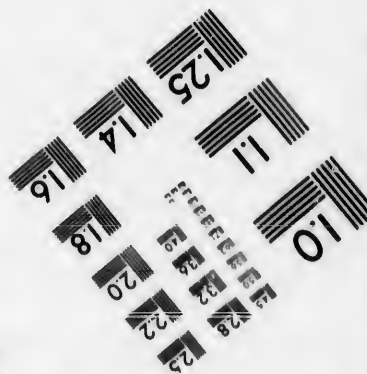
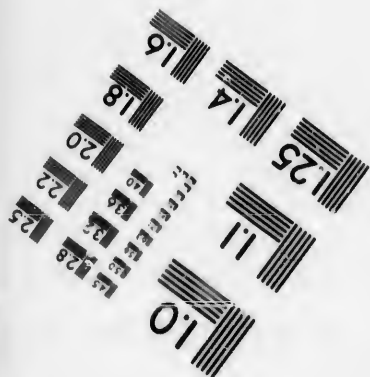
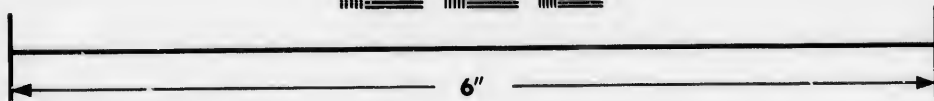
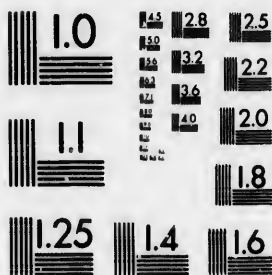


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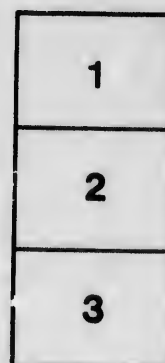
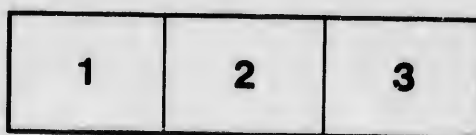
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ENGLAND VICTORIOUS.—

A Poem

UPON THE CAPTURE OF THE

AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE

BY THE

BRITISH FRIGATE SHANNON,

JUNE 1ST 1813.

BY LIEUTENANT M. MONTAGU,
OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

*A copy of Captain Broke's official letter relating the action.
From the London Gazette. And, a correct copy of his
written challenge to the american Captain Lawrence.*

"Bis vincit qui se vincit in victoria." SYRUS.

ALSO

VERSES

TO THE

MEMORY OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL BLYTH,

His Majesty's late brig Boxer, who was killed in action with the
american brig Enterprise, September 5th 1813.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HATCHARD,
BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY,
NO. 190, OPPOSITE ALBANY, PICCADILLY.

1814.

S. GOSNELL, Printer,
Little Queen Street, London.

TO
SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE,
BARONET,

CAPTAIN IN THE ROYAL NAVY,

AND LATE COMMANDING HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP

Shannon,

IN HER ACTION WITH AND CAPTURE OF

THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE,

THIS FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE IN VERSE

THAT GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENT,

IS INSCRIBED,

With the greatest respect,

By his most obedient,

And very humble servant,

MONTAGU MONTAGU.

Portsmouth,
November 26, 1813.

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ENGLAND VICTORIOUS!

CAPTAIN BROKE'S CHALLENGE

TO

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

THE following is a correct copy of the letter said to have been written by Captain Broke to Captain Lawrence, inviting him to give their ships the meeting.

It first appeared in a Halifax Paper (N. S.), of October 2d 1813, and has since been copied into the english papers. As it has never been denied by the high authority to which it is imputed, it may be considered genuine. It needs no eulogy: its unadorned and manly style, eloquent yet plain, is characteristic of the writer.

From the date, it would seem to have been sent in on the morning of the day on which the engagement took place. It was first received in Salem, and sent on

by mail, but did not reach Boston until after the action, consequently was never seen by Captain Lawrence.

FROM CAPTAIN BROKE TO CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

*His britannic Majesty's ship Shannon, off Boston,
June 1813.*

SIR,

As the Chesapeake appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. To an officer of your character, it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars. Be assured, Sir, that it is not from any doubt I can entertain of your wishing to close with my proposals; but merely to provide an answer to any objection which might be made, and very reasonably, upon the chance of our receiving unfair support.

After the diligent attention we had paid to Commodore Rodgers; the pains I took to detach all force but the Shannon and Tenedos to such a distance, that they could not possibly join in any action fought in sight of the Capes; and various verbal messages which had been sent into Boston to that effect, we were much disappointed to find the commodore had eluded us by sailing the first chance, after the prevailing easterly winds had

obliged us to keep an offing from the coast. He, perhaps, wished for some stronger assurance of a fair meeting. I am, therefore, induced to address you more particularly, and to assure you that what I write I pledge my honour to perform to the utmost of my power.

The Shannon mounts 24 guns upon her broadside, and one light boat-gun; 18-pounders on her main deck, and 32-pound carronades on her quarter deck and forecastle; and is manned with a complement of 300 men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), besides 30 seamen, boys, and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately. I am thus minute, because a report has prevailed in some of the Boston papers, that we had 150 men additional sent us from La Hogue, which really never was the case. La Hogue is now at Halifax for provisions, and I will send all other ships beyond the power of interfering with us, and meet you wherever it is most agreeable to you, within the limits of the undermentioned rendezvous, viz.:

From 6 to 10 leagues east of Cape Cod Lighthouse, from 8 to 10 leagues east of Cape Ann Light, on Cashe's Ledge, in lat. 43 N. at any bearing and distance you please to fix off the south breakers of Nantucket, or the shoal in St. George's Bank.

If you will favour me with any plan of signals or telegraph, I will warn you (if sailing under this promise), should any of my friends be too nigh, or any where in sight, until I can detach them out of my way ; or I would sail with you under a flag of truce to any place you think safest from our cruisers, hauling it down when fair to begin hostilities.

You must, Sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the Chesapeake, without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in case of a rencontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, Sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the Chesapeake ; or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation : we have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say, that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country ; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combat* that your little navy can now hope to console *your country* for the loss of that trade it cannot protect. Favour me with a

speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

P. B. V. BROKE,

Capt. of H. B. M.'s Ship Shannon.

N. B. For the general service of watching your coast, it is requisite for me to keep another ship in company, to support with her guns and boats when employed near the land, and particularly to aid each other if either ship in chase should get on shore. You must be aware that I cannot, consistently with my duty, waive so great an advantage for this *general* service, by detaching my consort, without an assurance on your part of meeting me directly ; and that you will neither seek nor admit aid from any other of *your* armed vessels, if I detach *mine* expressly for the sake of meeting you. Should any special order restrain you from thus answering a formal challenge, you may yet oblige me by keeping my proposal a secret, and appointing any place you like to meet us (within 300 miles of Boston), in a given number of days after you sail ; as, unless you

agree to an interview, I may be busied on other service, and perhaps be at a distance from Boston when you go to sea. Choose your terms—but let us meet.

*To the commander of the
United States frigate Chesapeake.*

Superscription on the Envelope.

We have thirteen american prisoners on board, which I will give you for as many british sailors, if you will send them out ; otherwise, being privateers' men, they must be detained.

CAPTAIN BROCKE'S ACCOUNT OF THE ACTION.

Shannon, Halifax, June 6, 1813.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to inform you, that being close in with Boston Light-house, in H. M. S. under my command, on the 1st instant, I had the pleasure of seeing that the United States' frigate Chesapeake (whom we had long been watching) was coming out of the harbour to engage the Shannon; I took a position between Cape Ann and Cape Cod, and then hove-to for him to join us.—The enemy came down in a very handsome manner, having three american ensigns flying; when closing with us he sent down his royal yards; I kept the Shannon's up, expecting the breeze would die away. At half past five P. M. the enemy hauled up within hail of us on the starboard side, and the battle began, both ships steering full under the top-sails. After exchanging between two and three broadsides, the enemy's ship fell on board of us, her mizen-channels locking in with our fore-rigging. I went forward to ascertain her position; and observing that the enemy were flinching from their guns, I gave orders to

prepare for boarding. Our gallant bands appointed to that service immediately rushed in, under their respective officers, upon the enemy's decks, driving every thing before them with irresistible fury. The enemy made a desperate, but disorderly resistance.

The firing continued at all the gangways, and between the tops, but in two minutes time the enemy were driven sword in hand from every post. The american flag was hauled down, and the proud old british Union floated triumphant over it. In another minute they ceased firing from below, and called for quarter. The whole of this service was achieved in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action.

I have to lament the loss of many of my gallant shipmates, but they fell exulting in their conquest.

My brave first lieutenant, Mr. Watt, was slain in the moment of victory, in the act of hoisting the british colours : his death is a severe loss to the service. Mr. Aldham, the purser, who had spiritedly volunteered the charge of a party of small-arm men, was killed at his post on the gangway; my faithful old clerk, Mr. Dunn, was shot by his side. Mr. Aldham has left a widow to lament his loss. I request the commander-in-chief will recommend her to the protection of my lords commissioners of the Admiralty.

My veteran boatswain, Mr. Stephens, has lost an

arm. He fought under Lord Rodney on the 12th April. I trust his age and services will be duly rewarded.

I am happy to say, that Mr. Samwell, a midshipman of much merit, is the only other officer wounded besides myself, and he not dangerously. Of my gallant seamen and marines we had twenty-three slain, and fifty-six wounded. I subjoin the names of the former. No expressions I can make use of can do justice to the merits of my valiant officers and crew; the calm courage they displayed during the cannonade, and the tremendous precision of their fire, could only be equalled by the ardour with which they rushed to the assault. I recommend them all warmly to the protection of the commander-in-chief.

Having received a severe sabre wound at the first onset, whilst charging a party of the enemy who had rallied on their fore-castle, I was only capable of giving command till assured our conquest was complete, and then directing second Lieutenant Wallis to take charge of the Shannon, and secure the prisoners. I left the third lieutenant, Mr. Falkiner (who had headed the main-deck boarders), in charge of the prize. I beg to recommend these officers most strongly to the commander-in-chief's patronage, for the gallantry they displayed during the action, and the skill and judgment

they evinced in the anxious duties which afterwards devolved upon them.

To Mr. Etough, the acting-master, I am much indebted for the steadiness in which he conn'd the ship into action. The Lieutenants Johns and Law, of the marines, bravely boarded at the head of their respective divisions.

It is impossible to particularize every brilliant deed performed by my officers and men; but I must mention, when the ships' yard-arms were locked together, that Mr. Cosnahan, who commanded in our main-top, finding himself screened from the enemy by the foot of the top-sail, laid out at the main-yard arm to fire upon them, and shot three men in that situation. Mr. Smith, who commanded in our fore-top, stormed the enemy's fore-top from the fore-yard arm, and destroyed all the americans remaining in it. I particularly beg leave to recommend Mr. Etough, the acting-master, and Messrs. Smith, Leake, Clavering, Raymond, and Littlejohn, midshipmen. This latter officer is a son of Captain Littlejohn, who was slain in the Berwick.

The loss of the enemy was about seventy killed, and one hundred wounded. Among the former were the four lieutenants, a lieutenant of marines, the master, and many other officers. Captain Laurence is since dead of his wounds.

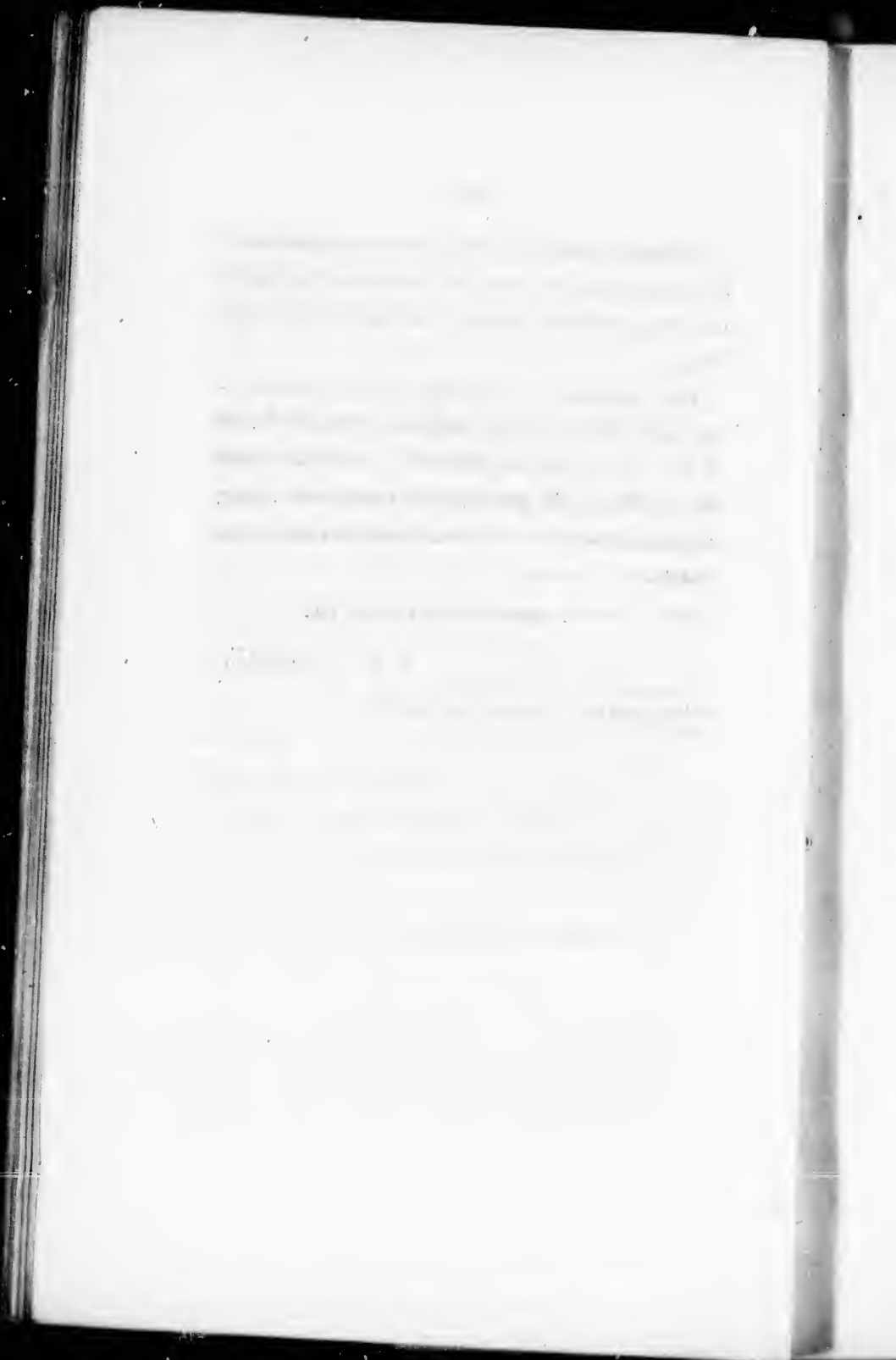
The enemy came into action with a complement of four hundred and forty men; the Shannon, having picked up some recaptured seamen, had three hundred and thirty.

The Chesapeake is a fine frigate, and mounts forty-nine guns, eighteens on her main deck, two-and-thirties on her quarter-deck and forecastle. Both ships came out of action in the most beautiful order, their rigging appearing as perfect as if they had only been exchanging a salute.

I have the honour to be, &c.

P. B. V. BROKE.

To Captain the Hon. T. Bladen Capel, &c. Halifax.



Mr. M. M. thinks it due to himself to declare, that he would never have sent this little piece before the public, had not a very imperfect copy of it been published lately, under his name, though entirely without his sanction or knowledge, by a * London Bookseller.

It was written during an accidental interval from service, and was not intended to be printed; nor is it now made public but with great unwillingness, and only to supersede the above-mentioned defective copy.

* E. Kerby, Stafford Street, Bond Street.

VERSES

UPON THE CAPTURE OF THE AMERICAN FRIGATE

CHESAPEAKE

BY THE BRITISH FRIGATE

SHANNON.

VERSES

UPON THE CAPTURE OF THE AMERICAN FRIGATE

CHESAPEAKE

BY THE BRITISH FRIGATE

SHANNON,

JUNE 1ST 1813.

1

FOR twice ten years proud FRANCE, in vain,
Had sought to overthrow the reign
Of ENGLAND on the sea,—
For still, in her triumphal car,
Britannia rode, and ruled the war,
And scorned the weak “decree.”

2

The unrelenting foe then cast
His eye across the wat'ry waste
That parts the western world;
And, burning with his fell design,
He hoped AMERICA would join
The banner he'd unfurled.

C 2

3

Impelled at length by french intrigue,
And latent hate, to join the league
That plotted England's ruin,
She basely raised her impious hand
To overthrow her parent land,—
Intent on its undoing.

4

She sent her vaunted cruisers out,
Full manned with seamen bold and stout,
A picked and daring band ;
But mostly " traitors", sordid, base,
Vile Britons of degenerate race,
Whom infamy shall brand.

5

By fortune favoured, as by might,
Unmatched in strength, as swift in flight,
Awhile they cruised unrecked ;
And, England, with amazement, saw
These vain marauders give the law
Upon the sea, unchecked.

She saw her * GUERRIERE's colours torn ;
 The † FROLIC's too ; and heard, to mourn,
 Her drowning ‡ PEACOCK's knel.

* The Guerriere, of 46 guns and 263 men, Captain James R. Dacres, was taken by the american frigate Constitution, of 56 guns and 476 men, Commodore Hull, on the 20th of August 1812, after a severe action of 1 hour and 30 minutes ; in the course of which she had 15 men killed and 63 wounded, and was totally dismasted. She was found to be in a sinking state soon after being taken possession of by the enemy, when she was burnt. The Constitution sustained comparatively but little injury.

† The Frolic 18, Captain T. Whinyates, was captured on the 18th of October 1812, near Bermuda, by the Wasp 20, Captain Jones, after a hard contest of fifty minutes. The Frolic was in a great measure crippled before the commencement of the action, having had her main-yard carried away, and suffered other damages, in a gale of wind the foregoing night. On the afternoon of the same day the Poictiers 74, Sir J. P. Beresford, fell in with them, took the Wasp, and restored the Frolic to those who had so bravely tho' unsuccessfully defended her. Captain Whinyates has since been promoted to post rank.

‡ The Peacock 18, Captain Peake, was sunk in action with the Hornet 20, Captain Lawrence, a few minutes after having been compelled to strike to the very superior force of her antagonist, after a conflict of only 15 mi-

But most the § MACEDONIAN's fate
 Britannia wept; and scarce less great
 Her grief when || JAVA fell.

The Guardian Genius of her fleet,
 All unaccustomed to defeat,
 Reverse but ill could brook :
 Indignant at the outrage new,
 Around that fleet her eye she threw,
 With eager anxious look.

nutes. Captain Peake fell early in the action, besides whom 20 men were killed or drowned, and 30 wounded. This unfortunate fight took place off Demarara, Feb. the 24th 1812.

§ The Macedonian 38, Captain J. S. Carden, was taken on the 25th of Decr. 1812, by the United States, Commodore Decatur, after a bloody action of two hours and ten minutes. The Macedonian lost 36 men in killed, and had 68 wounded, and was almost totally dismantled. The United States had but 10 killed, and 20 wounded. The great disparity of force will account for this unequal loss, and unfortunate result. The Macedonian mounted but 47 guns, and had only 310 men on board, while the United States mounted 55 guns, of much heavier calibre, and had a full complement of 478 picked men. She was carried into New London U. S., and soon afterwards fitted out by the american government. It is not generally

And, gazing on the wooded main,
With pride imbittered now with pain,
While burst a rending sigh,—
She thought on former triumphs gained
By that proud navy she had trained
“To conquer or to die.”

known that—Commodore Decatur proposed to Captain Carden to ransom the Macedonian; which, of course, was refused.

|| The Java 40, Captain Henry Lambert, on her passage to India, with Lieutenant-General Hislop and his suite on board, was taken by the Constitution, Commodore Bainbridge, on the 29th of December 1812, on the Brazil coast, after a most desperate action of 3 hours and 40 minutes. She had 24 men killed and 100 wounded, among the latter her gallant commander, mortally; and was totally dismasted some time before she struck. The americans found her so dreadfully cut up that they burned her as soon as the wounded were removed, which circumstance gave the greatest consolation to her dying Captain. The Constitution had but 10 men killed and 48 wounded, and was comparatively but little injured in her sails and rigging; which cause will be found for in her immense superiority over her adversary, as in the last instance, she mounting 55 guns, with 480 men, and the Java but 46 of much less calibre, and 377 men. The brave and good Lambert expired on the 4th of January

Dispelling then each painful doubt,
 A frigate fair she singled out,
 Of plain but warlike show :
 And while, to lea'r the heav'nly maid,
 In silence warring winds obeyed,
 The waves were hushed below.

" SHANNON," said she, " on yonder coast"
 " The vain american makes boast"
 " He has my pow'r defied :"
 " Go, wreak upon the braggart foe"
 " A vengeance terrible though slow,"
 " And humble low his pride."

following; and next day was buried in the Fort San Pedro, Salvador, with all due military honours; consigned to an honoured but premature grave amidst the tears of his countrymen and the admiration of his country's enemies.

The Conde Dos Argos, and Portuguese in general, contributed to pay every mark of respect on the melancholy occasion.

Lieutenant R. D. Chads, first of the Java, who so gallantly defended the ship after his captain fell, was promoted into the Columbia soon after his return to England.

11

The Shannon heard, attentive all,
 And, quick obedient to the call,
 Went forth without delay;
 For Boston Bay she boldly stood,
 Where, she had information good,
 A Yankee frigate lay.

12

As left the sun its orient bed,
 And o'er the wave new glories shed
 In beams of golden light,
 The Shannon stood close in, to throw
 The gauntlet to the haughty foe,
 And dare him to the fight.

13

Meanwhile the splendid orb of day
 Through cloudless skies pursued its way,
 Before the champions met:
 Ah! many a brave, but fated one,
 Now marks the course of that bright sun
 Who ne'er shall see it set!

14

Elated with their late success,
 Nor now anticipating less,
 The foe at length came out ;
 Right down upon the Shannon steered,
 In dread array, with quarters cleared,
 And crew complete and stout.

15

As onward to the fight they bore,
 Slow moving from their native shore
 By every tie endeared,
 From crowded quay, and peopled beach,
 As far as loudest tongue could reach,
 Their countrymen them cheered.

16

Nor wanted now our gallant Tars
 A record bright of former wars
 To cheer them in the fight ;
 Yet, better far than brightest story,
 They had, to spur them on to glory,—
 “ An enemy in sight,”

17

It was of June the glorious first
 The fight was fought : By France how cursed !
 The memorable day
 On which great HOWE, in ninety-four
 The beaten fleet of Gallia bore
 To british ports away.

18

Th' undaunted Shannon marked his aim,
 As full before the wind he came
 To seek the bloody strife ;
 And laying-to, all well prepared,
 Her foe she to the combat dared
 To end alone with life.

19

Streamed from his peek, and tall mast-head,
 The mingled * stripes of white and red,
 As nearer still he came ;

* The american national colours are—"Seventeen stripes, alternately red and white; and seventeen stars, on a blue field, in the upper quarter next the staff;" denoting the number of United States.

While from the Shannon's proudly flew
 The pennant of unfading blue,
 Her ensign of the same.

And, as they floated on the breeze
 In wanton sport, with careless ease,
 And woo'd the ambient air,
 Th' intrepid Tar who bade them fly,
 With eyes uplifted to the sky,
 Thus breathed his mental prayer,—

“ Almighty GOD ! as good as great,”
 “ Whose will is sure, unerring fate,”
 “ Vouchsafe to hear my pray'r,—
 “ This day may victory be mine,”
 “ But thine the praise, the glory thine ;”
 “ And these brave searlen spare.”

" Yet should thy will divine be so—"

" To give the battle to the foe,"

" Resigned that will I'll own ;"

" But never, never, while I live,"

" (So help me, and my sins forgive !)"

" Will haul these colours down."

Now, while the fierce opponents closed,

In deepest silence all reposed ;

And still, as they drew nigh,

Each sailor shook his messmate's hand,

And thought upon his native land,

And checked the rising sigh.

But this alone a transient thought :

The moment nobler feelings brought

To warm each Briton's breast ;

Such ardour now their bosoms fired

As though by honour's self inspired

To fill her high behest.

Enthroned amid the conscious sky,
 Britannia's Genius from on high
 Beheld th' approaching war ;
 And, hanging o'er the dread event,
 Yet of the issue confident,
 Thus spoke each dauntless Tar,—

“ My true-born sons, if still the same,”
 “ Now prove your title to the name”
 “ Held heretofore so glorious ;”
 “ Fifteen short minutes will decide”
 “ If triumph still with you doth side,”—
 “ If England still victorious.”

Ha ! mark the first loud-pealing gun :
 The dreadful conflict has begun,
 And shakes the atmosphere ;
 Thick volumes of convolving smoke,
 By flashing gleams of fire broke,
 Spread through the lurid air.

The death-winged bolts of british thunder,
 Now rive the hostile oak asunder,
 And scatter ruin round ;
 Its deaf'ning peals extend their roar
 To Massachuset's frightened shore,
 And o'er her hills rescound.

Impervious clouds of thick'ning white
 Conceal the combatants from sight,
 While roars the battle's tide ;
 The winds, affrighted, fly the main :
 Ah ! gentle zephyrs, come again,
 And throw the veil aside.

List ! now a pause : It grows more clear ;
 Above the smoke their mast heads peer,
 No more by darkness shielded :
 Ha ! see, they lock, the british board,—
 On, heroes, on ; may every sword
 By giant strength be wielded !

They rush,—the daunted foe retire ;
 The guns, deserted, cease their fire ;
 Huzzas now rend the sky :—
 Loud cheers on conquest's wing are borne,—
 Down, down, the faded stripes are torn,
 And british colours fly !

O glorious day ! Transporting sight
 The hostile stars are set in night,
 Nor more insulting shine.
 No longer be thy hope deferred,
 Immortal BROKE ! thy pray'r is heard,—
 “ The victory is thine ! ”

The hero heard the joyful sounds
 As, bleeding fast with ghastly wounds,
 All faint and pale he fell ;
 And, as his sailors bare him down,
 “ Cheer up,” said he, “ the day's your own ; ”
 “ My wounds will soon be well.”

Exhausted nature sought relief :
 Let balmy rest restore the chief,
 And sooth his anguished pain.
 Meanwhile can * WALLIS well supply
 His Captain's place ; and † FALKINER, by,
 His part as well sustain.

My song records, with not less pride,
 The worth of ‡ JOHNS, and § LAW, who vied
 In bold undaunted spirit ;
 While || ETOUGH, ¶ SMITH, and ||| COSN'HAN,
 showed
 Their hearts with manly courage glowed ;
 With more of equal merit.

* Second, and senior surviving Lieutenant of the Shannon.

† Third Lieutenant.

Both these gentlemen were, upon the receipt of Captain Broke's letter, promoted to the rank of Commander, for their meritorious conduct on this glorious occasion.

‡ First Lieutenant of Marines.

§ Second Ditto.

|| Acting Master.

¶ Master's Mate.

||| Midshipman.

For an account of the manner in which these young Officers more particularly distinguished themselves, see

Go, vain Columbia! boast no more ;
 Go, weep your short-lived triumph o'er,—
 Your CHESAPEAKE is lost !
 This day our british Tars have shown,
 With skill and valour *all their own*,
 How poor, how false your boast :

The " Infant Navy's" laurel boughs,
 That vaunting decked your shameless brows,
 Are withered all and torn ;
 Nor ever, while a Briton breathes,
 Shall leaf that twines in British wreaths
 By you again be worn.

Sir Philip Broke's official statement of the action. They also have been promoted, to the rank of Lieutenants. Officers of the Marine Corps can only rise by seniority.

The faithful muse now bleeds to tell
 What gallant Britons nobly fell
 Upon this bloody day :
 The setting sun shone on the grave
 Of five and twenty seamen brave ;
 While fifty wounded lay.

Brave * WATT, who, by his Captain's side,
 Had through the carnage death defied,
 At length in victory dies ;
 His flitting soul but stayed to note
 The british flag in triumph float,—
 Then sought its native skies.

* First Lieutenant of the Shannon. This gallant young man followed Captain Broke close on the Chesapeake's decks ; and was killed in the act of hauling down her colours ; how, has not been ascertained.

Fain would my song transmit to fame
 Full many a Tar of lesser name,
 Who shared his glorious fate ;
 Of those the hapless *ALDHAM stands
 The foremost in the gallant band,—
 While weeps his widowed mate !

Nor shall, these heroes' names among,
 Brave † LAWRENCE ! thine remain unsung,
 Who met an equal doom ;
 Though pale thy mangled corse is now,
 The laurel wreath around thy brow
 For ever green shall bloom.

* Purser of the Shannon. The purser is generally stationed to assist the surgeon, or to take care of the Private signals, in action. But this gentleman, with a spirit worthy of a better fate, volunteered his services on the quarter deck. He was killed in the first broadside.

† Captain of the Chesapeake; who commanded the Hornet when she sunk the Peacock. He was mortally wounded in three places, and lingered till the second day after the action. He was buried at Halifax N. S. upon

Of * LUDLOW too, the lay shall tell,
 Who bravely fought, and nobly fell,—
 His race too early run !
 Of foemen full twice forty slain
 Sunk deep beneath the crimsoned main
 Before the set of sun.

Roll light the wave upon her dead !—
 Their sepulchre is Ocean's bed,
 All fathomless and vast !
 Their funeral knel the cannon rung ;
 While soft a requiem was sung
 Upon the distant blast.

the Shannon's arrival, with military honours, and every possible mark of respect, together with Lieutenant Ludlow. The Town of Boston soon afterwards sent for their bodies, which were accordingly given up.

* First Lieutenant of the Chesapeake.

44

The foe has fall'n ! The fight has ceased !
 Brave PEAKE ! thy manes now appeased
 May henceforth sleep in rest.—
 The retributive offering made,
 Go seek, with gallant LAMBERT's shade,
 The mansions of the blest.

45

Now, homeward, with her prize in tow,
 Behold the happy Shannon go,
 Her trophies proud to sport :
 Ye gentle winds ! that round her play,
 Improve and guard her destined way,
 Within the shelt'ring port.

46

He comes, Illustrious Chief ! Prepare
 The splendid wreath 't is his to wear,
 Of never-fading bays :
 Prepare the bright perennial crown,
 While loud the trump of high renown
 Resounds the victor's praise.

39

Brave Tars ! what joy to you, returning,
With anxious hope your bosoms burning,
And wish no more to roam,—
To meet again each well-known face,
The cordial hand, and warm embrace,
The friendly welcome-home.

48

A grateful country too will greet
Your glad return, and ye shall meet
Her daughters' sweetest smiles ;
And, as ye tell th' inspiring tale,
With conscious pride her sons will hail
" The Guardians of her Isles."

49

Nor will the valour you have shown
Contemporary praise alone
Beget,—but deathless glory ;
For history's recording page
Shall tell to many a future age
The animating story.

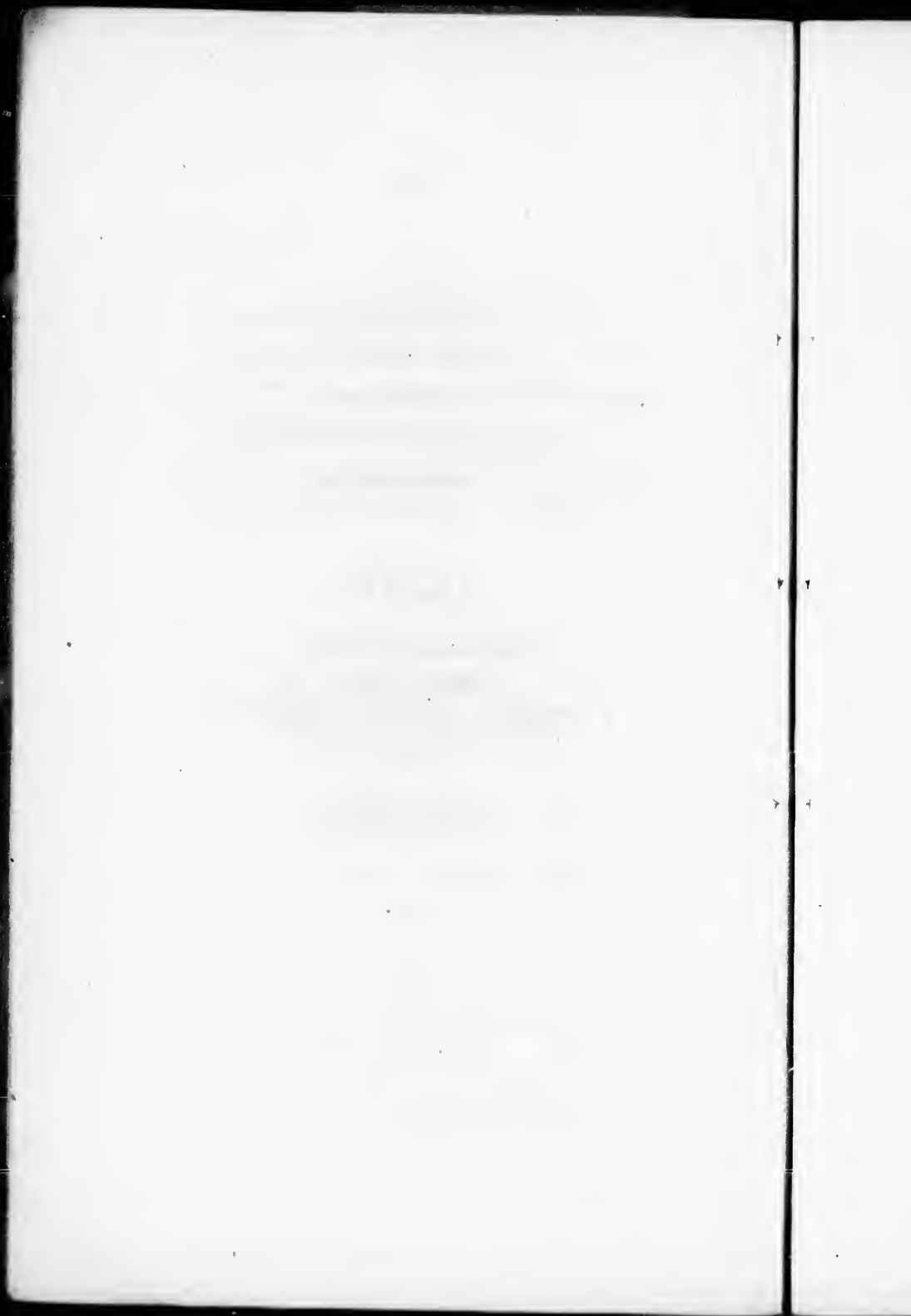
My muse would fain her theme pursue,
To pay your worth the tribute due,
 But finds her efforts vain ;
Some abler bard must wake the string,
And, soaring high on bolder wing,
 Proclaim the lofty strain..



VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BLYTH.



VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BLYTH,

OF HIS MAJESTY'S LATE BRIG BOXER,

Who was killed (at the Age of Thirty-two Years)
in action with the United States' brig Enterprise,

September 5th 1813.

"Actis avis implet, non segnibus annis." OVID.

1

TOLL for the hapless brave !
The brave that are no more ;
Sunk deep beneath the wave,
Far, on a hostile shore.

2

Toll for the valiant dead !
Twine for their brows a wreath :
Laid low on honour's bed,
They sleep the sleep of death !

F 2

44

3

Yet, though the brave are dead,
Forgot they shall be—never :
Their souls alone are fled,
Their names will live—for ever.

4

For british seamen toll!—
Who with their Captain fell,
As though his daring soul
Had warmed their hearts, as well.

5

Now cold, alas ! those hearts,
Which valour's ' self inspired :
Who nobly played their parts,
By his example fired.

6

On proud Columbia's coast
He sought the braggart foe,
To end their empty boast,
And humble them full low.

7

The vaunting foe he sought,
His force though all unequal ;
The bloody fight was fought,—
Ah ! weep the mournful sequel,

8.

Red rolled the frightened flood,
While raged the furious war ;
The ocean drank the blood
Of many a dauntless Tar !

9

With courage unavailing
The desp'rate strife was held ;
For might, at length prevailing,
A vain resistance quelled.

10

He 's fall'n,—Ill-fated Chief !
In death's cold arms he lies :
Yet, lighter be our grief—
A glorious death he dies.

11

Nor unavenged he died,
Though force has overpowered ;
Nor witnessed he the " pride
" Of England's Union" lowered.

12

Not all for him alone
Tolled * Portland's passing bell,—
It rung, midst deepened moan,
His adversary's knel.

13

Now both, by fate subdued,
One common grave they share ;
Life closes o'er their feud,
While friendship sheds the tear.

* The american commander, Lieutenant W. Burrows, was also killed in the action ; and was buried, together with Captain Blyth, at Portland, U. S., the second day after the action, upon the vessels' arrival.

14

The battle's din is o'er,—
 But Britain's flag is torn :
 For heroes now no more,
 Indignant Britons, mourn !

15

Lament your Cruiser gone ;
 But more lament her slain,—
 She yet may be your own,
 But never those again !

16

See yet a happier day,
 With triumph marked as ever,
 Another BOXER may,—
 But BLYTH, alas ! can never.

FINIS.

