



CRICKET MATCH ON MCGILL COLLEGE GROUND, MONTREAL, 6th JUNE.
Bishop's College School C. C. vs McGill C. C.

The Frigate Endymion.

Sir Edwin Arnold contributes to the *Daily Telegraph* a spirited poem (of which we quote some verses) on the following incident, narrated in a note in the catalogue of the Royal Naval Exhibition:—

Towards the close of the war with France, Captain the Hon. Sir Charles Paget, while cruising in the "Endymion" frigate, on the coast of Spain, descried a French ship of the line in imminent danger, embayed among rocks on a lee shore; bowsprit and foremast gone, and riding by a stream-cable, her only remaining one. Though it was blowing a gale, Sir Charles bore down to the assistance of his enemy, dropped his sheet-anchor on the Frenchman's bow, buoyed the cable, and veered it across his hawser; this the disabled ship succeeded in getting in, and thus 700 lives were saved from destruction. After performing this chivalrous action the "Endymion," being herself in great peril, hauled to the wind, let go her bower-anchor, club-hauled, and stood off shore on the other tack.

The English Roses, on her face,
Blossomed a brighter pink, for pride,
As, through the glories of the place,
Watchful, we wandered, side by side.

We saw our by-gone Worthies stand,
Done to the life, in steel and gold,
Howard, and Drake—a stately band—
Sir Walter, Anson, Hawkins bold;

Past all the martial blazonry
Of Blake's great battles; and the roar
Of Jervis, thundering through the sea;
With Rodney, Hood; and fifty more;

To him, the bravest, gentlest, best,
Duty's dear Hero, Britain's Star,
The Chieftain of the dauntless breast,
Nelson, our Thunderbolt of War!

We saw him, gathering sword by sword
On conquered decks, from Don and Dane;
We saw him, Victory's laurelled Lord,
Rend the French battle-line a-twain;

We saw the coat, the vest he wore
In thick of dread Trafalgar's day;
The blood-stain; and the ball which tore
Shoulder-gold, lace—and life—away.

In countless grand sea-pieces there
The green seas foamed with gallant blood;
The skies blazed high with flame and fear;
The tall masts toppled to the flood.

But, ever, 'mid red rage and glow
Of each tremendous Ocean fight,
Safe, by the strength of those below,
The flag of England floated bright!

"Ah! dear brave souls!" she cried, "'tis good
To be a British girl, and claim
Some drops, too, of such splendid blood,
Some distant share of deathless fame!

"Yet, still I think of what tears rained
From tender French and Spanish eyes
For all those glorious days we gained.
Oh! the sad price of victories!"

"Come then!" I said, "witness one fight
With triumph crowned, which cost no tear;
Waged gallant, 'gainst the Tempest's might."
Thus turned we to a canvas near—

"Look! the King's Frigate! and her foe!
The coast is Spain. Cruising to spy
An enemy, she finds him so,
Caught in the death-trap, piteously!

"A great three-decker! Close a-lee,
Wild breakers on the black rocks foam,
Will drown the ship's whole company
When that one anchor's fluke comes home.

"Her foremast gone, she cannot set
Head-sails to cast her off the land;
These poor souls have, to draw breath yet
As long as while a warp will stand.

"'Tis war-time—time of mutual hate—
Only to keep off, therefore;—tack—
Mark from afar 'Jean Crapaud's' fate
And lightly to 'My Lords' take back

"Good news of the great liner, done
To splinters, and some thirty score
Of 'Mounseers' perished! Not a gun
To fire. Just stand by!—no more!

"Also the Captain who should go—
Eyes open—where this Gaul is driven,
Would steer straight into Hell's mid woe
Out of the easy peace of Heaven.

"Well, let them strike, and drown! Not he!
Not lion-hearted Paget! No!—
The war's forgot! He'll let us see
Seamanship at its topmost! Blow,

"Boatswain, your pipe! 'Endymions' hear!
Forward and aft, all hands on deck!
Let my sails draw, range hawsers clear;
Paget from fate his foe will pluck!

"So bears she down; the fair white flag
Hoisted, full friendly, at the main;
Her guns run in; twice to a rag
The stormsails torn, but set again.

"And when she rounds to wind, they swarm
Into their rigging, and they dip
The tricolour, with hearts made warm
By hope and love.—Look there! his ship

"Inshore the doomed one! and you note
How, between life and death, he keeps
His frigate, like a pleasure-boat,
Clean full and by; and while he sweeps

"Athwart the Frenchman's hawse, lets go
His big sheet anchor, buoys it—cast
Clear o'er the rail. They know, they know;
Here's help! here's hope! here's chance, at last!

"For, hauling (you shall understand)
The English hawser o'er her sides,
All fear is fled of that black strand;
Safely the huge three-decker rides.

"Safe will she come to Brest again,
With Jean, and Jacques, and Paul and Pierre,
And float, to fight King George's men;
Thanks to that goodly British gear!

"Never was nobler salvage made!
Never a smarter sea-deed done!"

"Best of all fights I love"—She said—
"This fight of the *Endymion*."

—St. James Budget.