-to-bac, sufficient to cure an ordinary case, will cost you \$1. Three packages are guaranteed to cure any case, or money refunded. As a tobacco user you go on feeding the diseased nervous system, at a cost of 5 to 50 cents a day, or even a \$1 a day or more in some cases, so it is surely not the cost of No-to-bac that will cause you to continue to be a tobacco user. No-to-bac is put up in tablet form, is pleasant to take, and will be sent free by mail to any address for \$1 per box. Address J. S. Dingman, 67 O'Connor street, Ottawa, Ont. Pamphlets showing why and how No-to-bac cures the tobacco habit, and giving testimonials, etc., mailed free on application.

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NORMAN, ONT., January 15, 1894.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—Your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" are the best regulator for the system that humanity can use. Life is as the time-piece: frail and delicate are many of its works. A tiny particle of foreign substance adheres to the smallest wheel in the works, and what the result?—at first, only a slight difference is perceptible in its time-keeping, but wait you; as the obstruction grows, the irregularity becomes greater, until at last, what could have been rectified with little trouble, in the beginning, will now require much care in thoroughly cleansing the entire works. So it is in human life—a slight derangement is neglected, it grows and increases, imperceptibly at first, then rapidly, until what could, in the beginning, have been cured with little trouble, becomes almost fatal. To prevent this, I advise all to purify the system frequently, by the use of Morse's Pills, and so preserve vigor and vitality.

Yours faithfully,

H. F. ATWELL.
The Travellers' Safe-Guard.
AMAGAUDUS POND, N.S., Jan. 27, '90.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—For many years, I have been a firm believer in your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills." Not with a blind faith, but a confidence wrought by an actual personal experience of their value and merit. My business is such that I spend much of my time away from home, and I would not consider my travelling outfit complete without a box of Morse's Pills.

Yours, &c.,

M. R. MCINNIS.
A valuable Article sells well.
BORACHOIS HARBOR, N.S., Jan. 13, '90.
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—This is to certify that I deal in Patent Medicines, including various kinds of Pills. I sell more of the Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills than of all the others combined. Their sales I find are still increasing.
Yours, &c.,
N. L. NICHOLSON.