

your our escape ; for the fog thickened around us, and under its friendly obscurity we altered our course, standing right in an opposite direction ; and we should most certainly have escaped, but that unfortunately, as if by magic, the fog at once cleared up, and our attempt to elude pursuit was useless. One of the frigates again bore down upon us, and, opening her main-deck ports, fired one of her large guns at us. The shot whistled close by our stern. Resistance was absurd—escape impossible ; and we accordingly hove to. A long-boat, lowered from the frigate, and filled with men, immediately made towards us, and soon sufficiently neared us, to discover, by the undisciplined movements, and un-British aspect of the men,—but, above all, by the tricoloured cockade in the hats of the officers,—that we were prisoners of war, and to the French !

The enemy sprung on board like a tiger fastening upon its unresisting prey. Our deck was instantly covered with confusion. The ferocious visages of those who boarded us ; the vociferations of a language which I then understood not, and the wildness with which the men flew about the decks, or hurried into the cabin and steerage, gloating with savage satisfaction upon all they saw, as their own ; made me feel as though hell had at once discharged its fiends upon our peaceful decks. The French commander had just English enough to say to my father, “ Captain, you prisoner of war ! You tell your men take down dat colour ! Make haste, make haste ! ” “ No,” replied my father, sullenly, “ you’ve taken, but not conquered me ; and you may put my head at the muzzle of one of your own guns, before I’ll lower our British flag at the command of a Frenchmen ! Take it down yourself, or let it fly at the mast-head for ever ! ” About ten minutes were allowed to our officers and ship’s company to take what necessities we could carry with us on board the frigate ; the French officers standing over us the while, and impatiently goading us to greater speed, “ take all you can wit you ! Make haste, make haste ! take all you can ! make haste, make haste ! ” A small matress, with two or three sheets and blankets, and a little trunk with a few changes of linen, together with whatever we could hastily snatch from among our most valuable things, were all we could secure on taking our final leave of the *Morning Herald*. She was immediately manned by Frenchmen, and we were taken on board the frigate, which proved to be *L’Insurgent*, of forty-four guns. Then, and not till then, were the English colours hauled down on board the French squadron.

Never shall I forget my sensations when we came alongside the frigate. The decks were crowded with the most filthy unsightly crew which my eyes had ever beheld ; party-coloured in their dress, and wearing red woollen nightcaps, which, though surmounted with the national cockade, conveyed the idea of their being invalids on board an hospital-ship. To this motley crew I had to ascend, amidst the confused shouts of a language which