



THE SAUCY NAIAD. (1)

The fell Bonaparte, from his flotilla's port,
Sent out his black praams to engage a fair Maid,
And swore that his admiral's neck he'd distort,
If he did not bring in—the Saucy Naiad.

So coolly she took the red shot from his tower—
The nymph should no longer *ride* (2) there to blockade,
And now, in a calm, she would be in his power—
His praams could row out to—the Saucy Naiad.

With such rare instructions, the praams all broke
ground,
Their carronades, cannon, and eagles display'd ;
A pilot of skill, soon, in Boulogne was found
To take in (*when captured*)—the Saucy Naiad.

Napoleon, and Ney, to encourage the fight,
Embarked in a barge, with imperial parade—
The pregnant *Louisa* longed much for a sight
Of that English frigate—the Saucy Naiad.

Loudshouts, from the shore, when they'd broke ground,
were heard,
Joy-bells rung in Boulogne, bonfires too were made, —
All eyed great Napoleon—while Napoleon *shared*
To see *Basti* (3) row out to the—Saucy Naiad.

¹ Commanded by Captain Cateret,—20th and 21st Sept., 1811.—Called *Saucy* by her crew. ² At anchor, waiting for the attack. ³ The Admiral