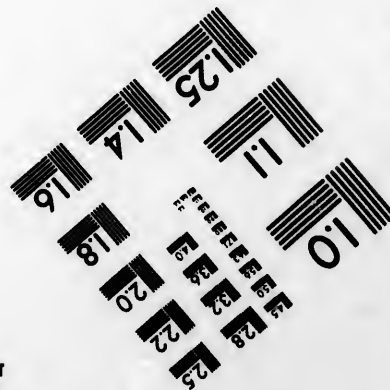
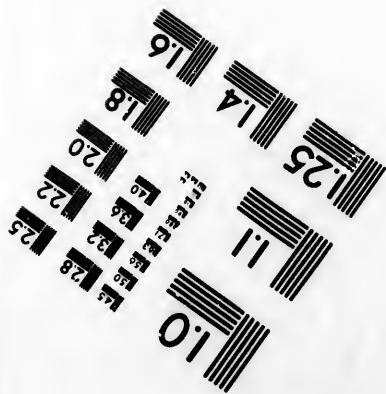
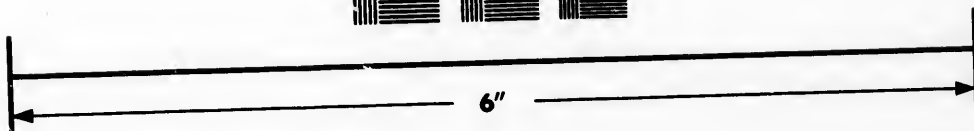
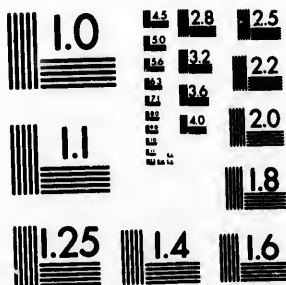
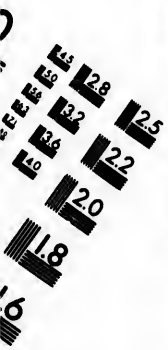


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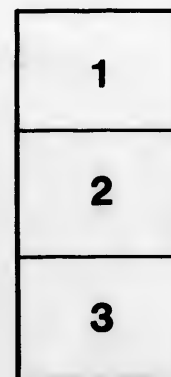
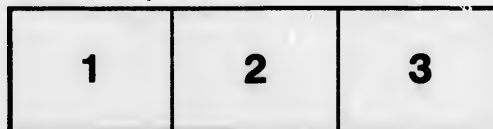
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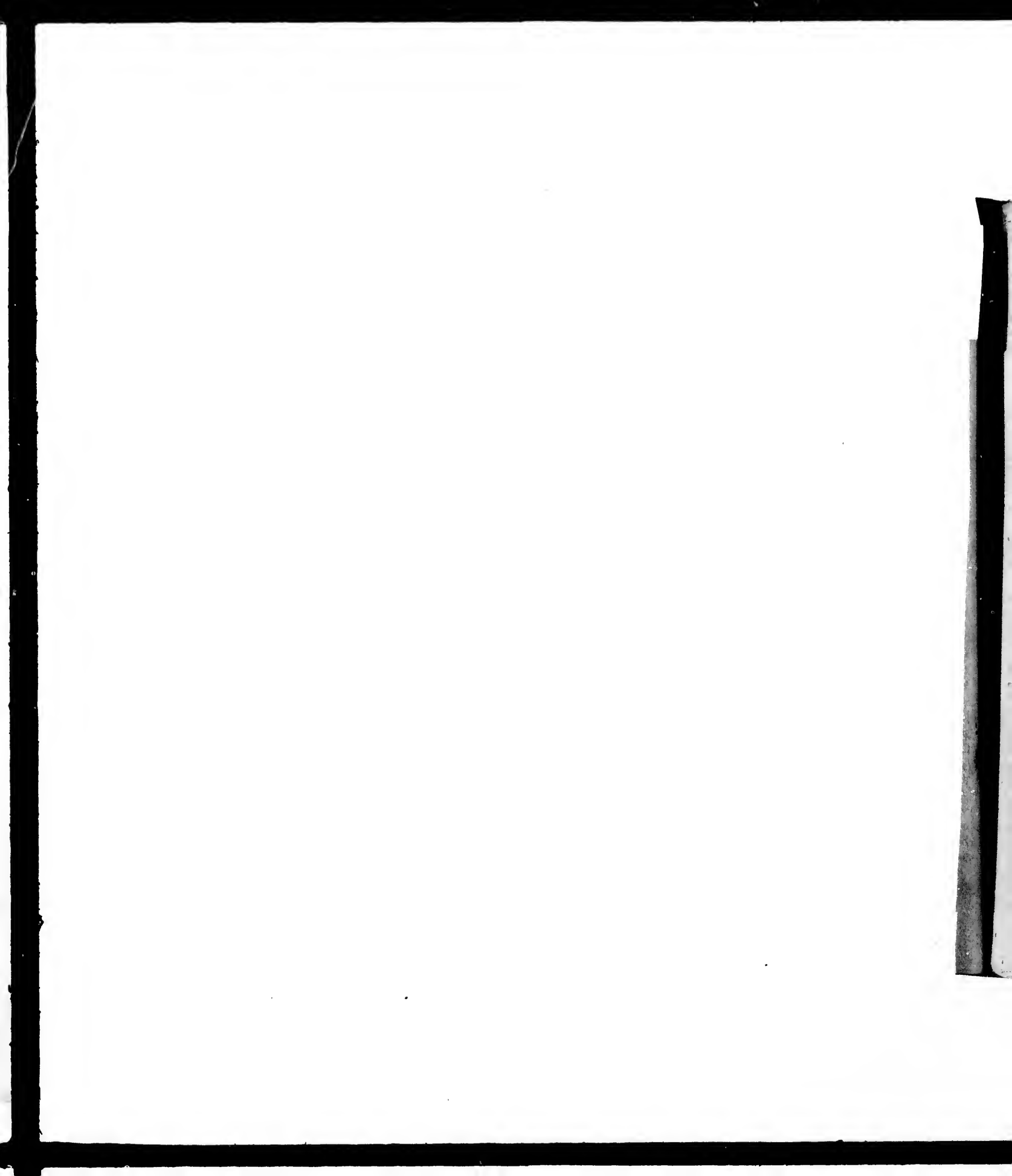
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ACCOUNT

OF THE FUNERAL HONOURS BESTOWED

ON THE REMAINS OF

CAPT. LAWRENCE AND LIEUT. LUDLOW,

WITH

THE EULOGY

PRONOUNCED AT SALEM, ON THE OCCASION, BY

HON. JOSEPH STORY.

To which is prefixed,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE CHESAPEAKE
AND SHANNON, WITH DOCUMENTS RELATIVE TO THE SAME,
AND BIOGRAPHICAL AND POETICAL NOTICES.

"A nation's tears bedew the hero's grave."

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY JOSHUA BELCHER.

1813.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE plaudits of a grateful country, bestowed on those heroes who have nobly devoted their lives to its cause, are never awarded in vain. Young ambition burns in a thousand bosoms, and produces eager strife for that glory which lights on the brow of him who survives the deeds of "gallant daring," or which shines on the bier of the victim of patriotism.

On the proudest page of American history, among the achievements of valour by her sons, the name of our lamented Lawrence will be conspicuously recorded. Although the last act of his life brought misfortune to his country, it has entailed no dishonour; it has rather shed a new ray of glory on our already brilliant naval character.

To collect, from the local publications which are commonly disregarded after a single perusal, what relates to the life and death of such a man, seems to be peculiarly proper at a time when his sacred remains, and those of the gallant youth his second in command, have been restored to their native country.

Such facts, relative to the capture of the Chesapeake as will exhibit a full history of the action, with an account of the honours paid to the illustrious dead in the enemy's country and our own, will be presented in this pamphlet, which will also contain biographical sketches, and some poetical effusions which merit preservation.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-eighth day of August, in the thirty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, JOSHUA BELCHER, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit: "An Account of the funeral honours bestowed on the remains of Captain Lawrence and Lt. Ludlow, with the EULOGY pronounced at Salem, on the occasion, by the Hon Joseph Story; to which is prefixed, an account of the engagement between the Chesapeake and Shannon, with documents relative to the same; and Biographical and Poetical notices."

"A Nation's tears bedew the hero's grave."
In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, intitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act intitled, "An Act supplementary to an act, intitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

WILLIAM S. SHAW, Clerk of the District
of Massachusetts.

in great numbers had gone into the bay, filled with passengers, to witness the engagement, and they returned in the evening with intelligence of the capture of the Chesapeake; but so contradictory were the statements of different witnesses, that the public mind was kept in a state of painful suspense until the 18th, when Halifax papers of the 9th were received, announcing the arrival of both ships at that port.

The following particulars of the action, said to have been obtained from officers of the Shannon, were given in those papers.

ENGLISH ACCOUNT.

Early in the morning of the 1st inst. the Shannon stood in close to Boston Light House, and observed the Chesapeake lying at anchor, with royal yards across, and apparently ready for sea—the British colors were then hoisted on board the Shannon, and she hove to, near the land; at 9 A. M. the enemy frigate was observed to loosen her sails, and fire a gun; at half past twelve she weighed anchor, and stood out of the harbor, when the Shannon filled, and, under easy sail, edged off the land, followed by the Chesapeake; at 4, shortened sail, at 5 hove to, with the topsails aback, for fear the enemy would not bring her to action before dark. In twenty minutes after, the Chesapeake sheered within musket shot of the Shannon, still standing towards her, in such way as left our tars in uncertainty which side of their ship she intended to engage; at half past 5, however, she luffed up on the Shannon's weather quarter, and on her foremast coming in a line with the Shannon's mizen, the latter fired the after gun, and her others, successively, until the enemy came directly abreast, when the Chesapeake fired her whole broadside, which the Shannon immediately returned; in five minutes the Chesapeake fell along-side the Shannon, and was boarded in her tops, as well as on her decks, and, in eleven minutes from the commencement of the action, her ensign was hauled down, and soon afterwards replaced with the English flag over them.—Her decks cleared of the dead, the wounded taken below, a great proportion of the prisoners removed out of her; and accompanied by the Shannon, she was steered for this port.

On board the Shannon, Mr. Watt, the first Lieutenant; Mr. Aldham, the Purser; Mr. Dunn, Captain's Clerk, and twenty-three seamen, were killed—Captain Broke, a midshipman, and fifty-six seamen, wounded.

[The loss on board the Chesapeake is then stated.]

Capt. Broke, we understand, nobly led the boarders from the quarter-deck, and was, we are sorry to state, severely wounded, in the moment of victory, by a sabre, on the head, while exerting himself to save two Americans from the fury of his men; he is, however, we rejoice to learn, in a fair way of recovery, and we

AMERICAN OFFICIAL ACCOUNT
OF THE CAPTURE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

*Copy of a letter from Lieut. BUDD to the Secretary of the Navy,
dated Halifax, June 15, 1813.*

Sir,

The unfortunate death of Captain *James Lawrence*, and Lieut. *Augustus C. Ludlow*, has rendered it my duty to inform you of the capture of the United States Frigate *Chesapeake*.

On Tuesday, June 1st, at 8 A. M. we unmoored the ship, and at meridian got under way from President's Roads, with a light wind from the southward and westward, and proceeded on a cruise. A ship was then in sight in the offing, which had the appearance of a ship of war, and which, from information received from pilot boats and craft, we believed to be the British frigate *Shannon*. We made sail in chase and cleared ship for action. At half past four, P. M. she hove too, with her head to the southward and eastward. At five, P. M. took in the royals and top-gallant-sails, and at half past five, hauled the courses up. About fifteen minutes before six, P. M. the action commenced within pistol shot. The first broadside did great execution on both sides, damaged our rigging, killed, among others, Mr. White, the sailing-master, and wounded Captain Lawrence. In about twelve minutes after the commencement of the action, we fell on board of the enemy, and immediately after one of our arm chests on the quarter deck was blown up by a hand grenade thrown from the enemy's ship. In a few minutes one of the Captain's aids came on the gun deck to inform me, that the boarders were called. I immediately called the boarders away, and proceeded to the spar deck, where I found that the enemy had succeeded in boarding us, and had gained possession of our quarter deck. I immediately gave orders to haul on board the fore tack, for the purpose of shooting the ship clear of the other, and then made an attempt to regain the quarter deck, but was wounded and thrown down on the gun deck. I again made an effort to collect the boarders, but in the mean time the enemy gained complete possession of the ship. On my being carried down to the cockpit, I there found Captain Lawrence and Lieut. Ludlow both mortally wounded; the former had been carried below previous to the ship's being boarded; the latter was wounded in attempting to repel the boarders. Among those who fell early in the action, was Mr. Edward J. Ballard, the 4th Lieutenant, and Lieut. James Broome, of marines.

I herein enclose to you a return of the killed and wounded, by which you will perceive that every officer, upon whom the charge of the ship could devolve, was either killed or wounded, previously to her capture. The enemy report the loss of Mr. Watt, their first lieutenant; the purser; the captain's clerk, and

twenty-three seamen, killed; and Capt. Broke, a midshipman, and fifty-six seamen wounded.

The Shannon had, in addition to her full complement, an officer and sixteen men belonging to the Belle Poule, and a part of the crew of the Tenedos.

I have the honour to be, with very great respect, &c.

GEORGE BUDD.

The Hon. WILLIAM JONES,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

KILLED.

Officers.—Edward J. Ballard, acting Lieutenant; James Broome, first Lieutenant of Marines; William A. White, Sailing Master; Pollard Hopewell, John Evans, Courtland Livingston, Midshipmen; Daniel Burham, Quartermaster; James Woodbury, do.; Michael Kelly, Quarter Gunner; John Carter, Boatswain's Mate.

Seamen.—Henry H. Munroe, Abraham Cox, Sterling Clark, Alexander Marino, Thomas Evans, John Miller, Daniel Martin, Robert Bates, William Russell, Harris Ball, Andrew Williams, Joseph Simmonds, John W. Duggan, David Blas, Josiah Shatfield, John Phillips, Benjamin Esday, John Reed, 2d. Samuel Mullin, Michael Sawyer, James Betton, John Crabb, Samuel M. Perkins, Joseph Judith, John Jones, Christopher Houston.

Marines.—Thomas Wheaton, Benjamin Morrison, John Melhigan, John German, John Huntress, James Trainor, Jacob Preston, Phillip Bryant, Redmond Barry, Robert Standley, Delany Ward.

WOUNDED.

Officers.—JAMES LAWRENOS, Esq. Captain*; Augustus C. Ludlow, Lieutenant*; George Budd, Lieutenant; William Cox, acting Lieutenant; Samuel Livermore, acting Chaplain; Francis Nichols, Walter Abbot, William A. Weaver, Edmund M. Russell, William Berry, Midshipmen; Peter Adams, Boatswain*; Jefferson Griffith, James A. Lewis, Quarter-masters; Forbes Dela, Quarter-gunner*; Samuel Hutson, Sail-maker's Mate; Thomas Finnagan, Gunner's Yeoman; Thomas Smith, 2d. John Veazey, John Giles, Thomas Rouse, Quarter-gunners; Thomas Jackson, 2d. Quarter-master.

Seamen.—James Sprout, Sylvester Stacey, John Appleton, Peter Quantin, James Butler, John Johnson, John Peterson, Thomas Sterling, Peter John, Jehu Smith, Joseph Weyland, Francis Symonds,* John Brice, Eliphalet Carr, Thomas Flanagan, John Hodgman,* Francis Franklin, Henry Hyde, Alexander Grant, Enoch Hackett, Andrew Mercer, John Tallman, James Parker, Ebenezer Day, Giles Cone,* Andrew Vandensau, Derby Lee,* John Hunt,* Rolla Peters, Robert May, Joseph Vaughn, John Devo,* Noel Dearborn, John Rollins, Charles Sargent, William Metcalf, Charles Thompson, Abraham Richardson, James Durfee, Lewis Hanscom,* William Hubans, Benjamin Sumner, William M'Callforty, Marcus Mansel,* John Desink, John Pettsiwing, William Peterson, William Stewart, Asa Newhall, Alexander Brown, Mathias Douglas, John M'Neal,* John Crutchett, Thomas Jones, 2d. John Caldwell, William Gardner, and John Kegan.

Marines.—Sergeants, John Twiss, William Harris; Corporal, William Dixon*; Privates, Richard Hoffman, James Brown, Joseph Twiss, George Upham; John Crippen, Samuel Jackson, John Johnston, John Wright, Miles Morris, Mathias Woolberry, Warren Fogg, Thomas Johnson, George Glyne, Joseph Crane, William Lewis, John Livre, and John Brady.

* Since dead.

THE CHESAPEAKE.

WHILE the capture of this ill-fated ship and the unexampled carnage of our brave officers, seamen and marines have created a pang of universal sorrow; to alleviate our grief, it ought to be remembered, that a series of *disadvantages* and *accidents* occurred, against which no skill or prudence could have guarded; which are not likely to recur; and the combined force of which, in all probability, occasioned the melancholy catastrophe, which has so deeply depressed the feelings of the nation.

Captain Evans, who commanded the Frigate during her last cruise, who perfectly understood her trim, and who had acquired a thorough knowledge of the merits of his officers and men, it is reasonable to presume, could have brought the ship into action under greater advantages, than his brave and skillful successor, who could have had no previous opportunity of acquiring the knowledge so fully possessed by him. But a wound which he received in the Mediterranean, and which severely affected one eye, and by sympathy the other, rendered him unfit for a cruise, and induced him to solicit shore-service until his recovery. The command of the ship then devolved upon Captain Lawrence, and the Secretary of the Navy assigned her to him, with orders to proceed to sea as soon, as she was ready. He accordingly joined the ship about ten days previously to her sailing, at which time she was nearly ready for sea. This unacquaintance with the ability of his officers, and the character of his men, was an evident disadvantage; but it was inevitable. The situation of the ship, and the discipline and appearance of the crew, much surpassed his expectations. As if by some fatality, the disadvantage already suggested was but the commencement of a train of evils, any one of which might have proved fatal to the best fought battle. Prior to Captain Lawrence's arrival, Mr. Thompson, the second Lieutenant of the ship in her last cruise, had obtained leave of absence on account of ill health; and after his arrival, Mr. Nicholson, for the same cause, and Mr. Pearce, acting Lieutenants, obtained leave of absence; and on Thursday previously to her sailing, Mr. Page, the first Lieutenant, and an invaluable officer, was dangerously seized with a *lagg* fever, of which he shortly after died. Lieutenant Ludlow, the third officer in the last cruise, of course succeeded to Mr. Page's situation, a station in which he had never before acted. The assignment of new duties to new officers, however brave or skillful, a short time before putting to sea, must also appear to every reflecting mind an evident disadvantage. This disadvantage is heightened by the consideration, that the gentlemen, who reluctantly left the ship, had inlisted the crew; had been with them in their former five months cruise, and

ke, a midshipman,

all complement, an
e Poule; and a part

spect, &c.

ORGE BUDD.

James Broome, first
ing Master; Pollard
Midshipmen; Daniel
Michael Kelly, Quar-

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in, Robert Bates, Wil-
seph Simmonds, John
llips, Benjamin Eaday,
James Betton, John
a Jones, Christopher

n, John Melligan, John
reston, Phillip Bryant,

Augustus C. Ludlow,
a Cox, acting Lieuten-
ancis Nichols, Walter
William Berry, Mid-
iffith, James A. Lewis,
r; Samuel Hutson,
r's Yeoman; Thomas
use, Quarter-gunners;

John Appleton, Peter
erson, Thomas Sterling,
ancis Symonds, John
Hodgman, Francis
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Giles Cone, Andrew
s, Robert May, Joseph
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is; Corporal, William
Joseph Twiss, George
ohnston, John Wright,
g; Thomas Johnson,
John Livre, and John

were officers, in whom the seamen had the greatest confidence. Notwithstanding the absence of these officers, Captain Lawrence deemed it unjustifiable to postpone his cruise. It might be an act of injustice to officers, who had succeeded to advanced stations, in the regular course of service, to be superceded in their commands by officers from any other ships. But waving the point of honour, the soul of service, and dearer to officers, than "the apple of their eye," if Captain Lawrence had postponed his cruise, no senior Lieutenants were to be obtained, as they were all assigned to other service. Apart from his peremptory orders to proceed to sea, for the non-observance of which, he would have been censurable, there was no justifiable reason for delaying departure; and our brave commander's conduct in going out, is fully sanctioned by the gallant Bainbridge, the commanding officer of the station. This is a perfect justification, if any were required, for the conduct of a junior officer.

It was known that the Tenedos, the consort of the Shannon, had left our bay to water; and the latter ship had not been seen for some days prior to the first of June, when, as if the genius of the ocean had conspired with the fates to vanquish our gallantry, she hove in sight and spread her colours in defiance. Captain Lawrence was then on board the Chesapeake preparing to weigh anchor, and gallantly proceeded, without a consultation on shore, as if no menace had been offered; and his officers, and many of his men were elated at the proximity of the enemy. It is unnecessary to comment upon the great inconvenience of being brought immediately to action upon a departure from port. Even if the battle be fought before the men become *sea-sick*; and in waters so still, that the acquisition of their *sea-legs* is unimportant;—yet bidding adieu to wives, children, friends and country, with the awful certainty, that many "hearts of oak" must soon visit the world of spirits, inevitably depresses the feelings to a degree, very unfavourable to the exercise of muscular action. Indeed, Captain Lawrence was so well aware of this disadvantage, that he declared he had rather fight the Shannon and Tenedos in succession, after being at sea twenty days, than to meet one of them immediately upon weighing anchor. This disadvantage, however, was unavoidable, as the enemy in our bay, always has it in his power to bring one of our frigates to action within six hours after her departure; and the ships, by lying in port six months, would not acquire a superior degree of preparation to meet an enemy; for the same disadvantageous causes would always continue to operate.

The battle was begun by an apparent advantage on our side, both in position and the celerity of fire; but the destruction of officers by the enemy's fire, and prior to his boarding, in proportion to the destruction of men, was more than ten to one; and Capt. Lawrence was wounded in the leg in the first broadside. No man can reasonably doubt, that there was accident in this.

greatest confidence. Captain Lawrence said. It might be argued to advanced standing, superceded in their place. But waving the matter to officers, than he had postponed his orders, as they were a peremptory order of which, he would not give any plausible reason for delay. His conduct in going to the mainbridge, the commander's perfect justification, if not his officer.

Sort of the Shannon, ship had not been seen when, as if the genius to vanquish our gallant colours in defiance. The Chesapeake preparing without a consultation; and his officers, in the proximity of the enemy. The great inconvenience of a departure from port. Men become sea-sick; the loss of their sea-legs to the children, friends and many "hearts of oak" inevitably depresses the the exercise of musketry. Was so well aware of rather fight the Shannon at sea twenty days, upon weighing anchor. Able, as the enemy in the one of our frigates; and the ships, by their superior degree of seamanship, to gain some disadvantageous

advantage on our side. but the destruction of his boarding, in proportion more than ten to one; and in the first broadside. was accident in this.

The action was commenced at pistol shot, the Chesapeake having the weather-gage; and, while the broadsiding continued, the ships were nearing. In this position our frigate must have soon taken the wind from the enemy's sails, which would have enabled the Chesapeake, while he was filling, to shoot ahead, lay herself across the enemy's bows, and rake, which would have rendered victory decisive. At this moment the foresails were so disabled, that the Chesapeake would not obey her helm. Our ship with her head to wind fell so far to the leeward, that when the Shannon filled, she ran her bowsprit between our main rigging and mainmast, and laid it diagonally across the spar deck, and was prepared to repel boarders. Com. Broke perceiving, that our upper deck was almost entirely swept, changed the disposition of the battle, and boarded at the head of twenty men, instead of waiting to repel. When Captain Lawrence perceived that Com. Broke was prepared to board, the order was passed to call the boarders to repel, when the bugleman failed in his duty. But Lieutenant Cox, who commanded the middle division on the gun-deck, heard the order and ran up. At this moment, and while Captain Lawrence was giving some orders in relation to the damaged foresails, that the ship might again be rendered manageable, and the instant before Com. Broke boarded, he received his mortal wound. Lieut. Cox, aided by the men, carried Captain Lawrence below, who gave orders before he left the deck, to "fight the ship till she sunk." After this, there was no officer unhurt to command upon our upper deck; and but one on the gun deck.

The midshipmen perceiving the enemy on the quarter-deck, and that the order issued to the boarders by their brave Commander was disobeyed, ran to the gun deck to rally the boarders, which occasioned a loss of some minutes in the most important and critical period of the conflict. In the mean time the Shannon had thrown on board the Chesapeake sixty additional boarders, and the enemy had an almost undisputed possession of our upper deck. Lieutenant Budd bravely led up and gave orders to the boarders to follow. Not more than from fifteen to twenty-five obeyed him. He was immediately cut down, and a dreadful conflict ensued between the boarders, who discharged their duty, the surviving men on the upper deck and the enemy's boarders; but the gallant handful were soon immolated by the overwhelming superiority of the enemy.

The payment of the prize-money of the former cruise, in which Capt. Lawrence had no concern, had been unaccountably delayed. When the ship was unmooring and the enemy in sight, Capt. Lawrence assembled his men, pointed to his flag and exhorted them to die sooner than to see it dishonoured. When he finished his harangue, there was a murmuring among the seamen, with respect to the delinquency of the prize-agent. At the head of

the disaffected was a Portuguese boatswain's mate. When Lieutenant Budd led up his boarders, this fellow opened the hatches and led the residue of the crew below, exclaiming, as it is reported, "so much for not paying men their prize-money."

A single hand grenade was thrown into an arm-chest upon the quarter-deck by the enemy, which exploded and created great confusion at the moment of boarding. The delay in calling the boarders to repel at this critical moment; the loss of the Captain; the defection of the men; the ship being rendered unmanageable; the disproportion between the loss of officers and men, and the explosion of the arm-chest, were certainly severe, but unavoidable accidents. That some of these disadvantages should have been encountered, and that some of these accidents should have happened, is within the calculations of probability; but that they all should have concurred, and the most trifling, even the poor bugleman, so strongly affecting the fatal issue, is wonderful! But we have consolation. There was no want of skill or bravery on the part of our officers, seamen or marines, so long as an officer remained to command. The shattered state of the enemy, having many shots upon and below his water line, and his spars and rigging much damaged, the desperation of boarding, and the respect paid to the remains of our brave officers attest this. The generous tear of a brave enemy is a more honourable tribute, than a vote of thanks from——*!!! But after Captain Lawrence was disabled, there was no well directed effort either to annoy the enemy or defend the ship. There is a further consolation, that under all the disadvantages, with which our ship led to action, and all the disastrous chances, she experienced in it, the enemy by his own account, and he has taught us by his glaring official misstatements

* After Capt. Lawrence had put to sea in the Chesapeake, a motion was made in the Senate of Massachusetts for a vote of thanks to the officers and crew of the Hornet for their brilliant achievement in the destruction of his British Majesty's Brig, Peacock, and the signal humanity exhibited by our officers and seamen to the vanquished enemy. This motion was negatived and a report was made by a committee, of which the Hon. Josiah Quincy was chairman, and adopted by the Senate, declaring that the attention already paid to our gallant naval commanders, had given offence to "many good people," and that a vote of thanks to a naval commander, who had perpetrated a deed which reflected Honour upon the American name, in this "unjust, unnecessary, and iniquitous war," was inconsistent with "the feelings of a moral and religious people". The battle of the Hornet and Peacock has been pronounced "bolder in design and more brilliant in execution" than either of our former victories. The inconsistency of withholding a paltry "vote of thanks," which had been granted to others is what no reflecting man would incur; the presumption of violating the usage of almost every legislature in the union a prudent man would avoid; and the indelicacy of the censure cast upon the last legislature of Massachusetts, one branch of which was federal, for having passed similar resolutions; and the coarse reproach contained in this resolve upon those who gave a naval ball and feasted Bainbridge and Hull; are equally irreconcilable with liberal feelings, sound policy, and popular sentiment.

not to believe him too implicitly, lost more in killed during the action, than we lost in the capture of the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian*, the *Java* and the *Peacock* !!!

The principal injury was done to the *Shannon's* crew by our cannonading, which was discontinued when Captain Lawrence met with his last disaster; but the Americans were principally killed and wounded by the musketry and sabres of the enemy, who alleges, that the battle continued but eleven minutes. One half of this time must have been consumed in boarding and carrying the ship. The *Shannon* has been dismantled to repair damage nearly three months; and the enemy acknowledges that his loss in killed and wounded is eighty-eight—how many more we shall never know. This terrific effect was produced in five or six minutes! The world never witnessed so destructive a fire, from so limited a broadside.

Had Captain Lawrence received Commodore Broke's* challenge before he put to sea, it would have enabled him to sail in company with a friendly flag, as proposed in the challenge, to the appointed place of meeting. This would greatly have increased the chance of our ship, and undoubtedly some of our oldest and most experienced Lieutenants would have volunteered for a fight. Our ship therefore would have been better officered, and as far as we can judge, one or two able officers, unhurt, would have turned the fortune of the day. Commodore Broke's challenge states his broadside to present 24 guns; 14 long 18 pounders upon his gun deck, and 10 thirty-two pound carronades upon his upper deck. We have been credibly informed by gentlemen from Halifax, that his ship mounts fifty-two carriage guns, and has swivels in her tops. The challenge further states, that his complement is three hundred men and boys, and that he had on board thirty six, taken from recaptured ships. He has left it equivocal whether he in-

* Much has been said of this challenge, but there are some circumstances, which detract from the chivalry of this brave and experienced Commander. It contains some indirect reflections upon the valiant and persevering Rogers for having eluded him, which were notoriously untrue; and a sneer upon our Government which was evidently indecorous. The Halifax Account states, that "early in the morning of the first of June the *Shannon* observed the *Chesapeake* lying at anchor with royal yards across, and apparently ready for sea.—The British colours were then hoisted on board the *Shannon*, and she hove to near the land; at 9, A.M. the enemy frigate was observed to loosen her sails and fire a gun; at half past twelve she weighed anchor, and stood out of the harbour." Now it is well ascertained that Broke's challenge was not sent from his own ship, and that too, by the way of Salem, until half past twelve. There was no chance, therefore, of its reaching the *Chesapeake*, had she remained in port, until the morning of the second. It must be presumed therefore that Captain Broke intended to claim the honour of a gallant challenge, without permitting his antagonist to avail himself of a knowledge of the facts, which it contained, before the conflict was decided.

cludes marines in this number. Now we have it ascertained, since the Purser of the Chesapeake's arrival, that he had one officer and sixteen men from the Belle Poule, and part of the crew of the Tenedos. The probability therefore is, that he had above four hundred men in the Shannon, all told, with the advantage of a perfect knowledge of his ship, his officers and men having sailed in her, with a great part of the same crew, ever since she was launched. Our ship presents a broadside of 24 guns, of the same rate with the Shannon; her complement is 373 men and boys, and she mounted forty-eight carriage guns, and had no swivels in the tops.

It is said the British cast their shot in iron, we certainly cast ours in sand. But from whatever cause, there is an 18 pound shot, a difference, in density, favourable to the British, of 1 lb. 14 oz. in each shot, and of nearly 3 lb. in each 32 lb. shot. Having the computation made, and with undoubted accuracy, in the action between the Constitution and Java, let us apply the same principles of computation to the relative weight of metal between the Chesapeake and Shannon.

Shannon's gun deck.	Chesapeake's gun deck.
14 guns, 18 lbs. 6 oz.	14 guns 16 lbs. 8 oz.
257 lbs. 4 oz.	231 lbs. 00 oz.
do. upper deck.	do. upper deck.
10 guns, 33 lbs.	10 guns 30 lbs.
330 lbs.	300 lbs.

587 lbs. 4 oz. at a broadside.

531 lbs. at a broadside.

The difference in weight of metal thrown by each broadside in favor of the Shannon is about fifty-six pounds. In addition to this, the Chesapeake is the worst ship we ever had in the navy, and has very bad quarters. The Shannon has fine quarters, and is an excellent ship, which, all other circumstances being equal, gave her a decided superiority in the action. If the English believe they have decided the question of our inferiority, by this action, man for man, and gun for gun, they will test the verity of this belief by the future manner of appointing and manning their ships upon this station. But they will take no heart from this engagement. Should the war continue, they will place upon this station stronger and better manned ships than they have ever done before. This will be the best evidence of their belief. Their papers may vapour; but the conduct of the Admiralty will be the only sure criterion of their conviction.

The enthusiasm of our tars* when the blue flag was displayed; the tremendous execution of our fire; the heroic promptitude

* When the Chesapeake got within gun-shot distance of the Shannon, our seamen voluntarily and heartily cheered.

of our officers in meeting the occasion; the daring manner in which the conflict was commenced; the Roman courage with which it was sustained; and the Spartan determination, "to conquer or die," are consoling topics of reflection, which should dissipate the inclinations of despondency.

LAWRENCE, LUDLOW, BALLARD, BROOME, WHITE; you died in the defence of the "religion of your flag," and it is the duty of your country to emblazon your gallantry, and consecrate your fame. Your names are early, but not prematurely, inscribed upon the marble page of glory, with the heroes and patriots of all ages and countries. In the infancy of our navy, the most splendid career of public service, would not have been so invaluable to your country, as the illustrious examples of your glory. The enemy is convinced that we will conquer or die; and through a long succession of centuries, each generous youth, glowing with a noble emulation, and beholding your great renown, will be

With chaste ambition fir'd,
To die distinguished, as to live admir'd.

The hero, who gallantly bleeds for his country, furnishes the fairest page of history, and the brightest theme of the muse. He rears to his name a monumental column, which will long outlive the brazen tablet, that records the achievement of his valour.

Nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

BIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

In copying from the Analectic Magazine, a Biography of Captain Lawrence, written by the erudite scholar and accomplished gentleman who is editor of that publication, we regret the appearance of numerous errors in point of fact. A production the eloquence of which does so much honour to the talents of the author, we dared not mutilate, and having appended such notes as were considered necessary to correct these mistakes, it is printed entire. The genius and taste of Mr. Irvine have been directed to the Biography of many of our Naval heroes, and the specimens of elegant composition in this department, to which his pen has given birth, are highly honorary to the literary character of the country.

TO speak feelingly, yet temperately, of the merits of those who have bravely fought, and gloriously fallen in the service of their country, is one of the most difficult tasks of the biographer. Filled with admiration of their valour, and sorrow for their fate,

we feel the impotency of our gratitude, in being able to reward such great sacrifices with nothing but empty applause. We are apt, therefore, to be hurried into a degree of eulogium, which, however sincere and acknowledged at the time, may be regarded as extravagant by the dispassionate eye of after years.

We feel more particularly this difficulty, in undertaking to give the memoirs of one, whose excellent qualities and gallant deeds are still vivid in our recollection, and whose untimely end has excited in an extraordinary degree, the sympathies of his countrymen. Indeed, the popular career of this youthful hero has been so transient, yet dazzling, as almost to prevent sober investigation. Scarce had we ceased to rejoice in his victory, before we were called on to deplore his loss. He passed before the public eye like a star, just beaming on it for a moment, and falling in the midst of his brightness.

Captain James Lawrence was born on the 1st of October, 1781, at Burlington, in the state of New Jersey. He was the youngest son of John Lawrence, Esq. an eminent counsellor at law of that place. Within a few weeks after his birth, his mother died, and the charge of him devolved on his sisters, to whom he ever showed the warmest gratitude for the tender care they took of his infant years. He early evinced that excellence of heart by which he was characterized through life; he was a dutiful and affectionate child, mild in his disposition, and of the most gentle and engaging manners. He was scarce twelve years of age when he expressed a decided partiality for a seafaring life; but his father disapproving of it, and wishing him to prepare for the profession of the law, his strong sense of duty induced him to acquiesce. He went through the common branches of education, at a grammar school, at Burlington, with much credit to himself, and satisfaction to his tutors. The pecuniary misfortunes of his father prevented his receiving a finished education; and between the age of thirteen and fourteen he commenced the study of the law with his brother, the late John Lawrence, Esq. who then resided at Woodbury. He remained for two years in this situation, vainly striving to accommodate himself to pursuits, wholly repugnant to his taste and inclinations. The dry studies of statutes and reporters, the technical rubbish, and dull routine of a lawyer's office, were little calculated to please an imagination teeming with the adventures, the wonders, and variety of the seas. At length his father being dead, and his strong predilection for the roving life of a sailor being increased by every attempt to curb it, his brother yielded to his solicitations, and placed him under the care of Mr. Griscomb, at Burlington, to acquire the principles of navigation and naval tactics. He remained with him for three months, when, his intention for applying for a situation in the navy being generally known, several of the most distinguished gentlemen of the state interested them-

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1st of October, 1781, He was the youngest counselor at law of that his mother died, and whom he ever showed they took of his infant of heart by which he dutiful and affection- most gentle and en- years of age when he g life; but his father are for the profession ced him to acquiesce. education, at a gram- it to himself, and sat- fortunes of his father ion, and between the the study of the law , Esq. who then resid- ears in this situation, pursuits, wholly re- e dry studies of stat- and dull routine of a lease an imagination s. and variety of the l his strong predilec- creased by every at- his solicitations, and mb, at Burlington, to naval tactics. He re- is intention for apply- ally known, several of state interested them-

selves in his behalf, and wrote to the navy department. The succeeding mail brought him a midshipman's warrant; and between the age of sixteen and seventeen he entered the service of his country.

His first cruise was to the West Indies in the ship *Ganges*, commanded by captain Thomas Tingey. In this and several subsequent cruises, no opportunity occurred to call forth particular services; but the attention and intelligence which he uniformly displayed in the discharge of his duties, the correctness of his deportment, and the suavity of his manners, gained him the approbation of his commanders, and rendered him a favourite with his associates and inferiors.

When the war was declared against Tripoli, he was promoted to a lieutenantancy, and appointed to the command of the schooner *Enterprise*. While in this command he volunteered his services in the hazardous exploit of destroying the frigate *Philadelphia*, and accompanied Decatur as his first lieutenant. The brilliant success of that enterprise is well known; and for the gallantry and skill displayed on the occasion, Decatur was made Post captain, while Lawrence, in common with the other officers and crew, were voted by Congress two month's extra pay—a sordid and paltry reward, which he immediately declined.

The harbour of Tripoli appears to have been the school of our naval heroes. In tracing the histories of those who have lately distinguished themselves, we are always led to the coast of Barbary as the field of their first experience and young achievement. The concentration of our little navy at this point, soon after its formation, has had a happy effect upon its character and fortunes. The officers were most of them young in years, and young in arms, full of life, and spirits, and enthusiasm. Such is the time to form generous impressions and strong attachments. It was there they grew together in habits of mutual confidence and friendship; and to the noble emulation of so many young minds newly entering upon the adventurous profession, may be attributed that enterprising spirit and defiance of danger, that has ever since distinguished our navy.

After continuing in the Mediterranean about three years and a half, Lawrence returned to the United States with Commodore Preble, and was again sent out on that station, as commander of Gunboat No. 6, in which he remained for sixteen months. Since that time he has acted as first lieutenant of the *Constitution*, and as commander of the *Vixen*, *Wasp*, *Argus*, and *Hornet*. In 1808, he was married to a daughter of Mr. Montauvert, a respectable merchant of New York, to whom he made one of the kindest and most affectionate of husbands.

At the commencement of the present war he sailed in the *Hornet* sloop of war, as part of the squadron that cruised under Commodore Rogers. While absent on this cruise, lieutenant Mor-

is was promoted to the rank of Post captain, for his bravery and skill as first lieutenant of the Constitution in her action with the Guerriere.* This appointment, as it raised him two grades, and placed him over the heads of older officers, gave great offence to many of the navy, who could not brook that the regular rules of the service should be infringed. It was thought particularly unjust, as giving him rank above Lawrence, who had equally distinguished himself as first lieutenant of Decatur in the destruction of the Philadelphia, and who, at present, was but master and commander.

On returning from his cruise, captain Lawrence, after consulting with Commodores Rogers and Bainbridge, and with other experienced gentlemen of the navy, addressed a memorial to the Senate, and a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, wherein, after the fullest acknowledgments of the great merits and services of captain Morris, he remonstrated in the most temperate and respectful, but firm and manly language on the impropriety of his promotion, as being contrary to the rules of naval precedence, and particularly hard as it respected himself. At the same time, he frankly mentioned that he should be compelled, however reluctant, to leave the service if thus improperly outranked.

The reply of the Secretary was singularly brief: barely observing, that if he thought proper to leave the service without a cause, there would still remain heroes and patriots to support the honour of the flag.—There was a laconic severity in this reply, calculated to cut a man of feeling to the heart, and which ought not to have been provoked by the fair and candid remonstrance of Lawrence.

When men are fighting for honour rather than profit, the utmost delicacy should be observed towards their high toned feelings. Those complaints which spring from wounded pride, and the jealousy of station, should never be regarded lightly. The best soldiers are ever most tenacious of their rank, for it cannot be expected, that he who hazards every thing for distinction, will be careless of it after it is attained. Fortunately, Lawrence

* The Constitution arrived in Boston on Sunday, the 30th of August, and Commodore Rogers' squadron came into port the next day. The promotion of Mr. Morris was not therefore made in the absence of Captain Lawrence but was known to him while the squadron lay in Boston Harbour. Consulting Commodores Rogers and Bainbridge, who disapproved of the nomination as ruinous to the service and as deeply infringing the rights of the officers superceded, Captain Lawrence wrote to the Secretary of the Navy remonstrating against the appointment, to which remonstrance he received a laconic and scurrilous answer. Indignation, on the receipt of Hamilton's letter, prompted Captain Lawrence to quit the service instantly, but strongly urged by his friends to await the meeting of the Senate he prepared a memorial to that body and sailed on his cruise before the Senate convened. This memorial, together with his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, and Hamilton's answer, were published by a friend, to whose discretion copies were confided, in the Boston papers, about a month after the Hornet sailed.

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had again departed on a cruise before this letter arrived, which otherwise might have driven from the service one of our most meritorious officers.

This second cruise was in company with Commodore Bainbridge, who commanded the Constitution. While cruising off the Brazils, they fell in with the Bonne Citoyenne, a British ship of war, having on board a large amount in specie, and chased her into St. Salvadore. Notwithstanding that she was a larger vessel, and of a greater force in guns and men than the Hornet, yet Captain Lawrence sent a challenge to her commander, Captain Green, pledging his honour that neither the Constitution nor any other American vessel should interfere. Commodore Bainbridge made a similar pledge on his own part; but the British commander declined the combat, alledging, that though perfectly satisfied that the event of such a rencounter would be favourable to his ship; "yet he was equally convinced that Commodore Bainbridge could not avert so much from the paramount duty he owed his country, as to become an inactive spectator, and see a ship belonging to the very squadron under his orders, fall into the hands of the enemy."

To make him easy on this point, Commodore Bainbridge left the Hornet four days together off the harbour in which the Bonne Citoyenne laid, from which she could discover that he was not within forty miles of it. He afterwards went into the harbour, and remained there three days, where he might, at any time, have been detained twenty-four hours, at the request of Captain Green, if disposed to combat the Hornet. At length the Constitution went off altogether, leaving Lawrence to blockade the Bonne Citoyenne, which he did for nearly a month, Captain Green not thinking proper to risk an encounter. It is possible, that having an important public trust in charge, and sailing under particular orders, he did not think himself authorized to depart from the purpose of his voyage, and risk his vessel in a contest for mere individual reputation. But if such were his reasons, he should have stated them when he refused to accept the challenge.

On the 24th of January, Captain Lawrence was obliged to shift his cruising ground, by the arrival of the Montague 74, which had sailed from Rio Janeiro for the express purpose of relieving the Bonne Citoyenne and a British Packet of twelve guns, which likewise lay at St. Salvadore. At length, on the morning of the 24th of February, when cruising of Demarara, the Hornet fell in with the British brig Peacock, Captain Peake, a vessel of about equal force. The contest commenced within half pistol shot, and so tremendous was the fire of the Americans, that in less than fifteen minutes the enemy surrendered, and made signal of distress, being in a sinking condition. Her mainmast shortly went by the board, and she was left such an absolute wreck, that, notwithstanding every exertion was made to keep her afloat

until the prisoners could be removed, she sunk with thirteen of her crew, and three brave American tars, who thus nobly perished in relieving a conquered foe. The slaughter on board of the Peacock was very severe; among the slain was found the body of her commander, Captain Peake. He was twice wounded in the course of the action; the last wound proved fatal. His body was wrapt in the flag of his vessel, and laid in the cabin to sink with her, a shroud and sepulchre worthy so brave a sailor.

During the battle, the British brig L'Espeigle, mounting fifteen two-and-thirty pound carronades and two long nines, lay at anchor about six miles in shore. Being apprehensive that she would beat out to the assistance of her consort, the utmost exertions were made to put the Hornet in a situation for action, and in about three hours she was in complete preparation, but the enemy did not think proper to make an attack.

The conduct of Lawrence towards his prisoners was such, as we are proud to say, has uniformly characterised the officers of our navy. They have ever displayed the liberality and scrupulous delicacy of generous minds towards those whom the fortune of war has thrown in their power; and thus have won, by their magnanimity, those whom they have conquered by their valour. The officers of the Peacock were so affected by the treatment they received from Captain Lawrence, that on their arrival at New-York, they made a grateful acknowledgment in the public papers. To use their own expressive phrase, "they ceased to consider themselves prisoners." Nor must we omit to mention a circumstance highly to the honour of the brave tars of the Hornet. Finding that crew of the Peacock had lost all their clothing by the sudden sinking of the vessel, they made a subscription, and from their own wardrobes supplied each man with two shirts, and a blue jacket and trowsers. Such may rough sailors be made, when they have before them the example of high-minded men. They are beings of but little reflection, open to the impulse and excitement of the moment; and it depends, in a great measure upon their officers, whether, under a Lawrence, they shall ennoble themselves by generous actions, or, under a Cockburn, be hurried away into scenes of unpremeditated atrocity.

On returning to this country Captain Lawrence was received with great distinction and applause, and various public bodies conferred on him peculiar tokens of approbation. While absent, the rank of Post Captain had been conferred on him, and shortly after his return; he received a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, offering him the command of the frigate Constitution, provided neither Captains Porter or Evans applied for it, they being older officers. Captain Lawrence respectfully declined this conditional appointment, for satisfactory reasons which he stated to the Secretary. He then received an unconditional appointment

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to that frigate, and directions to superintend the navy yard at New-York in the absence of Captain Ludlow. The next day, to his great surprise and chagrin, he received counter orders, with instructions to take command of the frigate Chesapeake, then lying at Boston, nearly ready for sea. This appointment was particularly disagreeable to him. He was prejudiced against the Chesapeake, both from her being considered the worst ship in our navy, and from having been in a manner disgraced in the affair with the Leopard. This last circumstance had acquired her the character of an unlucky ship—the worst of stigmas among sailors, who are devout believers in good and bad luck; and so detrimental was it to this vessel, that it has been found difficult to recruit crews for her.

The extreme repugnance that Captain Lawrence felt to this appointment induced him to write to the Secretary of the Navy, requesting to be continued in the command of the Hornet. Besides, it was his wish to remain some short time in port, and enjoy a little repose in the bosom of his family; particularly as his wife was in that delicate situation that most calls forth the tenderness and solicitude of an affectionate husband. But though he wrote four letters successively to the Secretary, he never received an answer, and was obliged reluctantly to acquiesce.

While lying in Boston Roads, nearly ready for sea, the British frigate Shannon appeared off the harbour, and made signals expressive of a challenge. The brave Lawrence immediately determined on accepting it, though conscious at the time of the great disparity between the two ships. The Shannon was a prime vessel, equipped in an extraordinary manner, for the express purpose of combatting advantageously one of our largest frigates. She had an unusually numerous crew of picked men, thoroughly disciplined and well officered. She was commanded by Captain Broke, one of the bravest and ablest officers in the service, who fought merely for reputation.

On the other hand, the Chesapeake was an indifferent ship; with a crew, a great part of whom were newly recruited, and not brought into proper discipline.* They were strangers to their commander, who had not had time to produce that perfect subordination, yet strong personal attachment, which he had the talent of creating wherever he commanded. His first Lieutenant was sick on shore; the other officers, though meritorious were young men; two of them mere acting Lieutenants; most of them re-

* The men were recruited in the preceding autumn, and were enlisted for two years. They had generally been in the last five months' cruise with Captain Evans. A few only had been newly recruited and the men were as well trained and disciplined as it was possible for men to be on board a ship lying in port. Two acting Lieutenants, Cox and Ballard had been appointed to the ship after Captain Lawrence took command of her. Messrs. Ludlow and Budd were in her during the previous cruise.

cently appointed to the ship, and unacquainted with the men. Those who are in the least informed in nautical affairs, must perceive the greatness of these disadvantages.

The most earnest endeavours were used by Commodore Bainbridge and other gentlemen of nice honour and sound experience, to dissuade Captain Lawrence from what was considered a rash and unnecessary exposure.* He felt and acknowledged the force of their reasons, but persisted in his determination. He was peculiarly situated: he had formerly challenged the Bonno Citoyenne, and should he decline a similar challenge, it might subject him to sneers and misrepresentations. Among the other unfortunate circumstances that attended this ill-starred battle, was the delay of a written challenge from Captain Broke, which did not arrive until after Captain Lawrence had sailed. It is stated to have been couched in the most frank and courteous language; minutely detailing the force of his ship; and offering, if the Chesapeake should not be completely prepared, to cruise off and on until such time as she made a specified signal of being ready for the conflict.†—It is to be deeply regretted that Captain Lawrence did not receive this gallant challenge, as it would have given him time to put his ship in proper order, and spared him the necessity of hurrying out in his unprepared condition, to so formal and momentous an encounter.

After getting the ship under way, he called the crew together, and having ordered the white flag to be hoisted, bearing the motto, "Free trade and sailors' rights," he, according to custom, made them a short harangue. While he was speaking, several murmurs were heard, and strong symptoms of dissatisfaction appeared in the manners and countenances of the crew. After he had finished, a scoundrel Portuguese, who was boatswain's mate, and acted as spokesman to the murmurers, replied to Captain Lawrence in an insolent manner, complaining among other things, that they had not been paid their prize money, which had been due for some time past.‡

The critical nature of the moment, and his ignorance of the dispositions and characters of his crew, would not allow Captain

* Nothing can be wider from the truth than this declaration. Neither Captain Lawrence nor any of his officers had any communication with the shore after the colours of the Shannon were displayed; and Commodore Bainbridge has on all occasions, decidedly approved the conduct of our gallant commander, and would have advised to his going out had he been consulted. But Lawrence's gallantry anticipated any interference.

† The character on this challenge, may be more correctly learnt from the comments on the action, which follow Lieutenant Dudd's letter, and are written by a gentleman having access to the most authentic information.

‡ The men did not murmur while Captain Lawrence was addressing them. When he had finished, they did not cheer, but no direct reply was made. Discontent respecting the prize-money of the former cruise was, however, sufficiently obvious.

Lawrence to notice such dastardly and mutinous conduct in the manner it deserved.—He dared not thwart the humours of men, over whose affections he had not had time to acquire any influence, and therefore ordered the purser to take them below and give them checks for their prize money, which was accordingly done.

We dwell on these particulars to show the disastrous and disheartening circumstances under which Captain Lawrence went forth to this battle—circumstances which shook even his calm and manly breast, and filled him with a despondency unusual to his nature.* Justice to the memory of this invaluable officer, requires that the disadvantages under which he fought should be made public.†

It was on the morning of the first of June that the Chesapeake put to sea. The Shannon on seeing her come out, bore away, and the other followed. At 4 P.M. the Chesapeake haled up and fired a gun; the Shannon then hove to. The vessels manœuvred in awful silence, until within pistol shot, when the Shannon opened her fire, and both vessels almost at the same moment poured forth tremendous broadsides. The execution in both ships was terrible, but the fire of the Shannon was peculiarly fatal, not only making great slaughter among the men, but cutting down some of the most valuable officers. The very first shot killed Mr. White, Sailing master of the Chesapeake, an excellent officer, whose loss at such a moment was disastrous in the extreme. The fourth Lieutenant, Mr. Ballard, received also a mortal wound in this broadside, and at the same moment Captain Lawrence was shot through the leg with a musket ball; he however supported himself on the companion way, and continued to give his orders with his usual coolness. About three broadsides were exchanged, which, from the closeness of the ships, were dreadfully destructive.—The Chesapeake had three men shot from her helm successively, each taking it as the other fell; this of course produced irregularity in the steering, and the consequence was, that her anchor caught in one of the Shannon's after ports.‡ She was thus in a position where her guns could not be brought to bear upon the enemy, while the latter was enabled to fire raking shots from her foremost guns, which swept the upper decks of the Chesapeake, killing or wounding the greater portion of the men. A

* He was cheerful and tranquil, unmoved and undisturbed, during the whole of the day; and went into battle with perfect coolness, and with great confidence of success.

† The particulars of this action are chiefly given from a conversation with one of the officers of the Chesapeake; and we believe may be relied on as authentic.—Mr. IRVING.

‡ The difficulty in steering the ship was much more occasioned by the fore-sails being disabled, on which account she would not feel her helm, than by the loss of the helmsmen.

hand grenade was thrown on the quarter deck, which set fire to some musket cartridges, but did no other damage.

In this state of carnage and exposure about twenty of the Shannon's men seeing a favourable opportunity for boarding, without waiting for orders, jumped on the deck of the Chesapeake.* Captain Lawrence had scarce time to call his boarders, when he received a second and mortal wound from a musket ball, which lodged in his intestines.—Lieutenant Cox, who commanded the second division, rushed up at the call for the boarders, but came just in time to receive his falling commander. He was in the act of carrying him below, when Captain Broke, accompanied by his first Lieutenant, and followed by his regular boarders, sprang on board the Chesapeake. The brave Lawrence saw the overwhelming danger; his last words, as he was borne bleeding from the deck, were, "don't surrender the ship!"

Samuel Livermore, Esq. of Boston, who from personal attachment to Captain Lawrence had accompanied him in this cruise as chaplain, attempted to revenge his fall. He shot at Captain Broke, but missed him; the latter made a cut at his head, which Livermore warded off, but in so doing received a severe wound in the arm. The only officer that now remained on the upper deck was Lieutenant Ludlow, who was so entirely weakened and disabled by repeated wounds, received early in the action, as to be incapable of personal resistance.† The comparatively small number of men, therefore, that survived on the upper decks, having no officer to head them, the British succeeded in securing complete possession, before those from below could get up. Lieutenant Budd, who had commanded the first division below, being informed of the danger, hastened up with some men, but was overpowered by superior numbers and cut down immediately. Great embarrassment took place, in consequence of the officers being unacquainted with the crew. In one instance in particular, Lieutenant Cox, on mounting the deck, joined a party of the enemy through mistake, and was made sensible of his error by their cutting at him with their sabres.

While this scene of havoc and confusion was going on above, Captain Lawrence, who was laying in the wardroom, in excruciating pain, hearing the firing cease, forgot the anguish of his wounds; having no officer near him, he ordered the Surgeon to hasten on deck and tell the officers to fight on to the last, and never to strike the colours; adding, "they shall wave while I live." The fate of the battle however was decided.—Finding all

* Commodore Broke led the first twenty men who boarded from the Shannon.

† Lieutenant Ludlow, if on the deck when Captain Lawrence received his fatal wound, was incapable of command, having been previously wounded. When Captain Lawrence was taken below, Ludlow rushed into the battle, and was cut down sometime before the fight was done.

further resistance vain, and a mere waste of life, Lieutenant Ludlow gave up the ship; * after which he received a sabre wound in the head from one of the Shannon's crew, which fractured his skull and ultimately proved mortal. He was one of the most promising officers of his age in the service, highly esteemed for his professional talents, and beloved for the generous qualities that adorned his private character.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable combats on naval record. From the peculiar accidents that attended it, the battle was short, desperate and bloody. So long as the cannonading continued, the Chesapeake is said to have clearly had the advantage; and had the ships not ran foul, it is probable she would have captured the Shannon.—Though considerably damaged in her upper works, and pierced with some shot-holes in her hull, yet she had sustained no injury to affect her safety; whereas the Shannon had received several shots between wind and water, and, consequently, could not have sustained the action long. The havoc on both sides was dreadful; but to the singular circumstance of having every officer on the upper deck either killed or wounded, early in the action, may chiefly be attributed the loss of the Chesapeake.

There have been various vague complaints circulated of the excesses of the victors, and of their treatment of our crew after the surrender. These have been, as usual, dwelt on and magnified, and made subjects of national aspersion. Nothing can be more illiberal than this. Where the scene of conflict is tumultuous and sanguinary, and the struggle desperate as in the boarding of a ship, excesses will take place by the men, which it is impossible to prevent. They are the inevitable incidents of war, and should never be held up to provoke national abhorrence or retaliation: Indeed, they are so liable to be misrepresented by partial and distorted accounts, that very little faith is ever to be placed in them. Such, for instance, is the report, that the enemy discharged several muskets into the cockpit after the ship had been given up. This, in fact, was provoked by the wanton act of a boy below, who shot down the sentinel stationed at the gangway, and thus produced a momentary exasperation, and an alarm that our men were rising. It should be recollected, likewise, that our flag was not struck, but was haled down by the enemy; consequently, the surrender of the ship was not immediately known throughout, and the struggle continued in various places, before the proper orders could be communicated. It is wearisome and disgusting to observe the war of slander kept up by the little minds of both countries, wherein every paltry misdeed of a paltry individual is insidiously trumpeted forth as a stigma on the respective nations.

* The ship was never surrendered. There was no act of submission on our part, other than being overpowered by superior force.

By these means are engendered lasting roots of bitterness, that give an implacable spirit to the actual hostility of the times, and will remain after the present strife shall have passed away. As the nations must inevitably, and at no very distant period, come once more together in the relations of amity and commerce, it is to be wished that as little private animosity may be encouraged as possible; so that though we may contend for rights and interests, we may never cease to esteem and respect each other.

The two ships presented dismal spectacles after the battle. Crowded with the wounded and the dying, they resembled floating hospitals sending forth groans at every roll. The brave Broke lay delirious from a wound in the head, which he is said to have received, while endeavouring to prevent the slaughter of some of our men who had surrendered. In his rational intervals he always spoke in the highest terms of the courage and skill of Lawrence, and of "the gallant and masterly style" in which he brought the Chesapeake into action.*

The wounds of captain Lawrence rendered it impossible to remove him after the battle, and his cabin being very much shattered, he remained in the ward room. Here he lay, attended by his own surgeon, and surrounded by his brave and suffering officers. He made no comment on the battle, nor indeed was heard to utter a word, except to make such simple requests as his necessities required. In this way he lingered through four days in extreme bodily pain, and the silent melancholy of a proud and noble heart, and then expired. His body was wrapped in the colours of his ship and laid on the quarter deck of the Chesapeake, to be conveyed to Halifax for interment.

At the time of his death he was but thirty-two years of age, nearly sixteen of which he had honourably expended in the service of his country. He was a disciplinarian of the highest order, producing perfect obedience and subordination without severity. His men became zealously devoted to him, and ready to do, through affection, what severity would never have compelled. He was scrupulously correct in his principles, delicate in his sense of honour; and to his extreme jealousy of reputation he fell a victim, in daring an ill-matched encounter, which prudence would have justified him in declining. In battle, where his lofty and commanding person made him conspicuous, the calm collect-

* Broke was wounded soon after boarding by one of our men, and some minutes before the ship was carried; but it is due to this gallant Irishman to state, that when he perceived the victory was won, while stretched upon the deck and weltering in his blood, he issued his orders to abstain from further carnage, which were but ill obeyed. He was soon delirious, and no officer from Halifax has mentioned any observation of his relative to the battle. It was however generally agreed at Halifax, that the Chesapeake was led most gallantly into action, and skilfully and desperately fought, as long as Lawrence commanded.

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ed courage, and elevated tranquillity which he maintained in the midst of peril, imparted a confidence to every bosom. In the hour of victory he was moderate and unassuming; towards the vanquished he was gentle, generous, and humane. But it is on the amiable qualities that adorned his private character, that his friends will hang with the fondest remembrance—that bland philanthropy that emanated from every look, that breathed forth in every accent, that gave a grace to every action. His was a general benevolence, that, like a lambent flame, shed its cheering rays throughout the sphere of his influence, warming and gladdening every heart, and lighting up every countenance into smiles. But there is one little circle on whose sacred sorrows even the eye of sympathy dares not intrude. His brother being dead, he was the last male branch of a family who looked up to him as its ornament and pride. His fraternal tenderness was the prop and consolation of two widowed sisters, and in him their helpless offspring found a father. He left, also, a wife and two young children to whom he was fervently attached. The critical situation of the former was one of those cares which preyed upon his mind at the time he went forth to battle. The utmost precautions have been taken by her relatives to keep from her the knowledge of her husband's fate; their anxiety has been relieved by the birth of a son, who, we trust, will inherit the virtues, and emulate the actions of his father. The unfortunate mother is now slowly recovering from a long and dangerous confinement; but has yet to learn the heart-rending intelligence, that the infant in her arms is fatherless.

There is a touching pathos about the death of this estimable officer, that endears him more to us than if he had been successful. The prosperous conqueror is an object of admiration, but in some measure of envy; whatever gratitude we feel for his services, we are apt to think them repaid by the plaudits he enjoys. But he who falls a martyr to his country's cause, excites the fulness of public sympathy. Envy cannot repine at laurels so dearly purchased, and gratitude feels that he is beyond the reach of its rewards. The last sad scene of his life hallows his memory; it remains sacred by misfortune, and honoured not by acclamations, but by the tears of his countrymen. The idea of Lawrence, cut down in the prime of his days, stretched upon his deck, wrapped in the flag of his country—that flag which he had contributed to ennoble, and had died to defend—is a picture that will remain treasured up in the dearest recollections of every American. His will form one of those talismanic names, which every nation preserves as watchwords for patriotism and valour.

Deeply, therefore, as every bosom must lament the fall of so gallant and amiable an officer, there are some reflections consoling to the pride of friendship, and which may sooth, though they cannot prevent the bitter tear of affection. He fell before his flag was

struck. His fall was the cause, not the consequence of defeat. He fell covered with glory, in the flower of his days, in the perfection of mental and personal endowment, and the freshness of reputation, thus leaving in every mind the full and perfect image of a hero. However we may deplore the stroke of death, his visits are occasionally well-timed for his victim: he sets a seal upon the fame of the illustrious, fixing it beyond the reach of accident or change. And where is the son of honour, panting for distinction, who would not rather, like Lawrence, be snatched away in the brightness of youth and glory, than dwindle down to what is termed a good old age, wear his reputation to shreds, and leave behind him nothing but the remembrance of decrepitude and imbecility.

With the feelings that swell our hearts, do we notice the honours paid to the brave Lawrence at Halifax. When the ships arrived in port, a generous concern was expressed for his fate. The recollection of his humanity towards the crew of the Peacock, was still fresh in every mind. His funeral obsequies were celebrated with appropriate ceremonials, and an affecting solemnity. His pall was supported by the oldest captains in the British service that were in Halifax; and the naval officers crowded to yield the last sad honours to a man who was late their foe, but now their foe no longer. There is a sympathy between gallant souls that knows no distinction of clime or nation. They honour in each other what they feel proud of in themselves. The group that gathered round the grave of Lawrence, presented a scene worthy of the heroic days of chivalry. It was a complete triumph of the nobler feelings over the savage passions of war. We know not where most to bestow our admiration—on the living who showed such generous sensibility to departed virtue, or on the dead, in being worthy of such obsequies from such spirits. It is by deeds like these, that we really feel ourselves subdued. The conflict of arms is ferocious, and triumph does but engender more deadly hostility; but the contest of magnanimity calls forth the feelings, and the conquest is over the affections. We hope that in such a contest we may never be outdone; but that the present unhappy war, may be continually softened and adorned by similar acts of courtesy and kindness on either part, thus sowing among present hostilities the quickening seeds of future friendship.

As to the event of this battle, deeply as we mourn the loss of so many valuable lives, we feel no further cause of lamentation. Brilliant as the victory undoubtedly was to the conquerors, our nation lost nothing of honour in the conflict. The ship was gallantly and bloodily defended to the last, and was lost, not through want of good conduct or determined bravery, but from the unavoidable chances of battle.* It was a victory, "over which

* In this we speak of the loyal, and really American part of the crew. We have, it is true, been told of treacherous conduct among the murmurers,

sequence of defeat. In a few days, in the period of the freshness of the day and perfect image of death, his countenance: he sets a seal beyond the reach of glory of honour, panting for vengeance, be snatched from the world than dwindle down reputation to shreds, and the remembrance of decrepi-

we notice the honour. When the ships are pressed for his fate. The crew of the Pea-heral obsequies were an affecting solemnity in the British captains in the Brit-ival officers crowded as late their foe, but with a hearty gallantry between gallant nation. They honour themselves. The group, presented a scene of a complete triumph and the passions of war. We are gratified—on the living departed virtue, or on the spirits from such spirits. We ourselves subdued. It does but engender a unanimity calls forth the affection. We hope it is done; but that the softened and adorned other part, thus sowing the seeds of future friendship. We mourn the loss of the cause of lamentation. We the conquerors, our vict. The ship was, and was lost, not for bravery, but from victory, "over which

the African part of the crew, among the murmurers,

the conqueror mourned—so many suffered." We will not enter into any mechanical measurement of feet and inches, or any nice calculation of force; whether she had a dozen men more or less, or were able to throw a few pounds more or less of ball, than her adversary, by way of accounting for her defeat; we leave to nicer calculators to balance skill and courage against timber and old iron, and mete our victories by the square and the steelyard. The question of naval superiority, about which so much useless anxiety has been manifested of late, and which we fear will cause a vast deal of strife and ill blood before it is put to rest, was in our opinion settled long since, in the course of the five preceding battles. From a general examination of these battles, it appears clearly to us, that under equal circumstances of force and preparation, the nations are equal on the ocean; and the result of any contest, between well-matched ships, would depend entirely on accident. This, without any charge of vanity, we may certainly claim: the British, in justice and candour, must admit as much, and it would be arrogant in us to insist on any thing more.

Our officers have hitherto been fighting under superior excitement to the British. They have been eager to establish a name, and from their limited number, each has felt as if individually responsible for the reputation of the navy. Besides, the haughty superiority with which they have at various times been treated by the enemy, had stung the feelings of the officers, and even touched the rough pride of the common sailors. They have spared no pains, therefore, to prepare for contest with so formidable a foe, and have fought with the united advantages of discipline and enthusiasm.

An equal excitement is now felt by the British. Galled by our successes, they begin to find that we are an enemy that calls for all their skill and circumspection. They have therefore resorted to a strictness of discipline and to excessive precautions and preparations that had been neglected in their navy, and which no other modern foe has been able to compel. Thus circumstanced, every future contest must be bloody and precarious. The question of superiority, if such an idle question is still kept up, will in all probability be shifting with the result of different battles, as either side has superior advantages or superior good fortune.

For our part, we conceive that the great purpose of our navy is accomplished. It was not to be expected that with so incon-

a number of whom, headed by the dastardly Portuguese boatswain's mate, are said to have deserted their commander at the moment of most need. As this matter will come under the scrutiny of the proper tribunal, we pass it over without further notice. If established, it will form another of the baleful disadvantages under which this battle was fought, and may serve to show the policy of admitting the leaven of foreign vagabonds among our own sound-hearted sailors.—MR. IRVINE.

siderable a force, we should make any impression on British power, or materially affect British commerce. We fought, not to take their ships and plunder their wealth, but to pluck some of their laurels, wherewith to grace our own brows. In this we have succeeded; and thus the great mischief that our little navy was capable of doing to Great Britain, in showing that her maritime power was vulnerable, has been effected, and is irremediable.

The British may now swarm on our coasts—they may infest our rivers and our bays—they may destroy our ships—they may burn our docks and our ports—they may annihilate every gallant tar that fights beneath our flag—they may wreak every vengeance on our marine, that their overwhelming force enables them to accomplish—and after all, what have they effected? redeemed the pre-eminence of their flag? destroyed the naval power of this country?—no such thing.

They must first obliterate from the tablets of our memories, that deep traced recollection, that we have repeatedly met them with equal force and conquered. In that inspiring idea, which is beyond the reach of mortal hand, exists the germ of future navies, future power, and future conquest. What is our navy? A handful of frigates; let them be destroyed; our forests can produce hundreds such. Should our docks be laid in ruins, we can rebuild them—should our gallant band of tars be annihilated, thanks to the vigorous population of our country, we can furnish thousands and thousands of such; but so long as exists the moral certainty that we have within us the spirit, the abilities and the means of attaining naval glory, so long the enemy, in wreaking their resentment on our present force, do but bite the stone which has been hurled at them—the hand that hurled it remains un'injured.

FLAG OF TRUCE.

FROM the high grounds of Salem, the inhabitants of that place had a distant view of the engagement between the English and American frigates. The interest created by the spectacle did not subside with its termination, but was protracted and augmented after the fate of the gallant Lawrence was known, by the project conceived by one of the distinguished citizens of that town, of restoring the remains of the lamented hero to his native land.

The citizen who originated this patriotic enterprise was Captain George Crowninshield, jun. of Salem, whose energy of character and liberality of sentiment have been frequently and conspicuously displayed.

From such a man it might have been expected that while others thought only of lamenting the untimely fate of Lawrence and his brave companions, he should have manifested his respect and attachment to the illustrious dead, by a spontaneous offer to bring them at his own charge from a distant and hostile shore to the land of their fathers. Such a citizen was worthy to be the bearer of those remains which were once inspired by souls of congenial disinterestedness and heroism.

In pursuance of this honourable intention, Captain Crowninshield addressed an application to the Government of the United States, for permission to execute his design, under the sanction of a flag of truce, and the following correspondence was the consequence.

Navy Yard, Charlestown, (Mass.) 26th June, 1813.

SIR,

Mr. George Crowninshield, Jr. of Salem, has expressed the desire to go himself to Halifax, and remove from thence, at his own expense, if permitted, the body of the gallant Captain Lawrence, to some part of the United States. Mr. Crowninshield has accordingly applied for a passport for that purpose, and has requested me to strengthen his application, by writing to you on the subject. I feel confident, Sir, that it is only necessary to make you acquainted with his intention, so honorable to himself, and so grateful to his country, to command your influence in favour of the application.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

(Signed) WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

HON. WILLIAM JONES, *Secretary of* }
the Navy, City Washington. }

Navy Department, July 10, 1813.

SIR,

In answer to your letter of the 26th of last month, I have to state, that I have heard nothing more of Mr. Crowninshield's application, but have spoken to the Secretary of State, who will, with pleasure, instantly grant the cartel; and, for myself, every thing that can contribute to honor the memory and the names of our gallant countryman, the lamented Lawrence, will be to me a source of real gratification.

I am, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

(Signed) WILLIAM JONES.

COMMODORE WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE, *United* }
States Navy, Charlestown, (Mass.) }

Salem, July 19, 1813.

SIR,

I HAVE seen copies of letters which have passed between yourself and Commodore William Bainbridge, relative to my application for permission to proceed to Halifax for the body of the late gallant Captain Lawrence, and any other officer if it is wished, and have now to request of the Government, a cartel, to proceed there for that purpose, and to return to Salem or Boston, at my own expense.

The brig in which I shall proceed is named the Henry, of Salem, about one hundred and twenty tons burthen, myself master, and to be navigated by the following gentlemen, all masters of vessels, who have volunteered for that purpose, viz. George Crowninshield, Jr. master, Holton J. Breed, first officer, Samuel Briggs, second officer, John Sinclair, Jeduthan Upton, Stephen Burchmore, Joseph L. Lee, Thomas Bowditch, Benjamin Upton, Thorndike Procter, Mark Mesurvey, cook, and Nathaniel Cummings, steward. I have given their names, so that if it be necessary to insert them in the papers, it may be done.

The passport, if granted, is requested so soon as the Government can make it convenient, on account of the season of the year.

Would it be improper, Sir, to have a special letter to our agent in Halifax, that he may render any assistance which may be necessary, or any other which you may think more advantageous?

I have the honor to be
your obedient servant,

(Signed) GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD, Jr.

HON. WILLIAM JONES, Secretary of }
the Navy, City Washington. }

Navy Department, July 28, 1813.

SIR,

In compliance with your request of the 19th instant, I have the pleasure to enclose the passport and letter from the Secretary of State which you desired, and to express my high sense of the patriotic and honourable motives by which yourself and companions are actuated.

I am, very respectfully,
your obedient servant,

(Signed) WILLIAM JONES.

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD, JR. Esq. }
Salem, Massachusetts. }

It having been made known to the President of the United States of America, that George Crowninshield, Jr. and others herein after named, all American masters of vessels, are desirous of proceeding from Salem, in the State of Massachusetts, in the brig Henry, of the burthen of about one hundred and twenty tons, to Halifax, in the British Province of Nova Scotia, for the purpose of bringing thence the mortal remains of James Lawrence, late a Captain in the Navy of the United States, who bravely fell in the performance of his duty in a severe conflict with the enemy, in order that the corpse of the said James Lawrence may receive the rites of burial within the limits of the United States; the President of the United States aforesaid, approving the motive of the undertaking, grants permission for the said brig Henry to depart for Halifax aforesaid, to be navigated by the said George Crowninshield, Jr. and by Holton J. Breed, Samuel Briggs, John Sinclair, Jeduthan Upton, Stephen Burchmore, Joseph L. Lee, Thomas Bowditch, Benjamin Upton, Thorndike Procter, Mark Messurvey, and Nathaniel Cummings. And all naval and military officers of the said United States, commanders of private armed vessels holding commissions under the authority of the same; and all others whom it may concern, are requested not to offer any hindrance or molestation to the said brig Henry, or to any of those persons by whom she is navigated; but on the contrary, to afford to her and them all necessary aid and assistance.

In faith whereof, I, James Monroe, Secretary of State for the said United States of America, have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the seal of my office.

Given at the city of Washington, this twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirteen, and in the thirty-eighth year of American independence.

(Signed)

JAMES MONROE.

THE brig Henry with Captain Crowninshield and his associates on board, on the 7th day of August, 1813, sailed from Salem to Halifax with a flag of truce.

She arrived at Halifax on the 10th day of the same month, where she was treated politely, although no person on board, except Captain Crowninshield, was suffered to land and proceed to the town. After a detention of a few days, she accomplished the object of her voyage, and sailed from Halifax on the 13th for Salem, with the remains of Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow on board.

Certificate of the Agent, at Halifax.

I do hereby certify that the Henry, Flag of Truce, is suffered to depart from the port of Halifax, by the express order of Rear Admiral Griffiths, commander in chief at Halifax, and also with the consent of the Lieutenant General commanding the forces, to take on board the bodies of the late Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow.

(Signed)

WILLIAM MILLER,

Agent for Prisoners of War.

August 13th, 1 A. M.

On board the Henry off York redoubt.

Copy of a letter from Cap. Crowninshield to the Secretary of the Navy.

Salem, August 19, 1813.

SIR, I have to inform you, I received the necessary documents and papers to enable me to proceed in the brig *Henry*, with my comrades to *Halifax*, after the bodies of the late gallant Capt. LAWRENCE and his lieutenant, LUDLOW. I have performed the service, and obtained through the assistance of Mr. MITCHEL, our agent there, the remains of both the officers above named; and I must add, received proper attention from the commanding officers of the British Government.

The relatives of Captain LAWRENCE have requested that his remains, ultimately might rest in *New-York*, but that funeral honours might be paid here, and accordingly the ceremonies will take place on Monday next, at *Salem*. Com. BAINBRIDGE has been consulted on the occasion, I remain with high respect and esteem, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD, Jr.

HON. WILLIAM JONES, }
Secretary of the Navy. }

PREVIOUSLY to the sailing of the brig *Henry* from Salem, Captain Crowninshield had signified to a number of the citizens of that town, the object of his proposed voyage to Halifax, requesting that preparations might be made to receive, with due honors and respect, the remains of the Naval Heroes at his return. Immediately after the sailing of the *Henry*, a meeting of a number of the citizens of Salem was held, at which meeting, the Hon. B. W. Crowninshield, Henry Prince, Joseph White, jun. Thomas Whittredge, Joseph Ropes, John W. Treadwell, Stephen White, and Jeremiah Briggs, Esquires, were chosen a

Marshal of the District and his Deputies.
Vice-President of the United States.

Members of Congress.

Judges and other Civil Officers of the United States.

Officers of the Army of the United States.

Ministers and Consuls of Foreign Powers.

Committee of Arrangements.

Hon. Joseph Story and the officiating Clergymen (in a carriage.)

Members of the State Legislature.

Civil Officers of the State.

Military Officers of the State, in Uniform.

Principal Municipal Officers of the town.

Salem Marine Society.

East-India Marine Society.

President, Directors and officers of the respective Banks.

President, Directors and Officers of the respective Insurance
Offices.

Citizens in general.

The procession then moved to slow and solemn music, escorted by the company of Light Infantry, under Captain C. C. King, through the principal streets, to the Rev. Mr. Spaulding's meeting-house. The procession was such, in point of respectability and numbers, as was never before witnessed in Salem. It was distinguished by the presence of his Excellency the Vice-President of the United States, escorted by the Marshal of the District and his deputies, with their insignia of office; Major General Dearborn, Brigadier General T. H. Cushing, and other distinguished officers of high rank in the army of the United States; Commodore Bainbridge, and other officers of the navy of distinction; Judges of the United States, and other civil officers of distinction; the Hon. William Gray, late Lieutenant Governor of this Commonwealth; the Hon. Samuel Dexter; a great number of Military Officers of the State in uniform; Marine Societies wearing their badges of distinction; Masonic Societies; and an immense concourse of respectable private citizens from the adjacent towns and country. Independent of the procession, the side walks and houses to their very tops, were covered with spectators, which, together with the melancholy knell of the bells, the mournful sound of the music, the distant peal of cannon, and the slow and solemn pace of the

Halifax.

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Halifax, and also with
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captain Lawrence and

LER,

Prisoners of War.

redoubt.

Secretary of the Navy.

August 19, 1813.

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NINSHIELD, JR.

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Naval Heroes at his re-
ne *Henry*, a meeting of
held, at which meeting,
Prince, Joseph White,
s, John W. Treadwell,
squires, were chosen a

procession, gave to the whole an interest of which it would be vain to attempt a description. On arriving at the meeting-house, the corpses were taken from the funeral cars, and placed in the centre of the church, by the seamen who rowed them to the shore, and who stood during the whole of the performance, leaning upon them in an attitude of mourning. The church was most tastefully hung with sable, cypress and evergreen. The names of "LAWRENCE" and "LUDLOW" appeared in letters of gold, encircled by festoons of evergreen, immediately on the front of the desk. The rites of sepulture were performed with great solemnity, and the music was good and appropriate. After the performances were concluded in the meeting-house, the faithful seamen conveyed the remains into the quiet tomb, and the Masonic Societies and Military corps paid the last ritual homage to the immortal LAWRENCE and LUDLOW.*

* The loan of the North Meeting-house having been solicited and refused, the following request and answer are published.

Wednesday, 18th August, 1813.

GENTLEMEN,

THE necessary preparations for the Funeral of the late gallant and lamented Capt. James Lawrence will be completed, after a suitable Meeting-house, for the performance of the funeral solemnities, shall have been obtained. As Doct. Bernard's Meeting-house has many advantages over every other in town, particularly on account of its size and the fine organ which it contains, we beg leave to request of you the loan of the same for the above purpose.

(Signed)

B. W. CROWNINSHIELD,

Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.

MESSE. SAMUEL HOLMAN,
ELIJAH SAUNDERSON,
GIDRON TUCKER,
SAMUEL PUTNAM,

MESSE. EDWARD BROWN,
JOHN D. TERADWELL,
JOSEPH ANDREWS,

Committee of the Proprietors of Dr. Barnard's Meeting-house.

Salem, August 19, 1813.

SIR,

THE Committee of the Proprietors of the North Meeting House, in Salem, have received your note requesting the loan of the House for the performance of the funeral solemnities of the late Captain Lawrence, and reply, that they have no authority "to open the House for any other purpose than public worship."

(Signed)

SAMUEL HOLMAN,

Chairman of the Proprietors' Committee.

HON. B. W. CROWNINSHIELD, Chairman of the
Committee of Arrangements for the funeral of
the late Captain Lawrence.

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INSHIELD,
ommittee of Arrangements.

EDWARD BROWN,
JOHN D. TRADWELL,
JOSEPH ANDREWS,

Meeting-house.

Salem, August 19, 1813.

North Meeting House, in
loan of the House for the
ate Captain Lawrence, and
House for any other pur-

Proprietors' Committee.

AN
EULOGY,

PRONOUNCED

AT SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS,

ON MONDAY THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF AUGUST, 1813.

ON THE

REINTERMENT OF THE BODIES

OF

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE,

AND

LIEUTENANT AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW,

LATE OF THE

AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE.

By JOSEPH STORY.

SALM, August 26th, 1813.

Sir,

I HAVE the honour to communicate to you the thanks of the Committee of Arrangements, for the Eulogium pronounced by you over the remains of those lamented heroes, Capt. JAMES LAWRENCE and Lieut. AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW, on Monday last, and respectfully request a copy of the same for the press.

I am, Sir,

With much esteem,

Your obedient servant,

B. W. CROWNINSHIELD, *Chairman.*

Hon. Joseph Story, Esq.

AUGUST 26th, 1813.

Sir,

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your favour of this same date. It is well known to the Committee of Arrangements, that the Eulogy pronounced on Monday last, was written under the pressure of extreme ill health, and during a few intervals from severe pain. With this apology for its imperfections, I submit it cheerfully to your disposal. Its errors will be readily pardoned by those, who know how difficult it is to praise the dead, when the public feelings have already pronounced the most emphatic Eulogy.

I have the honour to be,

With great respect,

Your very obedient servant,

JOSEPH STORY.

*The Hon. Benjamin W. Crowninshield,
Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements*

EULOGY.

WELCOME to their native shores be the remains of our departed heroes—Thanks to individual munificence and patriotism—they sleep not in a foreign soil, where the sighs of strangers alone would moan over their grave. They shall repose in the bosom of the country, which they loved, and in whose service they fought, and gloriously bled. Their fellow countrymen shall turn with a fond and holy reverence to the place of their sepulture—and when time shall abate the anguish of unutterable sorrow, they shall delight to point to the young and the old, to the warrior and to the statesman, the example of those who never caused a sigh from their country, but at their death.

The pride of a nation is never more honourably employed than in celebrating the funeral obsequies of its benefactors. The applause that waits on the great and the successful, while living, may delude

the young and the ambitious ; but the public feelings which consecrate the dead are the spontaneous burst of public gratitude ; and inspire the most pure and elevated virtue.

What your own feelings are on this occasion, I pretend not to describe. The funeral pomp that swells the melancholy grandeur of this procession—the religious awe that pervades this crowded assembly—the emblems of death, that shroud these darkened walls, and “let fall a supernumerary horror”—all, all, declare your hallowed sympathy in language which no eloquence can equal, and no tongue can repeat. In times like these, the tide of human feelings overwhelms the soul ; and leaves nothing for the workings of sorrow, which the imagination has not already seized and embodied.

In breaking the silence of your meditations, I feel how illly it would become me, under any circumstances, to pronounce a studied panegyric.—Feeble as I now am, I shall with all simplicity attempt but a rapid sketch of these lamented heroes, and leave your own hearts to give the finishing touches to the picture.

The honour of the birth of Capt. LAWRENCE belongs to the state of New-Jersey. He was born at Burlington, on the first of October, 1781 ; and was the youngest son of a highly respectable counsellor

of his native state. By the death of his mother, the care and nurture of his infant years devolved on his excellent sisters, to whom on every occasion he testified the warmest fraternal affection. After receiving the rudiments of a good education, he entered the office of his brother, as a student at law; and his friends indulged the fond expectation, that he would soon attain the highest honours of the profession. But the ardour and enthusiasm of young LAWRENCE could ill brook the intricate mazes of technical learning. He panted for other scenes—for the toils, and the perils, and the adventures of the seas—for the enterprises and the fame of those,

Whose march is on the mountain wave,

Whose home is on the deep.

After many an ineffectual effort to reconcile himself to the cold and cheerless formalities of jurisprudence, I learned from his own lips, that he drew a reluctant consent from his family to his abandonment of the study; and with a glowing heart, he sought and obtained a midshipman's station in our then infant navy. In this situation, by his diligence and activity, he soon acquired the esteem and respect of all around him; and gave the most happy presages of future excellence.

On the breaking out of the Tripolitan war, he was advanced to a lieutenantancy, and during the whole of

that arduous conflict he served in the Mediterranean. In the hardy enterprise of burning, under the very batteries of the enemy, the frigate *Philadelphia*, he volunteered his services; and acted as the first lieutenant to Commodore Decatur.—Every American knows the successful result of that brilliant achievement. An achievement, respecting which it is difficult to say, which deserves most praise, the desperate valour with which it was planned, or the matchless skill and enthusiasm with which it was executed. On that day LAWRENCE appeared with distinguished lustre; and if his services were not requited by the public rewards of his own country, they attracted the admiration of the world. They stamped a character on the American Navy, which the glory of later days, so far from eclipsing, has displayed in more bold relief.

The long interval of succeeding peace left nothing for naval ambition, but the punctilious performance of duty.

The commencement of the present war found Capt. LAWRENCE in the command of the *Hornet*. He immediately sailed with the squadron under the command of that accomplished officer, Commodore Rogers. They traversed the ocean unsuccessfully, for the enemy eluded their vigilance—or sought the combat in other seas. On his second cruise he was attached to the *Constitution*, under Commodore

Bainbridge. After his victorious commander had returned to reap the welcome rewards of his memorable battle, Capt. LAWRENCE had the good fortune to meet and engage his Britannic majesty's ship Peacock.

I need not say how nobly he won the victory.—The story has reached and enlivened every fire-side of the country—it has been the theme, the delightful theme, alike of the hoary grandsire and the lisping infant. With a celerity of execution scarcely paralleled in the annals of naval warfare, he accomplished this far-famed exploit, and placed the superiority of our gunnery, in precision and quickness, beyond the reach of doubt.

A duty not less worthy of his liberal spirit remained, to save his fallen enemy from impending death. The truly brave are always humane—cruelty is the mean attendant of jealousy and fear, or the more ferocious associate of rapine and villainy. With a magnanimity and promptitude, which always has distinguished, and I trust always will distinguish, the character of the American Navy, LAWRENCE and his crew flew to the succour of the sinking Peacock—and at the imminent hazard of their own lives, saved the British from the overwhelming waves. The brave Capt. Peake was wrapped in his own flag, and consigned to an honourable sepulchre in the ship which he had so valiantly defended.

The elevated manner in which Capt. LAWRENCE behaved towards those whom the fortune of war had thus thrown into his power, has not been left to American panegyric. It drew from his enemies a voluntary tribute of gratitude, and they expressively declared that, from the hour of conquest, they forgot that they were prisoners.

There are, who value the laurels of conquest however stained with the blood and butchery of innocence. There are, who pause not at the sufferings of the wounded and the dying—the helpless and the unprotected. The moment of triumph is, to them, the hour of boundless exultation, and unmanly revel. But to those, whose souls have felt the delicacy of virtuous honour, the humanity, which bends over a fallen foe, and binds his wounds, and soothes his departing spirit, is more ennobling than all the splendours of victory.

I were wrong to appropriate to Capt. LAWRENCE this exclusive praise....It belongs, and I speak it with the exulting pride of an American, it belongs to the whole Navy of my country. The stars and the stripes, which distinguish our flag, are not more our own, than that profuse and generous gallantry, which sees an enemy no longer than a hostile banner waves for his protection. The victories over the Guerriere, the Macedonian, the Java and the Frolic, though achieved by a valour and skill, which no

praise can sufficiently extol, covered not the nation with more glory, than the lofty and magnanimous courtesy of the conquerors. It gave to the harshness of war a mild and touching grace, which philosophy in its proudest dreams, had scarcely ventured to pourtray.

On the memorable first of June, Capt. LAWRENCE commanded the Chesapeake....On this mournful occasion all our sorrows flow afresh. There breathe not, there cannot breathe, within these walls, the man, whose soul has not drunk all the bitterness of wo, on the recollection of that fatal day. We saw the heroes, who now lie before us in the deep sleep of death—we saw them unfurl the sails to the swelling breeze. Thousands crowded our shores, with throbbing hearts, to witness the expected battle. The signal for action struck our ears....The declining sun shot his last beams athwart the ocean to mark the scene of clouded battle, and left us to a night of agonising suspense. The morrow came, and heavily came, with the tidings of overwhelming sorrow. What eye was then dry? What heart was then cold? What lips were then dumb? Alas! all that our ready fears foreboded, these shrouded biers declare, was but too dreadfully true.

Yet was the death of LAWRENCE not less glorious than his life. Over vulgar minds, the sunshine of victory throws a gaudy lustre, that hides every de-

fect; and adversity too often exaggerates trifling errors and exposes to unmerited censure. But the brave and the considerate, know well how to discriminate between accidents, against which no human foresight could guard, and rash exploits which no discretion could authorise.

"Let others hail the rising sun,
"I bow to that, whose race is run."

Without doubt the combat was fought on unequal terms.—All the advantages of perfect preparation, and veteran discipline, were on the side of the British. But LAWRENCE could not hesitate—he could make no compromise with his own heroic feelings. He felt the honour of his country committed to his charge, and he was incapable of betraying it. He was willing to yield up his life, but he could not endure to hold it in dishonour. A spirit of exalted chivalry urged him on to battle. He nobly maintained it, and with his dying declaration, "never give up the ship—the flag shall wave, while 'I live'"—he sealed the immortality of his own fame. The victory was not ours—but we lost nothing, save the victory and the heroes who fell. The honour of our flag remains untarnished—it was rescued, and redeemed by the blood of BROOME and BALLARD and WHITE and LUDLOW and LAWRENCE and their brave companions. The first Captain, who ever fell in the service, fell in defence of the flag on

this bloody day. His example shall fire every future naval hero, and teach the world that Americans yield to none in consummate valour and dauntless devotion to their country.

What pity tis, that we can die but once
To serve our country.

I forbear to dwell further on this interesting and melancholy scene—the last burst of glory, that illuminated the path of LAWRENCE. Scarcely have I been able to bring my own mind to touch the afflictive subject. The tears, that have mingled with our prayers, and our praises, at the altar, and at the capitol, have not yet assuaged the agonies of our grief. Yet shall the hour come, when these tears shall no longer flow; when a glowing emulation and gathered zeal shall chase away the gloom, and the fall of the Chesapeake shall be recollected only with emotions of admiration and gratitude—admiration for the deeds, and gratitude for the self devotion of our countrymen.

Something would I say on the character of LAWRENCE, a character as blameless as his life was honourable. Nature had given him commanding powers of mind—a spirit, which was never daunted by danger nor subdued by difficulties—a firmness, which rose with the perils of the emergency—and a coolness, which in the hour of battle diffused a sacred tranquility around him. Frank and gener-

ous in his temper, affable and condescending in his manners, he was scarcely more respected than beloved. He won his way to the heart by that steady and gentle propriety—that masculine yet temperate deportment—that modest but irresistible urbanity—which all know how to admire, but few can hope to imitate. Perhaps no man ever more fully possessed the esteem and confidence of all under his command. Though he exacted the rigour of discipline, yet the manner conciliated, while it enforced obedience.

In the more retired walks of private life—in the scenes of domestic quiet, his warm and liberal heart expanded with every social feeling, and delighted to pay the voluntary homage of friendship.

I will not approach the sanctuary of his home. Sorrow has there but just told its fatal tale. The affectionate mother and orphan children, no longer dwell in the security of imagined happiness. The visions, the blissful visions of hope, have passed away, and deep unutterable agony has harrowed the soul of her, whose love was the first pride and consolation of the Hero. May the country, which the father died to defend, receive and cherish in its own bosom his lovely and interesting offspring!

I will not say that Capt. LAWRENCE was the most intelligent and consummate of officers. It would be

doing injustice to many brave and accomplished gentlemen who adorn our navy. Where all, who have had an opportunity, have distinguished themselves by equal prowess and skill, it were invidious to claim superior excellence for the dead. No, the fame of Capt. LAWRENCE, as an officer, rests on the same immoveable foundation, which supports that of his compatriots, who have fought with success—and, thanks be to God, yet live to repose on the laurels of victory.

Nor can we forget the gay, the gallant and noble hearted LUDLOW. Though the history of his life be short, yet it can never be uninteresting to those, whose hearts beat high with the love of their country. He was the son of Robert Ludlow, Esq. and born at Newburgh, in the state of New-York. In the year 1804, he entered the navy of the U. S. as a midshipman, and in the summer of the same year he sailed for the Mediterranean, on board the President, then bearing the pendant of Commodore Samuel Barron. He continued there until the year 1807, when our naval force being ordered home, he returned in the Constitution, then commanded by Capt. Campbell. He remained in the same frigate under Commodore Rogers, until he was promoted to a Lieutenantcy, and then served on board of the Hornet. His exemplary conduct and strict sense of honour while yet a midshipman, gave him a deserved preference among the officers, and he was

generally distinguished by some mark of favour, such as Captain's aid. He had served a long time with Capt. LAWRENCE, and it was the perfect knowledge of LUDLOW's worth, that induced him to continue his young friend as his first Lieutenant in the Chesapeake.

Scarcely was he twenty-one years of age, when like the blooming Euryalus he accompanied his beloved commander to battle. Never could it have been more truly said—

*His amor unus pariterque in bella ruebant.**

He was indeed worthy of the confidence and friendship of LAWRENCE. His soul was formed for deeds of active valour and martial enterprise. In the mild engagements of peace, it softened into the most attractive suavity of manners, and wore the most benignant form of honour. In the tumults of war, it glowed with an ambition for naval excellence, which electerized every movement and awakened the whole energies of his genius.

Had he lived, his name would have attained the same historic elevation as those of our first commanders—the Van Tromp's and the Nelson's of the age. Cut off in the blossom of his days, while the purple graces of youth yet clustered round his form,

* Their love was one, as one they rush'd to war.

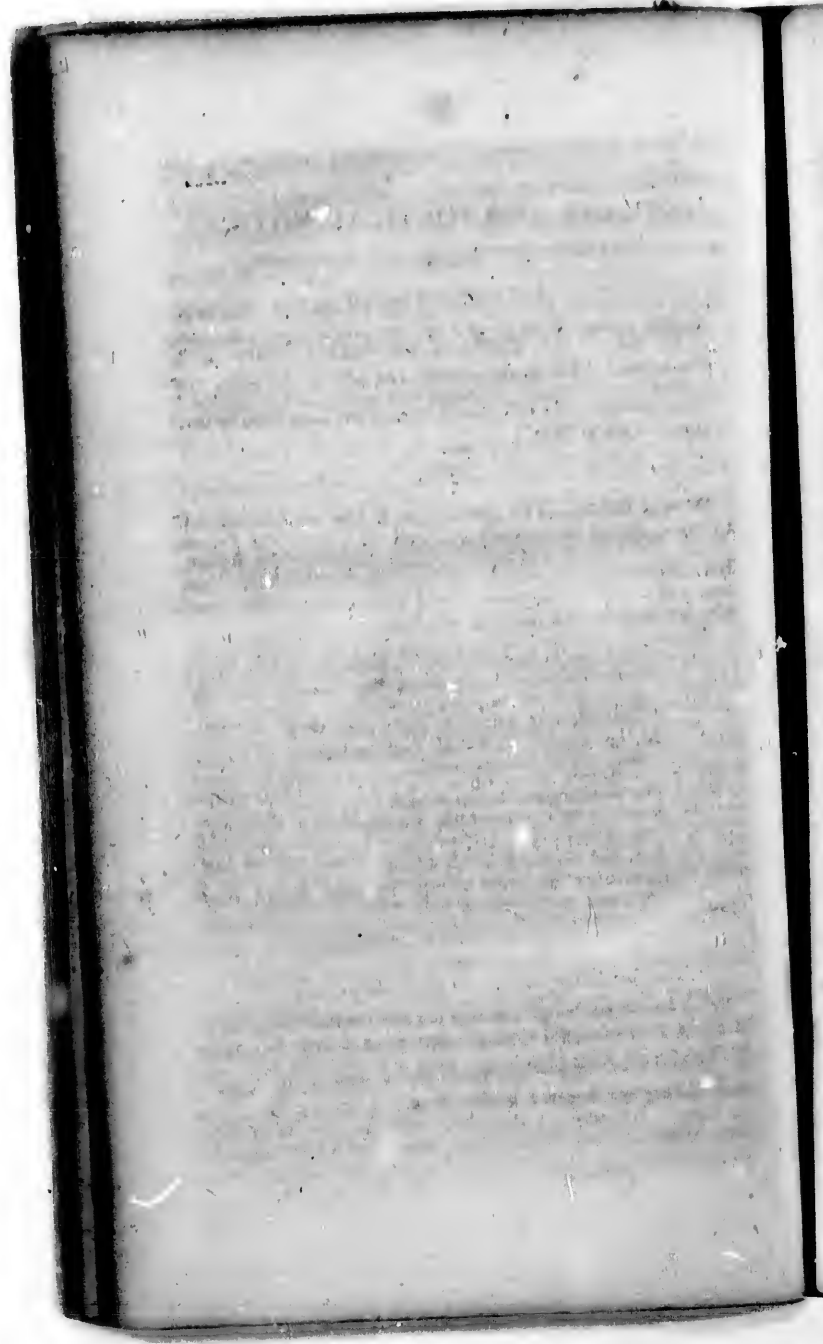
he has left us to pour our unavailing sorrows to his memory—

*His saltem accumulæ donis et fungar inani
Munere.*

Peace be to the spirits of the mighty dead—they fell covered with honourable wounds in the cause of their country. What death could be more truly enviable? What death could be more truly exalted? The gratitude of millions has already consecrated their memories....The poetry and the eloquence of future ages shall celebrate their deeds, and hymn their requiems.

While, therefore, we pay our last lingering farewell to these hallowed remains, we mourn not as those without hope. The bodies of these heroes may moulder away, and become indistinguishable from the common mass of mortality; but their spirits, we trust, shall repose in the bosom of heaven; and their fame, their spotless fame, shall perish but with the country of their birth, in that dread day when

*The cloud cap towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temple, the great globe itself;
Yea, all which it inhabit, shall dissolve:
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind them.*



OBITUARY AND POETICAL NOTICES.

A few brief notices of the officers of the Chesapeake, slain in the ill-fated combat of the 1st of June, appeared in the Newspapers at the time we were made acquainted with the particulars of the action. Though they convey but little information, with regard to the lives of the fallen heroes, they are preserved to show the estimation in which their characters were held, by those who best knew them.

Died at Halifax, on the 13th of June, Lieutenant AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW, second in command on board the Chesapeake Frigate, Et. 21, of the wounds he received in the action with the Shannon. His remains were entombed, with every mark of military distinction, which a generous enemy could bestow on a gallant youth, who fell in defending his country's flag.

"Blest youth, regardful of thy doom,
Aerial hands shall build thy tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd:
Whilst Honour, bathed in tears, shall rove,
To sigh thy name through every grove,
And call his heroes round.

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest:
And, half reclining on his spear,
Each wond'ring chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming gunner."

Is by age or infirmity, a period is put to the existence of our relatives or friends, we reconcile ourselves to their loss, in reflecting on the pain they might have suffered; the few years they could have lived; and by fondly cherishing the hope of their having exchanged a world of care and anxiety, for a blessed state of immortality! But when our most promising young men, whose characters are unblemished, and whose expanding knowledge becomes useful to their country, are cut down in the

bloom of life, at a time when the attention of all is placed on their future services—it becomes a public loss, and the tears of thousands are shed for their untimely fate.

In the death of Lieut. EDWARD J. BALLARD, who fell with many of his brave companions on board the frigate Chesapeake, society has lost a bright ornament, his friends, an affectionate and beloved companion, and his country, a brave and valuable officer. Anxious to render himself useful, and to share in the glory acquired by our Naval heroes, he left (though scarcely recovered from an indisposition of several months) the peaceful asylum of friendship, for his home upon the ocean, and terminated, with honour, a well spent life of virtue.

Lieutenant JAMES M. BROOM, commanding the marines on board the frigate Chesapeake, who was slain in the late desperate naval combat, was a native of the State of New-Jersey. He had been several years in the service of his country; and among the gallant heroes who have fallen in the present contest, his name will stand recorded among the bravest of the brave. Nature implanted in his bosom all those social and liberal feelings which endear man to his fellow-men; and in the circles of friendship which included BROOM, his cheerfulness of disposition and nobleness of soul, commanded sentiments of affection, which will long be fondly cherished. The record of destruction which the late ill-fated engagement has produced, affords sufficient evidence of the influence of his heroism during its continuance. Of forty-four marines under his command, twelve were killed, and twenty wounded—about three quarters of the detachment; a carnage perhaps unparalleled in naval history.—When such a man perishes, the pang of sorrow must long be felt even by those whose acquaintance with him was only transient; and sympathy must be excited for those towards whom his fraternal solicitude was mingled with his adieus to the friends who shared some of the last hours he spent in this place.

For ever green, the laurel o'er thy tomb
Shall flourish; ever white its flowery bloom;
And beauty oft shall weep before thy shrine,
And friendship heave the sigh, and thy fair wreath entwine.

DIED on board the Frigate Chesapeake, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS WHITE, Et. 26, Sailing-Master, a native of Rutland, Massachusetts. Noble and generous, his heart was open and sincere—

every qualification seems to have been united in him, that would endear him to his friends, or sharpen the poignancy of their grief at his loss—determined and resolute, he was eminently calculated for the station he held. Possessing an ardent attachment to his country, he early embarked in her cause, and has finally sacrificed a valuable life. He had the glory of sharing in the fate of the unfortunate Lawrence, in the first broadside received from the Shannon, in which that brave commander was wounded—he fell, and his country lost a promising officer; his acquaintance, a sincere and an affectionate friend.

Why weep for him, who nobly dared to brave
His country's foe, upon the "mountain wave?"
Who *bled* where heroes *died*, and freemen slain,
Ting'd with their blood, the broad extended main?
An honor'd death is valor's rich reward,—
The praise of man, and the applause of God.

Columbia's page in gen'rous strain shall tell,
Those deeds of courage where her LAWRENCE fell:
Honor shall gild the Hero's spotless shrine,
And thine, O WHITE! with kindred lustre shine.

No more let friendship mourn—nor swelling sigh
Bedew with tears a brother patriot's eye;
Nor fond remembrance tear the anguish'd breast,
With private virtues which his mind possess:
His SPIRIT'S FLED—but still his deathless name
HAS SET IN GLORY, and shall LIVE IN FAME.

In closing the catalogue of deaths, the name of PAGE should not be omitted, though not among those who perished on the hostile deck. The loss of this valuable officer previous to the sailing of the Chesapeake, was a disaster deeply deplored.

OCTAVIUS AUGUSTUS PAGE, Esq. son of the late Governour Page of Virginia, one of the oldest lieutenants in the navy of the United States, and first of the Chesapeake, died in Boston, June 4th, 1813. This gentleman is deeply lamented as a brave and skilful officer. Capt. Lawrence deplored the necessity of proceeding to sea without him; and Lieut. Page, during his illness, seemed to forget his own sufferings in regret of his inability to rejoin his ship, and in anxiety for the fate of his gallant companions in arms. His remains were interred on the following day with military honours. They were attended to the tomb by the naval and military officers in town, and a large concourse of private citizens.

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TO THE MEMORY OF
 LIEUTENANT AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE battle's ceas'd—the scene is o'er ;
 The cannon's voice is heard no more ;
 A solemn silence reigns around,
 Save but the dying's awful sound :
 Pale ev'ning sheds her silent gloom—
 It wakes for many to the tomb.
 The moon is seen in baleful light,
 To hover near the bloody sight ;
 Well may it linger o'er the deep,
 For worth and valor there do sleep :
 Brave Lawrence fell ! and White—
 Brave Ludlow found an early bier.
 Warm was his Heart ! with feeling fir'd,
 With manly love and worth inspir'd ;
 In manners and affection free,
 Nor bold, but mark'd with modesty.
 In peace the warmest friend, in war
 Was bold ! In danger, foremost there !
 Such from earliest days was He,
 Warm good, affectionate and free.
 I knew him well, his loss deplore,
 Whose reign of glory now is o'er
 Ludlow ! still to memory true,
 Reflection's hour shall turn to you !
 Shall dwell upon our early years,
 When boyhood pictur'd hopes and fears ;
 When oft' we rang'd the meadows o'er,
 Delighted gaz'd at Nature's pow'r—
 Scann'd the rude tree—the lovely flow'r,
 And more delighted hail'd each hour—
 Or, when we swam the vernal flood,
 Or on the margin, musing, stood—
 Or spake of some lov'd maid—whose heart
 The noblest feelings could impart—
 Or dwelt upon some tale of woe,
 That caus'd our youthful tears to flow—
 Or turn'd to idle fiction's lay—
 And either praise or censure pay.
 Thus have we pass'd life's varied day :
 Cheerless and hopeful, sad and gay.
 Friend of my soul ! these scenes are o'er,
 And we shall meet on earth no more.
 But when that hour, decreed by fate,
 Shall call me to a future state,

United we again shall be,
 And own more pure felicity.
 Until that hour, lov'd friend, adieu !
 Thy virtues great !—thy faults were few.

LINES

*Occasioned by the arrival of the remains of LAWRENCE and
 LUDLOW, at Salem.*

RELICS of the fallen brave !
 Tenants of an honor'd tomb !
 Conscious pride exalts the wave
 Whose swelling bosom bears you home.

Ocean hails you, gallant souls !
 Now once more his realm you cross ;
 And each billow as it rolls,
 Moans an anthem for your loss.

Glory's halo binds your brows,
 Immortality's your shroud,
 While our love, like zephyr, blows
 From your disk of fame, each cloud.

Adoration warms the clay
 That was cold on foreign bier—
 Our best sacrifice we pay,
 'Tis the silent, grief-swol'n tear.

Sons of Glory ! Mighty Dead !
 Welcome to your parent land ;
 Softly here shall rest your head,
 Pillow'd by your brothers' hand.

LAWRENCE ! LUDLOW ! Sons of Fame !
 Here shall rise the sculptur'd stone.
 "NOBLE IS THE HERO'S NAME,
 "GLORY CLAIMS IT AS HER OWN !"

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE, THOUGH SUC-
 CESSLESS DEFENDERS OF THE UNITED STATES
 FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE.

I SAW—and gentle FITZ touch'd the lyre,—
 Oh ! 'twas a sound
 That breath'd no minstrel's ardent fire,
 But rang with plaintive witch'ry round,
 And chain'd the soul,
 Half willing, half reluctant, in its soft control.

She mourn'd the dark, the dreary hour,
 When freemen bow'd to ALBION'S POW'R;
 When young COLUMBIA'S standard droop'd,
 And from his height her eagle stoop'd;
 When stain'd with crimson of deeper dye,
 The red-cross banner of GEORGE wav'd high.

She sang the SEA-BOY, gay and brave,
 Now pillow'd by the dark-green wave,
 Where greets the ear the bittern's sound,
 And the young dolphin sports around.
 With glist'ning eye, in numbers low,
 She dwelt upon the mother's woe,
 The ruin of the father's joy,
 Deep buried with his gallant boy.

And now of the rough-visag'd SAILOR she sang,
 Who swift to the carnage impatiently sprang,
 And rush'd where the death-dealing clangor loud rang,
 To fall by the arm of the foe:
 On her cheek stood a tear for the Sailor's poor BEAS,
 Who now the sad victim of widow'd distress,
 No more springs to meet a lov'd husband's caress,
 But in solitude murmurs her woe.

Now while she mourn'd the orphan's half-felt woes,
 The anguish of the widow-parent's breast,
 Expression fail'd—the tear alone
 Her scolding sympathy made known;
 No more the trembling numbers rose,—
 Low on the lyre her head sunk down oppress.

In sorrow lost, awhile she paus'd and wept,
 Then faint and low again the harp-strings swept:
 Slowly her trembling fingers mov'd,
 To Heav'n her eye was turn'd,
 The theme was LAWRENCE, chief belov'd,
 Erst in the victor's land inurn'd.

Hard, hard and heavy was the blow
 That laid COLUMBIA'S fav'rite low;
 No kindred soul, no tender wife was by,
 To smooth his couch, and watch his flagging eye.
 The hero's pillow the foeman stood near,
 And honor'd valor with valor's pure tear;
 The foeman's heart that in battle beat high,
 To softness moulded, now breath'd the warm sigh;
 And when the eye that flash'd vengeance in fight,
 Had sunk forever in death's murky night;

When pale and pallid was stretch'd the brave form,
 That strove in war like the oak mid the storm,
 The foeman's sod was press'd to his cold breast,
 The foeman's verse was the requiem of rest :
 The vict'ry won, the tough conflict was o'er,
 And foes in battle were foemen no more.

Then FAME arose with soul of fire,
 And throwing by the modest lyre,
 His fav'rite clarion seiz'd in pride :—
 The stirring sound
 Re-echo'd round ;
 He sang the BRAVE,
 Who stain'd the wave,
 And in the sacred cause of country died.

And these, my fav'rite sons, he cried,
 Shall ever live, COLUMBIA'S pride ;
 The names of LAWRENCE, LUDLOW, BALLARD, WHITE,
 And those around who sunk in Death's dark night,
 Compeers in arms, co-victims of the fight,
 Shall blazen Glory's deathless scroll.
 The future champion of his country's cause,
 Shall turn th' historic page,
 Where live the triumphs of this elder age,
 There on the record of achievements pause,
 And feed the native ardour of his soul.

Fav'rites of Glory ! ye whose stripling force,
 Hath maim'd the giant in his mighty course,
 Ye, at whose thunders *Albion's* vet'rans bow,
 And ocean's "Queen," with cypress binds her brow,
 For you the laurel wreath shall ever bloom,
 And scatter fragrance on the noiseless tomb.
 What though in strength *Britannia's* barks shall ride,
 And strew your pigmy force o'er ev'ry tide ?
 What though this realm in one vast ruin lie ?
Columbia's naval deeds shall never die.
 The elder world shall own the record true,
 That shows her glories scatter'd by the new.
Galla can vouch, for *Galla* felt the blow,
 That bade her triple-tinted flag lie low ;
 The turban'd infidel can tell a tale,
 That turns his visage, as his crescent pale ;
 And *Albion*, haughty *Albion* must confess,
 "The greater glory now hath dim'd the less."

Mid scenes of shame, of sorrow and defeat,
 Here may the Patriot's heart still proudly beat ;

Like meteor-flashes in the cloud-hung night,
Surrounding gloom but shews each deed more bright.
In after-times their names shall be renown'd,
Long to their praise the goblet shall go round,
Who aim'd at ocean-pride the vengeful blow,
And laid the honors of old *Albion* low ;
Loud wake the echoes round her rocky shore,
"THE CHARM INVINCIBILITY—IS O'ER."
Now like the phantom of the sick man's dream,
Or early mist that flies the morning beam,
Her boasted glory swiftly fades away,
And western lands receive the brilliant ray.



light,
and more bright.
round,
blow,

shore,
a dream,
um,
ray.





