

NEWSLETTER
OF
THE NELSON SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA INC.
APRIL 2008



PROGRAM OF EVENTS

All meetings begin at 7pm for a 7.30 start unless otherwise stated.
St Michael's Church Hall, Cnr The Promenade & Gunbower Rd, Mt Pleasant
Bring a plate for supper.

Monday 12 May	7pm	<i>'Seamen's Health in Nelson's Navy'</i> by Dr Robert Pearce
Monday 14 July	7pm	<i>'Early Settlement of WA'</i> by Robin Reid
Monday 8 September	—	Film Night at Cygnet Theatre, Como (details later)
Monday 29 September	6.45 pm	Nelson's 250th Birthday Anniversary Dinner at RAAF Association, Bull Creek.



**COMMEMORATION OF THE DEATH OF NELSON
JANUARY 2008**



Graham Perkins

- The Standard Bearers who Received
Nelson Medallions Sunday 27 Jan. 2008**
- | | |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| Renee Almond | RNA |
| Graham Chapman | RMA |
| Bernie Cleaver | Allied Merchant Seaman |
| Michael Coyle | Airborne Forces |
| Peter Greenfield | RNA Perth |
| Bill Johnstone | British ex Services |
| Michael Kiss | RAF Association |
| George Main | Arctic Convoys Veterans |
| Audrey Mantle | WRENS |
| Michael Munjak | Nth American Veterans |
| Mike Page | RMA |
| Terry Rawe | RMA Rockingham |
| Bob Tweed | Normandy Veterans |
| Richard Ward | RNA Marmion |
| Clara Mantle | WRENS |

Individual photographs of the recipients are available for purchase at a small charge by contacting Dr Collinson 9293 3791



Recipients of the Nelson Medallion

PRESENTATION OF MEDALLIONS
by Graham Perkins at AGM 10th March 2008

It is excellent to see that so many members at this evening's AGM and I thank and congratulate those who have accepted office and hope that they will enjoy their year and share in the continued progress of the Society. In its seven years of existence the Society has steadily built up a broad and extensive calendar of events and has made numerous innovations as the years have gone by, the last being the Commemorative Medallion. I congratulate Richard and Bob on the successful negotiations they have carried out to procure a high quality product at a very reasonable price. The Society now possesses an artifact which will accommodate many situations. Medal No 1 was awarded posthumously to his Lordship in late January at the Service commemorating the anniversary of his funeral.

Nelson was awarded a Trafalgar Medal posthumously by the government of the day but it was stolen along with his other regalia from the Maritime Museum Greenwich in 1926. So the Society's Medallion is unique in that it is the only award made to Nelson the existence of which is known. The Society can now make a presentation to the recipient of the Sword of Excellence giving him or her a personal momentum as a reminder of the award. Presentations have been made to twelve Standard Bearers who have supported Society events and also .to the young Capsule Guardians. The total success of the Medallion project is confirmed by the need to procure a second batch of fifty. The Nelson Society became an all embracing hobby of mine at the age of 78. A better job would have been made of it if I had been 58. In the first two years I was over ambitious and created a greater workload than I could cope with. but I have had tremendous fun and satisfaction from it. I am grateful that I am being permitted to make presentation of the Commemorative Medallions to the numerous persons who assisted me in the early years and without whose contribution there would not exist the vibrant Society we have today — indeed possibly any Society at all. In presenting my awards interesting facts will come out about the Society's early years. I hope the medallions will bring back memories for the recipients and interest those who have joined the Society in recent years.

The Annual General Meeting was short and successful as usual. The only changes to the committee were the resignation of David Shannon, the return of John Caskey and the election of Rob O'Connor. After supper Graham Perkins presented the Nelson Society Medallions to those recipients present. This was followed by an excellent talk by Ivan Hunter, who as a young naval officer was lucky enough to have been posted to the Royal Yacht 'Britannia' for two years in the fifties. He travelled through out the world even to the Falklands. He brought along a beautiful model of the ship's launch and many fascinating photos of the Queen and Prince Phillip and of Charles and Anne.



The Medallion Recipients.

- Commodore David Orr
David Patron par Excellence
- Peter Brunt
We gave it a good start.
- Ivan Hunter
*Chairman of the Perth branch RNA .
You started it all.*
- Reverend Tim Harrison
*The Reverend Tim, The Bell Tower, Supreme
Court Gardens, St Georges, Thank You.*
- Phil Orchard
Commander Phil , First RAN Member.
- Dorothy Llyall
The Society's shop window.
- Ann Penny
The Society's shop window.
- Elsie Paice
Ever helpful. Nothing too much trouble.
- Betty Foster
Newsletter editor superb.
- Ted Thomas and wife Una
In at the launching, many thanks.
- Colin Chapman and wife Bettine
In at the launching, many thanks.
- David Shannon
Your knowledge and pen have been invaluable.
- Richard Savage
Thank you for reducing my workload 2004.
- Bob Woollett
You saved the Society.
- Lynda Perkins
*Without your contribution there may not have
been a second year.*
- Joan Perkins
Thank you for your tolerance 2000-2008.
- Mike Sargeant
*Mike, Chairman 2004
Delighted you are in the chair.*

LORD NELSON MADE THE TELEGRAPH SIGNAL TO PREPARE FOR BATTLE!

A sailor's Trafalgar letter discovered, by David Shannon

Seaman's letters from the 1793 -1815 war are as rare as hen's teeth. However, every now and again, one turns up that is unrecorded and unpublished, very often appearing in auction after being in the private ownership of a collector or in the possession of the man's descendants. But many more of course are in public archives and libraries in Britain and overseas and are known about and documented. However, the naval historian N A M Rodger, rooting around in the archives of the Public Record Office 30 years ago chanced upon just such a remarkable find — a letter from an Ordinary Seaman to his mother, dated 1 November 1805, from His Majesty's Ship *Polyphemus* (64 guns) posted from Gibraltar. In other words he had been at Trafalgar and this was his letter home. And it had never been published before.

The sailor was 21 year old Henry Blackburne of Ramsgate in Kent.¹ He had been on board *Polyphemus* since January that year. Even though he survived the battle, he did not, for some reason, collect his prize money of £1.17s.8d. However, a 'Parliamentary Award' of £4 12s 6d was made, which he collected. Three years later he arranged for 11s 8d to be allotted to his mother per month. Ordinary Seaman Blackburne's letter was full of grammatical and spelling errors, and totally without punctuation. Rodger published the letter in *The Mariner's Mirror* in May 1979, verbatim, but what follows below, for the sake of modern readability, is a lightly edited version, the first time it has been attempted with this particular letter.

.....
: *Polyphemus*, Gibraltar Bay, November 1st 1805

: Honorable Mother,

: This comes with my dutiful respects to you, hoping you are in good health, as I am at present, thank God
: for it and His goodness to spare me to see the 21st October over, and to help us infighting against our enemies
: that day when they were so superior in number to us, both in men and ships. But we may well say the Lord was
: on our side when men rose up to destroy us, for if the Lord had not been on our side they would have swal-
: lowed us up. The combined fleet of France and Spain sailed out of Cadiz on the 20th of October. (I saw] them
: to leeward of us on the 21st at the break of day consisting of 33 sail of the line, five frigates and two brigs,
: formed in a line on the starboard tack. At six [AM], bore up, and made all the sail we could and saw the enemy's
: fleet in a confused state on the starboard tack. The *Victory*, Lord Nelson, made the telegraph signal to prepare
: for battle and '*Hope every English man would behave with his usual heroism*'² and exert every means to de-
: stroy the enemies of their country. Lord Nelson's wish was told [to] our ship's company and was returned by the
: *Dreadnought* then on our starboard beam.³

: Observed the Royal Sovereign break the enemy's line [at midday] in the centre and place herself alongside of a
: Spanish three-decker receiving at the same time a heavy fire from numbers of the enemy's lines. The *Victory*,
: *Tonnant* and *Belleisle* also standing on to break the enemy's lines. Also we were about the eighth ship in action
: in the same line [as *Royal Sovereign* and] about an hour after *Royal Sovereign* fired the first shot, the ships [we]
: engaged were the French *Berwick*, Spanish *Argonauta* and [French] *Achille*. We bore up to take the fiery edge
: from the *Belleisle* that was totally dismantled by the *Achille* and others, and [which] would have certainly gone
: down had we not gone to her assistance. We lay alongside of the *Achille* until we dismantled her and set her on
: fire, and about sunset [she] blew up with a great explosion; about 200 men [were] saved, besides giving and
: receiving shot from many others, for they were all around us. But before dark, I had the pleasure to see most of
: them strike [their colours] and the rest to run away. There arose such a terrible storm that night and we all being
: in such a crippled condition we could do nothing with them but burn and destroy them and the rest were
: wrecked on shore. If the weather had been fine we would have taken and destroyed the whole.

: Give my love to my brothers and sisters and all enquiring friends, so no more from

: Your dutiful son

Henry Blackburn

.....

Observations

Several questions arise from Henry Blackburne's letter. Firstly, it is curious that he did not mention the death of Nelson. Had he perhaps written earlier with that news? Neither in his letter does he mention doing battle with the French *Neptune*. But, most surprisingly of all, he fails to mention that *Polyphemus* took *Victory* (with Nelson's body) in tow during the heavy weather that followed the battle. One remote possibility exists. In researching the background to this letter, I discovered that Henry Blackburne, upon receiving his Parliamentary Award, 'made his mark,' an expression describing a thumbprint or a witnessed cross applied by an illiterate sailor. If he could write, why did he not sign? Did he in fact get another, literate, sailor to write the letter for him, who glossed over the details? Unfortunately we will never know the answer! One question that we can guess the answer to is the lack of descriptions of carnage and death, so common in other contemporary sailor's letters. The simple answer is that he probably didn't witness any spilt blood that day. *Polyphemus* was so long in getting into action that she only suffered two deaths and four wounded.

Trafalgar: Destruction of the French ship *Achille*
witnessed by Henry Blackburne



Notes

1 In the *Polyphemus* muster roll as Blackburne, but as will be seen in the signature, he writes Blackburn.

2. Despite the distance from *Victory* (or indeed any repeating frigates), Nelson's signal seemed to have arrived in *Polyphemus* intact (apart from one word missing). The captain's journal (Captain Robert Redmill) records that "*Victory* made the General Telegraph Signal England expects every man will do his duty, which being told to Ship Company was answered with three cheers and answered by the *Dreadnought* on our Starbd beam." Blackburne's recollection after the trauma of the previous 12 days and nights left with him the spirit of the message rather than the actual words, for which he can be forgiven.

3 *Dreadnought* and *Polyphemus* were in close company in the run up to the battle. Blackburne's letter seems to contradict Captain Redmill's record that the *Dreadnought* was "on our Starbd beam" (see note 2 above). Analysis of the tracks of the two ships show that they probably changed positions before entering the battle area. The two ships were in communication with each other. *Dreadnought* signalled *Polyphemus* that she would take a Spanish three-decker which she identified as '*St James*' which is in error - most likely it was *Principe de Asturias* of 112 guns, Gravina's flagship.

There is a story about a French chateau on the road through Hampshire to Portsmouth and as it concerns Lord Nelson you might find it interesting.

'It is not generally realised that Nelson was very small in stature. When he was driving down to Pompey he stopped for a break at this place where the Lord of the manor was very pro French. When the coach stopped there was great excitement so the squire asked who the fuss was about and was told it was Lord Nelson who was going to save England from Napoleon. Well when the lord looked at this one eyed, one armed, dwarf he said the future lies with France and decided to build a chateau to be ready for that day. The rest is history.'

Anon.

To the Memory of Lord Nelson

Where is the region, on this rolling ball,
But knew his glory and regards his fall?
The generous Dane, his mercy loved to spare,
Hang over the tidings; with a saddened air.
The Turk, far placed beneath Egyptian skies,
Turns to Aboukir's winding bay, and sighs.
Even on the day, when weeping Britons bore
His corse, in mournfull pomp, to Albion's shore;
Even then, perhaps, Sicilia's threatened Lord
Breathed the warm wish for his protecting sword:
And, where the summer richest fruitage smiles
Far in the west, amidst Columbian isles,
The tawny Indian, gazed across the main,
And sent up vows for his return in vain!

And trust the Muse, on many a distant day,
When the tall vessels, on the watery way,
Bear from the realms of morn to British shores
Golconda's gems, and India's spicy stores;
As o'er the seas in shadowy pomp they sail,
And the long streamers play before the gale;
If, seen from far, Trafalgar's summits gleam
With the mild radiance of the evening beam,
The sailor, pointing to the spot, shall tell,
There NELSON conquered, and there Nelson fell!
A passing look the wondering eye shall turn,
And the big heart, midst scenes of glory, burn !

GOD of the world, by whose divine decree
Britannia's cross, in conquest, rides the sea,
Our voice, in this triumphant hour, we raise,
Propitious hear our prayer; accept our praise!
Be thine the glory, that his conquering prow
So oft. from combat bore the captive foe;
And, oh! in mercy, may thy high command.
Raise other NELSONS to protect our land!

Anon



In January 1801, Sarah wrote to say that she had decided to buy the Morpeth house that they had leased since their marriage. Collingwood was delighted, even more so when shortly afterwards Sarah and Little Sal came down to stay in Plymouth and Collingwood was able to see them from time-to-time between cruises, usually while sheltering in Cawsand Bay or at Plymouth. The pattern was maintained throughout 1801 until October, when peace was declared – but not before his old friend had obtained his second great victory at Copenhagen in April of that year. Although the blockade was lifted and hoping for leave, by November he found himself watching Bantry Bay in south west Ireland for any signs of an Irish uprising, because although hostilities had ceased, the French were suspected of still trying to ferment rebellion in Ireland and hitherto had made several abortive attempts to land troops on the west coast. By January 1802 he was back in Portsmouth to find further mutiny in the fleet. Although hoping to be paid off, several ships had been ordered to the West Indies and their crews had mutinied.

Temeraire was one of the worst affected and Collingwood had the unenviable task of presiding over the courts martial of twenty of the ringleaders. Inevitably, all were found guilty and hanged at the yardarm, Collingwood taking no pleasure in the sentence, although he was quite clear in his own mind where his duty and the good of the Service lay. It appeared that this might be his last official duty because by May he had struck his flag and was home in Northumberland; at 54 he fully expected to be retired. With the benefit of hindsight and the subsequent realisation that Napoleon had sought peace simply in order to buy time, it seems incredible that anybody could have thought that peace would last, but after ten years of war, the country, and particularly the Navy, was worn out, and the early months of peace were filled with optimism. The Government certainly thought that peace was to be a permanent feature and St Vincent, now First Lord in the Addington administration, began to dismantle the fleet and reduce the dockyard establishments.

It was perhaps fortunate that the Peace of Amiens collapsed in May 1803, before too much damage could be done to the Royal Navy. Collingwood was appointed to the frigate *Diamond*, which was attached to the Channel Fleet under Admiral Cornwallis and in August he transferred to his new flagship, the 74 gun *Venerable*, and was back blockading Brest again. In February 1804 he shifted into *Culloden*, (the 74 that had run aground at the Nile) and in April he received his promotion to Vice-Admiral. Shortly afterwards he returned to *Prince* and then in August he transferred to another 98, this time *Dreadnought* — another notoriously bad sailer. However, despite her poor sailing qualities, she was his fifth flagship in under eighteen months and he was happy to find some permanence, at least for the next year.

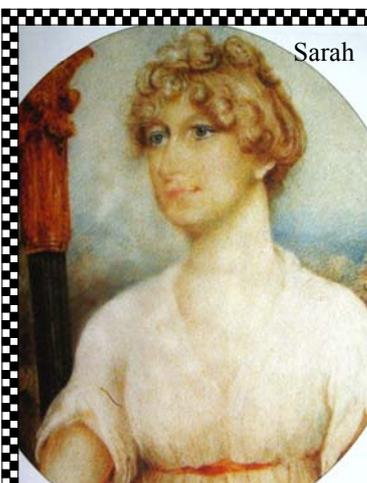
In March 1805, French fleet under Villeneuve managed to escape

Toulon and made a dash for the West Indies as part of an elaborate ruse to draw a major part of the British naval strength away from Europe and enable the French to gain temporary control of the Channel. After some hesitation Nelson followed and Collingwood sailed south to Cadiz with a small squadron to cover Nelson's absence and to watch the remaining Spanish ships in Cadiz and Cartagena. Meanwhile, Villeneuve doubled back to Europe and after the inconclusive action against Sir John Calder off Finisterre, sought refuge in Vigo. Nelson returned to Gibraltar in mid-July and then shortly thereafter, on his way north to join the Channel Fleet, exchanged greetings and news with Collingwood off Cadiz, leaving the latter to maintain his watch. In addition to *Dreadnought*, Collingwood's squadron comprised two 74s as well as a frigate and a bomb vessel. On the morning of August 20, the flagship detected the approach of a large fleet; it was Villeneuve with a combined strength of 26 sail of the line. In an effort to entice the enemy into Cadiz, Collingwood took immediate action to block any possible attempt

by the French to force the Straits and to descend on Sicily or to unite with the Spanish fleet in Cartagena, and although vastly outnumbered, he instigated a masterly plan of deception that was to bait the trap and set the scene for Trafalgar.

With commendable coolness he sailed eastwards, showing no outward signs of haste, with sixteen of Villeneuve's ships chasing him. As they approached Gibraltar, Collingwood's squadron began signalling to a non-

existent fleet further to the east; at the same time, tacking to stand towards the enemy and sending one of the 74s, *Colossus*, to get as close as possible, as if reconnoitring in preparation for action. The ruse worked brilliantly and so convincing was the bluff that the French scuttled back to Cadiz where, once safely inside, Collingwood obligingly bolted the gate. Sending the news to England, he maintained a close blockade and waited for reinforcements from the Channel Fleet. In the meantime, he ordered that communication between ships was to be strictly limited to operational matters, with no visits between the ships and no trade with the local fishermen or the passing coastal traffic. He came in for considerable criticism over these measures from some of the captains from the Channel Fleet who were accustomed to a more casual approach to blockading (chief among these was Edward Codrington of *Orion*) but there seems little doubt that it was the correct approach at the time because of the necessity of maintaining a close blockade to reinforce the fiction of having a substantial fleet rather than a comparatively weak squadron. The criticism appeared to gain some justification after Nelson joined the fleet in late September, because the blockade was loosened and social interaction between the senior officers in the fleet was now permitted, as was trade with passing locals, but of course by now the game had changed; the



Sarah



British had assembled a substantial fleet and the new tactic was to entice the enemy out.

Shortly after his arrival, Nelson made another change that directly affected Collingwood; he asked him to shift his flag into *Royal Sovereign*, a first rate of 100 guns. The change didn't impress Collingwood who was somewhat irked because he had managed to work up *Dreadnought* to a peak of efficiency that he was reluctant to relinquish, but Nelson was anxious that his second-in-command should have a fast ship and *Royal Sovereign* had recently been re-coppered - she was now the fastest ship in the fleet. Nevertheless despite this little upset, Nelson's arrival must have relieved a lot of the pressure on Collingwood. He was worn out; he'd had no leave for more than two years and the time spent blockading Cadiz, although fruitful, had been extremely tiring and stressful.

Collingwood was to play a key role in the subsequent battle. He was the perfect second-in-command; loyal, resolute and resourceful. *Royal Sovereign* was the first British ship into action and Collingwood's division was to bear the brunt of the fighting; the first eight ships of his line took a terrible pounding. In a sense, the battle was won before it began, so simple was Nelson's plan, and so well communicated and perfectly understood by all, but insofar as any commander had any control over the battle, Collingwood undoubtedly had the lion's share.

In another sense, however, Collingwood's battle really began after the fighting was over and he was faced with the seemingly impossible task of managing twenty seven British ships in varying states of distress, ranging from minor hull and rigging damage to totally dismasted hulks, as well as seventeen prizes, all of which were badly damaged in the worst storm in living memory that lasted for the best part of a week. *Royal Sovereign* was herself badly damaged and as soon as practicable after the battle, Collingwood shifted his flag to the frigate *Eryalus* so that he could better manage the Fleet.

Nelson's last order to Hardy to anchor the fleet after the battle proved impossible to comply with under the circumstances; many ships had lost all their ground tackle and in any case, they were on a lee shore in rapidly worsening weather.

When Collingwood was informed of Nelson's wishes he is said to have remarked, "Anchor the fleet? Why it is the last thing I would have thought of". He was the man on the spot, his was the responsibility, and in his professional estimation, anchoring was not the best option. He has been roundly criticised for not doing so but he was at least as good, if not a better seaman than Nelson and the fact that the British Fleet came through the storm without losing a single ship is perhaps testament to his judgement. It is also probable that had Nelson survived the battle, he would have countermanded the order, given the circumstances. Just four of the seventeen prizes were carried into Gibraltar, but the weather was only one of the causes for the losses. Some were so badly damaged that they sank, others were wrecked, a few were retaken and escaped, but on Collingwood's orders, several were scuttled three days after the battle to prevent further loss of life and the possibility of recapture and also, to concentrate on the preservation of the British Fleet. Collingwood came in for much criticism for this decision as well, no doubt some of it stemming from dismay at the potential loss of prize money, but one aspect of the scuttling brought him universal respect from friend and foe alike and that was his order that, despite the desperate conditions, the maximum effort must be made to save as many of the enemy crews as possible, especially the wounded, before the prizes were destroyed. As a result of this widely perceived act of humanity and the spirit in which the British carried it out, Collingwood was able to establish a good relationship with the Spanish authorities in Cadiz and to arrange an extensive prisoner exchange and the landing of many of the enemy wounded. Henry Blackwood, the captain of *Euryalus* (himself one

of the finest officers in the Navy at that time and a good friend of Nelson) was able to observe Collingwood at close range over those momentous days and had nothing but praise and admiration for his new commander-in-chief. He wrote to his wife, 'Could you witness the grief and anxiety of Admiral Collingwood (who has done all that an admiral can do) you would be deeply affected. [He is] a very reserved, though a very pleasant good man; and as he fought like an angel, take the more to him.'

Even when he finally managed to get the British Fleet and the four remaining prizes snug in Gibraltar, Collingwood got no respite from his responsibilities, and if he was hoping for relief in the form of home leave he was to be bitterly disappointed. He was now, by default, the commander-in-chief of the British Mediterranean Fleet and he had the immediate task of getting the fleet back into a seaworthy state. Several of the most heavily damaged ships (including *Victory*) were jury rigged and sent home for repairs, while those with the least damage were patched up with the help of the dockyard and sent back on patrol.

As a result of victory at Trafalgar, Collingwood was created Baron Collingwood of Caldburne and Hethpool, although to his extreme annoyance and lasting dismay, while it was an inherited title, it couldn't pass to his daughters. He had an ongoing battle with the Herald's Office to no avail — although they did offer to embellish his coat-of-arms for a large fee! Collingwood's ennoblement seems to have gone to Bounce's head and he apparently adopted a somewhat superior attitude, perhaps appropriate to a dog whose master was now a peer of the realm! Collingwood was to write to Sarah, 'I am out of all patience with Bounce. The consequential airs he gives himself since he became the right honourable dog are insufferable. He considers it beneath his dignity to play with commoners' dogs, and truly thinks that he does them grace when he condescends to lift up his leg against them. This, I think, is carrying the insolence of rank to the extreme, but he is a dog that does it.'

The Queen



Collingwood now transferred his flag to the 98 gun *QUEEN* and began to contemplate the mammoth task confronting him. With his sharp, analytical mind he quickly sized up the strategic situation. Trafalgar certainly hadn't solved many of Britain's problems. Although the French and Spanish

navies had been humiliated, if not decimated, they were nevertheless still a force to be reckoned with and the blockades of Cadiz, Cartagena and Toulon, as well as the Atlantic ports, had to be maintained. The situation on land hadn't changed; Napoleon was still master of continental Europe and continued to make military gains, defeating the Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz and knocking them out of the war again. Nor had Napoleon given up his dream of forging an overland route to India and the East and, although Malta was now firmly in British hands, Sicily was still vulnerable. The Russians, if not actual enemies, were no longer allies either and were eager to make their own gains in the Mediterranean, seeking to take advantage of the vacuum left by the defeated Austrians, and it was to be another three years before Britain was able to establish a bridge-head in Europe with the landing of Wellington's army in Portugal. In the meantime, Collingwood had to oversee a vast command

that stretched from Cape St Vincent in the west to Constantinople in the east and it took every ounce of his professional experience as well as his exceptional grasp of the strategic issues and his considerable diplomatic skills to weigh Britain's interests against the competing demands of the few allies that she had in the Mediterranean.

Of immediate concern was the security of Sicily, Queen Maria Carolina of Naples, now established in Sicily after Naples had been overrun by the French, pestered him with a succession of letters begging for his assistance and invoking Nelson's memory — but with little success, Collingwood was not to be overawed by royalty as his friend had been, although he was mindful of the strategic importance of Sicily and made plans for its defence. Overall it was to be a gigantic balancing act; not the least of his problems was the victualling of a fleet that at times comprised as many as 80 ships and 30,000 men, for which he had to repair and maintain cordial relations with the North African states along the Barbary Coast.

In today's high tech world of instantaneous communications with satellite phones, global positioning systems and the internet, it is easy to underestimate the situation that fleet commanders such as Collingwood found themselves in, especially in the Mediterranean.

At the end of the eighteenth century communications still took weeks — sometimes months — to arrive and commanders had to rely almost entirely upon their own resources and on local intelligence, which was often of questionable value. It simply wasn't possible to refer decisions to 'head office' — the man on the spot had to use his own judgement and wear the consequences, and if the government found themselves with a commander in whom they could place implicit trust, they tended to hang on to him.

Thus it was that, although he was extremely tired and his health was deteriorating, his repeated requests to be relieved were politely declined; in the government's view, he was doing such a good job that he was irreplaceable! Having said that, there is evidence from his correspondence that he relished some aspects of the task and on



HMS Ocean

occasion resisted being replaced, particularly if there was any prospect of action against the French.

In April 1806, Collingwood transferred his flag yet again, this time into the 98 gun *Ocean* a brand new second rate newly arrived from England and at about this time, learned that he had inherited his cousin's estate at Chirton, near

Newcastle. Chirton was an extensive property with a large, if rather gloomy house and a working coal mine, which hitherto had been run at a loss, but Collingwood had elaborate plans to make it pay — if he could only get home!

Late in 1806, he was forced to turn his attention to Turkey, where the French were trying to make allies out of the Turks in order to make life difficult for the Russians by closing the Bosphorus to Russian trade. French success would also open another route to Egypt and the East. The tense situation was to last for almost a year, and it wasn't improved by the clumsy attempts at diplomacy made by Collingwood's deputy, Admiral Duckworth. It was only Collingwood's personal diplomatic intervention in the autumn of 1807 that saved the day for Britain, reinforcing the Government's view that they had found a gem in their Mediterranean C-in-C. Napoleon had by this time turned his attention back to the west where Spain was now under his tutelage after he installed his bother, Joseph, on the

Spanish throne.

In October 1807 he dispatched Marshal Junot and his army across the border into Portugal, with orders to attack Lisbon. However, it was to be the beginning of the end for Napoleon — he had finally bitten off more than he could chew.

While the situation in Portugal was unfolding, Collingwood received news that the Rochefort squadron, which had escaped in February 1808, was heading for the Mediterranean to join the Toulon squadron in an attack on Sicily. By March Collingwood heard rumours that the French were concentrating their forces off Taranto in southern Italy and with considerable relish he issued detailed orders in anticipation of a battle, but the senior French commander, Admiral Ganteaume, obviously more afraid of the Royal Navy than he was of his Emperor's wrath, got wind of Collingwood's presence and made a bolt for home.

Then, on 2 May 1808, the Spanish, by now thoroughly disenchanted with their new king and his puppet government, rose against the French in a bloody rebellion, which Collingwood did all he could to support. In June, he contrived to get himself invited into Cadiz harbour where six French warships were lying. After Spanish demands that they surrender immediately were politely declined, the Cadiz batteries opened fire on the French. The battle, which appeared to Collingwood to be mainly smoke and noise, lasted for two days but it had the desired result and the French surrendered.

With the Spanish uprising and the French attack on Portugal, the British Government at last found the chance they had waited fifteen years for; an opportunity to intervene directly in continental Europe and to drive a wedge between Napoleon and his occupied territories on the Iberian Peninsula.

In August Sir Arthur Wellesley, the future Duke of Wellington, landed north of Lisbon with an expeditionary force to begin his successful Peninsula Campaign that was to drive the French out of Portugal and Spain and lead seven years later, to Napoleon's ultimate defeat at Waterloo, none of which would have been possible without Collingwood's active support and encouragement.



HMS Ville de Paris

Early in 1809 Collingwood shifted his flag for the last time, this time into **VILLE DE PARIS**, a massive first rate of 110 guns.

Thanks to the continuing

rebellion in Spain Collingwood had by now managed to re-establish a base at Port Mahon in Minorca, where he was able to obtain more comfortable quarters ashore in what is now the 'Hotel del Almirante', although it is still known as 'Collingwood House' as well. This gave him some relief but the unrelenting strain of command was taking its toll on his health and by now he was extremely ill; he was in fact suffering with stomach cancer as well as being nearly blind.

In October he had his final success against the French. Like Hood, St Vincent and Nelson before him Collingwood, had his own network of spies and intelligence sources, and at the beginning of October he received news of a convoy that would shortly sail from Toulon, bound for Barcelona. This was

confirmed by one of his spies who happened to be in Port Mahon at the time. However Collingwood was well aware that the man was a double agent and was also spying for Napoleon. His real purpose was to assess the readiness of the British Fleet, which had all the appearance of undergoing an extensive refit. Several ships were blacking down stays and yards, some had staging rigged overside for painting and caulking, while yet others had sent down topmasts and yards. However, it was all part of a cunning plan for scarcely had the spy sailed for France than signals were fluttering from the flagship's yards, ordering the fleet to sea immediately. The elaborate deception worked and in the ensuing action, two French third rates were run ashore and several of the convoy were captured.

But tragedy struck shortly afterwards when the faithful Bounce, now relatively as old and almost as infirm as his master, fell over the side of the flagship one night and drowned; ironically he had been an excellent swimmer and often swam after Collingwood's gig whenever his master went ashore. Collingwood was heartbroken. Bounce had been his constant companion for nineteen years. He'd helped to make the loneliness of command bearable and he'd been present at the Glorious First of June, St Vincent and Trafalgar, although not at his master's side. Like many dogs he was petrified by the sounds of thunder and gunfire and at the first sign of action he sought sanctuary in the hold along with the wardroom furniture! Perhaps it was the final straw. By now Collingwood really was far too ill to continue and in February 1810 here signed his commission, handing over to Rear Admiral Martin.



On 6 March he sailed from Port Mahon in *Ville De Paris* but he never reached home – he died peacefully at sea during the evening of the following day. His body was carried back to England where,

like his great friend Nelson, it lay in state in the Painted Hall at Greenwich before burial in the crypt of St Paul's, close by his old shipmate. He left an estate of more than £200,000, a fortune for those days.

Like Nelson he had never been very lucky with prize money and the bulk of his estate seems to have been acquired after Trafalgar and most probably from his inheritance in 1806, but he couldn't pass on one of the things he valued most - his title – it died with him. Sarah, who was devastated by the loss of a husband she had only known at brief intervals and even then mainly at a distance, survived Cuthbert by nine years.

His daughter Mary Patience married one Anthony Denny but died at the age of thirty having giving birth to two daughters. Little Sal married a George Newnam, who changed his name to Newnam-Collingwood, but to no avail – they only had daughters and Sarah died in 1851 along with the Collingwood name.

Apart from his role at Trafalgar, history has tended to overlook Collingwood's contribution to the final victory in the struggle against Napoleon. At the end of the eighteenth century Britain was blessed with a profusion of successful admirals, such as

Rodney, Howe, Hood, and St Vincent, but in my view Nelson and Collingwood achieved a surpassing greatness and stand head and shoulders above the rest.

Collingwood has always suffered from the inevitable comparisons with Nelson, and yet if you are looking for the model of the perfect naval officer of the time, Collingwood has to be the better choice. Nelson, brilliant as he was, was a 'one-off' whereas Collingwood was the epitome of the professional officer: devoted to the Service, an excellent seaman, a thoughtful, humane and resolute commander who was respected and loved by his men, possessed of an excellent and objective mind, with a supreme grasp of naval and political strategy and a gift for diplomacy – in fact in the latter qualities he was, as I mentioned earlier, probably Nelson's equal if not his superior.

Collingwood, although older, was Nelson's junior in the Service by at least two years, yet he was never resentful let alone jealous of the younger man, even though at times he may have had reason to be. For his part, Nelson had the greatest respect for his older colleague, a respect that was reciprocated and reinforced by their lifelong friendship. Never envious of Nelson's prominence, Collingwood remained in the shadows while Nelson was alive, yet when the spotlight finally turned to him, he reflected a brilliance that in some respects outshone Nelson. Although he lacked Nelson's flair and tactical genius, he had his moments; his manipulation of the French spy at Port Mahon in October 1809 for instance, or his inspired deception of Villeneuve when he forced him into Cadiz in August 1805, were nothing short of brilliant.

He rose from relatively humble beginnings to the peak of his profession. Although without patronage early in his career, he gained influence through hard work and diligence. Never overtly ambitious, he nevertheless grasped every opportunity that came his way; his persistence paid off and after he was finally commissioned as a lieutenant, his progress to senior command and flag rank was steady but inevitable.

Ever shunning the limelight, Collingwood was a very modest man, yet he had no cause to be modest. He was the consummate professional and probably 50 years ahead of his time in his attitude to command and naval administration. Above all he possessed a very profound sense of justice.

His Sword



At times, and particularly after Trafalgar, he was ill-used by his country. He was overworked, in failing health and under continual stress, yet the British government took advantage of his integrity and his deep devotion to duty. He seldom complained and, as always throughout his lifetime, he discharged his enormous responsibilities with patience and diligence.



England has every reason to be grateful for the life and service of her humble and devoted servant, Cuthbert Collingwood – a largely forgotten and unsung hero, but nevertheless a great Englishman.

GENERAL MEETING 11TH FEBRUARY 2008

Our first meeting for the year was a little different from previous years because we all brought a picnic supper to the grounds of Wireless Hill in Melville. It was a hot balmy night and after our meeting we enjoyed a short talk on the history of the area



by one of our members - Robin Reid.

He spoke about its beginning and naming by early explorers in 1829, through to the early part of the 20th century as the first wireless station connecting us to Great Britain and the world and later assisting NASA to communicate with the Astronauts. Today it has been saved for posterity as parkland in natural bush right in the heart of suburban Perth.

There was unanimous agreement it was a good night and that we should perhaps always start the year this way.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE SHIPS AND THE SEA

Edited by Peter Kemp and revised by CB Deare

This is a classic book of reference and a mine of information about its subject, including an excellent summary of Nelson's career by Professor Andrew Lambert. There are many other entries relevant to the life and times of Nelson which may be of interest. Here and over the page are a few examples.

A SHIP'S GENDER (in CB Deare's 'Note to the Reader')

Printed on a tea towel sold by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution is a ditty which encapsulates how most people have always regarded a ship's gender: *A ship is called a 'she' because there is always a great deal of bustle around her; there is usually a gang of men about; she has a waist and stays; it is not the initial expense that breaks you, it is the upkeep; it takes an experienced man to handle her correctly; and, without a man at the helm, she is uncontrollable. She shows her topsides, hides her bottom and, when coming into port, always heads for the buoys.* However, in 2002, the principal British shipping magazine, Lloyd's List, decided to refer to all merchant ships as 'it', the editor commenting that he saw this 'as a reflection of the modern business of shipping', though the Ministry of Defence confirmed that warships would continue to be described as feminine. There was a flurry of correspondence in the press that showed nautically minded people still took sides in this matter. It's worth noting that yachts have invariably been called 'she'. Japan's ships are always masculine.

SEA SONGS, the generic name given either to songs sung at sea by sailors in their leisure time, or to songs sung ashore about the sea, which more often than not were never sung by seamen. They differ entirely from the 'shanty', which was always a working song, and never sung on board except when required for an actual job of work. The songs sung on board ship were known as forebitter or forecastle songs. It is almost certain that these names arose because the sailors gathered around the forebits on the forecastle to sing them. They were home-made songs which usually adopted the

They were home-made songs which usually adopted the tune of an already existing song which was known by most men on board. The words could describe anything from a famous naval battle to a sailor's grouse about conditions on board his ship, could tell a story of an adventure ashore, usually amatory, or be rankly sentimental to start the seamen thinking of home and family life.

One of the best known of the British other type of sea song, written, composed, and sung ashore, almost invariably tried to tell of the glories and delights of a life at sea, which the average sailor of the days of sail knew, only too well, painted a picture so false that he would have none of it. This was probably the reason why they were never adopted as part of the pattern of life on board. An early sea song was the aria 'Come away, fellow sailors, come away', which opens the second act of Henry Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas*, written in 1689, but the best known of them all was 'Heart of Oak'. This song was an exception in that it was played on board British warships, but not usually sung, when they were sailing into battle, as was 'Britons Strike Home'. 'Rule Britannia' was, too, though it was sung as well. It was and is, so popular that it is generally recognized today as the official march of the Royal Navy.

The greatest writer of sea songs of this type was the British actor, dramatist, and song writer Charles Dibdin (1745-1814). In 1789 he produced a variety show *Oddities*, in which he introduced some nautical songs, the best known being 'Tom Bowling', 'Saturday Night at Sea', and 'The Good Ship Rover'. The 'Rogue's March', which was beaten on drums during the course of the naval punishment 'flogging round the fleet', was based on Dibdin's 'Right Little, Tight Little Island'. He wrote some hundreds; of such songs which he made popular.

by singing himself. As he lived during the period of the great naval wars at the end of the 18th century, many of his songs had a considerable recruiting value at a time when the British-Navy was desperate for men to sail the greatly increasing number of ships. Such a song was:

'A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily;
If winds can whistle, he can sing;
Still faithful to his friend and King;
He gets beloved by all his ship,
And toasts his girl and drinks his flip.

'NANCY DAWSON', the tune to which, by tradition, the daily issue of grog was distributed in the 18th-century British Navy. It was a popular sea song among seamen at that time and may perhaps have become associated with the daily grog issues because one of the effects of the spirit upon many men was to encourage them to burst into song. This pleasant little naval tradition died during the 19th century. 'Nancy Dawson' was also the name of the first yacht, probably, to sail round the world, making her circumnavigation in the late 1840s.

SEA FENCIBLES. a maritime militia raised in Britain for limited service, and for a definite period, as a defence against invasion during the Revolutionary (1793-1801) and Napoleonic (1803-15) Wars against France. They were made up mainly of fishermen and local residents in coastal areas, and service. In the Sea Fencibles protected a man from impressments into the navy. They were ranked junior to marines and soldiers of the line regiments, but senior Yeomanry and volunteers. The force was first raised in 1798 and reached its peak in 1810 with a strength of 23,000 men.

SQUADRONAL COLOURS, an early method of it is said to have been inaugurated in the reign of Elizabeth I; the earliest surviving instructions laying down the wearing of coloured flags to de-note the three squadrons into which the fleet was divided are dated 1617. The admiral's squadron wore a red flag, the vice admiral's a white, and the rear admiral's a blue. As fleets grew in size, and the three squadrons into which they were divided became correspondingly larger, it became impossible for one admiral to control the movements of his squadron efficiently from his position in the centre of it. In consequence, three admirals were, in theory, allocated to each squadron, a full admiral in command, a vice admiral as his second, and a rear admiral as his third in command. So the white squadron was commanded by an admiral of the White, with a vice admiral of the White and a rear admiral of the White as his second and third in command.

The squadrons ranked in the order red, white, blue, and admirals took rank according to the colour of their squadron. Promotion of admirals also took place in this order, a rear admiral of the Blue on promotion becoming a rear admiral of the White as his first step in flag rank, and a rear admiral of the Red becoming a vice admiral of the Blue when he received promotion. Only in the Red, or senior, squadron was this hierarchy not followed.

There was no admiral of the Red since he was in overall command of the whole fleet and was therefore, in theory, admiral of the fleet. The rank of admiral of the Red was introduced after the battle of Trafalgar in 1805 as a compliment to the British Navy for its successes in the Napoleonic War (1803-15), and as a means of rewarding the most successful admirals. It was not possible then to make promotions to the rank of admiral of the fleet since there was only one holder of this rank and he retained it for life. In 1864 the organization of the British fleet into coloured squadrons was discarded, mainly because it had no further relevance in the age of steam warships. The red, or senior, ensign was allocated to the British merchant navy, the Royal Navy adopted the white ensign, and the blue ensign was used by naval auxiliary vessels

TALBOT, MARY ANNE (1778-1808), known as 'the British Amazon', the youngest of sixteen illegitimate children of Lord William Talbot, later Earl Talbot, all by the same mother. As a young girl Mary Anne was seduced by a captain in the army and, suitably disguised, she accompanied him, first as a servant and then as a member of his regiment. She was twice wounded, deserted after her lover was killed, and signed on to a French lugger which she subsequently found to be operating as a privateer. After four months the lugger was captured by warships of the British Navy's Channel Fleet commanded by Lord Howe, and Mary Anne was taken aboard the flagship for questioning as a renegade. She convinced Lord Howe of her bona fides and was sent by him to serve aboard one of the fleet's warships, first as a powder monkey and later as the captain's principal cabin boy, and in 1794 took part in the battle of the Glorious First of June in which she was wounded.

She then served, according to her own account, as a midshipman in a bomb vessel, but was captured and imprisoned at Dunkirk for sixteen months. On being released, she served as second mate on an American merchant ship but this, too, ended in disaster when, after a voyage to New York and back, she was taken by a press gang.

Her only means of escaping their clutches was to reveal her sex, and from then on she seems to have had an even more chequered career: she worked as a goldsmith's assistant before becoming an actress, was in and out of prison for debt, and was even a prostitute on the side.

She wrote an account of her adventures which was first published in the second volume of Kirby's *Wonderful Museum of Remarkable Characters*, and in 1809 was published separately as a pamphlet called: *The Life and Surprising Adventures of Mary Anne Talbot.*



The Nelson Society members have been a beacon when researching the family history of my husband's great great grandfather Captain Cass Halliday, Master on the *Orion* at Trafalgar. The family had inherited many personal items of this ancestor—his indentures into the Merchant Navy, a naval sword, a log book written on the *Ocean* and *Ville de Paris* a ship's pennant, etc but much to my great disappointment when writing up his story, the family possessed no personal letters or anecdotes about the man himself. We have many unanswered questions about Halliday. What was he like? What had he done to distinguish himself that Lord Collingwood would choose him as his Master? Was it his outstanding seamanship during the great storm that steered *Orion* to reach the safety of Cadiz Bay and led to Collingwood hearing about him ?

It has been important for me to read as many books as possible about Trafalgar for several reasons: firstly my interest in the '*Orion*', secondly my limited knowledge of naval history and thirdly, as editor of this newsletter, my need to look for snippets to fill the odd corner.

Very recently, in reading *Voices from the Battle of Trafalgar* by Peter Warwick, I experienced a great eureka moment! (I can now understand the thrill historians have in finding even very small pieces of new information.) Here was a personal account of an incident involving Halliday in Cadiz. He spoke of it to Captain Codrington, who then wrote of the incident in a letter to his wife. His letters were published in two volumes by his daughter after his death. Warwick writes:

'The Master of the *ORION*; Cass Halliday, a 39-year-old Yorkshire man, was another prize-crewman rescued by the Spanish, who marvelled at their kindness:

The poor Spaniards behaved very creditably indeed: they not only sent boats for them (English and all) as soon as the weather moderated, with bread and water for their immediate relief; but when the boat, in which the Master of the ship was sent, had got into Cadiz harbour a carriage was backed into the water for him to step into from the boat, all sorts of cordials and confectionery were placed in the carriage for him, and clean linen, bed, etc. prepared for him at a lodging on shore: added to which the women and priests presented him with delicacies of all sorts as the carriage passed along the streets. In short, he says and with great truth, that had he been wrecked on any part of the English coast he would never have received half the attention which he did from these poor Spaniards, whose friends we had just destroyed in such numbers.'

It seems he was an insightful and thoughtful man but how could he have been a prisoner of the Spanish? At Kew Records Office I photographed and transcribed every page of his log book written in his own hand. All I have to do now is to seek out the book where the authors found the material. Perhaps he went in the ship's launch to Cadiz for supplies for his 600 prisoners and 600 men? This act alone could have technically made him a prisoner of the Spanish.

To set the historical context of this event here is an account, mostly taken from the pen of Captain Codrington of the *Orion*, that was written up in Brian Lavery's 2005 book *Nelson's Fleet at Trafalgar*.

On the morning of the 23rd (Oct) there was a calm and at 9.30 a.m. the *Orion* with the *Bahama* in tow was being driven towards land by the waves. Captain Codrington decided to anchor in 34 fathoms, close to the maximum depth at which anchors could be used. After that, he saw the remaining enemy ships in Cadiz making sail for a counter attack, for that morning Captain Cosmao of the French 74 *Pluton* had begun to rally a few ships, which had not gone to Cadiz, for a counter attack, by hoisting a senior officer's pennant and taking charge of the French *Neptune* and *Heros* and the Spanish *Rayo* and *San Francisco de Asis*. He picked up the Spanish *Santa Ana* and the *Neptuno*, plus a few frigates.

By this time the crew of the *Orion* were physically and mentally shattered and Codrington wrote of, '*my people so worn down as to be absolutely indifferent to my orders neither my officers or myself able scarcely to produce more voice than a whisper.*'

At midday Codrington decided to cut his cable and run with the prize. He headed towards the coast of neutral Portugal in the hope that his prize would not fall into enemy hands, but Cosmao's attack soon fizzled out.

Twenty-five to twenty-eight sail were sighted at sea, of which 12 were dismasted, the others seeming to be in good condition; in view of this force I did not think it my duty to run the risk of a skirmish, seeing the bad state of the ships which composed the division. We re-entered [Cadiz] Bay, my ship in a sinking condition, and during the night a whole gale ...did not allow me to turn my attention to anything save the safety of my ship.

At 9.00 p.m. the stormy weather returned. The *Orion* was already carrying reduced sail, with the main topsail close-reefed and the fore topsail hauled up ready to be furled, when a gust blew both sails out. The ship was now carrying no sail and was 6 miles from a lee shore, and Codrington had to face up to the prospect of anchoring in a perilous position, and cutting his masts away. He appreciated the irony of the situation.

I confess I thought it hard and grievous to be obliged to prepare for a watery grave, and to feed for some hours on bare hope, with all our sails blown from the yards and no possibility of setting others to claw off a lee shore, after having so well escaped the chances of the action.

At 1.30 a.m. on the 24th the wind abated slightly and Codrington was able to set his main and fore sail close reefed. At the same time he decided to cut the tow rope to the *Bahama*, despite the entreaties of her crew.

The *Bahama* was eventually taken to Gibraltar by the *Donegal*, which had joined them from Gibraltar.

In battle the sailors at least had some control over their destiny and some hope of victory, and the whole affair had lasted only five hours, or much less for the ships that joined the action late. The storm was beyond anyone's control, and went on for days rather than hours, with no end in sight. As Codrington wrote, *It is not fighting... which is the severest part of our life, it is having to contend with the sudden changes of season, the war of elements, the dangers of a lee shore, and so forth, which produce no food for honour or glory beyond the internal satisfaction of doing a duty we know to be most important.*

*Loss and triumph—joy and sorrow far away
Drove the great fight's wreckage down Trafalgar Bay*

William Canton

NELSON THE SHOPPER

from *This England Winter, 2007*

(Article supplied by Lilian Toomer)

I don't like shopping at Tesco or any of the other big supermarkets cramming themselves into England's small towns these days and ruining our precious little village stores, but it seems that my historical namesake, Lord Horatio Nelson (no relation), was a keen shopper and even kept receipts of the various supplies he bought from them just over two centuries ago. Indeed some of the bills showing the money he spent in shops buying victuals for the men on board his flagship, the **Victory**, prior to making distant trips abroad have recently been sold at auction after a variety of his receipts and other personal papers came onto the market last summer and sold for £3,200.

One of his regular spending sprees included the cost of buying a sheep, seven turkeys, dozens of eggs, plus butter, jam, vegetables, fruit etc and copies of French newspapers, which were probably needed for intelligence gathering so that he could keep his eye on Napoleon's antics. Among the other items that interested bidders at the sale held by Charterhouse Auctioneers of Sherborne in Dorset, were a previously unseen copy of a bank statement dated November 1802 which indicates that although Nelson had just gone gallivanting off with his new mistress, Emma Hamilton, he paid his estranged wife Fanny an annuity totalling £400 to insure that she was kept financially happy and well provided for in his absence. That amount today would probably be worth around £1,000 a week, for all his sins you can't call Nelson a skinflint!

CONVICT WARSHIPS

by Betty Foster

Two million Australians are descended from convicts. I have two — an English Luddite and a wild Scottish lad! In the process of transcribing a Journal by a shipwright/carpenter on the convict ship 'York' in 1862, (I have many hats!) a book that helped me greatly was *Convict Ships to Australia* by Charles Bateson, 1959. In it was this interesting passage.

Because of a very high death rate of convicts on contract ships, in 1801 the then Home Secretary, Lord Pelham, proposed that naval vessels alone should be employed as convict transports, and that they should be dispatched, not at the height of the inclement winter season, but regularly twice a year, at the latter end of May and at the beginning of September. After some delay, the suggestion was adopted, and in 1803 HMS. *Glatton* and HMS *Calcutta* sailed with convicts in convoy with HMS *Ocean* as a store ship. (not Collingwood's ship) The *Calcutta* carried an expedition dispatched to found a new penal settlement at Port Phillip. Although successful, the experiment was not repeated.

The necessities of war, which prevented the detachment of warships on the long round voyage to Australia, and the natural repugnance of naval officers to being employed on such a service, compelled its abandonment, and when the Napoleonic wars ended the plan was not revived. By then, with the improvements which had been introduced in the interval, the contract system was at last working more satisfactorily. However, in later years convicts were occasionally sent out aboard a warship, most probably for reasons of economy.

18th and 19th Century British Warships that Brought Convicts to Australia.

<i>Anson</i>	1870	<i>Hyaena,</i>	1787.
<i>Assistant</i>	1791	<i>Ocean,</i>	1803
<i>Belliqueux</i>	1800	<i>Providence</i>	1791
<i>Britannia</i>	1791	<i>Supply</i>	1786
<i>Buffalo</i>	1833	<i>Sirius</i>	1786
<i>Calcutta</i>	1803	<i>Tamar</i>	1824
<i>Daedalus</i>	1791	<i>Tortoise</i>	1842
<i>Glatton</i>	1803	<i>Zebra 1</i>	1836
<i>*Guardian</i>	1789		

**wrecked on voyage out.*

David Shannon has received word from the publishers. that the publication of John Sugden's *Life of Nelson, Volume 2* has been postponed until 2010.



THE NELSON SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA INC

Founded 2001

To advance public education in the appreciation of the life and character of Admiral Lord Nelson. Nelson was killed at the Battle of Trafalgar on the 21st October 1805. In the greatest sea battle, involving 60 ships of the line, over 3,000 men were killed, 3,500 wounded and over 1,000 reported missing.

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