

opinion of the Father of the American Republic, did our space permit the copying of some of his letters to Congress, or our judgment sanction the attempt to dislodge Mr. Cooper from ground so untenable.

The adventures of Commodore Paul Jones are full of excitement and interest, but we are compelled to pass lightly over them, from the scarcity of disposable space. The description of the combat between his ship, the *Richard*, and Captain Pearson's *Serapis*, which has been so often heard of, is given with a greater degree of impartiality, we believe, than any other action; probably, as has been suggested, because Jones was himself a Briton, and, consequently, his praises were not calculated so directly to lend a lustre to American arms. Be this as it may, it is a thrilling narrative, both ships having been fought manfully and well, accident only deciding the battle in favour of the victors, after hope had almost entirely fled—the *Serapis* having ceased cannonading, on hearing a call for “quarter” coming from the *Richard's* deck—a cessation of hostilities taken advantage of by the American Commodore, to turn the tide of battle in his own favour.

The contest between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, an action which caused a greater share of excitement than usually accompanies a combat between single ships, will form no inapt illustration of the one-sided character of Mr. Cooper's descriptions. We here extract it:—

“At twelve, meridian, the “*Chesapeake*” lifted her anchor, and stood out into the bay, with a pleasant breeze from the southward and westward. As the “*Shannon*” was then in plain sight, the ship was cleared for action, and the best appearances were assumed, although it is known that Captain Lawrence went into this engagement with strong reluctance, on account of the peculiar state of his crew. He had himself joined the vessel not long before; her proper first lieutenant, Mr. B. Page, of Virginia, an officer of experience, was ill on shore, and died soon after in Boston; the acting first lieutenant, Mr. Augustus Ludlow, of New York, though an officer of merit, was a very young man, and was in an entirely novel situation; and there was but one other commissioned sea-officer in the ship, two of the midshipmen acting as third and fourth lieutenants, and now performing this duty for the first time. One, if not both of these young gentlemen, had also just joined the ship, following their captain from the “*Hornet*.” In addition, the “*Chesapeake*” had an unusual number of landsmen in her. Notwithstanding all these sinister circumstances, the history of naval warfare does not contain an instance of a ship's being more gallantly conducted, than the “*Chesapeake*” was now handled.

The “*Shannon*” stood off under easy sail, when Captain Lawrence fired a gun, about half-past four, which induced her to heave-to, with her head to the southward and eastward. By this time the wind had freshened, and at five, the “*Chesapeake*” took in her royals and top-gallant sails, and half an hour later she hauled up her courses. The two ships were now about thirty miles from the light, the “*Shannon*” under single-reefed topsails and jib, and the “*Chesapeake*” under her whole topsails and jib, coming down fast. As the “*Shannon*” was

running with the wind a little free, there was an anxious moment on board of her, during which it was uncertain on which side the “*Chesapeake*” was about to close, or whether she might not be disposed to commence the action on her quarter. But Captain Lawrence chose to lay his enemy fairly alongside, yard-arm and yard-arm, and he luffed, and ranged up a-beam, on the “*Shannon's*” starboard side. When the “*Chesapeake's*” foremast was in a line with the “*Shannon's*” mizen mast, the latter ship discharged her cabin guns, and the others in succession, from aft, forward. The “*Chesapeake*” did not fire until all her guns bore, when she delivered as destructive a broadside as probably ever came out of a ship of her force. For six or eight minutes the cannonading was fierce, and the best of the action is said to have been with the American frigate, so far as the general effect of the fire was concerned, though it was much in favour of the enemy, in its particular and accidental consequences. While passing the “*Shannon's*” broadside, the “*Chesapeake*” had her fore-topsail tie and jib sheet shot away. Her spanker broadsails also were loosened, and the sail blew out. These accidents occurring nearly at the same instant, they brought the ship up into the wind, when taking aback, she got stern way, and fell aboard of the enemy, with her mizen rigging foul of the “*Shannon's*” fore-chains. By some accounts, the fluke of an anchor on board the “*Shannon*” hooked in the rigging of the “*Chesapeake*.” Whatever may have served to keep the ships together, it appears to be certain, that the American frigate lay exposed to a raking fire from the enemy, who poured into her the contents of one or two carronades, that nearly swept her upper deck. At the few first discharges of the “*Shannon*,” Captain Lawrence had received a wound in the leg. Mr. Broom, the marine officer, Mr. Ballard, the acting fourth lieutenant, and the boatswain, were mortally wounded; Mr. White, the master, was killed, and Mr. Ludlow, the first lieutenant, was twice wounded by grape and musketry. Such was the state of the upper deck, as the accidents mentioned brought the vessels in contact. When Captain Lawrence perceived that the ships were likely to fall foul of each other, he directed the boarders to be called, but unfortunately, a bugleman had been substituted for the drummer in giving the signal, and this man, a negro, was so much alarmed at the effects of the conflict, that he had concealed himself under the stern of the launch; when found, he was completely paralyzed by fear, and was totally unable to sound a note. Verbal orders were consequently sent below, by the captain's aids, for the boarders to come on deck. At this critical moment, Captain Lawrence fell with a ball through the body.

The upper deck was now left without an officer on it above the rank of a midshipman. It was the practice of the service, in that day, to keep the arms of the boarders on the quarter-deck, and about the masts; and even when the boarders had been summoned in the slow and imperfect manner that was allowed by the voice, in the confusion of a combat, they were without arms; for by this time, the enemy was in possession of the “*Chesapeake's*” quarter-deck.

As soon as the ships were foul, Captain Brooke passed forward in the “*Shannon*,” and, to use his own language, “seeing that the enemy was flinching from his guns,” he gave the order to board. Finding that all their officers had fallen, and exposed to a raking fire, without the means of returning a shot, the men on the “*Chesapeake's*” quarter-deck had indeed left their guns. The marines had suffer-