

men, we will go  
will not let us  
like us I do not  
chance."

nt on deck and  
of-war, crowded  
n. The captain  
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ithin range the  
ls swept their

nce, the others  
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s time the guns  
a again crashed  
French still ad-  
tain Mordaunt  
run in and the  
deck. While  
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terrible loss, the  
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off his cap and  
rose from the  
bly diminished  
as, in readiness

to repel another attack, should it be attempted. The next morning one of the French 80-gun ships got under way, and, with merely a rag of canvas shown, and her boats rowing ahead and sounding to find a channel through the reefs, gradually made her way towards the *Resolution*.

"Well, gentlemen," the captain said, "I think you will agree with me that nothing further can be done. The ship is already half full of water, the magazine is flooded, and the whole of the powder wetted. The ship is a wreck, and I should be only throwing away the men's lives uselessly by attempting further resistance."

The officers thoroughly agreed, and with the greatest coolness the captain gave his orders for the abandonment of the vessel. Although the French man-of-war had now opened fire, all the wounded, the whole of the crew, the flags, papers, and everything of value were placed in the boats, and the vessel was then set on fire in a dozen places.

After superintending everything personally, and making sure that the fire had obtained such a hold that it could not be extinguished, Captain Mordaunt ordered the officers to descend into the boats. Just as he was about to leave the deck himself, the last man on board the ship, a cannon-shot from the French man-of-war struck him in the leg. The officers ran back and raised him from the deck.

"It might have been worse," he said cheerfully "Now, gentlemen, will you carry me down and place me in my gig, and then take your boats as arranged.