

the night. In consequence of the negligence of the pilot, the President struck upon the bar, and remained there thumping, upwards of two hours. This accident caused her ballast to shift, and, when extricated from this situation by the rise of the tide, it was discovered that she had entirely lost her trim. The course of the wind forbidding her return to port, the commodore determined, nevertheless, upon running out to sea, and did not doubt but she would soon recover that ease in sailing, for which she had been long celebrated. At daylight he fell in with the British squadron, composed of the *Majestic* (razee,) the frigates *Endymion*, *Tenedos*, and *Pomone*, and the despatch brig, which immediately gave chase. The President was lightened as much as possible, but the superior sailing of the enemy's ships, enabled them to gain rapidly upon her, and the leading frigate the *Endymion*, of 49 guns, and mounting 24-pounders on her gun deck, got close under her quarters and commenced firing. Commodore Decatur, finding that the *Endymion* was cutting up his rigging, without his being able to annoy her, determined to bear up and engage, and if possible to run her on board, and in the event of carrying her, to sail off and abandon the President. But the enemy manœuvred to avoid this plan, and the conflict continued two hours, and ended in silencing and beating off the *Endymion*, with her hull and rigging much cut up, her masts and spars badly injured, and a great proportion of her crew killed and wounded. The President was also considerably damaged, and lost 25 men killed, and 60 wounded; among the former, lieutenants Babbit and Hamilton, and acting lieutenant Howel; among the latter, the commodore, and midshipman Dale, who lost a leg, and died of his wounds at Bermuda. By this time the rest of the squadron came within two miles of the President. The *Endymion* had hauled off to repair, and commodore Decatur made another effort to escape.—But, in three hours, the *Pomone* and *Tenedos* lay along side, and the *Majestic* and *Endymion* were within a short distance of him. The gallant commodore, not choosing to sacrifice the lives of his crew in a useless contest, with a squadron of ships mounting not less than 110 guns, received the fire of the nearest frigate, and surrendered. He was taken on board the *Endymion*, to