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"OLD TIMES."

There's a beautiful song on the slumbrous air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair,
That waves in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there;
A glimmering Cross and a glittering Crown,
A thorny bed and couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of Spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets a scent of buds,
Bird warblers and clambering vines.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song,
That sobs on the slumbrous air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along.
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with the morning breeze,
But years have distanced the beautiful day,
And its melody floweth from far away.
And we call it now "Old Times."

NAVAL OPERATIONS

OF THE

WAR OF 1812-14.

CHAPTER II.

On the 1st of May, 1811, in the forenoon, the British 38 Gun frigate *Guerriere* Capt. S. J. Pechell, cruising off Sandy Hook, boarded the American brig *Spitfire*, bound from Portland to New York, and impressed out of her a seaman named John Deguyo, a passenger and a native citizen of the United States. The *Guerriere* had also impressed or did shortly afterwards impress from vessels that she boarded off the coast two other native citizens of the States named Gideon Caprian and Joshua Leeds.

Acts of this description, unjustifiable and impolitic as well as unnecessary, aided the party which controlled the Executive Government of the United States in precipitating a contest as impolitic and unnecessary as the transactions which led thereto. That John Deguyo was not a British subject is clear from the fact, that on the 12th of June the *Guerriere* discharged him into the British 18 gun ship sloop *Goree*, Capt. H. D. Bying,

and on the 30th the latter put him on board an American ship for a passage to the States. Caprian was also discharged, but not Leeds who had entered for service.

The *Spitfire* arrived at New York on the same day, or the day after Deguyo had been pressed out of her, and a report of the matter reached the Government at Washington five or six days after. The United States 44 gun frigate *President*, Capt. Charles Ludlow, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore John Rogers, lay moored off Annapolis in the Chesapeake; orders had been given by Mr. Monroe, the Secretary of State, to "protect the coast and commerce of the United States," and on the 12th of May at day light she got under weigh for that purpose. On the 13th the Commodore spoke a brig which had seen a ship on the preceding day off Cape Henry which was supposed to be the *Guerriere*—an extra quantity of shot and wads were now got on deck and the ship was cleared for action. On the 14th she was off Cape Henry, but no British frigate was there—she now stood slowly to the North East, expecting every moment to discover the object of pursuit, yet the 15th passed without any occurrence. On the 16th, about 15 minutes past meridian, Cape Henry being South West distant 14 or 15 leagues, the wind a moderate breeze from the Northward, the *President*, from her masthead, discovered a sail in the East quarter and soon ascertained she was standing towards her under a press of canvass.

As a great deal of controversy has been occasioned by the Naval operations of this war, most of it acrimonious and personal, the statements of both parties will be given in this *Review* impartially, reserving the right of fully criticising the subject with the advantage of being able to weigh the probable and improbable more impartially than the parties actually engaged, who had many reasons for the embittered feelings so fully displayed.

The vessel seen by the *President* was the British ship sloop *Little Belt*, Capt. A. B. Bingham, mounting 18 carronades (32 pdrs.) and ten nines with 121 men and boys, on her return from off Sandy Hook where she had

been seeking the *Guerriere* with despatches from the Commander-in-chief at Bermuda.

At 1 h. 30 p.m. the *President* hoisted her ensign and Commodore's Pendant and edged away as if to meet the *Little Belt*—both vessels being then about ten miles apart—the latter about the same time made her number and afterwards the customary signal (No. 265) requiring the stranger, if a British ship of War, to show hers—as the Frigate could not comply with this signal the Sloop at 1 h. 45 p.m. hoisted her colors now and resumed her course to the Southward under all sail, being fully satisfied that the Frigate was an United States Man-of-War—thereupon the *President* crowded sail in chase which being observed by the Sloop she made the private signal, but finding it unanswered Capt. Bingham felt assured that the stranger was what her colors proclaimed her, and hauling down both ensign and signal continued his course around Cape Hatteras.

Since 1 p. m. the wind had been gradually falling, yet the superior sailing of the *President* brought her by 6 h. 30 m. p.m. so near the *Little Belt* that Capt. Bingham wishing to remove all doubts on either side shortened sail, rehoisted his colors and hove to on the larboard tack. In order to avoid being surprised the *Little Belt* double shotted her guns and got all clear for action. As the Frigate appeared desirous of taking up a raking position the Sloop wore three times which brought her upon the starboard tack, and at a few minutes to 8 o'clock p. m. Capt. Bingham hailed the *President* in the customary manner, but received no answer, probably because he was not heard, the latter still bearing up as if desirous of passing astern of the Sloop, the latter wore a fourth time and came to on the larboard tack; the Frigate now hauled up her foresail and also hove to on the larboard tack distant about 70 yards from the Sloop's weather beam. Capt. Bingham standing on the gun abaft the port gangway hailed "Ship ahoy?" "Ship ahoy" was repeated from the Frigate. "What ship is that?" asked Capt. Bingham, "What ship is that?" repeated Commodore Rodgers. At this instant a gun was accidentally discharged from the *President* and immediate-