

grape. But, as is recorded in the journal, "the former passed between our masts and the latter fell all around us. The enemy fired shells, but they were so ill directed as to be perfectly harmless." And now began what looked to be a work of destruction, and which was intended as such, no doubt. Biddle determined that if he were taken there would be very little for the enemy to show as trophy. Overboard went all the muskets, cutlasses, and iron-work. The bell was broken up, and the topgallant forecastle was chopped to pieces. All this time only three-quarters of a mile on the lee quarter was the great ship of the line pouring in a constant storm of shot and shell. The Yankee tars trimmed ship by massing themselves against the rail, after the fashion of a yacht's crew.

At four o'clock a shot from the enemy struck the jib-boom, and another caught the starboard bulwark just forward of the gangway. A third smashed on the deck forward of the main-hatch, and, glancing up, passed through the foresail. It struck immediately over the head of a wounded Yankee sailor who had been hurt in the action with the *Penguin*; the splinters were scattered all around the invalid, and a small paper flag, the American ensign, that he had hoisted over his cot, was struck down. But immediately he lifted it up and waved it about his head. In fact, to quote again from the entry in the journal, "Destruction stared us in the face if we did not surrender, yet no officer, no man in the ship, showed