

Finally sailed for "Crusoe's Isles,"  
The Spanish Commandant with many smiles  
Extending all hospitality he knew  
To the half wrecked ship and her gallant crew,  
Who, cheering "Lieutenant Gonzalez,"  
Headed for "Nootka" before the breeze.  
Though pursued by two men-o'-war  
The jealous Viceroy had ordered there,  
As also Gonzalez was ordered sent  
In irons to Spain for punishment,  
For all the land and fringing seas  
Belonged to their Spanish Majesties.  
England and France laughed to scorn,  
(The infant Republic was not strong)  
Spain sought to drive her from the Western seas,  
The bluff was vapid and didn't please  
The rising young democracy,  
Who wished the freedom of the seas,  
Scoffed at the words from the Spanish throne  
That claimed territory it did not own.

The Columbia soon found her mate,  
The Washington, which lay sedate  
Near the "Princess Royal" and "Iphigenia,"  
Two Englishmen on trading bent.  
The Columbia and Washington in duty bound,  
Cruised the coast for bay or sound,  
Having a skirmish occasionally  
With treacherous natives who jealously,  
Watching the small boats as they passed  
From ship to shore until at last,  
In war canoes they paddled out  
With bows and arrows and battle shout;