

any disposition to let the enemy have the poor little *Hornet*."

Captain Biddle mustered the crew, and told them that, as they might soon be captured, he hoped to perceive that propriety of conduct that had distinguished them, and that he was pleased at being their commander. But now, as if by a miracle, the *Hornet* began to gain. The wind blew more aft, and by five the enemy's shot fell short. Biddle had not replied even with his stern-chaser to all this cannonading, for he had noticed that the other's firing hampered her sailing. At half-past five the crew broke out into a cheer, for the *Cornwallis* was dropping behind, slowly, but surely. Now Biddle showed his colors, and so fast did the *Hornet* pick up, with the wind in her favorite quarter for good going, that a few minutes after six the enemy was hull down. All night long the distance between the two increased, and at daylight the *Cornwallis* was fifteen miles behind. At nine o'clock she shortened sail, hauled upon the wind to the eastward, and gave up, after a chase of forty-two hours.

A remarkable circumstance of this affair is that, owing to the variableness of the wind, the *Hornet* had made a perfect circle around the battle-ship.

The relief occasioned to all by the escape was vented in cheering, and, extra grog being passed, the men were in extremely good temper, despite the fact of their precarious condition, for they were on the high seas with no guns, no boats, no anchors,