

"The Sea Queen Waves."

One of the best patriotic poems that the ANGLO-SAXON has seen for many a day recently appeared in the columns of the Victoria (B. C.) Colonist under the above heading. It is by Capt. C. Phillips-Wolley, an Englishman and a worthy constituent of Bro. Hon. Col. Prior, Controller of Inland Revenue. If Mr. Phillips-Wolley is not a member of the S. O. E., our Victoria brethren should lose no time in capturing him. He is the kind of material which reflects credit on our noble order. The poem is herewith given in full:—

"The flying squadron, which together with the existing available squadrons with which it is proposed to join it will form the most powerful fleet of war vessels ever put afloat. —Excerpt from the Colonist Jan. 11, 1876. She wakes! in the furthest West the murmur has reached our ears; She wakes! in the furthest East the Russian listens and fears— She wakes! the ravens clamour, the winds cry overhead The wandering waves take up the cry "She wakes whom nations dread!" AT LAST, ye have roused the Sea Queen; at last, when the World unites She stirs from her scornful silence, and wakes to Her last of fights. Alone, with a World against Her, She has turned on the smirking crew No longer the Peaceful Trader, but the Viking North Seas knew. She calls and Her ships of battle—dragons Her sea-hounds breed— Glide into Plymouth harbor, and gather round Beachy Head. She wakes! and the clang of arming echoes through all the Earth, The ring of warriors' weapons; stern music of soldiers' mirth. In the world there be many nations and there gathers round every Throne The strength of EARTH BORN armies, but the sea is England's own. As She ruled, She still shall rule it, from Plymouth to Esquimaux As long as the winds are tameless—as long as the waves are salt. This may be our Armageddon: Seas may purple with blood and flame As we go to our rest forever, leaving the world a name. What matter! There have been none-like us, nor any to tame our pride If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our Fathers died— What better? The seas that bred us, shall rock us to rest at last, If we sink with the Jack still floating nailed to the Nation's mast.

PAGES OF BRITISH HISTORY.

Historical Battles—Noteworthy Events in the Story of the Creation of the British Empire.

Copenhagen, 1801.

(Continued from December issue.)

The anchors were soon apeak, the canvas sheeted home, and, with a light and favourable wind the whole division steered along the external edge of the shoal, and came to anchor off Draco Point, just as the last rays of the sun faded from the spires of Copenhagen. The headmost of the enemy's line was then hardly two miles distant. "I shall fight them the moment I have a fair wind," exclaimed Nelson, as his own anchor was let go. War had not been declared formally, yet the Danes had not been idle from the moment that Colonel Stricker's cannon in Cronenburg made it known that the passage of the Sound had been forced. All ranks of men, with noble patriotism, offered their lives for Denmark. The University furnished a battalion 900 strong, the flower of the land; and when, by Nelson's movements, it was known when and where the attack might be expected, the lines of defence were manned indiscriminately by soldiers, sailors and citizens, all inspired by the most splendid enthusiasm. The sky was clear and starry, and a few shells were seen to describe fiery arcs as they rose from the isle of Amak and fell harmlessly among our ships, which were crowded in an anchoring-ground of small extent. After a time these ceased, and the night passed quietly; but, says Southy, "this was an awful night for Copenhagen—far more so than for the British fleet, where the men were accustomed to battle and victory, and had none of these objects before their eyes which render death terrible. Nelson sat down to table with a large party of his officers; he was, as he was ever wont to be when on the eve of action, in high spirits, and drank 'to a leading wind, and to the success of tomorrow.' After supper they returned to their respective ships, except Riou, who remained to arrange the order of battle with Nelson and Captain Foley, and to draw up instructions. Hardy, meantime, went in a small boat to examine the channel between them and the enemy, approaching so near that he sounded round their leading ship with a pole, lest the noise of throwing the lead should discover him."

A fair wind was announced at day-break. Nelson had already left his cot, and signalled for all captains. The pilots of the ships were generally men who had been mates of Baltic traders, and their hesitation about the exact bearing of the shoal and the exact line of deep water was ominous warning that they could be little trusted.

The Signal for Battle.

But the signal for battle was flying on Nelson's ship, the wind was fair, and there was no time to lose; and on Mr. Bryerly, volunteering to lead, at half-past nine the fleet weighed in succession.

In the Edgar, 74, Captain George Murray led the way. Unfortunately, the Bellona and Russell, from the intricacy of the navigation, took the ground; but though not in the station assigned them, were so placed that their guns were of service. Nelson's old ship, the Agamemnon, was unable to weather the shoal and was compelled to anchor. These contingencies prevented the extension of the British line, and ultimately exposed the Monarch, the Defiance, and the small squadron of frigates under Capt. Riou to a dreadful cannonade.

The action began at five minutes past ten, and by half-past eleven the battle was general. Every ship and battery was engaged. Most complete had been Nelson's plan of attack; but, by unforeseen events, of twelve ships of the line, one was entirely useless and two others were almost out of position. Of the gun-brigs, only one could get into action, the rest were prevented, by baffling currents, from weathering the eastern end of the shoal; and only two of the bomb-vessels could open their mortars on the arsenal, by firing over both fleets.

Deprived thus of a fourth part of his ships, Nelson, though exposed to the fire of more than 1,000 pieces of cannon, never flinched from the task; "and, as a bystander describes him, his conversation became joyous, animated, elevated, and delightful."

Sir Hyde Parker, meanwhile, was too distant to know the real state of matters, and suffered the greatest anxiety. The fire of the Danish ships and batteries seemed so tremendous, that he proposed to hoist the signal for recalling Nelson, and ultimately did so.

Nelson, says his biographer, was at this time in all the excitement of action, pacing the quarter-deck. A shot wounded the mainmast, knocking the splinters in every direction.

"It is warm work," said he, smiling, "and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment; but, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands!"

At that moment the signal lieutenant called out, "Number Thirty-nine!" This was Sir Hyde Parker's signal to discontinue the action, and the officer asked if he should repeat it.

"No," replied Nelson, "acknowledge it. Is the signal for close close action still flying?" he added; and on being answered in the affirmative, he said—"Mind that you keep it so."

He continued to pace the deck amid the roar of the close engagement, and, when shot and shell of every size were sweeping it, betraying no emotion save the moving of the stump of his lost arm in a manner that was generally his wont when excited. Then referring again to Sir Hyde's signal, he said to the signal lieutenant—"Leave off action! No, hang me if I do! 'You know, Foley," he added, turning to the Captain of the Elephant, "I have only one eye; I have thus a right to be blind sometimes." And then putting the telescope to his blind eye, he exclaimed, in angry sport, "I really do not see the signal!" After a minute, he added, "Hang the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals—nail mine to the mast!"

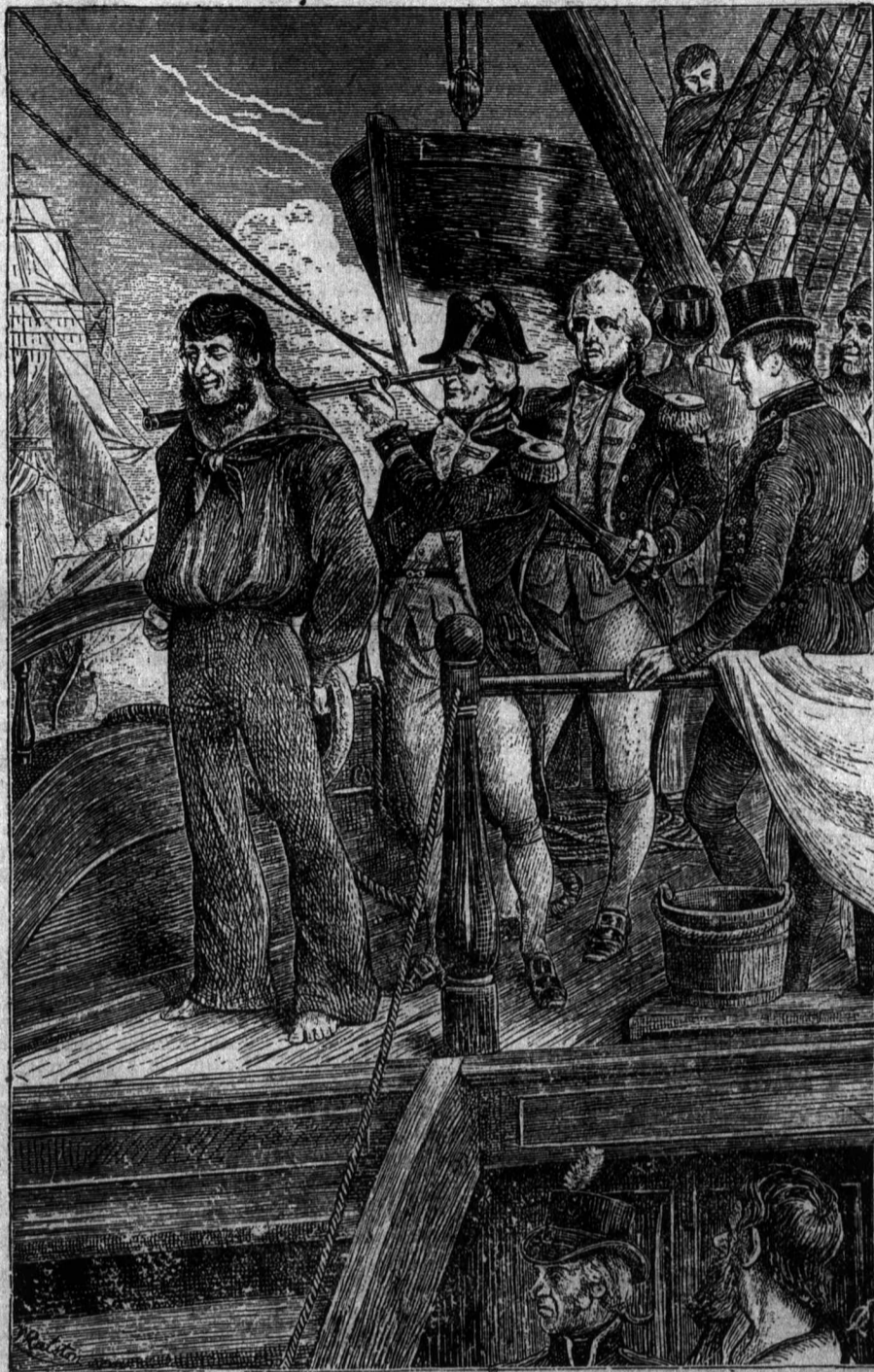
Admiral Graves, who was so situated that he could not see what was done on board the Elephant, disobeyed Sir Hyde's signal in the same manner, and continued his cannonade upon the ships and shore batteries; while all the other ships, looking to Nelson only, continued the fight.

The Amazon had been long so enveloped in smoke that her officers could see nothing of what was going on around them. At last Captain Riou ordered his gunners to "stand fast, and let it clear off, that they might see what they were about."

This proved a fatal order, for the Danes, when they got clear sight of her, concentrated their fire with such tremendous effect that to retire was the only means of saving his frigate from total destruction.

(To be continued.)

No man can achieve success whose aims are not definite and distinct.



"I Really do not See the Signal!"—Nelson.

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