

Perry requested to have no demonstrations made near his quarters, to annoy his unfortunate guest, which was strictly observed, and which grateful attention Barclay duly appreciated. Here the intrepid Perry had built and equipped his vessels, and now he had returned for the *first time* after sailing *with the laurels upon his brow*. His ambition had been satisfied—he had “met the enemy and made them his.”

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER making a hasty visit to view the shattered remains of his gallant old “flagship” in Misery Bay, and memory taking him back to the stirring scenes of the 10th—the still blood-stained deck of his shattered ship, and he, himself, escaping unscathed amid the storm and destruction, he raised his hands and gave thanks to the Preserver of all things. They sailed for Buffalo the next day, Perry bidding a final adieu to Erie, as he never returned. On the 24th the squadron arrived safe at Buffalo, where the troops were landed. Perry now, in an official letter, turned over the command on the Upper Lakes to Elliot, and then pursued his journey east, amid a blaze of rejoicing, to his home in Rhode Island.

The prizes “Detroit” and “Queen Charlotte” being badly cut up, it was deemed inexpedient to try and remove them to