



COMMODORE

STEPHEN DECATUR U.S.N.

THE
BOOK OF THE NAVY;

COMPRISING

A GENERAL HISTORY

OF

THE AMERICAN MARINE;

AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNTS

OF ALL THE MOST CELEBRATED

NAVAL BATTLES,

FROM THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPILED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES,

BY JOHN FROST, A. M.

PROFESSOR OF BELLES LETTRES, IN THE HIGH SCHOOL OF PHILADELPHIA.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

SPLENDIDLY EMBELLISHED WITH

NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS,

BY WILLIAM CROOME.

AND PORTRAITS ON STEEL OF DISTINGUISHED NAVAL COMMANDERS.

NEW YORK:

D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA:

GEORGE S. APPLETON, 148 CHESTNUT ST.

MDCCCXLIII.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by

D. APPLETON & CO.

in the office of the clerk of the district court of the United States in and
for the southern district of New York.

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TO

THE HONOURABLE

ABEL P. UPSHUR,

SECRETARY OF

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES,

THIS VOLUME IS,

WITH PERMISSION,

Respectfully Inscribed

BY THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

IT has been well remarked, that “in a nation’s career, a glorious past is the best guarantee of a glorious future.” The preservation of a high-toned national spirit has been an object of especial care with every great and commanding empire, and this object can only be attained by cherishing the fame of the heroes and statesmen who have defended and governed their country, in times of peril and emergency. By giving the due meed of praise for great actions,—by recording the history of every brilliant public service, and placing it before the people in a popular and attractive form,—the spirit of noble emulation is kept alive; and the arm of youthful patriotism is nerved for fresh encounters with toil and danger for the public weal.

Convinced of this truth, the author of the following work has attempted to do justice to the valor and patriotism of the naval heroes of the Republic, by presenting a simple and intelligible narrative of their noble achievements. Of the accomplishment of this task, the people must judge for themselves.

When war was destroying our commerce and desolating our shores, the Navy was the cherished favorite of the people: for it was felt to be the right arm of national defence. Ten years of peace and prosperity caused the deeds of our gallant tars to be half forgotten; and fifteen years of political strife succeeding thereto, appear to have thrown them completely in the background. Recently, threats of another war have made men begin to look around them for the means of resenting insult and repelling invasion; and the Navy is once more rising in popular favor.

If the following record of the "*glorious past*" of our Navy can in any measure aid in speeding it onward to a "*glorious future*," the author will be amply rewarded for the labor it has cost him.

PHILADELPHIA, *July*, 1842.

The Naval Songs in the appendix have been inserted chiefly with a view to exhibit the state of national feeling with regard to the Navy, in the time of the last war. The poetry, to be sure, is not always of the highest order; but the sentiment is patriotic and fervent.

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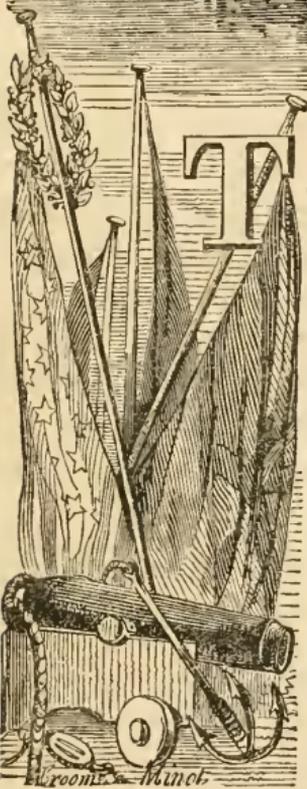
CHAPTER I.

Sketch of the Early History of the Navy.

HERE is no species of historical writing more generally interesting, we had almost said, more certainly useful, than that which records the heroic deeds, and commemorates the exalted virtues of that hardy and chivalrous race of men "whose home is on the deep."

The intense interest excited by the development of traits of individual character, and the display of extraordinary personal qualities, is, in this case, greatly heightened by the magnificent theatre of action, as well as

the uncommon nature of the scenes exhibited. To the landsman, the ocean, with all its wonders, is a new and unexplored world, and the men who inhabit it—with their



peculiar language, and singular habits and manners—a strange race, the subjects of never-ending speculation and wonder. When to this is added, that the ocean is the common highway of nations—the great mart where, in times of peace, men of all countries and languages, and of every variety of manners, habits and opinions, meet together in harmonious intercourse—and where, in war, the fiercest passions and most exalted virtues of our nature are alternately displayed—it is not at all to be wondered at, that naval histories should, at all times, be found to contain deeply interesting portions of the annals of mankind. It is nowise surprising that the love of the marvellous, so deeply implanted in the bosom of man, should find a gratification in contemplating the character of the gallant tar, and should view it, with all its hardihood, indifference to danger, and generosity, as scarcely inferior to any that is produced in the best constructed tales of poetry or romance.

We should suppose, reasoning *à priori*, that the Americans, descended from the greatest commercial nation in the world—bringing with them all the propensities of a commercial people, and extensively engaged themselves, almost from the first moment of their settlement, in commercial pursuits—would, in imitation of the mother country, as well as from obvious considerations of policy, have seized the earliest opportunity of laying the foundation of a navy, to which they had been accustomed to look, as the only safeguard of commerce, and for the creation of which their country afforded such admirable materials. Why this was not the case, can only be accounted for from the pervading sense of the immense power of the British navy, against the permanent supremacy of which, it was considered altogether hopeless to struggle. Though the framers of the Constitution confided to the Federal Government the power “to provide and maintain a navy,” yet there is nothing in the history of the times to induce a belief, that it was in their contemplation, that measures should be immediately taken to create one—certain it is that no such measures were adopted

or even proposed; and, on a careful examination, we think it will be found, that until the year 1811, the policy of laying the deep and broad foundation of such an establishment was never decisively adopted by the United States. In taking a retrospect of the history of the country during the Revolution, and for a considerable time afterwards, we are forcibly struck by the fact, that no attempt was made to call forth its naval resources, except for temporary purposes; and then only under the pressure of great emergencies. As the most pressing exigencies could alone rouse the country to the employment of naval means, so when these passed away, our vessels of war were suffered to rot, and we relapsed into a state of total indifference on the subject. In fact, if the people of the United States had actually set out with the belief that a navy was in all respects useless, we aver that just such a course must have been, as actually was pursued, in relation to "this right arm of the national defence."

It will be found on examination, that for a great many years, nothing was ever voluntarily done for the navy. That the navy has, in fact, done every thing for itself, and may almost be said "to have been its own architect." The first measure adopted during the war of the Revolution, for awakening the naval spirit of the country, was the employment of two small vessels, one of 10 and the other of 14 guns, for the purpose of intercepting certain transports laden with munitions of war, and bound either to Canada or Boston. For the purpose of carrying this object into effect, a committee of three members of Congress, consisting of Messrs. Dean, Langdon, and Gadsden, were appointed in October, 1775. To this committee, subsequently enlarged to thirteen, was committed the general superintendence and direction of the navy. Soon after this, it was resolved by Congress to build thirteen vessels, principally for the purpose of destroying the merchant-ships of the enemy engaged in bringing supplies to their fleets and armies. From this period to the end of the war, the administration of the navy

department underwent frequent changes. In November, 1776, "three persons, well skilled in maritime affairs," were appointed to execute the business of the navy, under the direction of the marine committee. This system continued till October, 1779, when Congress established a "Board of Admiralty," consisting of three commissioners, not members of Congress, and two members of Congress. In 1781, "an agent of marine" was appointed, with full authority "to direct, fit out, equip, and employ the ships and vessels of war of the United States, under such instructions as he should from time to time receive from Congress." On the 6th of September of the same year, the duties prescribed to the agent of marine were devolved on Robert Morris, superintendent of finance, who, it is stated by Mr. Goldsborough, "appears to have had the chief agency in the civil administration of the navy during the greater part of the Revolution." The largest vessels of war put into commission during the Revolution, were frigates of the second class. One ship to be called the *America*, and rated at 74 guns (though subsequently ordered to be armed with 56) was indeed built, but she was not completed till 1781, when John Paul Jones was elected by Congress to command her; she was never, however, put into commission, being on the 3d of September, 1782, presented to his Most Christian Majesty, "in testimony of the sense entertained by Congress of his generous exertions in behalf of the United States, and to replace the *Magnifique* of 74 guns, lost in the harbour of Boston."

The greatest number of vessels at any one time, in the service of Congress during the Revolution (exclusive of galleys and cutters) was twenty-five (employed in the year 1776) of which there were five frigates of 32 guns, twelve vessels from 24 to 28 guns, and eight mounting from 10 to 16 guns. And though several additional vessels were subsequently built, yet at no period during the war was its strength increased, its losses exceeding the inconsiderable additions made to it from time to time. The following is a list of the Captains appointed to command these vessels,

according to the rank assigned to them under the resolution of Congress of April, 1776, viz:— John B. Hopkins, Samuel Tomkins, Charles Miller, Nicholas Biddle, John Barry, Thomas Read, Charles Alexander, and James Nicholson.* In October 1776, the whole number of Captains was 24; James Nicholson being the senior. The primary object to which the naval force was devoted, was to intercept transports laden with supplies for the British army—which, besides depriving the enemy of their resources, was of vast importance to the colonies in furnishing them with arms, ammunition and clothing, of which they were nearly destitute. At a later period the naval force seems to have acted in conjunction with the numerous privateers which issued from every port against the commerce of the enemy, and with such decided effect, that it has been estimated that the number of captures in the course of the war amounted to 803, of which there were re-taken or lost 153, leaving a gain to the United States of 650, the value of which is estimated at eleven millions of dollars. This estimate must be considered as greatly below the real value, when we find it stated in the British publications of that day, that the number of English vessels employed in the West India trade alone, captured by the American cruisers up to February, 1777, amounted to 250, which, with their cargoes, were valued at ten millions of dollars. We have, indeed, authentic lists of upwards of 800 vessels captured during the years 1776 and 1777. It is also stated by Gordon, that of the 200 ships employed by the English in the African trade at the commencement of the war, valued at eight millions of dollars, only 40 remained at the close of the year 1777.†

The history of the naval operations of the American Revolutionary War consists chiefly of details of actions, singly of very trifling importance; but which, taken in the aggregate, contributed greatly to the grand result. It would appear that there was a simultaneous movement in

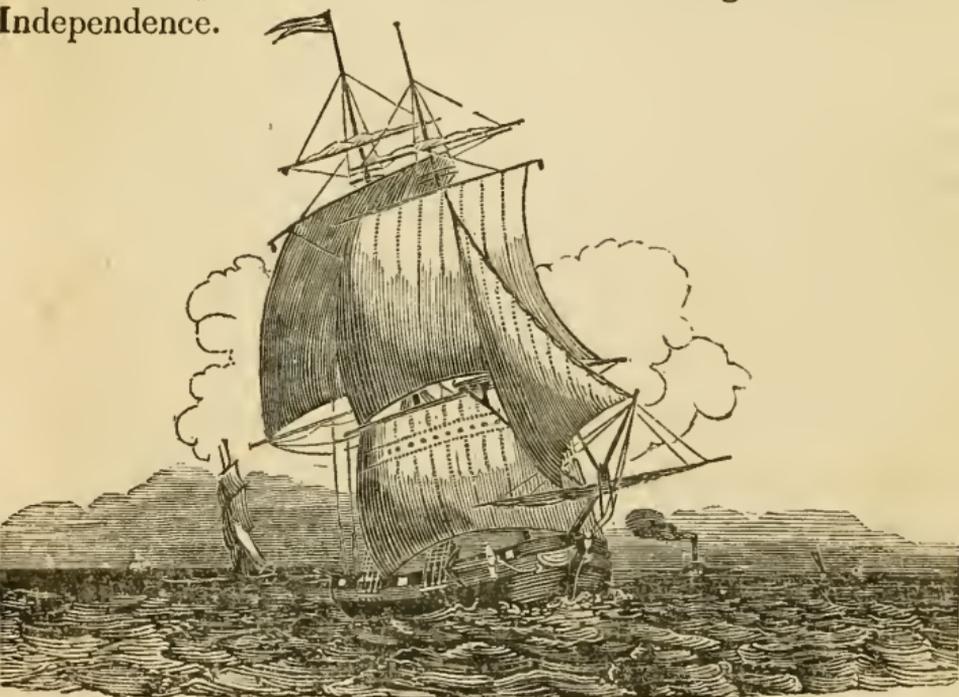
* Journals of Congress, vol. ii. p. 208.

† Southern Review, Nov. 1828.

every part of the American waters, where sailors were to be found, to annoy the enemy to the utmost extent which their very limited means allowed. This desultory warfare, however, was conducted with so much spirit, that it often led to the happiest results, bringing in supplies and munitions of war from captured ships, at critical moments, when they were greatly needed by the army.

Towards the close of the revolutionary war, the formation of a treaty with France, and the presence of a formidable French fleet on our coasts, led to the neglect of the navy, which was suffered to dwindle away, until finally, on the restoration of peace, the whole of the ships built or purchased during the war, had either been captured or destroyed by the enemy, or sold by the United States. When the Alliance, the last of these vessels, was sold (on the 3d of June, 1785,) the United States did not, it is believed, own a single vessel of war. It was not until the year 1790, when our difficulties with the Barbary powers had become serious, that the attention of the nation was again directed to the navy.

In the next chapter we shall notice some of the most remarkable exploits of our naval heroes, during the War of Independence.



CHAPTER II.

Commencement of the Revolutionary War.

SIMILAR spirit to that which actuated the first operations of the Americans, in the war of independence, on land, prompted their early warlike enterprises at sea. It was, in both cases, the rising *en masse* — the movement of the people in their original and elemental capacity, resisting oppression, and annoying the oppressor

by any means that were within their reach, whenever an opportunity for action presented itself. The great activity of the colonists, in every species of maritime enterprise, which had been one of the most striking features in their character from the first settlement of the country, rendered them capable of doing efficient service in a naval war, so far as courage, capacity and zeal could ensure success. But the inefficient policy of Congress, to which we have already adverted, prevented that systematic and combined action, which was necessary to give complete efficiency to a national force. The spirit of the people, however, could not be repressed by any adverse circumstances. It broke out even before the battle of Lexington. An affair which took place in the waters of Rhode-Island, nearly three years before that event, shows the spirit of the colonists.

The commander of the *Gaspee*, an armed British schooner stationed at Providence, had been very assiduous in support-

ing the trade laws, and excited additional resentment by firing at the Providence packets, in order to compel them to salute his flag, by lowering theirs, as they passed his vessel, and by chasing them, even into the docks, in case of refusal. On the 17th of June, 1772, the master of the packet Hannah, conveying passengers to Providence, which was fired at and chased by the Gaspee for neglecting to pay the requisite tribute of respect, took advantage of the state of the tide (it being almost high water), to stand in so closely to the shore, that the Gaspee, in the pursuit, might be exposed to run aground. The artifice succeeded; the Gaspee presently stuck fast, and the packet proceeded in triumph to Providence, where a strong sensation was excited by the tidings of the occurrence, and a project was hastily formed to improve the blow, and destroy the obnoxious vessel. Mr. Brown, a considerable merchant of Providence, and Captain Whipple, who afterwards held a commission from Congress, took the lead in this bold adventure, and easily collected a strong body of armed and resolute men, with whom they embarked in whale-boats, to attack the British ship of war. At two o'clock the next morning they boarded the Gaspee, so suddenly, and in such numbers, that her crew were instantly overpowered, without hurt to any one, except her commanding officer, who was wounded. The captors having despatched a part of their number to convey him, together with his private effects and his crew, ashore, set fire to the Gaspee, and destroyed her, with all her stores. The issue of this daring act of war, against the forces of the king, was as remarkable as the enterprise itself. The British government offered a reward of five hundred pounds, together with a pardon, if claimed by an accomplice, for the discovery and apprehension of any person concerned in the traitorous attack upon the Gaspee; and a commission, under the great seal of England, appointed Wanton, the governor of Rhode-Island, Peter Oliver, the new chief-justice of Massachusetts, Achmuty, the judge-admiral of America, and certain other

* Graham's United States, vol. iv., p. 319.

persons to preside upon the trial of the offenders; but no trial took place. Nobody came forward to claim the proffered reward: some persons who were apprehended in the hope that they might be induced by threats and terror to become witnesses, were enabled by popular assistance to escape before any information could be extracted from them; and in the commencement of the following year, the commissioners reported to the British ministry their inability to procure evidence or information against a single individual.*

When the battle of Lexington had placed the colonies in an attitude of open hostility towards the mother country, Congress, instead of authorizing the fitting out of privateers and letters of marque, confined its orders to the capture of vessels bringing stores and munitions of war to the British forces in America. Massachusetts, the champion colony of the revolution, established courts of admiralty, and fitted out ships under her own authority. Other colonies followed her example; but when, at length, the hardy tars of the country were freed from all restraint, and every species of naval warfare was fully authorized, their success in capturing the enemy's cruisers as well as her merchantmen, afforded a significant augury of the future glory of the American Navy.

It is computed that there were in the merchant service at the commencement of the revolution, 15,000 seamen and 198,000 tons of shipping; ship-timber was of course abundant, and the art of constructing ships was as well understood in America as in any quarter of the globe; but of war-ships neither Congress nor the colonial assemblies possessed a single one. They had not even at their command the stores for the equipment of a sloop of war. The navy of Great Britain at this period consisted of 356 vessels, of which 140 were ships of the line.

With all these disadvantages, however, the war was actually commenced with greater vigour on the ocean than

* Graham's United States.

on the land; and a series of brilliant actions, achieved by private valour and enterprise, attested that the spirit of the people was not to be repressed by the want of means or energy on the part of their colonial or continental governments.

Soon after the battle of Lexington, a British tender, the *Margaretta*, with two large sloops under her convoy, arrived at Machias, in the northern part of New England. Their object was to obtain a supply of ship-timber. This the patriotic inhabitants of the place refused them. Upon which the commander of the tender anchored opposite the place, and threatened to burn it down, if his demand was not instantly complied with. Captain O'Brien immediately headed a party of Americans, who took possession of one of the British sloops, within gun-shot of the tender. They then ordered the tender to strike, which she refused, when they commenced so brisk a fire upon her, that she was forced to cut her cables, and, with the other sloop, proceeded to sea. Captain O'Brien pursued with thirty-two men on board the captured sloop, and succeeded in getting possession of the tender by boarding. The loss, on both sides, was about twenty men killed and wounded. The British tender mounted four guns, and fourteen swivels. Her crew consisted of thirty-six men. Her captain was killed in the action.

With the guns of the tender, and others he had purchased, Captain O'Brien fitted out a privateer, mounting eight carriage-guns and nineteen swivels, having on board a crew of forty-two men. He proceeded on a cruise. Of this the Governor of Halifax was soon informed, who immediately ordered out two armed schooners to capture him. Each of these schooners had on board upwards of forty men. Captain O'Brien meeting them in the Bay of Fundy, captured one of them, by boarding, before the other could come alongside to her assistance. The other also was taken by him. Both were brought safe into Machias. Captain O'Brien conducted the prisoners to Cambridge, and deliv-

ered them to General Washington, who approved his conduct, and recommended him to the Massachusetts government to be appointed to a naval command. He was accordingly appointed to command the two prizes he had taken. The one he named the Liberty, the other the Diligent. Each mounted eight carriage guns.*

On the 22d of August, the British armed vessels, Rose, Swan, and Glasgow, attempted to proceed to Providence. But, having arrived within eight miles of the town, two of them ran ashore, and the other came to an anchor. Soon after, an American sloop and brig hove in sight, and were immediately chased by the barges of the British vessels and two cutters. They ran ashore at Warwick, where they were boarded by the British. But a smart engagement soon commenced between them and two armed schooners, which were convoying a small fleet down the river. An incessant fire was kept up for the space of three hours; while the British on board the sloop and brig used every exertion to get them off, but were repeatedly driven from the windlasses. They succeeded in cutting the brig's cable and carrying her off, but the sloop was retaken by the Americans, and brought into the harbour. The Americans, in this affair, had none killed or wounded.

About this time the British ship Nautilus, with two tenders, sailed to convoy four brigs to Boston. On the day after their departure one of the brigs was boarded by a party of American soldiers. Soon after, one of the tenders came up and grappled her; but the soldiers lay concealed until the tender was fast, when they arose and discharged their small-arms into her, which did considerable execution. The crew of the tender at last succeeded in cutting their grappling-irons, and got off. The brig was conveyed by the soldiers safe into Bedford.

The inhabitants of Falmouth, having opposed the lading of a British vessel with ship-timber, Admiral Graves ordered Captain Mowat to proceed thither with several ships

* Clark's Naval History, vol. i., p. 17.

of war, to destroy the town, if they did not deliver up to him their artillery and small-arms. On their refusing to comply with his demand, the British ships opened a cannonade on the town, and in a short time, almost the whole town was destroyed. To complete the demolition, a large body of seamen and marines were landed; but the Americans having collected in considerable force, the British were compelled to retreat to their boats with the loss of several men.

On the 15th of November, the legislative body of Massachusetts passed an act authorizing the capture of British armed vessels and store-ships. Thus encouraged by their government, the ship-owners of New England used every exertion to arm and equip their vessels. The bay of Boston and the neighbouring sea-coast were soon covered with American privateers; and soon were the British, to their great annoyance and distress, made sensible of the daring spirit and undaunted bravery of a people whom they affected to despise. The most distinguished commander of the New England privateers of this period was Captain Manly. He captured a number of very valuable vessels. Among them was the *Nancy*, of 250 tons burthen, bound to Boston with military stores; and a ship which he captured in sight of the British fleet in Boston harbour.

The exertions of the government of Massachusetts, in maritime affairs, did not end in encouraging her citizens to capture British vessels, but she actually maintained, at her own expense, a fleet of small active vessels, calculated for capturing merchantmen, and for procuring military stores.

In the southern sea-coast, few incidents, of an interesting nature, occurred during the year 1775. In the month of December, Captain Barron captured a British tender, which he carried safe to Hampton, in Virginia.*

The naval preparations of the British, for the year 1776, were great. Had they been at war with the most powerful maritime state of Europe, they could not have exerted

* Clark's Naval History.

themselves more. This great force was destined to be employed against a people who had scarce a single vessel of war. In addition to the vessels already in service, the British ministry ordered sixteen sail of the line to be put in commission. Press-warrants were issued, and a bounty was offered, by proclamation, to all seamen that should enter the royal navy. 28,000 men, including 6665 marines, were voted for the naval service of the British, during the year 1776.

Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, forced by the people to abandon the State, took refuge in one of the vessels of a British fleet, on the coast. This fleet, which consisted of four vessels, being in want of provisions, sent an order to the inhabitants of Norfolk, for a supply. The citizens refused compliance. Irritated at this, and at the annoyance given to parties in attempting to land, by riflemen stationed behind houses and fences along the shore, Lord Dunmore, after having first signified his intention of destroying it, ordered, on New-Year's morning, a cannonade to commence on the place. Parties of marines and sailors were landed to fire the houses near the water. The flames spread and consumed the whole of this once flourishing city. Dunmore charged the Americans with participating in completing the destruction of the town; but it is more probable that the Americans, enraged to desperation at this wanton destruction of their property, and believing their force incompetent to prevent the landing of the British, resolved to destroy their remaining houses, and remove their goods, lest they should serve to harbour or support the enemy. Every thing on the sea-coast that might in any way be serviceable to the British was removed farther into the country.

In the early part of January, five British vessels were sent to Warwick Neck, to land a party for the purpose of collecting live stock. But the Americans being apprised of their movements, two companies of artillery, with some field-pieces, were immediately marched to Warwick, where they were joined by the inhabitants of the place. They

commenced to fire on the British vessels, and soon forced them to retire to Newport, without having even landed.

At the close of the year 1775, Congress commissioned several vessels; and appointed Ezekiel Hopkins to command them. This small fleet was fitted out in the Delaware, and consisted of only five vessels, mounting in all 100 guns. On the 17th of February 1776, they left Cape Henlopen. The commodore, judging it improper to remain on the coast appointed Abaco, one of the Bahama islands, a rendezvous for the fleet. There, he learned that there was a considerable quantity of military stores at New Providence, and he determined to make an attempt against it. For this purpose, the marines, to the number of about 200, landed, under the command of captain Nicholas, and attacked the fort, which, after a very weak resistance, surrendered. The next day the Americans took possession of the town without any opposition. There they found forty loaded cannons, fifteen brass mortars, and a great quantity of shot and shells; but the powder, the principal object of the expedition, had been removed by the governor.

On their return, off the east end of Long Island, they took a schooner of six guns and eight swivels, and a bomb-brig of eight guns, two howitzers, and ten swivels. On the following morning the Glasgow of 20 guns and 150 men, commanded by captain Tyringham Howe, hove in sight. The Cabot, being foremost of the squadron, bore down upon her: but after exchanging broadsides, the Cabot was so much damaged, by the superior weight of the enemy's metal, as to be obliged to abandon the contest, and refit. The Alfred came next alongside, and continued a close engagement for an hour and a half. During the action the Alfred had her tiller and main braces shot away. At day-break, the Glasgow, making all the sail she could crowd, stood in for Newport. The Americans had, in this action, ten men killed and fourteen wounded. The escape of the Glasgow excited much displeasure against the commodore. In his justification he alleged, that if he had pursued, it might

have brought on an engagement with the whole of Wallace's fleet, then committing great depredations on the coast of Rhode Island.

On the 23d of March, the continental Congress issued letters of marque and reprisal against the enemies of the United Colonies.

In March, 1776, the British sloop of war Otter, with several tenders, sailed up the Chesapeake Bay towards Baltimore, in quest of provisions. The Defence, captain Nicholson was immediately prepared for sea and manned. On her way up, the Otter took an outward-bound ship laden with flour. Captain Nicholson set sail, resolved to recapture the flour-ship. As soon as he appeared, the tender abandoned the flour-ship, and several other prizes, which were immediately taken possession of, and manned by Nicholson, in sight of the Otter. The latter, after remaining about two hours, without daring to attack the Defence, sailed down the bay in company with her tenders.

About the same time, a very desperate engagement took place between the Cornet, of Philadelphia, and an English frigate, off St. Kitt's. It lasted three hours at yard-arm and yard-arm. The frigate was obliged to sheer off. Both vessels, however, were very much injured.

On the 7th of April, captain Barry fell in with and captured the British sloop Edward, after an engagement of nearly an hour.

In the latter part of April, a British tender sailed up the Rappahannock, and captured a New England schooner. On returning down the river, the schooner ran aground on an oyster-bank, where she remained for near two days. Several spirited gentlemen of the neighbourhood having in the mean time assembled, they manned four sailing-boats for the purpose of retaking the prize, and boarding the tender, laden with a considerable quantity of canvass. They succeeded in retaking the schooner, and, had not a breeze sprung up, they would have taken the tender also.

About the same time two sloops, one of ten guns and the other of six, passed over the Ocracock bar, in North Caro-

lina. They captured four outward-bound vessels. With two of these the ten-gun sloop proceeded to sea, while the other remained within the bar, with her two prizes. Benjamin Bonner, a young man, actuated by that noble and generous sentiment, so common to his age, the desire of obtaining renown by a daring and glorious achievement, and stimulated to attempt the chastisement of an insolent and rapacious foe, collected twenty-two men. With these, in whale-boats he proceeded to board the sloop. In this he completely succeeded. The two prizes were also retaken. The three captured vessels were safely conducted to Newbern.

At an early period of the war, measures were taken to secure Philadelphia against an attack of the enemy's frigates. For this purpose 13 row-galleys were constructed, each carrying a heavy piece of ordnance and 50 men. To these were added a large floating battery of twenty eighteen-pounders, a 20-gun ship, and a number of fire-rafts. The navigation of the river was also impeded by chevaux-de-frise and chains.

On the 8th of May, 1776, two English frigates, the *Roebuck* of 44 guns, and the *Liverpool* of 28, sailed up the Delaware to Christiana Creek. Orders were immediately sent to the fort, for the row-galleys to proceed down the river and attack them. About two o'clock a severe cannonade commenced between the galleys and the ships, which continued near four hours without doing much injury to the combatants. Towards the close of the engagement, the *Roebuck* ran aground. The *Liverpool* covered her from the galleys; and, in the course of the night she was set afloat. The *Wasp*, of six guns, commanded by captain Alexander, had, on the preceding day, been chased by the frigates into Christiana creek; during the action she ventured out, and captured a brig, prize to the *Liverpool*. The *Roebuck* would have fallen into the hands of the Americans, had not the want of ammunition in the galleys put an end to the attack. The cartridges on board them at the commencement of the action, amounted to no more than twenty-eight rounds

apiece. At the time the Roebuck grounded, these were all expended in many of the galleys, and in the others only a few remained. Shortly after a small supply of eight rounds was received, which the commanders of the galleys deemed insufficient for the renewal of the attack.

On the following day, a supply of forty-five rounds of powder being received, the attack was renewed with so much skill and vigour, that the frigates were compelled to hoist sail and return down the river, while the galleys pursued them with a constant and well-directed fire, notwithstanding their crews laboured under the great disadvantage of not having their powder made up in cartridges. This they were obliged to do during the combat; making use, for the purpose, of their blankets and clothing. All the powder, after a cannonade of about five hours, was again expended about sunset, when some of the barges went in quest of a fresh supply, three of which procured seven rounds from a barge; with this they renewed the combat, and continued it till the frigates passed Newcastle. The frigates received considerable damage, the repairing of which occupied their crews for several days. The galleys were only slightly injured. Of the men belonging to them, one was killed in the first engagement, and two were wounded in the second. The shores of the Delaware were lined with spectators of this contest.

On the 17th of March, 1776, the British were compelled to abandon Boston. This occasioned the capture of several of their most valuable store-ships and transports; for the precipitancy of the evacuation prevented timely information being sent to England. Some of the naval occurrences arising out of this state of affairs are interesting.

In the month of May, Captain Mugford, who had commanded a trading vessel, applied to General Ward for the command of the Franklin, a public armed vessel of four guns and forty tons, then lying in the port of Boston. After much importuning on his part, he was appointed to command her. Soon after, the General received information

respecting his character, which so much weakened the confidence he had placed in him, that he sent an express to prevent his taking the command. Mugford, however, had exerted himself in preparing his vessel for sea, with so much effect, that when the messenger arrived he had sailed. He had not been long at sea, when the *Hope*, a ship of 300 tons, 6 guns, and 17 men, hove in sight. Mugford resolved to attack her, notwithstanding the English commodore, Banks, with his fleet, lay a few miles off, and in sight. He accordingly bore down on the English ship, and boarded her without opposition. While the Americans were engaged in taking possession of their prize, the captain of the *Hope* ordered his men to cut the topsail-halyards and ties, with a view to impede the sailing of the ship, and thereby give the boats of the squadron time to come up. Mugford, sensible of the danger he was in, threatened the captain, and all on board, with immediate death, should the order be executed: and by his resolute manner and vociferation, he so terrified them that they desisted from their design. This vessel exceeded in value any thing that had yet been captured by the Americans. Her cargo consisted of 1500 barrels of powder, 1000 carbines, a number of travelling carriages for cannon, and a most complete assortment of artillery instruments and pioneer tools. At the time the *Hope* struck, the continental schooner *Lee*, Captain Waters, came alongside. Mugford, embarrassed what to do with his prize, contemplated running her on shore. But Captain Waters engaging to carry her safe to Boston, through Point Sherby Gut, Captain Mugford accordingly gave her into his charge. While conveying her up that narrow channel, she grounded on the Handkerchief. She was, however, again set afloat, and arrived safe at Boston. All this time the British fleet was, as already stated, in sight. This was a most opportune prize to the Americans, for powder was then very scarce; little or none was to be had at any price.

Mugford, after taking a supply of powder from the prize, again put to sea on the following Sunday. In going down the same channel through which the prize was brought up,

he grounded. This being perceived from the British fleet, a number of barges were sent to capture him. Mugford, on discovering these barges, hailed them and received for answer, that they were from Boston. He ordered them to keep off, or he should fire on them. They requested him for God's sake not to fire; for they desired to come on board. But Mugford, knowing who they were, ordered his men to discharge their small-arms at them. The cables of his vessel being then cut, her broadside was brought to bear on the boats, and immediately fired. Before the guns could be charged a second time, two or three barges, having each as many men on board as the Franklin, got alongside, and commenced an attack. But they met with a warm reception from the gallant Mugford and his crew, who, with their fire-arms and spears, did great execution.

The British now resolved to board; but the moment any of them attempted to lay their hands on the gunwale of the Franklin, they were cut off by her crew. Mugford, in reaching over the quarter to lay hold of the mast of one of the barges, for the purpose of upsetting her, received a pistol-ball in his breast. But still possessing his presence of mind, he called to his lieutenant, and, in words that bespoke his greatness of soul, said, "I am a dead man; do not give up the vessel; you will be able to beat them off." A few minutes after, he expired. Two barges were upset and sunk. The action lasted about half an hour, when the British retired, after losing many men, in killed, wounded, and drowned. The number of barges that attacked the Franklin amounted to eight or nine.

Four other barges at the same time attacked the *Lady Washington*, a small American privateer, commanded by Captain Cunningham. They were, however, beaten off with considerable loss. The only loss sustained by the Americans on this occasion, was their brave commander, Captain Mugford.*

* Clark's Naval History, vol. i., p. 30. Penn. Packet. Penn. Mag. Gordon's Amer. Rev., vol. ii., p. 71.

CHAPTER III.

Continuation of the Revolutionary War. Naval Campaign of 1776 continued.



OREMOST among the individual colonies which aided the general confederacy in its efforts against the British commerce, stood Massachusetts. On the first of June, 1776, John Foster Williams received a commission, appointing him a captain in the navy, made out in the name of the colony of Massachu-

setts Bay; and authorizing him to take command of the sloop *Republic*, of twelve 4-pounders, fitted out at the expense, and for the service of the colony. He was also authorised to attack and capture, on the high seas, vessels belonging to the king and subjects of Great Britain. Soon after, sailing on a cruise, he captured the *Julius Cæsar*, a very fine armed merchant-ship, bound from London to Halifax. She was richly laden, and brought safe into the port of Boston.

On the 28th of June, a British fleet and army under Sir Peter Parker and Earl Cornwallis made an attack on Charleston. The fort on Sullivan's island was bombarded for a whole day; but it returned the fire with so much spirit, that the British were obliged to haul off, and abandon their attempt.

Captain Nicholas Biddle was a native of Philadelphia. At an early period of life he embraced the naval profession. At the commencement of the revolution he was appointed to command one of the Delaware row-galleys. When the squadron under the command of Commodore Hopkins was fitted out, he was nominated to the command of the *Andrew Doria*, of fourteen guns. An event occurred, just before he left the capes of the Delaware, which manifested his daring intrepidity. Two men had deserted from his vessel and were confined in Lewistown prison. An officer was sent on shore for them, but returned without accomplishing his purpose. These men, with others, had armed themselves, barricaded the door, and expressed a determination to shoot the first man who should enter to take them. The militia of the town had assembled, but dared not force the door. Captain Biddle, upon receiving this information, immediately went to the prison, accompanied only by a midshipman. The captain ordered Green, one of the deserters, a stout determined fellow, to open the door. The man replied that he would not; and that if the captain attempted to enter, he should certainly shoot him. Upon this Biddle ordered the door to be forced; and entering alone, with a pistol in each hand, he said to Green, who was preparing to fire, "Now, Green, if you do not take good aim, you are a dead man." Green, intimidated, dropped his musket; and the militia, entering the prison, secured them all. They afterwards acknowledged that it was the spirit and determination of Captain Biddle that awed them; for they had resolved to kill him the moment he should enter.

On the return of the fleet from Providence, Captain Biddle received orders to cruise off Newfoundland. He captured two transport-ships, with four hundred Highland troops on board. So successful was he in taking prizes, that on his arrival in the Delaware, he had only five men of his original crew with him; the rest having been distributed among the prize-vessels, and their places supplied by men from the captured ships, desirous of entering on board

the Andrew Doria. At the close of the year, Biddle was appointed to the command of the Randolph, one of the new frigates, of thirty-two guns, built by order of Congress.

Captain Fisk, in the *Tyrannicide*, a sloop of 14 guns, in the service of Massachusetts,—captured the Glasgow, the Despatch, and three other British armed vessels during the summer.

On the removal of Captain Biddle to the Randolph, captain Robeson was appointed to the command of the Andrew Doria. In her he sailed about the end of the year, to the West Indies, in quest of powder. On his return, he fell in with a British sloop of war, of ten guns, which he captured, after an action of an hour and a half. Soon after, he captured another armed-vessel, mounting six guns.

Captain Eda, being with a party of twelve men, in the vicinity of fort Cumberland, discovered a frigate and sloop, both of which sailed near to the fort. The frigate departed in the night, leaving the sloop behind. Upon this, Captain Eda resolved to attempt her capture; and he succeeded in boarding her with his twelve men. An officer on board ordered the men to fire; but being threatened by the American captain with instant death, they desisted, and surrendered. Next morning, the captain of the sloop, a surgeon, and chaplain, not knowing what had happened, came on board. They were soon after followed by fifteen men in a yawl, and these by seven men in a boat; all of whom were secured. The vessel was safely conveyed into Newburyport.

John Paul Jones was born at Selkirk, in Scotland. He sailed under Commodore Hopkins to Providence, as a lieutenant in the American Navy. Soon after the return of the fleet, he was appointed to the command of the Providence, of 12 guns, and seventy men. After being engaged for several months in convoying vessels along the coast from the Delaware to Boston; in which he showed such great skill and judgment in avoiding the enemy's cruisers, that he never lost one of his convoy, although he had two engagements with the

Cerberus frigate, and also with others ; in August he left the Delaware for a six weeks' cruise. Near Bermuda, he came up with a large frigate, which he thought to be a merchantman, and gave chase to her. But he soon found that he was chasing the British frigate *Solebay* of 28 guns, which continued to fly without returning his fire, until the *Providence* had got within musket-shot. It was now Jones's turn to be chased. Capture seemed inevitable. When Jones discovered the character of his opponent, he gradually edged away, until he got the *Solebay* to windward of him, when setting all his sails, he stood right before the wind : and as the *Providence* sailed better than the *Solebay*, with the wind aft, she escaped. He next sailed towards Nova Scotia. Near Sable Island, he fell in with the *Milford* frigate, of 32 guns ; from which he escaped with equal success. On the following day he entered the harbour of Canso, where he broke up the fishery, destroying the vessels ; and the day after, he sailed for Isle Madame, where he made two descents ; destroyed the fishing establishments ; and burned all the vessels he could not carry with him. He returned to Newport, after a cruise of forty-seven days, having made sixteen prizes, exclusive of those he destroyed.

A plan was now proposed by him for destroying the English fisheries at Isle Royale, and for liberating a number of Americans confined there in the coal-mines. Three vessels were ordered for this service, but, owing to several accidents, two of them were prevented from accompanying him, in the *Alfred*. He took a vessel from Liverpool, and soon after, the *Melish*, a large armed ship, with a cargo of clothing for the troops in Canada. Captain Jones then effected a descent on Isle Royale ; destroyed a valuable transport ; and burned the magazines and buildings appropriated to the whale and cod-fisheries. Near Louisburg, he captured three coal-vessels, during a fog, under convoy of the *Flora* frigate ; and, the next day, a Liverpool privateer, mounting sixteen guns. Finding the harbour near the coal-mines frozen up, being short of provisions and water, and more-

over, having one hundred and fifty prisoners on board the *Alfred*, he shaped his course homeward, with five prizes under convoy. He again fell in with the *Milford* frigate, in the latitude of Boston, which gave chase to him and captured one of his prizes. Captain Jones arrived at Boston on the 15th of December, 1776. The uniforms taken from the *Melish*, afforded a most seasonable relief to the American army, which, at that inclement season of the year, was nearly destitute of clothing.

The havoc committed on the British commerce by American privateers, during the summer of 1776, was great in the extreme. The West Indies, in particular, felt the severe effects of the daring spirit of these privateers. No harbour was secure against their attempts, unless defended by large shipping or by fortifications.*

Lake Champlain was formerly the principal communication between Canada and the United States. When the Americans abandoned Canada, it was of the utmost importance to them to retain its command; for, should the English obtain possession of it, they would be enabled to act in concert with their army at New York; and cut off the communication between the northern and southern States. Neither power had a naval force on this lake. In the creation of one, difficulties, apparently insurmountable, were to be overcome by both. But labour and difficulties merited not a consideration, when compared with the importance of the object in view. The Americans had to fell the timber, and drag it by men to the place where vessels were to be constructed. Ammunition, stores, and naval equipments, were to be brought from the distant sea-ports, over roads almost impassable. The number of privateers and other vessels, then fitting out, rendered it difficult to procure ship-carpenters from the sea-coast; but the energy and enterprise of the Americans overcame all these obstacles. By the 18th of August, 1776, they had a considerable naval force equipped. It consisted of the schooner *Royal*

* Clark's Naval History.

Savage, of eight guns, 6 and 4-pounders; schooner Revenge, of eight guns, 6 and 4-pounders; a sloop of ten guns, 4-pounders; cutter Lee, with one 9-pounder in her bow, one 12-pounder in her stern, and two 6-pounders in her sides; Congress galley, with two 18-pounders in her bow, two 12-pounders in her stern, and six 6-pounders in her sides; Washington galley, with one 8 and one 12-pounder in her bow, two 9-pounders in her stern, and six 6-pounders in her sides; Trumbull galley, same as the Washington; eight gondolas, each carrying one 8-pounder in the bow, and two 9-pounders in the sides. These together, made 15 vessels, carrying 80 guns. The English equalled the Americans in their labour and enterprise. They had not had a vessel on the lakes. Their immense naval armament, which, when completed, exceeded every thing of the kind ever seen in that part of the world, was to be transported over land, then dragged up the rapids of St. Theresa and St. John's. The fleet consisted of the ship Inflexible, of eighteen 12-pounders; schooner Maria, fourteen 6-pounders; schooner Carleton, twelve 6-pounders; Radeau Thunderer, six 24 and six 12-pounders, and two howitzers; gondola Loyal Corvette, seven 9-pounders; twenty gun-boats, carrying each a brass field-piece, from twenty-fours to nines; some of them had howitzers; thirty long-boats, serving as tenders, some of them carrying field-pieces. The whole exceeded fifty vessels and a hundred guns; exclusive of four hundred batteaux for the transportation of troops. This fleet was navigated by upwards of 700 British seamen, under the command of Captain Pringle.

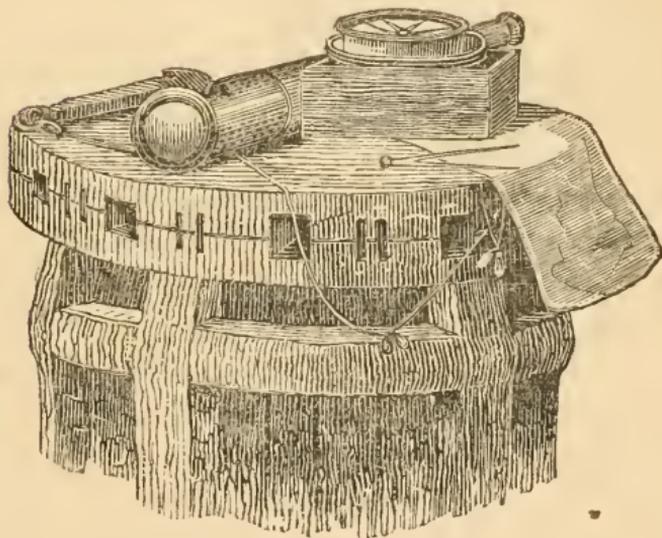
On the 11th of October, General Carleton proceeded with the British fleet up the lake, and immediately attacked that of the Americans, notwithstanding their advantageous position, between the island of Valcour and the New York shore. A most severe fire was directed against the gun-boats and the schooner Carleton, by the Americans. So spirited was their attack on these vessels, that the commander of the British fleet, with the approbation of the

general, withdrew from the action. The American general, Waterbury, commanding the Washington galley, was in the severest part of the action. During the whole of the action, he remained on the quarter-deck; and brought off his vessel, though almost a wreck. All his officers, excepting a lieutenant and captain of marines, were either killed or wounded. The British had two of their gondolas sunk, a schooner burnt, and several of their vessels injured. The commander of the English fleet, in the evening, anchored his vessels, in a line, as near as possible to the Americans.

Arnold was now convinced that the British fleet was so considerably superior to his own, as not to admit of the least hope of success, by open contest. He, therefore, resolved to retreat with his vessels to Ticonderoga. This he nearly effected, through the darkness of the night, notwithstanding the proximity and vigilance of the British. The next morning, to the mortification of the English, his fleet was entirely out of sight. They chased the American squadron all next day, but without success; on the 13th, the wind being favourable to the British, they renewed the chase with vigour. About noon, the Americans were overtaken a few leagues from Crown Point. The British immediately attacked them with energy and spirit; the Americans resisted with firmness and intrepidity. The Washington galley was in such a shattered condition, and had so many of her hands killed in the former engagement, that, after receiving a few broadsides, she was obliged to strike. The Congress galley, with Arnold on board, was attacked by the ship *Inflexible* and two schooners. Two of them lay under her stern, the other on her broadside, within musket-shot. An incessant fire, for four hours, was kept up by the British, and returned with equal spirit by the Americans. Arnold, resolving that his men should not become prisoners, nor his vessels prizes, ordered two schooners, two galleys, one sloop, and one gondola, to withdraw from the action and retire to Ticonderoga; while he, in the Congress galley, with five gondolas, covered their retreat. These

vessels had now to sustain the whole force of the British. Notwithstanding that, Arnold ran them ashore, landed his men in safety, and blew up his vessels, in defiance of every effort made by the British to prevent him. So punctilious was he, for the honour of his flag, that he kept it flying; nor would he quit his galley, until she was involved in flames, and he was convinced she could neither be boarded nor her flag struck.*

* Clark.



CHAPTER IV.

Revolutionary War continued. Naval Campaigns of 1777 and 1778.



OLONEL MEIGS, a brave and gallant American officer, about this time, resolved on a most daring enterprise. Twelve British brigs and sloops were lying in Sagg Harbour, on Long Island: a considerable quantity of forage, and other articles for the English army, had been collected at the same

place. Thither the colonel directed his course from Guildford. On the 24th of May, 1777, he crossed the sound, which separates Long Island from Connecticut, with one hundred and seventy men, in whale-boats. The boats were secured in the woods, and a guard placed over them. The colonel, with the remainder of his detachment, marched with order and silence to Sagg Harbour, distant about four miles from the place where he had landed his men. He ordered them to attack with fixed bayonets. A schooner of twelve guns and 70 men commenced a fire upon them. They, however, succeeded in gaining possession of her with all her crew except six, who escaped. All the brigs and schooners were burned; the military stores were destroyed, six men killed, and ninety brought off prisoners. Meigs lost not a single man killed or wounded: and returned to Guildford with his party, 25 hours after his departure from thence.

In this short time, he not only accomplished the object of his expedition, but traversed by land and water, a space of ninety miles. Congress ordered him an elegant sword, in token of their esteem, and of the just sense they entertained of his prudence, activity, enterprise, and valour on this occasion.*

The success of the American privateers, during the year 1777, in the capture of English merchantmen, was extremely great. Their daring spirit and boldness was unparalleled. Their enterprises were no longer confined to the American seas. The coasts of Europe were now covered with them; and the coasts of England were insulted by these privateers, in a manner that their hardiest enemies had never dared to attempt. Even the coasting trade of Ireland was rendered insecure. Into so great a state of alarm were the linen merchants thrown, that they petitioned for, and obtained a convoy for the linen ships between Newry and Dublin, and Dublin and England. This was a circumstance before unheard of. The British merchants were forced to adopt the mortifying expedient, of chartering foreign vessels, particularly French, to transport English goods to the continent of Europe. Thus was the immense naval force of Great Britain rendered incompetent fully to protect her own shipping, by the privateers of a country, that possessed not a single ship of the line, and that had been only a year in existence as a nation.

The countenance given to American privateers, by the French court, alarmed the English ministry. The General Mifflin privateer had committed great depredations along the English coasts. On entering the port of Brest, she saluted the French admiral, who, after the deliberation of an hour and a half, returned the salute in form, as to the vessel of a sovereign and independent state. Lord Stormont, the British ambassador at the court of Versailles, was

* Ramsay, vol. ii., p. 12. Gordon, vol. ii., p. 198. Journal of Congress, vol. iii., p. 241.

much irritated at the procedure; and threatened to return to London, if they should continue thus to countenance the Americans. In consequence of his representations, an order was issued, requiring all American vessels to leave the ports of France. Notwithstanding this order was positive, yet so many evasions were practised, and the execution of it was so relaxed, that the American ships still continued to frequent the French ports, and to equip and refit in them.

The English West Indies, in particular, continued to feel the severe effects of the American system of privateering. In the course of one week, fourteen English vessels were carried into Martinico. Of a fleet of sixty vessels from Ireland, for the West Indies, thirty-five were captured by American privateers.*

About the commencement of January, 1778, an American privateer, commanded by Captain Connelly, fell in with, and engaged a British vessel of 20 guns and 40 men. During the engagement the British vessel blew up, and all her crew, excepting nine, were lost. The men who were saved from the wreck, reported the cargo to be worth about 400,000 dollars.

On the 27th of January, about 11 o'clock at night, the American sloop of war Providence, captain John P. Rathburne, mounting twelve 4-pounders, with a crew of 50 men, landed twenty-five of her crew on the island of New Providence, belonging to the British. They were joined by about eighteen or twenty Americans, escaped from British prison-ships, and who were there waiting an opportunity to return home. This small body of men took possession of Fort Nassau, with the cannons, amunition and three hundred stand of small arms.

In the port lay a sixteen-gun ship with a crew of forty five men, and five vessels captured by the British sloop Grayton. At day-break, four men were sent on board the sixteen-gun ship to take possession of her, and send the officers and crew into the fort. The British commander

* Clark.

was shown the American flag hoisted in the fort; and informed that it was then in possession of the Americans, who would instantly sink his ship, should he hesitate to surrender. Thus intimidated, he gave her up to the four Americans. Her crew were conveyed to the fort, and there confined. Other parties were sent to take possession of the five prize-vessels, which were all secured in the same manner.

At sunrise a party of Americans marched to the governor's house, and demanded the keys of the eastern fort. After being informed of the occurrence of the night, he delivered them up. This fort they also took possession of, spiked the cannon, removed the powder and small-arms, and returned to fort Nassau. All this was accomplished by ten o'clock in the morning. The inhabitants of the place were thrown into the greatest alarm and confusion, and were removing their effects out of the town. The Americans, however, endeavoured to impress upon them, their determination of not molesting the person or property of any inhabitant of the island, unless compelled thereto in their own defence.

About 12 o'clock, near two hundred armed people had assembled, and threatened to attack the fort. But being informed that, if they fired a single gun, the town should be laid in ashes, and seeing preparations made to carry this threat into effect, they were intimidated, and dispersed.

About 12 o'clock, the Providence came into the road, and anchored near the British ship. Soon after, the British sloop Grayton also appeared. The American colours were immediately taken down, and the guns on board the Providence housed, in hopes the sloop would come to an anchor. But, by means of signals, information of the state of affairs was given her by the inhabitants. Thereupon she tacked and stood off, on which the fort commenced a fire on her, and did her considerable injury. She, however, succeeded in making her escape.

No attack was made by the inhabitants the night after the capture. But, at 3 o'clock next morning, two bodies of men, consisting of about five hundred, with several pieces

of cannon, marched within sight of the fort. A summons was sent to the Americans to surrender, accompanied with a threat of storming the place, and putting all to the sword without mercy. But the Americans, in presence of the messenger, nailed their colours to the flag-staff, and returned for answer, that while a man of them survived, they would not surrender. All that day and until twelve at night, the Americans were in continual apprehension of the place being stormed. But their enemy remained inactive, and at last retired to rest, without having attempted anything. The following morning the prizes were manned by the Americans; the guns of the fort were spiked; the ammunition and small-arms conveyed on board the Providence; and the whole American garrison embarked and put to sea, after having kept possession of the fort upwards of two days. Two of the prizes, being of little value, were burnt. The others were sent to the United States.*

In February, 1777, the Randolph, of 32 guns, commanded by Captain Biddle, sailed from Philadelphia. Soon after she was at sea, her lower masts were discovered to be unsound. In a heavy gale of wind they all went by the board. The difficulty of procuring American seamen, when the frigate was fitting out, obliged Captain Biddle to comply with the request of a number of British sailors, then prisoners, to be allowed to enter on board his vessel. While bearing away for Charleston, the English sailors, in conjunction with others of the crew, formed the design of taking the ship. When prepared, three cheers were given by them on the gun-deck. But, by the firm and determined conduct of the captain and his officers, the ringleaders were seized and punished. The rest submitted without opposition. After expeditiously refitting at Charleston, Biddle sailed on a cruise. Three days after he left the bar, he fell in with four vessels, from Jamaica, bound to London. One of these, the True Briton, mounted twenty guns. Her commander had frequently expressed a desire, to his passengers,

* Clark.

of falling in with the Randolph. But as soon as he perceived the American frigate, he made all sail to escape from her. Finding he could not succeed, he hove-to, and kept up a constant fire, until the Randolph came up, and was preparing to give him a broadside, when he struck his colours. The Randolph, by her superior sailing, was enabled to capture the other vessels also. She returned to Charleston with her valuable prizes, having been but one week at sea.*

The State of South Carolina, encouraged by the successes of Captain Biddle, resolved to fit out an expedition under his command. Numbers, through personal attachment to the captain, volunteered their services. In a short time, the ship General Moultrie, brigs Fair American, Polly, and Notre Dame, were ready for sea. A detachment of fifty men, from the first regiment of the South Carolina continental infantry, acted as marines on board the Randolph. The command of this detachment was a matter of great competition among the officers of the regiment. At length Captain Joor, and the lieutenants Gray and Simmons, were appointed. The mast of the Randolph had been struck by lightning. This had induced Captain Biddle to use a conductor. Its novelty then excited much attention. After the Randolph had refitted, and a new mast had been procured, the captain dropped down to Rebellion road with his squadron. His design was to attack the Carysfort frigate, the Perseus twenty-four gun-ship, the Hinchinbrook of sixteen, and a privateer. The squadron was detained for some time in Rebellion road, by want of water to float the Randolph over the bar, and by contrary winds. When over the bar, they stood to the eastward, in hopes of falling in with the British cruisers. The following day, a dismasted ship from New England was retaken. Finding the British squadron had left the coast, they proceeded to the West Indies. For some days, the American squadron cruised to the eastward, in the latitude of Barbadoes. An English

* Memoir of Captain Biddle. Port Folio, vol. ii., p. 287.

schooner from New York had mistaken the Randolph for a British frigate, and, before the mistake was discovered, was captured.

At 3 P. M. on the 7th of March, 1778, a signal was made from the Randolph, for a sail to windward. The squadron hauled upon a wind, to speak her. It was 4 o'clock before she was distinctly perceived. She was then discovered to be a ship. As she neared and came before the wind, she appeared to be a large sloop, with only a square-sail set. About 7 o'clock, the Randolph being to windward, hove-to. The Moultrie, about one hundred and fifty yards astern and to leeward, also hove-to. About 8 o'clock, the British ship fired ahead of the Moultrie, and hailed her. She answered, "the Polly of New-York." The British vessel then hauled her wind, and hailed the Randolph. The former was now discovered to be a two-decker. She had got on the weather-quarter of the Randolph, and was ranging up alongside, when her captain ordered the Randolph to hoist her colours, with which the Randolph immediately complied, and poured a broadside into the British ship.

Soon after the action had commenced, Captain Biddle was wounded in the thigh, and fell. Some confusion ensued; and it was at first thought that he was killed. But he immediately ordered a chair to be brought; said he was only slightly wounded; and was carried forward to encourage his crew. As the stern of the English ship was clear of the Randolph, the captain of the Moultrie gave orders to fire; but, shooting ahead so as to bring the Randolph between them, the last broadside from the Moultrie went into the Randolph; and it is supposed that Captain Biddle was wounded by a shot from her. A brisk and well-directed fire was maintained from the Randolph. She fired nearly three broadsides for one of the English, and while the battle lasted, appeared to be in a constant blaze. Twenty minutes after the commencement of the action, and while the surgeon was examining Captain Biddle's wound, the Randolph blew up. So close was this engagement, that Cap-

tain Morgan of the Fair American, and his crew, believed it was the English ship that had been blown up. He stood towards her with a trumpet in his hand to hail, and inquire how Captain Biddle was, when he discovered his mistake.

The British ship was the Yarmouth of sixty-four guns, commanded by Captain Vincent. She was very much disabled by the action. Her sails were all torn to pieces, in a most surprising manner. She had five men killed and twelve wounded. All the other vessels escaped from the Yarmouth, which continued a chase of several days after them.

There were three hundred and fifteen persons on board the Randolph. When she blew up, it was fortunate for the Yarmouth that she was to windward of her. Notwithstanding, she was covered with parts of the wreck. A large piece of timber, six feet long, fell on her poop. Another large piece struck her fore-topgallant-sail. An American ensign, rolled up, was thrown upon the fore-castle, without being even singed.

While the Yarmouth was in chase of the other ships, four days after the action, she discovered a piece of a wreck, with four men on it, waving for assistance. She immediately hauled up, and put out a boat. The men proved to be a part of the crew of the Randolph. During all this time they had had no food to subsist on. Rain-water, sucked from a piece of blanket which they had luckily preserved, was all their drink.

Thus unfortunately perished one of the most promising naval commanders, at the age of twenty-seven. In the discharge of the duties of his station, he merited and obtained public approbation. In private life he was beloved and esteemed. Humanity, the inseparable companion of true bravery, guided his conduct towards a vanquished enemy; and made him feel and alleviate the sufferings of others. When he commanded the Andrew Doria, in the expedition against New Providence, the small-pox broke out, and raged with great violence among the seamen, the greater part of

whom were New Englanders. His own crew, principally Philadelphians, were not so liable to this disorder. He determined to sacrifice his own ease and comfort, to alleviate the miseries of these afflicted seamen. His ship was crowded with sick from the other vessels; even the long-boat was fitted out for their accommodation. His own cot was given up to a young midshipman, whom, while he lived, he constantly attended. He himself slept on the lockers, and refused every solicitation of his officers to accept their berths.

In the month of February, Captain Barry manned and equipped the boats of the American frigates, then above Philadelphia, and under cover of the night, proceeded down the river with muffled oars. He quietly pursued his course, with his four small row-boats, till he arrived in the vicinity of Fort Penn, where he surprised and captured an armed British schooner, of ten guns, and four large transport-ships, laden with forage, &c. for the British army at Philadelphia.

During the same month, Captain Joseph Rice, of the American Artillery, being on a furlough, near Marcus Hook, discovered a large British transport at anchor in the Delaware. He hired two men to accompany him in a small boat, and with these he boarded and took possession of the transport. She was from New York for Philadelphia, laden with sutler's stores, &c. Rice ran her into Christiana creek, where he disposed of his prize and her cargo, much to the comfort of the American army there encamped. Captain Waters, in the privateer Thorn, of 16 guns, engaged and captured the British brigs Sir William Erskine and Governor Tryon, the one of 18 and the other of 16 guns; and two weeks after, the British ship Sparlin, of 18 guns.

In 1777, David Bushnel proposed to the government a method of destroying the ships of the enemy, by means of a torpedo, or submarine vessel, so constructed as to pass under water, and attach a magazine of powder to the bottom of a ship, for the purpose of blowing her up. His experiments appear to have proved the feasibility of the project; and in one instance a schooner with three men on

board was actually blown up. The schooner was at anchor astern of the frigate *Cerberus*, between Connecticut river and New London. He subsequently made attempts on the enemy's ships in the Hudson and Delaware; but some untoward accident always intervened to prevent the complete success of his schemes. It was probably owing to this circumstance that he did not receive sufficient encouragement from the government to enable him to prosecute his plan so far as to render any essential service to his country.



CHAPTER V.

Revolutionary War continued. Naval Campaigns of 1778 and 1779.



ON the 14th of June, 1777, Paul Jones was appointed to command the ship *Ranger*, of 18 guns. He was sent with despatches to France, where he arrived on the 2d of December. During the voyage, he took two prizes; part of a convoy from the Mediterranean; one of them, at the time of capture, lay under the guns of the *Invincible*, a seventy-four gun ship.

In 1778, Jones sailed from Brest, on board the *Ranger*. His principal object was to effect a descent on the British coast. His first attempt was against Whitehaven, where a great number of merchant-vessels lay at anchor. A fort and battery defended the place. Jones's view was to land on the ebbing of the tide, about midnight; to take possession of the fort and battery; and to burn all the shipping. He proceeded on this enterprise, with 30 men, in two small boats. It was morning before a landing was effected. The small boat was sent to the northern side of the harbour, to set fire to the vessels; while the other proceeded to the fort and battery. The first was taken by assault. Thirty-six cannon, mounted on the batteries, were spiked. This party,

commanded by Jones in person, next proceeded to burn the shipping on that side of the harbour, when he perceived the other boat returning without success; which prevented the execution of the principal object of the expedition; for only one vessel had been set on fire, when the inhabitants, crowding from the town, forced the party to retire on board their ship.

Jones next set sail for the coast of Scotland. He resolved to land on the earl of Selkirk's estate, and take his lordship prisoner. A landing was effected about noon. As the party proceeded towards the house, they were informed that Lord Selkirk was in London; but that his lady was in the castle. Jones then sent the two officers and men, who accompanied, to the castle. They returned with the family plate, without offering any other violence to the castle or its inhabitants. The next day Jones sailed from thence. Shortly afterwards, he fell in with the Drake sloop of war, then in search of him. A boat was sent to reconnoitre the American vessel. But through a stratagem of Jones's, who had his ship disguised, as if a merchantman, the boat was taken. The Drake then hoisted her anchor, and stood out to attack the Ranger. Jones reserved his fire until within pistol-shot. The action lasted for one hour; when the captain and lieutenant of the English vessel were mortally wounded. She then struck her colours, and was taken possession of by Jones. During the voyage, he took several other prizes. After an absence of 28 days, he returned to Brest, with 200 prisoners.

On the 19th of September, 1778, the private-armed ship General Hancock, of Boston, commanded by Captain Hardy, fell in with the Levant, an English frigate of 32 guns. About one o'clock P. M., the latter hoisted a blue English ensign, jack, and pennant; and fired a bow-gun. The General Hancock hoisted continental colours, and prepared for action. The Levant then fired two guns; came alongside the Hancock, and hailed her; but, receiving no answer, the action commenced. At a quarter past 2, the Levant's en-

sign-staff was shot away. Upon asking her crew whether they had struck, they replied "no: fire away." At half past 2, Captain Hardy received a wound in his right shoulder, by a musket-ball, which lodged in the vertebræ of the neck. He fell, and was carried below. The first lieutenant then took the command, and engaged broadside for broadside, till four o'clock, when the *Levant* blew up. Part of the wreck fell on board the *Hancock*. The boats were immediately hoisted out, and the boatswain and seventeen of the crew of the *Levant* were saved. Her crew consisted of ninety-seven seamen, exclusive of landsmen and boys. She was commanded by Captain John Martin.

On the 25th of September, the American frigate *Raleigh*, of 32 guns, commanded by Captain Barry, sailed from Boston. A few days after she left the port, two British vessels were discovered, one of 60 guns, and the other a frigate. Captain Barry endeavoured to avoid them, and at one time supposed he had escaped; but the following day he was again pursued by them. The British frigate, sailing very fast, came up first with the *Raleigh*. An engagement immediately ensued between the two frigates, and continued several hours. The *Raleigh*, though she had lost her foremast, had evidently the advantage, and would have captured the British frigate, had not the larger ship come up and joined in the attack. Barry supported this very unequal conflict with great gallantry for half an hour, when he ran the *Raleigh* on shore. He had made arrangements to burn her as soon as the sick and wounded could be removed; but through some accident this was not executed, and she was taken off by the British the next day.

During this year, the British sloop of war *Hinchinbrook*, of 14, the *York* tender, of 12, and the *Enterprise*, of 10, were captured on the coast by American privateers.*

A plan was laid by Major Talbot to take the *Pigot*, an English schooner, of 8 twelve-pounders and 45 men, lying near Howland's ferry, on the eastern side of Rhode Island.

* Clark.

He sailed, on the 25th of October, 1778, from Providence, in a small vessel, with a number of troops on board. It was two days before he arrived at Howland's ferry. At Fogland ferry he hauled down all his sail, leaving his vessel to drift through the ferry, for fear of being fired on from the fort, and thus alarming the schooner which he intended to attack. He passed undisturbed. At half-past one A. M. he came in sight of the schooner. When a short distance from her, he was hailed, and fired on by her marines. But he reserved his fire until he had approached so near as to run his jib-boom through her shrouds. A deadly volley of musketry, accompanied by a discharge from a few pieces of cannon, was then poured into the English schooner. All the men on her deck ran below, begging for quarters. Those that were already below, never made their appearance on deck. The Americans immediately ran out on their jib-boom, boarded and took her without the loss of a man. The major arrived with his prize in Stonington harbour.

As a reward for the merit of Major Talbot, and to encourage a spirit of enterprise, he was, by a resolution of Congress, presented with a commission of lieutenant-colonel, in the army of the United States, and some time after was appointed a captain in the navy.

On the 16th of August, 1778, the brig Vengeance, of 20 guns, Captain Newman, sailed from Cape Ann, in search of the West India merchant fleet. On the 2d of September, she fell in with it; but was driven from it by two frigates, which chased her for four hours. Four days after, the Vengeance again fell in with the same fleet; but perceiving a ship sailing to the westward, she gave chase to her, and lost sight of the fleet. In the night this vessel made her escape. On the 17th of September, she fell in with the Harriet Packet, of 16 guns and 45 men, which, after a short resistance, she captured. On the 21st of the same month, she met with the Eagle Packet, of 14 guns and 60 men. After an engagement of 20 minutes, the Eagle was also obliged to strike. There were on board this ves-

sel, one colonel, four lieutenant-colonels, three majors, and one cornet of dragoons. The colonel was killed in the engagement, and a number of the crew and passengers of the *Eagle* wounded. Captain Newman was the only person wounded on board the *Vengeance*. Captain Newman having a greater number of prisoners on board his vessel than his own crew amounted to, put into a Spanish port.

On the 13th of March, 1779, a squadron of United States' vessels sailed from Boston, under the command of Captain Hopkins. It consisted of the two frigates *Warren* and the *Queen of France*, and the sloop of war *Ranger*. On the 6th of April, they fell in with the armed schooner *Hibernia*, which they captured. On the 7th, early in the morning, they discovered a fleet of nine ships, seven of which they captured before 2 o'clock. Two of these were ships fully armed; and the remaining five were laden with provisions and dry-goods for the British army, to a very considerable amount.

In June, another expedition consisting of the *Providence*, Commodore Whipple, the *Queen of France*, Captain Rathburn, and the sloop of war *Ranger*, Captain Simpson, was fitted out and sailed from Boston. About the middle of July, near the banks of Newfoundland, as the squadron lay-to in a thick fog, signal-guns were heard, and at intervals the sound of ship-bells, striking the hours. From this they supposed themselves to be near a fleet. About 11 o'clock the fog began to clear off, when the crew of the *Queen of France*, to their great surprise, found themselves nearly alongside of a large merchant-ship, and soon after they perceived themselves to be in a fleet of about 150 sail, under convoy of a 74, and several frigates and sloops of war. The *Queen of France* immediately bore down to the large ship and hailed her. She answered that the fleet was from Jamaica, bound to London. The English ship then hailed the American, and was answered, his majesty's ship *Arethusa*, from Halifax, on a cruise. The American then inquired if they had seen any rebel privateers. The Eng-

lishman replied that several had been driven out of the fleet. The American captain, Rathburn, then requested the commander of the English vessel to come on board, which he did; when, to his great astonishment, he found himself a prisoner. Captain Rathburn then sent one of his own boats and the English captain's boat, both well manned, to the ship, of which they quietly took possession, without exciting the least alarm in the fleet, notwithstanding many of the vessels were nearly within hail of the one captured. Rathburn then went alongside another large ship, and captured her in the same manner. Soon after the capture of the second ship, Commodore Whipple came alongside, and ordered Captain Rathburn to edge away out of the fleet as soon as possible; for the commodore was persuaded they should be discovered and overpowered. Captain Rathburn then pointed out the two large ships he had captured, and requested permission to remain. The commodore at first disapproved of this project; but was at length prevailed upon by Captain Rathburn to stay in the fleet all day, and capture as many vessels as they possibly could, in the same cautious manner. As soon as it was dark they left the fleet, after having captured eleven vessels without giving an alarm. The squadron arrived safe in Boston with eight of their prizes, three of them having been retaken by the English. The value of these ships and their cargoes exceeded a million of dollars.

On the morning of the 9th of June, Captain John Foster Williams, in the Massachusetts state ship Protector, under English colours, gave chase to a large vessel which appeared to the westward. On approaching her, she appeared to be an armed ship or frigate. To his demand, where from, she replied, "from Jamaica." He then hauled down the English colours; ran up American; and gave her a full broadside, which was soon returned, when the action became very warm. It continued without intermission, and with yards interlocked with each other, for an hour and a half, when Captain Williams perceiving the English ship to be on

fire, hauled off from her; but he had not time to get more than twice the length of his ship from her, when the fire reached the magazine, and she blew up. Captain Williams immediately ordered his boats out to the assistance of the drowning men. They succeeded in picking up fifty-five of the crew of the wreck, the greater part of whom were wounded by shot in the engagement, and several much injured and burnt by the explosion. These men informed Captain Williams that the ship he had been engaged with was a large letter of marque, called the *Admiral Duff*; mounting thirty-two guns, and commanded by Captain Strange. The loss in the American vessel was very considerable; being only one man killed and five wounded.

Among the officers who signalized themselves in this engagement, was the late Commodore Preble, then a young midshipman. On this occasion, he gave strong indications of those great qualities, by which he afterwards so eminently distinguished himself, and became so useful to his country.

During the summer of 1779, a squadron destined to act against the British coast, and to intercept the Baltic fleet, was fitted out in France, under the command of Paul Jones. On the 23d of September, while this squadron was cruising in the latitude of Flamborough Head, about two leagues from the English coast, the Baltic fleet hove in sight, about two o'clock in the afternoon. It was convoyed by the *Serapis*, of 44 guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, of 22. The merchant-ships immediately took refuge under the guns of Scarborough castle, while the two armed vessels stood out to sea, and prepared for action. It was night before Jones could come up with the English vessels. At six o'clock, both of the English frigates tacked, and stood in for shore. Jones fortunately discovered this manœuvre, and immediately altered his course six points, with a view of cutting them off. When this was perceived by the *Pallas*, it was supposed the crew of the *Bon Homme Richard*, Jones's ship, had mutinied. This induced her captain to haul his wind and stand out to sea. The *Alliance* lay to,

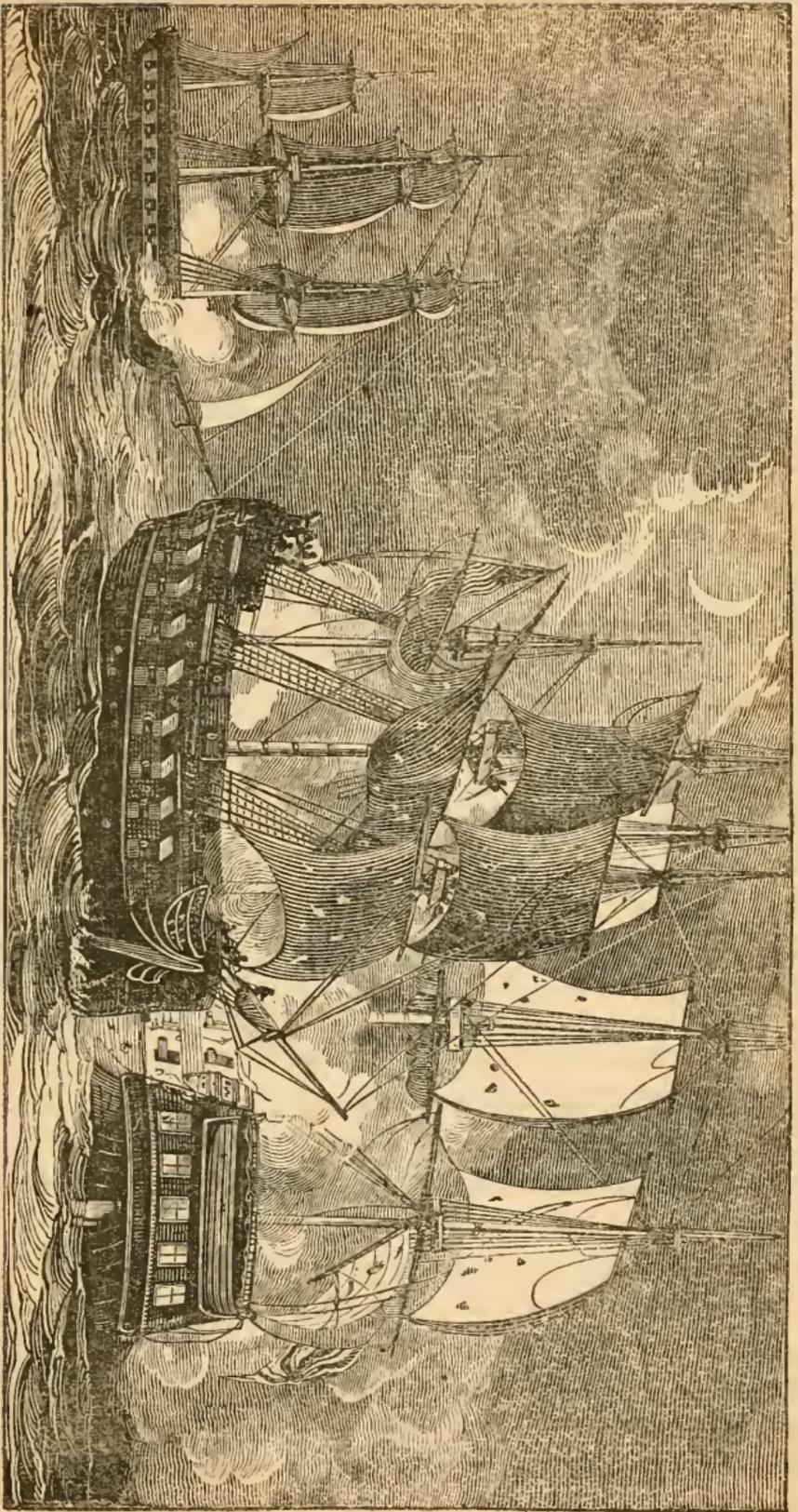
at a considerable distance to windward. As soon as the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard were closely engaged, the Countess of Scarborough ceased firing; as it would have been impossible for her to have fired a shot, without its taking effect on the Serapis.

The following account of this famous battle is given in the language of an eye-witness.

“At a quarter past 8, just as the moon was rising with a majestic appearance, the weather being clear, the surface of the great deep perfectly smooth, even as a mill-pond, the enemy hailed us, ‘what ship is that?’ The answer from our ship was, ‘come a little nearer and I’ll tell you.’ The next question, put by the enemy in a contemptuous manner, was, ‘what are you laden with?’ The answer was, if my memory does not deceive me, ‘round, grape, and double-headed shot.’ Instantly the Serapis poured her range of upper and quarter-deck guns into us; as she did not show her lower-deck guns until about ten minutes after the action commenced. The reason of this I could not learn, but suppose they intended to have taken us without the aid of their lower-deck guns. We returned the enemy’s fire, and thus the action began. At the first fire, three of our starboard lower-deck guns burst, and killed and wounded most of the men stationed at them. As soon as Captain Jones heard of this circumstance, he gave orders not to fire the three other eighteen-pounders mounted upon that deck, but that the men stationed at them should abandon them. Soon after we perceived the enemy, by the light of their lanterns, busy in running out their guns between decks, which convinced us the Serapis was a two-decker, and more than our match. She had by this time got under our stern, which we could not prevent. She now raked us with whole broadsides, and showers of musketry; several of her eighteen-pound shot having gone through and through our ship, on board of which she made a dreadful havoc among our crew. The wind was now very light, and our ship not under proper command, and the Serapis outsailing us two feet

to one; which advantage the enemy discovered, and improved it by keeping under our stern, and raking us fore and aft, till at last the poor French colonel, who was stationed on the poop, finding almost all his men slain, quitted that station with his surviving men, and retired upon the quarter-deck. All this time our tops kept up an incessant and well-directed fire into the enemy's tops, which did great execution. The Serapis continued to take a position under our stern or athwart the bow, and galled us in such a manner, that our men fell in all parts of the ship by scores. At this juncture, it became necessary on the part of our commander, to give some orders to extricate us from this scene of bloody carnage; for had it lasted half an hour longer, in all human probability, the enemy would have slain nearly all our officers and men, and we been obliged to strike our colours and yield to a superior force. Accordingly, Captain Jones ordered the sailing-master, a true-blooded Yankee, whose name was Stacy, to lay the enemy's ship on board; and as the Serapis soon after passed across our fore-foot, our helm was put hard a-weather, the main and mizen-top-sails braced aback, were filled away, and a fresh flaw of wind swelling them at that instant, our ship shot quick ahead, and ran her jib-boom between the enemy's starboard mizzen-shrouds and mizzen-vang. Jones at the same time cried out, 'well done, my brave lads, we have got her now; throw on board the grappling-irons, and stand by for boarding.' This was done, and the enemy soon cut away the chains which were fixed to the grappling-irons; more were thrown on board, and often repeated. We now hauled the enemy's ship snug alongside ours, with the trailings to our **grappling-irons**; her jib-stay was cut away aloft, and fell upon our ship's poop, where Captain Jones was at that time assisting Mr. Stacy in making fast the end of the enemy's jib-stay to our mizzen-mast. He here checked the sailing-master for swearing, by saying, 'Mr. Stacy, this is no time for swearing—you may be the next moment in eternity;—but let us do our duty.' A strong current was now setting

BON HOMME RICHARD AND SERAPIS.



in towards Scarborough; the wind ceased to blow, and the sea again became smooth as glass. By this time the enemy, finding they could not easily extricate themselves from us, let go one of their anchors, expecting that if they could cut us adrift, the current would set us away out of their reach, at least for some time. The action had now lasted about 40 minutes, and the fire from our tops having been kept up without intermission, with musketry, blunderbusses, swivels, and pistols, directing into their tops; these last, at this time became silent, excepting one man in her fore-top, who would once in a while peep out from behind the head of their fore-mast, and fire upon us. As soon as I perceived this fellow, I ordered the marines in the main-top to reserve their next fire, and the moment they got sight of him, to level their pieces and fire, which they did, and we soon saw this skulking tar, or marine, fall out of the top upon the enemy's fore-castle. Our ensign-staff was shot away, and both that and the thirteen stripes had fallen into the sea in the beginning of the action. This ought to have been mentioned before, but I had so many other circumstances to relate of more importance, and the succession was so quick, one close upon the heels of another, that I hope the reader will take this for an excuse. Both ships now lying head and stern, and so near each other, that our heaviest cannon amidships, as well as those of the enemy, could be of no use, as they could be neither spunged nor loaded. In this situation the enemy, to prevent, as they told us afterwards, our boarding *them*, leaped on board of our ship; and some of them had actually got upon the fore-part of our quarter-deck. Several were there killed, and the rest driven back on board their own ship, whither some of our men followed them, and were mostly killed. Several other attempts to board were made by both parties, in quick succession, in consequence of which many were slain upon the two ships' gangways, on both sides. We were now something more than a league E. by S. from a point of land called Flamboorough Head, and in about ten or twelve fathom water; and

the reader may rest assured, that as the Serapis' anchor was at the bottom, and her crew not having leisure to weigh it, we remained here till the battle was at an end. At this time the enemy's fleet was discernible by the moonlight, in-shore of us, but we could not perceive any of our squadron except the Vengeance, and the small tender, which lay about half a league astern of us, neither of whom dared to come to our assistance. It had now got to be about 48 minutes since the action began, as near as I can judge, for we certainly had no time to keep glasses running, or to look at our watches. The enemy's tops being entirely silenced, the men in ours had nothing to do but direct their whole fire down upon his decks, which we did, and with so much success, that in about 25 minutes more we had cleared her quarter and main-decks, so that not a man on board the Serapis was to be seen. However, they still kept up a constant fire with four of their foremost bow-guns on the star-board side, viz. two eighteen-pounders upon her lower gun-deck, and two nine-pounders on her upper gun-deck. These last were mounted on her fore-castle, under cover from our fire from the tops. Her cannon on the larboard side, upon the quarter-deck and fore-castle, from the position of both ships, were rendered altogether useless. Her four guns which she could manage, annoyed us, however, very much, and did considerable damage.

“About this time, some of the enemy's light sails caught fire; this communicated itself to her rigging, and from thence to ours: thus were both ships on fire at the same time, and the firing ceased on both sides till it was extinguished by the contending parties, after which the action was renewed again. By the time this was done, the top-men in our tops had taken possession of the enemy's tops, which was done by reason of the Serapis' yards being locked together with ours, so that we could with ease go from our main-top into the enemy's fore-top; and soon from our fore-top into his main-top. Having a knowledge of this, we transported from our own into the enemy's tops, flasks,

hand-grenades, &c., which we threw among them whenever they made their appearance. The battle had now continued about three hours, and as we in fact had possession of the Serapis' top, which commanded her quarter-deck, upper-deck, and fore-castle, we were well assured that the enemy could not hold out much longer, and were momentarily expecting they would strike to us, when the following farcical piece was acted on board of our ship.

“It seems that a report was at this time circulated among our crew between decks, and was credited by them, that Captain Jones and all his principal officers were slain; that the gunners were now the commanders of the ship; that the ship had four or five feet of water in her hold; and that she was then sinking. The persons who reported this, advised, therefore, the gunner to go on deck, with the carpenter and master at arms, and beg of the enemy quarter, in order to save their lives. These three men being thus delegated, mounted the quarter-deck, and bawled out as loud as they could, ‘quarter, quarter, for God’s sake, quarter! our ship is sinking!’ and immediately got upon the ship’s poop with the view of hauling down the colours. Hearing this, in the top, I told my men that the enemy had struck, for I actually thought the voices of these men sounded as if on board the enemy; but in this I was soon undeceived. The three poltroons finding the ensign and ensign-staff gone, proceeded to the quarter-deck, and were in the act of hauling down our pendant, still bawling for ‘quarter,’ when I heard our commodore say, ‘what rascals are those?—shoot them—kill them!’ He was on the fore-castle when these fellows first made their appearance upon the quarter-deck, where he had just discharged his pistols at some of the enemy. The carpenter and master at arms, hearing his voice, skulked below, and the gunner was attempting to do the same, when the commodore threw his pistols at his head, one of which knocked him down at the foot of the gangway, where he lay till the battle was over. Both ships now took fire again; and on board our ship it communicated to, and set fire to

our main-top, which threw us into the greatest consternation imaginable for some time, and it was not without some exertion and difficulty that it was overcome. The water, which we had in a tub in the fore-top was expended without extinguishing the fire. We next had recourse to our clothes, pulling off our coats and jackets, and then throwing them on the fire, and tramping upon them, which, in a short time smothered it. Both crews were also now, as before, busily employed in stopping the progress of the flames, and the firing on both sides ceased. The enemy now demanded if we had struck, having heard the three poltroons halloo for quarter. 'If you have,' said they, 'why don't you haul down your pendant,' as they saw our ensign was gone. 'Ay, ay,' said Captain Jones, 'we'll do that when we can fight no longer—but we shall see yours come down first, for you must know, Yankees do not haul down their colours till they are fairly beaten.' The combat now commenced again with more fury if possible, than before, on the part of both, and continued for a few minutes, when the cry of fire was again heard on board both ships. The firing ceased again, and both crews were once more employed in extinguishing it. This was soon done, when the battle was renewed again with redoubled vigour, with what cannon we could manage, hand-grenades, &c., but principally towards the closing scene with lances and boarding-pikes. With these the combatants killed each other through the ship's port-holes, which were pretty large, and the guns that had been run out at them, having been rendered useless, as before observed, had been removed out of the way. At three quarters past 11, P. M. the Alliance frigate hove in sight, approached within pistol-shot of our stern, and began a heavy and well-directed fire into us, as well as the enemy, which made some of our officers, as well as men, believe she was a British man-of-war. The moon, as if ashamed to behold this bloody scene any longer, retired behind a dark cloud. It was in vain that some of our officers hailed her, and desired her not to fire again; it was in vain that they were told they

were firing into the wrong vessel; it was in vain that they were told that they had killed a number of our men; it was in vain also they were told that the enemy was fairly beaten, and that he must strike his colours in a few minutes. The Alliance, I say, notwithstanding all this, kept a position either ahead of us, or under our stern, and made a great deal of havoc and confusion on board of our ship, nor did she cease firing entirely, till the signal of recognizance was displayed in full view on board of our ship; which was three lighted lanterns ranged in a horizontal line about fifteen feet high, upon the fore, main, and mizen-shrouds on the larboard side. This was done in order, if possible, to undeceive the Alliance, and had the desired effect, the firing from her now ceasing. At thirty-five minutes past 12 at night, a single hand-grenade was thrown by one of our men out of the main-top of the enemy, with a design to disperse a number of the enemy, who were huddled together between the gun-decks. On its way it struck one side of the combings of her upper hatchway, and rebounding from that, took a direction, and fell between decks, where it communicated to a quantity of loose powder, scattered about the enemy's cannon. The hand-grenade bursting at the same time, made a dreadful explosion, and blew up about twenty of the enemy. This closed the scene; the enemy now in turn called out for quarter, but it was some time, however, before the colours were struck. The captain of the Serapis gave repeated orders for one of the crew to ascend the quarter-deck and haul down the English flag, but no one would stir to do it. They told the captain they were afraid of our rifle-men, believing that all our men who had muskets were of that description. The captain of the Serapis, therefore, ascended the quarter-deck himself, and hauled down the very flag which he had nailed to the flag-staff a little before the battle, with a determination, as he expressed it, of never striking it to that infamous pirate John Paul Jones. The enemy's flag being struck, Captain Jones ordered Richard Dale, his first lieutenant, to select out of the crew a number of men,

and take possession of the prize, which was immediately put in execution.

“Thus ended this ever memorable battle, after a continuance of a few minutes more than four hours. The officers, headed by the captain of the *Serapis*, now came on board our ship. Captain Parsons inquired for Captain Jones, to whom he was introduced by Mr. Mase, our purser. The former accosted Captain Jones, in presenting his sword, in this manner—‘It is with great reluctance I am obliged to resign my sword to a man, who may be said to fight with a halter about his neck.’ Jones took no notice of this insult, but gallantly replied, ‘Sir, you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt, your sovereign will reward you for it in the most ample manner.’”*

Such were the injuries received by the *Richard* in this desperate battle, that she sunk before she could reach her port.

* *Analectic Magazine*, vol. 8.



CHAPTER VI.

Revolutionary War Continued. Naval Campaign of 1780 and 1781.



EARLY in the Revolutionary War, Captain Murray was appointed a lieutenant in the navy of the United States; but during the two or three first years of the war, he served in the land-army, in which he obtained the rank of captain. He afterwards successfully commanded several letters of marque from the port of Baltimore. In these voyages, he had to pass through the British squadron in the Chesapeake Bay. He seldom left port without having an engagement. One of the most remarkable of these is the following:

The *Revenge*, which he then commanded, carried 18 guns, and had a crew of 50 men. A number of merchantmen, upwards of thirty, and many of them well armed, collected to go out to sea in company. Of this fleet, Captain Murray was, by the merchants, appointed to act as commodore. In his first attempt to get out of the bay, he met with a superior force, and was compelled, with his whole fleet, to run up the Patuxent, where they remained for some days. Being informed that the British vessels had departed, he again made an attempt to proceed on his voyage with

his fleet, which had increased to 50 sail. Terms of agreement were entered into by the armed vessels of the fleet, to support each other in case of an attack. Signals were agreed upon, and it was determined to fight their way out. As this fleet approached the sea-board, a fleet of privateers hove in sight, close under the land. A signal was made for a superior force, and all the unarmed vessels of the fleet were ordered to return, and the others to rally about Captain Murray. One brig and a schooner only obeyed this last signal; the remainder bore up for Hampton Road. The British vessels consisted of a ship of 18 guns, a brig of 16, and three private schooners. They all stood in for the body of the fleet. Captain Murray, to prevent a general capture, resolved to give them battle. In order to gain time for the merchantmen to escape, he waited the approach of the privateers, and was soon placed between the fire of the British ship and brig. But he returned their fire with spirit and effect, keeping up an incessant discharge from both his broadsides, for more than an hour, when he had the satisfaction to see his adversaries haul off, after they had sustained considerable damage. The American brig and schooner that remained with Captain Murray behaved well, and succeeded in beating off the privateers that attacked them. After this engagement, Captain Murray returned to Hampton Roads, whither all the fleet had retired. His vessel was much injured in her sails and rigging, but no lives were lost; only a few, including himself, were wounded: for his good conduct in this affair, he received the thanks of the merchants of Baltimore.*

As soon as his vessel was repaired, he again put to sea. On the banks of Newfoundland, he fell in with a strongly-armed English brig, a letter of marque. She immediately engaged Captain Murray, but after a few well-directed broadsides from him, she hauled down her colours. He kept her several days in company, intending to take her on with him until it should be convenient to send her into a

* Clark's Naval History.

French port. When near the coast of Europe, he found himself, early one morning, in the midst of an English fleet of 150 sail of men-of-war and transports bound to New York. He was pursued by a frigate, and, after a long chase, overtaken and captured. After being exchanged, he entered on board the Trumbull frigate, as a volunteer lieutenant.

In the year 1781, Captain Barry commanded the Alliance frigate of 32 guns. In February, he sailed from Boston for l'Orient, having on board Colonel Lawrence, then going on an important embassy to the French court. On his passage he captured the Alert of ten guns. This privateer had captured a valuable ship belonging to Venice. Captain Barry, out of respect for the laws of nations, and rights of neutrality, immediately released the Venetian ship. On the 30th of March, he sailed from l'Orient on a cruise. On the 2d of April, he fell in with and took two privateers from Guernsey. One, the Mars, of 20 twelve-pounders, 2 six-pounders, and 12 four-pounders, with a crew of 112 men; the other, the Minerva, of 10 guns and 55 men. On the 28th of May, two sail were discovered on the weather-bow of the Alliance, standing towards her. After having approached sufficiently near to be seen during the night, they hauled to the wind, and stood on the same course with the Alliance. At day-break on the 29th, the weather was quite calm. At sunrise, American colours were displayed on board the Alliance; and the drums beat to quarters. The strange vessels were discovered to be a ship and a brig, with British colours flying; and having, by the assistance of their sweeps, got within hail, the ship proved to be his Britannic majesty's ship of war Atalanta, Captain Edwards, carrying 20 guns, and 130 men; and the brig, the Trepassey, of 14 guns, and 80 men, commanded by Captain Smith

Captain Barry ordered them to haul down their colours which not being complied with, a warm engagement immediately commenced. So dead a calm prevailed, that the Alliance lay like a log upon the water; while her opponents, by means of their sweeps, could select their position. They

lay on the quarters and athwart the stern of the Alliance; in consequence, but few of her guns could be brought to bear upon them. About 2 o'clock, Captain Barry was wounded in the left shoulder by a grape-shot. Notwithstanding his wound was dangerous and very painful, he remained for some time on the quarter-deck; but the loss of blood at length obliged him to submit to be carried below. Soon after this, the American colours were shot away. As this happened during the interval of loading her guns, the enemy concluded they had been struck, and huzzaed in exultation. The flag, however, was soon again hoisted. A broadside from the Alliance obliged the crews of her opponent vessels immediately to resume their quarters. About this time a light breeze fortunately sprung up, and enabled the Alliance to bring her broadside to bear with effect. Great execution was done thereby; and at 3 P. M. both the British vessels struck.

When Captain Edwards was conducted to Captain Barry, he presented his sword, which was immediately returned to him as a testimonial of the respect entertained for his valour; Barry at the same time observing, "that he richly merited it, and that his king ought to give him a better ship."

Soon after Barry received his wound and had retired from deck, one of his lieutenants went to him while in the cock-pit. He represented the shattered state of the sails and rigging, the number of killed and wounded, and the disadvantages they laboured under for want of wind; and desired to know whether the colours might be struck. "No," said Barry, "and if the ship can't be fought without me, I will be carried on deck." As soon as the lieutenant made known to the crew the determination of their commander, their spirits returned, and they all resolved to "stick by him manfully." When his wound was dressed, he insisted on being brought on deck; but before he reached it, the enemy had struck.

The Alliance had 11 killed and 21 wounded; among the latter, several of her officers. Her rigging and spars were

much shattered; and she sustained considerable injury in her hull. The enemy had 11 killed and 30 wounded.

In September the British sloop of war *Savage*, of 20 guns, and about 150 men, sailed up the Potomac, and plundered General Washington's estate. On the 6th she was met off Charleston by the privateer *Congress*, of the same force as herself, commanded by Captain Geddes. Major M'Lane, a very distinguished partisan officer of the American army, had, with a part of his command, volunteered to serve as marines on board her. As the crew of the *Savage* were all seamen, she had considerably the advantage of the *Congress*, the greater part of whose crew were landsmen. At 11 o'clock, the action commenced with musketry, which, after much execution, was followed by a severe cannonade on both sides. In the beginning of the action the *Savage* had the advantage; as she then lay on the *Congress's* bows, and completely raked her: but the latter succeeded in getting alongside of the *Savage*, and soon disabled her so effectually that she could not manœuvre. About an hour after the commencement of the action, all the braces and bowlines of the *Savage* were shot away; not a rope was left to trim the sails with; and her decks were cleared by the musketry of the Americans. The *Congress* continued alongside, until accident obliged her to drop astern. The *Savage* was then almost a wreck: her sails, rigging, and yards, were so much injured, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could change her position time enough to avoid being raked. The cannonading soon recommenced with greater vigour than ever. The quarter-deck and fore-castle of the *Savage*, were, in a short time, again nearly cleared, almost every man stationed in these places being either killed or wounded. The two ships were so close together, that the fire from the guns of each, scorched the men opposed to them in the other. The mizzen-mast of the *Savage*, and the colours of both vessels were shot away, when the boatswain of the *Savage* appeared forward with his hat off, calling for quarter. The *Savage* was found a complete wreck; her decks being

covered with blood, and killed and wounded men. This victory was in a great measure due to the exertions and activity of Major M'Lane and his brave soldiers. The prisoners were treated with the greatest humanity and attention. Major M'Lane even accompanied Captain Sterling to Pennsylvania, and carefully protected him from insult; for his conduct to American prisoners had excited much resentment in the minds of the people. Soon after the Savage struck, Major M'Lane went forward to look for Serjeant Thomas. He found him with both legs broken, lying on his back in the netting, near the foot of the bowsprit, with his musket loaded. He was huzzaing for the victory, and exclaimed, "If they have broken my legs, my hands and heart are still whole." Major M'Lane took particular care of this truly brave man, who recovered the use of his legs, and afterwards entered on board the Hyder Ally, commanded by Captain Barney. The Savage soon after the action was recaptured by a British frigate, and carried into Charleston. The British captain threatened to hang the American lieutenant, for daring to take charge of one of his majesty's vessels, and treated the prisoners very ill.*

On the 8th of April, Captain Barney, in the Hyder-Ally, of 16 guns and 110 men, sailed from Philadelphia to convoy a fleet of merchantmen to the capes of the Delaware. While the fleet was lying in Cape May road, waiting for a fair wind to take them out to sea, two ships and a brig, a part of the enemy's force, were discovered standing in for them. Captain Barney immediately made the signal for his convoy to get under way and proceed up the Bay; which orders they were not slow in obeying, with the exception of one ship, which had a few guns on board; and her commander very gallantly determined to abide the issue. He was no great help to Barney, for as soon as the action commenced, he, in his haste to get to sea, out of reach of the enemy's balls, ran his ship aground, and escaped with his

* Clark.

men, by climbing out to the end of the jib-boom, and jumping ashore, while the ship was taken by the enemy.

Captain Barney kept astern of his convoy, watching the motions of the British vessels with great earnestness. He saw that the brig and one of the ships were following him up the bay through the Cape May channel, while the other ship was manœuvring to run ahead through the other channel and prevent the convoy from proceeding up the bay. The brig was the first to come up. She gave the Hyder-Ally a broadside and passed on; Captain Barney did not return the fire, reserving his shot for the ship, which was coming up rapidly. She advanced within pistol-shot, without firing a gun, probably thinking that Barney would not dare to oppose her progress. At this moment, however, the Hyder-Ally opened her ports and gave a well-directed broadside, which told her determination in sea-terms, which were not easy to be misunderstood. The enemy then closed in and showed a determination to board; but Barney, perceiving immediately the difficulty of his situation, and knowing that if they succeeded in boarding him, he would have to face a vastly superior force, instantly walked up to the man at the helm and told him to interpret his next order 'by the rule of contrary,' to do exactly that which is opposed to the command. Soon after, when the enemy was ranging alongside, preparatory to boarding, Captain Barney called out, in a voice intended to be heard on board the adverse ship, 'Hard *a-port* your helm—do you want him to run aboard of us?' The seaman immediately understood the order, and put his helm hard *a-starboard*, by which admirable manœuvre the enemy's jib-boom caught in the fore-rigging of the Hyder-Ally, and there remained entangled during the short but glorious action which followed. The Hyder-Ally thus gained a raking position, and such was the terrible quickness and effect of her fire—having fired *twenty* broadsides, in *twenty-six* minutes—that in less than half an hour from the firing of the first broadside, the ship was obliged to strike her colours. But the other ship was now

coming rapidly up, and Captain Barney had only time to send on board a lieutenant and thirty-five men, with orders to proceed up immediately after the fleet, while he himself covered the rear. The brig, seeing that the ship had struck, ran aground, to avoid being captured. The ship continued to work her way up the river, as the taking possession of the first was so quick and unexpected, that the captain had not time to destroy his book of signals, and Captain Barney having ordered his lieutenant to hoist the British flag on the prize, while he pulled down the American, on board the *Hyder-Ally*, the ship thought that the American ship had struck; she, therefore, towards evening, dropped her anchor, making a signal as she did so, to the prize-ship, which she did not expect to be under other orders—and believing that she was then working her will among the defenceless convoy.

After the ship had given up the chase, and dropped her anchor for the night, Captain Barney hailed his prize, and enquired what her name, character, and force were. He was answered, “The *General Monk*, of twenty guns, and one hundred and thirty-six men, under the command of Captain Rodgers of the Royal Navy.” The *Hyder-Ally* had only 4 men killed and 11 wounded, while the *General Monk* had lost 20 men killed and 33 wounded. Among the former were five of the officers—and among the latter were Captain Rodgers himself, and every other officer on board except one midshipman!

The Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a vote of thanks to Captain Barney, and ordered a gold-hilted sword to be prepared for him; which was soon after presented to him, in the name of the State, by Governor Dickinson.

CHAPTER VII.

Resuscitation of the Navy. Difficulties with the Barbary Powers.



RAVELY as the Americans had fought their naval battles in the war of the Revolution, its long continuance against so puissant an enemy as Great Britain, gradually led to the capture or destruction of most of the vessels belonging to the infant republic; and on the termination of the contest, the few remaining ships were sold by

Congress. It was not till the year 1790, when our difficulties with the Barbary powers had become serious, that the attention of the government was again directed to the navy.

The first act of Congress, passed subsequently to the Revolution, authorizing the construction of vessels of war, was that of 27th of March, 1794; which directed six frigates to be provided; the building of which was, however, to be suspended "in the event of peace with Algiers." In reviewing the circumstances which led to the adoption of this measure, it manifestly appears that Congress was forced to take a step against which they seem to have felt a repugnance almost invincible. American commerce, emancipated by the establishment of our independence, was speedily pushed into every sea; no sooner were the stars and stripes displayed in the Mediterranean, than they attracted the attention of the Barbary powers, and finding that our commerce was

wholly unprotected either by ships of war or by the usual treaties, the spirit of Turkish cupidity was roused, and some of our merchant-vessels were seized, and their crews carried into captivity.

Prior to this, and for many years after, negotiations were carried on by Messrs. Adams and Jefferson, in France, with the agents of Algiers. But Mr. Jefferson was in favour of a navy; Mr. Adams, for tribute.

As early as July, 1785, the schooner *Maria*, Captain Stevens, of Boston, and the ship *Dauphin*, Captain O'Brien, of Philadelphia, were seized by Algerine corsairs and carried into Algiers, where the vessels and cargoes were confiscated, and their crews, twenty-one in number, thrown into prison. These acts produced the greatest possible excitement throughout the country. The strongest indignation glowed in every bosom—and yet from 1785 until 1794 (during the whole of which period these depredations were continued) no measures were adopted to obtain redress, beyond vain and fruitless efforts to conclude a treaty, and to ransom the prisoners. That the greatest anxiety was actually felt, both by the government and people of the United States, to effect these objects, does not admit of a doubt; but it really seems not to have entered into the mind of any one, that the only effectual means was the immediate preparation of a naval force.

In the course of the negotiations entered upon by the Executive on that occasion, it appears that ransom was at first offered, at the rate of two hundred dollars a man, and no unwillingness was expressed to stipulate for the annual payment of tribute. This proposal was rejected by the Dey with indignation, and he demanded a sum equal to two thousand eight hundred and thirty-three dollars a man, a higher price than had then been paid by any nation,—Spain having ransomed her subjects at the rate of one thousand six hundred dollars—Russia at one thousand five hundred and forty-six dollars, and other nations at still lower sums,—the scale rising or falling in proportion to the wants of

the Dey, and the power of the nation, whose citizens were outraged, to enforce redress. Such was the intense interest however, felt by the people in the fate of our unfortunate brethren in captivity (an interest fostered and kept alive by the petitions and complaints of the captives representing the "hard labour and rigorous slavery to which they were subjected, their being confined in slave prisons, with six hundred captives of other nations, and their exposure to that fatal disorder the plague,") that it is confidently believed that the ransom demanded by the Dey would have been paid, but for the obvious consideration that it would have operated as a temptation for the capture of American citizens in preference to those of other countries,—in the expectation of obtaining a larger sum for their ransom: the question was not so much, at what price the prisoners then in captivity should be purchased, as what standard should be fixed at which American captives should thereafter be ransomed; and with all the interest felt for the unfortunate Americans then held in bondage, every consideration of justice and policy seemed to forbid their being released on terms that must have operated as a bounty for the enslavement of every American found in the Mediterranean.

We must believe that if the eventual failure of these negotiations could have been foreseen, the government would at once have perceived the necessity of providing a naval force. But as the American people would not reconcile themselves to the idea of leaving their brethren exposed to all the hardships of a rigorous captivity until ships could be built, the public voice approved of the attempt of buying that peace which the country was supposed to be in no condition to enforce. In the cruel dilemma in which the administration was placed, the conduct of General Washington was in all respects considerate, and eminently judicious. It appears from Mr. Jefferson's report, made to Congress on the 28th of December, 1790, that after the failure of the direct negotiation, the assistance of the Mathurins was obtained. "This was a religious order of France, instituted

in ancient times for the redemption of Christian captives from the infidel powers." They kept, we are informed, secret agents at the courts of those powers, constantly employed in seeking out and redeeming the captives of their own country, which they effected on much more reasonable terms than had ever been accomplished by the public agents of any government in Europe. This benevolent order of men readily undertook the task of acting as the secret agents of the United States, in redeeming American captives. It was, however, considered necessary to their success, that the idea should be held out, that the American government had determined to abandon their citizens to their fate. All public negotiations therefore ceased; the daily allowance of provisions formerly made, and which we are told was so liberal as to evince that it came from a public source, was withdrawn; and, to destroy every expectation of a redemption by the United States, the bills of the Spanish Consul were not answered; and it was even found necessary (says Mr. Jefferson) "to go so far as to suffer the captives themselves, and their friends, to believe that no attention was paid to them, and that no notice would be taken of their letters." "It would have been unsafe (he continues) to trust them with a secret, the disclosure of which might for ever prevent their redemption, by raising the demands of the captors to sums, which a due regard to our seamen, still in freedom, would forbid us to give. This was the most trying of all circumstances, and drew from them the most afflicting reproaches." But where there was a prospect of serving the cause of humanity, or promoting the welfare of their country, the President and his Secretary of State were not to be deterred from going boldly forward in the path of duty—though by so doing, they necessarily subjected themselves to imputations, which, to men of refined sentiment and patriotic feelings, must have been, of all others, the most difficult to be borne in silence.

All these efforts, however, failed. The French Revolution transferred the lands and revenues of the clergy to the

people, and by withdrawing the means, seemed to have suspended the proceedings of the Mathurins. The Russians, the Neapolitans, and the Spaniards too, about the same time, redeemed at exorbitant sums, their captured citizens, and slaves had become so scarce, that they would hardly be sold at any price. The patience of General Washington was at length completely exhausted, and he was driven to the determination of redeeming our captives, even on the terms proposed by the Dey of Algiers himself. On the 8th of May, 1792, he accordingly submitted to the Senate, in confidence, the question, whether they would sanction such a treaty, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, took measures to effect the object. But it was now too late to purchase peace on any terms. The sudden and unexpected conclusion of a truce with Portugal (brought about as the American Ambassador, Colonel Humphreys, declares, "by the British court, not only without authority, but even without consulting the court of Portugal," and which he denounces as "an execrable plot,") by throwing open not only the Mediterranean, but the gates of the Atlantic, to Algerine cruisers, left our commerce and seamen entirely at their mercy, at a time when the United States did not possess a single vessel of war. The Dey would now listen to no terms whatever. His language was, "let the American Ambassador take care how he comes here under the protection of any flag whatever,—if I were to make peace with every body, what should I do with my corsairs?" In the course of a single cruise, undertaken at this period, the Algerine fleet, which consisted of only four small frigates and a few xebecks, captured ten American vessels, and carried upwards of one hundred of our citizens into slavery. Our affairs had now reached a crisis which seemed to leave the American government no alternative but to fit out a naval force, as speedily as possible, unless indeed, it had been prepared to abandon the navigation of the Mediterranean altogether. Colonel Humphreys, in his letter to the Secretary of State, dated 25th of December, 1793, earnestly pressed

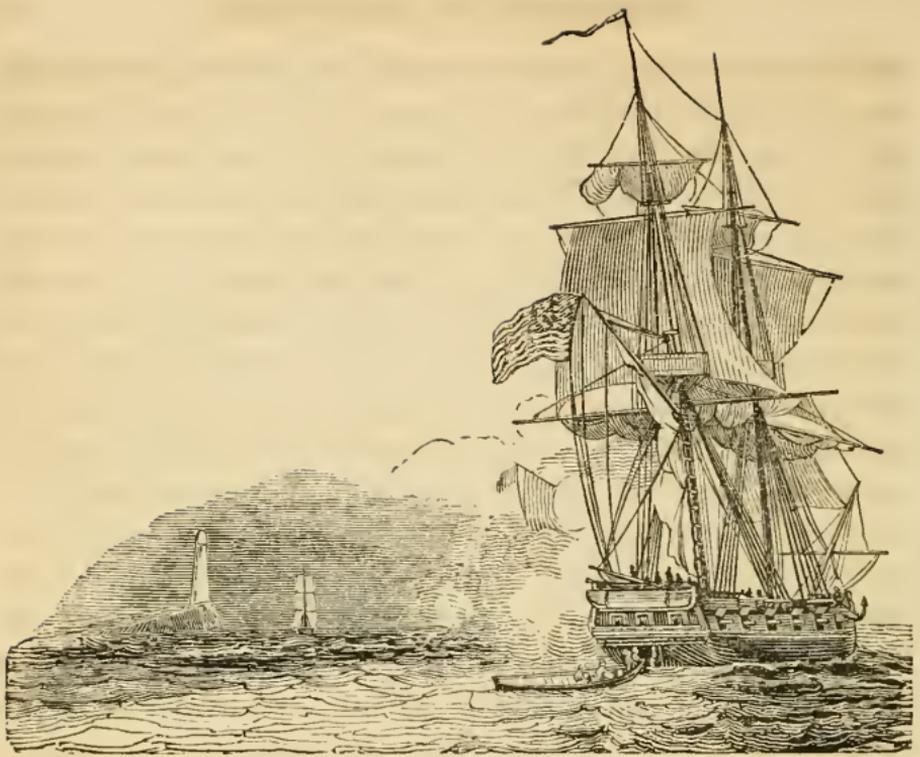
this view of the subject on the consideration of the government. "If we mean (says he) to have a commerce, we must have a naval force to defend it. It appears absurd to trust to the fleets of Portugal, or any other nation, to protect and convoy our trade." The American Consul, O'Brien, in his letter to Colonel Humphreys, is even still more explicit. He declares, "that he sees no alternative, but for the United States, with all possible speed, to fit out a naval force," and adds, "that if this plan is not adopted, the corsairs of Algiers and Tunis will remain masters of the western ocean,—they will cruise in the channels of the western islands, and be tempted to go even on the coasts of the United States." The whole subject was at length submitted to Congress by the President, and on the 27th of March, 1794, an act was passed to provide a naval armament. This message contains the first distinct recommendation of a naval force. The preamble of the act is in these words, viz:—"Whereas the depredations committed by the Algerine corsairs on our commerce, render it necessary that a naval force should be provided for its protection. Be it therefore enacted," &c. The act authorized the President to provide, equip, and employ four ships of 44 guns, and two of 36, or in lieu thereof, a naval force, not exceeding in the whole that directed by the act—no ship to carry less than 32 guns, and then follows a special provision, "that if a peace shall take place between the United States and the regency of Algiers, no further proceeding shall be had under this act." Without this provision (says Goldsborough) it is well understood that this act would not have passed, and even so restricted, the bill passed by a majority of only eleven votes.

If our limits permitted, it would be curious and somewhat amusing, to examine the arguments urged in Congress on that occasion, against a navy, and in favour of buying the friendship of the Barbary powers, and even, if necessary, of subsidizing some of the European naval powers to protect our trade. But this we must forego. Contrary to

all expectation, a peace was concluded with Algiers on the 5th of September, 1795, and before a single vessel, authorized by the law, had been finished, though so much progress had been made in building them, that it was expected all the frigates might have been launched and completely equipped in the course of the year 1796, and at an expense less than half of what had been already expended. Congress was now compelled to decide whether the work should be abandoned, and all that had been done should be lost, or a navy of some description be suffered to exist. As usual in such cases, a middle course was adopted; and it was finally decided to complete three of the frigates which were in a state of the greatest forwardness—applying for that purpose the appropriation theretofore made for the whole. In a table exhibited in the work before us, the expense of this treaty with Algiers is set forth, and it appears, from the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, to have cost the United States nine hundred and ninety-two thousand, four hundred and sixty-three dollars—(over and above the annuity stipulated to be paid, and which it was estimated could not be paid at a cost to the United States of less than seventy thousand dollars per annum)—an amount falling but little short of the whole estimated cost of the six frigates, which, had they been provided in due season, would, probably, have afforded (as a much smaller force has since done) complete protection to our commerce, and repaid at once, the whole expense of their construction.*

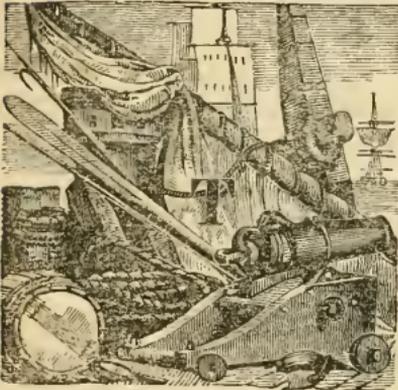
The ships built under the law of March 27th, 1794, were the Constitution, 44 guns, President, 44, United States, 44, Chesapeake, 38, Constellation, 38, and Congress, 38.

* Southern Review for 1823.



CHAPTER VIII.

French War of 1798.



THE next great era in the naval history of the country, was that created by our difficulties with France. In the wars which grew out of the French Revolution, it was scarcely to have been expected that American commerce could escape depredations. We accordingly find that as early as 1793, both England and France began to capture our ships, impress our seamen, and, in short, to pursue that system, from the effects of which we were only able finally to relieve ourselves, by adopting measures of retaliation against one of those powers, and waging open war against the other. By the report of the Secretary of State, accompanying the President's Message, in 1794, it appears,

that the vexations and spoliations on our commerce had then reached such an alarming height as to threaten the ruin of our trade. These difficulties continued to increase until the latter end of the year 1795, when our differences with Great Britain were terminated by the ratification of Jay's treaty. Our differences with France, however, seemed rather to have been increased by that treaty, and on the 7th of December, 1796, President Washington, in his speech to Congress, called its attention to the subject of these depredations, and invoked it to remember "what was due to the character of the government and of the country." The message contains the first distinct recommendation by the executive, of a permanent naval policy. "To an active external commerce, (says the President) the protection of a naval force is indispensable. This is manifest of wars to which a state itself is a party. But besides this, it is in our own experience, that the most sincere neutrality is not a sufficient guard against the depredations of nations at war. To secure respect to a neutral flag, requires a naval force organized and ready to vindicate it from insult or aggression. This may even prevent the necessity of going to war, by discouraging belligerents from committing such violations of the rights of the neutral party, as may first or last leave no other option. From the best information I have been able to obtain, it would seem as if our trade to the Mediterranean, without a protecting force, will always be insecure, and our citizens exposed to the calamities from which numbers of them have but just been relieved. These considerations invite the United States to look to the means, and to set about the gradual creation of a navy. Will it not then be advisable to begin without delay to provide and lay up the materials for building and equipping of ships of war, and to proceed in the work by degrees, in proportion as our resources shall render it practicable without inconvenience, so that a future war of Europe may not find our commerce in the same unprotected state in which it was found by the present?"

In the first message of President Adams, (16th May, 1797,) he enforces the wisdom of this policy in very emphatic language. In consequence of the message of General Washington, Congress called for a report respecting the depredations committed on the commerce of the United States. It appeared from the report made in obedience to this call, that between three and four hundred American vessels had been captured by French cruisers—the greater number of which had been condemned.

Congress at this session, among other measures, having in view the protection of the commerce and the vindication of the honour of the country, authorized the President to fit out and employ the frigates *United States*, *Constitution* and *Constellation*, and made an appropriation for completing the three frigates then on the stocks. This was the second important step taken by the government for the purpose of creating a naval force; and, like the former, it was forced upon them by hard necessity. Every thing was now rapidly tending to a rupture with France. Every effort to avert that calamity seemed only to hasten its approach. At length Congress determined, in accordance with the declared wishes of the President, to take measures to redress our wrongs by force of arms.

On the 9th of April, 1798, the Secretary of War (then also charged with the duty of superintending the concerns of the navy) submitted to the House of Representatives his plans for the protection of our commerce. Among the means recommended as indispensably necessary, was “a provision for building or purchasing two vessels of 22 guns, eight of 20 guns, and ten of 16 guns; and, that the President should be vested with authority in case of open rupture, to provide, by such means as he may judge best, a number of ships of the line not exceeding six, or an equivalent force in frigates.” With these recommendations Congress so far complied, as to authorize the President “to cause to be built, purchased or hired, a number of vessels not exceeding twelve, to carry not more than 22 guns each.”

A few days afterwards, the office of Secretary of the Navy was created, and Benjamin Stoddert (a gentleman who proved himself pre-eminently qualified for the station) was appointed to that office.

In the course of the months of May, June and July, of the same year, acts were passed declaring the treaties with France no longer obligatory—authorizing the capture of French armed vessels—and directing so many additional vessels of war to be built, as made the whole number at that time, (July 1798) authorized by law, amount to—

12 Ships of not less than 32 guns,

12 “ of not less than 20, nor exceeding 24,

And 6 “ of 18 guns, besides galleys and revenue cutters. So great was the activity displayed in providing this force, that towards the close of the year 1798, there were actually at sea, no less than four squadrons, under the separate commands of Commodores Barry, Truxtun, Tingey, and Stephen Decatur, Senior, consisting, in all, of four frigates, four ships of 18 guns, and eight smaller vessels.*

Notwithstanding this extensive preparation and active commencement of the naval war, only two actions were fought under such circumstances as to render them greatly celebrated in our national nautical annals. These were by the frigate *Constellation*, under command of Commodore Thomas Truxtun.

Appointed, with a squadron under his command, to the protection of the American commerce in the West Indies, the commodore had an arduous task to perform, in the infancy of a navy not yet organized; but every difficulty yielded to the excellence of his discipline, for which he has ever been celebrated. On this station, his indefatigable vigilance guarded, in the most effectual manner, the property of our merchants; and an enemy's privateer could scarcely look out of port without being captured.

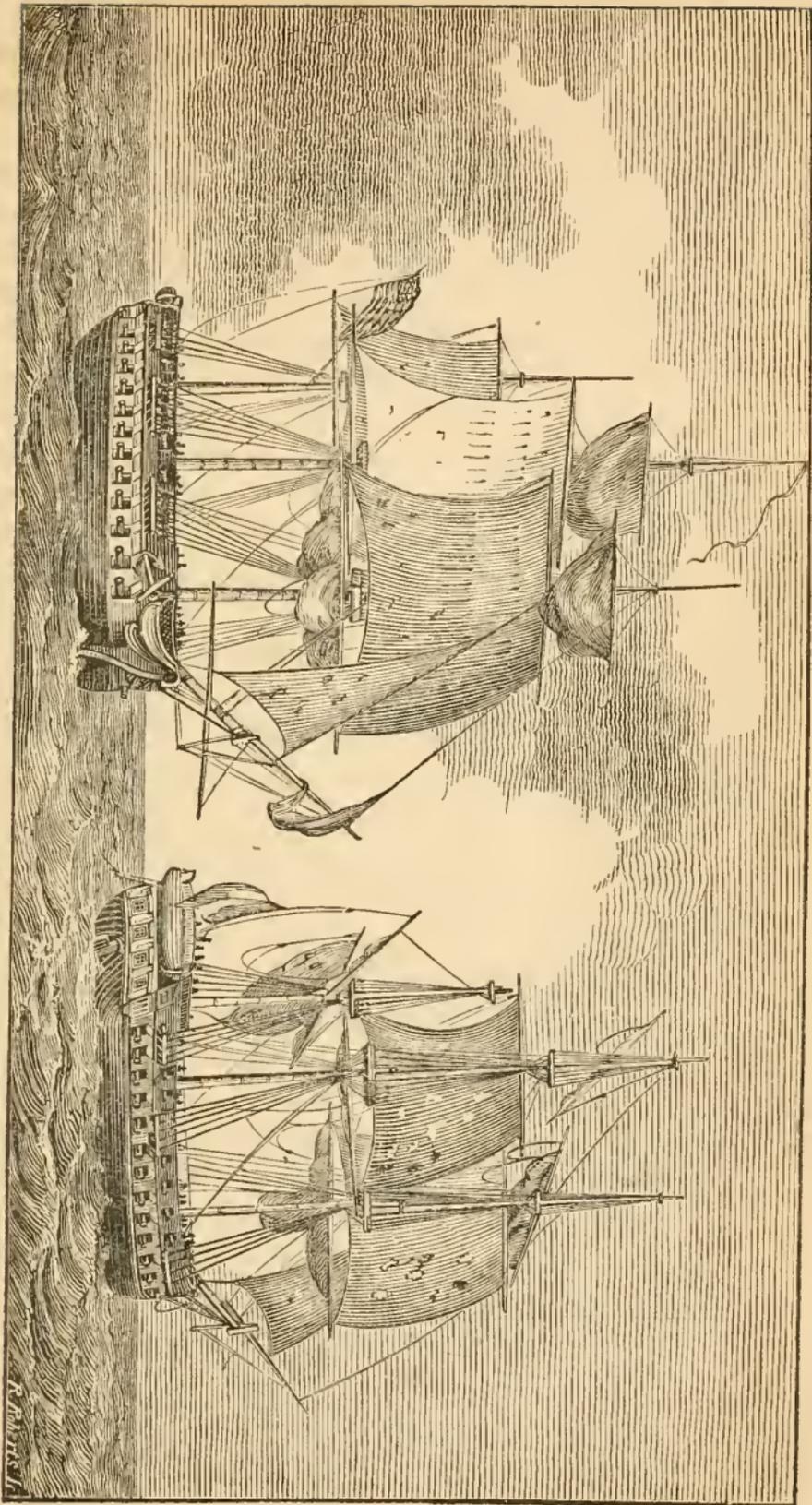
At noon, on the 9th of February 1799, the island of Nevis bearing W. S. W. five leagues distant, the *Constellation*

* Southern Review for 1828.

being then alone, a large ship was seen to the southward, upon which Commodore Truxtun immediately bore down. On his hoisting the American ensign, the strange sail showed French colours, and fired a gun to windward (the signal of an enemy). At a quarter past 3 P. M., the commodore was hailed by the French captain, and the *Constellation*, ranging alongside of the enemy's frigate, who had so declared herself, by firing a gun to windward, poured in a close and extremely well-directed broadside, which was instantly returned by her antagonist, who, after a very warm engagement of an hour and a quarter, hauled down her colours, and proved to be *L'Insurgente*, of 40 guns, and 417 men; 29 of whom were killed, and 44 wounded in the action. She was commanded by Monsieur Barreau, a distinguished officer, who did not strike his colours till his ship was a perfect wreck. The *Constellation* had only one man killed and two wounded. A stronger instance of the strict and exemplary discipline preserved on board the *Constellation* cannot be given than this disparity of loss in the two ships: and yet, during the whole time that Commodore Truxtun commanded her, but one man was whipt at the gangway, and that for extreme bad conduct, and he was immediately discharged from the ship, as unworthy of belonging to her. Scarce a man of her crew had ever been in action before. The prize was taken into Basseterre, St. Christopher's, and, after being refitted, added to the American navy.

This was the first opportunity that had offered to an American frigate of engaging an enemy of superior force; and the gallantry displayed by Commodore Truxtun was highly applauded, not only by his own countrymen, but by foreigners. He received congratulatory addresses from all quarters, and the merchants of Lloyd's Coffeehouse sent him a present of plate, worth upwards of six hundred guineas, with the action between the frigates elegantly engraved on it. It is a relief to the horrors of war, to see those whom the collisions of their countries have placed in hostile array, treat each other, when the battle is over, with all the ur-

CONSTELLATION AND L'INSURGENTE.



banity of accomplished cavaliers. Captain Barreau, in a letter to Commodore Truxtun, says: "I am sorry that our two nations are at war; but since I unfortunately have been vanquished, I felicitate myself and crew upon being prisoners to you. You have united all the qualities which characterize a man of honour, courage, and humanity. Receive from me the most sincere thanks, and be assured, I shall make it a duty to publish to all my fellow-citizens, the generous conduct which you have observed towards us."

The Constellation, in a very short time, was again at sea. It is unnecessary to give a list of the privateers and small vessels captured by the squadron; it is sufficient to say, that the most effectual convoy was afforded by it, and France saw the West Indies cleared of her buccaneers by our infant navy on that station. While the different ships belonging to it were cruising separately, so as to give the best protection to our merchant vessels, our commodore, hearing that La Vengeance, a large French national ship of 54 guns, with upwards of five hundred men, including several general officers and troops on board, was lying at Guadaloupe, proceeded in January, 1800, off that port, determined, if possible, notwithstanding the superiority of her force, to bring her to action should she put to sea. On the 1st of February, at half-past seven A. M., the road of Basseterre, Guadaloupe, bearing E. five leagues distant, he discovered a sail in the S. E. standing to the westward, which soon proved to be the long-sought-for La Vengeance. The French officer, one would suppose, could have had no hesitation in engaging an enemy so inferior in guns and men as the Constellation; but this did not prove to be the case, for he crowded all sail to avoid his foe, and it was not till after a most persevering chase of upwards of twelve hours, that the Constellation brought him to action. The engagement began by a fire from the stern and quarter-deck guns of the French ship, which was returned, in a few minutes afterwards, by a broadside from the Constellation, that had by this time got upon the weather-quarter of her antagonist,

and a close and desperate action commenced, which lasted from eight o'clock until within a few minutes of one A. M., when the fire of *La Vengeance* was completely silenced. At this moment, when the American commander considered himself sure of his prize, and was endeavouring to secure his mainmast, which had been very much wounded, he had the misfortune to see it go by the board. A heavy squall coming on at the same time, before the *Constellation* could be completely cleared of the wreck, the French ship was enabled to effect her escape. Indeed, so sudden was her disappearance in the squall, that she was supposed by all on board the *Constellation* to have sunk. It however appeared, afterwards, that five days after the action she got into Curraçoa, in a most shattered condition, having had 160 men killed and wounded, and nearly all her masts and rigging shot away. It had required all hands at the pumps for several days, to keep her from foundering. Her captain had the candour to acknowledge that he had twice struck his colours, but owing to the darkness of the night, this was not perceived on board the *Constellation*, and he, finding that her fire continued, and concluding that it was the determination of his enemy to sink him, renewed the combat from necessity. When her mast went overboard, he took advantage of the accident, and got off. In this engagement, the *Constellation* had fourteen men killed and twenty-five wounded. Among the former was James Jarvis, a young midshipman of great promise, who commanded in the main-top. When told by one of the old seamen of the danger of the mast falling, and requested, with his men, to come down, he replied, that if it went, they must go with it. In a few minutes after, it went over, and but one of the topmen was saved.

For the signal gallantry displayed in this action, the Congress of the United States voted that a medal should be given to Commodore Truxtun.*

The name of Commodore Stewart became first known in

*Port Folio.

the annals of our naval warfare during the contest with France.

In the early part of the year 1798, when there was a strong probability of a war with France, he was induced to offer his services to his country. They were accepted; and on the 13th of March, 1798, he was appointed a lieutenant in the navy of the United States, and placed on board the frigate *United States*, under the command of Commodore Barry. In this ship he remained until July 16th, 1800, when he was promoted to the command of the *United States'* schooner *Experiment*, of 12 guns. Having been ordered to cruise in the West Indies, he arrived on that station on the 1st of September, 1800; and the same night fell in with the French schooner *Deux Amis* of eight guns, which the *Experiment* engaged and captured without any loss, after an action of ten minutes.

Shortly after, while cruising under the lee of the island of Barbuda, the *Experiment* discovered two vessels, one a brig of war, the other a three-masted schooner, both standing for her under a press of sail, and displaying English colours. The *Experiment* was hove-to, and the British signal of the day was made, which not being answered by the strange vessels by the time they were within gun-shot, that signal was hauled down, and the *Experiment* stood away with all sail set. A chase was now commenced by the enemy, and continued for about two hours; when, finding they were outsailed by the *Experiment*, they relinquished the pursuit, and bore away under easy sail, firing a gun to windward and hoisting French colours. Lieutenant Stewart now manœuvred his schooner so as to bring her in the enemy's wake, to windward, when a chase was made on his part, which continued the whole day before the wind, each vessel crowding all her canvass. At 8 o'clock at night, the *Experiment* closed with the three-masted schooner, which was the sternmost of the hostile vessels; and, having taken a position on her larboard-quarter, opened a fire upon her from the great guns and small-arms, which, in about

five minutes, compelled her to strike. She was immediately taken possession of, and proved to be the French schooner of war *Diana*, of 14 guns and 65 men, commanded by M. Peraudeau, lieutenant de Vaisseau. The detention occasioned by removing the prisoners, enabled the brig of war to escape. She mounted, as was afterwards learned, 18 guns, and had a crew of 120 men. The *Experiment* proceeded to St. Christopher's with her prize.

Soon afterwards she put to sea, and, on the 16th of November, fell in with an armed schooner in the night, chased, attacked and captured her. This vessel proved to be the *Louisa Bridger*, of Bermuda, carrying 8 nine-pounders, and a stout crew of Bermudians, principally negroes. She was much cut up, and in a sinking condition. The *Experiment* having given every requisite aid to her British opponent, whom she had mistaken for an enemy, dismissed him, and returned to her station to windward of *Mariegalante* and *Guadaloupe*, for the purpose of intercepting the French privateers and their prizes.

On the 14th of December, she fell in with the privateer *Flambeau*, of 16 guns and 90 men, with a prize brig, steering for *Mariegalante*. The breeze being light and the enemy to windward, it was late in the afternoon before there was any prospect of closing with him. Notwithstanding all the exertions of the *Experiment*, the *Flambeau* escaped in-shore; but her prize was retaken. This vessel proved to be the *Zebra*, of and from Baltimore, laden with flour. During the remainder of this cruise, the *Experiment* recaptured several American vessels, sometimes as many as two or three in a day, and thus rescued American property to a considerable amount.*

David Porter, afterwards Commodore Porter, won considerable distinction by his bravery and skill during the progress of this war.

In the action with the French frigate *l'Insurgente*, Porter, then a midshipman, was stationed in the fore-top, and

* *Analectic Magazine*, vol. vii., p. 132.

particularly distinguished himself by his good conduct. Want of friends alone prevented his promotion at the time. When Commodore Barron was appointed to the command of the *Constellation*, Porter was advanced to the rank of lieutenant, solely on account of his merit, having no friends or connexions capable of urging his fortunes. He was ordered to join the United States' schooner *Experiment*, under Captain Maley, to be employed on the West India station. During the cruise they had a long and obstinate engagement with a number of brigand boats in the Bite of Leogan, which afforded him another opportunity of bringing himself into notice. He was also frequently employed in boat expeditions to cut out vessels, in which he displayed much coolness and address. Commodore Talbot, who commanded on that station, gave him charge of the *Amphitrite*, a small pilot-boat prize-schooner, mounting five small swivels, taken from the tops of the *Constellation*, and manned with fifteen hands. Not long after taking this command, he fell in with a French privateer, mounting a long twelve-pounder and several swivels, and a large barge with thirty men, armed with swivels. Notwithstanding the great disparity of force, Porter ordered his vessel to be laid alongside the privateer. The contest was arduous, and for some time doubtful, but in the commencement of the action he lost his rudder, which rendered the schooner unmanageable. The event, however, excused the desperateness of the attack, for, after an obstinate and bloody battle, the privateer surrendered with the loss of seven killed and fifteen wounded. Not a man of Porter's crew was killed; several, however, were wounded; and his vessel was much injured. The prize was also taken, but the barge escaped. The conduct of Lieutenant Porter in this gallant little affair, was highly applauded by his commander.

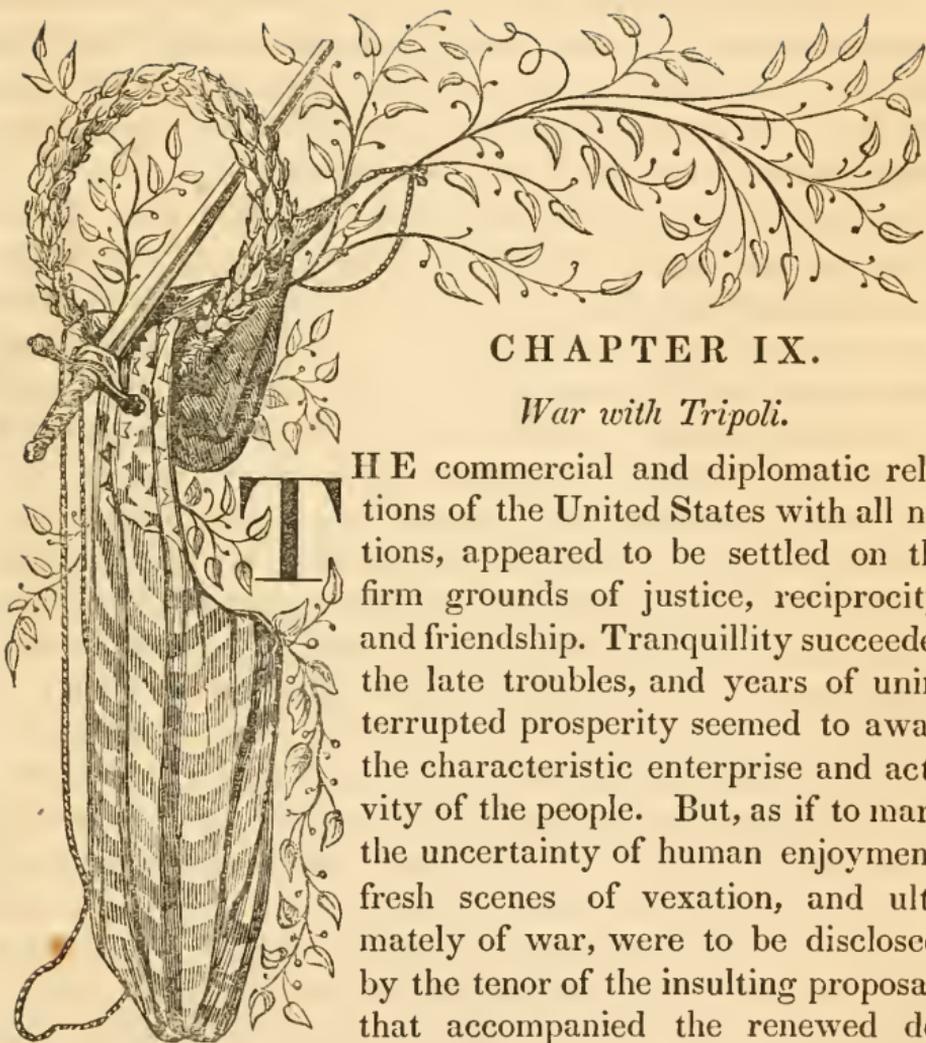
Though many officers distinguished themselves, Truxtun was the hero of the French war. In the actions with the *Insurgente* and the *Vengeance*, he achieved victories over greatly superior force, and displayed so much skill and gal-

lantry as to win not only the gold medal from Congress, but a distinguished place in the first class of naval heroes.

In looking over the list of those who became known to fame in the course of this war, we find, besides those already mentioned, Rodgers, Hull, Bainbridge, and Shaw. The principal service performed was the protection of our commerce against small French privateers, which abounded in the West Indies, and of which more than fifty were taken by our cruisers during the war. A considerable number of merchantmen and letters-of-marque were also captured, and many of our merchantmen were retaken from the French.

On the 3d of February, 1801, our hostilities with France were terminated by a treaty of peace, and the active services of the navy being no longer required, the President was authorized, by "the act providing for a Naval Peace Establishment," "to cause to be sold all the vessels belonging to the navy, except the following, viz: the United States, Constitution, President, Chesapeake, Philadelphia, Constellation, Congress, New York, Boston, Essex, Adams, John Adams and General Greene."

The act further directed that six of the frigates should be kept in constant service, and the President was required to retain in service nine captains, thirty-six lieutenants, and one hundred and fifty-six midshipmen.



CHAPTER IX.

War with Tripoli.

THE commercial and diplomatic relations of the United States with all nations, appeared to be settled on the firm grounds of justice, reciprocity, and friendship. Tranquillity succeeded the late troubles, and years of uninterrupted prosperity seemed to await the characteristic enterprise and activity of the people. But, as if to mark the uncertainty of human enjoyment, fresh scenes of vexation, and ultimately of war, were to be disclosed, by the tenor of the insulting proposals that accompanied the renewed demands of the Barbary states. Europe and the western world will long attest the flagrant extortions, the barbarous cruelties, the unprincipled intrigues, which have so long

marked the course of those piratical powers, whose very name appears to designate their real character. The extension of the American commerce in the Mediterranean, was too tempting an object to escape their avarice and thirst for plunder. To improve the occasion into a demand for tribute, was the policy of the bashaw of Tripoli, who, in 1799, threatened speedy depredations on the defenceless vessels of America, unless certain terms, totally inadmissible in their nature, were complied with. On the remonstrance of the American consul, and the rejection of these terms by the government of the United States, the consul was ordered, by the bashaw, to withdraw from his dominions; and, during the month of June, 1801, five American vessels were captured by Tripolitan cruisers.*

In August, the United States' schooner *Enterprise*, Captain Sterret, fell in with one of these cruisers, off Malta. A desperate engagement ensued, which was, without intermission, continued nearly two hours, when the Tripolitan hauled down his colours. The crew of the *Enterprise*, ceasing to fire, cheered upon their victory; when the perfidious corsair again attacked, hoisting his colours, and renewing the action with increased desperation, but to little effect. A volley of small-arms from the *Enterprise*, swept the deck of the enemy; and the cruiser was ordered under her quarters. The treacherous disposition of these buccaneers was again manifested; for, on gaining this position, they renewed, from below, the contest a third time, by pouring a broadside into the *Enterprise*, hoisting the bloody flag, in token of extermination, and using every effort to board. The crew of the *Enterprise* were now animated to a high pitch of resentment, and resolved to wreak a signal vengeance on their treacherous opponents. Such a position was taken, that the corsair was raked fore and aft. A well-directed fire carried away the mizzen-mast, and drove the enemy from their quarters. The commander, perceiving impending destruction to the remainder of his crew, threw

* Ramsay's United States.

his colours into the sea, and, bending over the side of his vessel, in an attitude of supplication, implored mercy. Captain Sterret instantly arrested the work of carnage, and, setting a noble example of the triumph of civilization and generosity over barbarism, ordered every attention to be paid to the wounded Tripolitans that humanity could dictate. The masts of the cruiser were cut down, Captain Sterret's instructions not permitting him to make a prize of her; the guns thrown into the sea; and a spar being erected as a substitute for a mast, to which a tattered sail was attached, the surviving crew were thus sent into Tripoli, with an admonition not to expect tribute from a nation determined to pay it only in powder and ball.

To screen his own impolicy, the bashaw ascribed the defeat to cowardice in the captain of his vessel, whom, though wounded, he ordered to be mounted on an ass, paraded through the town, as an object of public scorn, and afterwards to receive five hundred stripes with the bastinado. Captain Sterret was honoured with the special notice of the President of the United States, who, in a message to the two houses of Congress, recommended this achievement to their particular attention. They unanimously passed resolutions, expressive of their approbation of the gallantry of the commander, officers, and crew of the *Enterprise*; and voted a gold medal, with suitable emblems, to Captain Sterret; swords of value to his officers; and one month's extra pay to the non-commissioned officers, seamen, and marines.

During the year 1801, the government of the United States despatched three frigates and a sloop of war to the Mediterranean, under Commodore Dale. On his arrival, he invested the port of Tripoli, and issued a regular notification of strict blockade to all concerned. By this measure, the Tripolitan cruisers were excluded from the Mediterranean, and the American commerce, in that sea, was completely secured from molestation.

In the year 1802, Commodore Murray, in the *Constellation*, sailed for the Mediterranean. While cruising off the

port of Tripoli, and happening to be becalmed, his situation was perceived, and the whole of the Tripolitan gun-boats in the harbour came out to engage him. The low construction of this kind of craft, and their moveability in calm weather, render them formidable, in proportion as the advantages of larger vessels are counteracted, when the want of wind prevents their being steered. A man-of-war then presents the fairest mark; and accordingly, at point-blank distance, the Constellation was exposed to a galling, incessant fire, for more than an hour. A breeze, however, fortunately springing up, the commodore dashed in among them, and obliged the whole to retire in dismay and confusion. Several of the boats were sunk; others upset in the surf; and numbers of the crews were killed, wounded or drowned.

The year 1802 elapsed without any other occurrence of interest. Early in 1803, the government of the United States determined on vigorous measures against Tripoli. A squadron of seven sail was fitted out, consisting of the Constitution of 44 guns, Philadelphia 44, Argus 18, Syren 16, Nautilus 16, Vixen 16, and Enterprise 14, the command of which was given to Commodore Preble.

At this time, our situation with respect to Morocco and Tunis, was critical, and in respect to Tripoli had been hostile for more than two years. The American administration had proposed to adopt the same policy towards these powers as that submitted to by most of the governments of Europe; that is, to give them presents, or annuities, in conformity to their prejudices and habits, but to make an occasional display of force in their seas, with a view to keep down their demands and expectations. The former part of the system, however, had been practised upon, at least till after the year 1798, without the aid of the latter. The opposition in Congress to the building of vessels of war till that period, withheld from the government the means of employing force to lessen the amount or secure the effect of presents.

Great sums had been paid in specie and articles of war

especially to Algiers. The new bashaw of Tripoli, who had deposed his elder brother, wishing to gratify his subjects—thinking to sell his friendship to us at a high rate, and perhaps expecting the co-operation of one or more of the African governments, sent out his cruisers against our trade. The United States' squadrons, first under Commodore Dale, and next under Commodore Morris, had furnished protection to our commerce and seamen by convoys; and had annoyed Tripoli by blockading her principal cruiser in Gibraltar, and by attacking and dismantling another. Still the bashaw had not received such an impression of our ability and determination to make the war distressing to him, as to be inclined, on admissible terms, to discontinue his piracies. "Specks of war," and symptoms of insolence in the other Barbary States, rendered it important they should have a stronger conviction of the inconvenience and danger of refusing to be at peace with the United States. The commanders before Mr. Preble, had urged the necessity of an increase of our force in those seas, and, if Tripoli was to be blockaded with effect, had recommended that a larger proportion of the squadron should be small vessels, who might easily relieve each other. The last suggestion, not the former, appears to have been regarded by the government in the armament now in readiness.

Notwithstanding the most strenuous exertion, the commodore was not ready to sail with the *Constitution* till the 13th of August. The wages in the merchant service being higher than those to public ships, it was found difficult to get her manned at all, and still more with native American sailors.

On his passage to Gibraltar, he brought-to and visited, 7th September, the frigate *Maimona*, 30 guns and 150 men, belonging to the Emperor of Morocco. After three several examinations of her papers, which were fair, he dismissed her, though he afterwards believed she was authorised to capture Americans. He arrived at Gibraltar 12th September, and immediately found work to fill his hand in the position of our affairs with Morocco. Captain Bainbridge

had, on the 26th August, captured the Moorish ship *Mirboka*, of 22 guns and 100 men. This ship had sailed from Tangier August 7th. Among her papers was an order to cruise for Americans. It was not signed, but declared by the captain to have been delivered to him sealed, with a direction to open it at sea, by Hashash, governor of Tangier. She had taken the American brig *Celia*, Captain Bowen, which was then in company, and which Captain Bainbridge retook and restored to the owner. The last of May, Captain Rogers had detained the *Mishouda*, a Tripolitan vessel under Morocco colours. She had a passport from the American consul, with a reserve for blockaded ports. She was taken attempting to go into Tripoli, which Captain Rogers, in the *John Adams*, was known to be blockading. On board her were guns and other contraband articles not in her when she received her passport at Gibraltar; also 20 Tripolitan subjects taken in at Algiers. The appearance was that she had been taken under the imperial flag for the purpose of being restored to our enemy. The emperor denied authorising the attempt of the *Mishouda*, and said if she was given up the captain should be punished. The governor Hashash, on learning the capture of the *Mirboka*, at which time the emperor was absent, declared she acted without authority, and that war was not intended. At the same time, her captain certified that this governor gave him his orders. Hashash was, and continued to be in the confidence of Muley Soliman. He had said "do what you please and I will support you."

The next day after his arrival, Commodore Preble wrote to the consul, Simpson, at Tangier, desiring him to assure the Moorish court, that the United States wished peace with his majesty, if it could be had on proper terms—that he could not suppose the emperor's subjects would dare to make war without his permission; but as their authority was disavowed by the governor, he should punish as a pirate every Moorish cruiser, who should be found to have taken an American.

Commodore Rogers, on whom the command of the former squadron under Morris devolved, and who was under orders to return to the United States with the frigates *New-York* and *John Adams*, agreed to remain a few days on the station, and to join Commodore Preble in Tangier bay, to assist in effecting an adjustment.

On the 17th, taking into his ship the principal Moorish officers of the two prizes, he appeared, with the *Constitution* and *John Adams*, in Tangier bay, hoisting the white flag in token of peace, but having the men at quarters. Mr. Simpson, however, was not permitted to come on board, nor to write except on an open slip of paper; being confined to his house, with two sentinels at his door, by order, as was said, of the governor of Tangier. The governor was at Tetuan, and the emperor was absent at Fez and not expected for several days.

Another act of hostility had been done at Mogadore, by an order to detain all American vessels, and the actual seizure of the brig *Hannah*, of Salem, Joseph M. Williams master.

The commodore was confirmed in the propriety and benefit of a high tone and vigorous measures. He observes, in his communications to the government, "that all the Barbary powers, except Algiers, appear to have a disposition to quarrel with us, unless we tamely submit to any propositions they may choose to make. Their demands will increase, and be such as our government ought not to comply with."—"They send out their cruisers,—if they prove successful it is war, and we must purchase peace, suffering them to keep all they have taken; and if they are unfortunate, and we capture their cruisers before they have taken any thing valuable, it is not war, although the orders for capturing are found on board; and we must restore all." This he believed ought not, and need not be suffered. It was equally disgraceful and impolitic for a nation, whose navigation and commerce were second in the world, and whose resources of skill and courage are abundant, to allow

these barbarians to think they might have peace on any terms they might please to dictate. Under these impressions he did not hesitate to use his discretion, although specific instructions on this subject were not given, and follow his own ideas of what expediency and honour required, taking a firm attitude towards the aggressor. This he would have done, and risked the consequences, if he had been backed by no force other than that of his peculiar squadron. The consent of Commodore Rogers to co-operate with the two frigates under his control, left no room for question. Our officer believed the Emperor of Morocco had long meditated to make war when a pretext should be furnished, and a prospect of impunity offered. It was essential he should know the system of concession was abandoned.

Accordingly the commodore took a decided course. He gave orders to his squadron to bring in for examination all vessels belonging to the emperor and his subjects; despatched three vessels to cruise off Mogadore, Salee and Zarach, and one off Tetuan, and entered the bay of Tangier at several times.

That the Tripolitans might not think they were forgotten, he despatched the Philadelphia and Vixen to lie before Tripoli.

The consul, Simpson, made representations to the emperor, who was absent, before and after the arrival of Commodore Preble, explaining our hostile movements. The answers received were general, but showed that if he had authorised war, he was now prepared to disavow it; and if the orders for the capture and detention of American vessels had been the acts of his governor, given under a general discretion, he would refuse his sanction.

The excessive bad weather obliged Mr. Preble to keep harbour in Gibraltar several days. When this permitted, he was cruising, occasionally standing in to Tangier bay. On the 5th of October, when his majesty was expected, he anchored, with the Nautilus in company, in Tangier bay—the circular battery at the town W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant.

Here he remained, only changing his ground once to be nearer the town, until peace was concluded. He was joined in the afternoon of the 6th by the frigates New-York and John Adams. The ship was kept constantly cleared for action, and the men at quarters night and day. On the 6th his majesty arrived with a great body of troops, horse and foot, estimated at 5000, who encamped on the beach opposite the squadron. The consular flag on shore indicating that the emperor had come and was in view of the ship, the commodore was careful to order the ship dressed and a salute of 21 guns, which was returned from the fort with an equal number, as was the salute of the other frigates in the morning following. The consul gave information, that when the emperor's minister arrived the negotiation would be opened.

A present (of bullocks, sheep and fowls) was ordered for the squadron, as a token of the emperor's good will.

On the 8th, the emperor, with his court and a large body of troops, visited the beach and batteries on the bay for the purpose of viewing the United States squadron, when the Constitution saluted again with 21 guns—a compliment with which the king and court, as the consul reported, were very much gratified. The present arriving at the same time, it was acknowledged by three guns, according to Moorish custom. The Moorish captain of the port and several respectable Moors, friends to the prisoners on board, came off to see their friends. The following day the consul gave notice that the emperor had given an order under his hand and private seal, to the governor of Mogadore, for the release of the American brig detained at that place, and that Monday was appointed for giving an audience to the commodore and consul.

On the day assigned, the 11th, the commodore, accompanied by Col. Lear, Mr. Morris, as secretary, and two midshipmen, landed at Tangier for the proposed audience. He believed there was no danger in landing; but he expressed his desire, that if he should be forcibly detained, the com-

manding officer on board would not enter into treaty for his release, or consider his personal safety; but open a fire upon the town. They were ushered into the castle and the presence of the sovereign through a double file of guards. The commodore at the entrance was requested, according to Moorish custom in such cases, to dispose of his side-arms. He said he must comply with the custom of his own country, and retain them, which was allowed. On coming into the imperial presence, our officer and the consul were requested to advance near the emperor, with whom they conversed by an interpreter. He expressed much sorrow and regret that any differences had arisen, for he was at peace with the United States. He disavowed having given any hostile orders; said he would restore all American vessels and property detained in consequence of any act of his governors, and renew and confirm the treaty made with his father in 1786.—The commodore and consul, on the part of the United States, promised that the vessels and property of the emperor should be restored, and the orders of capture revoked. They proceeded to an interview with the minister, where the details were settled. The mutual stipulations were forthwith executed, the Mirboka being appraised, with a view to the indemnification of the captors by our government. The commodore received a formal ratification of the treaty of 1786, and a letter of friendship and peace to the president, signed by the emperor.

Thus, by the happy union of prudence and energy, seconded by a competent force, we escaped war with a power from his situation formidable, and placed our affairs with him in a better condition than before the variance.*

Having thus adjusted the difficulties that had been started by the equivocal and crooked policy of the Emperor of Morocco towards the American government, the commodore directed his attention against Tripoli. The Philadelphia, Captain Bainbridge, being despatched, previously, to reconnoitre, standing five leagues to the eastward of that town,

* Port Folio for May 1810.

descried a sail in-shore, to which chase was immediately given. When it was seen that no efforts could prevent her escape, the Philadelphia, in beating off, was found to be in only seven fathoms water, and almost immediately struck. Every effort was exerted to lighten her, but in vain. The greatest depth of water was ascertained to be astern. All sails were laid aback; the top-gallant sails loosened; three anchors thrown away from the bows; the water in the hold started; and all the guns thrown overboard, excepting a few aloft, to defend the ship against the Tripolitan gun-boats, then advancing upon her: the foremast was cut away; but every attempt proved ineffectual. The Philadelphia, deprived of the power of resistance, was compelled to strike to superior numbers of the enemy, who, with their gun-boats, covered the sea. The Tripolitans took possession of the frigate; and her officers and crew, to the number of three hundred, were made prisoners. Subsequently, on a change of wind, the Tripolitans got off the frigate, and towed her into the harbour.

Captain Bainbridge and his fellow-prisoners were carried before the bashaw, and thence conducted to the house previously occupied by Mr. Cathcart, the American consul. The officers were placed on parole, with a guarantee, from the bashaw's minister, for their security and forthcoming.

Shortly after, Commodore Preble captured a schooner, off Tripoli, having on board the presents of the bashaw to the Grand Signior, and several distinguished officers. It was expected that so opportune a capture might, if it did not facilitate a peace, at least afford the means of procuring a release of the crew of the Philadelphia. The commodore immediately proffered an exchange. The bashaw returned an answer, with indirect proposals for peace; but the terms consisted of inadmissible principles, viz. the ransom of the officers and crew, for five hundred dollars each, and the payment of an annual tribute from the United States, as the price of peace. Beyond this, he offered to restore the Philadelphia for the schooner. On the rejection of these

terms, the bashaw varied his position, and offered an exchange of the American officers and men, for the Tripolitan prisoners, man for man, as far as they would go; a delivery of the remainder for four hundred dollars each; an exchange of the frigate for the captured schooner; and a ratification of peace, but with an annual tribute. These were, in like manner, rejected.

Captain Bainbridge,* who had been captured in the frigate Philadelphia, and still remained a prisoner in Tripoli, continued, by writing with sympathetic ink, to hold a correspondence with Commodore Preble, and his suggestions were of the highest importance to the success of the expedition. By the assistance of Mr. Nissen, the Danish consul to Tripoli, who was unwearied in his acts of kindness to the American prisoners, he transmitted a letter to Commodore Preble, in which he informed him that he thought it practicable to destroy the frigate Philadelphia at her moorings in the harbour of Tripoli. He added, that all the enemy's gun-boats were hauled up on shore, and from the ramparts he had observed, in addition to the castle, only one small battery with a few awkwardly mounted guns. To accomplish the object he suggested the following plan:

“Charter a small merchant schooner, fill her with men, and have her commanded by fearless and determined officers. Let the vessel enter the harbour at night, with her men secreted below deck—steer her directly on board the frigate, and then let the officers and men board, sword in hand, and there was not a doubt of their success, and without any very heavy loss. It would be necessary to take several good row-boats, in order to facilitate the retreat, after the enterprise had been accomplished. The frigate, in her present condition, is a powerful auxiliary battery for the defence of the harbour. Though it will be impossible to remove her from her anchorage, and thus restore this beautiful vessel to our navy; yet, as she may, and no doubt

* Harris's Life of Bainbridge.

will be repaired, an important end would be gained by her destruction."

Commodore Preble highly approved of the plan suggested, which he submitted to the consideration of several of his confidential officers. By the first opportunity, he wrote to Captain Bainbridge, that concurring with him as to the practicability of destroying the frigate Philadelphia, he was making preparations for that purpose, and that his friend, Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, had volunteered to command the enterprise.

In another letter to Commodore Preble, dated from prison, the 26th of March, 1804, he states, "The destruction of Tripoli could be effected, by sending three or four thousand troops, and if it were possible to preserve profound secrecy, as to the expedition, I have no doubt, a much less force would accomplish it. I am clearly of opinion, that if you had about eighteen or twenty ship's-boats, you could destroy all the gun-boats, which would be attended with the most favourable consequences towards a peace."

On the 7th of July, he again writes, "I gave you my opinion, that firing shell into this town, if it was done in the night, would drive all the inhabitants to the country, where there are not habitations to receive them; and by continuing to heave them from time to time, for a month or two, the distress that the people would be in, by being kept out of town, would make them clamorous."

July the 8th, "I believe the bashaw expects an attack, for he has moved his family to the gardens, and comes in every evening. I hope you will be able to reduce this place; but don't you think that ship's-boats would answer better than gun-boats? The former would be more manageable for attack in the harbour, which must be sudden and furious. Cursed fate! which deprives me of sharing in the danger and glory."

On the 15th of February, 1804, about midnight, Captain Bainbridge and the other American officers imprisoned at Tripoli, were suddenly awakened, by the rapid discharge

of heavy artillery from the Tripolitan batteries. They sprang to the windows, and were delighted to observe the frigate Philadelphia, the boasted trophy of the bashaw, wrapt in devouring flames. This spectacle was particularly gratifying to Captain Bainbridge, as he witnessed in it the accomplishment of his own scheme, which he had submitted some time before to Commodore Preble, and saw removed at the same time the vessel which he daily grudged to behold in the possession of the enemy.

This brilliant enterprise was achieved by Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, and his brave followers. After Commodore Preble had received Captain Bainbridge's letter, containing his plan for the destruction of the captured frigate, he submitted it to Lieutenant Decatur, who promptly offered to command the expedition. The crew of the United States frigate were piped on deck for the purpose of obtaining volunteers. As usual on such occasions on board United States' vessels, twice the number volunteered that were required. Of these, seventy broad-shouldered gallant-looking fellows were selected, and were ordered to hold themselves in readiness for service. Among the volunteers was a slender youth of nineteen, who had belonged to the congregation of Friends, in Philadelphia, and who, for some trifling breach of discipline, had determined to encounter the dangers of the sea, rather than the rebuke of the sages of his own society. Being overlooked in the selection made by Decatur, he begged to be allowed to accompany the expedition, but only received the short reply, that the complement was complete. Unwilling to be thus put off, he again solicited Decatur with great eagerness, as he was about to pass over the gangway of the ship, to accept of him as a volunteer. This unusual importunity awakened the curiosity of the lieutenant, who turned towards the youth, surveyed him with his penetrating eye, and sternly asked him why he was so anxious to go on an enterprise so perilous. The lad blushed, and recollecting, perhaps, his peaceful education, would not say, he wished to engage in battle, but modestly

remarked, "I wish to see the *parts*." I need not add, that his services were accepted.*

A Tripolitan ketch, which Decatur had captured a few days before, and which was now called the *Intrepid*, was fitted out to carry them to the harbour of Tripoli. The officers selected for the enterprise, were Lieutenant James Lawrence and Joseph Bainbridge, with Midshipmen Charles Morris† and John Henley. The *Intrepid*, in company with the brig *Syren*, Lieutenant Charles Stewart, sailed from Syracuse on the 3d of February; and, after a tempestuous passage of twelve days, arrived about twilight off their destined harbour. The hour of ten was assigned to meet the boats of the *Syren*, which were to accompany the expedition; but, in consequence of the change of wind, the two vessels became separated six or eight miles. As there was danger in delay, Decatur resolved to gain the inner harbour. Accordingly, at 9 o'clock, he increased his sail; but, owing to the lightness of the wind, three hours were lost in passing three miles. When within about a hundred yards, he was hailed from the frigate, and threatened with being fired into, unless he immediately came to anchor. A Maltese pilot, who was on board, was directed to say that the anchors were lost. The ketch, when within fifty yards of the *Philadelphia*, being completely becalmed, Lieutenant Decatur ordered a rope to be carried out in a boat, and fastened to the forechains of the frigate. This point being gained, the craft was quickly warped alongside, before her true character was suspected by the Tripolitans. Decatur immediately sprang on board, with the gallant midshipman Morris by his side, quickly followed by the other officers and men. Though a short interval elapsed before the crew succeeded in mounting after them, such was the consternation of the Turks, that they took no advantage of this delay. The brave commander, with his gallant followers, now rushed, sword in hand, on the enemy, who were crowded together on the forecastle, and soon overpowered

* Harris's Life of Bainbridge.

† The present Commodore Morris.

them; but not until a large proportion of them were killed, wounded, or thrown overboard.

Being prepared with matches and combustibles, each officer ran to such points of the ship as had been assigned him by previous arrangement, and thus fired her in a number of places at the same time. In a few seconds, she was enveloped in flames. It required great exertions to save the *Intrepid* from destruction—she was attached to a vessel in a state of fearful conflagration—was fired upon by the water-battery and castle at the same time, and had it not been for a favourable breeze, which at that juncture sprung up, escape would have been impossible. In this gallant enterprise, none of the Americans were killed, and only four wounded. It may not be improper to add, that the stripling *Friend*, to whom allusion has been already made, was among the first to board, and the foremost in the daring charge on the fore-castle. He was ever afterwards a prime favourite in the squadron.

Nothing could exceed the rage of the bashaw at the loss of his valuable prize. He ordered the prison to be immediately surrounded by guards, and interrupted all intercourse between the officers and men. On the 1st of March, they were conducted under a strong guard to the castle, and confined in a cold and damp apartment, with only one opening at the top, which was grated with iron. Through this aperture alone they received light and air. In this place they were entombed during the remainder of their captivity. The condition of the prisoners was, however, in no small degree, alleviated by the unwearied attentions of Mr. Nissen, the benevolent Dane.

On the 12th of July, 1804, Commodore Preble appeared off Tripoli with a small squadron. On the 3d of August, at 3 P. M., commenced a tremendous fire between our men-of-war, and the Tripolitan castle, batteries, and gun-boats. Shot and shells were thrown into every quarter of the city, causing the greatest consternation among the inhabitants. The firing attracted the attention of the officers to the high

grated window of the prison, from which they observed with unspeakable pride, three of the American gun-boats bear down, in gallant style, on the enemy's eastern division, consisting of nine vessels of the same class. As our vessels advanced, a few well-directed rounds of grape and musketry were fired, and as soon as the vessels came in contact, our gallant countrymen boarded sword in hand, and, after a fierce contest of a few minutes, they captured three of the Tripolitan gun-boats; the other six precipitately fled. At the moment of victory, Captain Decatur was informed that his brother, Lieutenant James Decatur, had been treacherously shot by a Tripolitan commander, after he had boarded and captured him. The fearless Decatur immediately pursued the murderer, and, succeeding in getting alongside just as he was retreating within the enemy's lines, he boarded with only eleven followers. Decatur immediately attacked the Tripolitan commander, who was armed with spear and cutlass. In the contest, which for a time appeared doubtful, Decatur broke his sword near the hilt. He seized his enemy's spear, and, after a violent struggle, succeeded in throwing him on the deck. The Turk now drew from his belt a dirk, and, when in the act of striking, Decatur caught his arm, drew from his pocket a pistol, and shot him through the head. During the continuance of this terrible struggle, the crews of each vessel impetuously rushed to the assistance of their respective commanders. Such was the carnage in this furious and desperate battle, that it was with difficulty Decatur could extricate himself from the killed and wounded by which he was surrounded.

In this affair an American sailor, named Reuben James, manifested the most heroic self-devotion. Seeing a Tripolitan officer aiming a blow at Decatur's head, whilst he was struggling with his prostrate foe, and which must have proved fatal, had not the generous and fearless tar, who had been deprived of the use of both his hands, by severe wounds, rushed between the sabre and his commander and

received the blow on his head, by which his skull was fractured.*

The boat commanded by Lieutenant Joseph Bainbridge received a shot that carried away her lateen-yards, by which all his exertions to get alongside of the enemy were rendered altogether unavailing. Being within musket-shot, however, he directed a brisk fire, which did great execution. Unable to manage his boat without sails, she grounded near the enemy's batteries; but, by courage and great exertions, she was extricated from her perilous situation.

Captain Somers, being unable to beat to windward, in order to co-operate with Decatur, bore down with his single boat, on the leeward division of the enemy, and attacked, within pistol-shot, five of the Tripolitan vessels. He maintained the action with great spirit until the other division of the enemy was defeated, when this also precipitately fled within their harbour.

The enemy's boats again rallied, and attempted to surround the American gun-boats and prizes. This bold enterprise was defeated, however, by the advance of Commodore Preble, in the frigate Constitution, which, by a few spirited broadsides, effectually covered the retreat of the brave little squadron, which had so signally triumphed. The frigate Constitution, bomb-vessels, &c., created great alarm and confusion in the city, by throwing shot and shells. The frigate was several times within three cables' length of the batteries, and each time silenced those against which her broadsides were directed. These advantages, however, the gallant commander was unable to secure without more assistance, for, so soon as he changed his position, the firing recommenced at the points of the fort, from which the men had been driven.

Availing themselves of the land-breeze, which commenced to blow between four and five in the afternoon, the squadron retired from the action. The damages sustained by the Americans were quite inconsiderable, when compared with

* Harris's Life of Bainbridge.

the apparent danger to which they were exposed. The loss of the enemy was very great. The three boats captured from the Tripolitans contained one hundred and three men, of whom forty-seven were killed, and twenty-six wounded. Three of their boats were sunk, and the crews buried in the waves. A number of guns in the batteries were dismounted, the city was considerably injured, and many of the inhabitants killed. A great proportion of the inhabitants, and all the foreign consuls fled from the city, with the exception of the benevolent Mr. Nissen. So devoted was he to the American prisoners, that he remained at the risk of his life and property, in order that he might contribute to their comfort.

During one of the attacks, a twenty-four pound shot entered the window of a small room in the turret, where Mr. Nissen, but a moment before, had been examining the operations of the squadron. This shot continues lodged in the wall, and was shown to Commodore Decatur, in the year 1815, by another Danish consul. Several shells fell in Mr. Nissen's house, during the bombardment, but as they did not explode, little injury was done.*

On the 7th, the squadron repeated their attack, conducted with ability and effect, surpassing, if possible, the former one; and on the 29th, a most desperate engagement took place. One hundred and twenty rounds were fired by the American squadron, which did extensive injury to the town and batteries. One polacre, and several gun-boats, were sunk on the part of the enemy. The Constitution frigate anchored within pistol-shot of the principal shore-battery, and received twelve shot in her hull. The Tripolitans, on this occasion, mustered very strong; and their batteries, mounting one hundred and fifteen guns, were well served. Forty-five thousand Arabs defended the town, in addition to the ordinary population; and the harbour was flanked by one brig, two schooners, and nineteen gun-boats.†

* Harris's Life of Bainbridge.

† Ramsay's United States.

On the 4th of September, the ketch *Intrepid*, fitted up as an explosion vessel, was sent in, filled with one hundred barrels of powder, and three hundred shells, to burn the Tripolitan vessels in their own harbour, which service was entrusted to Lieutenant Somers, accompanied by Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel, and ten men, with orders to approach as near to the town and batteries as possible. The party took with them two fast-rowing boats, wherein they were, after applying the matches, to escape to the Syren, which followed to receive them. Two of the enemy's galleys, containing one hundred men each, rowed up at the critical moment, and laying alongside, the explosion suddenly took place, with the most awful effect, and blew them with their contents into the air. It was generally supposed that the lamented and undaunted Somers, perceiving all means of escape cut off, and preferring loss of life to ignominious slavery, set fire to the powder with his own hand, and consigned to destruction himself, his comrades, and all of the enemy who surrounded him. About one hundred shells fell into the town and castle, spreading consternation in every direction.

These exploits shed a lustre upon the American naval character, and particularly on the skill and enterprise of Commodore Preble, who directed them. Among other testimonies to his well-earned fame, Sir Alexander Ball, a distinguished admiral in the British navy, addressed him in the following terms, on his quitting a command rendered memorable by numerous feats of heroism and ability:

"I beg leave to repeat my congratulation, on the services you have rendered your country, and the hair-breadth escapes you have had, in setting so distinguished an example to your countrymen, whose bravery and enterprise cannot fail to mark the character of a great and rising nation, in a manner that will ultimately be attended with the best and most important consequences to your country.

"If I were to offer my humble opinion, it would be that you have done well, in not purchasing a peace with money.

A few brave men have been sacrificed; but they could not have fallen in a better cause. And I even conceive it better to risk more lives, than submit to terms which might encourage the Barbary states in their demands and insults."

Commodore Preble had gained, during the whole of his command, the uninterrupted esteem and affection of his officers, who addressed him, on his taking leave, in the warmest terms of regard and friendship. On his arrival in the United States, he was greeted with the liveliest acknowledgments of a grateful nation. Congress voted him their thanks for his signal services to his country, and requested the President to bestow on him an emblematical gold medal. Commodore Preble was the first officer who received the thanks of the citizens of the United States, by their representatives and senators in congress assembled, since the adoption of the federal constitution, and the institution of the present form of government.

It was ascertained that the crew of the Philadelphia, captives in Tripoli, were treated with the most barbarous cruelty. They were compelled to submit to the extremities of weather, fatigue, privations, and stripes. They were chained to loaded carts, and, like oxen, obliged to drag them through the town. Every remonstrance of Captain Bainbridge, in behalf of his suffering men, was unheeded, and all his efforts to mitigate their misfortunes were rendered unavailing.

A fresh enterprise, novel in its character, but, romantic as it may appear, wisely planned as to its object, was now determined upon, in connexion with a naval armament, with a view to the liberation of the prisoners, and the compulsion of the enemy to make peace. This was an expedition concerted with Hamet, the ex-bashaw of Tripoli, who had been unjustly deprived of the government, and expelled by his brother, the reigning bashaw.

To General William Eaton, this important mission was confided, who proceeded forthwith to make arrangements for its execution. Eaton, in his share of the bold and arduous undertaking, acquitted himself with distinguished lustre,

under all the trying circumstances in which he was placed. After great difficulties, which perseverance and patience, almost unexampled, alone enabled him to surmount, he effected an interview with the *ci-devant* bashaw, then an exile in Upper Egypt, and commanding an army of Mamelukes, at war with the Turkish government. Hamet highly approved the scheme, and appointed the general to the command of the forces destined for its accomplishment.

On the 6th of March, 1805, General Eaton, accompanied by Hamet, commenced his march from Alexandria, at the head of a respectable force of well-mounted Arabs, and other partisans of Hamet, with about seventy Christians. After accomplishing a route of one thousand miles, a parallel to which, in peril, fatigue and suffering, can hardly be found but in romance, he arrived before Derne, on the 25th of April, 1805. The views of the expedition had been discovered by the reigning bashaw, and he advanced an army for the defence of the province, within one day's march of Derne, when the general arrived before it. No time was, therefore, to be lost. On the morning of the 26th, a flag was sent to the governor, with overtures of friendship, on condition of his immediate surrender of the city, and his future allegiance to Hamet. He returned for answer: "My head or yours!"

On the 27th, Derne was assaulted, and, after a contest of two hours and a half, carried with the bayonet. The assault was supported by part of the American squadron, which had previously arrived in the bay, as agreed upon. The governor and his adherents fled; some to the desert, and others to the advancing Tripolitan army. The Christians suffered severely in the action; placing themselves in the van, to encourage their allies, they were peculiarly exposed, and nearly one-third of them were killed or wounded. The general himself was wounded in the wrist by a musket-ball.

The army was now employed in fortifying the captured city. Hamet, the new ally of the United States, opened his divan in the palace of the late governor; and his autho-

rity was universally submitted to by the inhabitants, and surrounding country.

On the 18th of May, the Tripolitan army advanced, and attacked the city : but, after a contest of four hours, with various success, the assailants were forced to retire precipitately beyond the mountains. The issue of this contest revives, in the recollection, all that is recorded in history and romance, of the feats of Sir William Wallace and his valorous partisans. The Christians engaged the barbarians in the proportion of tens to hundreds, and actually put them to flight.

Several minor skirmishes took place between the contending parties, about the skirts of the city, until the 10th of June, when a general battle was fought, which terminated in the repulse of the assailants. The vessels in the harbour co-operated most effectually, and by their well-directed fire, checked in every instance the advance of the Tripolitans.

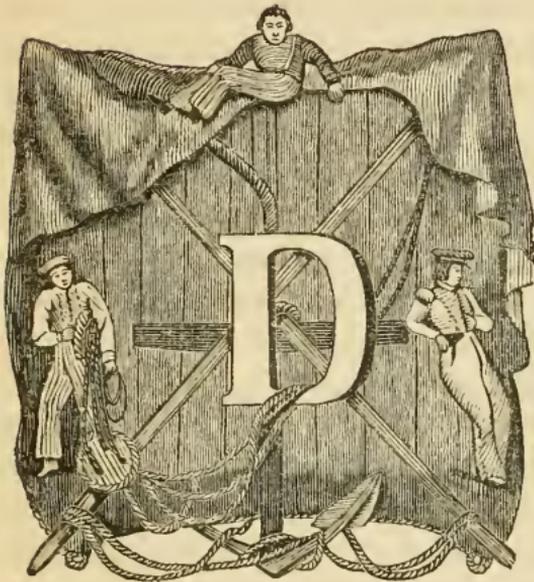
On the following day, the Constitution frigate arrived in the harbour of Derne. Her appearance communicated fresh terror to the enemy, who fled in great confusion to the desert, leaving behind the greater part of their baggage.

The operations of General Eaton, which had been, and were likely to be, marked with the most brilliant successes, were now suspended, by the conclusion of a treaty between the reigning bashaw and Tobias Lear, Esq., on the part of the United States, in June, 1805.

This treaty, among the provisions for terminating the existing misunderstandings, and regulating the intercourse between the United States and Tripoli, stipulated the release of all the American prisoners, for the sum of \$60,000. It also engaged, that the Americans, in withdrawing their forces, should use their influence to induce Hamet to retire.

The frigate President sailed from Syracuse, on the 7th of July, 1805, and arrived in the United States, on the 6th of August ; having on board the released prisoners. Thus terminated the first war in the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER X.

Affairs of the Chesapeake and Little Belt.

URING the long peace which followed the war with Tripoli, the navy was greatly neglected. At the same time Great Britain being engaged in a war with France and several other continental powers in alliance with Napoleon, resorted to the practice of impressing the seamen of the United States. This system was carried to such an extent

that ultimately several thousand native Americans were estimated to have been impressed, and held in compulsory service in the British ships of war; and this was one of the chief causes assigned for the war which ultimately ensued between the two countries.

The forbearance of our government, at one time increased the insolence of the British commanders to such an extent, that, not content with impressing seamen from merchant vessels, they even went so far as to attack one of the national ships, in time of profound peace between the two countries, and, having surprised and captured her, to remove some of her men and claim their services as British subjects. The following are the circumstances attending this outrageous affair:

On the 6th of March, 1807, a letter was sent by the British consul at Norfolk to Captain Decatur, requiring him to

deliver up three seamen who had entered into the United States' service, and who, he said, had deserted from the British ship *Melampus*. With this requisition, Lieutenant Sinclair, the recruiting officer, refused to comply. Commodore Barron, on board whose ship, the *Chesapeake*, they had entered, upon inquiry, found that these men were all native Americans. On the 22d of June, the *Chesapeake* left the Capes, bound to the Mediterranean. She passed the British squadron, at anchor in Hampton Roads, without being molested. A few hours after, a sail was discovered standing for her. On coming up, she proved to be the British ship *Leopard*, of 50 guns. Captain Humphries, her commander, hailed the *Chesapeake*, and said he had a despatch to deliver from the British commander-in-chief. Commodore Barron, supposing it was a despatch for Europe, hove-to. Captain Humphries then sent an officer on board with a letter covering an order from Admiral Berkeley to take out of the *Chesapeake* three men, said to be deserters from the British frigate *Melampus*. Commodore Barron replied by letter, that he knew of no such men being on board his ship; and that he could not permit his crew to be mustered by any one but her own officers. As soon as the officer returned, the *Leopard* ranged alongside, and commenced a heavy fire. The *Chesapeake* was altogether in an unprepared state; her guns and decks were lumbered with sails, cables, &c.; and her men were not at quarters till the commencement of the attack. No opposition was made. The British commander continued pouring his broadsides into the undefended ship for about thirty minutes; when the *Chesapeake* having received considerable damage in her hull, rigging, and spars, struck. She had three men killed, and eighteen wounded. The *Leopard* ceased firing, sent her boat on board, and took out four men. The *Chesapeake* returned to Hampton Roads. The conduct of Commodore Barron was censured, by a court of inquiry convened for the purpose, for not having his ship cleared for action, when it was probable he might be attacked, and

for not making exertions to defend her when attacked. He was suspended from his command.

Great was the sensation occasioned in the United States by this affair. Town meetings were held in every part of the Union and resolutions passed reprobating in the strongest language so gross a violation of the laws of neutrality, and declaring their determination to support the government, with their lives and fortunes, in the measures it might adopt, to obtain reparation for the injury and insult offered to the country. The President of the United States issued a Proclamation forbidding all British armed vessels from entering the ports and harbours of the United States, and prohibiting all the inhabitants of the United States from furnishing them with supplies of any description, or from administering to their wants in any manner whatever. The British government disavowed the act of Admiral Berkeley, and for a time suspended him; but soon after appointed him to a more important command.

The affair of the Little Belt, which took place at a later period, having reference to the same subject of impressment, is here introduced out of the order of time.

Early in the month of May, 1811, Commodore Rodgers, commanding the frigate President, received orders from the Secretary of the Navy, to proceed from Annapolis, where he then was, to his station at New-York. This order was issued in consequence of the trade of New-York being interrupted by British and French cruisers. At the same time the commodore received information that a young man, an apprentice to the master, had been taken out of an American brig, in the vicinity of Sandy Hook, by a British frigate supposed to be the Guerriere.

On the 10th of the month, the commodore set sail from Annapolis. On the 16th, about noon, and when he was about six leagues from land, a sail was discovered to the eastward, standing towards the President. The commodore made her out to be a man-of-war, and not having heard of any other vessel of war than the Guerriere being on the

coast, he concluded that the sail in sight was that frigate. He resolved to speak to her, considering it his duty to know the names and characters of all foreign vessels hovering on the coast. He also hoped that, if she proved to be the *Guerriere*, he might prevail upon her commander to release the impressed young man. At forty-five minutes past one, the ensign and pendant of the *President* were hoisted. The signals of the strange sail not being answered, she wore and stood to the southward. At half-past three, P. M., the commodore perceived his ship to be gaining upon the chase. The wind beginning gradually to decrease, he could not come up with her time enough before dark to discover her actual force, which the position she kept during the chase was calculated to conceal; nor could he discover to what nation she belonged, as she studiously declined showing her colours. At fifteen or twenty minutes past seven, P. M., the chase took in her studding-sails; and soon after hauled up her courses. She then hauled by the wind on the starboard-tack; and, at the same time, hoisted an ensign or flag at her mizzen-peak. It was, however, too dark to discover what nation it represented. Her broadside was now, for the first time, presented to view. Though her appearance indicated a frigate, darkness prevented her actual force being ascertained.

At fifteen minutes past eight, P. M., the *President* being about a mile and a half from the chase, the commodore directed the acting captain, Ludlow, to take a position to windward of her, and on the same tack, within short speaking distance. This, however, the commander of the chase, from his manœuvres, appeared to be anxious to prevent; for he wore and hauled by the wind on different tacks four times, before the *President* arrived at her intended position.

At twenty minutes past eight, the *President* being a little forward of the weather-beam of the chase, and distant between seventy and a hundred yards from her, the commodore hailed; "What ship is that?" To this no answer was

given; but the question was repeated from on board the chase. After a short pause, the question was repeated by the commodore, and immediately a shot was fired into the President. Just as the commodore was about giving orders for a shot to be fired in return, one was actually fired from the second division of the President. This was returned from the other vessel by three guns in quick succession, and soon after, by the remainder of his broadside and musketry. The commodore then gave a general order to fire. The fire from the President having in a few minutes produced a partial silence of the guns of the other vessel, the commodore gave orders to cease firing, judging that she must be a ship of very inferior force to what he had supposed, or that some untoward accident had happened her.

This order the commodore soon had reason to regret. The fire was renewed from the other vessel, and two of its 32-pound shot cut off one of the fore-shrouds, and injured the fore-mast of the President. He therefore immediately ordered a recommencement of the fire. It continued for a few minutes, when the commodore perceiving his opponent's gaff and colours down, his main-topsail-yard upon the cap, and his fire silenced, again ordered the firing to cease, to prevent a further effusion of blood. It was, however, so dark, that he could not discern any other particular injury, or whether the vessel was in a state to do any more harm. After a short pause, perceiving his adversary was not disposed to renew the action, the commodore again hailed. He was informed she was a British ship; but from the wind blowing fresh, he was unable to learn her name.

The commodore having informed the commander of the British vessel of the name of his ship, gave orders to ware; to run under the lee of the British ship; to haul by the wind on the starboard-tack; to heave-to under topsails, and repair the little damage that had been sustained in the rigging.

The President continued lying-to all night, on different tacks, with lights displayed, in order that the British vessel

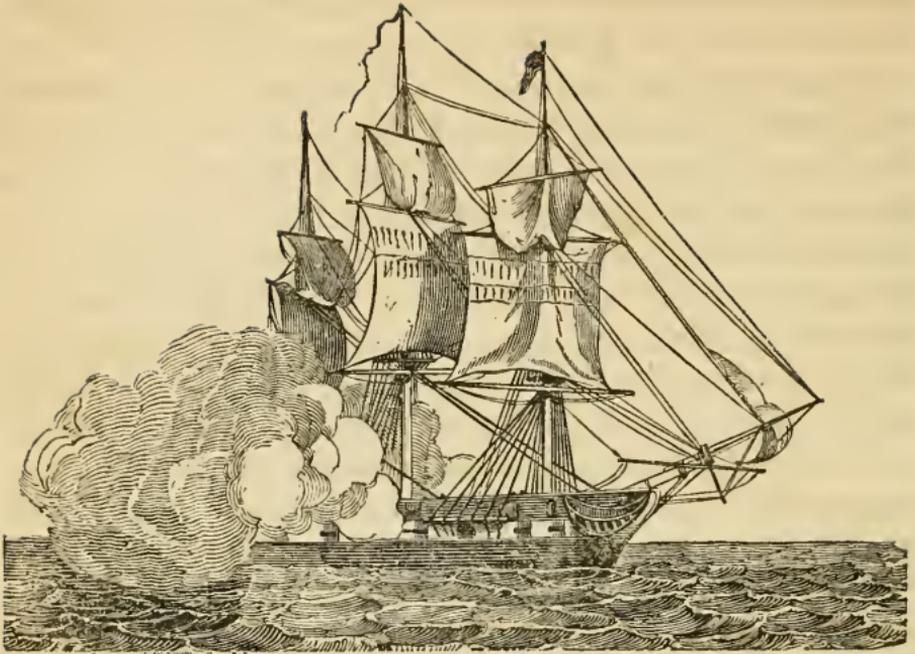
might the better discern her position, and command any assistance she might require during the night.

At daylight, she was discovered several miles to leeward. The commodore gave orders to bear up and run down to her under easy sail. After hailing her, he sent a boat on board, with Lieutenant Creighton, to learn the name of the ship and her commander, with instructions to ascertain the damage she had sustained, and to state how much, on his part, he regretted the necessity which led to so unhappy a result, and to offer every assistance in his power, in repairing the damages. Lieutenant Creighton returned with information that the vessel was his Britannic majesty's ship *Little Belt*, Captain Bingham, of 18 guns. The British captain declined accepting any assistance.

The *Little Belt* had nine men killed, and twenty-two wounded. No one was killed on board the *President*, and only a boy wounded.

The account given by Captain Bingham differs very materially from the above statement. He denies having fired the first gun; asserts the action lasted three-quarters of an hour; and even seems to imply that he had gained the advantage in the contest. Commodore Rodgers' account, from which the one here given is taken, was confirmed by all his officers and crew, on their solemn oath, before a court of inquiry. The court also confirmed all the particulars of his statement, after a long and minute investigation.

The irritation occasioned by this affair of the *Little Belt*, and that of the *Chesapeake*, served to increase the estrangement and hostility of the two countries, and to increase the probability of the war which was shortly to follow. The overbearing insolence of the British, and their haughty feeling of superiority in naval power, was destined to suffer a severe rebuke in the events of this war. Their pride was speedily to have a fall, which should teach them to respect the valour and discipline of our brave tars.



CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Jefferson's Gun-Boat System. Commencement of the War of 1812.



THE conclusion of the Tripolitan war found the public mind with a bias unfavourable to the navy, and which long threatened its entire destruction. The distinguished services performed by Decatur, Somers, Trippe, and their companions, in gun-boats, had brought these vessels into favour. Mr. Jefferson, too, (who exercised a control over public opinion, never, we are persuaded, surpassed in this country) with the sentiments of a philosopher and the feelings of a philanthropist, had certainly conceived the idea, that by pursuing a just and pacific policy towards all nations, we might escape wars, which he believed origi-

nated entirely from the ambition or cupidity of rival states. It was a part of his scheme of government, therefore, to adopt a policy not only truly pacific, but strictly defensive, and it was his favourite theory that a nation by retiring, when assailed, upon its own resources, and ceasing to hold intercourse with those who violated her rights, might obtain redress, by appealing, not to the fears, but the interests of the aggressor. It is not to be denied that these benevolent theories of our great statesman, though originating in the most philosophical spirit, have been proved, by our dear-bought experience, to be altogether visionary and impracticable, at least in the present state of the world. The restrictive system, as a means of coercion, once so popular, has now, we believe, no advocates in this country; and the substitution of gun-boats for an efficient naval force (which grew out of, and was, indeed, a part of that system) has shared the same fate. The first gun-boats built in the United States were constructed under the act of 2d March, 1805, which authorized the President to cause to be built a number not exceeding twenty-five, for the protection of the ports and harbours of the United States. It is not a little mortifying to reflect, that at the time of the adoption of the gun-boat system, several of the most distinguished naval commanders were consulted on the subject, and it was with their full concurrence that a system was adopted, which for a long time threatened, and in the end, very nearly effected, the entire annihilation of the navy. From the time when the first batch of these useless vessels was constructed, up to the year 1811, the number was constantly increasing. Every new outrage on our commerce or seamen was met by building an additional number of gun-boats, until near two hundred of these miserable vessels encumbered our harbours. While this system was vigorously prosecuted, the navy was almost entirely neglected. Indeed, the expense of building and maintaining the gun-boats, in a great measure, deprived the country of the means of providing for the navy, and it was a fatal error of our naval officers

that they should ever have been considered as a part of this establishment. As a branch of the fortification system, and manned chiefly by artillerists, the gun-boats would have been comparatively harmless to the navy proper. The service itself, it has been forcibly remarked, by confining our officers and seamen to harbour duty, occasioned idle habits, subversive of all good discipline and subordination, and utterly destructive of that generous ambition and spirit of emulation which insure professional pre-eminence. The first intimation of any change in the policy of the government, in relation to gun-boats, will be found in the act of 30th March, 1812, which, while it provides for putting the frigates into actual service, and appropriates two hundred thousand dollars per annum, for three years, for ship timber, gives authority "for laying up the gun-boats as soon as it shall be deemed compatible with the good of the public service," and from that time they seem to have been abandoned, by common consent, to their fate. They rapidly fell into decay, or were sold for the inglorious occupation of wood-shallops, and in a few years ceased to exist, leaving no memorial but the wrecks which now encumber our harbours.

In looking back to the period, when under a singular popular delusion, the gun-boats were considered as the appropriate defence for the coasts and harbours of the United States,—we are astonished that the obvious facts and calculations (of which we have a valuable summary from the pen of Mr. Goldsborough) demonstrating their utter inutility, should have been so completely overlooked. Indeed, it is manifest (if we except an accidental encounter with an enemy in a calm) that the only situation in which gun-boats could be of the smallest use, would be when stationed on a shoal—in front of the point to be defended, and out of the reach of frigates and ships of the line. How many positions of this description are to be found in the harbours of the United States, we will not undertake to say; but we will assert, without fear of contradiction, that no situation

can be conceived, in which floating batteries would not, in all respects, be more efficient, and much cheaper.

We are now arrived at *the great era* in the history of the navy, when the solid foundation was laid of a permanent establishment, projected on a scale commensurate with the power and resources of the country,—calculated to grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength,—and destined, at no distant day, to afford security from foreign invasion, and protection to the American flag in every sea. Up to this period, all the efforts made in favour of the navy had resulted, as we have seen, in the hasty preparation of a few vessels of war, on the pressure of some great emergency, to be laid aside the moment that pressure was removed. But now the question was finally submitted to the country, whether it was indeed the policy of the United States to create, build up, and sustain a naval establishment, adequate to the wants and resources of the country. The time at which this great question was submitted was peculiarly propitious, and the men by whom it was brought forward and sustained, were, from their known principles, distinguished talents, and high character, eminently qualified to give it popularity. It is not to be denied that there had long existed a deep-rooted jealousy of a naval establishment. The advocates of economy in the national expenditures had, on this subject, united with those who entertained great distrust of all establishments of a military character; and to these was added a large number among the most estimable of our fellow-citizens, who hardly seemed to consider any measure as national which had for its object the protection of commerce or the rights of their countrymen on the ocean. It was the common language of that day (as may be seen in the debates in Congress on Mr. Cheves' navy bill) that commerce was not entitled to protection, that to guard our merchants and our seamen by force of arms, from dangers to which it was said "they had voluntarily exposed themselves," would cost more than our trade was worth,—that the resources of the country were alto-

gether inadequate to these objects, and that "in creating a navy, we were only building ships for Great Britain." We repeat, however, that the crisis was a favourable one for refuting errors like these, and this advantage was seized upon and pressed with a zeal and power which carried the navy triumphantly through all difficulties, and gave it an opportunity, which alone was wanted, of demonstrating, by practical results, its eminent utility as a means both of protection and offence. For this great event, the country is chiefly indebted to Mr. Cheves, to whom more justly than to any man now alive, belongs the proud title of "Father of the Navy." It is well known to the nation, that at the commencement of the session of Congress, commonly called the war session, (1811-1812) many of the ablest men in the United States, of both political parties, were drawn from their retirement, and forced into the public councils for the express purpose of relieving us, if possible, from the unhappy and degraded situation in which we were then placed; and the House of Representatives presented a combination of various and powerful talent, such as had, perhaps, never before been brought into conflict in the councils of the nation. The great leaders of the republican party in Congress, were at length united in the determination to abandon the restrictive system, and to seek the redress of our wrongs by war,—while the opposition of that day, distrusting, as they alleged, the power and resources of the nation, to wage war successfully against Great Britain, and distrusting still more, perhaps, the men then in the administration of our public affairs,—seem to have acted on the principle, that the redress of all our grievances was only to be found in a change of rulers. It is not our present purpose to notice the proceedings of the twelfth Congress, further than they have a direct and intimate bearing on the subject now under our consideration. Mr. Cheves was appointed Chairman of the Committee of Naval Affairs, and at once entered upon the subject of a naval establishment, with the energy and judgment for which he was so eminently distinguished.

Looking to the war which was then at hand, as well as to the permanent interests of the United States, this enlightened practical statesman resolved to submit to the representatives of the people and to the nation, the great question, whether it was our true policy to establish a navy,—a question which it was manifest, from the past history of the country, had never yet been decided.

The Report of the Naval Committee of the twelfth Congress was the fruit of this determination. In the preliminary inquiries which led to that report, many of the most experienced and intelligent officers of the navy were examined—the naval establishments of other countries were carefully looked into—our necessities and resources were accurately weighed, and the deliberate opinion expressed by the committee that in every view of the subject, it was the true policy of the United States to build up a naval establishment, as the cheapest, the safest, and the best protection to their sea-coast and to their commerce, and that such an establishment was inseparably connected with the future prosperity, safety and glory of the country.*

In the bill which accompanied this report, no authority was given to build ships of the line. It will be found, on examining Mr. Cheves' speech, however, in support of the system recommended by the committee, that the force which it was contemplated to create, and of which the frigates authorized by this bill, were only a part, consisted of twelve ships of the line, and twenty frigates, besides floating batteries, and other vessels of an inferior class.

In examining the situation of the navy at this period, our attention is arrested by the very low condition into which it had been suffered to fall. From the official statements which accompany the report, it appears that we had but three frigates of the first class in the navy,—that but five vessels, of any description, were in commission, viz:

The President,	44 guns
United States,	44

* Southern Review.

Constitution,	44
Essex,	32, and
Congress,	36,

and that we owned, in the whole, but ten, seven of which were of the second class, and of inferior force,—all needing extensive repairs, and two of them, (the New-York and the Boston) were found, on examination, unworthy of repair, and condemned accordingly. Such was the state to which the navy had been reduced, and from which it has been raised up to its present flourishing condition, by perseverance in the wise and liberal policy then adopted.

War was declared by Congress against Great Britain on the 18th of June, 1812, and on the following day it was proclaimed by the President of the United States.

The following is Mr. Clark's more particular statement of the naval force of the United States at this time.*

FRIGATES.

	Rated.	Mounting.	Commanders.
Constitution	44	56	Capt. Hull.
United States	44	56	" Decatur.
President.....	44	56	Com. Rodgers.
Chesapeake.....	36	44	Capt. Evans.
New-York	36	44	
Constellation.....	36	44	" Stewart.
Congress.....	36	44	" Smith.
Boston.....	32		
Essex	32		" Porter
Adams	32		

CORVETTE.

John Adams	26		" Ludlow.
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SHIPS OF WAR.

Wasp	16	18	" Jones.
Hornet	16	18	" Lawrence.

BRIGS.

Siren.....	16		" Carroll.
Argus	16		" Crane.
Oneida	16		" Woolsey.

* Clark's Naval History.

SCHOONERS.

Vixen	12	Licut. Gadsden.
Nautilus	12	“ Sinclair.
Enterprise.....	12	“ Blakely.
Viper	12	“ Bainbridge.

BOMB-KETCHES.

Vengeance,	Ætna,
Spitfire,	Vesuvius.

GUN-BOATS.

170 gun-boats.

The number of registered seamen in the United States, according to the report of the Secretary of State, amounted, at that time, to 106,757.

The British navy, at the time of which we speak, consisted of about 1000 vessels, of which 283 were of the line.

A few days after the declaration of war, Commodore Rodgers sailed from New-York in the *President*, accompanied by the *United States*, *Congress*, *Hornet*, and *Argus*. His principal object was to intercept the Jamaica fleet of merchantmen. He shaped his course south-eastwardly, in expectation of falling in with some vessel that might give him the necessary information respecting this fleet. The following night he met with an American brig, from which he obtained the intelligence he desired. The squadron immediately crowded all sail in pursuit; but the next morning was diverted from its course by the appearance of the British frigate *Belvidere*, to which chase was immediately given. The superior sailing of the *President* enabled her to get within gun-shot of the *Belvidere*, between 4 and 5 P. M. But the breeze then moderated so much as to leave very faint hopes of getting alongside. The commodore, at this time, perceiving that the *Belvidere* was training her guns to bear on the *President*, gave orders to fire at her spars and rigging, in order, by crippling her, to enable him to come up with her.

The firing continued about two hours. The *President*

gave the *Belvidere* two or three broadsides, and kept up a well-directed fire from her chase-guns, which, though it cut the sails and rigging of the *Belvidere*, did not destroy any of her spars; some of them, however, were considerably injured. A running fire was kept up from the four stern-chasers of the *Belvidere*, which continued her course under a press of sail. In vain was all sail crowded in pursuit. The *Belvidere* now threw overboard every thing that could possibly be spared, started 14 tons of water, cut away her anchors, and stove and threw overboard her boats. The *Belvidere* had 7 men killed and wounded—the *President* had 22 killed and wounded, sixteen of them by the bursting of a gun. Among the wounded was Commodore Rodgers, who had his leg fractured.

About midnight the chase was discontinued. The squadron then resumed its course in pursuit of the *Jamaica* fleet; but received no further intelligence of it until the 29th of June; when, on the western banks of Newfoundland, an American schooner was spoken, the master of which gave information that he had passed the fleet two days before. On the 1st of July, a little to the eastward of Newfoundland bank, the squadron fell in with quantities of cocoa-nut shells, orange-peels, &c., which indicated that the fleet was not far distant. The pursuit was now continued with great spirit, though frequent interruptions were occasioned by vessels it was necessary to pursue. No more intelligence was obtained until the 9th of July, when a private-armed British brig was captured. She had seen the fleet the preceding evening, and had counted eighty-five sail. The convoy consisted of a two-decker, a frigate, a sloop of war, and a brig.

This was the last intelligence the commodore received of the fleet. He continued the pursuit until the 13th of July. He was then only within 18 or 20 hours' sail of the British channel. The commodore now directed the squadron to steer for Madeira. It passed close by that island, on the 21st of July; thence near the *Azores*; returned by the

banks of Newfoundland; and entered the port of Boston after a cruise of upwards of two months. During the cruise, seven merchant vessels were captured, and one American recaptured.

Though this cruise was not attended with any success of a brilliant nature, yet it was not unproductive of considerable advantage. By the American squadron being thus united, and cruising for such a length of time, the attention of the British was drawn from the coast and harbours of the United States, while they went in quest of it. Thus an almost incalculable amount of American property, that would otherwise have been captured, was brought safe into port.

At the time of the declaration of war against England, the *Essex* was undergoing repairs at New-York, and the celerity with which she was fitted for sea reflected great credit on her commander, Captain David Porter. On the 3d of July, 1812, he sailed from Sandy Hook on a cruise, which was not marked by any incident of consequence, excepting the capture of the British sloop of war *Alert*, Captain Langharne. Either undervaluing the untried prowess of our tars, or mistaking the force of the *Essex*, she ran down on her weather-quarter, gave three cheers and commenced an action. In a few minutes she struck her colours, being cut to pieces, with three men wounded, and seven feet water in her hold. To relieve himself from the great number of prisoners, taken in this and former prizes, Captain Porter made a cartel of the *Alert*, with orders to proceed to St. Johns, Newfoundland, and thence to New-York. She arrived safe, being the first ship of war taken from the enemy, and her flag the first British flag sent to the seat of government during the war.*

It was at this early period of the war that Captain Isaac Hull became an object of public attention, by two brilliant exploits; the one exhibiting an instance of admirable skill as a seaman, and the other of his gallantry as an officer.

* *Analectic Magazine.*

Leaving Chesapeake Bay on the 12th of July, in the Constitution, of 44 guns, he, on the 17th, fell close in with a British squadron, consisting of one ship of the line, four frigates, a brig, and a schooner, the nearest frigate within gun-shot. It was a dead calm, and the only headway to be made was by towing, and carrying out anchors ahead, so as to pull on them. The enemy attached all his boats to two frigates, and by so doing gained on the Constitution, so as to bring some of his bow-guns to bear on her. In this situation they continued all day, the Constitution occasionally firing her stern-chasers; and it was not until the next morning that a light breeze enabled her to escape from an enemy of so much superior force, as to render a contest desperate. The whole chase lasted sixty hours, and during all that time the gallant crew remained at their stations without a murmur. Nothing, we think, can evince a more decided superiority of activity and skill on the part of the Americans, than this extraordinary escape from two frigates towed by the boats of a squadron of seven vessels. It is related, on good authority, that the enemy himself expressed his admiration of the skill with which Captain Hull manœuvred his vessel and effected his escape.

The public notice taken of the affair, and the praises bestowed on Captain Hull, induced him, on arriving at Boston, to insert the following card in the books of the Exchange Coffee-House :

“ Captain Hull, finding that his friends in Boston are correctly informed of his situation, when chased by the British squadron off New-York, and that they are good enough to give him more credit for having escaped it than he ought to claim, takes this opportunity of requesting them to transfer their good wishes to Lieutenant Morris, and the other brave officers and crew, under his command, for their very great exertions and prompt attention to his orders while the enemy were in chase. Captain Hull has great pleasure in saying, that notwithstanding the length of the chase, and the officers and crew being deprived of sleep, and allowed but

little refreshment during the time, not a murmur was heard to escape them."

It was naturally to be expected that a man, who had the honest pride to decline monopolizing that praise, which he was conscious ought to be shared with others, would, when opportunity offered, distinguish himself in the most honourable manner. Those who are themselves conscious of desert, are the last to claim that praise which belongs to others; and those who feel a capacity to acquire reputation, are ever the most liberal in according it to others. It is only little, stinted minds that are anxious to claim that glory, which they only can gain by defrauding their associates; liberal hearts are not afraid even to resign what they can so easily acquire.

Accordingly, we find Captain Hull, on the nineteenth of the ensuing August, with the same vessel, the same officers, and the same crew, falling in with a large frigate, which struck to him after a close action of thirty minutes. She proved to be his majesty's ship the *Guerriere*, rated at 38 guns, and carrying fifty; commanded by Captain J. R. Dacres, who some time before had politely endorsed on the register of a merchant ship, an invitation to Captain Hull to give him a meeting of this kind.

The following is Captain Hull's official account of the action:

United States' frigate *Constitution*, off Boston Light,

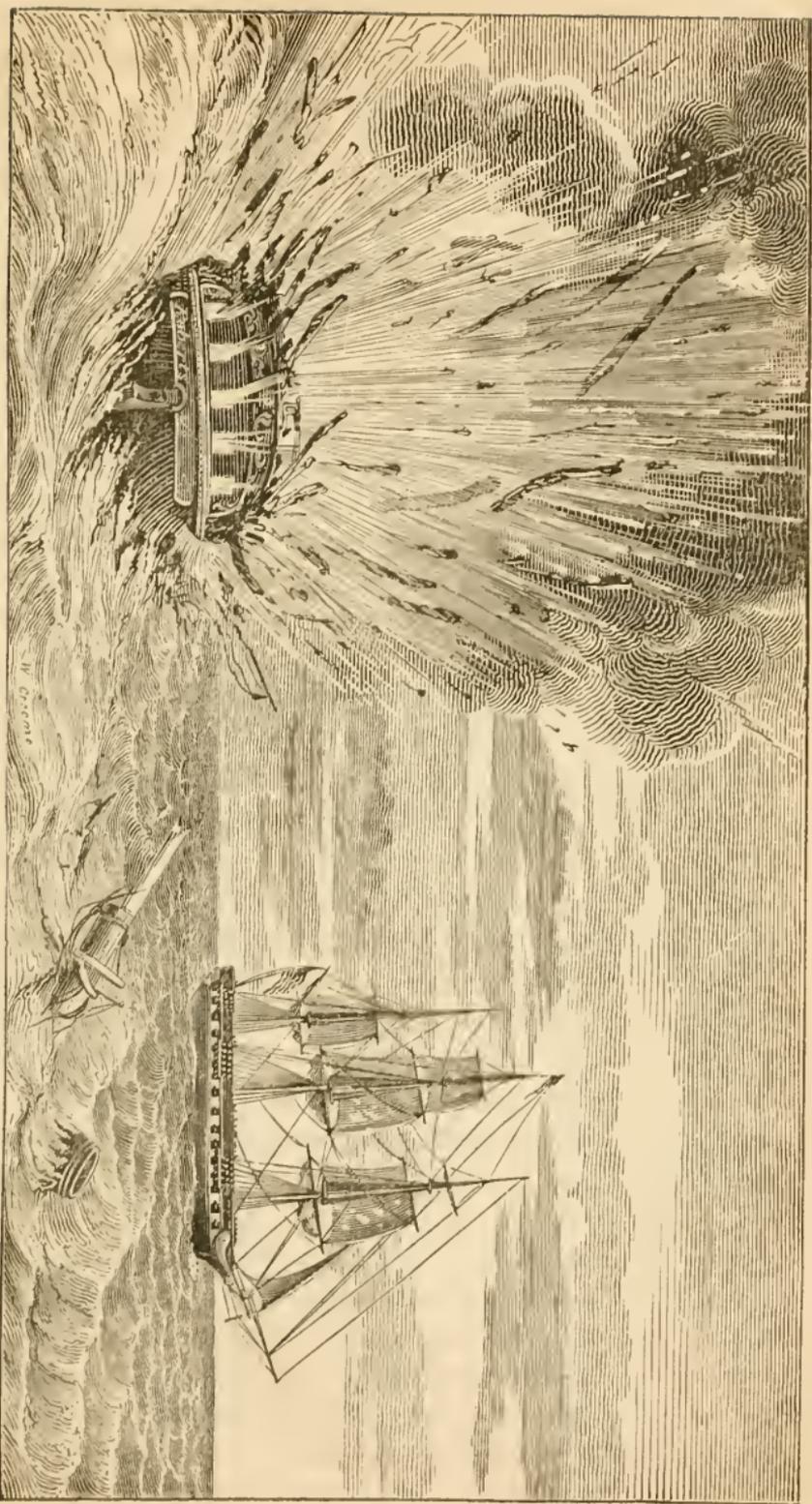
AUGUST 30, 1812.

SIR—I have the honour to inform you that on the 19th instant, at 2, P. M., being in latitude $41^{\circ} 41'$, and longitude $55^{\circ} 48'$, with the *Constitution* under my command, a sail was discovered from the mast-head, bearing E. by S. or E. S. E., but at such a distance we could not tell what she was. All sail was instantly made in chase, and soon found we came up with her. At 3, P. M., could plainly see that she was a ship on the starboard-tack under easy sail, close on a wind—at half-past 3, P. M., made her out to be a frigate—continued the chase until we were within about three

miles, when I ordered the light sails taken in, the courses hauled up, and the ship cleared for action. At this time the chase had backed her main-top-sail, waiting for us to come down. As soon as the Constitution was ready for action, I bore down with an intention to bring him to close action immediately; but, on our coming within gun-shot, she gave us a broadside, and filled away and wore, giving us a broadside on the other tack, but without effect, her shot falling short. She continued waring and manœuvring for about three-quarters of an hour, to get a raking position—but finding she could not, she bore up and run under her top-sails and jib, with the wind on the quarter. I immediately made sail to bring the ship up with her, and at five minutes before 6, P. M., being alongside within half pistol-shot, we commenced a heavy fire from all our guns, double-shotted with round and grape, and so well-directed were they, and so warmly kept up, that in 16 minutes her mizzen-mast went by the board, and his main-yard in the slings, and the hull, rigging, and sails, very much torn to pieces. The fire was kept up with equal warmth for 15 minutes longer, when his main-mast and fore-mast went, taking with them every spar, excepting the bowsprit; on seeing this we ceased firing; so that in thirty minutes after we got fairly alongside the enemy, she surrendered, and had not a spar standing, and her hull, below and above water, so shattered, that a few more broadsides must have carried her down.

After informing that so fine a ship as the *Guerriere*, commanded by an able and experienced officer, had been totally dismasted and otherwise cut to pieces, so as to make her not worth towing into port, in the short space of 30 minutes, you can have no doubt of the gallantry and good conduct of the officers and ship's company I have the honour to command. It only remains, therefore, for me to assure you, that they all fought with great bravery; and it gives me great pleasure to say, that from the smallest boy in the ship to the oldest seamen, not a look of fear was seen. They all

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.



went into action giving three cheers, and requesting to be laid close alongside the enemy.

Inclosed I have the honour to send you a list of the killed and wounded on board the Constitution, and a report of the damages she sustained—also a list of killed and wounded on board the enemy, with his quarter-bill, &c. I have the honour to be, with very great respect, sir, your obedient servant,

ISAAC HULL.

The Hon. Paul Hamilton, &c., &c.

Here follows the return of killed and wounded in both ships. In the Constitution, seven killed and seven wounded; in the Guerriere, fifteen killed; sixty-two wounded, including the captain and several officers; twenty-four missing.

The news of this victory was received in the United States with the greatest joy and exultation. All parties united in celebrating it, and the citizens and public authorities vied with each other in bestowing marks of approbation upon Captain Hull and his gallant officers and crew.

The next of the brilliant actions of this war which we have to record, is that of Commodore Decatur in the frigate United States.

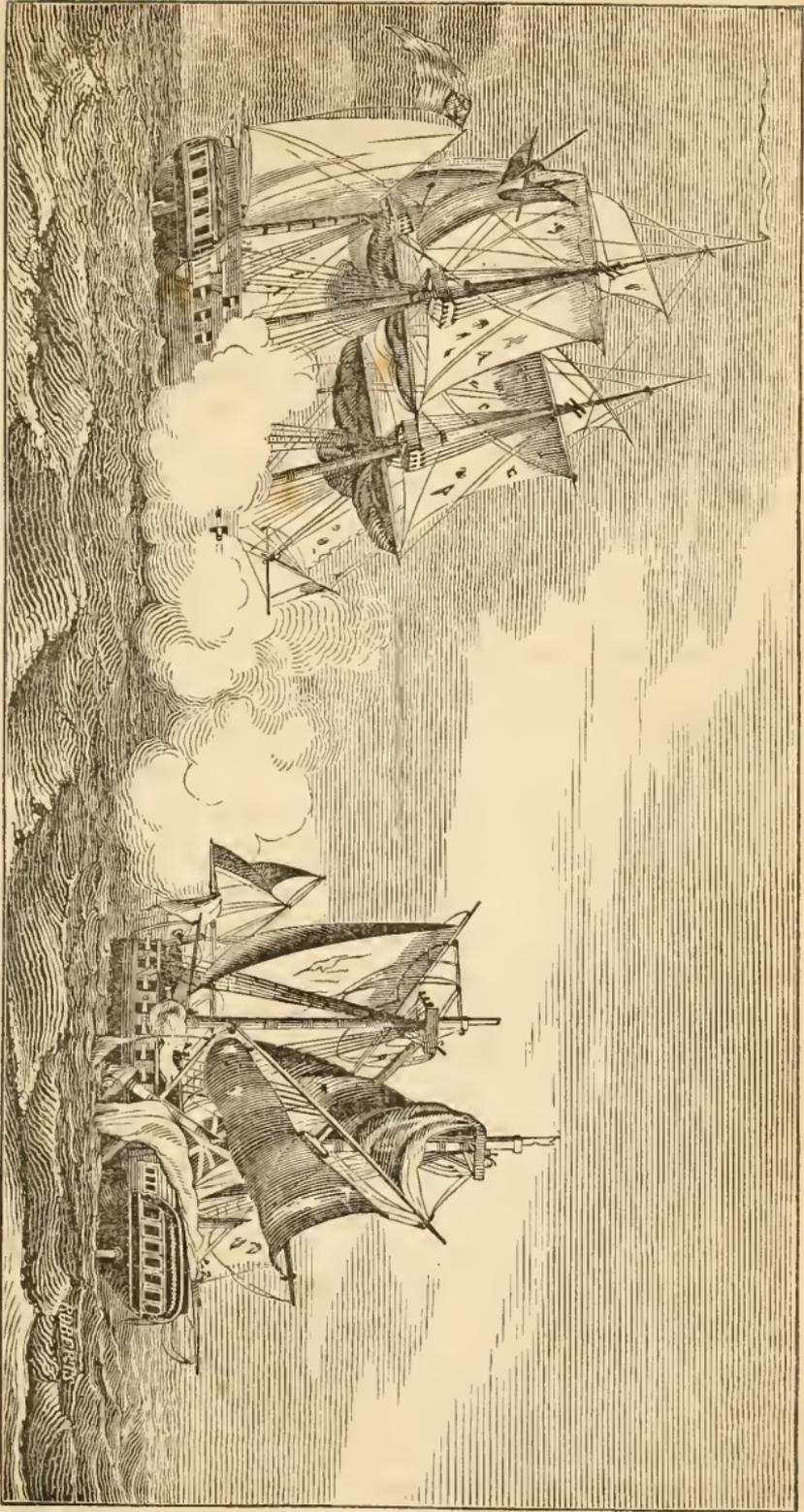
On the 25th October, 1812, in lat. 29 N., long. 29 30 W., he fell in with his Britannic Majesty's ship Macedonian, mounting 49 carriage guns. This was one of the finest frigates in the British navy, and commanded by Captain John S. Carden, one of the ablest officers. She was in prime order, two years old, and but four months out of dock. The enemy being to windward, had the advantage of choosing his own distance; and, supposing the United States to be the Essex, (which only mounted carronades), kept at first at long shot, and did not at any moment come within the complete effect of the musketry and grape. After the frigates had come to close action the battle was terminated in a very short period, by the enemy's surrender. The whole engagement lasted for an hour and a half, being prolonged by the distance at which the early part of it was fought, and by a heavy swell of the sea. The superior gunnery of

the Americans was apparent in this, as in all our other actions. The Macedonian lost her mizzen-mast, fore and main-top-masts, and main-yard, and was much cut up in the hull. Her loss was thirty-six killed, and sixty-eight wounded. The damage of the United States was comparatively trivial, four killed and seven wounded; and she suffered so little in her hull and rigging, that she might have continued her cruise, had not Commodore Decatur thought it important to convoy his prize into port. His reception of Captain Carden, on board of the United States, was truly characteristic. On presenting his sword, Decatur observed that he could not think of taking the sword of an officer who had defended his ship so gallantly, but he should be happy to take him by the hand.

We are sorry to observe that Captain Carden has not been ingenuous in his account of this affair. He mentions that, "after an hour's action the enemy backed and came to the wind, and *I was then enabled to bring her to close action.*" Now, on the contrary, we have it from the *very best authority*, that the United States was close hauled to the wind, and her commander was extremely anxious to come to close quarters. There are other parts of Captain Carden's official letter that are exceptionable, but we shall pass them over without comment. It is natural for a proud and gallant mind to writhe under humiliation, and to endeavour to palliate the disgrace of defeat; but a truly magnanimous spirit would scorn to do it at the expense of a brave and generous foe. Captain Carden *must* know that he had it in his power to close with the United States whenever he pleased, and that there was no movement on the part of Commodore Decatur to prevent it. We again repeat, that it is with regret we notice any instance of disingenuousness in an officer whose general character we admire, and whose deportment at all times to our countrymen has been such as to entitle him to their highest good will.

It is not one of the least circumstances of Commodore Decatur's good fortune, or rather good management, that he

UNITED STATES AND MACEDONIAN.





conveyed his prize, in her shattered condition, across a vast extent of ocean, swarming with foes, and conducted her triumphantly into port; thus placing immediately before the eyes of his countrymen a noble trophy of his own skill, and of national prowess.

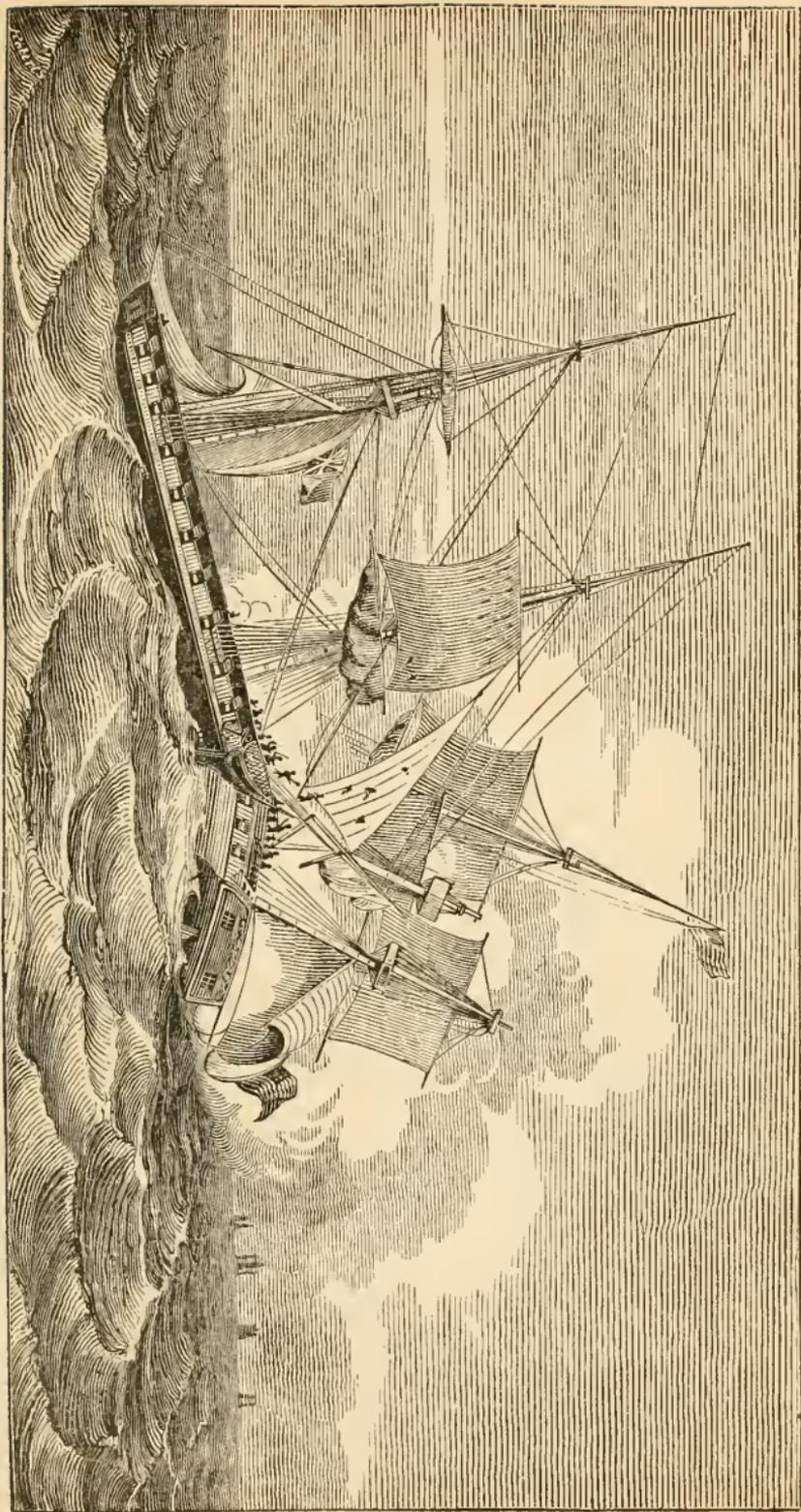
The next victory in the order of time was that of Captain Jacob Jones, in the *Wasp*, over the British sloop of war *Frolic*.

In 1811, Captain Jones was transferred by the Secretary of the Navy to the command of the sloop of war the *Wasp*, mounting eighteen 24-pound carronades, and was despatched, in the spring of 1812, with communications from our government to its functionaries at the courts of St. Cloud and St. James. Before he returned from this voyage, war had been declared by the United States against Great Britain. Captain Jones refitted his ship with all possible despatch, and repaired to sea on a cruise, in which he met with no other luck than the capture of an inconsiderable prize.—He again put to sea on the 13th of October, and, on the 18th of the month, after a long and heavy gale, he fell in with a number of strongly-armed merchantmen under convoy of his Britannic Majesty's sloop of war the *Frolic*, Captain Whinyates.

There was a heavy swell in the sea, and the weather was boisterous. The topgallant-yards of the *Wasp* were taken down, her topsails were close reefed, and she was prepared for action. About 11 o'clock the *Frolic* showed Spanish colours, and the *Wasp* immediately displayed the American ensign and pendant. At thirty-two minutes past 11, the *Wasp* came down to windward on her larboard side, within about sixty yards, and hailed. The enemy hauled down the Spanish colours, hoisted the British ensign, and opened a fire of cannon and musketry. This the *Wasp* instantly returned; and coming nearer to the enemy, the action became close, and without intermission. In four or five minutes the main-top-mast of the *Wasp* was shot away, and, falling down with the main-topsail-yard across the larboard

fore and fore-topsail-braces, rendered her head-yards unmanageable during the rest of the action. In two or three minutes more her gaff and mizzen-topgallant-sail were shot away. Still she continued a close and constant fire. The sea was so rough that the muzzles of the Wasp's guns were frequently in the water. The Americans, therefore, fired as the ship's side was going down, so that their shot went either on the enemy's deck or below it, while the English fired as the vessel rose, and thus her balls chiefly touched the rigging or were thrown away. The Wasp now shot ahead of the Frolic, raked her, and then resumed her position on her larboard-bow. Her fire was now obviously attended with such success, and that of the Frolic so slackened, that Captain Jones did not wish to board her, lest the roughness of the sea might endanger both vessels; but in the course of a few minutes more every brace of the Wasp was shot away, and her rigging so much torn to pieces, that he was afraid that his masts, being unsupported, would go by the board, and the Frolic be able to escape. He thought, therefore, the best chance of securing her was to board, and decide the contest at once. With this view he wore ship, and running down upon the enemy, the vessels struck each other, the Wasp's side rubbing along the Frolic's bow, so that her jib-boom came in between the main and mizzen-rigging of the Wasp, directly over the heads of Captain Jones and the first lieutenant, Mr. Biddle, who were at that moment standing together near the capstan. The Frolic lay so fair for raking, that they decided not to board until they had given a closing broadside. Whilst they were loading for this, so near were the two vessels, that the rammers of the Wasp were pushed against the Frolic's sides, and two of her guns went through the bow-ports of the Frolic, and swept the whole length of her deck. At this moment, Jack Lang, a scaman of the Wasp, a gallant fellow who had been once impressed by a British man-of-war, jumped on a gun with his cutlass, and was springing on board the Frolic: Captain Jones, wishing to fire again be-

WASP AND FROLIC.



fore boarding, called him down, but his impetuosity could not be restrained, and he was already on the bowsprit of the Frolic; when, seeing the ardour and enthusiasm of the Wasp's crew, Lieutenant Biddle mounted on the hammock-cloth to board. At this signal the crew followed, but Lieutenant Biddle's feet got entangled in the rigging of the enemy's bowsprit, and Midshipman Baker, in his ardour to get on board, laying hold of his coat, he fell back on the Wasp's deck. He sprang up, and as the next swell of the sea brought the Frolic nearer, he got on her bowsprit, where Lang and another seaman were already. He passed them on the fore-castle, and was surprised at seeing not a single man alive on the Frolic's deck, except the seaman at the wheel, and three officers. The deck was slippery with blood, and strewed with the bodies of the dead. As he went forward, the captain of the Frolic, with two other officers, who were standing on the quarter-deck, threw down their swords, and made an inclination of their bodies, denoting that they had surrendered. At this moment the colours were still flying, as, probably, none of the seamen of the Frolic would dare to go into the rigging for fear of the musketry of the Wasp. Lieutenant Biddle, therefore, jumped into the rigging himself and hauled down the British ensign, and possession was taken of the Frolic in forty-three minutes after the first fire. She was in a shocking condition; the berth-deck, particularly, was crowded with dead, and wounded, and dying; there being but a small proportion of the Frolic's crew who had escaped. Captain Jones instantly sent on board his surgeon's-mate, and all the blankets of the Frolic were brought from her slop-room for the comfort of the wounded. To increase this confusion, both the Frolic's masts soon fell, covering the dead and every thing on deck, and she lay a complete wreck.

It now appeared that the Frolic mounted sixteen thirty-two-pound carronades, four twelve-pounders on the main-deck, and two twelve-pound carronades. She was, therefore, superior to the Wasp, by exactly four twelve-pounders.

The number of men on board, as stated by the officers of the Frolic, was one hundred and ten—the number of seamen on board the Wasp was one hundred and two; but it could not be ascertained, whether in this one hundred and ten, were included the marines and officers; for the Wasp had besides her one hundred and two men, officers and marines, making the whole crew about one hundred and thirty-five. What is, however, decisive, as to their comparative force is, that the officers of the Frolic acknowledged that they had as many men as they knew what to do with, and in fact the Wasp could have spared fifteen men. There was, therefore, on the most favourable view, at least an equality of men, and an inequality of four guns. The disparity of loss was much greater. The exact number of killed and wounded on board the Frolic could not be precisely determined; but from the observations of our officers, and the declarations of those of the Frolic, the number could not be less than about thirty killed, including two officers, and of the wounded between forty and fifty; the captain and second lieutenant being of the number. The Wasp had five men killed and five slightly wounded.

All hands were now employed in clearing the deck, burying the dead, and taking care of the wounded, when Captain Jones sent orders to Lieutenant Biddle to proceed to Charleston, or any southern port of the United States; and, as there was a suspicious sail to windward, the Wasp would continue her cruise. The ships then parted. The suspicious sail was now coming down very fast. At first it was supposed that she was one of the convoy, who had all fled during the engagement, and who now came for the purpose of attacking the prize. The guns of the Frolic were therefore loaded, and the ship cleared for action; but the enemy, as she advanced, proved to be a seventy-four—the Poictiers, Captain Beresford. She fired a shot over the Frolic; passed her; overtook the Wasp, the disabled state of whose rigging prevented her from escaping; and then returned to the

Frolic, which could of course make no resistance. The Wasp and Frolic were carried into Bermuda.

On the return of Captain Jones to the United States, he was everywhere received with the utmost demonstrations of gratitude and admiration. Brilliant entertainments were given him in the cities through which he passed. The legislature of his native state appointed a committee to wait on him with their thanks, and to express the "pride and pleasure" they felt in recognising him as a native of their state: in the same resolution they voted him an elegant piece of plate, with appropriate engravings. The congress of the United States, on motion of Mr. J. A. Bayard, of Delaware, appropriated 25,000 dollars, as a compensation to Captain Jones and his crew, for the loss they sustained by the recapture of the Frolic. They also ordered a gold medal to be presented to the captain, and a silver one to each of his officers.

Various other marks of honour were paid by the legislatures, and the citizens of different states, which it would be superfluous to enumerate; but the most substantial testimony of approbation which he received, was the appointment to the command of the frigate *Macedonian*, just captured from the British.

On the arrival of the *Constitution* in Boston, after her glorious capture of the *Guerriere*, Captain Bainbridge, then in command at the navy-yard, Charlestown, and learning that Captain Hull had applied for leave of absence in order to attend to some private concerns which imperatively demanded his attention, desired to be transferred to that frigate. The Secretary of the Navy readily gave him the appointment, and placed, besides, a small squadron under his command, consisting of the frigate *Essex*, Commodore David Porter, and the sloop of war *Hornet*, under the command of Captain James Lawrence. His broad pennant was hoisted on board the *Constitution*, on the fifteenth of September, 1812.*

* Harris's Life of Bainbridge.

Commodore Bainbridge transmitted orders to Captain Porter, whose vessel was then lying in the Delaware, for his government during the cruise. He directed that the Essex should sail direct for the Cape de Verd islands, stop at Port Praya, in the island of St. Jago, thence to the island of Fernando Noronha, thence, in case no junction with the squadron should take place, to the island of St. Catharine, in February, and afterwards to cruise south of St. Helena. In the event of not meeting the squadron, he was to act according to his own discretion, as to the best means of annoying the enemy's commerce. Under these orders, Captain Porter sailed from the Delaware on the 27th of October, 1812.

On the 26th of the same month, the Constitution and Hornet sailed from Boston on their destined cruise. In December, they reached the rendezvous of Fernando de Noronha, which being a dependency of Portugal, in the interest of Great Britain, they passed as British ships, and not meeting Captain Porter, letters were left, according to previous arrangement, as from one of the British commanders to Sir James Yeo.

The Constitution and Hornet arrived off St. Salvador on the 13th of December, 1812. While cruising off the Brazils they fell in with the Bonne Citoyenne, a British ship of war, having on board a large amount of specie, and chased her into St. Salvador. Notwithstanding that she was a larger vessel, and of a greater force in guns and men than the Hornet, yet Captain Lawrence sent a challenge to her commander, Captain Green, pledging his honour that neither the Constitution nor any other American vessel should interfere. Commodore Bainbridge made a similar pledge on his own part; but the British commander declined the combat, alleging that though perfectly satisfied that the event of such a rencontre would be favourable to his ship; "yet he was equally convinced that Commodore Bainbridge could not swerve so much from the paramount duty he owed his country as to become an inactive spectator, and see a

ship belonging to the very squadron under his orders, fall into the hands of the enemy.”

To make him easy on this point, Commodore Bainbridge left the *Hornet* four days together off the harbour in which the *Bonne Citoyenne* laid, and from which she could discover that he was not within forty miles of it. He afterwards went into the harbour and remained there three days, where he might at any time have been detained twenty-four hours, at the request of Captain Green, if disposed to combat the *Hornet*. At length the *Constitution* went off altogether, leaving Lawrence to blockade the *Bonne Citoyenne*, which he did for nearly a month, Captain Green not thinking proper to risk an encounter. It is possible that having an important public trust in charge, and sailing under particular orders, he did not think himself authorized to depart from the purpose of his voyage, and risk his vessel in a contest for mere individual reputation. But if such were his reasons, he should have stated them when he refused to accept the challenge.

Three days after the *Constitution* had separated from the *Hornet*, off St. Salvador, and while running down the coast of Brazil, she fell in with and captured the British frigate *Java*. The particulars of this brilliant action are lucidly detailed in the subjoined official report of Commodore Bainbridge to the Secretary of the Navy.*

“I have the honour to inform you, that on the 29th of December, at two o'clock, P. M., in south latitude $13^{\circ} 6'$, west longitude 38° , and about ten leagues distant from the coast of Brazil, I fell in with, and captured, his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Java*, of forty-nine guns, and upwards of four hundred men, commanded by Captain Lambert, a very distinguished officer. The action lasted one hour and fifty-five minutes, in which time the enemy was completely dismantled, not having a spar of any kind standing.

The loss on board the *Constitution* was 9 killed and 25 wounded, as per enclosed list. The enemy had 60 killed

* Harris's Life of Bainbridge.

and 101 wounded, (among the latter, Captain Lambert, mortally,) but, by the enclosed letter, written on board this ship, by one of the officers of the Java, and accidentally found, it is evident that the enemy's wounded must have been much greater than as above stated, and who must have died of their wounds, previously to their being removed. The letter states, 60 killed, and 170 wounded.

For further details of the action, I beg leave to refer you to the enclosed extract from my journal: the Java had, in addition to her own crew, upwards of one hundred supernumerary officers and seamen, to join the British ships of war in the East Indies. She had also on board Lieutenant-General Hislop, appointed to the command of Bombay; Major Walker, and Captain Wood, of his staff, and Captain Marshall, master and commander in the British navy, going to the East Indies, to take command of a sloop of war there.

Should I attempt to do justice, by representation, to the brave and good conduct of my officers and crew, I should fail in the attempt; therefore, suffice it to say, that the whole of their conduct was such as to meet my highest encomiums. I beg leave to recommend the officers, particularly, to the notice of the government, as, also, the unfortunate seamen who were wounded, and the families of those brave men who fell in action.

The great distance from our own coast, and the perfect wreck we made of the enemy's frigate, forbade every idea of attempting to take her to the United States. I had, therefore, no alternative but burning her, which I did on the 31st, after receiving all the prisoners and their baggage, which was very hard work, only having two boats left out of eight, and not one left on board the Java.

On blowing up the frigate Java, I proceeded to St. Salvador, where I landed all the prisoners on their parole, to return to England, and there remain until regularly exchanged, and not to serve in their professional capacities in any place, or in any manner, whatsoever, against the United States of America, until their exchange shall be effected."

Extracts from Commodore Bainbridge's Journal.

“Tuesday, December 29th, 1812, at nine A. M., discovered two strange sails on the weather-bow. At ten, discovered the strange sails to be ships; one of them stood in for the land—the other stood off shore, in a direction towards us. At forty-five minutes past ten, A. M., we tacked ship to the northward and westward, and stood for the sail standing towards us. At eleven, A. M., tacked to the southward and eastward—hauled up the main-sail, and took in the royals. At thirty minutes past eleven, made the private signal for the day, which was not answered, and then set the main-sail and royals, to draw the strange sail off from the neutral coast, and separate her from the sail in company.

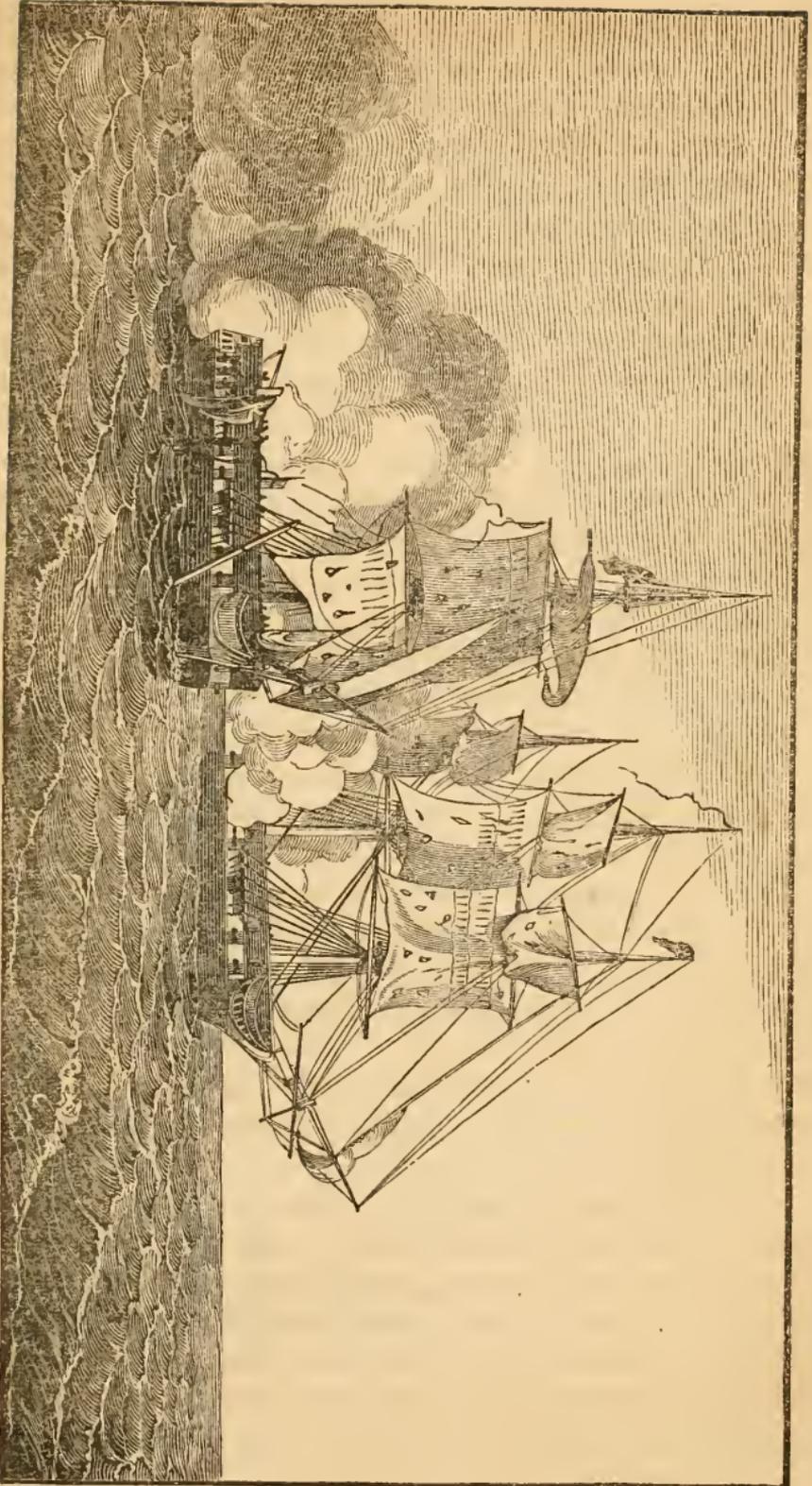
Wednesday, the 30th of December, (nautical time,) latitude $13^{\circ} 6'$ south, longitude 31° west, ten leagues from the coast of Brazil, commenced with clear weather and moderate breezes from the E. N. E.; hoisted our ensign and pennant. At fifteen minutes past meridian, the ship hoisted her colours, an English ensign, having a signal flying at the main. At twenty-six minutes past one, P. M., being sufficiently from the land, and finding the ship to be an English frigate, took in the main-sail and royals, tacked ship, and stood for the enemy.

At fifty minutes past one, P. M., the enemy bore down with an intention of raking us, which we avoided by waring. At two, P. M., the enemy being within half a mile of us, and to windward, and having hauled down his colours, except the union-jack, at the mizzen-mast head, induced me to give orders to the officer of the third division, to fire a gun ahead of the enemy, to make him show his colours, which being done, brought on a fire from us of the whole broadside, on which the enemy hoisted his colours, and immediately returned our fire. A general action, with round and grape, then commenced; the enemy keeping at a much greater distance than I wished; but could not bring him to a closer action. Considerable manœuvres were made by both vessels to rake and avoid being raked.

The following minutes were taken during the battle :

At ten minutes past two, P. M., commenced the action within good grape or canister distance, the enemy to windward, but much further than I wished. At thirty minutes past two, our wheel was shot entirely away. At forty minutes past two, determined to close with the enemy, notwithstanding his raking. Set the fore and main-sail, and luffed up close to him. At fifty minutes past two, the enemy's jib-boom got foul of our mizzen-rigging. At three, the head of the enemy's bowsprit and jib-boom were shot away by us. At five minutes past three, shot away the enemy's fore-mast by the board. At fifteen minutes past three, shot away his main-top-mast, just above the cap. At forty minutes past three, shot away the gaff and spanker-boom. At fifty-five minutes past three, shot away his mizzen-mast, nearly by the board. At five minutes past four, having silenced the fire of the enemy completely, and his colours in the main-rigging being down, we supposed he had struck; we then hauled down courses and shot ahead, to repair our rigging, which was extremely cut, leaving the enemy a complete wreck: soon afterwards discovered that the enemy's flag was still flying. Hove-to, to repair some of our damage. At twenty minutes past four, wore ship and stood for the enemy. At twenty-five minutes past five, got very close to the enemy in a very effectual raking position, athwart his bows, and when about to fire, he most prudently struck his flag; for had he suffered the broadside to have raked him, his additional loss must have been extremely great, as he lay an unmanageable wreck upon the water.

After the enemy had struck, wore ship and reefed the top-sails, then hoisted one of the only two remaining boats we had left out of eight, and sent Lieutenant Parker, first of the Constitution, to take possession of the enemy, which proved to be his Britannic Majesty's frigate Java, rated 38, but carried 49 guns, and manned with upwards of 400 men





—commanded by Captain Lambert, a very distinguished officer, who was mortally wounded.

The action continued, from the commencement to the end of the fire, one hour and fifty-five minutes.

The force of the enemy, at the commencement of the action, was, no doubt, considerably greater than we had been able to ascertain. The officers were extremely cautious in discovering the number. By her quarter-bill, she had one man stationed at each gun more than we had. The Constitution was very much cut in her sails and rigging, and many of her spars injured.

At seven, P. M., the boat returned with Lieutenant Chads, the first lieutenant of the enemy's frigate, and Lieutenant-General Hislop, governor of Bombay, Major Walker, and Captain Wood of his staff. Captain Lambert of the Java, was too dangerously wounded to be removed immediately.

The cutter returned on board the prize for the prisoners, and brought Captain Marshall, master and commander in the British navy, who was a passenger on board, and several other naval officers destined for ships in the East Indies.

The Java was an important ship, fitted out in the completest manner, to convey Lieutenant-General Hislop and staff to Bombay, several naval officers, and a number of seamen for ships in the East Indies.

She had also despatches for St. Helena, Cape of Good Hope, and every British establishment in the India and China seas.

There was copper for a seventy-four, and two brigs, building at Bombay, and a great many other valuables, but every thing was blown up in her, except the officers' baggage."

In the early part of the action, Commodore Bainbridge was wounded by a musket-ball in the hip, and shortly afterward by a piece of langrage in the thigh. Though these wounds were severe and extremely painful, yet so deeply interested was he in the important duties which devolved upon him after the action, that he would not be persuaded to leave the deck until 11 o'clock at night. The langrage

was not extracted for many days after the wound had been inflicted. The constant irritation produced by the lodgement of this foreign substance in his muscles, gave rise to symptoms of tetanus, yet by the skill and unremitting attentions of the surgeon of the ship, Dr. Evans, he was happily restored to his country, and to the arms of his affectionate family.

On the 29th, after the action, Lieutenant Alwyn, a young officer of great promise, died of his wounds. He had been in the previous action between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and for his gallantry and good conduct on that occasion, he was promoted to a lieutenancy.

During this action, there were many instances among the seamen and marines of not only dashing bravery, but of a patriotic enthusiasm which deserves particular admiration. A remarkable example was in the case of John Cheever, a seaman from Marblehead, who, while lying on the deck in the agonies of death, by the side of a dead brother, who had been killed in the early part of the action, heard the word passed that *the enemy has struck*. This animating intelligence gave a momentary reflux to his fast ebbing spirit, he raised himself on his left hand, pronounced three cheers with loud and joyous vehemence, and then fell back and expired with a smile of content and satisfaction playing upon his countenance.*

After the capture of the Java, the Constitution arrived off St. Salvador, where she found her consort, the Hornet, maintaining a blockade of that port, but still unable to obtain a meeting with the Bonne Citoyenne. Commodore Bainbridge landed all his prisoners on parole, restoring to the British officers all their private property, including the valuable plate of General Hislop. The last named officer presented the Commodore a splendid gold-mounted sword, in acknowledgment of his liberal conduct towards himself and the other officers captured in the Java. The shattered and decayed state of the Constitution requiring her imme-

* Harris's Life of Bainbridge.

diate return to port, he then set sail for the United States. On the 27th of February, 1813, he arrived at Boston, where he was received with every mark of distinction. A public dinner from the citizens of that place, a vote of thanks from the legislatures of Massachusetts and New-York, a gold medal from the Congress of the United States, and the freedom of the city of New-York in a gold box, were among the honours which were consequent upon his splendid victory.

We now return to Captain Lawrence, whom the commodore left cruising off St. Salvador.*

On the 24th of January, Captain Lawrence was obliged to shift his cruising ground, by the arrival of the *Montagu* 74, which had sailed from Rio Janeiro for the express purpose of relieving the *Bonne Citoyenne* and a British packet of 12 guns, which likewise lay at St. Salvador. At length, on the morning of the 24th February, when cruising off Demarara, the *Hornet* fell in with the British brig *Peacock*, Captain Peake, a vessel of about equal force. The contest commenced within half pistol-shot, and so tremendous was the fire of the Americans, that in less than fifteen minutes the enemy surrendered, and made signal of distress, being in a sinking condition. Her main-mast shortly went by the board, and she was left such an absolute wreck, that, notwithstanding every exertion was made to keep her afloat until the prisoners could be removed, she sunk with thirteen of her crew, and three brave American tars, who thus nobly perished in relieving a conquered foe. The slaughter on board of the *Peacock* was very severe; among the slain was found the body of her commander, Captain Peake. He was twice wounded in the course of the action; the last wound proved fatal. His body was wrapped in the flag of his vessel, and laid in the cabin to sink with her, a shroud and sepulchre worthy so brave a sailor.

The following is Captain Lawrence's official account of the capture and destruction of the *Peacock*, written after his return to the United States :

* *Analectic Magazine.*

“ United States’ ship Hornet, Holmes’ Hole,

MARCH 19, 1813.

SIR—I have the honour to inform you of the arrival at this port of the United States’ ship Hornet, under my command, from a cruise of 145 days; and to state to you, that after Commodore Bainbridge left the coast of Brazils, January 6th, I continued off the harbour of St. Salvador, blockading the Bonne Citoyenne, until the 24th, when the Montagu 74 hove in sight and chased me into the harbour; but night coming on, I wore and stood out to the southward. Knowing that she had left Rio Janeiro for the express purpose of relieving the Bonne Citoyenne and the packet (which I had also blockaded for 14 days, and obliged her to send her mail to Rio in a Portuguese smack), I judged it most prudent to shift my cruising ground, and hauled by the wind to the eastward, with the view of cruising off Pernambuco, and on the 4th February, captured the English brig Resolution, of 10 guns, from Rio Janeiro, bound to Maranham, with coffee, jerked-beef, flour, fustic, and butter, and about \$23,000 in specie. As she sailed dull, and I could not spare hands to man her, I took out the money, and set her on fire. I then ran down the coast of Maranham, and cruised there a short time; from thence ran off Surinam. After cruising off that coast from the 15th to the 22d of February, without meeting a vessel, I stood for Demarara, with an intention, should I not be fortunate on that station, to run through the West Indies, on my way to the United States. But on the 24th, in the morning, I discovered a brig to leeward, to which I gave chase—ran into quarter less four, and not having a pilot was obliged to haul off—the fort at the entrance of Demarara river at this time bearing S. W., distant two and a half leagues. Previous to giving up the chase, I discovered a vessel at anchor without the bar, with English colours flying, apparently a brig-of-war. In beating around Carobana bank, in order to get at her, at half-past 3, P. M., I discovered another sail on my weather-quarter, edging down for us. At 20 minutes past 4, she hoisted English

colours, at which time we discovered her to be a large man-of-war brig—beat to quarters, and cleared ship for action, and kept close to the wind, in order, if possible, to get the weather-gage. At 10 minutes past 5, finding I could weather the enemy, I hoisted American colours, and tacked. At 25 minutes past 5, in passing each other exchanged broadsides within half pistol-shot. Observing the enemy in the act of waring, I bore up, received his starboard broadside, ran him close on board on the starboard-quarter, and kept up such a heavy and well-directed fire, that in less than 15 minutes he surrendered (being literally cut to pieces), and hoisted an ensign, union down, from his fore-rigging, as a signal of distress. Shortly after her mainmast went by the board. Despatched Lieutenant Shubrick on board, who soon returned with her first lieutenant, who reported her to be his Britannic Majesty's late brig Peacock, commanded by Captain William Peake, who fell in the latter part of the action—that a number of her crew were killed and wounded, and that she was sinking fast, having then six feet water in her hold. Despatched the boats immediately for the wounded, and brought both vessels to anchor. Such shot-holes as could be got at, were then plugged; her guns thrown overboard, and every possible exertion used to keep her afloat until the prisoners could be removed, by pumping and bailing, but without effect, as she unfortunately sunk in five and a half fathoms water, carrying down 13 of her crew, and three of my brave fellows, viz., John Hart, Joseph Williams, and Hannibal Boyd.—Lieutenant Conner, Midshipman Cooper, and the remainder of my men employed in removing the prisoners, with difficulty saved themselves, by jumping into a boat that was lying on her booms, as she went down.

Four men, of the thirteen mentioned, were so fortunate as to gain the fore-top, and were afterwards taken off by the boats. Previous to her going down, four of her men took to her stern boat, that had been much damaged during the action, who, I sincerely hope, reached the shore in

safety; but, from the heavy sea running at that time, the shattered state of the boat, and the difficulty of landing on the coast, I am fearful they were lost. I have not been able to ascertain from her officers the exact number killed. Captain Peake and four men were found dead on board. The master, one midshipman, carpenter, and captain's clerk, and twenty-nine seamen were wounded; most of them very severely, three of whom died of their wounds, after being removed, and nine drowned. Our loss was trifling in comparison, John Place, killed, Samuel Coulsan, and John Dalrymple, slightly wounded; George Coffin and Lewis Todd, severely burnt by the explosion of a cartridge. Todd survived only a few days. Our rigging and sails were much cut. One shot through the fore-mast: and the bowsprit slightly injured. Our hull received little or no damage. At the time I brought the Peacock to action, L'Espiegle (the brig mentioned as being at anchor) mounting sixteen two-and-thirty-pound carronades and two long nines, lay about six miles within shore of me, and could plainly see the whole of the action. Apprehensive that she would beat out to the assistance of her consort, such exertions were made by my officers and crew in repairing damages, &c., that by nine o'clock my boats were stowed away, a new set of sails bent, and the ship completely ready for action. At 2, A. M., got under way, and stood by the wind to the northward and westward, under easy sail.

On mustering the next morning, found we had two hundred and seventy-seven souls on board (including the crew of the American brig Hunter, of Portland, taken a few days before by the Peacock). As we had been on two-thirds allowance of provisions for some time, and had but 3400 gallons of water on board, I reduced the allowance to three pints a man, and determined to make the best of my way to the United States.

The Peacock was deservedly styled one of the finest vessels of her class in the British navy. I should judge her to be about the tonnage of the Hornet. Her beam was

greater by five inches; but her extreme length not so great by four feet. She mounted sixteen twenty-four-pound carronades, two long nines, one twelve-pound carronade on her top-gallant fore-castle as a shifting gun, and one four or six-pounder, and two swivels mounted aft. I find by her quarter bills, that her crew consisted of one hundred and thirty-four men, four of whom were absent in a prize.

The cool and determined conduct of my officers and crew during the action, and their almost unexampled exertions afterwards, entitle them to my warmest acknowledgments, and I beg leave most earnestly to recommend them to the notice of government.

By the indisposition of Lieutenant Stewart, I was deprived of the services of an excellent officer. Had he been able to stand the deck, I am confident his exertions would not have been surpassed by any one on board. I should be doing injustice to the merits of Lieutenant Shubrick, and acting-lieutenants Conner and Newton, were I not to recommend them particularly to your notice. Lieutenant Shubrick was in the actions with the *Guerriere* and *Java*. Captain Hull and Commodore Bainbridge can bear testimony to his coolness and good conduct on both occasions.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

JAMES LAWRENCE.

Hon. Wm. Jones, Secretary of the Navy.

P. S. At the commencement of the action, my sailing-master and seven men were absent in a prize; and Lieutenant Stewart and six men on the sick list. As there is every prospect of the wind being to the eastward, in the morning I shall make the best of my way to New-York."

The conduct of Lawrence towards his prisoners was such, as, we are proud to say, has uniformly characterized the officers of our navy. They have ever displayed the liberality and scrupulous delicacy of generous minds towards those whom the fortune of war has thrown in their power; and thus have won, by their magnanimity, those

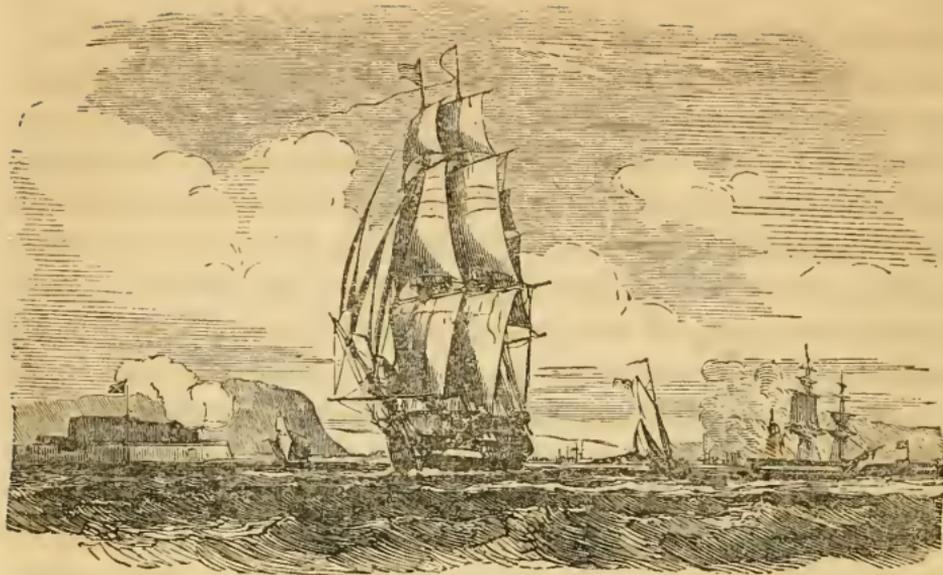
whom they have conquered by their valour. The officers of the Peacock were so affected by the treatment they received from Captain Lawrence, that on their arrival at New-York they made a grateful acknowledgment in the public papers. To use their own expressive phrase, "they ceased to consider themselves prisoners." Nor must we omit to mention a circumstance highly to the honour of the brave tars of the Hornet. Finding that the crew of the Peacock had lost all their clothing by the sudden sinking of the vessel, they made a subscription, and from their own wardrobes supplied each man with two shirts, and a blue jacket and trowsers. Such may rough sailors be made, when they have before them the example of high-minded men. They are beings of but little reflection, open to the impulse and excitement of the moment; and it depends, in a great measure, upon their officers, whether, under a Lawrence, they shall ennoble themselves by generous actions, or, under a Cockburn, be hurried away into scenes of unpremeditated atrocity.

On returning to this country, Captain Lawrence was received with great distinction and applause, and various public bodies conferred on him peculiar tokens of approbation.

It is proper to take notice of some events which occurred on lakes Erie and Ontario. The command of these great inland seas, so important as it was afterwards found, does not appear to have been an object with the administration, as early as it should have been. The necessity of having a superior force on Lake Erie, was pointed out to the war department three months before the declaration of war, by General Hull, then governor of Michigan. This suggestion, however, was so little regarded, that, when hostilities took place, the United States had but one vessel on the lake, which was at that time repairing, and was not launched until the following month. This vessel was captured a very short time afterwards, being surrendered, by General Hull, with the garrison of Detroit. From this period, the United

States had no national vessel on the lake until the 9th of October, when a very gallant achievement put them in possession of one. Lieutenant Elliot of the navy, being at Black Rock, and seeing two British vessels lying under the guns of Fort Erie, determined to cut them out. Accordingly, he embarked at midnight, with about fifty volunteers, and, in a very few minutes, carried both, by boarding. The current was, however, so strong, that they were run aground; and one of them, an armed vessel, called the Detroit, was afterwards burnt. The other was a merchant brig, and was laden with furs of great value. She was secured under the batteries of Black Rock.

On Lake Ontario, the preparations of the government for naval warfare had not been greater than on Lake Erie. The brig Oneida, of sixteen guns, was the only armed vessel in commission on that lake, for some months after the declaration of war. In the month of October, however, Commodore Chauncey arrived at Sackett's Harbour, with a number of seamen, and exerted himself so efficiently, that, on the 7th of November, he sailed from that port with six schooners, which he had purchased and armed, in addition to the Oneida, the whole carrying forty guns, with four hundred and thirty men. The force of the enemy appears to have been more than double. On the 8th, the squadron fell in with the Royal George, of twenty-six guns, which they chased into the port of Kingston; and, after a heavy cannonade, compelled her to take refuge in the inner harbour. The batteries of the enemy, at Kingston, kept up a heavy fire, with very little injury, however, to the American vessels. Disappointed in the hope of inducing the Royal George to leave the protection of the batteries, Commodore Chauncey returned to Sackett's Harbour on the 12th, having obtained the complete command of the lake for the time. He then employed himself in superintending the building of the ship Madison, which was launched on the 26th of November, having been completed in the short space of forty-five days.*



CHAPTER XII.

Cruise of the Essex.

THE subject of the navy was again brought before Congress at its next session; and an act was passed (approved 2d January, 1813,) "to increase the navy of the U. States," by which the President was authorized to cause to be built four ships, of not less than 74 guns, and six ships, of not less than 44 guns, and the sum of two millions and a half of dollars was appropriated for this purpose. On the 3d of March, of

the same year, a supplementary act was passed authorizing the construction of six sloops of war, and also any number of armed vessels which the public service might require on the lakes: and the President was, at the same time, authorized to sell so many of the gun-boats,

as in his judgment might be no longer necessary to be retained,—a power which was the death-warrant to these vessels.

We now return to the history of Commodore Bainbridge's squadron. The reader will recollect that one of the vessels composing this squadron was the frigate *Essex*, commanded by Captain David Porter, whose cruise, performed, a part of it, simultaneously with that of Bainbridge and Lawrence, is one of the most brilliant recorded in our naval annals.

He proceeded to sea, from the *Delaware*, on the 27th of October, 1812, and repaired, agreeably to instructions from Commodore Bainbridge, to the coast of Brazil, where different places of rendezvous had been arranged between them. In the course of his cruise on this coast he captured his Britannic Majesty's packet *Nocton*, and, after taking out of her about 11,000 pounds sterling in specie, ordered her for America. Hearing of Commodore Bainbridge's victorious action with the *Java*, which would oblige him to return to port, and of the capture of the *Hornet* by the *Montagu*, and learning that there was a considerable augmentation of British force on the coast, and several ships in pursuit of him, he abandoned his hazardous cruising ground, and stretched away to the southward, scouring the coast as far as Rio de la Plata. From thence he shaped his course for the Pacific Ocean, and, after suffering greatly from want of provisions, and heavy gales off Cape Horn, arrived at Valparaiso, on the 14th of March, 1813. Having victualled his ship, he ran down the coast of Chili and Peru, and fell in with a Peruvian corsair, having on board twenty-four Americans, as prisoners, the crews of two whaling ships, which she had taken on the coast of Chili. The Peruvian captain justified his conduct on the plea of being an ally of Great Britain, and the expectation likewise of a speedy war between Spain and the United States. Finding him resolved to persist in similar aggressions, Captain Porter threw all his guns and ammunition into the sea, liberated the Americans, and wrote a respectful letter to the viceroy, explaining

his reasons for so doing, which he delivered to the captain. He then proceeded to Lima, and luckily recaptured one of the American vessels as she was entering the port.

After this he cruised for several months in the Pacific, inflicting immense injury on the British commerce in those waters. He was particularly destructive to the shipping employed in the spermaceti whale fishery. A great number with valuable cargoes were captured; two were given up to the prisoners; three sent to Valparaiso and laid up; three sent to America; one of them he retained as a store-ship, and another he equipped with twenty guns, called her the *Essex Junior*, and gave the command of her to Lieutenant Downes. Most of these ships mounted several guns, and had numerous crews; and as several of them were captured by boats or by prizes, the officers and men of the *Essex* had frequent opportunities of showing their skill and courage, and of acquiring experience and confidence in naval conflict.

Having now a little squadron under his command, Captain Porter became a complete terror in those seas. As his numerous prizes supplied him abundantly with provisions, clothing, medicine, and naval stores of every description, he was enabled for a long time to keep the sea, without sickness or inconvenience to his crew; living entirely on the enemy, and being enabled to make considerable advances of pay to his officers and crew without drawing on government. The unexampled devastation achieved by his daring enterprises, not only spread alarm throughout the ports of the Pacific, but even occasioned uneasiness in Great Britain. The merchants who had any property afloat in this quarter, trembled with apprehension for its fate; the underwriters groaned at the catalogue of captures brought by every advice, while the pride of the nation was sorely incensed at beholding a single frigate lording it over the Pacific, roving about the ocean in saucy defiance of their thousand ships; revelling in the spoils of boundless wealth, and almost banishing the British flag from those regions, where it had so long waved proudly predominant.

Numerous ships were sent out to the Pacific in pursuit of him; others were ordered to cruise in the China seas, off New Zealand, Timor, and New Holland, and a frigate was sent to the River La Plata. The manner in which Captain Porter cruised, however, completely baffled pursuit. Keeping in the open seas, or lurking among the numerous barren and desolate islands that form the Gallipagos group, and never touching on the American coast, he left no traces by which he could be followed; rumour, while it magnified his exploits, threw his pursuers at fault; they were distracted by vague accounts of captures made at different places, and of frigates, supposed to be the Essex, hovering at the same time off different coasts and haunting different islands.

In the meanwhile Porter, though wrapped in mystery and uncertainty himself, yet received frequent and accurate accounts of his enemies, from the various prizes which he had taken. Lieutenant Downes, also, who had convoyed the prizes to Valparaiso, on his return, brought advices of the expected arrival of Commodore Hillyar in the *Phœbe* frigate, rating thirty-six guns, accompanied by two sloops of war. Glutted with spoil and havoc, and sated with the easy and inglorious captures of merchantmen, Captain Porter now felt eager for an opportunity to meet the enemy on equal terms, and to signalize his cruise by some brilliant achievement. Having been nearly a year at sea, he found that his ship would require some repairs, to enable her to face the foe; he sailed, therefore, accompanied by several of his prizes, to the Island of Nooaheevah, one of the Washington group, discovered by a Captain Ingraham of Boston. Here he landed, took formal possession of the island in the name of the government of the United States, and gave it the name of Madison's Island. He found it large, populous and fertile, abounding with the necessaries of life; the natives in the vicinity of the harbour which he had chosen received him in the most friendly manner, and supplied him with abundance of provisions. During his stay at this place he had several encounters with some hostile tribes on

the island, whom he succeeded in reducing to subjection. Having calked and completely overhauled the ship, made for her a new set of water-casks, and taken on board from the prizes provisions and stores for upwards of four months, he sailed for the coast of Chili on the 12th December, 1813. Previous to sailing he secured the three prizes which had accompanied him, under the guns of a battery erected for their protection, and left them in charge of Lieutenant Gamble of the marines and twenty-one men, with orders to proceed to Valparaiso after a certain period.

After cruising on the coast of Chili without success, he proceeded to Valparaiso, in hopes of falling in with Commodore Hillyar, or, if disappointed in this wish, of capturing some merchant ships said to be expected from England. While at anchor at this port, Commodore Hillyar arrived, having long been searching in vain for the *Essex*, and almost despairing of ever meeting with her. Contrary to the expectations of Captain Porter, however, Commodore Hillyar, beside his own frigate, superior in itself to the *Essex*, was accompanied by the *Cherub* sloop-of-war, strongly armed and manned. These ships, having been sent out expressly to seek for the *Essex*, were in prime order and equipment, with picked crews, and hoisted flags bearing the motto "God and country, British sailors' best rights: *traitors offend both.*" This was in opposition to Porter's motto of "Free trade and sailors' rights," and the latter part of it suggested, doubtless, by error industriously cherished, that our crews were chiefly composed of English seamen. In reply to this motto Porter hoisted at his mizzen, "God, our country, and liberty: tyrants offend them." On entering the harbour, the *Phœbe* fell foul of the *Essex* in such manner as to lay her at the mercy of Captain Porter; out of respect, however, to the neutrality of the port, he did not take advantage of her exposed situation. This forbearance was afterwards acknowledged by Commodore Hillyar, and he passed his word of honour to observe like conduct while they remained in port. They continued, therefore, while in harbour and

on shore, in the mutual exchange of courtesies and kind offices that should characterize the private intercourse between civilized and generous enemies. And the crews of the respective ships often mingled together and passed nautical jokes and pleasantries from one to the other.

On getting their provisions on board, the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* went off the port, where they cruised for six weeks, rigorously blockading Captain Porter. Their united force amounted to 81 guns and 500 men, in addition to which they took on board the crew of an English letter-of-marque lying in port. The force of the *Essex* consisted of but 46 guns, all of which, excepting six long twelves, were 32-pound carronades, only serviceable in close fighting. Her crew, having been much reduced by the manning of prizes, amounted to but 255 men. The *Essex Junior* being only intended as a store-ship, mounted ten 18-pound carronades and ten short sixes, with a complement of only 60 men.

This vast superiority of force on the part of the enemy prevented all chance of encounter, on any thing like equal terms, unless by express covenant between the commanders. Captain Porter, therefore, endeavoured repeatedly to provoke a challenge, (the inferiority of his frigate to the *Phœbe* not justifying him in making the challenge himself,) but without effect. He tried frequently, also, to bring the *Phœbe* into single action; but this Commodore Hillyar warily avoided, and always kept his ships so close together as to frustrate Captain Porter's attempts. This conduct of Commodore Hillyar has been sneered at by many, as unworthy a brave officer: but it should be considered that he had more important objects to effect than the mere exhibition of individual or national prowess. His instructions were to crush a noxious foe, destructive to the commerce of his country; he was furnished with a force competent to this duty; and having the enemy once within his power, he had no right to waive his superiority, and, by meeting him on equal footing, give him a chance to conquer, and continue his work of destruction.

Finding it impossible to bring the enemy to equal combat; and fearing the arrival of additional force, which he understood was on the way, Captain Porter determined to put to sea the first opportunity that should present. A rendezvous was accordingly appointed for the *Essex Junior*, and having ascertained by repeated trials that the *Essex* was a superior sailer to either of the blockading ships, it was agreed that she should let the enemy chase her off; thereby giving the *Essex Junior* an opportunity of escaping.

On the next day, the 28th March, the wind came on to blow fresh from the southward, and the *Essex* parted her larboard cable and dragged her starboard anchor directly out to sea. Not a moment was lost in getting sail on the ship; but perceiving that the enemy was close in with the point forming the west side of the bay, and that there was a possibility of passing to windward, and escaping to sea by superior sailing, Captain Porter resolved to hazard the attempt. He accordingly took in his top-gallant sails and braced up for the purpose, but most unfortunately on rounding the point a heavy squall struck the ship and carried away her main-top-mast, precipitating the men who were aloft into the sea, who were drowned. Both ships now gave chase, and the crippled state of his ship left Porter no alternative but to endeavour to regain the port. Finding it impossible to get back to the common anchorage, he ran close into a small bay about three-quarters of a mile to leeward of the battery, on the east of the harbour, and let go his anchor within pistol-shot of the shore. Supposing the enemy would, as formerly, respect the neutrality of the place, he considered himself secure, and thought only of repairing the damages he had sustained. The wary and menacing approach of the hostile ships, however, displaying their motto flags and having jacks at all their masts' heads, soon showed him the real danger of his situation. With all possible despatch he got his ship ready for action, and endeavoured to get a spring on his cable, but had not suc-

ceeded, when, at 54 minutes past 3 P. M., the enemy commenced an attack.

At first the *Phœbe* lay herself under his stern and the *Cherub* on his starboard-bow; but the latter soon finding herself exposed to a hot fire, bore up and ran under his stern also, where both ships kept up a severe and raking fire. Captain Porter succeeded three different times in getting springs on his cables, for the purpose of bringing his broad-side to bear on the enemy, but they were as often shot away by the excessive fire to which he was exposed. He was obliged, therefore, to rely for defence against this tremendous attack merely on three long twelve-pounders, which he had run out of the stern ports; and which were worked with such bravery and skill as in half an hour to do great injury to both the enemy's ships and induce them to haul off and repair damages. It was evidently the intention of Commodore Hillyar to risk nothing from the daring courage of his antagonist, but to take the *Essex* at as cheap a rate as possible. All his manœuvres were deliberate and wary; he saw his antagonist completely at his mercy, and prepared to cut him up in the safest and surest manner. In the mean time the situation of the *Essex* was galling and provoking in the extreme; crippled and shattered, with many killed and wounded, she lay awaiting the convenience of the enemy, to renew the scene of slaughter, with scarce a hope of escape or revenge. Her brave crew, however, in place of being disheartened, were aroused to desperation, and by hoisting ensigns in their rigging and jacks in different parts of the ship, evinced their defiance and determination to hold out to the last.

The enemy having repaired his damages, now placed himself, with both his ships, on the starboard-quarter of the *Essex*, out of reach of her carronades, and where her stern guns could not be brought to bear. Here he kept up a most destructive fire, which it was not in Captain Porter's power to return; the latter, therefore, saw no hope of injuring him without getting under way and becoming the assailant.

From the mangled state of his rigging he could set no other sail than the flying jib; this he caused to be hoisted, cut his cable, and ran down on both ships, with an intention of laying the *Phœbe* on board.

For a short time he was enabled to close with the enemy, and the firing on both sides was tremendous. The decks of the *Essex* were strewed with dead, and her cockpit filled with wounded; she had been several times on fire, and was in fact a mere wreck; still a feeble hope sprung up that she might be saved, in consequence of the *Cherub* being compelled to haul off by her crippled state; she did not return to close action again, but kept up a distant firing with her long guns. The disabled state of the *Essex*, however, did not permit her to take advantage of this circumstance; for want of sail she was unable to keep at close quarters with the *Phœbe*, who, edging off, chose the distance which best suited her long guns, and kept up a tremendous fire, which made dreadful havoc among her adversary's men. Many of the guns of the *Essex* were rendered useless, and many had their whole crews destroyed: they were manned from those that were disabled, and one gun in particular was three times manned; fifteen men were slain at it in the course of the action, though the captain of it escaped with only a slight wound. Captain Porter now gave up all hope of closing with the enemy, but finding the wind favourable, determined to run his ship on shore, land the crew, and destroy her. He had approached within musket-shot of the shore, and had every prospect of succeeding, when in an instant the wind shifted from the land and drove her down upon the *Phœbe*, exposing her again to a dreadful raking fire. The ship was now totally unmanageable; yet as her head was toward the enemy, and he to leeward, Captain Porter again perceived a faint hope of boarding. At this moment Lieutenant Downes of the *Essex Junior* came on board to receive orders, expecting that Captain Porter would soon be a prisoner. His services could be of no avail in the deplorable state of the *Essex*, and finding from the ene-

my's putting his helm up, that the last attempt at boarding would not succeed, Captain Porter directed him, after he had been ten minutes on board, to return to his own ship, to be prepared for defending and destroying her in case of attack. He took with him several of the wounded, leaving three of his boat's crew on board to make room for them. The Cherub kept up a hot fire on him during his return.

The slaughter on board of the Essex now became horrible, the enemy continued to rake her, while she was unable to bring a gun to bear in return. Still her commander, with an obstinacy that bordered on desperation, persisted in the unequal and almost hopeless conflict. Every expedient that a fertile and inventive mind could suggest was resorted to, in the forlorn hope that they might yet be enabled by some lucky chance to escape from the grasp of the foe. A halser was bent to the sheet-anchor, and the anchor cut from the bows, to bring the ship's head round. This succeeded; the broadside of the Essex was again brought to bear; and, as the enemy was much crippled and unable to hold his own, Captain Porter thought she might drift out of gun-shot before she discovered that he had anchored. The halser, however, unfortunately parted, and with it failed the last lingering hope of the Essex. The ship had taken fire several times during the action, but at this moment her situation was awful. She was on fire both forward and aft; the flames were bursting up each hatchway; a large quantity of powder below exploded, and word was given that the fire was near the magazine. Thus surrounded by horrors, without any chance of saving the ship, Captain Porter turned his attention to rescuing as many of his brave companions as possible. Finding his distance from the shore did not exceed three-quarters of a mile, he hoped many would be able to save themselves should the ship blow up. His boats had been cut to pieces by the enemies' shot, but he advised such as could swim to jump overboard and make for shore. Some reached it—some were taken by the enemy, and some perished in the attempt; but most of this loyal and gallant

crew preferred sharing the fate of their ship and their commander.

Those who remained on board now endeavoured to extinguish the flames, and having succeeded, went again to the guns and kept up a firing for a few minutes; but the crew had by this time become so weakened that all further resistance was in vain. Captain Porter summoned a consultation of the officers of divisions, but was surprised to find only acting Lieutenant Stephen Decatur M'Knight remaining; of the others some had been killed, others knocked overboard, and others carried below disabled by severe wounds. The accounts from every part of the ship were deplorable in the extreme; representing her in the most shattered and crippled condition, in imminent danger of sinking, and so crowded with the wounded that even the berth-deck could contain no more, and many were killed while under the surgeon's hands. In the meanwhile the enemy, in consequence of the smoothness of the water and his secure distance, was enabled to keep up a deliberate and constant fire, aiming with coolness and certainty as if firing at a target, and hitting the hull at every shot. At length, utterly despairing of saving the ship, Captain Porter was compelled, at 20 minutes past 6 P. M., to give the painful order to strike the colours. It is probable the enemy did not perceive that the ship had surrendered, for he continued firing; several men were killed and wounded in different parts of the ship, and Captain Porter, thinking he intended to show no quarter, was about to rehoist his flag and to fight until he sunk, when the enemy desisted from his attack, ten minutes after the surrender.

The foregoing account of this battle is taken almost verbatim from the letter of Captain Porter to the Secretary of the navy. Making every allowance for its being a partial statement, this must certainly have been one of the most sanguinary and obstinately contested actions on naval record. The loss of the *Essex* is a sufficient testimony of the desperate bravery with which she was defended. Out of

255 men which comprised her crew, fifty-eight were killed; thirty-nine wounded severely; twenty-seven slightly, and thirty-one missing; making in all 154.

Thousands of the inhabitants of Valparaiso were spectators of the battle, covering the neighbouring heights: for it was fought so near the shore that some of the shot even struck among the citizens, who, in the eagerness of their curiosity, had ventured down upon the beach. Touched by the forlorn situation of the *Essex*, and filled with admiration at the unflagging spirit and persevering bravery of her commander and crew, a generous anxiety ran throughout the multitude for their fate: bursts of delight arose when, by any vicissitude of battle, or prompt expedient, a chance seemed to turn up in their favour; and the eager spectators were seen to wring their hands, and uttered groans of sympathy, when the transient hope was defeated, and the gallant little frigate once more became an unresisting object of deliberate slaughter.

It is needless to mention particularly the many instances of individual valour and magnanimity among both the officers and common sailors of the *Essex*: their general conduct bears ample testimony to their heroism; and it will hereafter be a sufficient distinction for any man to prove that he was present in that battle. Every action that we have fought at sea has gone to destroy some envious shade which the enemy has attempted to cast on our rising reputation. After the affair of the *Argus* and the *Pelican*, it was asserted that our sailors were brave only while successful and unhurt, but that the sight of slaughter filled them with dismay. In this battle it has been proved that they are capable of the highest exercise of courage—that of standing unmoved among incessant carnage, without being able to return a shot, and destitute of a hope of ultimate success.

Though, from the distance and positions which the enemy chose, this battle was chiefly fought on our part by six twelve-pounders only, yet great damage was done to the

assailing ships. Their masts and yards were badly crippled, their hulls much cut up; the *Phœbe*, especially, received 18 twelve-pound shot below her water-line, some three feet under water. Their loss in killed and wounded was not ascertained, but must have been severe; the first lieutenant of the *Phœbe* was killed, and Captain Tucker, of the *Che-rub*, was severely wounded. It was with some difficulty that the *Phœbe* and the *Essex* could be kept afloat until they anchored the next morning in the port of Valparaiso.

Much indignation has been expressed against Commodore Hillyar for his violation of the laws of nations, and of his private agreement with Captain Porter, by attacking him in the neutral waters of Valparaiso; waiving all discussion of these points, it may barely be observed, that his cautious attack with a vastly superior force, on a crippled ship, which, relying on his forbearance, had placed herself in a most defenceless situation, and which for six weeks previous had offered him fair fight, on advantageous terms, though it may reflect great credit on his prudence, yet certainly furnishes no triumph to a brave and generous mind. Aware, however, of that caution which ought to be observed in estimating the actions of a commander whose peculiar views of duty may not be obvious to a distant observer, we refrain from assailing the character of Commodore Hillyar. Indeed, his conduct after the battle entitles him to high encomium; he showed the greatest humanity to the wounded, and, as Captain Porter acknowledges, endeavoured as much as lay in his power to alleviate the distresses of war by the most generous and delicate deportment towards both the officers and crew, commanding that the property of every person should be respected. Captain Porter and his crew were paroled, and permitted to return to the United States in the *Essex Junior*, her armament being previously taken out. On arriving off the port of New-York, they were overhauled by the *Saturn* razee, the authority of Commodore Hillyar to grant a passport was questioned, and the *Essex Junior* detained. Captain Porter then told the board

ing officer that he gave up his parole, and considered himself a prisoner of war, and as such should use all means of escape. In consequence of this threat, the Essex Junior was ordered to remain all night under the lee of the Saturn, but the next morning Captain Porter put off in his boat, though thirty miles from shore; and, notwithstanding he was pursued by the Saturn, effected his escape, and landed safely on Long Island. His reception in the United States was such as his great services and distinguished valour deserved. The various interesting and romantic rumours that had reached this country concerning him, during his cruise in the Pacific, had excited the curiosity of the public to see this modern Sinbad; on arriving in New-York his carriage was surrounded by the populace, who demonstrated their sense of his heroic achievements, by the most enthusiastic plaudits.



CHAPTER XIII.

Naval Campaign of 1813 Continued.

THE frigate *Constellation* was one of those vessels which, at the commencement of the war with Great Britain, required extensive repairs; and there appearing but little hope of getting her to sea before the beginning of the year 1813, her commander, Captain Stewart, proceeded to Washington and projected an expedition for the *Argus* and *Hornet*. The President and Secretary of the Navy approved of it, and appointed Captain Stewart to undertake its direction. He returned to New-York for that purpose, but those vessels had sailed with the squadron under the command of Commodore Rodgers, and the project was, in consequence, abandoned.

In September he resumed the command of the *Constellation*, and by the month of January she was completely equipped. She was directed to proceed at first to Norfolk. On the 4th of February, 1813, she anchored in Hampton Roads, very late in the evening. Having learned that the enemy were off the Chesapeake in great force, and presuming that they would soon be informed of her situation, Captain Stewart sent to Hampton at midnight, for a Norfolk

pilot, in order to be prepared for a retreat if it should become necessary. At seven o'clock next morning, the enemy approached with two ships of the line, three frigates, a brig and a schooner. No time was now to be lost. Captain Stewart got up his anchor, and there being no wind, and the ebb-tide making, commenced kedging his ship towards Norfolk. He succeeded in getting her partly over the flats at Sowell's point, when the tide had fallen so much that she took the ground. By this time the enemy had got within three miles of her position, when they were obliged to anchor. Captain Stewart, apprehensive that they would kedge up one of their line-of-battle ships, pressed all the craft he could lay hold of, unloaded his frigate of every thing that could be removed, and made preparations for burning her, in the last extremity. He sent to Norfolk for the gun-boats to assist him, but such was their condition that none of them could be sent to him. As the enemy lay quiet for the want of wind until the flood-tide made, Captain Stewart continued lightening the ship. At the first quarter she floated. He then sent off the boats with a pilot to station them on the different shoals with lights; and with these precautions he was enabled to get the ship up to Norfolk in the night, through a difficult channel. Her safe retreat diffused universal joy among the inhabitants of that city, to whose security she afterwards greatly contributed. A division of gun-boats was put in condition for service, and manned from her crew. By this means the communication with James river and Hampton was kept open, and every facility afforded to the transportation of the troops to their different stations.

Captain Stewart, seeing that there was hardly a possibility of getting the Constellation to sea, applied for and obtained, in June, 1813, the command of the frigate Constitution, then vacant by the appointment of Commodore Bainbridge to the superintendence of the navy-yard at Boston. On the 30th of December, in the same year, the Constitution proceeded to sea from Boston harbour, although it was

then blockaded by seven ships of war. During this cruise she captured the British schooner-of-war *Picton* of sixteen guns, together with a letter-of-marque ship under her convoy; the brig *Catharine* and schooner *Phoenix*; and chased a British frigate, supposed to be the *La Pique*, in the *Mona* passage. On the 4th of April, 1814, she returned to Boston bay, and was chased into Marblehead by two of the enemy's heavy frigates, *La Nymphe* and *Junon*. The return of the *Constitution* into port without having performed the latter part of her cruise, as directed by the navy department, gave occasion to an inquiry, the result of which proved satisfactory to the officers of that ship, as well as to the government, and the public.

During the absence of Captain James Lawrence on the cruise with Commodore Bainbridge, in which the *Hornet* captured the *Peacock*, the rank of post-captain had been conferred on him, and shortly after his return he received a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, offering him the command of the frigate *Constitution*, provided neither Captain Porter nor Evans applied for it, they being older officers. Captain Lawrence respectfully declined this conditional appointment, for satisfactory reasons which he stated to the Secretary. He then received an unconditional appointment to that frigate, and directions to superintend the navy-yard at New-York in the absence of Captain Ludlow. The next day, to his great surprise and chagrin, he received counter orders, with instructions to take command of the frigate *Chesapeake*, then lying at Boston, nearly ready for sea. This appointment was particularly disagreeable to him. He was prejudiced against the *Chesapeake*, both from her being considered the worst ship in our navy, and from having been in a manner disgraced in the affair with the *Leopard*. This last circumstance had acquired her the character of an unlucky ship—the worst of stigmas among sailors, who are devout believers in good and bad luck; and so detrimental was it to this vessel, that it had been found difficult to recruit crews for her.

The extreme repugnance that Captain Lawrence felt to this appointment induced him to write to the Secretary of the Navy, requesting to be continued in the command of the *Hornet*. Besides, it was his wish to remain some short time in port, and enjoy a little repose in the bosom of his family. But, though he wrote four letters successively to the Secretary, he never received an answer, and was obliged reluctantly to acquiesce.

While lying in Boston Roads, nearly ready for sea, the British frigate *Shannon* appeared off the harbour, and made signals expressive of a challenge. The brave Lawrence immediately determined on accepting it, though conscious at the time of the great disparity between the two ships. The *Shannon* was a prime vessel, equipped in an extraordinary manner, for the express purpose of combating advantageously one of our largest frigates. She had an unusually numerous crew of picked men, thoroughly disciplined and well officered. She was commanded by Captain Broke, one of the bravest and ablest officers in the service, who fought merely for reputation.

On the other hand, the *Chesapeake* was an indifferent ship: with a crew, a great part of whom were newly recruited, and not brought into proper discipline. They were strangers to their commander, who had not had time to produce that perfect subordination, yet strong personal attachment, which he had the talent of creating wherever he commanded. His first lieutenant was sick on shore; the other officers, though meritorious, were young men; two of them mere acting lieutenants; most of them recently appointed to the ship, and unacquainted with the men. Those who are in the least informed in nautical affairs, must perceive the greatness of these disadvantages.

The most earnest endeavours were used by some of his friends, to dissuade Captain Lawrence from what was considered a rash and unnecessary exposure. He felt and acknowledged the force of their reasons, but persisted in his determination. He was peculiarly situated: he had for-

merly challenged the *Bonne Citoyenne*, and should he decline a similar challenge, it might subject him to sneers and misrepresentations. Among the other unfortunate circumstances that attended this ill-starred battle, was the delay of a written challenge from Captain Broke, which did not arrive until after Captain Lawrence had sailed. It is stated to have been couched in the most frank and courteous language; minutely detailing the force of his ship: and offering, if the *Chesapeake* should not be completely prepared, to cruise off and on until such time as she made a specified signal of being ready for the conflict. It is to be deeply regretted that Captain Lawrence did not receive this gallant challenge, as it would have given him time to put his ship in proper order, and spared him the necessity of hurrying out in his unprepared condition, to so formidable and momentous an encounter.

After getting the ship under way, he called the crew together, and having ordered the white flag to be hoisted, bearing the motto, "Free trade and sailors' rights," he, according to custom, made them a short harangue. While he was speaking several murmurs were heard, and strong symptoms of dissatisfaction appeared in the manners and countenances of the crew. After he had finished, a scoundrel Portuguese, who was boatswain's mate, and acted as spokesman to the murmurers, replied to Captain Lawrence in an insolent manner, complaining, among other things, that they had not been paid their prize-money, which had been due for some time past.

The critical nature of the moment, and his ignorance of the dispositions and characters of his crew, would not allow Captain Lawrence to notice such dastardly and mutinous conduct in the manner it deserved. He dared not thwart the humours of men, over whose affections he had not had time to acquire any influence, and therefore ordered the purser to take them below and give them checks for their prize-money, which was accordingly done.

We dwell on these particulars to show the disastrous and

disheartening circumstances under which Captain Lawrence went forth to this battle—circumstances which shook even his calm and manly breast, and filled him with a despondency unusual to his nature. Justice to the memory of this invaluable officer, requires that the disadvantages under which he fought should be made public.*

It was on the morning of the 1st of June that the Chesapeake put to sea. The Shannon, on seeing her come out, bore away, and the other followed. At 4 P. M. the Chesapeake hauled up and fired a gun; the Shannon then hove-to. The vessels manœuvred in awful silence until within pistol-shot, when the Shannon opened her fire, and both vessels almost at the same moment poured forth tremendous broadsides. The execution in both ships was terrible, but the fire of the Shannon was peculiarly fatal, not only making great slaughter among the men, but cutting down some of the most valuable officers. The very first shot killed Mr. White, sailing-master of the Chesapeake, an excellent officer, whose loss at such a moment was disastrous in the extreme. The fourth lieutenant, Mr. Ballard, received also a mortal wound in this broadside, and at the same moment Captain Lawrence was shot through the leg with a musket-ball; he however supported himself on the companion-way, and continued to give his orders with his usual coolness. About three broadsides were exchanged, which, from the closeness of the ships, were dreadfully destructive. The Chesapeake had three men shot from her helm successively, each taking it as the other fell; this of course produced irregularity in the steering, and the consequence was, that her anchor caught in one of the Shannon's after ports. She was thus in a position where her guns could not be brought to bear upon the enemy, while the latter was enabled to fire raking shots from her foremost guns, which swept the upper decks of the Chesapeake, killing or wounding the greater portion

* The particulars of this action are chiefly given from a conversation with one of the officers of the Chesapeake; and we believe may be relied on as authentic.

of the men. A hand-grenade was thrown on the quarter-deck, which set fire to some musket-cartridges, but did no other damage.

In this state of carnage and exposure, about twenty of the Shannon's men, seeing a favourable opportunity for boarding, without waiting for orders, jumped on the deck of the Chesapeake. Captain Lawrence had scarce time to call his boarders, when he received a second and mortal wound from a musket-ball, which lodged in his intestines. Lieutenant Cox, who commanded the second division, rushed up at the call for the boarders, but came just in time to receive his falling commander. He was in the act of carrying him below, when Captain Broke, accompanied by his first lieutenant, and followed by his regular boarders, sprang on board the Chesapeake. The brave Lawrence saw the overwhelming danger; his last words, as he was borne bleeding from the deck, were, "don't surrender the ship!"

Samuel Livermore, Esq., of Boston, who from personal attachment to Captain Lawrence had accompanied him in this cruise as chaplain, attempted to revenge his fall. He shot at Captain Broke, but missed him: the latter made a cut at his head, which Livermore warded off, but in so doing received a severe wound in the arm. The only officer that now remained on the upper deck was Lieutenant Ludlow, who was so entirely weakened and disabled by repeated wounds, received early in the action, as to be incapable of personal resistance. The comparatively small number of men, therefore, that survived on the upper decks, having no officer to head them, the British succeeded in securing complete possession, before those from below could get up. Lieutenant Budd, who had commanded the first division below, being informed of the danger, hastened up with some men, but was overpowered by superior numbers and cut down immediately. Great embarrassment took place, in consequence of the officers being unacquainted with the crew. In one instance in particular, Lieutenant Cox, on mounting the deck, joined a party of the enemy through

mistake, and was made sensible of his error by their cutting at him with their sabres.

While this scene of havoc and confusion was going on above, Captain Lawrence, who was lying in the wardroom in excruciating pain, hearing the firing cease, forgot the anguish of his wounds: having no officer near him, he ordered the surgeon to hasten on deck and tell the officers to fight on to the last, and never to strike the colours; adding, "they shall wave while I live." The fate of the battle, however, was decided. Finding all further resistance vain, and a mere waste of life, Lieutenant Ludlow gave up the ship; after which he received a sabre wound in the head from one of the Shannon's crew, which fractured his skull and ultimately proved mortal. He was one of the most promising officers of his age in the service, highly esteemed for his professional talents, and beloved for the generous qualities that adorned his private character.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable combats on naval record. From the peculiar accidents that attended it, the battle was short, desperate and bloody. So long as the cannonading continued, the Chesapeake is said to have clearly had the advantage; and had the ships not run foul, it is probable she would have captured the Shannon. Though considerably damaged in her upper works, and pierced with some shot-holes in her hull, yet she had sustained no injury to affect her safety; whereas the Shannon had received several shots between wind and water, and, consequently, could not have sustained the action long. The havoc on both sides was dreadful; but to the singular circumstance of having every officer on the upper deck either killed or wounded, early in the action, may chiefly be attributed the loss of the Chesapeake.

Various vague complaints were circulated at the time of the excesses of the victors, and of their treatment of the Chesapeake's crew after the surrender. These were, as usual, dwelt on and magnified, and made subjects of national aspersion. Nothing could be more illiberal than this.

Where the scene of conflict is tumultuous and sanguinary, and the struggle desperate, as in the boarding of a ship, excesses will take place among the men which it is impossible to prevent. They are the inevitable incidents of war, and should never be held up to provoke national abhorrence or retaliation. Indeed, they are so liable to be misrepresented by partial and distorted accounts, that very little faith is ever to be placed in them. Such, for instance, is the report that the enemy discharged several muskets into the cockpit after the ship had been given up. This, in fact, was provoked by the wanton act of a boy below, who shot down the sentinel stationed at the gangway, and thus produced a momentary exasperation, and an alarm that our men were rising. It should be recollected, likewise, that our flag was not struck, but was hauled down by the enemy; consequently, the surrender of the ship was not immediately known throughout, and the struggle continued in various places, before the proper orders could be communicated.

The two ships presented dismal spectacles after the battle. Crowded with the wounded and the dying, they resembled floating hospitals sending forth groans at every roll. The brave Broke lay delirious from a wound in the head, which he is said to have received while endeavouring to prevent the slaughter of some of our men who had surrendered. In his rational intervals he always spoke in the highest terms of the courage and skill of Lawrence, and of "the gallant and masterly style" in which he brought the Chesapeake into action.

The wounds of Captain Lawrence rendered it impossible to remove him after the battle, and his cabin being very much shattered, he remained in the wardroom. Here he lay, attended by his own surgeon, and surrounded by his brave and suffering officers. He made no comment on the battle, nor indeed was heard to utter a word, except to make such simple requests as his necessities required. In this way he lingered through four days, in extreme bodily

pain, and the silent melancholy of a proud and noble heart, and then expired. His body was wrapped in the colours of his ship and laid on the quarter-deck of the Chesapeake, to be conveyed to Halifax for interment.

At the time of his death he was but thirty-two years of age, nearly sixteen of which had been honourably expended in the service of his country. He was a disciplinarian of the highest order, producing perfect obedience and subordination without severity. His men became zealously devoted to him, and ready to do through affection what severity would never have compelled. He was scrupulously correct in his principles, delicate in his sense of honour; and to his extreme jealousy of reputation he fell a victim, in daring an ill-matched encounter, which prudence would have justified him in declining. In battle, where his lofty and commanding person made him conspicuous, the calm collected courage, and elevated tranquillity, which he maintained in the midst of peril, imparted a confidence to every bosom. In the hour of victory he was moderate and unassuming; towards the vanquished he was gentle, generous and humane. But it is on the amiable qualities that adorned his private character, that his friends will hang with the fondest remembrance—that bland philanthropy that emanated from every look, that breathed forth in every accent, that gave a grace to every action. His was a general benevolence, that, like a lambent flame, shed its cheering rays throughout the sphere of his influence, warming and gladdening every heart, and lighting up every countenance into smiles. But there was one little circle on whose sacred sorrows even the eye of sympathy dared not intrude. His brother being dead, he was the last male branch of a family who looked up to him as its ornament and pride. His fraternal tenderness was the prop and consolation of two widowed sisters, and in him their helpless offspring found a father. He left, also, a wife and two young children to whom he was fervently attached. The critical situation of

the former was one of those cares which preyed upon his mind at the time he went forth to battle.

There is a touching pathos about the death of this estimable officer, that endears him more to us than if he had been successful. The prosperous conqueror is an object of admiration, but in some measure of envy: whatever gratitude we feel for his services, we are apt to think them repaid by the plaudits he enjoys. But he who falls a martyr to his country's cause excites the fullness of public sympathy. Envy cannot repine at laurels so dearly purchased, and gratitude feels that he is beyond the reach of its rewards. The last sad scene of his life hallows his memory; it remains sacred by misfortune, and honoured, not by the acclamations, but the tears of his countrymen. The idea of Lawrence, cut down in the prime of his days, stretched upon his deck, wrapped in the flag of his country—that flag which he had contributed to ennoble, and had died to defend—is a picture that will remain treasured up in the dearest recollections of every American. His will form one of those talismanic names which every nation preserves as watch-words for patriotism and valour.

Deeply, therefore, as every bosom must lament the fall of so gallant and amiable an officer, there are some reflections consoling to the pride of friendship, and which may soothe, though they cannot prevent, the bitter tear of affection. He fell before his flag was struck. His fall was the cause, not the consequence, of defeat. He fell, covered with glory, in the flower of his days, in the perfection of mental and personal endowment, and the freshness of reputation; thus leaving in every mind the full and perfect image of a hero. However we may deplore the stroke of death, his visits are occasionally well-timed for his victim: he sets a seal upon the fame of the illustrious, fixing it beyond the reach of accident or change. And where is the son of honour, panting for distinction, who would not rather, like Lawrence, be snatched away in the brightness of youth and glory, than dwindle down to what is termed a good old age, wear his

reputation to the shreds, and leave behind him nothing but the remembrance of decrepitude and imbecility?

With feelings that swell our hearts do we record the honours paid to the remains of the brave Lawrence at Halifax. When the ships arrived in port, a generous concern was expressed for his fate. The recollection of his humanity towards the crew of the Peacock was still fresh in every mind. His funeral obsequies were celebrated with appropriate ceremonials, and an affecting solemnity. His pall was supported by the oldest captains in the British service that were in Halifax; and the naval officers crowded to yield the last sad honours to a man who was late their foe, but now their foe no longer. There is a sympathy between gallant souls that knows no distinction of clime or nation. They honour in each other what they feel proud of in themselves. The group that gathered round the grave of Lawrence presented a scene worthy of the heroic days of chivalry. It was a complete triumph of the nobler feelings over the savage passions of war. We know not where most to bestow our admiration—on the living, who showed such generous sensibility to departed virtue, or on the dead, in being worthy of such obsequies from such spirits. It is by deeds like these that we really feel ourselves subdued. The conflict of arms is ferocious, and triumph does but engender more deadly hostility; but the contest of magnanimity calls forth the better feelings, and the conquest is over the affections.*

Soon afterwards, Mr. Crowninshield, of Salem, and ten other masters of vessels, sailed, under a flag of truce, to Halifax, and conveyed thence to Salem the bodies of Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow, where funeral ceremonies of the most imposing kind were performed in honour of the dead. The remains of Captain Lawrence were subsequently removed to the city of New-York, and interred with distinguished honours.

* *Analectic Magazine.*

CHAPTER XIV.

Cruise and Capture of the Argus. Capture of the Boxer.

THE cruise of the Argus in the British Channel is one of the most brilliant in our naval history. This vessel left the United States on the 18th of June, 1813; exactly one year after the declaration of war. She was commanded by Capt. William Henry Allen, and it was a part of her business to convey Mr.

Crawford, the American Minister Plenipotentiary to France. Having performed this duty, Captain Allen entered upon a cruise, on the coasts of England, where he made the greatest havoc among the merchantmen of the enemy which had been witnessed in those waters since the days of Paul Jones. Twenty British merchant-vessels were captured before the 14th of August, when this brilliant career disastrously terminated in the capture of the Argus, by an enemy of greatly superior size and weight of metal.

The boldness of Captain Allen's exploits was only equalled by the courtesy and kindness with which he treated the prisoners who fell into his hands; and the generosity and chivalry of his character were fully acknowledged by the enemy, in the honours which they paid to his memory, when

the fortune of war had devolved upon them the duty of paying the last tribute to his valour and merit.

The following letter of Lieutenant Watson contains a detailed account of the action between the *Argus* and the *Pelican*.

NORFOLK, March 2, 1815.

SIR—Circumstances during my residence in England having heretofore prevented my attention to the painful duty which devolved on me by the death of my gallant commander, Capt. Wm. H. Allen, of the late U. S. brig *Argus*, I have now the honour to state for your information, that having landed the Minister Plenipotentiary (Mr. Crawford) and suite at L'Orient, we proceeded on the cruise which had been directed by the department, and after capturing twenty vessels (a list of the names and other particulars of which I have the honour to enclose,) being in lat. $52^{\circ} 15' N.$ long. $5. 50' W.$, on the 14th August, 1813, we discovered, at 4 o'clock A. M., a large brig-of-war standing down under a press of sail upon our weather-quarter, the wind being at south, and the *Argus* close hauled on the starboard tack: we immediately prepared to receive her; and at 30 minutes after 4, being unable to get the weather-gage, we shortened sail, and gave her an opportunity of closing. At 6, the brig having displayed English colours, we hoisted our flag; wore round, and gave her the larboard broadside (being at this time within grape distance) which was returned, and the action commenced within the range of musketry. At 4 minutes after 6, Captain Allen was wounded, and the enemy shot away our main-braces, main spring-stay, gaff, and try-sail-mast. At 8 minutes after 6, Captain Allen, being much exhausted by the loss of blood, was taken below. At 12 minutes after 6, lost our spritsail-yard and the principal part of the standing rigging on the larboard side of the foremast. At this time I received a wound on the head from a grape-shot, which for a time rendered me incapable of attending to duty, and was carried below; I had, however, the satisfaction of recollecting on my recovery, that nothing

which the most gallant exertions could effect, would be left undone by Lieut. W. H. Allen, jun., who succeeded to the command of the deck.

Lieut. Allen reports, at 14 minutes after 6, the enemy, being in our weather-quarter, edged off, for the purpose of getting under our stern, but the *Argus* luffed close to, with the main-topsail aback, and giving him a raking broadside, frustrated his attempt. At 18 minutes after 6, the enemy shot away our preventer, main-braces and main-topsail-tye; and the *Argus* having lost the use of her after-sails, fell on before the wind, when the enemy succeeded in passing our stern, and ranged on the starboard side. At 25 minutes after 6, the wheel-ropes and running-rigging of every description being shot away, the *Argus* became unmanageable; and the enemy, not having sustained any apparent damage, had it completely in his power to choose a position, and continued to play upon our starboard-quarter, occasionally shifting his situation, until 30 minutes after 6, when I returned to the deck, the enemy being under our stern, within pistol-shot, where she continued to rake us until 38 minutes after 6, when we prepared to board, but, in consequence of our shattered condition, were unable to effect it; the enemy then passed our broadside, and took a position on our starboard-bow. From this time until 47 minutes after 6, we were exposed to a cross or raking fire, without being able to oppose but little more than musketry to the broadside of the enemy, our guns being much disabled and seldom brought to bear.

The *Argus* having now suffered much, in hull and rigging, as also in killed and wounded, among the former of whom (exclusive of our gallant captain) we have to lament the loss of two meritorious young officers in Midshipmen Delfy and Edwards; and being exposed to a galling fire, which, from the enemy's ability to manage his vessel, we could not avoid, I deemed it necessary to surrender, and was taken possession of by his Britannic Majesty's sloop the *Pelican*, of twenty-one carriage guns, viz. sixteen 32-

pound carronades, four long 6's, and one 12-pound carronade. I hope this measure will meet your approbation, and that the result of this action, when the superior size and metal of our opponent, and the fatigue which the crew, &c. of the *Argus* underwent from a very rapid succession of captures, is considered, will not be thought unworthy of the flag under which we serve.

I have the honour to enclose a list of killed and wounded, and feel great satisfaction in reporting the general good conduct of the meritorious officers engaged on this occasion, and particularly the zeal and activity displayed by Lieut. Allen, who you will observe for a time commanded on deck.

I have the honour to be, Sir, with great respect,
your obedient servant,

Hon. B. CROWNINSHIELD,
Sec'y of the Navy.

W. H. WATSON,
Late of the U. S. brig Argus.

Here follows the list of killed and wounded. Killed in the action, 6. Died of their wounds, 5, including the Captain. Wounded, 12.

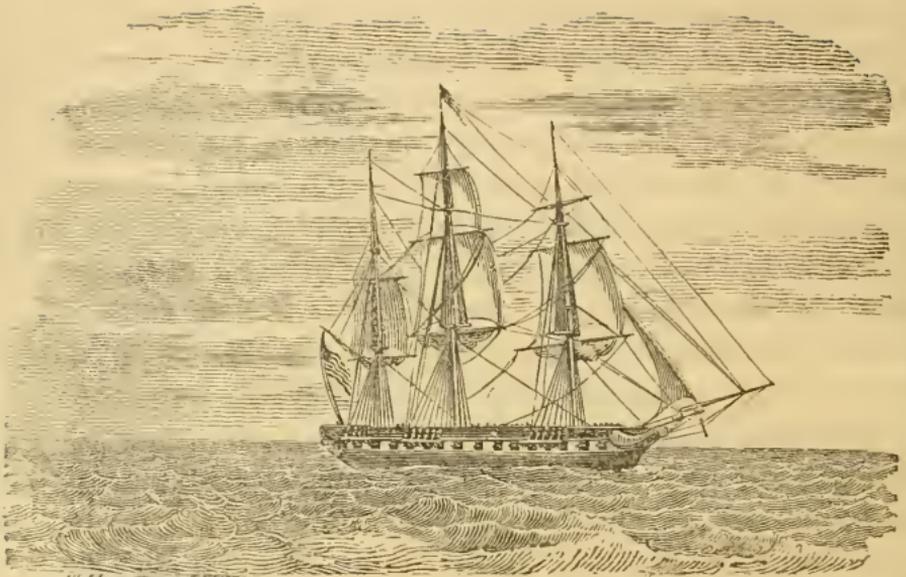
On the 1st of September, the brig *Enterprise*, of 16 guns, commanded by Lieutenant Wm. Burrows, sailed from Portsmouth on a cruise. On the 5th, early in the morning, they espied a brig in-shore getting under way. They reconnoitred her for a while, to ascertain her character, of which they were soon informed by her hoisting three British ensigns, and firing a shot as a challenge. The *Enterprise* then hauled upon a wind, stood out of the bay, and prepared for action. A calm for some time delayed the encounter; it was succeeded by a breeze from the S. W., which gave our vessel the weather-gage. After manœuvring for a while to the windward in order to try her sailing with the enemy, and to ascertain his force, the *Enterprise*, about 3 P. M., shortened sail, hoisted three ensigns, fired a gun, tacked, and ran down with an intention to bring him to close quarters. When within half pistol-shot the enemy gave three cheers, and commenced the action with his starboard broadside. The cheers and the broadside were returned on our part,

and the action became general. In about five minutes after the battle had commenced, the gallant Burrows received a musket-ball in his body, and fell; he however refused to be carried below, but continued on deck through the action. The active command was then taken by Lieutenant M'Call, who conducted himself with great skill and coolness. The enemy was outmanœuvred and cut up: his main-topmast and topsail-yard shot away; a position gained on his star-board-bow, and a raking fire kept up, until his guns were silenced and he cried for quarters, saying that as his colours were nailed to the mast he could not haul them down. The prize proved to be his Britannic Majesty's brig Boxer, of 14 guns. The number of her crew is a matter of conjecture and dispute. Sixty-four prisoners were taken, seventeen of whom were wounded. How many of the dead were thrown into the sea during the action it is impossible to say;* the British return only four as killed; courtesy forbids us to question the veracity of an officer on mere presumption; but it is ever the natural wish of the vanquished to depreciate their force; and, in truth, we have seen with regret various instances of disingenuousness on the part of the enemy, in their statements of our naval encounters. But we will not enter into disputes of this kind. It is enough that the enemy entered into the battle with a bravado at the mast-head, and a confidence of success; this either implied a consciousness of his own force, or a low opinion of his antagonist; in either case he was mistaken. It is a fruitless task to vindicate victories against the excuses of the vanquished—sufficient for the victor is the joy of his triumph: he should allow the enemy the consolation of accounting for it.

* In a letter from Captain Hull to Commodore Bainbridge he describes the state of the Boxer when brought into port: and observes, "We find it impossible to get at the number of killed; no papers are found by which we can ascertain it. I, however, counted ninety hammocks which were in her netting with beds in them, besides several beds without hammocks; and she had excellent accommodations for all her officers below in state-rooms, so that I have no doubt that she had one hundred men on board."

We turn gladly from such an idle discussion to notice the last moments of the worthy Burrows. There needs no elaborate pencil to impart pathos and grandeur to the death of a brave man. The simple anecdotes given in simple terms by his surviving comrades, present more striking pictures, than could be wrought up by the most refined attempts of art. "At 20 minutes past three P. M." says one account, "our brave commander fell, and while lying on the deck, refusing to be carried below, raised his head and requested that *the flag might never be struck.*" In this situation he remained during the rest of the engagement, regardless of bodily pain; regardless of the life-blood fast ebbing from his wound; watching with anxious eye the vicissitudes of battle; cheering his men by his voice, but animating them still more by his glorious example. When the sword of the vanquished enemy was presented to him, we are told that he clasped his hands and exclaimed, "I am satisfied, I die contented!" He now permitted himself to be carried below, and the necessary attentions were paid to save his life, or alleviate his sufferings. His wound, however, was beyond the power of surgery, and he breathed his last within a few hours after the victory.

The commander of the Boxer, Captain Samuel Blythe, was killed early in the action by a cannon-ball; had he lived he might have defended his ship more desperately, but it is not probable with more success. He was an officer of distinguished merit; having received a sword from government for his good conduct under Sir James L. Yeo, in the capture of Cayenne. He was also one of the pall-bearers to our lamented Lawrence, when buried at Halifax. It was his fate now to receive like courtesy at the hands of his enemy. His remains, in company with those of the brave Burrows, were brought to Portland, where they were interred with military honours. It was a striking and affecting sight, to behold two gallant commanders, who had lately been arrayed in deadly hostility against each other, descending into one quiet grave, there to mingle their dust peacefully together.



CHAPTER XV.

Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.



HE brilliant victory on Lake Erie forms one of the proudest ornaments of our naval history. It is full of instruction to all who are willing to derive benefit from examples of success resulting from courage, coolness and enterprise. It is not saying too much to declare that this victory, like that of Paul Jones over the *Serapis*, was the result of the decision and valour of the commanding officer. Commodore Perry was at this time a young man, only 27 years of age, and his extreme youth at the time of his serving as midshipman in the Tripolitan war had prevented his ever having an opportunity to distinguish himself in the service.



COMMODORE

MATTHEW H. PERRY, U.S.N.

At the beginning of 1812 he had been promoted to the rank of master and commander, and ordered to the command of the flotilla of gun-boats stationed at the harbour of New-York. He remained on this station about a year; during which time he employed himself diligently in disciplining his crew to serve either as landsmen or mariners; and brought his flotilla into an admirable state of preparation for active operations.

The gun-boat service, however, was at best but an irksome employ. Nothing could be more dispiriting for ardent and daring minds than to be obliged to skulk about harbours and rivers, cramped up in these diminutive vessels, without the hope of exploit to atone for present inconvenience. Perry soon grew tired of this inglorious service, and applied to the Secretary of the Navy to be ordered to a more active station, and mentioned the Lakes as the one he should prefer. His request was immediately complied with, and he received orders to repair to Sackett's Harbour, Lake Ontario, with a body of mariners to reinforce the squadron under Commodore Chauncey. So popular was he among the honest tars under his command, that no sooner was the order known than nearly the whole of the crews volunteered to accompany him.

In a few days he was ready to depart, and tearing himself from the comforts of home, and the endearments of a young and beautiful wife and blooming child, he set off at the head of a large number of chosen seamen, on his expedition to the wilderness. The rivers being completely frozen over, they were obliged to perform the journey by land, in the depth of winter. The greatest order and good humour, however, prevailed throughout the little band of adventurers, to whom the whole expedition seemed a kind of frolic, and who were delighted with what they termed a land cruise.

Not long after the arrival of Perry at Sackett's Harbour, Commodore Chauncey, who entertained a proper opinion of his merits, detached him to Lake Erie, to take command of

the squadron on that station, and to superintend the building of additional vessels. The American force at that time on the Lake consisted but of several small vessels; two of the best of which had recently been captured from the enemy in a gallant style by Captain Elliot, from under the very batteries of Malden. The British force was greatly superior, and commanded by Commodore Barclay, an able and well-trying officer. Commodore Perry immediately applied himself to increase his armament, and having ship carpenters from the Atlantic coast, and using extraordinary exertions, two brigs of twenty guns each were soon launched at Erie, the American port on the Lake.

While the vessels were constructing, the British squadron hovered off the harbour, but offered no molestation. At length, his vessels being equipped and manned, on the fourth of August Commodore Perry succeeded in getting his squadron over the bar at the mouth of the harbour. The water on the bar was but five feet deep, and the large vessels had to be buoyed over: this was accomplished in the face of the British, who fortunately did not think proper to make an attack. The next day he sailed in pursuit of the enemy, but returned on the eighth, without having encountered him. Being reinforced by the arrival of Elliot, accompanied by several officers and eighty-nine sailors, he was enabled completely to man his squadron, and again set sail on the twelfth, in quest of the enemy. On the fifteenth he arrived at Sandusky Bay, where the American army under General Harrison lay encamped. From thence he cruised off Malden, where the British squadron remained at anchor, under the guns of the fort. The appearance of Perry's squadron spread great alarm on shore; the women and children ran shrieking about the place, expecting an immediate attack. The Indians, we are told, looked on with astonishment, and urged the British to go out and fight. Finding the enemy not disposed to venture a battle, Commodore Perry returned to Sandusky.

Nothing of moment happened until the morning of the

tenth of September. The American squadron was, at that time, lying at anchor in Put-in-Bay, and consisted of

Brig Lawrence,	Com. Perry,	20 guns.
“ Niagara,	Capt. Elliot,	20
“ Caledonia,	Purser M’Grath,	3
Sch. Ariel,	Lieut. Packet,	4
“ Scorpion,	Sailing-Master Champlin,	2
“ Somers,	“ Almy,	2 and 2 swivels
“ Tigress,	Lieutenant Conklin,	1
“ Porcupine,	Mid. G. Senat,	1
Sloop Trippe,	Lieutenant Smith,	1
		—
		54 guns.

At sunrise they discovered the enemy, and immediately got under way and stood for him with a light wind at southwest. The British force consisted of

Ship Detroit,	19 guns,	1 on pivot, and 2 howitzers.
Queen Charlotte,	17	1 on pivot.
Sch. Lady Prevost,	13	1 do.
Brig Hunter,	10	
Sloop Little Belt,	3	
Sch. Chippeway,	1	2 swivels.
		—
		63 guns.

At 10 A. M. the wind hauled to the southeast and brought our squadron to windward. Commodore Perry then hoisted his union-jack, having for a motto, the dying words of the valiant Lawrence, “Don’t give up the ship!” It was received with repeated cheerings by the officers and crews. And now having formed his line he bore for the enemy; who likewise cleared for action, and hauled up his courses. It is deeply interesting to picture to ourselves the advances of these gallant and well-matched squadrons to a contest, where the strife must be obstinate and sanguinary, and the event decisive of the fate of almost an empire.

The lightness of the wind occasioned them to approach each other but slowly, and prolonged the awful interval of

suspense and anxiety that precedes a battle. This is the time when the stoutest heart beats quick, "and the boldest holds his breath;" it is the still moment of direful expectation; of fearful looking out for slaughter and destruction; when even the glow of pride and ambition is chilled for a while, and nature shudders at the awful jeopardy of existence. The very order and regularity of naval discipline heighten the dreadful quiet of the moment. No bustle, no noise prevails to distract the mind, except at intervals the shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle, or a murmuring whisper among the men, who, grouped around their guns, earnestly regard the movements of the foe, now and then stealing a wistful glance at the countenances of their commanders. In this manner did the hostile squadrons approach each other, in mute watchfulness and terrible tranquillity; when suddenly a bugle was sounded from on board the enemy's ship *Detroit*, and loud huzzas immediately burst forth from all their crews.

No sooner did the *Lawrence* come within reach of the enemies' long guns, than they opened a heavy fire upon her, which, from the shortness of her guns, she was unable to return. Commodore Perry, without waiting for his schooners, kept on his course in such gallant and determined style that the enemy supposed it was his intention to board. In a few minutes, having gained a nearer position, he opened his fire. The length of the enemies' guns, however, gave them vastly the advantage, and the *Lawrence* was excessively cut up without being able to do any great damage in return. Their shot pierced her sides in all directions, killing our men on the berth-deck and in the steerage, where they had been taken down to be dressed. One shot had nearly produced a fatal explosion; passing through the light-room it knocked the snuff of the candle into the magazine; fortunately the gunner happened to see it, and had the presence of mind to extinguish it immediately with his hand.

Indeed, it seemed to be the enemies' plan to destroy the

commodore's ship, and thus throw the squadron into confusion. For this purpose their heaviest fire was directed at the Lawrence, and blazed incessantly upon it from their largest vessels. Finding the hazard of his situation, Perry made sail, and directed the other vessels to follow for the purpose of closing with the foe. "The order was responded to," says Mackenzie in his *Life of Perry*, "and transmitted along the line by Captain Elliot, of the Niagara, whose vessel was stationed next but one astern of the Lawrence, and was, therefore, at the commencement of the action, quite near the commodore, and in a position to accompany him in closing with the enemy. The Niagara did not, however, make sail with the Lawrence, and accompany her down into close action, but continued at long-shots, using only her twelve-pounder."

Subsequently "the Niagara," says the same respectable authority, "got embarrassed with the Caledonia, instead of passing astern and to leeward of her to close with the Queen Charlotte, which was next to the Hunter. Captain Elliot hailed the Caledonia, and ordered Lieutenant D. Turner to bear up and make room for him to pass. Though this officer was in the station assigned to him astern of the Lawrence, and pressing down to engage his antagonist, the brig Hunter, yet he obeyed the order of his superior, without stopping to inquire whether that superior, as a subordinate like himself, had a right to give an order involving a change in the order of battle. Lieutenant Turner at once put his helm up, and made room for the Niagara by bearing down towards the enemy. Captain Elliot did not, however, follow in the Niagara, but sheered to windward, and, by brailing up his jib and backing his main-topsail, balanced the efforts of his sails so as to keep his vessel stationary, and prevent her approaching the enemy. The Niagara did not, therefore, approach the enemy's line near enough to use her carronades, but remained at long-shots, firing only her long twelve-pounder, doing little injury, and receiv-

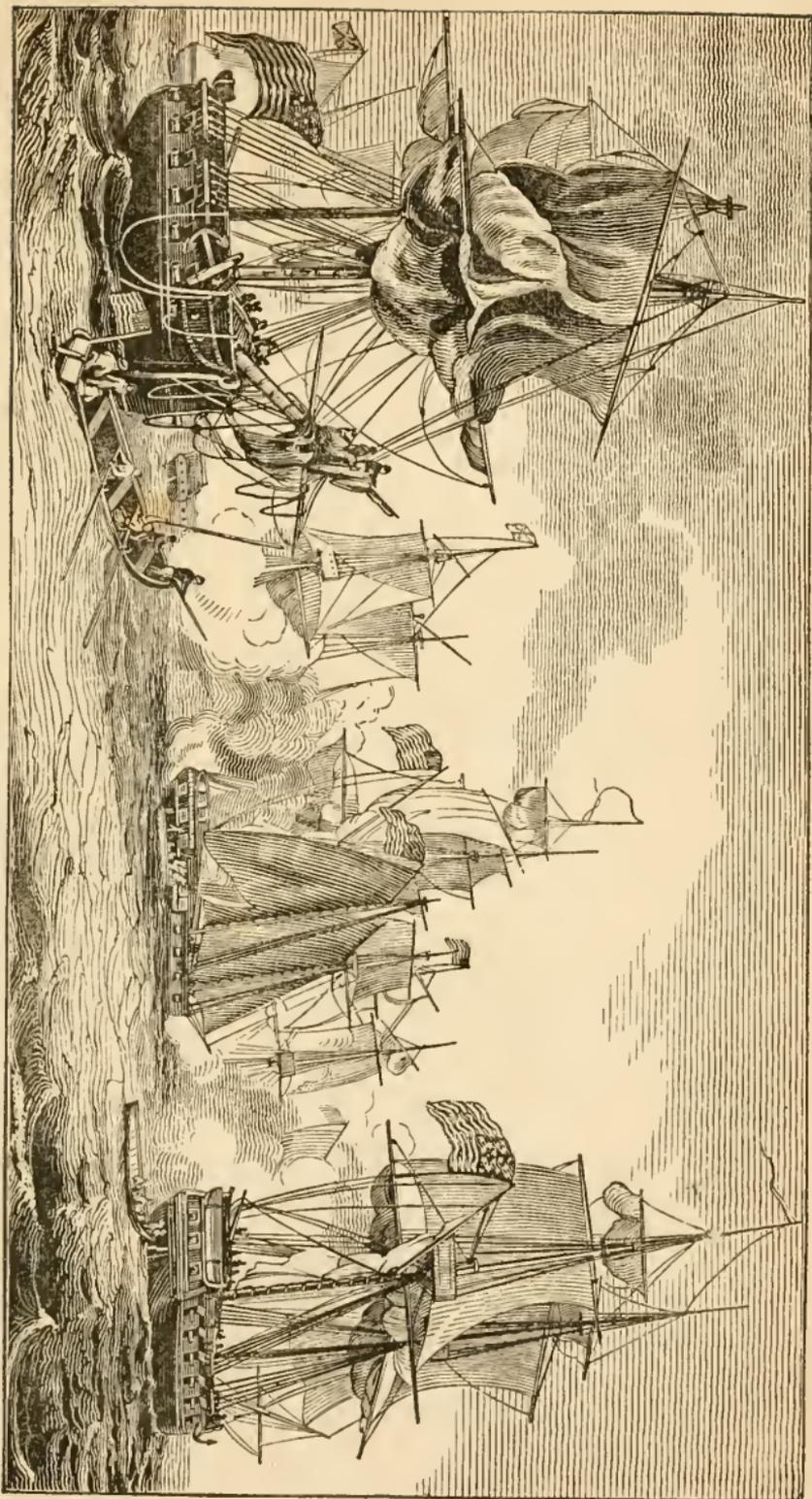
ing less from casual shots aimed at the Lawrence and Caledonia, of which she was partially under cover.”

The tremendous fire to which the Lawrence was exposed, soon cut away every brace and bowline, and she became unmanageable. Even in this disastrous plight she sustained the action for upwards of two hours, within canister distance, though for a great part of the time she could not get more than three guns to bear upon her antagonists. It was admirable to behold the perfect order and regularity that prevailed among her valiant and devoted crew, throughout this scene of horror. No trepidation, no confusion occurred, even for an instant; as fast as the men were wounded they were carried below and others stepped into their places; the dead remained where they fell until after the action. At this juncture the fortune of the battle trembled on a point, and the enemy believed the day their own. The Lawrence was reduced to a mere wreck; her decks were streaming with blood, and covered with mangled limbs and the bodies of the slain; nearly the whole of her crew was either killed or wounded; her guns were dismounted, and the commodore and his officers helped to work the last that was capable of service.

Amidst all this peril and disaster, the youthful commander is said to have remained perfectly composed, maintaining a serene and cheerful countenance, uttering no passionate or agitated expression, giving out his orders with calmness and deliberation, and inspiring every one around him by his magnanimous demeanour.

At this crisis, finding the Lawrence was incapable of further service, and seeing the hazardous situation of the conflict, he formed the bold resolution of shifting his flag. Giving the ship, therefore, in charge to Lieutenant Yarnall, who had already distinguished himself by his bravery, he hauled down his union, bearing the motto of Lawrence, and taking it under his arm, ordered to be put on board of the Niagara. In leaving the Lawrence, he gave his pilot the choice either to remain on board, or accompany him; the

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.—PERRY'S VICTORY.



faithful fellow told him "he'd stick by him to the last," and jumped into the boat. He went off from the ship in his usual gallant manner, standing up in the stern of the boat, until the crew absolutely pulled him down among them. Broad-sides were levelled at him, and small-arms discharged by the enemy, two of whose vessels were within musket-shot, and a third one nearer. His brave shipmates who remained behind, stood watching him in breathless anxiety; the balls struck around him and flew over his head in every direction; but the same special providence that seems to have watched over the youthful hero throughout this desperate battle, conducted him safely through a shower of shot, and they beheld with transport his inspiring flag hoisted at the mast-head of the Niagara. No sooner was he on board than Captain Elliot volunteered to put off in a boat and bring into action the schooners which had been kept astern by the lightness of the wind; the offer was accepted, and Elliot left the Niagara to put it in execution.

About this time the commodore saw, with infinite regret, the flag of the Lawrence come down. The event was unavoidable; she had sustained the whole fury of the enemy, and was rendered incapable of defence; any further show of resistance would but have been most uselessly and cruelly to have provoked carnage among the relics of her brave and mangled crew. The enemy, however, were not able to take possession of her, and subsequent circumstances enabled her again to hoist her flag.

Commodore Perry now made signal for close action, and the small vessels got out their sweeps and made all sail. Finding that the Niagara was but little injured, he determined, if possible, to break the enemy's line. He accordingly bore up and passed ahead of the two ships and brig, giving them a raking fire from his starboard guns, and also to a large schooner and sloop from his larboard side at half-pistol-shot. Having passed the whole squadron, he luffed up and laid his ship alongside the British commodore. The

smaller vessels under the direction of Captain Elliot having, in the mean time, got within grape and canister distance, and keeping up a well-directed fire, the whole of the enemy struck excepting two small vessels which attempted to escape, but were taken.

The engagement lasted about three hours, and never was victory more decisive and complete. The captured squadron, as has been shown, exceeded ours in weight of metal and number of guns. Their crews were also more numerous; ours were a motley collection, where there were some good seamen, but eked out with soldiers, volunteers and boys, and many were on the sick list. More prisoners were taken than we had men to guard. The loss on both sides was severe. Scarcely any of the Lawrence's crew escaped unhurt. Among those slain was Lieutenant Brooks of the marines, a gay and elegant young officer, full of spirit, of amiable manners, and remarkable for his personal beauty. Lieutenant Yarnall, though repeatedly wounded, refused to quit the deck during the whole of the action. Commodore Perry, notwithstanding that he was continually in the most exposed situations of the battle, escaped uninjured; he wore an ordinary seaman's dress, which, perhaps, prevented him from being picked off by the enemies' sharpshooters. He had a younger brother with him on board the Lawrence as midshipman, who was equally fortunate in receiving no injury, though his shipmates fell all round him. Two Indian chiefs had been stationed in the tops of the Detroit to shoot down our officers, but when the action became warm, so panic-struck were they with the terrors of the scene, and the strange perils that surrounded them, that they fled precipitately to the hold of the ship, where they were found after the battle in a state of utter consternation. The bodies of several other Indians are said to have been found the next day on the shores of the lake, supposed to have been slain during the engagement and thrown overboard.

It is impossible to state the number of killed on board the enemy. It must, however, have been very great, as their

vessels were literally cut to pieces; and the masts of their two principal ships so shattered that the first gale blew them overboard. Commodore Barclay, the British commander, certainly did himself honour by the brave and obstinate resistance which he made. He was a fine-looking officer, of about thirty-six years of age. He had seen much service, having been desperately wounded in the battle of Trafalgar, and afterwards losing an arm in another engagement with the French. In the present battle he was twice carried below on account of his wounds. While below the second time, his officer came down and told him that they must strike, as the ships were cut to pieces, and the men could not be kept to their guns. Commodore Barclay was then carried on deck, and after taking a view of their situation, and finding all chance of success was over, reluctantly gave orders to strike.

In this battle, we trust, incontrovertible proof is given, if such proof were really wanted, that the success of our navy does not arise from chance, or superiority of force; but from the cool, deliberate courage, the intelligent minds and naval skill of our officers, the spirit of our seamen, and the excellent discipline of our ships; from principles, in short, which must insure a frequency of prosperous results, and give permanency to the reputation we have acquired. We have been rapidly adding trophy to trophy, and successively driving the enemy from every excuse in which he sought to shelter himself from the humiliation of defeat; and after having perfectly established our capability of fighting and conquering in single ships, we have now gone further, and shown that it is possible for us to face the foe in squadron, and vanquish him even though superior in force.

In casting our eye over the details of this engagement, we are struck with the prominent part which the commander takes in the contest. We realize in his dauntless exposure and individual prowess, what we have read in heroic story, of the warrior, streaming like a meteor through the fight, and working wonders with his single arm. The

fate of the combat seemed to rest upon his sword; he was the master-spirit that directed the storm of battle, moving amid flames, and smoke, and death, and mingling wherever the struggle was most desperate and deadly. After sustaining in the *Lawrence* the whole blaze of the enemy's cannonry; after fighting until all around him was wreck and carnage; we behold him, looking forth from his shattered deck, with unruffled countenance, on the direful perils that environed him, calculating with wary eye the chances of the battle, and suddenly launching forth on the bosom of the deep, to shift his flag on board another ship, then uninjured and ready for action. This was one of those master-strokes by which great events are achieved, and great characters stamped, as it were, at a single blow—which bespeak the rare combination of the genius to conceive, the promptness to decide, and the boldness to execute. Most commanders have such glorious chances for renown, some time or another, within their reach; but it requires the nerve of a hero to grasp the perilous opportunity. We behold Perry following up his daring movement with sustained energy—dashing into the squadron of the enemy—breaking their line—raking starboard and larboard—and in this brilliant style achieving a consummate victory.

But if we admire his presence of mind and dauntless valour in the hour of danger, we are no less delighted with his modesty and self-command amidst the flush of triumph. A courageous heart may carry a man stoutly through the battle, but it argues some strong qualities of head to drain unmoved the intoxicating cup of victory. The first care of Perry was to attend to the comfort of the suffering crews of both squadrons. The sick and wounded were landed as soon as possible, and every means taken to alleviate the miseries of their situation. The officers who had fallen, on both sides, were buried on Sunday morning, on an island in the lake, with the honours of war. To the surviving officers he advanced a loan of one thousand dollars, out of his own limited purse—but, in short, his behaviour in this respect is

best expressed in the words of Commodore Barclay, who, with generous warmth and frankness, declared that "the conduct of Perry towards the captive officers and men was sufficient, of itself, to immortalize him!"

The letters which he wrote announcing the intelligence were remarkably simple and laconic. To the Secretary of the Navy he observes, "It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict." This has been called an imitation of Nelson's letter after the battle of the Nile; but it was choosing a noble precedent, and the important national results of the victory justified the language. Independent of the vast accession of glory to our flag, this conquest insured the capture of Detroit—the rout of the British armies—the subjugation of the whole peninsula of Upper Canada, and, if properly followed up, the triumphant success of our northern war. Well might he say "it has pleased the Almighty," when, by this achievement, he beheld immediate tranquillity restored to an immense extent of country. Mothers no longer shrunk aghast, and clasped their infants to their breasts, when they heard the shaking of the forest or the howling of the blast—the aged sire no longer dreaded the shades of night, lest ruin should burst upon him in the hour of repose, and his cottage be laid desolate by the firebrand and the scalping-knife—Michigan was rescued from the dominion of the sword, and quiet and security once more settled on the harassed frontiers, from Huron to Niagara.

But we are particularly pleased with his subsequent letter giving the particulars of the battle. It is so chaste, so moderate and perspicuous; equally free from vaunting exultation and affected modesty; neither obtruding himself upon notice, nor pretending to keep out of sight. His own individual services may be gathered from the letter, though

not expressly mentioned; indeed, where the fortune of the day depended so materially upon himself, it was impossible to give a faithful narrative without rendering himself conspicuous.*

The following letter to General Harrison, announcing the victory, is not less celebrated than the first which the commodore wrote to the Secretary of the Navy.

“DEAR GENERAL,—We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop. Yours, with great respect and esteem,

O. H. PERRY.”

It is not proper to conclude the account of this victory without noticing the extraordinary conduct of Captain Elliot. Affidavits published since the action have established the fact that he purposely kept out of reach of the enemy's shot, until Commodore Perry boarded the Niagara and brought her up to the line of the British ships. Commodore Perry disapproved of this conduct at the time, but was unwilling to injure the reputation of Captain Elliot by characterizing it, as he might justly have done, in his official report. Indeed in this report, and in his conversations with the officers of the fleet and of General Harrison's army, he appears to have done all in his power to screen Captain Elliot from censure.

At a subsequent period, Captain Elliot claimed the honour of the victory for himself, and forced upon Commodore Perry a controversy on the subject, which led to much discussion and several publications. Mr. Cooper, in his history, has endeavoured to favour Captain Elliot; but has carefully declined entering into proofs and particulars, giving much less space in his history to this highly important battle than he has to other actions of comparatively no interest or importance whatever.

Lieutenant Slidell Mackenzie, in his recent *Life of Commodore Perry*, has placed the matter in a true light before

* *Analectic Magazine.*

the public and set the question for ever at rest. Any future attempt to sacrifice the reputation of Oliver Hazard Perry in order to bolster up that of Jesse D. Elliot, must necessarily fail.

The following affidavits, selected from a large number given in the Appendix to Mackenzie's Life of Perry, will show the reader the species of evidence on which his conclusions rest.

Copy of Dr. Parsons's Affidavit.

In the action of the 10th September, 1813, on Lake Erie, I was stationed in the wardroom of the Lawrence to act as surgeon. I well recollect that the wounded, from the first of their coming down, complained that the Niagara (commanded by Captain Elliot) did not come up to her station and close with the Queen Charlotte, although he had been ordered by signal; and this complaint was frequently repeated by them till the Lawrence struck, and repeatedly by Lieutenants Brooks, Yarnall, and Claxton. It was at the same time observed that the Caledonia was in close action, while the Niagara, a faster sailer, was quite out of the reach of the enemy. After the action closed, the censures upon Captain Elliot's conduct were so general and severe, not only among the Lawrence's officers, but those of the small vessels, that, in writing to my friends the day following, I did not hesitate to say that Captain Elliot had disgraced himself in the action; and the same sentiment was expressed in the letters of every officer on board who was able to write. These letters were on the point of being sent, when Mr. Hambleton, who had just had a private interview with Commodore Perry, told us the commodore wished us to be silent on Captain Elliot's conduct; that, whatever might have been the appearances during the action, he was then unwilling, after its happy result, to destroy an officer of his rank; and that honour enough had been gained by the action to permit of its being shared by every one engaged in it.

This request of Commodore Perry was complied with as

far as was practicable; one of Mr. Yarnall's letters, however, had slipped from his hands before this message was received, and was published.

The second day after the action I attended the wounded of the Niagara (the surgeon of that vessel having been sick), and out of twenty cases, not more than one or two said they were wounded while Captain Elliot was on board the ship. On board all the small vessels, which Captain Elliot brought up towards the close of the action, the number of killed and wounded did not exceed two or three. The number of killed and wounded on board the Lawrence, before she struck, was eighty-three.

In conversation with two officers of the Queen Charlotte a short time after the action, I asked them why the Queen directed her fire wholly upon the Lawrence instead of the Niagara. He replied, "Because the Niagara was so far off we could not injure her."

From all these facts, and others, the officers of the Lawrence and of some of the other vessels felt exceedingly disappointed and displeased with the official report of Commodore Perry, on account of the honourable mention there made of Captain Elliot. *We* have, nevertheless, been willing to believe that the error proceeded from the best motives.

Midshipman Lenox, who commanded one of the small vessels, has repeatedly told me that Captain Elliot had said, in his presence, in Buffalo, that he regretted he did not sacrifice the fleet when it was in his power, and Captain Perry with it.

USHER PARSONS.

Sworn to before me,

HOLMES WEAVER, *Just. Peace.*

Copy of the Affidavit of Lieutenant Thomas Holdup Stevens, commanding U. S. sloop Trippe in the action of 10th September, 1813.

When the American squadron had approached the enemy within about a mile, and the enemy had commenced firing, the signal was made by Commodore Perry to "*engage as*

you come up, every one against his opponent, in the line as before designated;" agreeably to this signal, the situation of the Niagara should have been abreast of the Queen Charlotte, and within half a cable's length. The *Lawrence* went gallantly into close action, and her example was followed by the *Caledonia*, Lieutenant Turner; but the Niagara continued to hug the wind, and remained in the position she had taken at the commencement of the action till a few moments previous to Commodore Perry's boarding her. There could not be any rational object in the Niagara's keeping at long-shot with the Queen Charlotte, as the amount and description of their force was equal, and, being principally carronades, no effect could be made by them at the distance Captain Elliot kept his ship. From the number of light sails the Niagara had, and there being a leading wind, Captain Elliot might at any period of the action have closed with the enemy, and relieved the *Lawrence* from the dreadful and destructive fire kept up upon her from the united forces of the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*.

It was the general opinion of the officers and men of the squadron, that Captain Elliot did not do his duty in the action of the 10th of September; and that, had he been impelled by a becoming bravery, he would have made greater exertions to have taken an active part in the fight. Great irritation was produced in the fleet in consequence of it, and this opinion continued to be freely expressed till it was made known that Commodore Perry was desirous of protecting Captain Elliot from the effects of such reports. Every exertion was made by Commodore Perry to screen Captain Elliot from the injurious impressions made by his conduct; but the volunteers in the fleet did not pay the same regard to Commodore Perry's wishes as was done by the officers; and many of them, having witnessed the conduct of Captain Elliot, gave full expression to their feelings and opinions respecting him.

It was a received opinion in the fleet, that, previous to Commodore Perry's going on board the *Niagara*, she had

but one man wounded, and that her opponent, the Queen Charlotte, from the account of the British officers, had suffered but very slightly previous to being engaged in close action with Commodore Perry.

When the action closed, Captain Elliot was on board the Somers, and the accounts from that vessel were very unfavourable to Captain Elliot's bravery, as it was reported he beat the captain of the gun very severely with a speaking-trumpet for having laughed at his dodging a shot which passed over him from the enemy.

Signed,

THOS. HOLDUP STEVENS.

WASHINGTON, January 29th, 1821.

Sir,—To bear testimony against the character of a brother officer is no pleasing task; but there is a paramount obligation that we all owe to our country, which cannot be overlooked but with the implication of personal honour, and to the supremacy of which all private friendship and personal respect must be compelled to bow.

Uninfluenced by other motives, I do now most willingly (but with regret for the occasion) offer my testimony with regard to the conduct of Captain Jesse D. Elliot, on the 10th day of September, 1813, during the action with the enemy's squadron on Lake Erie. I was the second lieutenant of the brig Lawrence, Commodore Perry's flag-vessel, at the time and on the occasion alluded to. I was the officer of the watch at the moment the enemy was first seen on that day, and reported them to Commodore Perry, when our squadron immediately got under weigh and worked out of the bay; after we got out, the wind changed in our favour, and we ran down to meet the enemy. After the commencement of the action, Captain Elliot, in the Niagara, instead of keeping on with us, and engaging his opponent as directed, put his helm down and sheered to windward of the Lawrence, leaving the Lawrence exposed to the fire of the enemy's two largest vessels. Some time after the Lawrence had been in close action, and much cut up, I said

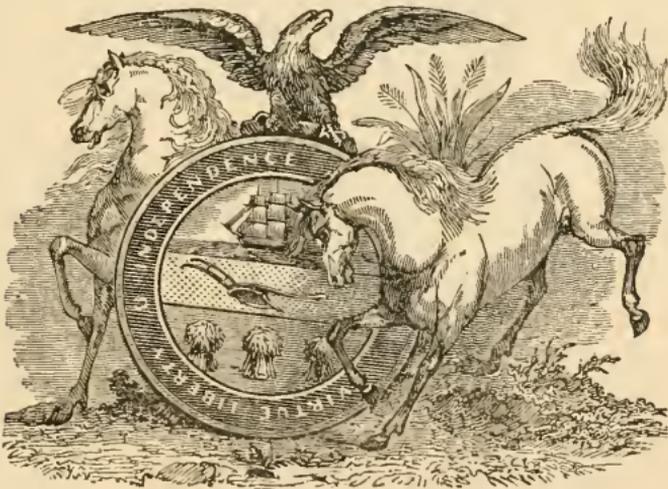
to Commodore Perry, "that brig (meaning the Niagara) will not help us; see how he keeps off! he will not come to close action." "I'll fetch him up," said Commodore Perry; and immediately ordered his boat. As he left the Lawrence, he said, "If a victory is to be gained, I'll gain it." As soon as he got on board the Niagara, she bore up and ran down, and in a short time was in close action between two of the enemy's largest vessels. I was on deck from daylight till after the battle was over; and I believed at the time, and do still most solemnly believe, that Captain Jesse D. Elliot was influenced either by cowardice, and fear prevented him from closing with the enemy; or that he wished to sacrifice the Lawrence, and then claim the victory for himself.

It was my firm belief, at the time Commodore Perry was making out his report of the action, and I believe other officers were of the same opinion, that Commodore Perry endeavoured so to word it as to screen Captain Elliot as much as he could, and that this was done solely from feelings of benevolence.

Respectfully, &c.

DULANY FORREST, U. S. N.

M. C. PERRY, U. S. N.



CHAPTER XVI.

Naval Campaign of 1813 concluded.—Commodore Rodgers's Cruise.—Operations of Commodore Chauncey on Lake Ontario.



THE U.S. frigate President, Com. Rodgers, arrived in the harbour of Newport, on the 26th of September, after a cruise of more than five months. This ship left Boston on the 30th of April, in company with the U. S. frigate Congress, from which she separated on the 30th of the same month. She

pursued her course to the Grand Bank, the Azores, Shetland Isles, and to North Bergen, where she put in for water. She left this place on the 2d of July, shaped her course towards the Orkney Islands, and from thence to the north seas. July 19th, off North cape, White sea, was chased 86 hours by two line-of-battle ships, took a circuit round Ireland, got into the latitude of Cape Clear, proceeded to the Grand Banks, and from thence to the United States.

The following is the concluding part of the commodore's official account.

“During my cruise, although I have not had it in my power to add any additional lustre to the character of our little navy, I have nevertheless rendered essential service to

my country, I hope, by harassing the enemy's commerce, and employing to his disadvantage more than a dozen times the force of a single frigate.

My officers and crew have experienced great privations since I left the United States, from being nearly five months at sea, and living the last three months of that time upon a scanty allowance of the roughest fare; and it is with peculiar pleasure that I acquaint you, that they are all in better health than might be expected, although you may well suppose that their scanty allowance has not been of any advantage to their strength or appearance.

The High Flyer was commanded by Lieut. Hutchinson, second of the St. Domingo. She is a remarkably fine vessel of her class, sails very fast, and would make an excellent light cruiser, provided the government have occasion for a vessel of her description.

Just at the moment of closing my letter, a newspaper has been handed me, containing Captain Broke's challenge to my late gallant friend, Captain Lawrence, in which he mentions, with considerable emphasis, the pains he had taken to meet the President and Congress, with the Shannon and Tenedos.

It is unnecessary at present to take further notice of Captain Broke's observations, than to say, if that was his disposition, his conduct was so glaringly opposite, as to authorize a very contrary belief. Relative to Captain Broke, I have only further to say, that I hope he has not been so severely wounded as to make it a sufficient reason to prevent his reassuming the command of the Shannon at a future day."

Here follow the names of 11 merchantmen, and the High Flyer schooner of 5 guns, captured during his cruise.

The capture of the schooner High Flyer by Commodore Rodgers, was very extraordinary. On making the schooner to the southward of Nantucket Shoals, she hoisted the private British signal, which was answered by Commodore Rodgers, and fortunately proved the private British signal

of that day. Upon seeing this, the High Flyer came immediately to him. Commodore Rodgers ordered one of his officers to dress in a British uniform, and manned out a boat and boarded him. The lieutenant of the schooner did not wait to be boarded, but manned his own boat and boarded the President, supposing her to be a British frigate. The British lieutenant was on board for some time, before he discovered his mistake. The officer that boarded the schooner from the President, asked the officer left in charge of the schooner for his private signals and instructions, which were immediately handed to him; by this stratagem, Commodore Rodgers obtained possession of the British private signals, and Admiral Warren's instructions. On examining these latter documents, Commodore Rodgers discovered the number of British squadrons stationed on the American coast—their force, and relative position—with pointed instructions to all of them, if possible, to capture the President.

After parting company from the President, the Congress frigate stood over to the coast of Brazil, in the vicinity of which she cruised without success, having captured only three vessels. She arrived in the United States on the 14th of December, after an uncommonly protracted cruise.

The enemy's commerce continued, during this year, to suffer considerably from the private-armed vessels of the United States. Almost every quarter of the globe bore witness to their enterprise and intrepidity. In the course of their cruises, they frequently encountered the armed vessels of the enemy, and in many instances displayed a degree of valour and seamanship equal to that of the public vessels. Perhaps no instance in the annals of naval warfare can be found, of a more desperate and gallant action than that fought by the American privateer schooner Decatur, of seven guns, and one hundred and three men, with his Britannic majesty's schooner Dominica, of fifteen guns, and eighty-eight men. The two vessels encountered on the 15th of August, and, after a variety of manœuvres, and a well-

sustained action of two hours, the *Dominica* was carried by boarding. A desperate combat was maintained on the deck of the latter vessel, until the captain and most of her officers and crew being disabled, her colours were struck by the crew of the *Decatur*. When the difference in force of the two vessels is considered, this action cannot fail to be classed among the most brilliant of a war fruitful of naval renown.

The frigates *United States* and *Macedonian* had lain in the harbour of New-York, without obtaining an opportunity to get to sea, until the beginning of the month of May. About that period they made an attempt, in company with the sloop-of-war *Hornet*, to pass the blockading squadron, lying off the Hook; but finding this impossible, without engaging a superior force, they put back, with the intention of passing through the Sound: the vigilance of the enemy, however, obliged them to put into the port of New London. Here every preparation was made for their defence, in case the enemy should make an attempt upon them. A body of militia was stationed in the vicinity; and the vessels were lightened, and carried higher up the river. The blockade of the port was, however, maintained so strictly, that no opportunity offered itself for an escape during the remainder of the war.

The operations of Commodore Chauncey on Lake Ontario were not so successful as those of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie. In his official letters he complains repeatedly of the difficulty which he experienced in bringing his opponent, Sir James Lucas Yeo, the British commander on the lake, to a decisive action.

The following extracts from his correspondence with the Secretary of the Navy, bring down the history of his cruises upon the lakes to the close of the year 1813.

From Com. Isaac Chauncey to the Secretary of the Navy.

On board the U. S. ship *Gen. Pike*, off Duck Island,

SEPT. 13, 1813.

Sir,—On the 7th, at daylight, the enemy's fleet was discovered close in with Niagara river, wind from the south-

ward. Made the signal, and weighed with the fleet (prepared for action) and stood out of the river after him; he immediately made all sail to the northward. We made sail in chase with our heavy schooners in tow, and have continued the chase all round the lake, night and day, until yesterday morning, when she succeeded in getting into Amherst Bay, which is so little known to our pilots, and said to be full of shoals, that they are not willing to take me in there. I shall however (unless driven from my station by a gale of wind) endeavour to watch him so close as to prevent his getting out upon the lake.

During our long chase we frequently got within from one to two miles of the enemy, but our heavy-sailing schooners prevented our closing with him until the 11th, off Genesee river, we carried a breeze with us while he lay becalmed to within about three-quarters of a mile of him, when he took the breeze and we had a running fight of three and a half hours, but by his superior sailing he escaped me and ran into Amherst Bay yesterday morning. In the course of our chase on the 11th, I got several broadsides from this ship upon the enemy, which must have done him considerable injury, as many of the shot were seen to strike him, and people were observed over the sides plugging shot-holes. A few shot struck our hull, and a little rigging was cut, but nothing of importance—not a man was hurt.

I was much disappointed that Sir James refused to fight me, as he was so much superior in point of force both in guns and men—having upwards of 20 guns more than we have, and having a greater weight of shot.

This ship, the Madison, and the Sylph, have each a schooner constantly in tow, yet the others cannot sail as fast as the enemy's squadron, which gave him decidedly the advantage, and puts it in his power to engage me when and how he chooses.

I have the honour to be, &c.

HON. WM. JONES,

ISAAC CHAUNCEY.

Sec'y of the Navy.

The British squadron was blockaded four days in Amherst Bay, when, by the aid of a heavy wind from the westward, they escaped and succeeded in getting into Kingston.

Commodore Chauncey, having ascertained that the British squadron was in York Bay, sailed from Niagara on the 27th of September. The most important events of this cruise are related in the following extracts from the commodore's official letter :

“On the 28th, at 10 minutes past meridian, the enemy, finding that we were closing fast with him, and that he must either risk an action or suffer his two rear vessels to be cut off, tacked in succession, beginning at the van, hoisted his colours and commenced a well-directed fire at this ship, for the purpose of covering his rear, and attacking our rear as he passed to the leeward. Perceiving his intention, I was determined to disappoint him ; therefore as soon as the *Wolfe* (the leading ship) passed the centre of his line, and abeam of us, I bore up in succession (preserving our line) for the enemy's centre. This manœuvre not only covered our rear, but hove him into confusion ; he immediately bore away ; we had, however, closed so near as to bring our guns to bear with effect, and in 20 minutes the main and mizzen-top-mast and main-yard of the *Wolfe* were shot away. He immediately put before the wind, and set all sail upon his fore-mast. I made the signal for the fleet to make all sail ; the enemy, however, keeping dead before the wind, was able to outsail most of our squadron. I continued the chase until near 3 o'clock, during which time I was enabled in this ship (the *General Pike*) with the *Asp* in tow, to keep within point-blank shot of the enemy, and sustained the whole of his fire during the chase.

At 15 minutes before 3 o'clock A. M., I very reluctantly relinquished the pursuit of a beaten enemy. The reasons that led to this determination, were such as I flatter myself you will approve.

The loss sustained by this ship was considerable, owing

to her being so long exposed to the fire of the whole of the enemy's fleet; but our most serious loss was occasioned by the bursting of one of our guns, which killed and wounded 22 men, and tore up the top-gallant fore-castle, which rendered the gun upon that deck useless. We had 4 other guns cracked in the muzzle, which rendered their use extremely doubtful. Our main-top-gallant mast was shot away in the early part of the action, and the bowsprit, fore and main-mast wounded, rigging and sails much cut up, and a number of shot in our hull, several of which were between wind and water, and 27 men killed and wounded, including those by the bursting of the gun. We have repaired nearly all our damages and are ready to meet the enemy. During our chase, one, if not two, of the enemy's small vessels were completely in our power, if I could have been satisfied with so partial a victory, but I was so sure of the whole, that I passed them unnoticed, by which means they finally escaped." In this letter mention is made of the conduct of Captain Crane, Lieutenant Brown, Lieutenant Finch, Captain Woolsey and Captain Sinclair.

From Commodore Chauncey to the Secretary of the Navy.

U. S. Ship Gen. Pike, Sackett's Harbour.

Oct. 6, 1813.

Sir,—I have the pleasure to inform you, that I arrived here this morning, with 5 of the enemy's vessels, which I fell in with and captured last evening, off the Ducks. They were part of a fleet of seven sail, which left York on Sunday with 234 troops on board, bound to Kingston. Of this fleet five were captured, one burnt, and one escaped; the prisoners amounting to nearly 300, besides having upwards of 300 of our troops on board from Niagara, induced me to run into port for the purpose of landing both.

I have the additional pleasure of informing you, that amongst the captured vessels are the Hamilton and Confidence, late U. S. schooners Julia and Growler; the others are gun-vessels. I have the honour to be, &c.

ISAAC CHAUNCEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

Commencement of the Naval Campaign of 1814. Capture of the Epervier and Reindeer.



THE year 1814 was not less marked by brilliant naval victories than either of the two preceding years of the war. Among the earliest actions of this campaign was that of the Peacock and Epervier. The former vessel, commanded by Captain Warrington, while cruising off the coast of the United States, in latitude $27^{\circ} 47'$, had the good fortune to fall in with the British brig-of-war Epervier, when an engagement ensued, the result of which is thus given in the official letter of the American commander.

“ At Sea, April 29th, 1814.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that we have this morning captured, after an action of forty-two minutes, his Britannic majesty’s brig Epervier, rating and mounting eighteen thirty-two-pound carronades, with one hundred and twenty-eight men, of whom eleven were killed, and fifteen wounded, according to the best information we could obtain—among the latter is her first lieutenant, who has lost an arm, and received a severe splinter-wound in the

hip. Not a man in the Peacock was killed, and only two wounded, neither dangerously. The fate of the Epervier would have been decided in much less time, but for the circumstance of our fore-yard having been totally disabled by two round-shot in the starboard-quarter from her first broad-side, which entirely deprived us of the use of our fore-top-sails, and compelled us to keep the ship large throughout the remainder of the action.

This, with a few topmast and topgallant backstays cut away, and a few shot through our sails, is the only injury the Peacock has sustained. Not a round-shot touched our hull, and our masts and spars are as sound as ever. When the enemy struck, he had five feet water in his hold—his main-topmast was over the side—his main-boom shot away—his fore-mast cut nearly in two, and tottering—his fore-rigging and stays shot away—his bowsprit badly wounded, and forty-five shot-holes in his hull, twenty of which were within a foot of his water-line, above and below. By great exertions we got her in sailing order just as night came on.

In fifteen minutes after the enemy struck, the Peacock was ready for another action, in every respect but the fore-yard, which was sent down, fished, and we had the fore-sail set again in forty-five minutes—such was the spirit and activity of our gallant crew. The Epervier had under convoy an English hermaphrodite brig, a Russian, and a Spanish ship, which all hauled their wind and stood to the E. N. E. I had determined upon pursuing the former, but found that it would not be prudent to leave our prize in her then crippled state, and the more particularly so, as we found she had on board one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in specie, which we soon transferred to this ship. Every officer, seaman, and marine did his duty, which is the highest compliment I can pay them.

I am, &c.

L. WARRINGTON.”

Captain Warrington had the good fortune to bring his prize safe into port, and on his return received the usual

honours, which it had become customary to pay to men who conquered the enemy.

The capture of the Reindeer sloop-of-war by the Wasp followed soon after. The official account of this action, by Captain Johnston Blakely, the commander of the Wasp, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, is as follows :

“ Sir,—On Tuesday the 28th ult., being then in lat. $48^{\circ} 36'$ north, and long. $11^{\circ} 15'$ west, we fell in with, engaged, and, after an action of nineteen minutes, captured his Britannic majesty's sloop-of-war the Reindeer, William Manners, Esq., commander. Annexed are the minutes of our proceedings on that day, prior to and during the continuance of the action.

Where all did their duty, and each appeared anxious to excel, it is very difficult to discriminate. It is, however, only rendering them their merit due, when it is declared of Lieutenants Reily and Bury, first and third of this vessel, and whose names will be found among those of the conquerors of the *Guerriere* and *Java*, and of Mr. Tillinghast, second lieutenant, who was greatly instrumental in the capture of the *Boxer*, that their conduct and courage on this occasion fulfilled the highest expectation, and gratified every wish. Sailing-master Carr is also entitled to great credit for the zeal and ability with which he discharged his various duties.

The cool and patient conduct of every officer and man, while exposed to the fire of the shifting gun of the enemy, and without an opportunity of returning it, could only be equalled by the animation and ardour exhibited when actually engaged, or by the promptitude and firmness with which every attempt of the enemy to board was met, and successfully repelled. Such conduct may be seen, but cannot well be described.

The Reindeer mounted 16 twenty-four-pound carronades, two long six or nine-pounders, and a shifting twelve-pound carronade, with a complement of, on board, 118 men. Her crew were said to be the pride of Plymouth.

Our loss in men has been severe, owing in part to the proximity of the two vessels, and the extreme smoothness of the sea, but chiefly in repelling boarders. That of the enemy, however, was infinitely more so, as will be seen by the list of killed and wounded on both sides.

Six round-shot struck our hull, and many grape, which did not penetrate far. The fore-mast received a twenty-four-pound shot, which passed through its centre, and our rigging and sails were a good deal injured.

The Reindeer was literally cut to pieces in a line with her ports: her upper works, boats and spare spars were one complete wreck. A breeze springing up next afternoon, her fore-mast went by the board.

Having received all the prisoners on board, which, from the number of wounded, occupied much time, together with their baggage, the Reindeer was, on the evening of the 29th, set on fire, and in a few hours blew up.

I have the honour to be, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

HON. WM. JONES, *Secr'y of the Navy.*"

J. BLAKELY.

The subsequent action, in which Captain Blakely captured the Avon, is recorded in the following letter to the Secretary of the Navy.

"U. S. Sloop Wasp, at sea, lat. 41° N., long. 11° W.

11th Sept. 1814.

Sir,—After a protracted and tedious stay at L'Orient, I had at last the pleasure of leaving that place on Saturday, 27th of August. On the 30th, captured the British brig Lettice, Henry Cockbain master; and on the 31st of August, the British brig Bon Accord, Adam Durno master. In the morning of the 1st of September, discovered a convoy of 10 sail to leeward, in charge of the Armada 74, and a bomb-ship; stood for them and succeeded in cutting out the British brig Mary, John D. Allan master, laden with brass cannon, taken from the Spaniards, iron cannon and military stores from Gibraltar to England: removed the prisoners,

set her on fire, and endeavoured to capture another of the convoy, but was chased off by the Armada. On the evening of the same day at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6, while going free, discovered four vessels, nearly at the same time, two on the starboard, and two on the larboard bow, being the farthest to windward. At 7, the chase, a brig, commenced making signals, with flags, which could not be distinguished for want of light, and soon after made various ones, with lanterns, rockets, and guns. At 29 minutes after 9, having the chase under our lee-bow, the 13-pound carronade was directed to be fired into him, which he returned; ran under his lee-bow to prevent his escaping, and commenced the action. At 10 o'clock, believing the enemy to be silenced, orders were given to cease firing, when I hailed and asked if he had surrendered. No answer being given to this, and his firing having recommenced, it was again returned. At 12 minutes after 10, the enemy having suffered greatly, and having made no return to our last two broadsides, I hailed him the second time to know if he had surrendered, when he answered in the affirmative. The guns were then ordered to be secured, and the boat lowered to take possession. In the act of lowering the boat, a second brig was discovered a little distance astern and standing for us. Sent the crew to their quarters, prepared every thing for another action, and awaited his coming up. At 36 minutes after 10, discovered two more sails astern, standing towards us. I now felt myself compelled to forego the satisfaction of destroying the prize. Our braces having been cut away, we kept off the wind until others could be rove, and with the expectation of drawing the second brig from his companions; but in this last we were disappointed. The second brig continued to approach us until she came close to our stern, when she hauled by the wind, fired her broadside, which cut our rigging and sails considerably, and shot away a lower main cross-tree, and retraced her steps to join her consorts; when we were necessitated to abandon the prize. He appeared in every respect a total wreck. He continued for some time

firing guns of distress, until probably delivered by the two last vessels who made their appearance. The second brig could have engaged us if he thought proper, as he neared us fast: but contented himself with firing a broadside, and immediately returned to his companions.

It is with real satisfaction I have again the pleasure of bearing testimony to the merits of Lieutenants Reily, Tillinghast, Bury and Sailing-Master Carr: and to the good conduct of every officer and man on board the *Wasp*.—Their divisions and departments were attended and supplied with the utmost regularity and abundance, which, with the good order maintained, together with the vivacity and precision of their fire, reflects on them the greatest credit. Our loss is two killed, and one slightly wounded with a wad. The hull received four round-shot, and the fore-mast many grape-shot. Our rigging and sails suffered a great deal. Every damage has been repaired the day after, with the exception of our sails.

Of the vessel with whom we were engaged, nothing positive can be said with regard to her name or force. While hailing him previous to his being fired into, it was blowing fresh (then going ten knots) and the name was not distinctly understood. Of her force, the four shot which struck us are all 32 pounds in weight, being a pound and three-quarters heavier than any belonging to this vessel. From this circumstance, the number of men in her tops, her general appearance and great length, she is believed to be one of the largest brigs in the British navy.

I have the honour to be, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

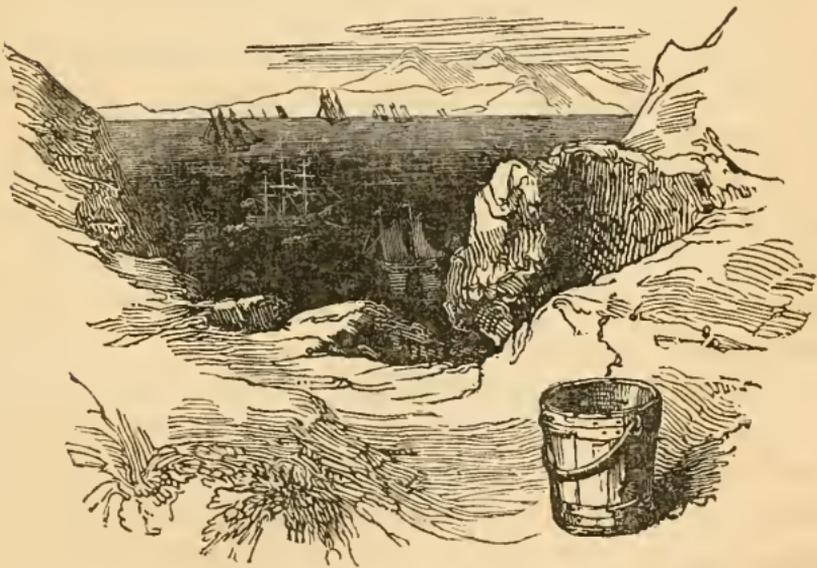
HON. WM. JONES, &c.

J. BLAKELY.

P. S. I am told the enemy, after his surrender, asked for assistance, and said he was sinking—the probability of this is confirmed by his firing single guns for some time after his capture.”

The enemy reported that they had sunk the *Wasp* by the first broadside; but she was afterwards spoken by a vessel

off the Western Isles. After this we hear of her no more; and though her fate is certain, the circumstances attending it are beyond the reach of discovery. The most general impression is, that she was lost by one of those casualties incident to the great deep, which have destroyed so many gallant vessels, in a manner no one knows how; for there are so many uncertainties connected with the unfathomable ocean, that even imagination is bewildered in tracing the fate of those who are only known to have perished, because they are never more heard of or seen. Another impression is, that the Wasp, very shortly after being spoken off the Western Isles, had a severe engagement with a British frigate, which put into Lisbon in a shattered condition; and reported having had an action, in the night, with a vessel, which was not seen next morning, although the whole night had been calm.



CHAPTER XVII.

M'Donough's Victory on Lake Champlain.

K



NOWING the importance of guarding the water communications on the northern frontier, the American government placed a small naval force on Lake Champlain, soon after the declaration of war, in

1812, for the threefold object of affording protection to our frontier in that quarter; facilitating military operations; and preventing, as far as possible, the enemy from receiving those supplies, which were continually furnished by the corrupt and treasonable agency of some of our own citizens. It became necessary, in proportion as the operations of our armies were directed to this quarter, to augment this force, as well because it could materially co-operate in offensive designs, as because it had become indispensable, perhaps, from the augmentation of the naval force of the enemy, on Lake Champlain. Although the greatest efforts of the administration, in this contest of ship-building, were exerted on Lake Ontario, still there was a considerable degree of attention bestowed on the augmentation of our naval force on Lake Champlain also. The enemy made corresponding exertions; and in the year 1814, the relative force of the two nations, on Lake Champlain, stood as follows:



GENERAL

GEORGE MACDONNELL, U.S.A.



AMERICAN.	GUNS.	BRITISH.	GUNS.
Saratoga,	26	Frigate Confiance,	39
Eagle,	20	Brig Linnet,	16
Ticonderoga,	17	Sloop Chubb,	11
Preble,	7	— Finch,	11
10 galleys, carrying	16	13 galleys, carrying	18
	<u>Total, 86</u>		<u>Total, 95</u>

Thus stood affairs, when, early in the month of September, in that year, Sir George Prevost began his march, at the head of fourteen thousand men, with the intention of dislodging General Macomb from his works at Plattsburg, and then penetrating into the heart of the state of New York. There is reason to suppose that this plan was connected with an attack on the city of New York, by the force on our maritime frontier, had it succeeded in the affair of Baltimore. Certain it is that this apprehension had drawn the militia from the country above, and left it in a state very much exposed to the incursions of the enemy. The destruction of the American naval force on Lake Champlain was supposed, by Sir George Prevost, to be essential to the success of his plan of operations; and Captain Downie, who was at the head of the British squadron, was directed to attack the American naval force, which had been for some time under the command of M'Donough, then only a lieutenant, at the same time that Sir George stormed the intrenchments at Plattsburg.

Aware of their intentions, and knowing of their approach, M'Donough decided to await the attack at anchor. At eight in the morning of the 11th of September 1814, the look-out boat announced the approach of the enemy's squadron. The hostile ships were soon in action, and we cannot do better than describe the battle in Captain M'Donough's own words.

“At nine,” says the Captain, “the enemy anchored in a line ahead, at about three hundred yards distant from my line: his ship opposed to the Saratoga; his brig to the

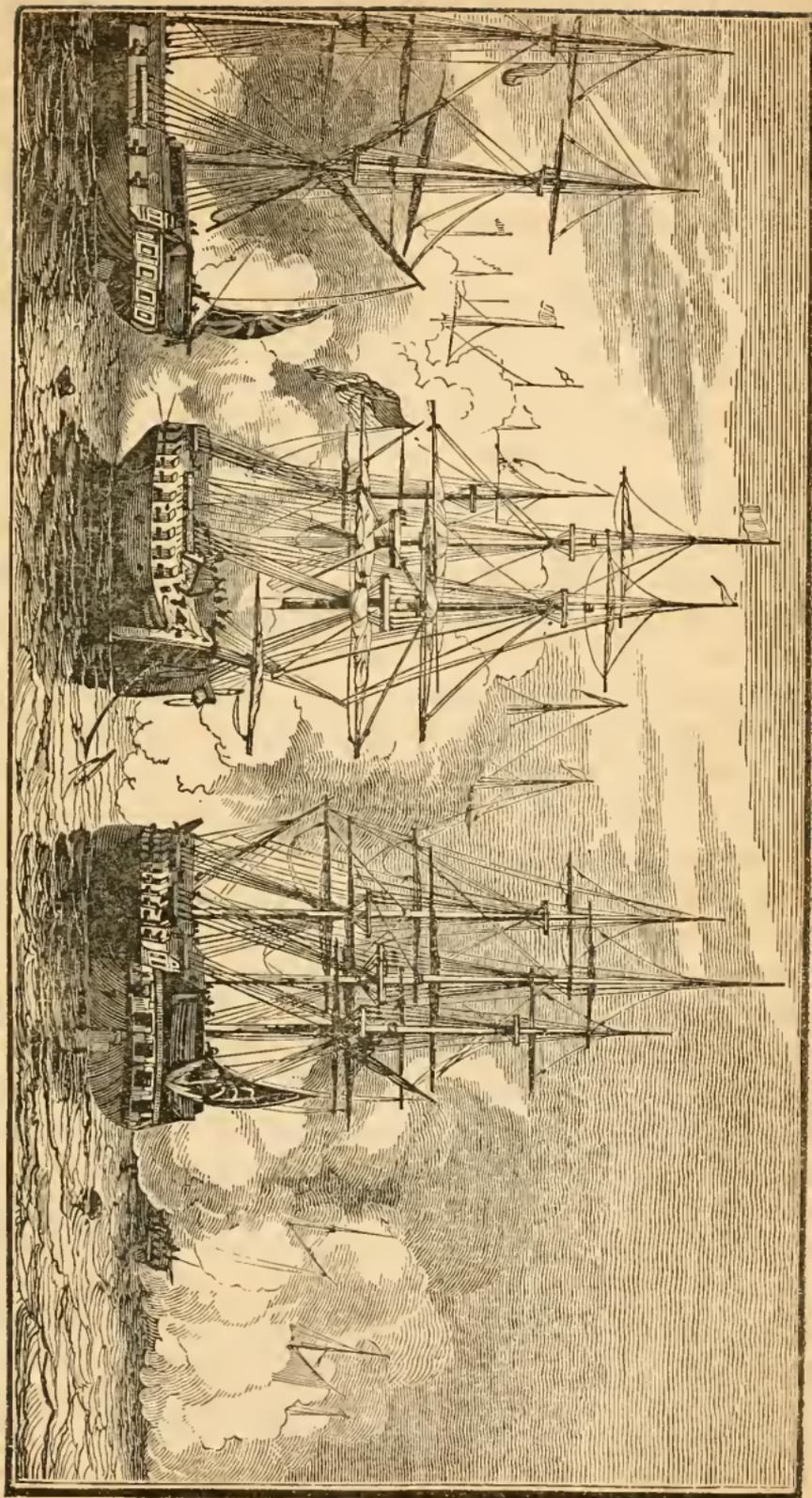
Eagle, Captain Robert Henly; his galleys, thirteen in number, to the schooner, sloop, and a division of our galleys — one of his sloops assisting their ship and brig; the other assisting their galleys. Our remaining galleys were with the Saratoga and Eagle.

“In this situation, the whole force on both sides became engaged, the Saratoga suffering much from the heavy fire of the *Confiance*. I could perceive at the same time, however, that our fire was very destructive to her. The *Ticonderoga*, lieutenant-commandant Cassin, gallantly sustained her full share of the action. At half past ten, the *Eagle*, not being able to bring her guns to bear, cut her cable, and anchored in a more eligible position, between my ship and the *Ticonderoga*, where she very much annoyed the enemy; but unfortunately leaving me exposed to a galling fire from the enemy’s brig.

“Our guns on the starboard side being nearly all dismounted, or unmanageable, a stern anchor was let go, the bower cable cut, and the ship winded with a fresh broadside on the enemy’s ship, which soon after surrendered. Our broadside was then sprung to bear on the brig, which struck about fifteen minutes afterwards. The sloop which was opposed to the *Eagle*, had struck some time before, and drifted down the line. The sloop that was with their galleys had also struck. Three of their galleys are said to be sunk; the others pulled off. Our galleys were about obeying with alacrity the signal to follow them, when all the vessels were reported to me to be in a sinking state. It then became necessary to annul the signal to the galleys, and order their men to the pumps. I could only look at the enemy’s galleys going off in a shattered condition; for there was not a mast in either squadron that could stand to make sail on. The lower rigging being nearly all shot away, hung down as though it had just been placed over the mast heads.

“The *Saratoga* had fifty-nine round shot in her hull; the *Confiance* one hundred and five. The enemy’s shot passed

BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—M'DONOUGH'S VICTORY.



principally just over our heads, as there were not twenty whole hammocks in the nettings, at the close of the action, which lasted, without intermission, two hours and twenty minutes.

“The absence and sickness of lieutenant Raymond Perry left me without the assistance of that excellent officer. Much ought fairly to be attributed to him for his great care and attention in disciplining the ship’s crew, as her first lieutenant. His place was filled by a gallant young officer, lieutenant Peter Gamble, who, I regret to inform you, was killed early in the action.”

Captain M’Donough concludes his letter by stating that the *Saratoga* was twice set on fire during the engagement by hot shot from the enemy’s ship; and expressions of gratitude for the able support he received from every officer and man in the squadron.

The loss of the Americans, in this hard-fought battle, was fifty-two killed and fifty-eight wounded: that of the British eighty-four killed and one hundred and ten wounded. Among the killed on the American side was lieutenant Peter Gamble, a gallant young officer, one of three gallant brothers who had devoted themselves to the service of their country. The other two brothers survived. He who fell on the memorable 11th of September, is inseparably connected with an event which will never be forgotten in this nation, and will, we trust, bear with it the recollection as well of the living as of the dead who were instrumental in gaining one of the most important victories of the war. The American squadron carried two thousand and twenty-three pounds weight of metal, and eight hundred and twenty men; that of the British nineteen hundred and fifty weight of metal, and one thousand and fifty men.*

It was in this action that the far-famed manœuvre of coming down head first upon the enemy was first tried against the Americans, and the result was, what we will

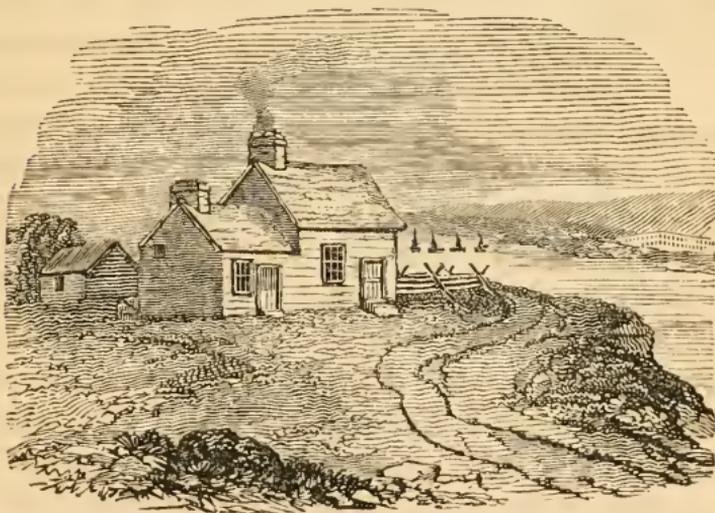
* We are indebted, for this latter information, to Mr. Niles’s Register, which contains perhaps more valuable information than any work published in this country.

venture to predict it always will be, when tried against a force any way equal in skill, numbers, and courage. The British vessels were cut to pieces before they were in a situation to bring their guns to bear against the Americans; and nothing carries a stronger conviction to our minds, of the want of proper skill and self-possession in the officers and men of those fleets that have been taken or defeated by this manœuvre, than the fatal effects which resulted from the attempt in this instance.

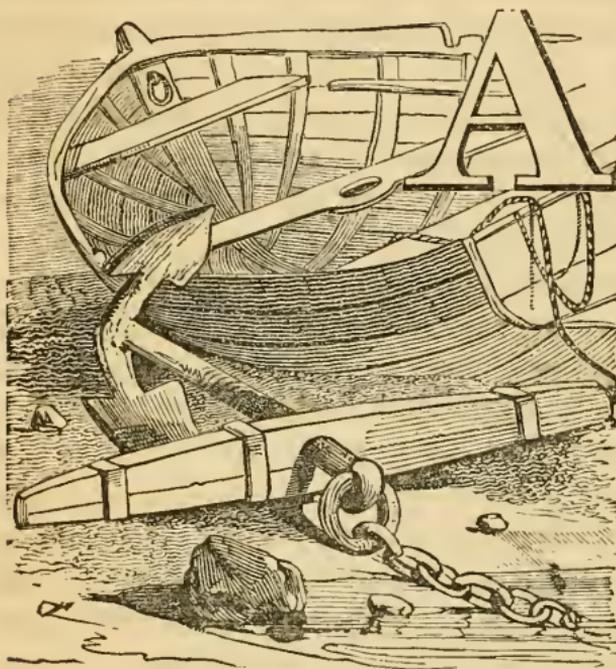
The anxiety of the public had long drawn the attention of all who were capable of reasoning upon the probable effect of Sir George Prevost's operations, or who felt an interest in the fate of this country. It was justly feared that the enemy, after succeeding against the fleet on Lake Champlain, and forcing the intrenchments of General Macomb, at Plattsburg, would penetrate into the heart of the State of New York, and perhaps establish a communication, by means of the Hudson, with the Atlantic fleet and forces, should these succeed against the city of New York. But the news of this victory, and the consequent precipitate retreat of Sir George, turned their gloomy anticipations into triumphant rejoicings. The frontier was saved from desolation; and many a prayer was breathed for M'Donough and his gallant associates, who thus saved the hopes of the peaceable farmer, and freed his innocent folds from probable plunder and devastation. Independently of the real magnitude of the effects produced by this victory, it derived a peculiar and picturesque character from the circumstances under which it was gained. It was fought in sight of two hostile armies, whose hopes of ultimate success depended upon its issue; and in the view of thousands of people, who watched in breathless anxiety the result of a struggle that was to decide whether they were to be driven from their homes in beggary, or remain in the peaceable enjoyment of their firesides. The shores of the lake adjacent, the projecting points of land, and the neighbouring hills, were animated with spectators, and the victory was greeted by the

shoutings of multitudes. It corresponded well to that of the gallant and amiable Perry; and equally young, gallant, and fortunate, the names of Perry and M'Donough will, we trust, be associated together to the latest times, as brothers in deserving, and brothers in success.

Amid the usual demonstrations on such occasions, the state of New York, which had been most peculiarly benefited by M'Donough's victory, gave more solid testimonials of her gratitude. He received a grant of land from the legislature of one thousand acres; a property which is, in itself, an independency, and must be doubly dear to him and his posterity, because it lies on the bay where he achieved the action which merited this reward. The corporation of Albany, as well as that of the city of New York also, made him each a grant of a valuable lot, so that, to use his own expressions, in one month, from a poor lieutenant, he became a rich man, by the liberality of his countrymen.



CHAPTER XVIII.

Defeat of the Endymion. Capture of the President Frigate.

AT the commencement of the year 1815, Commodore Decatur, who, while the *Macedonian* and *United States* were blockaded in the harbour of New London, in 1814, had been transferred, with his crew, to the command of the *President*, was waiting in New York for an opportunity to put to sea.

The squadron under his command consisted of the *President*, the *Peacock*, the *Hornet*, and the store-ship *Tom Bowline*; and it was intended to cruise in the East Indies.

The *President* sailed, in advance of the rest of the squadron, on the 14th of January 1815. The remainder of the squadron did not sail till the 23d of January. The events of Captain Biddle's cruise in the *Hornet* will be given in the next Chapter. The unfortunate result of Commodore Decatur's attempt to elude the enemy, and get to sea, is given in the following official letter.

His Britannic Majesty's Ship *Endymion*, at sea.

January 18, 1815.

Sir, — The painful duty of detailing to you the particular causes which preceded and led to the capture of the late

United States' frigate *President*, by a squadron of his Britannic majesty's ships (as per margin), has devolved upon me. In my communication of the 14th, I made known to you my intention of proceeding to sea on that evening. Owing to some mistake of the pilots, the ship, in going out, grounded on the bar, where she continued to strike heavily for an hour and a half; although she had broken several of her rudder braces, and had received such other material injury as to render her return into port desirable, I was unable to do so from the strong westerly wind which was then blowing. It being now high water, it became necessary to force her over the bar before the tide fell. In this we succeeded by 10 o'clock, when we shaped our course along the shore of Long Island for fifty miles, and then steered S. E. by E. At 5 o'clock three ships were discovered a-head: we immediately hauled up the ship, and passed two miles to the northward of them. At daylight we discovered four ships in chase, one on each quarter, and two astern — the leading ship of the enemy a razeed. She commenced a fire upon us; but without effect. At meridian, the wind became light and baffling: we had increased our distance from the razeed, but the next ship astern, which was also a large ship, had gained, and continued to gain upon us considerably. We immediately occupied all hands to lighten ship, by starting water, cutting away the anchors, throwing overboard provisions, cables, spare spars, boats, and every article that could be got at, keeping the sails wet from the royals down. At 3 o'clock we had the wind quite light: the enemy, who had now been joined by a brig, had a strong breeze, and were coming up with us rapidly. The *Endymion* (mounting 50 guns, twenty-four-pounders on the main-deck) had now approached us within gun-shot, and had commenced a fire with her bow guns, which we returned from our stern. At 5 o'clock she had obtained a position on our starboard quarter, within half point blank shot, on which neither our stern nor quarter guns would bear. We were now steering E. by N., the wind N. W. I remained

with her in this position for half an hour, in the hope that she would close with us on our broadside, in which case I had prepared my crew to board; but, from his continuing to yaw his ship to maintain his position, it became evident that to close was not his intention. Every fire now cut one of our sails or rigging.

To have continued our course, under these circumstances, would have been placing it in his power to cripple us, without being subject to injury himself, and to have hauled up more to the northward, to bring our stern guns to bear, would have exposed us to his raking fire. It was now dusk, when I determined to alter my course south, for the purpose of bringing the enemy a-beam; and, although their ships a-stern were drawing up fast, I felt satisfied I should be enabled to throw him out of the combat before they could come up, and was not without hopes, if the night proved dark (of which there was every appearance), that I might still be enabled to effect my escape. Our opponent kept off at the same instant we did, and our fire commenced at the same time. We continued engaged, steering south, with steering-sails set, two hours and a half, when we completely succeeded in dismantling her. Previously to her dropping entirely out of the action, there were intervals of minutes when the ships were broadside and broadside, in which she did not fire a gun. At this period (half past eight o'clock), although dark, the other ships of the squadron were in sight, and almost within gun-shot. We were, of course, compelled to abandon her. In resuming our former course, for the purpose of avoiding the squadron, we were compelled to present our stern to our antagonist; but such was his state, though we were thus exposed, and within range of his guns for half an hour, that he did not avail himself of this favourable opportunity of raking us. We continued this course until one o'clock, when two fresh ships of the enemy (the Pomona and Tenedos) had come up. The Pomona had opened her fire on the larboard bow, within musket-shot; the other about two cables' length a-stern, taking

a raking position on our quarter; and the rest (with the exception of the *Endymion*) within gun-shot. Thus situated, with about one-fifth of my crew killed and wounded, my ship crippled, and a more than four-fold force opposed to me, without a chance of escape left, I deemed it my duty to surrender.

It is with emotions of pride I bear testimony to the gallantry and steadiness of every officer and man I had the honour to command on this occasion; and I feel satisfied that the fact of their having beaten a force equal to themselves, in the presence, and almost under the guns of so vastly a superior force, when, too, it was almost self-evident, that, whatever their exertions might be, they must ultimately be captured, will be taken as evidences of what they would have performed, had the force opposed to them been in any degree equal.

It is with extreme pain I have to inform you, that lieutenants Babbit, Hamilton, and Howell, fell in the action. They have left no officers of superior merit behind them.

If, sir, the issue of this affair had been fortunate, I should have felt it my duty to have recommended to your attention lieutenants Shubrick and Gallagher. They maintained throughout the day the reputation they had acquired in former actions.

Lieutenant Twiggs, of the marines, displayed great zeal; his men were well supplied, and their fire incomparable, so long as the enemy continued within musket-range.

Midshipman Randolph, who had charge of the fore-castle division, managed it to my entire satisfaction.

From Mr. Robinson, who was serving as a volunteer, I received essential aid, particularly after I was deprived of the services of the master, and the severe loss I had sustained in my officers on the quarter-deck.

Of our loss in killed and wounded, I am unable at present to give you a correct statement; the attention of the surgeon being so entirely occupied with the wounded, that he was unable to make out a correct return when I left the *Presi-*

dent, nor shall I be able to make it until our arrival in port, we having parted company with the squadron yesterday. The enclosed list, with the exception, I fear, of its being short of the number, will be found correct.

For twenty-four hours after the action it was nearly calm, and the squadron were occupied in repairing the crippled ships. Such of the crew of the President as were not badly wounded, were put on board the different ships: myself and a part of my crew were put on board this ship. On the 17th we had a gale from the eastward, in which this ship lost her bowsprit, fore and mainmasts, and mizzen-topmast, all of which were badly wounded, and was, in consequence of her disabled condition, obliged to throw overboard all her upper-deck guns. Her loss in killed and wounded must have been very great. I have not been able to ascertain the extent. Ten were buried after I came on board (36 hours after the action). The badly wounded, such as are obliged to keep their cots, occupy the starboard side of the gun-deck, from the cabin bulkhead to the mainmast. From the crippled state of the President's spars, I feel satisfied she could not have saved her masts; and I feel serious apprehensions for the safety of our wounded left on board.

It is due to Captain Hope to state, that every attention has been paid by him to myself and officers that have been placed on board his ship, that delicacy and humanity could dictate.

I have the honour to be, with much respect, sir,

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN DECATUR.

HON. BENJ. W. CROWNINSHIELD,

Secretary of the Navy.

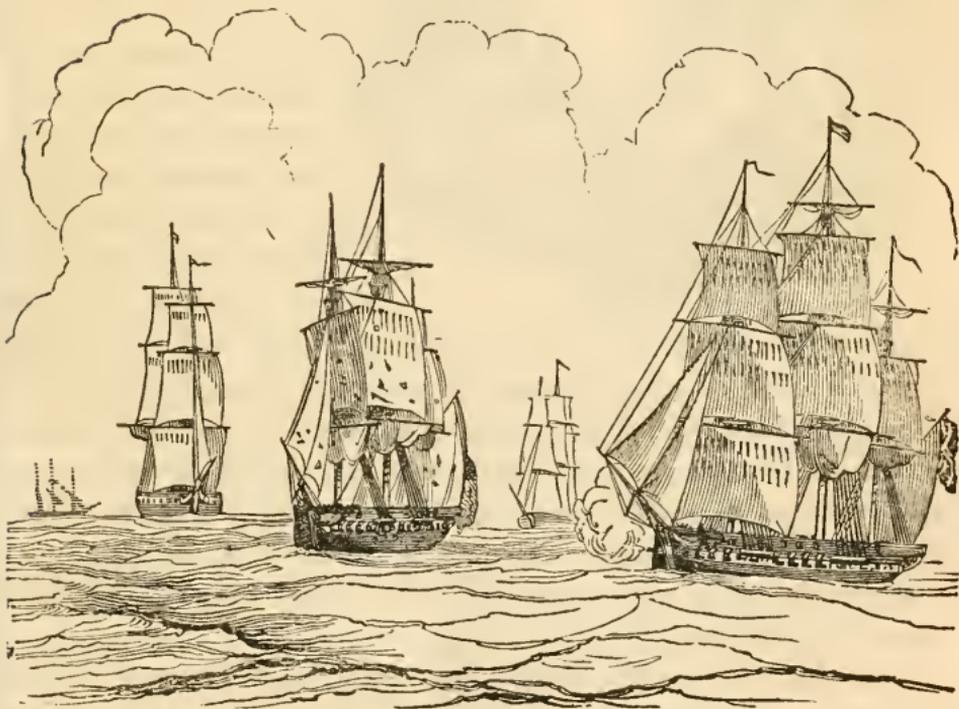
British Squadron referred to in the Letter.

Majestic razee; Endymion, Pomona and Tenedos frigates; and the Despatch brig.

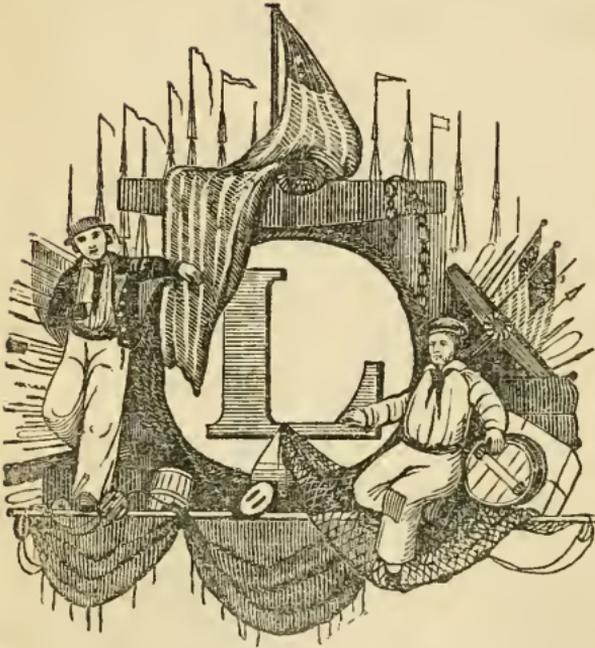
List of killed and wounded on board the U. S. Frigate President.

Killed, 24. Wounded, 55.

The conduct of Commodore Decatur, and his gallant crew, in this affair, presents a new feature of heroism in the character of our countrymen. Fully aware of the presence of an overwhelming force, to which they would, in all probability, be ultimately compelled to yield, these steady and courageous men fought out the action with the *Endymion*, and fairly conquered her. The maxims of naval discipline were never more strictly complied with, or more splendidly illustrated.



CHAPTER XIX.

Capture of the Penguin.

LIEUTENANT James Biddle was second in command under Captain Jones of the *Wasp*, when that vessel captured the *Frolic*. He was placed in command of the prize and directed to rig jury-masts, in the room of her main and fore-masts, that had gone over very soon after the action, and to

make the best of his way to a southern port of the United States. Before they separated, however, they had the misfortune to fall in with the *Poictiers* of seventy-four guns, and as the situation of both vessels precluded every hope of escape or resistance, both were surrendered as before related. The captain and officers were carried to Bermuda, released on their parole after a short detention, and returned in safety to the United States.

On his being exchanged, Lieutenant Biddle was promoted to the rank of master-commandant in the navy, and assumed the command of all the gun-boats that were stationed in the Delaware. He afterwards succeeded Captain Lawrence in the command of the *Hornet*, which vessel was at first intended to join the *Chesapeake* in a cruise against the British trade to the Canadas. On the capture of that ever

unlucky vessel, whose destiny outweighed even the valour and the fortunes of a Lawrence, Captain Biddle, pursuant to subsequent orders, joined the squadron under Commodore Decatur, which was blockaded in the harbour of New London, by a superior force of the enemy, until the conclusion of the war. Captain Biddle, like his gallant commander, and every soul under him, lamented the inactive life that was the consequence of this detention in port, and the former applied for permission to attempt an escape with the *Hornet* alone. This did not, however, accord with the views of the government, and his request was not granted.

The squadron to which Captain Biddle belonged, remained in the harbour of New London, in the hope of getting out to sea during the season of heavy gales; but when this had passed away, without affording any opportunity, the two frigates were moored as high up the river as possible, and dismantled; Commodore Decatur and his crew being transferred to the frigate *President*. When this arrangement had taken place, and the season favourable for the enemy to make an attack on those vessels, if they had such an intention, had passed away, Captain Biddle again applied for, and obtained permission to attempt his escape in the *Hornet*. He succeeded in evading the British squadron, and joined a force at New York, intended to cruise under Commodore Decatur, in the East Indies. That officer went to sea in the *President*, on the 14th of January, 1815, having the sloops of war *Peacock*, Captain Warrington, and *Hornet*, to convoy the store-ship, which was not in readiness to accompany them at that time. They did not get out until the 23d of January, and separated a few days after, in consequence of the *Hornet* chasing a vessel, which, on being overhauled, proved a Portuguese. From this they proceeded singly for their first rendezvous, which was the Island of *Tristan d'Acunha*.

On the morning of the 23d of March, at the moment the *Hornet* was preparing to anchor off that island, a sail hove in sight, steering to the northward, with a fine breeze, and

disappeared in a few minutes behind a projecting point of land. The *Hornet* immediately made sail, and on clearing the point, discovered the same vessel, bearing down before the wind, when Captain Biddle shortened sail, and hove-to for her to come up with him. When the stranger got near, he began also to shorten sail, and took in his steering-sails very clumsily for the purpose of practising a deception, as it afterwards appeared. He also came down stern on, in order, as the officers afterwards acknowledged, that the *Hornet* should not see her broadside and attempt to escape. The engagement cannot be better described than in the words of Captain Biddle's official letter.

“At 1h. 40m. P. M.,” says he, “being nearly within musket-shot distance, she hauled her wind on the starboard tack, hoisted English colours, and fired a gun. We immediately luffed to, hoisted our ensign, and gave the enemy a broadside. The action being thus commenced, a quick and well-directed fire was kept up from this ship, the enemy gradually shifting nearer to us, when at 1h. 55m. he bore up apparently to run us on board. As soon as I perceived that he would certainly fall on board, I called the boarders, so as to be ready to repel any attempt to board us. At the instant every officer and man repaired to the quarter-deck, where the two vessels were coming in contact, and eagerly pressed me to permit them to board the enemy. But this I would not permit, as it was evident from the commencement of the action that our fire was greatly superior, both in quickness and effect. The enemy's bowsprit came in between our main and mizzen rigging, on the starboard side, which afforded him an opportunity of boarding us, if such had been his design, but no attempt was made. There was a considerable swell on, and as the sea lifted us ahead, the enemy's bowsprit carried away our mizzen shrouds, stern davits, and spanker boom; and he hung upon our larboard quarter. At this moment an officer who was afterwards recognized to be Mr. M'Donald, the first lieutenant, and the then commanding officer, called out that they had surren-

dered. I directed the marines and musketry-men to cease firing, and while on the taffrail asking if they had surrendered, I received a wound in the neck. The enemy just then got clear of us, and his foremast and bowsprit being both gone, and perceiving us waring to give him a fresh broadside, he again called out that he had surrendered. It was with difficulty I could restrain my crew from firing into him again, as he had certainly fired into us after having surrendered. From the firing of the first gun to the last time the enemy cried out he had surrendered, it was exactly twenty-two minutes by the watch. She proved to be his Britannic majesty's brig Penguin, mounting sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, two long twelves, and a twelve-pound carronade on the top-gallant forecastle, with swivels on the capstan and on the tops. She had a spare port forward so as to fight both her long guns of a side. She sailed from England in September last. She was shorter on deck than this ship by two feet, but had greater length of keel, greater breadth of beam, thicker sides and higher bulwarks than this ship, and was in all respects a remarkably fine vessel of her class. The enemy acknowledge a complement of 132, twelve of them supernumerary marines from the Medway 74, received on board in consequence of her being ordered to cruise for the American privateer Young Wasp. They acknowledged also a loss of 14 killed and 28 wounded; but Mr. Mayo, who was in charge of the prize, assures me that the number of killed was certainly greater." The Hornet had one killed and 11 wounded. Among the killed of the Penguin was Captain Dickinson, her commander, who is represented to have been a deserving and favourite officer. Not a single round-shot struck the hull of the Hornet, but her sides were filled with grape, and her sails and rigging much cut. The Penguin was so severely cut up, had lost so many of her spars, and those remaining were so crippled, that it was determined not to attempt sending her in, and she was accordingly scuttled.

Among the many honourable characteristics, in the cha-

racter of our sailors, is their attachment to their officers. Being volunteers in the fullest extent of the term, there is no occasion to exercise that jealous watchfulness, which is so necessary on board a British man-of-war, where a large portion of the crew, in most instances, is composed of men impressed into the service. There is consequently a mutual confidence between our sailors and officers, which is the foundation of a reciprocal good-will and affection. Our commanders know they can always trust to the fidelity of their men, who during the war with England, were permitted, when in port, to go on shore at all times. The crew of the frigate *United States*, were all on shore at New York, at one time, at the theatre, from whence they dispersed all over the town, yet not one attempted to desert. Several other instances of the kind occurred, in the course of the war, and the result was invariably the same.

This fidelity and attachment was evinced in the case of Captain Biddle, who, in the early part of the action with the *Penguin*, was several times scratched in the face with splinters, which disfigured him considerably. When afterwards he was struck with a musket-ball, in the neck, and the blood flowed profusely, the anxiety of the crew became very great. Two of the men took him in their arms, to carry him below, but finding he would not permit it, one of these honest-hearted affectionate fellows, stripped off his shirt and tied it round his commander's neck to stop the bleeding. It is a circumstance honourable to this gallant young officer, that his own wound was the last dressed on board the *Hornet*.

It is a fact, as it now stands, no way honourable to the character of the British sailor, that Captain Biddle received his wound after the *Penguin* had surrendered. While standing on the taffrail, after having directed the firing to cease on board the *Hornet*, in consequence of the surrender, one of his officers cried out, that a man was taking aim at him; Captain Biddle, however did not hear him, but a couple of marines seeing the fellow taking aim, fired and

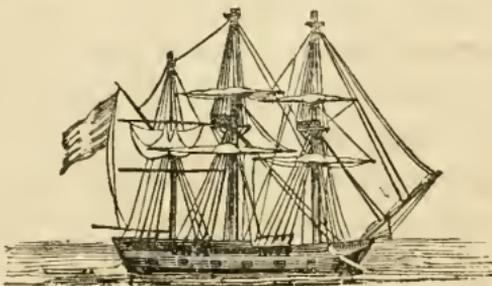
shot him dead, not however until he had discharged his piece, standing at not more than twelve yards distant. The ball struck Captain Biddle's chin, passed along the neck, and disengaged itself at the back, through his cravat, waist-coat, and the collar of his coat.

In a conversation with Mr. M'Donald, the oldest surviving officer of the Penguin, he informed Captain Biddle, that Captain Dickinson said to him, but a moment before his life was terminated by a grape-shot, "M'Donald, this fellow hits us every time; we can't stand his fire; we must run him on board." When the command devolved on Mr. M'Donald he gave orders to board, but his men declined an experiment which would assuredly have been fatal, as every officer and man of the Hornet was prepared for their reception, and the crew were eagerly anxious for permission to board the Penguin.

A few days after this action, Captain Biddle was joined by Captain Warrington, in the Peacock, accompanied by the ship Tom Bowline, and as the Hornet required but few repairs, she was soon ready again for service. Having waited the appointed time at Tristan d'Acunha, without being joined by the President, they converted the Tom Bowline into a cartel, despatched her to St. Salvador with the prisoners, and, on the 12th of April, set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. On the 27th they saw a strange sail, to which they gave chase, but did not approach near enough to ascertain what she was until the afternoon of the next day, when the Peacock, being the headmost vessel, made signal that she was a ship of the line, and an enemy. On this the Hornet hauled upon a wind, and the enemy commenced a chase, which lasted nearly thirty-six hours, during which time he fired several times into the Hornet, at not more than a distance of three-quarters of a mile. On this occasion Captain Biddle displayed a degree of skill, perseverance and fortitude, highly honourable to the character of our navy. Though still weak from his wounds, he continued to encourage his men by example and exhortation, preserved the

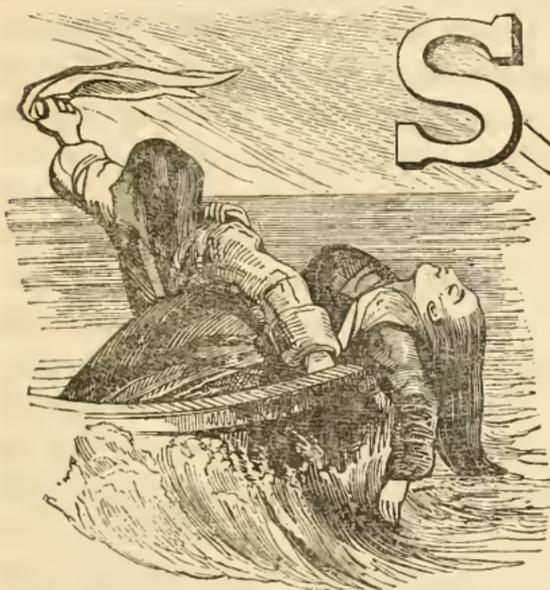
utmost coolness, exerted the most admirable skill, and finally, notwithstanding he was several times exposed to the enemy's fire, at the distance of less than three-quarters of a mile, preserved his gallant little vessel and her crew to their country. There are few situations in which the sterling qualities of an officer are more severely tested than the one just described, nor is it is easy to offer any higher praise than to say, that in this long and arduous struggle Captain Biddle fulfilled the wishes of his friends, and the hopes of his country.

The loss of her guns and various other articles of equipment, thrown overboard during this chase, rendered it necessary for the *Hornet* to return to some port; and as it would have been extremely hazardous to attempt getting home under such circumstances, Captain Biddle determined to make for St. Salvador. His intention was to refit at that place, and continue his cruise; but on his arrival there he learned the ratification of peace between the United States and Great Britain, and proceeded in consequence to New York, where he arrived the 30th of July. During his absence he had been promoted to the rank of post-captain; and on his return the citizens of New York gave him a public dinner, while those of Philadelphia, with their characteristic liberality, raised a subscription for a service of plate to be presented to him, in consideration of his public services and private worth. A court of inquiry was held, at his desire, to investigate the cause of the return of the *Hornet*, as well as the circumstances which led to the loss of her armament, &c., and Captain Biddle was acquitted, with merited compliments to his skill, and persevering gallantry.



CHAPTER XX.

*Services of Captain Stewart, in the Frigate Constitution —
Capture of the Cyane and Levant.*



SHORTLY after the repulse of the British at Norfolk, Captain Stewart was ordered to assume the command of the frigate Constitution, then undergoing repairs at Boston. In December following he proceeded on a cruise. After exhibiting that ship on the coasts of Georgia and South Carolina,

about the Bermuda Islands, off the coasts of Surinam, Berbice and Demerara, to windward of the Island of Barbadoes, St. Vincent, Martinico, off St. Christopher's, St. Eustatia, Porto Rico and Santa Cruz, and destroying the *Pieton*, of sixteen guns, a merchant-ship of ten guns, the brig *Catherine*, and schooner *Phoenix*, he chased several British ships of war, and the frigate *La Pique*, in the *Mona* passage, without being able to overtake any of them, in consequence of the worn-out state of the sails of the Constitution. Captain Stewart determined to return to Boston, and replace them; for the old sails had served throughout the periods of Captain Hull's and Captain Bainbridge's former cruises. In April, the Constitution arrived at Marblehead, in Massachusetts bay, having with great difficulty escaped from the British frigates, the *Junon*, and *La Nymphe*, of fifty guns each.

In December, the Constitution proceeded on another cruise, under the command of Captain Stewart, having been refitted with great care, and furnished with new sails. On the 24th, he captured and destroyed, to the eastward of the Bermudas, the brig Lord Nelson; off Lisbon, he captured the ship Susan, with a valuable cargo, and sent her to New York; and on the 20th of February 1815, after a sharp conflict of forty minutes, he captured the British ships of war, the Cyane of 34 guns, and the Levant of 21 guns, having three men killed, and thirteen wounded, the British ships having, in all, thirty-five killed, and forty-two wounded.

The following is the official report of that action.

United States Frigate Constitution, at sea.

February 23, 1815.

Sir, — On the 20th of February last, the Island of Madeira bearing W. S. W., distant about sixty leagues, we fell in with his Britannic majesty's *two* ships of war, the Cyane and Levant, and brought them to action about six o'clock in the *evening*, both of which, after a spirited engagement of forty minutes, surrendered to the ship under my command.

Considering the advantages derived by the enemy from having a divided and more active force, as also the *superiority* in the weight and number of their guns, I deem the speedy and decisive result of this action, the strongest assurance which can be given to the government, that all under my command did their duty, and gallantly supported the reputation of American seamen.

Enclosed you will receive the minutes of the action, and a list of the killed and wounded on board this ship — also, enclosed, you will receive for your information, a statement of the actual force of the enemy, and the number killed and wounded on board their ships, as near as could be ascertained.

I have the honour to be, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES STEWART.

To Hon. Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

Captain Stewart proceeded with these prizes to the Island of St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, with a view to divest his ship of the numerous prisoners, consisting of the officers, seamen, and marines of both ships of the enemy, amounting to nearly four hundred. While making arrangements for despatching them at Port Praya, for Barbadoes, the British squadron, consisting of the ships of war the *Acasta*, of 50 guns, the *New-Castle*, of 64 guns, and the *Leander*, of 64 guns, under the command of Sir George Collier, got quite near, under cover of a thick fog. Captain Stewart had nothing left but flight. The *Constitution* and her prizes cut their cables and crowded sail to escape. The *Constitution* and the *Cyane* were saved. The *Levant* was recaptured by the squadron, and sent to Barbadoes.

After this escape, he proceeded with the *Constitution* to Maranham, in the Brazils, and landed the prisoners, refreshed his crews, refitted his vessel, and returned to Boston, where he and his officers were received with the usual courtesies by their fellow-citizens. On his way through New York, the Common Council honoured Captain Stewart with the *freedom of their city*, in a gold box, and extended towards him and his officers the courteous hospitalities of that great city, by a public dinner.

On his arrival in Philadelphia, the legislature of his native state (Pennsylvania) voted him their thanks, and directed his Excellency the Governor to cause a gold-hilted sword to be presented to Captain Stewart, in testimony of their sense of his distinguished merits in capturing the British ships of war, of superior force, the *Cyane* and the *Levant*.

On the meeting of Congress, the assembled representatives of the nation passed a vote of thanks to Captain Stewart, his officers, and crew; and resolved that a suitable gold medal, commemorative of that brilliant event, the capture of the two British ships of war, the *Cyane* and *Levant*, by the *Constitution*, should be presented to Captain Stewart, in testimony of the sense they entertained of his gal-

lantry, and that of the officers, seamen, and marines, under his command on that occasion.

On looking back to the conduct of the navy during the war with Great Britain, the mind is dazzled at the surpassing brilliancy of its career. Whatever doubts had existed of the capacity of the United States to maintain a navy in the presence of other maritime nations of the world, and especially of Great Britain, were dispelled forever.

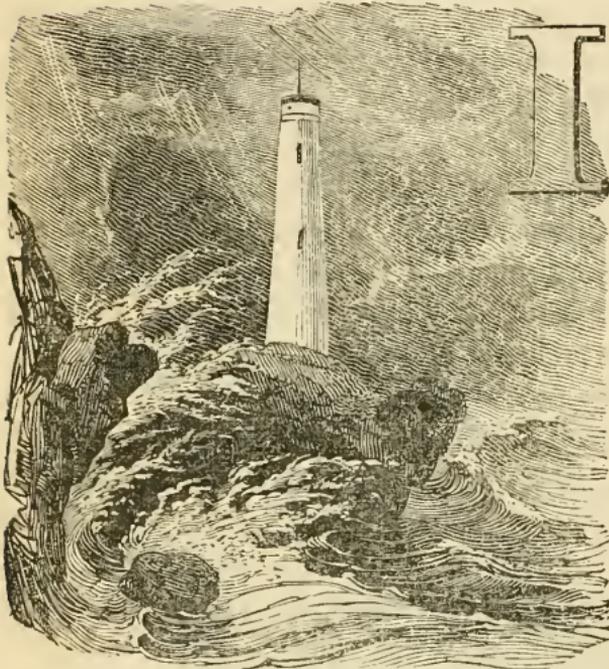
In our former wars, we had seldom to contend with the ships of nations not distinguished for their naval achievements, but now we were brought to cope with that power, which having triumphed over the fleets of France, of Spain, and of Holland, claimed to be "the mistress of the seas." All that skill or experience could achieve in the construction or management of vessels of war, Great Britain had attained—while the lofty spirit of her officers, excited by a brilliant chain of victories, had by a rich harvest of honours and rewards, been carried to the highest pitch. These gave advantages so decided, that, with the exception perhaps of our own naval officers, the expectation was almost universal, both at home and abroad, that on equal terms we would probably be defeated. The action between the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere*, opened the eyes of the world to the truth, that America could cope with Great Britain, even "on her own element," and from that hour the charm of British invincibility on the ocean was finally dissolved. Fortunately, the decision of the great question was not left to depend on a single action, over the result of which doubts might have been thrown, by attributing it to some of those accidental causes which the British naval writers have showed themselves so ingenious in urging as excuses for their defeats. The actions between the United States and the *Macedonian*, the *Constitution* and the *Java*, the *Wasp* and *Frolic*, and especially the victories of Perry and M'Donough, on Erie and Champlain, which, following in rapid succession, has, we are persuaded, fully settled the question not only in America, but on the continent of Europe. We

believe that among all candid men, even in Great Britain, it is now conceded that the American navy, in the materials, form and construction of her ships, the skill and gallantry of her officers, the sterling qualities of her seamen, and, above all, in the perfection of her gunnery, is in no respect inferior, and in some superior to their own. The fact that the British government has been engaged ever since the peace, in re-organizing her naval establishment, nearly on the model of our own, seems to us to be an official recognition of all that we have ever claimed on this subject.

The peace of 1815, found in the heart and the mind of the country, but one intense and absorbing feeling in favour of the navy. It had fought itself into the affections of the people. All doubt was at an end—all distrust for ever banished—and, thenceforward, the struggle of all parties seems to have been, who could do most for this establishment, now the cherished favourite of the government and the people of the United States.



CHAPTER XXI.

War with Algiers, 1815.

IN the year 1795, a treaty was concluded between the U. S. of America, and the Dey of Algiers, in which the former were put upon a footing with other nations, on condition of paying to the Dey, a yearly tribute of twelve thousand Algerine sequins, to be invested in naval stores. This treaty subsisted, without any infringement on the part of the Algerines, until some time in the month of July 1812, when the Dey, stimulated, probably, by the near prospect of a war between the United States and England, which he was encouraged in the belief would annihilate the naval force of the former, and disable them from taking satisfaction, took an opportunity to violate its most important articles. He was probably further stimulated to this measure, by having little employment at that time for his cruisers, in consequence of just concluding a peace with Portugal, while at the same time he was prevented from committing depredations upon his old enemies, the Sicilians, of whom the English had declared themselves the protectors.

The pretence of his highness for this breach of his engagements, was that the cargo of the ship Alleghany, then just arrived, with naval stores, for the payment of the tribute stipulated in the treaty of 1795, did not contain such an assortment of articles as he had a right to expect. In consequence of this disappointment, the Dey, who was subject to violent paroxysms of passion, became exceedingly outrageous, and told his minister of marine that the cargo should not be received; that the ship should immediately quit Algiers, and that Colonel Lear, the American consul, should go with her, as he could not have a consul in his regency, who did not cause every article to be bought, as he ordered. Every attempt to explain, on the part of the consul, was without effect on the Dey, who either was, or affected to be extremely angry. A few days afterwards he made a demand of certain arrearages of tribute, to the amount of twenty-seven thousand dollars, the claim to which was founded on the difference between the solar and lunar years, the one consisting of three hundred and sixty-five, the other of three hundred and fifty-four days, creating a difference of half a year, in the lapse of seventeen years, which had expired since the conclusion of the treaty. This was the first time the distinction between the Christian and Mahometan year had ever been brought forward by his highness, and it is certain that it was insisted upon, in this instance, merely as furnishing a pretext for exacting money from the government of the United States, or, in case of a refusal, as furnishing an additional ground for a declaration of hostilities. The reasonings, remonstrances, and explanations of the consul were without effect, and he was at last given to understand, that if the money was not paid immediately, he would be sent to the *marine* in chains—the Alleghany and her cargo confiscated; every citizen of the United States in Algiers condemned to perpetual slavery, and war forthwith declared.

After various ineffectual attempts to negotiate a mitigation of these demands, Colonel Lear finally received this

definitive answer to his repeated applications, by his highness's drogerman — "That he should to-morrow morning pay into the treasury twenty-seven thousand Spanish dollars, which he (the Dey) claimed as the balance of annuities due from the United States, and then depart from the regency of Algiers, with his family, and all the citizens of the United States." On failure of payment, the consequences, which had at first been threatened, would most assuredly be inflicted. This message having been considered as conclusive, the consul, desirous of averting these calamities from himself, his family, as well as a number of his countrymen then in Algiers, made every effort to raise the money demanded. A merchant of Algiers, at length advanced it, on receiving bills on Joseph Gavino, American consul at Gibraltar, and it was paid into the treasury before the time specified in the Dey's message. Having committed the care of his property, which he was not permitted to attend to himself, to the agent-general of his Swedish majesty at Algiers, Colonel Lear embarked on board the Alleghany, with his family and about twenty others, for the United States. The Dey, immediately on his departure, commenced hostilities upon our commerce, and these outrages remained unrevenged by the government of the United States, which could not send a force to the Mediterranean, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, declared in June following these transactions.

Immediately, however, on the ratification of peace with Great Britain, the attention of Congress was called to a consideration of the conduct of Algiers, and the foregoing facts being sufficiently substantiated, war was declared to exist between the United States of America, and the regency of Algiers. Preparations were immediately made to follow up this declaration, and a squadron was fitted out under the command of Commodore Decatur, consisting of the *Guerriere*, *Constellation*, and *Macedonian* frigates, the *Ontario* and *Epervier* sloops of war, and the schooners *Spark*, *Spitfire*, *Torch*, and *Flambeau*. Another squadron,

under Commodore Bainbridge, was to follow this armament, on the arrival of which, it was understood, Commodore Decatur would return to the United States in a single vessel, leaving the command of the whole combined force to Commodore Bainbridge.

The force under Commodore Decatur rendezvoused at New York, from which port they sailed the 20th day of April 1815, and arrived in the bay of Gibraltar in twenty-five days, after having previously communicated with Cadiz and Tangier. In the passage, the *Spitfire*, *Torch*, *Firefly*, and *Ontario*, separated at different times from the squadron, in gales, but all joined again at Gibraltar, with the exception of the *Firefly*, which sprung her masts, and put back to New York to refit. Having learned at Gibraltar that the Algerine squadron, which had been out in the Atlantic, had undoubtedly passed up the straits, and that information of the arrival of the American force had been sent to Algiers by persons in Gibraltar, Commodore Decatur determined to proceed without delay, up the Mediterranean, in the hope of intercepting the enemy before he could return to Algiers, or gain a neutral port.

The 17th of June, off Cape de Gatt, he fell in with and captured the Algerine frigate *Mazouda*, in a running fight of twenty-five minutes. After two broadsides, the Algerines ran below. The *Guerriere* had four men wounded by musketry — the Algerines about thirty killed, according to the statement of the prisoners, who amounted to four hundred and six. In this affair the famous Algerine admiral, or Rais, Hammida, who had long been the terror of this sea, was cut in two by a cannot-shot.

On the 19th of June, off Cape Palos, the squadron fell in with and captured an Algerine brig of twenty-two guns. The brig was chased close to the shore, where she was followed by the *Epervier*, *Spark*, *Torch*, and *Spitfire*, to whom she surrendered, after losing twenty-three men. No Americans were either killed or wounded. The captured brig, with most of the prisoners on board, was sent into Cartha-

gena, where she was claimed by the Spanish government, under the plea of a breach of neutrality.

From Cape Palos, the American squadron proceeded to Algiers, where it arrived the 28th of June. Aware that a despatch-boat had been sent from Gibraltar, to inform the regency of his arrival, and having also learned that several Tartars had gone in search of the Algerines, to communicate the news, Commodore Decatur concluded that their fleet was by this time safe in some neutral port. He therefore thought it a favourable time to take advantage of the terror which his sudden and unwelcome arrival had excited, to despatch a letter from the president of the United States to the Dey, in order to afford him a fair opportunity to open a negotiation. The captain of the port was immediately despatched to the *Guerriere*, on the receipt of this letter, accompanied by Mr. Norderling, the Swedish consul; and Commodore Decatur, who, with Mr. Shaler, had been empowered to negotiate a treaty, proposed the basis, on which alone he could consent to enter on the affair of an adjustment. This was the absolute and unqualified relinquishment of any demand of tribute on the part of the regency, on any pretence whatever. To this he demurred. He was then asked if he knew what had become of the Algerine squadron, and replied — “By this time it is safe in some neutral port.” “Not the whole of it,” was the reply. He was then told of the capture of the frigate, of the brig, and of the death of Hammida. He shook his head, and smiled with a look of incredulity, supposing it a mere attempt to operate on his fears, and thus induce an acceptance of the proposed basis. But when the lieutenant of Hammida was called in, and the minister learned the truth of these particulars, he became completely unnerved, and agreed to negotiate on the proposed basis. He premised, however, that he was not authorised to conclude a treaty but requested the American commissioners to state the conditions they had to propose. This was done, and the captain of the port then requested a cessation of hostilities, and

that the negotiation should be conducted on shore, the minister of marine having pledged himself for their security while there, and their safe return to the ships whenever they pleased. Neither of these propositions was accepted, and the captain was expressly given to understand, that not only must the negotiation be carried on in the *Guerriere*, but that hostilities would still be prosecuted against all vessels belonging to Algiers, until the treaty was signed by the Dey.

The captain of the port and Mr. Norderling then went on shore, but the next day again came on board, with the information that they were commissioned by the Dey to treat on the basis for which the commissioners of the United States had stipulated. A treaty was then produced, which the commissioners declared could not be varied in any material article, and that consequently, discussion was not only useless, but dangerous, on their part; for if in the interim the Algerine squadron were to appear, it would most assuredly be attacked. On examining the treaty proposed, the captain of the port was extremely anxious to get the article stipulating for the restoration of the property taken by the Algerines during the war dispensed with, earnestly representing that it had been distributed into many hands, and that as it was not the present Dey who declared war, it was unjust that he should answer for all its consequences. The article was, however, adhered to by the American commissioners, and after various attempts to make a truce, as well as to gain time, it was at length settled that all hostilities should cease, when a boat was seen coming off with a white flag, the Swedish consul pledging at the same time his honour, that it should not be hoisted until the Dey had signed the treaty, and the prisoners were safe in the boat. The captain and Mr. Norderling then went on shore, and returned within three hours; with the treaty signed, together with all the prisoners, although the distance was more than five miles. The principal articles in this treaty were, that no tribute, under any pretext, or in any form

whatever, should ever be required by Algiers from the United States of America — that all Americans in slavery should be given up without ransom — that compensation should be made for American vessels captured, or property seized or detained at Algiers — that the persons and property of American citizens found on board an enemy's vessel should be sacred — that vessels of either party putting into port should be supplied with provisions at market price, and, if necessary to be repaired, should land their cargoes without paying duty — that if a vessel belonging to either party should be cast on shore, she should not be given up to plunder — or if attacked by an enemy within cannon-shot of a fort, should be protected, and no enemy be permitted to follow her when she went to sea within twenty-four hours. In general, the rights of Americans on the ocean and the land, were fully provided for in every instance, and it was particularly stipulated that all citizens of the United States taken in war, should be treated as prisoners of war are treated by other nations, and not as slaves, but held subject to an exchange without ransom. After concluding this treaty, so highly honourable and advantageous to this country, the commissioners gave up the captured frigate and brig, to their former owners. To this they were influenced by a consideration of the great expense it would require to put them in a condition to be sent to the United States — the impossibility of disposing of them in the Mediterranean, and by the pressing entreaties of the Dey himself, who earnestly represented that this would be the best method of satisfying his people with the treaty just concluded, and consequently the surest guarantee for its observance on his part. The policy of the measure we think sufficiently obvious, when it is considered that the Dey would most likely, in case of their refusal, have fallen a victim to the indignation of the people, and that, in all probability, his successor would have found his safety only in disowning the peace which had been made by his predecessor. There being, as we before stated, some dis-

pute with the Spanish authorities with regard to the legality of the capture of the Algerine brig, it was stipulated on the part of the American commissioners, in order to induce the Spaniards to give her up, that the Spanish consul and a Spanish merchant, then prisoners in Algiers, should be released, and permitted to return to Spain, if they pleased.

Commodore Decatur despatched Captain Lewis in the *Epervier*, bearing the treaty to the United States, and leaving Mr. Shaler at Algiers, as consul-general to the Barbary states, proceeded with the rest of the squadron to Tunis, with the exception of two schooners under Captain Gamble, sent to convoy the Algerine vessels home from Carthage. He was prompted to this visit, by having been informed that a misunderstanding existed between our consul and the bashaw of Tunis, into the nature of which he considered himself bound in duty to inquire. Here he was officially informed by the consul of a violation of the treaty subsisting between the United States and the bashaw, first, in permitting two prizes of an American privateer to be taken out of the harbour by a British cruiser, and secondly, in permitting a company of merchants, subjects of Tunis, to take the property of an American citizen at their own price, and much below its real value.

The truth of these allegations being thus officially verified, Commodore Decatur addressed a letter to the prime minister of Tunis, demanding satisfaction for these outrages exercised or permitted by the bashaw, and a full restoration of the property thus given up or sacrificed. The bashaw, through the medium of his prime minister, acknowledged the truth of the facts, as well as the justice of the demands; but begged twelve months to pay the money. This was refused; and on receiving assurances that it would be paid forthwith, the Commodore went on shore, where he received the visits of the different consuls. The brother of the prime minister of Tunis chanced to arrive with the money at this time, and seeing the British consul in conversation with Commodore Decatur, threw down the bags which contained

it with great indignation, at the same time addressing the consul in English, which he spoke fluently, "You see, sir, what Tunis is obliged to pay for your insolence. You must feel ashamed of the disgrace you have brought upon us. You are very good friends now, but I ask you whether you think it just, first to violate our neutrality, and then to leave us to be destroyed, or pay for your aggressions." As soon as the money was paid, the bashaw prepared to despatch a minister to England, to demand the amount which he had been obliged to pay in consequence of this requisition of the American commodore.

After adjusting these differences, the squadron proceeded to Tripoli, where Commodore Decatur made a similar demand for a similar violation of the treaty subsisting between the United States and the bashaw, who had permitted two American vessels to be taken from under the guns of his castle by a British sloop of war, and refused protection to an American cruiser lying within his jurisdiction. Restitution of the full value of these vessels was demanded, and the money, amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars, paid by the bashaw into the hands of the American consul. After the conclusion of this affair, the American consular flag, which Mr. Jones, the consul, had struck, in consequence of the violation of neutrality above mentioned, was hoisted in the presence of the foreign agents, and saluted from the castle with thirty-one guns. In addition to the satisfaction thus obtained for unprovoked aggressions, the Commodore had the pleasure of obtaining the release of ten captives, two Danes, and eight Neapolitans, the latter of whom he landed at Messina.

After touching at Messina and Naples, the squadron sailed for Carthage on the 31st of August, where Commodore Decatur was in expectation of meeting the relief squadron under Commodore Bainbridge. On joining that officer at Gibraltar, he relinquished his command, and sailed in the *Guerriere* for the United States, where he arrived on the 12th of November 1815. Every thing being done pre-

vious to the arrival of the second division of the squadron, under Commodore Bainbridge, that gallant officer had no opportunity of distinguishing himself. Pursuant to his instructions, he exhibited this additional force before Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, where they were somewhat surprised at the appearance of the Independence seventy-four, having always been persuaded that the United States were restricted by their treaties with England from building ships of that class. When Colonel Lear was consul at Algiers, he endeavoured to convince the ministers of the Dey that such was not the case; but they always replied, "If you are permitted to build seventy-fours, let us see one of them, and we shall be satisfied." Commodore Bainbridge sailed from Gibraltar thirty-six hours before the Guerriere, and arrived at Boston the 15th of November.

Thus was concluded an expedition in which, though few, perhaps no opportunities occurred for a display of the hardy prowess of our sailors, the nation acquired singular honour, in humbling and chastising a race of lawless pirates, who had long been the inveterate scourges of the Christian world. Independently of the glory thus accruing to the republican name, the increased reputation arising from this sudden and unlooked-for appearance of an American squadron immediately after a war with Great Britain, we think, will be manifest. This circumstance gave them an idea of the power and resources of the United States altogether different from that which they before entertained; and served to convince them of the danger of provoking their resentment, under an expectation of the destruction of their navy by any power whatever. That the assurance of an immediate war with England was what principally encouraged the Dey of Algiers to commence hostilities against the United States, under a conviction that our little navy would speedily be annihilated, is evident from the following fact. One of the Dey's officers one morning insinuated, whether true or false we cannot say, to the British consul at Algiers, that

it was his fault that they declared war. "You told us," said he, "that the American navy would be destroyed, in six months, by you, and now they make war upon us *with two of your own vessels they have taken from you!*"

It is well known that the states of Barbary paid little attention to the faith of treaties, and that they professed a perfect contempt for that code which is called the law of nations, which, they said, was established without their consent, and consequently was not binding on them. We know that the piratical habits of these people were almost unconquerable, and their antipathy to the Christian name inveterate. But we also know that those whom no obligations can bind, are best restrained by their apprehensions of punishment when they offend. Fear is a potent auxiliary in the attainment of justice, as well as the prevention of offence, and the recollection of a chastisement, when it does not stimulate to revenge, is generally effectual in preventing a repetition of those outrages which brought down the punishment. Without calculating, therefore, on the good faith or the good will of the Barbary states, we cannot but perceive from their subsequent demeanour, that the display of our naval force in the Mediterranean, and the prompt energy of the distinguished officer who directed it, has secured to the United States a lasting peace, unshackled by any degrading compliances on our part, and gained by an honourable exertion of force in a just cause.

In addition to the positive advantages resulting from the operations of the American squadron in the Mediterranean, an American may well be proud when he reflects, that it was reserved for this free republic to bestow upon these enemies of mankind the chastisement demanded by their crimes. He may well exult in the recollection of having humbled these proud barbarians, that had so long been the terror of the Mediterranean, and the scourge of the Christian name. The prowess of these renowned freebooters had long been connected with the romantic exploits of chivalry, and is associated with our earliest recollections. The Christian

knight had always his fiercest encounters, his most desperate struggles with some "*paynim Moor*," and though the reputation of the knight, as well as a due regard to poetic justice, rendered it indispensable that the Christian should triumph, still his triumph was always gained with infinite difficulty. A proof of the opinion long entertained of their prowess is, that they are everywhere represented, in the old legends, as of a gigantic stature. It is one of the errors of ignorance to make the body, rather than the mind, the criterion for heroism, and there is hardly a distinguished champion of the early ages that was not remarkable for the dimensions of his frame, because it was by this that the writers of romance endeavoured to give to their simple readers a more striking image of strength and ferocity.

Independently of the reputation which the Moorish race sustains in the works of imagination, most familiar in our childhood, they possess also strong claims to historical renown. In Spain they long maintained a splendid empire, and the glory of Pelayo, of the Cid Rodrigo, and Gonsalvo, is principally derived from the agency of these heroes in the expulsion of the Moorish kings of Cordova and Grenada. Few have forgotten the fate of Don Sebastian, king of Portugal; and none perhaps are ignorant of the discomfiture of Charles V., who, backed by half the power of Europe, and all the treasures of the new world, invaded Algiers, from whose territory he was driven after the loss of almost the whole of his army. Another example is that of Lewis XIV., who made attempts to humble the pride of these nations, but was never able to gain from them terms so advantageous as those dictated by our commissioners. Nay, even the potent fleet of Lord Nelson failed, in a still more recent instance, in a similar attempt, after having previously succeeded in others, that were at that time considered almost desperate, but which have since been discovered to have owed their success to the deplorable imbecility and unskilfulness of his opponents.

From the foregoing causes, as well as from the circum-

stances of their having long been the terror of the mariner, and the scourge of the powers bordering on and navigating the Mediterranean, has arisen that feeling of vague, but overwhelming terror, with which the world had long contemplated these renowned barbarians. This feeling was perhaps stronger in this country, previously to the Tripolitan war, than anywhere else, and we contemplated these poor creatures through the same exaggerated medium we once did, and in some degree still do, more than one nation across the Atlantic. To the gallant navy which first dissolved the enchantment of British superiority, are we indebted for our emancipation from that of Algerine prowess, and for this, among other benefits, we are indebted to a race of admirable officers, who seemed to be conscious that whatever other men might be, they could not be more than their equals. They seem, indeed, even to have possessed that noblest species of confidence, which is not derived from any idea of what their enemies might be, but of what they themselves really were.

In contemplating what was performed by our small force, conducted, as it was, with characteristic promptness and energy, we are called upon to compare it with what was done by the most powerful monarchs of Europe; and the comparison is a subject of honest exultation. Perhaps to assume a superiority over these mighty potentates, who occupy so large a space in history, may be called boasting. So let it be. It is by performing such things that nations become illustrious, and it is by speaking of them as they ought to be spoken of, that courage and enterprise meet their reward, and emulation is awakened from its slumbers. The pride of our hearts is gratified with the knowledge that, while the corsairs laughed at the demands of a superior *European* fleet, carrying the descendants of De Ruyter and Van Tromp, they shrunk beneath the energy of a republican commodore, and gave up what they had never before yielded to any nation. In addition to this, both our pride and our humanity are solaced with the conviction that our

ships of war, ennobled as they are by many other attributes, have, by this treaty with Algiers, become *sanctuaries*, not for robbers and assassins, but for the oppressed Christian slaves of all nations.



CHAPTER XXII.

Recent History and Present Condition of the Navy.

RATULATORY testimonials of the most flattering nature, attested the national feeling towards that gallant arm of the public defence, whose glorious deeds had been displayed upon every sea. But a period of tranquillity now succeeded to the gigantic warfare that for a quarter of a century had

convulsed the world, and which had compelled even our own country to engage as one of the combatants. Little opportunity has since existed for those brilliant actions, which had recently made the navy so popular, and given it so strong a hold on the good will of the nation. Public opinion had, however, been so fully enlisted in behalf of the navy, by its achievements during the two last wars, viz. those with Great Britain and Algiers, that it was justly considered the right arm of the national defence. Whenever, therefore, it was proposed to extend or encourage the navy, the whole nation was found to be earnest in its support of the measure.

The first fruit of this feeling was the act of 29th of April, 1816, which appropriated "one million of dollars per an-

num, for eight years, for the gradual increase of the navy;" and which directed the President to cause to be built, in addition to the vessels heretofore ordered, "eight ships of the line, and nine frigates of 44 guns;" which, with those of the same description already authorized, would give to the navy twelve ships of the line, and twenty frigates, exclusive of sloops of war, and other inferior vessels.

It is worthy of remark, that public opinion had now undergone so thorough a revolution in relation to the navy, that it was found impossible to keep the zeal of the representatives of the people in its behalf within reasonable bounds. The appropriation of a million of dollars per annum, for eight years, was found from experience to be greater than could be advantageously applied; and after expending five millions, the remaining three millions were divided into annual appropriations of five hundred thousand dollars for six years.

From this period, the navy was regularly increased, until the year 1827, when the whole appropriation of eight millions of dollars was exhausted. The number of ships then built or building was as follows, viz.:

12 Ships of the Line,

16 Frigates,

16 Sloops of War,

Besides Schooners and Steam Batteries.

It was now considered that, during a period of profound peace, the protection of our commerce did not require the keeping in commission a greater number of vessels than one ship of the line, six frigates, ten sloops of war, and a few schooners.

The plan was therefore adopted, of finishing and keeping under cover (where experience has proved that ship-timber can be preserved for any length of time) all the vessels thereafter to be built, ready to be launched and put into service at the shortest notice. It is much to be regretted that this plan had not been sooner adopted, as it would have kept in a state of perfect soundness several of our

vessels of the first class, which were then lying in ordinary, undergoing a process which would make it necessary in a few years to rebuild them entirely. In this state of things, the question came up before Congress during the session of 1827, what further measures ought to be adopted in relation to the naval establishment? It is worthy of remark, that while government was, with indiscriminate zeal, appropriating millions to the building of ships, no provision was made for dry-docks, rail-ways, or any of the auxiliaries of a naval establishment, which the experience of all maritime nations had proved to be indispensably necessary. These subjects, however, were now fully considered, and a bill was reported by the naval committee of the Senate, which proposed to appropriate five hundred thousand dollars per annum, for six years, to "the gradual improvement of the navy." The objects designated in the bill were—1st. The laying up ship-timber for future use. 2d. The construction of dry-docks. 3d. A marine rail-way. 4th. The improvement of navy-yards. 5th. The establishment of a naval academy;—all of which received the sanction of Congress and of the Executive, except the naval academy, which was lost in the House of Representatives.

Provision, however, has been made for giving instruction to midshipmen by mathematical professors; and naval apprentices are also received into service, and instructed in seamanship and tactics.

Since the period above referred to, it appears that the navy has been languishing for want of support and patronage from the government and people, or, which is the same thing, the representatives of the people of the United States. In discipline, it is unequivocally declared by those who should be well informed on the subject, to have sensibly declined. In force it has scarcely advanced. By the recent able report of the Secretary of the Navy, (December 4th, 1841,) it appears that the navy of the United States is composed of—

Eleven Ships of the Line; of which one is rated for 120 guns, and ten for 74 guns.

Fifteen Frigates of the First Class; of which one is rated for 54 guns, and fourteen for 44 guns.

Two Frigates of the Second Class, of 36 guns each.

Eighteen Sloops of War; of which eleven are rated for 20 guns, two for 18 guns, and five for 16 guns.

Two Brigs and four Schooners, rated for ten guns each.

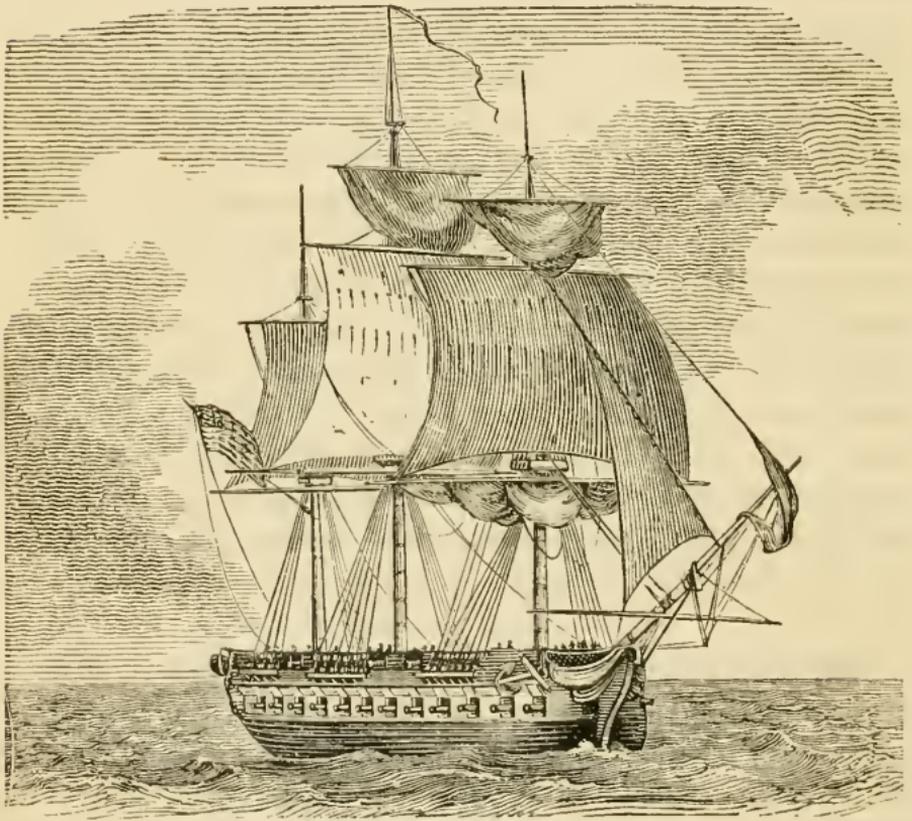
Four Steamers; besides three store-ships, three vessels used as receiving vessels, and five small schooners.

This force is very little superior to what we had fifteen years ago, the previous policy of the government in this respect having been wholly abandoned.

This neglect of the navy is the more culpable, from the circumstance that, during this very period, every other maritime power, of any consequence, in the world has been steadily increasing its navy, and giving it the advantage of all recent improvements in arms and navigation. Steam vessels are claiming increased attention in Europe, and our own government appears at length to have become convinced of the importance of providing some vessels of this description. But, if we are to judge from the tone of the secretary's report, the whole system of management, with respect to the navy, requires a thorough reform; and a considerable increase of our force is absolutely essential to our maintaining a respectable position among the nations of the world, and affording adequate protection to the American flag.

The secretary recommends the forming of a new code of laws for the government and regulation of the naval service; a re-organization of the navy department; the building of steam-ships, and of frigates of the first class; the establishment of higher grades in the naval service; the employment of a small fleet for the training of officers; a large increase of the marine corps; and the establishment of naval schools. He urges these measures upon Congress with great earnestness and force of reasoning; and it is to be hoped that his recommendations will be promptly acted upon, and that our American marine may be placed in a

situation to maintain that noble rank among the navies of the world, which it has cost so much blood and so much treasure to attain. The deeds of our gallant tars are among the proudest of our national recollections. The navy should be the cherished favourite of the people.



A P P E N D I X .

APPENDIX.

NAVAL ANECDOTES.

Hornet and Penguin.

In the action with the Penguin, a private marine of the Hornet, named Michael Smith, who had served under the gallant Porter, in the Essex, when she was captured by the British, received a shot through the upper part of the thigh, which fractured the bone, and nearly at the same moment had the same thigh broken immediately above the knee, by the spanker-boom of the Hornet, which was carried away by the enemy's bowsprit while a-foul of her. In this situation, while bleeding upon the deck, and unable to rise, he was seen to make frequent exertions to discharge his musket at the enemy on the topgallant forecastle of the Penguin. This, however, the poor fellow was unable to accomplish; and was compelled to submit to be carried below.

Cobbett.

William Cobbet showed no small exultation in recapitulating the naval victories of the Americans. He was one day speaking somewhat boldly on the subject in the presence of an English officer, who pettishly observed, "There is good reason for it. I went on board their men-of-war after our defeat, and found *half* their sailors were English." "And had you not *all* English?" asked the undaunted radical.

Captain George Little.

Among the vessels which were built by the state of Massachusetts, during the War of the Revolution, was the sloop Winthrop. She was built in the then District of Maine, and for the express purpose of protecting our coasting trade, which had suffered much by the captures, &c. of the enemy. She mounted thirteen guns, and was commanded by Captain George Little, of Mansfield, who had been the first lieutenant of the ship Protector, John Foster Williams, Esq., commander, and who, in our quasi war with France, in 1798, commanded the frigate Boston. His first lieutenant, in the Winthrop, was Edward Preble, of Portland, who also

had been an officer on board the Protector, and who was afterwards Commodore Preble. The Winthrop was a very fortunate vessel, and more than answered the expectations of those who built her. She protected the coasting trade, made many prizes, and covered herself with glory. Soon after sailing on her first cruise, she fell in with two ships which made a formidable appearance, but boldly running down upon them, she captured them both. They proved to be two stout British letters of marque, and she immediately returned with them to Boston. She made a number of prizes afterwards, and re-captured some American vessels. In one of her cruises, she re-captured a sloop belonging to the late William Gray, Esq., which had been taken by the British brig Meriam, of equal or superior force to the Winthrop, and with a prize-master and crew on board was ordered for Penobscot, to which place the Meriam herself had gone. Captain Little immediately resolved upon the daring plan of cutting her out. Disguising his vessel, so as to give her as much as possible the appearance of the prize sloop, he entered the harbour of Penobscot in the evening; as he passed the fort, he was hailed, and asked what sloop that was—he answered, “the Meriam’s prize.” It is said that the people in the fort had some suspicions of him, but they suffered him to pass. He then ran up towards the brig, and as he approached her, was again hailed, and gave the same answer.—“Take care,” said they on board the Meriam, “you’ll run foul of us.” He informed them that he had been ashore on a reef, and lost his cables and anchors, and requested them to throw him a warp, which was immediately done. The sloop was then hauled up to the brig, and Lieutenant Preble, as had been appointed, jumped on board with a number of men, who had their various duties assigned them—while some slipped the cables, others made sail, &c. Preble himself, with a few followers, entered the cabin, where the officers were just changing their dress, for the purpose of going on shore. They made some attempts to get their arms for defence, but were soon subdued. When they were coming out of the harbour, the fort fired upon them, but Captain Little judged it best not to return the fire—he kept steadily on his course and when out of reach of their shot, triumphantly let off *thirteen sky rockets*. In the same cruise he took two other vessels, one of which was a schooner of eight guns, which he had driven ashore. He manned his boats, went on shore, made the crew prisoners, and got off the schooner; with his four prizes he returned to Boston. The five vessels entered the harbour together in fine style, with a leading breeze; and a gallant show they made.

Commodore Perry.

At the tremendous battle of Lake Erie, when in the sweeping havoc which was sometimes made, a number of men were shot away from around a gun, the survivors *looked silently around to Perry*, and then stepped into their places. When he looked at the poor fellows who lay wounded and weltering on the deck, he always found *their faces turned towards him, and their eyes fixed on his countenance*. It is impossible for words to heighten the simple and affecting eloquence of this anecdote. It speaks volumes in praise of the heroism of the commander, and the confidence and affection of his men.

Sudden Death.

During the naval action on Erie, Perry observed that a brave and favourite sailor, then captain of a gun, found great difficulty in managing it, the firelock having been broken. Perry, approaching him in his usual affable and encouraging manner, inquired what was the matter. The honest tar, exhibiting signs of just vexation, turned round and exclaimed, "Sir, my gun behaves shamefully—shamefully." Then, levelling his piece, and taking aim, he raised himself up in a fine martial style, as if wishing to appear to the best advantage in the presence of the Commodore, when he was suddenly struck in the breast by a cannon ball, and he fell dead without a groan.

Coolness in time of Danger.

The second lieutenant of the Lawrence, standing close by Perry, was struck in the breast by a chain-shot, which, having passed through the bulwark, was so far spent as to have no other effect than to knock him down. The shot lodged in the bosom of his waistcoat. He fell, stunned by the violence of the blow. Perry approaching him, and perceiving no marks of a wound, observed that he thought he could not be hurt. Upon this, the lieutenant, having revived, pulled the shot out of his bosom, and exclaiming, "no sir, but this is my shot," thrust it, with *sang froid*, into his pocket.

The American Captain and the British Admiral.

When, during the late war, Admiral Warren was lying in the Chesapeake, Captain Smith was sent by Commodore Stewart, then at Norfolk, to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. The news had just arrived of the capture of the Java, and the Admiral, speaking of that event, asked Captain Smith how it happened

that our frigates were so successful in taking theirs. Captain Smith answered that he knew no reason for it, unless that we fought better. "No," said the Admiral, "that cannot be; but the reason is, that two-thirds of your crews are British seamen." "Then," replied Captain Smith, "the other third being Americans, makes the whole difference." The Admiral attempted no further explanations or argument on the knotty subject.

We doubt if the records of wit can produce a more happy repartee. It was prompt and sharp; and, at the same time, goes to the very marrow and heart of the question. It is one of those pushes that can neither be parried or returned. It closed the game; the Admiral had not another move.

Early American Heroism.

During one of the former wars between France and England, in which the then Colonies bore an active part, a respectable individual, a member of the society of Friends, of the name of——, commanded a fine ship which sailed from an eastern port to a port in England. This vessel had a strong and effective crew, but was totally unarmed. When near her destined port, she was chased, and ultimately overhauled, by a French vessel of war. Her commander used every endeavour to escape, but seeing, from the superior sailing of the Frenchman, that his capture was inevitable, he quietly retired below. He was followed into the cabin by his *cabin-boy*, a youth of activity and enterprise, named Charles Wager: he asked his commander if nothing more could be done to save the ship; his commander replied that this was impossible, that every thing had been done that was practicable, there was no escape for them, and they must submit to be captured. Charles then returned upon deck and summoned the crew around him; he stated in a few words what was their captain's conclusion—then, with an elevation of mind, dictated by a soul formed for enterprise and noble daring, he observed, "if you will place yourselves under my command, and stand by me, I have conceived a plan by which the ship may be rescued, and we in turn become the conquerors." The sailors no doubt feeling the ardour, and inspired by the courage of their youthful and gallant leader, agreed to place themselves under his command. His plan was communicated to them, and they awaited with firmness the moment to carry their enterprise into effect. The suspense was of short duration, for the Frenchman was quickly alongside, and as the weather was fine, immediately grappled fast to the unoffending merchant-ship. As Charles had anticipated, the exhilarated con-

querors, elated beyond measure with the acquisition of so fine a prize, poured into his vessel in crowds, cheering and huzzaing; and not foreseeing any danger, they left but few men on board their ship. Now was the moment for Charles, who, giving his men the signal, sprang at their head on board the opposing vessel; while some seized the arms which had been left in profusion on her deck, and with which they soon overpowered the few men left on board, the others, by a simultaneous movement, relieved her from the grapplings which united the two vessels. Our hero now having the command of the French vessel, seized the helm, and placing her out of boarding distance, hailed, with the voice of a conqueror, the discomfited crowd of Frenchmen who were left on board the peaceful bark he had just quitted, and summoned them to follow close in his wake, or he would blow them out of water, (a threat they well knew he was very capable of executing, as their guns were loaded during the chase.) They sorrowfully acquiesced in his commands, while gallant Charles steered into port, followed by his prize. The exploit excited universal applause. The former master of the merchant-vessel was examined by the Admiralty, when he stated the whole of the enterprise as it occurred, and declared that Charles Wager had planned and effected the gallant exploit, and that to him alone belonged the honour and credit of the achievement. Charles was immediately transferred to the British navy, appointed a midshipman, and his education carefully superintended. He soon after distinguished himself in action, and underwent a rapid promotion, until at length he was created an Admiral, and known as Sir Charles Wager. It is said, that he always held in veneration and esteem that respectable and conscientious Friend, whose cabin-boy he had been, and transmitted yearly to his OLD MASTER, as he termed him, a handsome present of Madeira, to cheer his declining days.

The Brave Mariner.

In the year 1775, Captain ——, now of New London, then quite a young man, was a sailor on board a sloop from this port. On their return from the West Indies, having arrived at the east end of Montaug Point, they were boarded by a tender from the cutter commanded by Sir William Wallace, then stationed on this coast as a *Guarda Costa*. The weather was calm and still; the sloop being unarmed was easily captured; the son of Sir William Wallace with four others took possession of the sloop, and took out the crew, all but the captain, mate, and young ——, at the same time, informing them of the battle at Lexington, and

ordered her to proceed to Boston as a prize. The captured, as may be supposed, felt disconsolate at this unexpected seizure, almost in sight of their home. In this situation young —— proposed to the captain and mate, if they would stand by him he would retake the sloop. They however declined the enterprise, either from an unwillingness to take life which they supposed would be the consequence, or from doubts as to the actual state of hostilities. Young —— assured them he could effect it without bloodshed, but they refused to join in the attempt. It so happened that there was but one gun on board. Young —— secreted the powder and ball. Pretty soon a boat with two men was seen approaching the sloop. Wallace armed his men with such weapons as they could find—the gun, harpoon and handspikes, and ordered the boat to keep off, which she did. Young —— deeming this the only chance to rescue the sloop, as Sir William Wallace was then lying with the cutter, becalmed at some distance to the eastward, conceived the bold expedient: he run out on the beam, plunged into the ocean, regardless of his life, swam to the boat, got on board and pulled for Block Island, where he found some militia who had repaired thither to take off the cattle; he soon made known his errand to the commander, was furnished with men and two row-boats, and in a short time had possession of the sloop, with Sir William's son and his men, and towed them all safe into the port of New London, where he delivered the sloop to the owners, and consigned young Wallace and his crew to the civil authority. Afterwards young —— was appointed a midshipman on board a United States ship; was promoted to sailing-master, from that advanced to a lieutenant, in which capacity he sailed under the valiant Paul Jones; was afterwards transferred to another public ship, in which he was taken, carried into England, and put in Falkland prison, from which he made his escape, by digging a trench beyond the outer wall—fled to France, and from thence returned to America—took command of a privateer, and greatly annoyed the British commerce, capturing several vessels, and bringing them safe into port.

Lieutenant John Mayrant.

As the frigate South Carolina, commanded by Commodore Gillon, was cruising between the Bahama Islands and the Florida Keys, it happened one night, (Lieutenant John Mayrant being officer of the deck,) that he was ordered to keep a good look-out and the lead a-going; and a midshipman with a night-glass was placed at each quarter. About two hours before day, the one

stationed on the starboard announced that he perceived a rock: upon a nearer inspection, it proved to be a fleet, and on drawing still nearer, a Jamaica fleet. About four, A. M., the frigate was close aboard four of them, and another ship was to be seen at about five miles to windward; to secure the whole prize was now the object of the Commodore, but one which there was no possibility of attaining without having recourse to artifice; and, after a hasty consultation with his officers, the following line of conduct was determined on:—In the first place, the frigate, having British colours flying, hailed the four ships nearest to her, ordering them to heave-to, and promising to send a boat aboard of them. Lieutenant Mayrant was then directed to take a barge, and with twenty-four choice men and about four or five marines, himself, as well as the marines, being all in British uniform, to make for the furthest vessel; he did so, and when arrived under her stern, and rounding upon her quarter, in answer to the captain's inquiry as to what boat that was, replied that it was the barge of the D'Artois, commanded by Captain M'Bride; the captain ordered him to keep off, threatening to fire into him. Lieutenant Mayrant, in return, commanded him to heave a rope immediately, and asking if he would dare to fire into His Majesty's boat, ordered his men to pull alongside: on hearing this, the British ship, without further dispute, hove a rope, and manned her sides; such being the ceremony usually observed in receiving an officer. Lieutenant Mayrant immediately stepped on board, having previously ordered his men not to follow, but on receiving a concerted signal; the captain received him with great politeness, and the usual inquiries having been made and answered, Lieutenant Mayrant desired to see his papers, in order to examine them. No sooner had the captain gone below, in the search of them, than Lieutenant Mayrant's men, receiving the expected signal, stepped on board, to the number of twenty, all armed with cutlasses, and having pistols concealed under their jackets. The captain having returned, Lieutenant Mayrant, after examining the papers, inquired how many men he had on board; and on his replying that there were forty, ordered him to take his papers and twenty men, and to go with them on board of the frigate. He replied, "why, surely, sir, you do not mean to impress my men at sea?" Lieutenant M. replied, "certainly not; but Captain M'Bride being a very particular man, wishes to examine the men and papers himself." The captain still hesitated, upon which Lieutenant Mayrant, reiterating his order, made a sign to his men to draw their sabres, on perceiving which, the captain, not choosing to risk a contest,

obeyed; Lieutenant M. ordered him to row off, while he would undertake to carry the ship down to the frigate. As soon as the captain was fairly off, Lieutenant M., ordering the remainder of the crew below, reversed the British colours—at which sight, the consternation of the captain, who from the barge was a spectator of what passed, may be better conceived than expressed. He declared it to be a d—d Yankee trick; but the deception was discovered too late, and he found himself obliged to go on board of the frigate. By this means, Commodore Gillon was enabled to capture the whole fleet, consisting of five Jamaica-men, heavily laden with sugar and rum.

Lieutenant Mayrant remained in possession of the ship which he had been instrumental in taking, and which proved to be the *Nelly*, Captain Foble, with fourteen eighteen-pound carronades, and a complement of forty men, bound from Jamaica to Glasgow, with four hundred hogsheads of sugar, and one hundred of rum. After having been in command of her two or three days, and sailing in the Gulf Stream, it happened that a man whom he had ordered to heave the lead was by a pitch of the ship thrown from the main chains overboard; the ship was immediately hove to, and several coops and chests thrown overboard to him; it was then attempted to lower the boats to his relief, but, on trial, they were found to have remained dry so long, as to be unfit for the purpose. Lieutenant M. was then obliged to make sail on the ship, as she had drifted considerably, from having her sails aback; he then, by making a stretch and a tack, succeeded in coming up with the man, and brought him to about twenty feet on his weather-bow. Lieutenant M. then called to some of his men to jump overboard and carry him a rope: but, though none refused, they hesitated so long, that Lieutenant Mayrant, perceiving that there was no time to be lost, as the ship was drifting fast, took hold of a rope himself, jumped overboard, and swimming up to the man, put it in his hands. The ship, being at this time in the Gulf Stream, with all her sails aback, drifted so rapidly, that Lieutenant M. and the sailor were drawn at the end of the rope considerably under water; the sailor now letting go the rope, clung around Lieutenant M.'s neck, who found himself obliged also to let go his hold, in order to extricate himself, which he succeeded in doing; as soon as they rose to the surface, they both then swam to a hen-coop, of which they took hold, one at each end: on this coop they remained three hours and a half. Meanwhile, the frigate *South Carolina* perceiving the *Nelly*, (which was about ten miles distant from her,) waring and steering, and putting out

signals of distress, concluded that the prisoners on board had risen and retaken the ship, but on making up to her, was informed that Lieutenant M. and one of the men were overboard. The direction being pointed out in which they were last seen, they were soon after perceived by a man at the mast-head of the frigate, who pointed them out; the frigate as soon as she came near them, lowered five boats, which spread themselves, and about half an hour before dark, Lieutenant M. and the sailor were taken up by one of them; the sea was at this time running so high that the boats could not discern them, and the sun was down.

Commodore Tucker.

We remember well hearing this venerable man relate his receiving his first commission in our navy. He was at Marblehead, soon after his return from England, and at the time Washington was at Cambridge. Tucker, then a young man, was cutting wood before his mother's door, when a gaily-dressed officer rode down the street. It was in the dark of evening, and the officer, seeing Tucker thus employed, rode up to him, and asked him if he could inform him where the *honourable* Samuel Tucker resided. Tucker, astonished, answered him in the negative, saying, there is no such man lives here; there is no other Sam Tucker in this town but myself. Immediately on hearing this, the officer raised his beaver, and, bowing low, presented him his commission in the navy.

George Roberts.

George Roberts and myself [a correspondent of the Natchez Ariel] were fellow-sailors with Paul Jones in his expedition against the British, in 1778, when he terrified the commerce of that country, by his constantly hovering about the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, though having only a ship of eighteen guns. When Jones landed on the coast of Scotland, and took away all the family plate of the Earl of Selkirk, Roberts was one of the sailors who marched into the castle while that strange deed was done; I remained on board the ship. The plate was all brought on board, and safely disposed of, though, as it turned out, much to the Commodore's loss, as he had afterwards to buy it up in Paris, to return it to the owner. He intended to capture the Earl, and detain him as a hostage, but being absent from home at the time we landed, it was prevented.

In the next year, 1779, Roberts and I sailed again with our brave commander from Brest, in France, in the frigate Good Man

Richard, carrying forty guns, and four hundred and twenty men, or thereabouts, as near as I can recollect. She was an old ship, not fit for the hard service we put her to, as it afterwards came out. On the 22d September, off Flamborough Head, which is a high rock that overlooks the sea, we fell in with the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the frigate *Serapis*, of fifty-eight guns, and the sloop *Countess of Scarborough*, a very heavy ship, but I do not recollect having heard how many guns she carried. Just as the moon rose, at eight in the evening, the enemy fired his first broadside, when within pistol-shot of us—and now a most murderous scene began. The action raged with horrid violence, and the blood ran ankle-deep out of the ship's scuppers. Our rigging was cut up to atoms, and finally both ships took fire — so that friend and foe were obliged to rest from fighting, that they might extinguish the flames. The *Richard* being old, was soon shot through, and began to sink. In this awful condition, Jones's voice, like the roaring of a lion, was heard above the din of the battle, ordering to "grapple with the enemy." We accordingly made our ship fast to the *Serapis*: and it was easily done, as the two were so near to each other, that when I drew out the rammer of the gun I belonged to, the end of it touched the side of the *Serapis*! Being thus fast and safe, we fought without any resting, until nearly all our guns were burst or dismantled — the ship nearly full of water — our decks covered with dead and dying, and the ship cut up into splinters.

While in this awful and desperate situation, my friend Roberts, seeing how near spent we were, jumped on the main yard of our vessel, which projected directly over the decks of the *Serapis*, with a bundle of hand-grenades. These he contrived to throw down upon the *Serapis*' deck, and succeeded in blowing up two or three of their powder-chests; the explosion of which killed and wounded a great many men. The captain of the *Serapis*, perceiving his activity, ordered some shot to be fired at Roberts. One of them struck a rope by which he supported himself, and caused him to fall upon the gunwale of the enemy's ship, which I observing, caught hold of him and pulled him aboard. He immediately got up on the same yard-arm again, with a fresh supply of hand-grenades, and made such dreadful havoc on the enemy's deck, that in a few minutes they surrendered. For this great bravery, Paul Jones publicly thanked him on the quarter-deck of the *Serapis*, the next afternoon, giving him double the allowance of grog for the week afterwards.

It was near midnight when the action terminated. The top of

Flamborough Head was covered with people watching the engagement, and no doubt the sight must have been grand. The next day our ship sunk, being fairly battered to pieces by the enemy's shot, as they poured a shockingly murderous fire into us all the while. Commodore Dale, who died in Philadelphia, a few years ago, was Jones's second lieutenant, and was badly wounded about the middle of the battle. He was ordered to go below, though he still wished to fight upon deck. After he went down, he was very useful in taking care of a large number of English prisoners we had on board. We had 174 men killed, and nearly as many wounded and missing. The *Serapis* had 135 men killed, and about 80 wounded.

Captain Pearson, the English commander, fought nobly, and defended his ship to the last. He had nailed his flag to the mast, and was afraid to haul it down when he surrendered, as none of his men would go up to tear it away, because they dreaded the sharp-shooters in our round-tops. So when he concluded to give up, he mounted the gunwale just by where I was standing, and called out in a loud voice, "We surrender, we surrender." Captain Jones, not hearing this, I left my gun and ran to him and told him of it. He instantly ordered the firing to cease, and the flag hauled down—but no Englishman would do it, as musket-shots were still exchanged between the two vessels. On hearing this, George Roberts jumped aboard the enemy's ship, mounted the tottering shrouds, and hacked down the British ensign from its proud height. As it fell, what I considered as very remarkable, a capful of wind took it, and laid it directly at Jones' feet, at the same time spreading it nearly all over the dead body of Lieutenant Grubb, who, in the heat of the fight, was still lying on deck. When the crew of the *Richard* saw the flag fall, they gave thirteen tremendous cheers, at which Captain Pearson shrunk back from his high stand into the shadow of the mizzen-mast.

When we returned from this cruise, being affected in my hearing by a splinter, which struck me under the ear, I left the service, and saw and heard no more of my friend Roberts from that time until I saw his death inserted in your paper. He was a true, honest man, and bold to a degree not to be daunted. He was younger than I—and yet he has closed his eyes in that sleep to which all of us, soldiers or not, must one day give up.

Ignorance of Fear.

A child of one of the crew of the British ship *Peacock*, during the action with the United States' vessel *Hornet*, amused

himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified with destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon-ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when, seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you."

American Navy.

The Barbary States had entertained the most contemptuous ideas of our naval power; and they used sneeringly to say, "Show us one of your 74's, and then we will believe that the English permit you to build them." Of course, never were men more utterly astonished than they were, when they beheld a large squadron from the United States riding in the ports of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli; and that too, immediately after a war with Great Britain, which they imagined would entirely crush the naval power of America. Perhaps the English encouraged such ideas; for they were afterwards reproached with having deceived them, and led them into a war with the United States. One of the Dey's officers is said to have addressed the British consul at Algiers, as follows: "You told us you should destroy the American navy in six months; and now they make war upon us *with two of your own vessels, which they have taken from you.*"

Perry and his Officers insensible to Danger.

During the battle of Erie, the *Lawrence*, which Commodore Perry was on board of, was so shattered as to be entirely unmanageable, and only nine of her large crew remained. In this dilemma, Perry resolved to hoist the American flag on board a more fortunate vessel. For this purpose he entered an open boat, to pass over to the ship *Niagara*; and though broadsides were levelled at him, and showers of musketry from three of the enemy's ships, he remained standing in the stern of the boat, until absolutely pulled down by the crew. The Americans watched him with breathless anxiety, as he passed through this scene of peril, and with a transport of joy they saw his flag hoisted at the mast-head of the *Niagara*. Soon after he entered that ship, a captain of one of the guns, having had all his men shot down, approached him, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed, "For God's sake, sir, give me some more men." When all sense of personal danger was thus swallowed up in eagerness for victory, it is not surprising that Commodore Perry was able to write his strikingly laconic letter: "Dear Sir, We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

Patriotic Sailor.

During the blockade of New London, in the late war, the celebrated Dr. F——, of Hartford, Conn., made a visit to the former place, with a view of examining the state of the fortifications, &c. While there, he concluded to deliver a discourse. A crowded audience attended, principally composed of sailors and soldiers on duty there. The Doctor took for his text, "Fear God, and honour the king." In the course of his sermon, he had frequent occasion to repeat the words of his text. One of the sailors belonging to the Macedonian was observed to be very restless; at length, on the Doctor's once more repeating the words, "honour the king," the tar could no longer restrain his indignation; he rose up and candidly exclaimed, "Fear God, and honour the Congress, but let the king alone;" at the same time looking very angrily at the preacher. The audience were much agitated, and a warrant officer stepping up to the sailor, ordered him to be quiet, or he would turn him out of the church. The sailor sternly replied, "if the lubber says so again, I'll pull him out of his bunk."

Looking Aloft.

Some years ago, Dr. Godman of Philadelphia, (now deceased,) related that in a voyage to sea in early life, he had seen a lad who had just begun to be a sailor, going out to some projecting part of the rigging. His arms were supported by a spar, and he was looking below him for a rope which ran across, on which his feet should be. The rope flew from side to side, and it was evident that the poor fellow was becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling, when the mate shouted to him with all his force, "*Look aloft! you sneaking lubber!*" By thus turning away his eyes from the danger, the dizziness was prevented, and he found his footing. And this incident, the Doctor said, often recurred to his mind in after life, when his troubles grew heavy upon him, and he hardly could find ground whereon to tread. At such time he heard the mate's shout in his ears, and turned his eyes "aloft" to the prize upon which he had fastened his hopes. We cannot part with this beautiful illustration, without asking each of our readers to apply it to a still nobler purpose: to steady themselves in all the tempests of adversity, by looking towards that life in which there is rest and peace evermore—and when our flesh and heart shall fail us, and we can find no support under our feet, to seek it by "*looking aloft*" to him, "who is the strength of our hearts, and our portion for ever."

The Yankee and British Officer.

During the last American war, a small schooner laden with silks, wines, and brandy, belonging to Stonington, Conn., was hailed on her homeward passage from France by a British armed brig, when the following dialogue took place between the commanding officer of the brig and the master of the schooner :

Officer. Schooner, ahoy !

Yankee. Hallow !

Officer. Who commands that schooner ?

Yankee. Brother Jonathan use tu, but I du now.

Officer. Brother Jonathan ! Who the d—l is brother Jonathan ?

Yankee. Why you must be a darn'd fool, not to know Brother Jonathan—every body in town knows him.

Officer. Send your boat on board.

Yankee. I don't know whether I shall or not; for the boat's all soggy, and I han't got no new clothes—Brother Jonathan's got a new coat: if he's a mind to go, he may, but I'm sure I shan't.

Officer. Strike !

Yankee. Strike ! Why I han't got nobody here to strike, but dad; he's cooking, and he's crazy; and if I strike him, he'll strike right back agin; so it's no use.

Officer. What are you loaded with ?

Yankee. Bale-goods, and hens, and hens' husbands, and hob-goblins, and long-faced gentry.

Officer. Where are you bound to ?

Yankee. S-t-o-n-i-n-g-t-o-w-n. [By this time, Brother Jonathan had boarded the brig, where he was compelled to remain until the schooner was examined by the British officer.]

Officer. Where's your "bale-goods?"

Yankee. There they be. [Pointing to some bundles of clap-boards and shingles, which he took with him on his outward passage, as a covering for his cargo.]

Officer. You blockhead, do you call them bale-goods ?

Yankee. Why sartain ! don't you ?

Officer. Where's your "hens and hens' husbands?"

Yankee. There they be, in that-are coop there.

Officer. Where's your "hob-goblins?"

Yankee. There they be, in that-are tother great large coop there.

Officer. Where's your "long-faced gentry?"

Yankee. There they be, in that-are pigstye.

Officer. Have you got any thing to drink on board ?

Yankee. We had some rum when we came away, but the cag's way down under the load, and if you try you can't git it; so it's no use.

The British officer having received but little satisfaction, and having no doubt become disgusted at the *seeming* ignorance of the *Yankee*, returned on board of his brig; and, after ordering Brother Jonathan *a dozen stripes* to teach him wisdom, left the *poor simple creatures* to take care of themselves! A few days afterwards, the vessel arrived at Boston with a cargo valued at *one hundred thousand dollars!*

The Wounded Sailors.

During the war, it will be remembered, a bloody combat took place off the southern part of Nantucket, between the American privateer Neufchatel, and the boats of the British frigate Endymion. The wounded of both parties were landed at Nantucket. Among them were two messmates, one of whom had his under jaw dreadfully shattered by a musket-ball, and the other was so wounded in the wrist as to render necessary the amputation of his hand. Soon after the requisite surgical operations had been performed, they were invited to dine at a friend's house, where they were observed to stick by each other with peculiar tenacity. The company fell to; but our maimed heroes were respectively disabled from performing those manual and maxillary exploits which were exhibiting around them. After having complacently surveyed the scene without any offer of assistance from the busy guests, whose diffidence perhaps outweighed their inclinations—he with *one flipper*, thus sternly, though with much point and humour, addressed his broken-jawed companion:—"I say, Jack, since you can't grind, nor I carve, and the land-lubbers are all tucking the beef under their jackets, what say you for splicing?—*if you'll cut for me, I'll chew for you!*"

The Cabin-Boy, or the Unfortunate Blaze.

Early in the year 1777, as a British frigate was cruising between New York and Delaware Bay, she captured an American sloop, bound from St. Eustatia to Philadelphia, by a singular accident. At three in the morning, says the narrator, (a British officer,) a blazing light, apparently close to us, was discerned through a dense fog: the helm was instantly put-up, and in two minutes we were along-side of the sloop. No sooner had the crew been brought on board the frigate, than they assailed the cabin-boy, and would have handled him very roughly, if we had not inter-

ferred. Having, it may be conjectured, his mind strongly impressed with his customary morning task, he had risen in his sleep, struck a light, and kindled the wood-shavings he had laid overnight in the grate for cooking. But for this sudden illumination, our Yankee guests might have taken their breakfasts in their own way, on board their sloop, instead of being indebted to the *tarnation Tories*, as they styled us, for one they could little relish. Having delivered her of a few puncheons of rum, continued the writer, as we had caught her *in a blaze*, she was sentenced to be *burnt*; her crew remaining on board the frigate as prisoners of war.

Origin of the Name of the Ship "Le Bon Homme Richard."

The late Captain John Paul Jones, at the time he was attempting to fit out a little squadron during the Revolutionary War, in one of the ports of France, to cruise on the coast of England, was much delayed by neglects and disappointments from the Court, that had nearly frustrated his plan. Chance one day threw into his hands an old Almanac, containing *Poor Richard's Maxims*, by Dr. Franklin. In that curious assemblage of useful instructions, a man is advised, "if he wishes to have any business faithfully and expeditiously performed, to go and do it himself;—otherwise, to send." Jones was immediately struck upon reading this maxim, with the impropriety of his past conduct in only sending letters and messages to Court, when he ought to have gone in person. He instantly set out, and by dint of personal representation procured the immediate equipment of the squadron, which afterwards spread terror along the eastern coasts of England, and with which he so gloriously captured the *Serapis*, and the British ships of war returning from the Baltic. In gratitude to Dr. Franklin's maxim, he named the principal ship of his squadron after the name of the pretended almanac-maker, *Le Bon Homme Richard*, Father Richard.

British Gratitude.

A British frigate sailing up Delaware Bay, in the spring of 1777 descried a vessel making towards them, as if they had been *friends*, which, when within reach of the frigate's guns, obeyed the signal and came-to. She was the schooner *Raven*, of Nantucket, commanded by Captain Jenkins, a Quaker. Scarcely had the British officer, with the boat's crew, boarded and taken pos-

session of the Raven, when the frigate struck on Brandywine Shoals. Various plans were resorted to, to lighten her and get her off: the water was started from the butts of the upper tier, and it was proposed to throw the guns overboard. In this extremity, the boat's crew returned on board the frigate, where their presence was required; the officer only remaining on board of the prize. Jenkins, the master of the schooner, a powerful man, raised the prize-master in his arms, and held him up as if he had been an infant: "Friend," said he, "I have only to throw thee overboard, and return to Philadelphia, but I will not take advantage of thy distress. I will go on board the frigate, and act the part of a friend, by using my best endeavours to free her of her peril." He went, and by his assistance and intelligence the frigate was once more brought into deep water; which, without his aid, could not have been accomplished.

Captain Jenkins was a man of an uncommonly large stature and athletic make; but mild and gentle in his deportment. He displayed feats of strength on board the frigate, which entitled him to a place in the foremost rank of those whose surprising muscular powers have acquired them celebrity. Coffin, the mate, possessed a more vigorous mind, and of the two was the most interesting. This man, without money in his pocket, had landed in Boston, in his early youth, and, penetrating into the interior, had spent several years among the Indian tribes of both Americas, studying their manners, and conforming himself to their usages. He had visited the greater portion of those tribes; and his details respecting them, and what he had seen besides, were a constant fund of entertainment to his enemies; whilst he, as a prisoner, was pining inwardly of griefs. He wore an air of tranquil content, and stifled his sorrows in the efforts he made to contribute to their amusement.

Their schooner had been to Philadelphia with a cargo of dried fish, and was returning with a lading of flour, then much wanted at Nantucket, which is too barren to raise corn. Friend Jenkins, in the simplicity of his heart, supposed that he had merely to relate his artless tale, of the necessities of his fellow-islanders, when he would be allowed to proceed. He did not remind them of the services he had rendered; nor did they think, that but for him, they would have been obliged to be contented with the scanty accommodations of a few small boats. The schooner was old and crazy, and would bring little or nothing in New York, already glutted with prizes of this description; and the gift would have been of minor importance, even with the addition of a part

of her cargo, if a feeling of *gratitude* had existed in their minds. But the barbarous usages of war ordered it otherwise. She had carried a supply to an *enemy's* port, and was to be delivered over to the court of vice-admiralty at New York. The Captain and crew were confined as *prisoners of war*; and before the frigate returned from her next cruise, were *all* swept off by the contagious fever which then raged in the *jail* of New York!

A Sailor's Dream.

Captain N——, of the United States Navy, a highly meritorious officer, was ordered in the year 1819, to take out the flag-ship to the West Indies. It was, I [a correspondent of the New York American] believe, the *Constellation*: At the island of St. Thomas, several of our vessels of war were to rendezvous; and Commodore Perry would there come on board the *Constellation*, and take the command of the squadron, for the purpose of scouring the pirates from the haunts they infested. Perry had sailed a short time before in the corvette *John Adams*. Captain N. sailed on slowly, annoyed by head-winds and detained by calms. One night, he dreamed he was standing on his quarter-deck, admiring the view of sea and sky, when he suddenly observed that sort of confusion at the gangway which announces the arrival of a visiter. He looked in that direction, and saw advancing Captain Gordon, who had died some years before in the Mediterranean service. He felt, as we usually do when we dream of the departed, a consciousness that they are dead, yet no surprise to see them alive, and performing all the actions of living men—discrepancies that dreams alone can reconcile. Gordon politely saluted him, and then inquired “whither he was bound?” Captain N. answered, “I am going out as Perry’s captain, who will hoist his flag on board at St. Thomas.” “No,” said Captain Gordon, “that you must not expect to see, for Perry now belongs to *my squadron*; look round, and you will be convinced.” He then pointed over the side of the ship. Captain N. looked in the direction designated, and saw what appeared to be an island, with a town and fort; flags of various vessels and of the fort were hoisted half mast high; minute-guns were firing; a vessel lay out in the road, at a distance from the land, also with marks of mourning;—presently, two or three boats shot into view from the side of the vessel nearest the land, containing officers, and rowed slowly by with muffled oars: then another boat with music and muffled drums, playing a dead march; and last of all, came a boat with

a coffin, covered with black, a military hat and sword lying on it, and surrounded by several officers, seemingly in deep grief. He saw the procession glide with measured strokes towards the town, and plainly heard the mingled sounds of bells ringing, music playing, and the cannon firing. He continued looking, lost in anxiety and wonder, when some accidental noise in the ship aroused him from his sleep. He felt his mind so strongly impressed with this awful dream, that to sleep again was quite impossible: he lay restless till the morning; he then assembled his officers, and told them all the particulars—for sailors are proverbially superstitious. They agreed to put down the day of the month, &c.

After a few days' more sailing, they made the island of St. Thomas, where lay the corvette John Adams. A boat soon put off from her, when they were informed that Commodore Perry had died on board, of yellow fever, and been actually buried on shore, with a procession of boats, and on the very day of the month on which Captain N. had had the wonderful dream.

I may have made some unimportant errors in this account, of time or place, as it was told to me seven or eight years ago; but my memory as to the essentials is correct; and I believe I tell it, (without any attempt at making a fine story,) exactly as Captain N. told it himself to me.

Intrepidity of Captain Biddle.

Hearing that two deserters from his vessel were at Lewistown, in prison, an officer was sent on shore for them, but he returned with information that the two men, with some others, had armed themselves, barricaded the door, and swore they would not be taken; that the militia of the town had been sent for, but were afraid to open the door, the prisoners threatening to shoot the first man who entered. Captain Biddle immediately went to the prison, accompanied by a midshipman, and calling to one of the deserters, whose name was Green, a stout, resolute fellow, ordered him to open the door; he replied that he would not, and if he attempted to enter, he would shoot him. He then ordered the door to be forced, and entering singly, with a pistol in each hand, he called to Green, who was prepared to fire, and said, "Now, Green, if you do not take good aim, you are a dead man." Daunted by his manner, their resolution failed, and the militia coming in, secured them. They afterwards declared to the officer who furnished this account, that it was Captain Biddle's look and manner which had awed them into submission, for that they had determined to kill him as soon as he came into the room.

Paul Jones.

After Paul Jones's crew of the *Ranger* privateer, from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, had landed at Lord Selkirk's, in Scotland, in May 1778, stripped the house of its plate, and carried it on board, the ship lay-to, while Captain Jones wrote a letter to his lordship, which he sent on shore, and in which he ingenuously acknowledged that he meant to have seized and detained him as a person of much consequence to himself, in case of a cartel; but disclaiming, at the same time, any concern in taking off his plate, which, he said, was done by his crew, in spite of his remonstrances; who said they were determined to be repaid for the hardships and dangers they had encountered in Kirkcudbright bay—and in attempting, a few days before, to set fire to the shipping in the harbour of Whitehaven. Captain Jones also informed his lordship that he had secured all his plate, and would certainly return it to him at a convenient opportunity. This he afterwards punctually performed, by sending it to Lord Selkirk's banker, in London. This fact, authenticated by Lord Selkirk himself, is to be found in Gilpin's *Tour to the Lakes in Scotland*.

The Young American Tar.

While the frigate *United States* was lying in the harbour of Norfolk, some time anterior to the declaration of war in 1812, a little boy in petticoats was in the habit of accompanying his mother, a poor woman, who frequently visited the ship to wash for some of the crew. The lad, whose name was John Kreamer, soon became a favourite with the sailors; and it was determined by them, if his mother would consent, to adopt him as one of their number. He came on board, and recommended himself by his activity and shrewdness to the favour of every one. War was subsequently declared against Great Britain, and the frigate sailed upon a cruise, in which she captured the enemy's frigate *Macedonian*. As the two vessels were approaching each other, Commodore Decatur, who was standing upon the quarter-deck, watching with his glass the movements of his adversary, noticed that little Jack appeared anxious to speak to him. "What do you want?" said Decatur. Jack coolly answered, that "he had come to ask that his name might be enrolled on the ship's books!" "For what purpose?" said the Commodore. "Because," replied

Jack, "I want to draw my share of the prize-money." Pleased with the boy's confident anticipation of victory, Decatur immediately gave orders to have his name registered; and when the prize-money allowed by Congress was distributed, Jack received his proportion. From that time he was regarded by the Commodore with more than ordinary interest, was taken into his cabin, and prepared for the important duties of a higher station. He was constantly about Decatur's person, and acted as the coxswain of his own barge. So soon as his age would justify an application to the Navy Department for a midshipman's warrant, it was made, and promptly complied with. Little Jack, as he was formerly styled by the sailors, was thus transformed into Mr. Kreamer, and was with Decatur in the *President* when she was captured, and in the *Guerriere* in the expedition to Algiers. He afterwards sailed in the *Franklin* 74, with Commodore Stewart, to the Pacific Ocean. That was his last cruise. He was upset in one of the ship's boats by a sudden squall in the harbour of Valparaiso, and sunk to the bottom before any assistance could be afforded.

Fighting Quaker.

In the American war, a New-York trader was chased by a small French privateer, and having four guns, with plenty of small-arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy rather than be taken prisoners. Among several other passengers was an athletic Quaker, who, though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards and forwards on the deck, without any apparent fear, the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length, the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the French, which was very soon put in execution; and the Quaker, being on the look-out, unexpectedly sprang towards the first man that jumped on board, and grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly said, "Friend, thou hast no business here," at the same time hoisting him over the ship's side.

Origin of "Uncle Sam."

Much learning and research have been exercised in tracing the origin of odd names, and odd sayings, which, taking their rise in some trifling occurrence or event, easily explained or well understood for a time, yet, in the course of years, becoming involved

in mystery, assume an importance equal at least to the skill and ingenuity required to explain or trace them to their origin. "The Swan with two necks"—"The Bull and Mouth"—"All my eye, Betty Martin," and many others, are of this character—and who knows but, an hundred years hence, some "learned commentator" may puzzle his brain to furnish some ingenious explanation of the origin of the national appellation placed at the head of this article. To aid him, therefore, in this research, I will state the facts as they occurred under my own eye.

Immediately after the declaration of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New-York, then a Contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where was concentrated, and where he purchased, a large quantity of provisions—beef, pork, &c. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (invariably known as "*Uncle Sam*") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The casks were marked E. A.—U. S. This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark, (for the letters U. S., for United States, were then almost entirely new to them,) said "he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam*"—alluding exclusively, then, to the said "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character denominated "food for powder," were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy, and of eating the provisions they had lately laboured to put in good order. Their old jokes of course accompanied them, and, before the first campaign ended, this identical one first appeared in print—it gained favour rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognised in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue so while the United States remain a nation. It originated precisely as above stated; and the writer of this article distinctly recollects remarking, at a time when it first appeared in print, to a person who was equally aware of its origin, how odd it would be should this silly joke, originating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mud, salt, and hoop-poles, eventually become a national cognomen.

Powder and Balls.

Let ancient or modern history be produced, they will not afford a more heroic reply than that of Yankee Stonington, to the British commanders. The people were piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied to them—"We want balls; will you sell them?" They answered, "we want powder; send us powder, and we'll return your balls."

Female Patriotism.

The following anecdote, which is too well authenticated to be disputed, furnishes one instance, among thousands, of that heroic spirit and love of liberty, which characterized the American females during the struggle for independence.

"A good lady, in 1775, lived on the seaboard, about a day's march from Boston, where the British army then was. By some unaccountable accident, a rumour was spread in town, and country, in and about there, that the *regulars* were on a full march for that place, and would probably arrive in three hours.

"This was after the battle of Lexington, and all, as might be well supposed, was in sad confusion: some were boiling with rage, and full of fight; some, in fear and confusion, were hiding their treasures; and others flying for life. In this wild moment, when most people, in some way or other, were frightened from their propriety, our heroine, who had two sons, one about nineteen years of age, the other about sixteen, was seen preparing them to discharge their duty. The eldest she was able to equip in fine style: she took her husband's fowling-piece, 'made for duck or plover,' (the good man being absent on a coasting voyage to Virginia) and with it the powder-horn and shot-bag. But the lad thinking the duck and goose shot not quite the size to kill regulars, his mother took a chisel, cut up her pewter spoons, hammered them into slugs, and put them into his bag, and he set off in great earnest, but thought he would call one moment and see the parson, who said, 'Well done, my brave boy! God preserve you!' and on he went in the way of his duty. The youngest was importunate for *his* equipments, but his mother could find nothing to arm him with, but an old rusty sword. The boy seemed rather unwilling to risk himself with this alone, but lingered in the street, in a state of hesitation, when his mother thus upbraided him: 'You John H*****, what will your father say, if

he hears that a child of his is afraid to meet the British?—go along: beg or borrow a gun, or you will find one, child: some coward, I dare say, will be running away: then take his gun, and march forward; and if you come back, and I hear you have not behaved like a man, I shall carry the blush of shame on my face to the grave.’ She then shut the door, wiped the tear from her eye, and waited the issue. The boy joined the march. Such a woman could not have cowards for her sons. Instances of refined and delicate pride and affection occurred, at that period, every day, in different places; and, in fact, this disposition and feeling were then so common, that it now operates as one great cause of our not having more facts of this kind recorded. What few are remembered should not be lost. Nothing great or glorious was ever achieved, which women did not act in, advise, or consent to.

Naval Pun.

A gentleman inquiring of a naval officer why sailors generally take off their shirts on going into action, was answered, that “they were unwilling to have any *check* to fighting.”

Captain Pierce.

Captain Pierce, lately arrived at New-York, after bringing his vessel to an anchor, is said to have ordered an Irishman to throw over the *buoy*. The captain then went below, but coming on deck soon after asked the other if he had thrown over the buoy: he replied, “I could not catch the *boy*, so I throwed over the *old cook!*”

NAVAL AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.

COLUMBIA'S NAVAL HEROES.

WHILE Europe displaying her fame-claiming page,
And vaunting the proofs of her high elevation,
Exultingly shows us, just once in an age,
Some patriot-soul'd chieftain the prop of his nation ;
Columbia can boast, of her heroes a host,
The foremost at Duty's and Danger's proud post,
Who full often have won upon ocean's rough wave,
The brightest leav'd laurel that e'er deck'd the brave.

By freedom inspired and with bosoms of flame,
They hurl'd on the foe all the battle's dread thunder,
Till vanquish'd and humbled, he shook at their name,
O'erwhelm'd with confusion, with fear, and with wonder ;
No age that has flown, such a band e'er has known,
Who made firmness and skill and mild manners their own,
And each trait of the warrior so closely entwin'd,
With the virtues that grace and ennoble the mind.

Their kindness the hearts of their captives subdued,
Who sunk 'neath their arms when the life-streams were flowing,
And their conquest-wove wreaths not a tear has bedew'd
But that which Humanity smiles in bestowing ;
The world with one voice bids their country rejoice,
As with blushes it owns that these sons of her choice
For valour and feeling have gain'd the rich prize,
And stand first midst the first that live under the skies.

Their splendid achievements shall long string the nerves
Of all who the blessings of freemen inherit ;
And theirs be the honours such merit deserves,
And dear to each bosom their death-daring spirit ;
The poet's best strain, shall their mem'ries maintain,
And affection embalm them to Time's latest reign,
While rous'd by their praises, our sons shall aspire,
To rival their actions and glow with their fire.

THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

Argo of Greece, that brought the fleece
 To the Thessalian city,
 As we are told, by bards of old,
 Was sung in many a ditty;
 But Yankees claim a prouder name
 To spur their resolution,
 Than Greece could boast and do her most—
 The frigate Constitution.

When first she press'd the stream's cool breast,
 Hope hail'd her pride of story;
 Now she o'errepays hope's flatt'ring praise,
 By matchless deeds of glory;
 Of all that roam the salt sea's foam,
 None floats to Neptune dearer,
 Or fairer shines in fame's bright lines,
 Or more makes Britain fear her.

'Neath Hull's command, with a tough band,
 And nought beside to back her,
 Upon a day, as log-books say,
 A fleet bore down to thwack her;
 A fleet, you know, is odds or so,
 Against a single ship, sirs;
 So cross the tide, her legs she tried,
 And gave the rogues the slip, sirs.

But time flies round, and soon she found,
 While ploughing ocean's acres,
 An even chance to join the dance,
 And turn keel up, poor Dacres;
 Dacres, 't is clear, despises fear,
 Quite full of fun and prank is,
 Hoists his ship's name, in playful game,
 Aloft to scare the Yankees.

On Brazil's coast, she rul'd the roast,
 When Bainbridge was her captain;
 Neat hammocks gave, made of the wave,
 Dead Britons to be wrapp'd in;

For there, in ire, 'midst smoke and fire,
 Her boys the Java met, sirs,
 And in the fray, her Yankee play,
 Tipp'd Bull a *somerset*, sirs.

Next on her deck, at Fortune's beck,
 The dauntless Stewart landed;
 A better tar ne'er shone in war,
 Or daring souls commanded;
 Old *Ironsides*, now once more rides,
 In search of English cruisers;
 And Neptune grins, to see her twins,
 Got in an hour or two, sirs.

Then raise amain, the joyful strain,
 For well she has deserv'd it,
 Who brought the foe so often low,
 Cheer'd freedom's heart and nerved it;
 Long may she ride, our navy's pride,
 And spur to resolution;
 And seamen boast, and landsmen toast,
 THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.



THE UNCOURTEOUS KNIGHT, AND THE COURTEOUS LADY.

For a nautical knight, a lady — heigho!
 Felt her heart and her heart-strings to ache;
 To view his sweet visage she look'd to and fro;—
 The name of the knight, was James Lucas Yeo,
 And the lady — 'twas *she of the Lake*.

“My good, *sweet* Sir James,” cried the lady so fair,
 “Since my passion I cannot control,
 When you see my white drapery floating in air,
 Oh! thither, and quickly I prithee repair
 And indulge the first wish of my soul.”

Sir knight heard afar, of the lady's desire,
 And sprightly and gay made reply —
 "As your heart, lovely maid, doth my presence require,
 I assure you mine burns with an answering fire,
 And quick to your presence I'll fly."

From Ontario's margin the lady set sail,
 To meet the bold knight on *that* sea:
 She dreamt not that he in his promise would fail,
 And leave a fair *lady* alone to bewail; —
 Yet no knight far or near could she see.

Impatient to meet him no longer she'd stay,
 Resolv'd o'er the waters to roam:
 "Oh! say, have you heard of my brave knight I pray,
 He promis'd to meet a fair lady to-day,
 But I fear he's to Kingston gone home."

At last she espied him — what could sir knight do?
 He fidgeted — ran — and he tack'd in and out,
 And kept far aloof — yet he *promised* to woo;
 She hail'd him — "Sir knight — won't you please to heave-to?
 What a shame a fair lady to flout!"

But away ran sir knight — the lady in vain
 Her oglings and glances employed;
 She aim'd at his heart, he aim'd at her brain,
 She vow'd from pursuing she'd never refrain;
 And the knight was most sadly annoy'd.

At length from the lady, the knight got him clear,
 And obtain'd *for a season* some rest;
 But if the fair lady he ever comes near,
 For breaking his promise he'll pay pretty dear —
 The *price Captain Chauncey* knows best.

ODE ON OUR NAVAL VICTORIES.

A century had Britain held
The trident of the subject sea,
And all that time no eye beheld
Her flag strike to an enemy.

France left her mistress of the main;
Van Tromp no longer swept the sea;
And the proud crest of haughty Spain
Bow'd to her great supremacy.

The far-famed Hellespont she plough'd,
And made the crescent wax more pale;
While Mussulmans before her bow'd,
Who scorn'd the Christian's God to hail.

By east and west, by north and south,
By every sea and every shore,
Her mandates at the cannon's mouth
Her wooden walls in triumph bore.

Where'er the blue wave weltering flow'd,
Where'er a merchant vessel sail'd,
Her red-cross flag in triumph rode,
Her red artillery prevail'd.

Amid the ice of Greenland's seas;
Amid the verdant southern isles,
Where'er the frigid waters freeze,
Where'er the placid ocean smiles;

Her navy bore her swelling fame,
Afar and near triumphantly,
And Britons claim'd the proudest name —
The sov'reigns of the trackless sea.

But there was rising in the west
A nation little known in story,
That dared that empire to contest,
And cross her in the path of glory.

That scorn'd to crouch beneath the feet
Of England's lion stern and brave;
But vent'rous launched her little fleet,
Her honour and her rights to save.

Hard was the struggle, rude the shock,
The *New World* 'gainst the stubborn *Old!*
A dread encounter!—rock to rock;
The Yankee, and the Briton bold.

O!—then was seen a glorious sight,
No eye that lives e'er saw before:
The Briton's sun went down in night—
The Yankee's rose, to set no more!

And that proud flag which undisturb'd,
For ages, at the mast-head flew,
And the old world's puissance curb'd,
Struck to the prowess of the *new*.

And, where the red-cross flag had braved
The dastard world for ages past,
Our stars and stripes in triumph wav'd
High on the proud top-gallant-mast.

And there they wave by day and night,
While sparkle Heaven's eternal fires,
Emblems of that resistless might,
Which daring Liberty inspires.



SAILOR'S ELEGY ON THE FATE OF THE WASP.

O! when in some illustrious fight,
Stout warriors yield at Fate's rude call,
They fall, like shooting stars at night,
And brighten as they fall.

A thousand tongues their deeds relate,
And with the story never tire,
A country mourns their noble fate,
And ladies weep, and men admire.

But dreary is the fate of those
I mourn, in this rough sailor strain,
Who perish'd — *how*, no mortal knows,
And perish'd all in vain.

Who in our country cannot tell,
How BLAKELY brought the *red-cross* low,
And twice triumphantly did quell
The prowess of a valiant foe!

Who has not heard of his brave men,
All valiant hearts of sterling gold,
Who braved the lion in his den,
And turn'd his hot blood into cold?

Who has not wished that they were here,
Escap'd the ocean's perils rude,
To share our country's welcome cheer,
And reap a nation's gratitude?

But they will never come again
To claim the welcome of their home;
Affection looks for them in vain;
Too surely they will never come.

Far distant from their native land,
They perish'd in the yawning deep,
Where there was none to stretch a hand,
And none their fate to weep.

No ear their dreary drowning cry,
Heard o'er the desert wave;
Their dying struggle met no eye,
No friendly aid to save.

And *when* they perish'd none can tell,
Nor *where* their bones are laid —
The spot Affection loves so well,
No mourner's step will tread.

No tender friend will ever go
To seek the spot where they abide,
Nor child, or widow, full of woe,
Tell how, and when, and where they died.

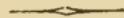
Alas! they have no church-yard grave,
 No mound to mark the spot;
 They moulder in the deep, deep wave,
 Just where — it matters not.

They perish'd far away from home,
 And few will weep these sailors bold,
 For ere the *certain* news shall come,
 Our feelings will grow cold.

By slow degrees hope will expire,
 And when the anxious feeling's o'er,
 Sad Memory will quench her fire,
 And sorrow be no more.

Save where some pale and widow'd one,
 By grief, or madness cross'd,
 Shall cling to one dear hope alone,
 And hope, though hope be lost.

By fond Imagination led,
 Or idle visions driven,
 O! she will ne'er believe him dead,
 Till they do meet in Heaven.



SONG.

A pleasant new song, chanted by Nathan Whiting, (through his nose) for the amusement of the galley-slaves on board the *Phœbe*, who were allowed to sing nothing but Psalms.

Oh! Johnny Bull is much perplex'd,
 And what d'ye think 's the matter?
 Because the Yankee frigates sail
 Across the salt sea water.

For Johnny says the Ocean's mine,
 And all the sailor lads too;
 So pay us tax before you trade,
 And part of each ship's crew.

“What, pay you tax,” says Jonathan,
“For sailing on the water?
“Give you our lads of Yankee breed!
“I’d sooner give you a halter.

“Free trade and sailors’ rights, John Bull,
“Shall ever be my toast;
Let Johnny but these rights invade,
“And Johnny Bull I’ll roast.”

John didn’t mind, but took our ships,
And kidnapp’d our true sailors;
And Jonathan resolv’d to play
The d——l among the *whalers*.

Away went frigates four or five,
To cut up Johnny’s trade,
And long before the year was out
The squire grew sore afraid.

Some found frigates, some found sloops,
Belonging to John’s navy;
And some they took, and some they burnt,
And some sent to old Davy.

The saucy Essex, she sail’d out,
To see what she could do;
Her captain is from Yankee land,
And so are all her crew.

Away she sail’d so gay and trim
Down to the Gallipagos,
And *toted* all the terrapins,
And nabb’d the slipp’ry whalers.

And where, d’ye guess, we next did go?
Why down to the Marquesas;
And there we buried under ground
Some thousand golden pieces;

Then sail’d about the ocean wide,
Sinking, burning, taking,
Filling pockets, spilling oil,
While Johnny’s heart was aching.

At length he muster'd up some spunk,
 And fitted out three ships, sir :
 The Phœbe, Cherub, and Raccoon,
 To make the Yankees skip, sir.

Away they scamper'd 'round Cape Horn
 Into the South Sea Ocean,
 To catch the saucy Yankee ship,
 They had a mighty notion.

North, east, and west, and likewise south,
 They fumbled all around ;
 "Why, where the d——l can she be,
 That she cannot be found?"

At length to Valparaiso bay,
 They came in mighty funk ;
 The Yankee boys were then on shore,
 Some sober, and some drunk.

Some rode horses, some rode mules,
 And some were riding asses ;
 Some tipling grog, some swigging wine,
 Some dancing with the lasses.

The signal made, all hands on board,
 Each man unto his station ;
 And Johnny he came swaggering by,
 But met some botheration.*

The Yankee lads all ready were,
 With pistol, sword, and gun,
 In hopes John Bull would run on board,
 To have a bit of fun :

But John got clear the best he could,
 And soon came to an anchor,
 And hoisted up a *printed* flag,†
 As big as our spanker.

* The Phœbe, in entering the port of Valparaiso, nearly ran aboard of the Essex, by *accident*, as Captain Hillyar said.

† The flag bearing captain Hillyar's long motto.

Some swore it was a morning prayer;
Some swore 't was Greek or German;
But Nathan Whiting* spelt it out,
And said it was a sermon.

And thus long time in merry mood,
All side by side we lay,
Exchanging messages and songs,
In Valparaiso bay.

At last John Bull quite sulky grew,
And call'd us traitors all,
And swore he'd fight our gallant crew,
Paddies, and Scots, and all.

Then out he went in desperate rage,
Swearing as sure as day,
He'd starve us all, or dare us out
Of Valparaiso bay.

Then out he sail'd in gallant trim,
As if he thought to fright us,
Ran up his flag, and fired a gun,
To say that he would fight us.

Our cables cut, we put to sea,
And ran down on her quarter;
But Johnny clapt his helm hard up,
And we went following after.

Says general Wynne, and squire Roach,†
And many more beside,
We wish those English boys had stay'd,
We'd show them how to ride.

In haste to join the *Cherub*, he
Soon bent his scurvy way,
While we return'd, in merry glee,
To Valparaiso bay.

* Nathan was, we understand, a tall long-sided Yankee, and reckoned the best scholar of the whole ship's crew.

† Two sailors nicknamed by the crew.

And let them go—to meet the foe
 We'll take no further trouble,
 Since all the world must fairly know,
 They'll only fight us—double.

Ne'er mind, my boys, let's drink and sing,
 "Free trade and sailors' rights;"
 May liquor never fail the lad
 Who for his country fights.

Huzza, my lads—let's drink and sing!
 And toast them as they run—
 Here's to the sailors and their king,
 Who'll fight us—two to one!"



SONG.

A Yankee song for the amusement of the crews of his Britannic majesty's ships *Phœbe* and *Cherub*. Attempted by general Wynne, who is "a bloody bad singer."

"Ye tars of our country, who seek on the main,
 Redress for the wrongs that your brothers sustain,
 Rejoice and be merry, for bragging John Bull
 Has got a sound drubbing from brave captain Hull.

The bold *Constitution*, a ship of some fame,
 (Sure each jolly tar must remember her name)
 On the nineteenth of August o'ertook the *Guerriere*,
 (A frigate once captur'd by John from Mounseer.)

At five past meridian the action begun,
 ('T was before John had learn'd from our frigates to run)
 So back'd his maintopsail, quite tickled to find,
 A Yankee for fighting, so stoutly inclin'd.

Proud *Dacres* commanded the enemy's ship,
 Who often had promis'd the Yankees to whip;
 But it seems he had reckon'd without his good host,
 As he found on that hot bloody day, to his cost.

That boasting commander, his crew first address'd,
(It was partly made up of Americans press'd;)
Says he, "my brave lads, see our wish is fulfill'd,
For 'tis better to capture a ship, than to build.

And you who are tired of our boatswain's whip,
And sigh to return to some vile Yankee ship,
Ten minutes or less, of our fierce British fire,
Will give me that ship — and give you your desire."

Our drum beat to quarters, each jolly tar hears,
And hails the glad tidings with three hearty cheers;
All eager for battle to quarters we fly,
Resolving to conquer that ship — or to die.

So at it we went, in a deluge of fire,
Each party too stubborn an inch to retire;
Balls, grape-shot and langrage promiscuously fly,
While the thunder of cannon fills ocean and sky.

At a quarter past five our shot told so well,
That the enemy's mizzenmast totter'd and fell,
And while, eager to board him, for orders we wait,
His foremast and mainmast both shar'd the same fate.

Our cabin had now from his shot taken fire,
Yet danger but kindled our courage the higher:
'Twas quickly extinguished, and Dacres' lee gun
Proclaim'd his ship ours and the bloody fight done.

The prize we then boarded, all arm'd in a boat,
But found her so riddled she 'd scarce keep afloat.
Fifteen of her seamen lay dead in their gore,
And wounded and dying left sixty-four more.

Our loss was but seven, Heaven rest their brave souls,
For over their bodies the green ocean rolls;
And seven, who wounded, will long live to tell,
How they got these brave scars that become them so well.

Huzza for the can, boys, come give us a pull,
Let's drink a full bucket to brave Captain Hull;
And when next to meet us the enemy dare,
God grant in his mercy that we may be there."

CARPE DIEM.—SEIZE THE DEY

The dey of Algiers, not being afraid of his ears,
 Sent to Jonathan once for some tribute ;
 "Ho ! ho !" says the Dey, "if the rascal don't pay,
 "A caper or two I'll exhibit."

"I'm the Dey of Algiers, with a beard a yard long,
 "I'm a mussulman too, and of course very strong :
 "For this is my maxim, dispute it who can,
 "That a man of stout muscle 's, a stout mussulman."

"They say," to himself one day says the Dey,
 "I may bully him now without reck'ning to pay ;
 "There 's a kick-up just coming with him and John Bull,
 "And John will give Jonathan both his hands full."

So he bullied our consul, and captur'd our men,
 Went out through the Straits and came back safe again ;
 And thought that his cruisers in triumph might ply
 Wherever they pleas'd, but he thought a big lie.

For when Jonathan fairly got John out of his way,
 He prepar'd him to settle accounts with the Dey ;
 Says he, "I will send him an able debater :"
 So he sent him a message by Stephen Decatur.

Away went Decatur to treat with the Dey,
 But he met the Dey's admiral just in his way ;
 And by way of a tribute just captur'd his ship ;
 But the soul of the admiral gave him the slip.

From thence he proceeded to *Algesair's* bay,
 To pay his respects to his highness the Dey,
 And sent him a message, decided yet civil,
 But the Dey wished both him and his note to the devil.

But when he found out that the admiral's ship,
 And the admiral too, had both giv'n him the slip,
 The news gave his highness a good deal of pain,
 And the Dey thought he 'd never see daylight again.

“Ho! ho!” says the Dey, “if this is the way
 “This Jonathan reckons his tribute to pay;
 “Who takes it will tickle his fingers with thorns.”—
 So the Dey and the *crescent* both haul’d in their horns.

He call’d for a peace and gave up our men,
 And promis’d he ’d never ask tribute again;
 Says his highness, the Dey, “here ’s the devil to pay
 “Instead of a tribute; heigho, well-a-day!”

And never again will our Jonathan pay
 A tribute to potentate, pirate, or Dey;
 Nor any, but that which for ever is giv’n:—
 The tribute to valour, and virtue, and Heav’n.

And again if his Deyship should bully and fume,
 Or hereafter his claim to this tribute resume,
 We’ll send him Decatur once more to defy him,
 And his motto shall be, if you please, *Carpe Diem*.

THE TARS OF COLUMBIA.

Ye generous sons of Freedom’s happy climes,
 Think, while you safely till your fruitful fields,
 Of him, th’ avenger of Oppression’s crimes,
 Who ploughs a soil which blood and danger yields.

Remember still the gallant tar, who roams,
 Through rocks and gulfs, the ocean’s gloomy vast;
 To quell your foes, and guard your peaceful homes,
 Who bides the battle’s shock and tempest’s blast.

Think, while you loll upon your beds of down,
 And mingle with Affection’s cheering train,
 How *he’s* exposed to winter’s chilling frown,
 Without a *kindred soul* to soothe his pain.

When seated by your joy-diffusing fire,
 Some dreary, dark, tempestuous, howling night,
 Let Fancy’s strong, adventurous wing aspire,
 And poise o’er ocean on aerial height.—

Thence view the rolling world of waves below—
 Survey the barks that bear our daring tars,
 As round them Neptune's howling whirlwinds blow,
 And rend their sails, and crash their yielding spars ;

Lo! where the lashing surges, foaming high,
 Convulse the groaning vessel's sturdy frame ;
 With lightning torches snatch'd from the vex'd sky,
 Destruction's angel whelms her all in flame.

Fierce thunders burst — the starless welkin glares —
 No aid is near — the lamp of hope expires —
 Terrific Death his haggard visage bares,
 And ocean monsters fly the raging fires.

Behold the gallant crew, Columbia's sons !
 Who've boldly torn the British banner down,
 And faced the mouths of her exploding guns ;
 E'en now they scorn to sully their renown !

Though nought but one dark waste of billows wide
 Meet their unweeping eyes — and, ere an hour
 Has flown one hundredth part away, the tide
 Must quench their breath ; their spirits do not cower !

They feel, with joy, they've serv'd their country well,
 And lift an honest orison to heaven ;
 Their homes upon their dying accents dwell,
 And as they sink, they hope their sins forgiven.

Behold that head with glory circled bright !
 As it descends, the waves around it glow ;
 'Tis Blakely's ! he that halo gained in fight,
 When Britain's standard fell beneath his blow.

Though watery mountains roll upon his breast,
 And scaly millions gambol in his grave ;
 Yet shall his spirit shine among the blest,
 And fame embalm his memory on the wave.

But see ! where yonder floating fragments blaze,
 A lonely, lingering sailor still survives !
 From his frail plank he casts a hopeless gaze,
 Yet still for life with the rough sea he strives.

Far on the tumbling deep the hero's tost—
Ere long the tempest flags, and dawn appears;
The sun rolls up the sky, "all, all, are lost!"
He cries, "my comrades brave!"—thence gush his tears.

The wearied billows sink in slumbers mild,
And on their sparkling bosoms dolphins play;
With lusty arms he stems the watery wild,
And thinks on friends and country far away.

A thousand tender feelings swell his heart—
His wife's, and babe's, and kindred's dear embrace,
Shoots through his bosom like a burning dart,
At thought, that they no more shall see his face.

His eye around the wide expanse he strains,
In hopes some passing vessel to descry;
Ploughing the waste of ever-waving plains,
That at far distance meet the bending sky.

And not a whitening surge is seen to rise
In the waste distance, and towards him roll,
But seems a friendly sail to his dim eyes,
Bringing sweet hope to cheer his sinking soul.

Alas, poor sailor!—'t is no help for thee!
It comes the foaming herald of the storm.—
'T is not the whitening canvass that you see,
But the white winding-sheet to wrap thy form.

In pomp majestic, on his billowy throne,
Far in the west Day's radiant sov'reign glows;
His cheering sway the finny nations own,
As o'er the deep his golden splendour flows.

Their frolics wild the hapless sailor views,
As round him, through the brine, they flounce and frisk:
Then, on the western glories seems to muse,
Until the sun withdraws his flaming disk.

Now, hear the plaint his heart in sadness pours—
"While pleasure sparkles through the swarming main,
Illumes yon heaven, and robes my native shores;
I'm thrown adrift, the sport of direst pain!

O! that, when in the battle fray I stood,
 And strained each sinew in the glorious cause ;
 Some cannon peal had drained my veins of blood,
 And crowned my mortal exit with applause!

But, here I'm doomed to perish in the deep,
 By ocean monster, hunger, storm, or cold ;
 Without one messmate o'er my corse to weep,
 And pay the honours due a sailor bold."

The pall of Night the liquid world enshrouds,
 And silence mingles with the gathering gloom ;
 Again the heavens are wrapp'd in rolling clouds,
 And sea-mews shriek o'er many a watery tomb.

Ah! think what now the lonely sailor feels!
 Chill are his brine-steep'd limbs, and numb'd, and tired —
 The swelling mass of waves already reels —
 The sky with flash, succeeding flash, is fired.

The winds are raging fierce — the surges roll —
 The shark and huge leviathan now roam —
 Tremendous thunders shake the distant pole,
 And ocean's heaving breast is whelm'd in foam.

A flickering light gleams o'er the tumbling flood —
 Perhaps a meteor's.—Lives our seaman still?
 Or drinks the insatiate shark his valiant blood?
 This know, whate'er his fate, 't is God's just will.

Ere long, if not deterr'd by critic's ire,
 Wild Fancy may his destiny disclose ;
 And call upon his country to admire
 A sailor's gallantry, and feel his woes.

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming;
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there?
 Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow'ring steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses:
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
 'T is the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country, shall leave us no more?
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution:
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home, and the war's desolation;
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation:
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto — "In God is our trust."
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail Columbia! happy land!
 Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valour won.
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm — united — let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
 Defend your rights, defend your shore;
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.
 Firm — united, &c.

Sound, sound, the trump of fame!
 Let Washington's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Let every clime to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear;
 With equal skill, and god-like power
 He govern'd in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war; or guides with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm — united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country stands—

The rock on which the storm will beat;
 The rock on which the storm will beat;
 But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
 His hopes are fix'd on heaven and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolv'd on death or liberty.
 Firm — united — let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers join'd,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

'T was midnight dark,
 The seaman's bark
 Swift o'er the waters bore him;
 When, through the night,
 He spied a light,
 Shoot o'er the wave before him.
 "A sail! a sail!" he cries,
 She comes from the Indian shore,
 "And to-night shall be our prize,
 With her freight of golden ore."
 Sail on, sail on, —
 When morning shone,
 He saw the gold still clearer,
 But tho' so fast,
 The waves he pass'd,
 That boat seem'd never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
 And still the same
 Rich bark before him floated;
 While on the prize,
 His wishful eyes,
 Like any young lover's doted.
 "More sail! more sail!" he cries,
 While the wave o'er-tops the mast,
 And his bounding galley flies,
 Like an arrow before the blast.

Thus on and on,
 Till day was gone,
 And the moon thro' heav'n did hie her,
 He swept the main,
 But all in vain,
 That boat seem'd never the nigher.

And many a day,
 To night gave way,
 And many a morn succeeded,
 While still his flight,
 Thro' day and night,
 That restless mariner speeded.
 Who knows — who knows what seas,
 He is now careering o'er?
 Behind the eternal breeze,
 And that mocking bark before!
 For, oh! till sky
 And earth shall die,
 And their death leave none to rue it,
 That boat must flee,
 O'er the boundless sea,
 And that ship in vain pursue it.

THE AMERICAN STAR.

Come, strike the bold anthem, the war dogs are howling,
 Already they eagerly snuff up their prey,
 The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling,
 Soft peace spreads her wings and flies weeping away;
 The infants, affrighted, cling close to their mothers,
 The youth grasp their swords, for the combat prepare,
 While beauty weeps fathers, and lovers and brothers,
 Who rush to display the American Star.

Come blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
 The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar;
 No heart with pale fear, or faint doubtings be shaken,
 No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore:

Shall mothers, wives, daughters and sisters left weeping,
 Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair !
 Oh no ! from her hills the proud eagle comes sweeping,
 And waves to the brave the American Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
 Look down from the clouds, with bright aspect serene ;
 Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,
 Rejoicing they 'll see us as they once have been,
 To us the high boon by the gods has been granted,
 To speed the glad tidings of liberty far ;
 Let millions invade us, we 'll meet them undaunted,
 And vanquish them by the American Star.

Your hands, then, dear comrades, 'round liberty's altar,
 United we swear by the souls of the brave !
 Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
 To live independent, or sink to the grave !
 Then, freemen, fill up — Lo ! the striped banner's flying,
 The high bird of liberty screams through the air ;
 Beneath her oppression and tyranny dying —
 Success to the beaming American Star.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia ! Columbia ! to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies ;
 Thy genius commands thee : with raptures behold,
 While ages on ages thy splendours unfold ;
 Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;
 Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
 Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
 'Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire ;
 Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
 And triumph pursue them, and glory attend ;

A world is thy realm, for a world be thy laws,
 Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause,
 On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
 Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
 And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star ;
 New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar,
 To fame unextinguished, when time is no more :
 To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
 Shall fly, from all nations, the best of mankind,
 Here, grateful to heaven, with transports shall bring
 Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
 And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
 Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
 And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire ;
 Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
 And virtue's bright image enstamped on the mind,
 With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
 And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
 The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
 Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
 And the east and the south yield their spices and gold ;
 As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall flow,
 And earth's little kingdom before thee shall bow ;
 While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurled,
 Hush the tumults of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
 From the noise of the city I pensively strayed,
 The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
 The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired ;
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
 And a voice, sure of angels, enchantingly sung,
 "Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

THE TRUE YANKEE SAILOR.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
 And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to roam ;
 Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
 He was true Yankee oak, boys, the older he grew,
 Though his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,
 When the signal was given he was first man aloft,
 And the veterans all cried, he 'd one day lead the van,
 In the heart of a boy was the soul of a man —
 And he lived like a true Yankee sailor.

When to manhood promoted and burning for fame,
 Still in peace or in war, Harry Bluff was the same.
 So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
 That the myrtle and laurel entwin'd o'er his grave.
 For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd,
 The flag, shot away, fell in tatters around,
 And the foe thought he 'd struck, but he sung out, Avast !
 For Columbia's colours he 'd nail'd to the mast,
 And he died like a true Yankee sailor.

 BILLY, LET'S THANK PROVIDENCE THAT
 YOU AND I ARE SAILORS.

One night came on a hurricane, the sea was mountains rolling,
 When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid, and said to Billy Bowling,
 A strong sow-wester 's blowing, Billy, can't you hear it roar now !
 Lord help 'em, how I pities all unhappy folks on shore now !

Fool-hardy chaps as live in towns, what dangers they are all in !
 And now they 're quaking in their beds for fear the roof should
 fall in.

Poor creatures, how they envies us, and wishes, I 've a notion,
 For our good luck, in such a storm, to be upon the ocean.

Then as to them kept out all day on business from their houses,
 And, late at night, are walking home to cheer their babes and
 spouses,
 While you and I upon the deck are comfortably lying,
 My eyes, what tiles and chimney-pots about their heads are flying!

And often have we seamen heard how men are killed or undone
 By overturns in carriages, and thieves, and fires, in London;
 We've heard what risks all landsmen run, from noblemen to tailors,
 So, Billy, let's thank Providence that you and I are sailors.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Proud flag of my country! all gallantly streaming
 In the breeze of the battle when glory appears,
 The stern scarlet blaze of its hurricane braving,
 While mercy hangs round with her olive and tears.
 Proud flag of my country! 'tis transport to meet
 Some smoke-coloured hero, who bled under thee;
 As he rushed after victory's blood-dripping feet,
 And grasped the wild laurel that blooms o'er the sea.

Yes, yes, if there's one whom a nation should love,
 One high-minded man, whom e'en angels admire;
 It is he, who, with spirit all flushed from above
 With the rich royal bloom of the patriot's fire,
 Dares stand between danger and thee, in the hour
 When the tyrant would tread on thy peace and thy power.
Dares stand, &c.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, put her a-top on the log-book of fame,
 Her voice always roar'd from the van,
 When she bore down in thunder, and darkness, and flame,
 Crash, foundering each foe that before her came,
 The old sailor's soul flashes up at her name,
 For her yards young Americans man.

Fill her canvass, my boys, with a full round of cheers,
 From hearts that are sound to the core;
 She's braved the hot whirlwind of battle for years,
 A flag, never struck, at her mizzen appears —
 Bristling nations with awe her artillery hears,
 For victory breathes in its roar.

She's wrestled the wrath of winter's fierce gale
 When it whiten'd the Atlantic's breast,
 When midnight moan'd like a maniac's wail,
 Lightnings glared wild through the rent of each sail,
 And sweethearts ashore, were weeping and pale,
 \ While their lovers stood calm, to the test.

Her deck's been trampled by Slaughter's feet —
 Her scuppers choked tight with gore —
 She press'd on, the proud pioneer of the fleet,
 Every heart kept time to the death-drum's beat,
 Every muscle firm as the iron cleat,
 While the broad flag of freedom she bore.

That standard has flared over many a fight,
 Whose noise the night tempest outgrew,
 When our country frown'd for the sailor boy's right,
 Read each decree by the cannon's dark light,
 Tyranny's face turned suddenly white
 When we brought down his banner of blue.

Often, again, as in years that are past,
 Will our old ship undaunted dash on,
 Her colours defyingly nail'd to the mast,
 Her ports open'd wide to the blaze and the blast,
 She will front every danger and death to the last,
 And be cheer'd by America's children, unborn.

LAND, HO!

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

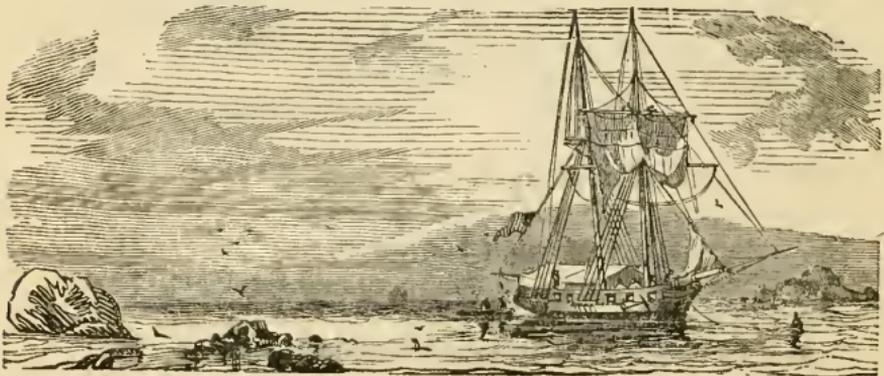
FILL high the brimmer!—the land is in sight,
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night;
 The cold cheerless ocean in safety we've past,
 And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last.
 In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
 To soothe us in absence of those left behind.
 Then fill high the brimmer! the land is in sight,
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

II.

Fill high the brimmer!—till morn we'll remain,
 Then part in the hope to meet one day again,
 Round the hearth-stone of home, in the land of our birth,
 The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
 Dear country! our thoughts are more constant to thee
 Than the steel to the star or the stream to the sea.
 Then fill up the brimmer! the land is in sight,
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night

III.

Fill high the brimmer!—the wine-sparkles rise
 Like tears, from the fountain of joy, to the eyes!
 May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,
 Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
 Drink deep to the chime of the nautical bells,
 To woman, God bless her, wherever she dwells!
 Then fill high the brimmer! the land is in sight,
 We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!



CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF

EVENTS IN AMERICAN NAVAL HISTORY.

[For convenience of reference, this table is carried back to the period of the discovery, and embraces most of the important naval events in the history of America.]

1492. August 3d. Columbus sails from Spain.
“ Oct. 12th. Columbus discovers land.
“ Oct. 27th. Columbus discovers Cuba.
“ Dec. 6th. Columbus discovers Hispaniola.
1493. Jan. 16th. Columbus returns to Spain.
“ Sept. 25th. Second voyage of Columbus.
1494. May 5th. Columbus discovers Jamaica.
1497. June 24th. The Cabots discover the continent of America.
1498. May 30th. Third voyage of Columbus.
“ Aug. 1st. Columbus discovers the continent.
1499. May 20th. Ojeda's voyage.
1500. Jan. 13th. The Pinzons sail from the Cape Verd Islands.
“ April 23d. Cabral discovers Brazil.
“ Aug. 23d. Columbus sent home in chains.
“ Cortereal's voyage.
1501. May. Voyage of Amerigo Vespucci to Brazil.
1502. May 11th. Fourth and last voyage of Columbus.
“ Aug. 14th. Bay of Honduras discovered by Columbus.
1504. Sept. 2d. Columbus returns to Spain.
1508. Voyage of de Solis and Pinzon.
“ The French first sail up the St. Lawrence.

1512. April 2d. Juan Ponce de Leon discovers Florida.
1513. Sept. 25th. Vasco Nuñez de Balboa discovers the South Sea.
1515. Oct. Voyage of de Solis.
1516. Sebastian Cabot's second voyage to America.
1517. Feb. 8th. Cordova's voyage.
1518. April 5th. Voyage of Grijalva.
1519. Cortez sails from Cuba against Mexico.
1520. Nov. 7th. Magellan discovers the Straits which bear his name.
- “ Nov. 28th. Magellan enters the Pacific.
1524. Voyage of Verrazzano in the service of France.
1525. Voyage of Stephen Gomez.
1526. April 1st. Voyage of Sebastian Cabot.
1531. Pizarro returns from Spain, and sails for the invasion of Peru.
1533. Expedition of Alvarado.
1534. April 20th. First voyage of Cartier to Canada.
1535. Cartier's second voyage.
- “ Mendoza's expedition to La Plata.
1539. Expedition of Soto to Florida.
1540. May 23d. Cartier's voyage to Canada.
- “ Aug. 23d. Arrives at St. Croix.
1542. Cartier returns to France.
- “ Cabrillo discovers Cabo Mendocino.
1544. May 11th. Orellana's last voyage.
1549. Roberval sails for Canada, and is lost.
1562. Feb. Ribaut's voyage to Florida.
- “ May 1st. Ribaut discovers the River May.
1564. April 22d. Laudonniere sails for Florida.
1565. Melendez arrives and attacks Fort Caroline.
- “ Sept. 25th. Ribaut sails for France.
1568. Expedition of Gourges to Florida.
1572. Drake's voyage to South America.
1575. Voyage of Oxenham.
1576. Frobisher's first voyage, discovers Elizabeth's Foreland and Frobisher's Strait.
1577. Dec. 13th. Drake's voyage round the world.
- “ Frobisher's second voyage.
1578. Frobisher's third voyage.
1583. June 11th. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's voyage to New Found-land.
- “ Aug. 20th. He sails for the Isle of Sable.

1583. Aug. 31st. He sails for England.
 “ Sept. 9th. He is lost at sea.
1584. April 27th. Voyage of Amadas and Barlow.
 “ Sept. They return to England.
1585. April 9th. Voyage of Sir Richard Grenville to Virginia.
1586. Grand expedition of the English to the West Indies.
 “ June 9th. Sir Francis Drake arrives in Virginia.
 “ June 18th. Takes the colony to England.
1587. April 26th. Raleigh sends a second colony to Virginia.
 “ July 2d. It lands at Roanoke.
1588. Voyage of Cavendish round the world.
1591. A French fleet sails to Canada.
 “ Cavendish attempts to pass the Straits of Magellan.
1592. Newport's expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies.
1593. Voyage of G. Drake to St. Lawrence.
 “ Voyage of G. Weymouth to Labrador.
1594. April 4th. Voyage of S. Wyet to St. Lawrence.
 “ Voyage of J. Lancaster against the Spaniards.
1595. Feb. 6th. Voyage of Raleigh to Guiana.
 “ May 19th. Voyage of A. Preston.
 “ Aug. 23th. Voyage of Drake and Hawkins to the West Indies.
1596. Raleigh's second voyage to Guiana.
1597. Raleigh's third voyage to Guiana.
 “ Jan. 29th. Voyage of Sir A. Shirley.
 “ Voyage of Earl of Cumberland to W. Indies.
 “ Voyage of C. Leigh to Cape Breton.
1598. Jan. 12th. La Roche sails to conquer Canada.
1599. Voyage of Gherritz.
1600. Sebald de Weert discovers the Sebaldine Islands.
1601. Voyage of W. Parker.
1602. March 26th. Voyage of B. Gosnold to the northern parts of Virginia.
 “ May 14th. He discovers land in 43°.
 “ May 15th. Anchors at Cape Cod.
 “ June 18th. Returns to England.
1603. April 10th. Voyage of M. Pring.
 “ May 10th. Bartholomew Gilbert sails for Virginia.
1604. March 7th. Voyage of De Monts.
1605. March 31st. Voyage of George Weymouth.
1606. Aug. 12th. Voyage of Henry Challons.
 “ Nov. 12th. He is taken and carried into Spain.

1607. April 26th. Newport enters Chesapeake Bay with the first colonists.
1608. Voyage of Smith towards the source of the Chesapeake.
1608. Newport arrives with supplies.
1609. June 2d. Nine vessels with 500 people sail for Virginia.
- “ Voyage of Hudson.
1611. Last voyage of Hudson.
- “ Champlain discovers the lake which bears his name.
1612. Voyage of Thomas Button.
1614. March 3d. First voyage of John Smith to New England.
1615. June 24th. Sails again for New England but is captured by the French.
- “ Oct. Voyage of Sir Richard Hawkins.
1616. March 26th. Voyages of Bylot and Baffin.
- “ Jan. 25. Schouten discovers De Maire's Strait.
1617. June 30th. Last voyage of Sir Walter Raleigh to Guiana.
1618. Lord Delaware sails for Virginia.
1619. T. Dermer's voyage to New England.
- “ May 20th. Passes through Long Island Sound.
1620. Sept. 6th. English Puritans sail for America.
- “ Nov. 10th. They anchor at Cape Cod.
- “ Dec. 11th. First landing at Plymouth.
1621. Sept. 18th. Bay of Massachusetts explored.
1625. Ship from Plymouth taken by the Turks.
1630. Winthrop comes with a colony to Massachusetts.
1631. Voyage of Lucas Fox.
1655. English fleet fitted out against Hispaniola.
1666. Buccaneers begin depredations in the West Indies,
1673. A Dutch squadron arrives at Virginia.
1679. Protestants sent to Carolina.
1687. Expedition for suppressing pirates in the West Indies.
1690. Expedition of Sir W. Phipps against Canada.
1704. Expedition of Colonel Church.
1726. Admiral Hosier's disastrous expedition.
1740. Vernon besieges Carthage.
1742. June. Spanish expedition against Georgia.
1745. March 24th. Expedition sails against Louisbourg.
- April. Arrival of Commodore Warren.
- “ Ship Massachusetts launched at Boston.
1746. Sept. 10th. D'Anville with a fleet and army arrives at Nova Scotia.
1747. May 3d. French fleet defeated by Anson and Warren
1753. British traders seized.

1755. May 20th. Expedition sails against Nova Scotia.
1758. May 23th. Expedition against Louisbourg.
- “ July 5th. Abercrombie embarks for Ticonderoga.
1759. General Wolfe sails for Quebec.
1760. French ships destroyed at Acadie.
1762. Feb. 14th. The English take Martinico and the other Caribbee Islands.
- “ Aug. 12th. Havana is taken by the English.
1768. June 10th. The sloop Liberty, belonging to Mr. Hancock, seized by custom-house officers at Boston, causing some tumults among the inhabitants.
1772. June 9th. The Providence packet fired into by the British schooner Gaspee. The latter ran aground, and was burned by the Americans in the night.
1775. Aug. 9th. The British sloop of war Falcon, sent her boats, with a schooner and cutter, to capture an American schooner in Gloucester harbour; but the British party were all captured.
- “ Nov. 12th. American schooner Defence attacked by two British ships of war, near Hog Island, S. C.
- “ Nov. 17th. Eleven British vessels, laden with stores for the army, captured by the Americans at Sorrel River, Lower Canada.
- “ Nov. 29th. American privateer Lee captured British brig Nancy, with ordnance and stores for British army in America.
- “ Dec. 8th. Three British ships, with stores for the army, captured by captain Manly.
1776. March 22d. Letters of marque and reprisal issued by America against Great Britain.
- “ April 6th. British sloop Glasgow, 20 guns, engaged an American fleet of five vessels, mounting 82 guns, and escaped.
- “ May 3d. British fleet, amounting to nearly 50 sail, arrived at Cape Fear, having on board Lord Cornwallis and General Clinton.
- “ May 17th. The British ship Hope captured in Boston Bay, by Captain Mugford, and brought into Boston.
- “ June 14th. The British fleet cannonaded from Moon and Long Islands, and compelled to leave the coast.
- “ June 17th. Six American privateers captured the George and Arabella, British transports, in Boston Bay; 320 prisoners taken.

1777. Feb. 6th. The government of England issued letters of marque and reprisal against the Colonies.
- “ June 14th. The present flag of the United States of America — the stars and stripes — adopted by order of Congress.
- “ July 7th. United States frigate Hancock captured by British squadron of Rainbow, Flora, and Victor.
1778. March 4th. American frigate Alfred captured by British ships Ariadne and Ceres.
- “ March 7th. United States frigate Randolph, of 36 guns and 305 men, commanded by Captain Nicholas Biddle, blown up in action with British ship Yarmouth. Four men only saved.
- “ June 8th. The French fleet, under Count D’Estaing, arrived in America.
- “ Aug. 5th. The British frigates Juno, Lark, Orpheus, and Cerberus, with other vessels, burnt and sunk at Rhode Island, upon the appearance of the French fleet.
- “ Aug. 22d. The French fleet avoided co-operation with the Americans, and sailed into Boston, being compelled to put into port.
1779. July. The American privateer Jason, Captain Manly, captured two British privateers, the one of 18 and the other of 16 guns.
- “ Sept. 1st. D’Estaing with the French fleet, captured British 50 gun ship, off Charleston, S. C.
- “ Sept. 23d. Captain John Paul Jones’ victory in the *Bonne Homme Richard*, over the British ship of war *Serapis*, 44 guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, 22 guns, on the coast of England.
1780. June 1st. American privateer General Pickering captured English ship *Golden Eagle*.
1781. March 16th. Battle between the French and English fleets off Cape Henry.
- “ April 2d. United States frigate *Alliance*, Captain Barry, captured British frigate *Mars*, and sloop *Minerva*.
- “ May 28th. United States frigate *Alliance*, Captain Barry, captured British sloops of war *Atalanta* and *Trepassey*.
- “ Aug. 11th. United States frigate *Trumbull* carried by the British into New York.
- “ Aug. 30th. French fleet of 28 sail of the line, under Count de Grasse, sailed into the Chesapeake, to co-operate with the Americans.

1781. Sept. 6th. American privateer Congress captured British sloop of war *Savage*, of 20 guns.
- “ Sept. 7th. Sea fight off Cape Henry, between the British fleet, under Graves, and the French fleet, under de Grasse.
- “ Sept. 10th. British frigates *Richmond* and *Isis*, 32 guns each, captured in the Chesapeake by the French fleet, under D’Estaing.
1782. April 8th. American ship *Hyder Ally*, 16 guns, captured the British ship *General Monk*, 29 guns.
- “ Sept. 11th. French frigate *L’Aigle* captured off Delaware capes by the British squadron.
- “ Dec. 12th. American ship *Alexander*, 24 guns, and the *Menagere*, a French 64, captured by British man-of-war *Mediator*.
- “ Dec. 20th. United States frigate *Charleston* captured off capes of Delaware by British king’s ships of war *Diomedé* and *Quebec*.
1783. April 19th. Cessation of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States proclaimed by General Washington.
1787. Aug. 9th. The ship *Columbia* and sloop *Washington* sailed from Boston on a voyage round the world, and returned in August, 1790, being the first American vessels that circumnavigated the globe.
1793. July 14th. Captain Barney’s ship *Samson* captured by three privateers; but in three days he retook his own craft, and took his captors prisoners into Baltimore.
- “ Aug. 1st. French frigate *l’Ambuscade* beat off the British frigate *Boston*, off New York.
1794. March 26th. Commencement of the embargo for 30 days; afterwards increased to 60.
- “ July 14th. Fourteen sail of French ships, laden with provisions, captured by British squadron, under Admiral Murray, off the American coast.
1795. May 17th. French and English squadrons engaged near Cape Henry—two French vessels captured.
1796. Nov. 4th. Treaty between Tripoli and United States signed at Algiers.
1797. July 7th. The treaties between France and the United States declared null and void, in consequence of the depredations of the French cruisers on the commerce of the United States.

1798. Nov. 16th. Outrage on the United States ship of war Baltimore, of 20 guns, by a British squadron. Five American seamen were impressed.
1798. Nov. 20th. United States schooner Retaliation captured by two French frigates.
1799. Feb. 9th. United States frigate Constellation, Captain Truxtun, captured French frigate l'Insurgent, 54 guns, off Basseterre.
- “ July 7th. Ship Aurora, of Philadelphia, captured by a privateer, off Anger Road.
- “ July 10th. American ship Planter, Captain John Watts, beat off a French privateer of 22 guns, after a running fight of two hours and a half, wherein the ladies (passengers) handed the cartridges.
1800. Feb. 1st. Engagement between United States frigate Constellation, Commodore Truxtun, and French ship la Vengeance, 54 guns.
- “ Oct. 12th. United States frigate Boston captured French corvette La Borceau.
1801. June 10th. Declaration of war by the Bashaw of Tripoli against the United States.
- “ Aug. 1st. Capture of the Tripoli, 14 guns, by the Enterprize, 12 guns, Lieutenant Skerret.
1803. Aug. 26th. United States frigate Philadelphia, Captain Bainbridge, captured off Cape de Gatt a Moorish cruiser of 22 guns, and retook her prize, an American brig.
- “ Oct. 31st. United States frigate Philadelphia, while in chase of a strange sail, ran on a reef of rocks, and after a four hours' action became a prize to the Tripolitans.
1804. Feb. 16th. United States frigate Philadelphia burnt in the harbour of Tripoli, by Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, and 70 volunteers, in the ketch Intrepid.
- “ Aug. 3d. Attack on Tripoli by American Commodore Preble.
- “ Aug. 7th. Commodore Preble's second attack on Tripoli.
- “ Aug. 27th and 29th. Commodore Preble again bombarded Tripoli.
1805. June 3d. Peace concluded between the United States and Tripoli.
- “ June 5th. American prisoners at Tripoli liberated.
- “ Sept. 4th. The Intrepid United States fire-ship, containing 100 barrels of gunpowder and 150 shells, exploded in harbour of Tripoli by Captain Somers, who, with two lieutenants and ten men, were killed.

1807. June 22d. Outrage by British ship of war Leopard, 50 guns, on United States frigate Chesapeake, 36.
- “ July 2d. The President of the United States ordered all British ships of war to evacuate the American ports, in consequence of the outrage on the Chesapeake.
- “ Dec. Embargo law passed.
1809. Jan. 9th. Congress passed laws to enforce the embargo act.
- “ March 4th. Embargo law repealed.
1810. Jan. 2d. Murat, king of Naples, received orders from Paris to seize all American vessels and cargoes.
- “ May 1st. All French and English vessels prohibited from entering the ports of the United States.
- “ June 24th. United States brig Vixen fired at by British sloop of war Moselle, near the Bahamas.
- “ July 19th. American vessels forbidden by the king of Prussia to enter the ports of that country.
1811. May 16th. United States frigate President, Commodore Rodgers, captured the British ship Little Belt.
- “ Nov. 15th. Two French privateers burnt at Savannah, S. C., on account of a private quarrel between American and French sailors.
1812. April 11th. Four British barges captured in Hampton Roads.
- “ April 24th. American privateer Surprise, 10 guns, captured the English brig Kutousoff, 12 guns.
- “ June 18th. War declared against Great Britain by the United States of America.
- “ June 21st. The first American squadron put to sea, under the command of Commodore Rodgers.
- “ June 24th. Engagement, in running fight, between United States frigate President, and British frigate Belvidere—the latter escaped.
- “ July 2d. American embargo expired.
- “ July 10th. United States frigate Essex captured a British transport, with a detachment of the first regiment of Royal Scots aboard.
- “ July 15th. United States brig Nautilus captured by a British squadron.
- “ July 17th. American privateer schooner Dolphin captured a British ship of 14 guns.
- “ July 17th. United States frigate Constitution fell in with a British squadron, consisting of one 74, four frigates, a brig and a schooner, but escaped by the masterly seamanship of Captain Hull.

1812. July 30th. Action between United States brig Julia and British ships Earl Moira and Duke of Gloucester, off the mouth of the St. Lawrence.
- “ Aug. 3d. Privateer schooner Atlas captured two British ships, Planter, 12 guns, and Pursuit, 16 guns.
- “ Aug. 7th. United States frigate Essex captured British brig George.
- “ Aug. 7th. American fleet on Lake Erie chased British fleet into port.
- “ Aug. 13th. United States frigate Essex captured British sloop of war Alert, off the Grand Banks—the first king’s ship captured during the war.
- “ Aug. 19th. United States frigate Constitution, 44 guns, captured British frigate Guerriere, 38. The prize sunk directly after the action.
- “ Oct. 8th. Detroit and Caledonia, British armed brigs, cut out from under the walls of Fort Erie, by a party of American volunteers, under Lieutenant Elliot.
- “ Oct. 15th. United States frigates President and Congress captured British packet Swallow, with nearly \$200,000 on board.
- “ Oct. 18th. British sloop of war Frolic captured by United States sloop of war Wasp, which, with its prize, was taken by the British 74, Poictiers.
- “ Oct. 25th. United States frigate United States, Commodore Decatur, captured the British frigate Macedonian.
- “ Nov. 10th. United States schooner Growler captured on Lake Ontario a British schooner, with a valuable cargo and \$12,000 in money aboard.
- “ Nov. 21st. United States brig Vixen captured by British frigate Southampton.
- “ Nov. 23d. American privateer Tom captured British packet ship Townsend.
- “ Nov. 27th. British frigate Southampton, with her prize the United States brig Vixen, wrecked on sunken rocks off Concepcion. American sailors earned commendation of the English admiral by their endeavours to save their wrecked conquerors.
- “ Nov. 29th. British schooner of war Subtle upset in a squall while chasing American privateer Favourite. All hands perished.
- “ Dec. 6th. American privateer brig Montgomery captured the British ship Surinam.

1812. Dec. 29th. United States frigate Constitution captured British frigate Java.
1813. Jan. 14th. Gallant action between American privateer schooner Comet, 14 guns, and three English vessels of war and one Portuguese, ending in capture of one of the former.
- “ Jan. 17th. British frigate Narcissus captured United States brig Vixen.
- “ Feb. 4th. United States frigate Constellation chased into Norfolk by a British squadron.
- “ Feb. 5th. The ports and harbours of the Chesapeake declared to be in a state of blockade by the British Admiral Warren.
- “ Feb. 26th. U. S. sloop of war Hornet captured the British brig Peacock. The prize sunk directly after the action.
- “ March 10th. United States schooner Adeline encountered the British schooner Lottery in the night, in Chesapeake Bay. The latter supposed to be sunk.
- “ March 11th. An American privateer the General Armstrong, of 18 guns, encountered the fire of an English frigate of 38 guns for three-quarters of an hour, within pistol-shot, and escaped with only six killed and sixteen wounded.
- “ March 14th. The British ship Poictiers, 74, and Belvidera frigate, blockaded the Delaware river.
- “ April 1st. United States revenue schooner Gallatin blown up at Charleston, S. C.
- “ April 3d. Several American privateers and letters of marque captured in the Chesapeake by English schooners and barges.
- “ April 16th. A British squadron anchored in the Patapsco River, in sight of Baltimore.
- “ April 28th. American privateer York Town captured English brig Avery.
- “ April 29th. United States frigate Essex, Captain D. Porter, captured British ships Montezuma, Policy and Georgiana.
- “ May 20th. United States frigate Congress captured British brig Jean.
- “ May 22d. United States frigate Congress captured British brig Diana.
- “ May 30th. American privateer brig Yankee captured British brig Thames, with cargo worth \$180,000.
- “ June 1st. United States frigate Chesapeake captured by British frigate Shannon.

1813. June 3d. British gun-boats on Lake Champlain captured and sunk two United States schooners of war.
- “ June 10th. United States revenue cutter Surveyor captured in Chesapeake Bay.
- “ June 16th. British schooner Lady Murray, with stores and ammunition, captured by United States schooner Lady of the Lake.
- “ June 20th. Action between three British frigates and a flotilla of American gun-boats, in James' River.
- “ June 22d. United States brig Rattlesnake captured British brig Crown Prince.
- “ June 23d. Action between American gun-boats and sloops and two British frigates Statira and Spartan, in Delaware Bay.
- “ July 13th. The Anaconda, a New York letter of marque, and Atlas, a Philadelphia privateer, captured by a British squadron.
- “ July 14th. United States schooner Asp captured by five British barges in Kinsale Creek, near Yecomico River, but retaken by the militia in the course of the day.
- “ July 24th. Some Americans attempted to blow up British 74 gun ship Plantagenet with a torpedo, in Lynnhaven Bay. The vessel was much injured, although the plan failed.
- “ July 29th. Action between United States gun-boats and British sloop of war Marten, in Delaware Bay.
- “ August 5th. American privateer Decatur captured British schooner of war Decatur.
- “ Aug. 10th. United States schooners Julia and Growler captured on Lake Ontario.
- “ Aug. 14th. British sloop of war Pelican captured United States brig Argus.
- “ Aug. 20th. American privateer Decatur arrived at Charleston, (S. C.) with two prizes—British schooner of war Dominica, and ship London Trader heavily laden.
- “ Sept. 5th. United States brig Enterprise captured British brig of war Boxer.
- “ Sept. 10th. Whole British fleet on Lake Erie captured by Commodore Perry.
- “ Sept. 11th. Running fight, for six hours, on Lake Ontario, between British and American squadrons.
- “ Oct. 2d. Commodore Chauncey chases the British fleet on Lake Ontario.

1813. Oct. 25th. United States frigate Congress captured and destroyed British merchant-ship Rose.
- “ Nov. 6th. The American flotilla, consisting of 300 boats full of troops, under Gen. Wilkinson, cannonaded from the Canadian shores, without sustaining any injury.
- “ Nov. 12th. Sloop Betsey, captain Kennedy, of Philadelphia, captured off Currituck, (N. C.,) by British frigate Lacedemonian, who took out the crew, and left the captain with a captain Holbrook on board, under the charge of a prize-master and five men. In the night, the two American captains rose on the British, retook the sloop, and carried her safe into Wilmington, (N. C.,) with their six prisoners.
- “ Nov. 16th. United States coast declared by the British admiral to be in a state of blockade.
1814. Jan. 29th. Action between United States schooner Alligator and a squadron of British barges near Charleston, (S. C.)
- “ Feb. 5th. Seventeen British officers captured on Lake Erie, and confined, on the principle of retaliation.
- “ March 28th. United States frigate Essex attacked by British frigate Phœbe, and sloop of war Cherub, and captured after a desperate resistance.
- “ April 7th. Twenty vessels burnt by the British on the Connecticut river.
- “ April 14th. Embargo Act, of December 1813, repealed by congress.
- “ April 21st. United States sloop of war Frolic captured by British frigate Orpheus, and schooner Shelburne.
- “ 29th. The British sloop of war l'Epervier captured by United States sloop of war Peacock, capt. Warrington; \$128,000 were on board the prize.
- “ May 25th. Skirmish between United States gun-boats and British frigate Maidstone off New London.
- “ May 30th. Two British gun-boats, five barges, and 175 prisoners captured by the Americans at Sandy Creek, (N. Y.)
- “ June 9th. United States brig Rattlesnake captured British brig John.
- “ June 10th. Action between British vessels of war and American flotilla, under Commodore Barney.
- “ June 13th. Fourteen vessels burnt by the British at Wareham, New England.
- “ June 20th. American privateer Perry captured British schooner Ballahon.

1814. June 22d. Independence, 74 gun-ship, launched at Boston.
- “ June 26th. Two British frigates compelled to retire from the Patuxent, by a flotilla, under Commodore Barney.
- “ June 28th. United States sloop of war Wasp, 18 guns, captured British sloop of war Reindeer, 19 guns.
- “ July 8th. American privateer, Dash, captured British schooner of war Whiting.
- “ July 10th. United States brig Rattlesnake captured by British ship Leander. The Rattlesnake had previously thrown over all her guns but two to escape from a British frigate.
- “ July 19th. American privateer General Armstrong captured the British sloop Henrietta, with stores for British fleet.
- “ Aug. 10th. British fleet of sixty sail entered the Chesapeake.
- “ Aug. 23d. Privateer schooner Patapsco captured British brig Europe.
- “ Sept. 1st. British sloop of war Avon sunk in action, by United States sloop of war Wasp.
- “ Sept. 3d. United States frigate Adams, 32 guns, blown up at Hampden, on the Penobscot, to prevent her falling into the hands of the British.
- “ Sept. 9th. United States schooners Scorpion and Tigress captured by the British, near St. Joseph's.
- “ Sept. 9th. British privateer schooner Fortune of War, captured by the Americans, off Sapelo Bar.
- “ Sept. 11th. The whole of the British fleet on Lake Champlain captured by the Americans under Commodore Macdonough.
- “ Oct. 4th. United States revenue cutter belonging to Newport, Rhode Island, captured British privateer sloop Dart.
- “ Oct. 13th. United States revenue schooner Eagle captured by the boats of the British ships of war Narcissus and Despatch.
- “ Oct. 23d. American privateer Harlequin taken by British man-of-war Bulwark.
- “ Oct. 29th. United States steam frigate Fulton launched at New York.
- “ Nov. 1st. British ship of war Bacchante captured American privateer Macdonough.
- “ Nov. 8th. American privateer schooner General Putnam taken by the British man-of-war Leander.
- “ Nov. 24th. Treaty of peace concluded at Ghent between Great Britain and the United States.

1814. Dec. 1st. American privateer schooner Kemp, after an action with nine British merchantmen, captured several.
- “ Dec. 2d. British ship Granicus captured the American privateer schooner Leo.
- “ Dec. 14th. United States gun-boats on Lake Borgne, near New Orleans, taken by a British flotilla.
- “ Dec. 24th. Peace between the United States of America and Great Britain signed at Ghent.
- “ Dec. 27th. United States schooner Caroline destroyed by hot shot from British batteries at New Orleans.
1815. Jan. 3d. British frigate Junon captured American privateer Guerriere.
- “ Jan. 6th. An enemy's brig, laden with rum and biscuit for the British fleet, burned at Bayou Bienvenu, near New Orleans.
- “ Jan. 11th. British sloop of war Barbadoes captured American schooner Fox.
- “ Jan. 15th. Capture of United States frigate President by British frigates Majestic, Tenedos, Endymion and Pomona.
- “ Jan. 26th. American privateer Chasseur captured British schooner St. Lawrence.
- “ Feb. 6th. The pirates of Baratavia pardoned in consequence of their courage and fidelity displayed in defence of New Orleans.
- “ Feb. 17th. Treaty of Ghent ratified by James Madison, president of the United States.
- “ Feb. 20th. United States frigate Constitution, Captain Stewart, captured the Cyane and Levant, two British sloops of war.
- “ March 3d. War declared against Algiers by the United States.
- “ March 23d. British brig of war Penguin, 18 guns, captured by United States brig Hornet, 18 guns, Captain James Biddle; the Penguin sunk directly after the capture.
- “ June 17th. Commodore Decatur captured an Algerine frigate off Cape de Gatt, killing the famous Admiral Rais Hammida, the terror of the Mediterranean.
- “ June 30th. United States sloop of war Peacock captured the British ship Nautilus, in the Straits of Sunda.
- “ June 30th. Treaty of Peace signed between the Dey of Algiers and Commodore Decatur on behalf of United States.

1815. Aug. 6th. American fleet, under Decatur, arrived off Tripoli.
- “ Aug 9th. Treaty between Commodore Decatur, on behalf of United States, and the Bey of Tripoli, who restored all American prisoners, and made restitution for American property.
1816. May 8th. The first United States ship of the line that ever floated on the ocean, the Washington, 74, Commodore Chauncey, sailed from Boston.
- “ Aug. 27th. United States schooner Firebrand attacked by Spanish 24 gun-ship, and two brigs of war, near Vera Cruz. After striking his flag the captain was allowed to proceed to New Orleans.
- “ Dec. 25th. Treaty between United States of America and the Dey of Algiers.
1819. July 15th. The first steam-vessel from America, arrived in England.
1826. Nov. 13th. Convention agreed on between United States Minister and Court of Great Britain, to indemnify injuries to American commerce during the war.
1827. Feb. 6th. The above Convention met to fix the amount of indemnity awarded to American subjects injured in the late war.
1837. April 17th. Mexican brig of war captured by the United States sloop of war, Natchez, as a retaliation for the capture of six American vessels, illegally taken by the Mexicans.
- “ July 18th. The ship of the line Pennsylvania, 120 guns, launched at Philadelphia.

THE END.

A
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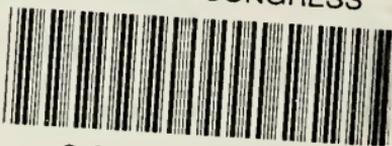
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