

MEMOIR OF ADMIRAL BROKE

ADMIRAL SIR P. B. V. BROKE, BART., K. C. B., &C.:

A MEMOIR
COMPILED BY
REV. J. G. BRIGHTON, M.D.,
RECTOR OF KENTSTOWN;
CHAPLAIN TO THE REAR-ADMIRAL THE LORD DUNSANY AND TO THE LORD ATHLUMNEY.
*Chiefly from journals and letters in the possession of Rear-Admiral Sir George Broke-
Middleton, Bart., C.B., &c., &c.*

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PART II I. CAPTURE OF THE CHESAPEAKE. A.D. 1813

(pages 153 – 291)

When the Duke of Wellington was in the midst of his Peninsular campaigns he heard of the action we are about to describe. At a dinner, on the anniversary of the battle of the Salamanca, he proposed the health of Captain Broke of the Shannon; and on many a subsequent occasion spoke of the capture of the Chesapeake as an achievement he held in the highest admiration.

This feeling was fully shared by everyone competent to judge of the ‘severity, the gallantry, and brevity of this engagement.

The Shannon, smaller by seventy tons than her opponent, with less men by ninety, and after many weary months of blockade service, captured her foe, fresh from her own port, within fifteen minutes.

The loss of life, alas! Being greater than in many general actions.

It need not be denied that Broke had long and eagerly desired an opportunity such as this, of throwing some gallant deed into the scale as a counterpoise to the Guerriere, the Macedonian, the Java and the Peacock. This desire had been greatly increased by the various challenges which had passed between irritated commanders on both sides, and by inflammatory and deeply-wounding newspaper articles.

This is all I can say in answer to the question – “How will you excuse the challenges sent by Broke, which was followed by such sanguinary results?”

This challenge, it now appears, certainly never reached Lawrence; and the action, therefore, would have taken place had it never been written or sent.

But of its fairness, manliness, and patriotism I am sure there can never be but one opinion.

Let me, however, put the reader in the fullest possession of the facts (as recorded under the hand of the Shannon's commander), and then leave the question to the decision of his own good judgement.

On Friday, May 21st, 1813, at daybreak. His Britannic Majesty's ship Shannon, with a fine fresh northerly breeze, was chasing (in company with the Tenedos frigate) a suspicious sail, which turned out to be His Britannic Majesty's ship Rattler. In no very amiable mood, as may well be supposed, at these lost labours and pains, the crew set themselves to the more peaceful task of washing clothes. At noon the breeze fell, a calm settled upon the sea, and the, rusty, but well-disciplined, steady old Shannon lay motionless "in between Marshfield and Plymouth, five or six miles off land." She, at night, hove-to under Marshfield light, had been in at dusk close to Boston, but could distinguish nothing for haze, but heard that "Chesapeake had bent sails to-day."

On Saturday, May 22, the morning broke calmly, and the Shannon and Rattler were slowly floating in a N.W. direction from Marshfield to Chasset Point, about five leagues from the latter. On board the Shannon the topmast rigging was set upon, the 'tween decks was dried, and the mids exercised twelve-pound carronades at target; also thirteen supernumeraries were received from Rattler.

At noon a fresh S.E. breeze; tried six and three-pound sights. At dusk, took a slop with an obsolete license; appropriated from her some flour and cider for our people; burnt the sloop.

On Sunday, May 23, the Tenedos and Curlew joined. They had captured the Enterprize privateer, 214 tons, ninety-four men. The Curlew was at once despatched to Halifax, under the following order, by Captain P. V. B. Broke, &c., to Michael Head, Esq., commanding His Majesty's brig Curlew:

"You are to proceed immediately to Halifax with His Majesty's brig under your command, and having there landed the prisoners, &c., in your charge, you are to make good defects and complete your provisions, and having done so, to rejoin the Shannon of Boston, unless you are otherwise ordered by the senior officer at Halifax.

"Given on board the Shannon, off Boston,
"23rd May, 1813."

Monday, May 24, was ushered in by a fresh and strong southerly breeze. An unfortunate Salem schooner, the Post Boy, 154 tons, had ventured out with a view of attempting a run with fish and sundry goods to Saint Domingo; but at 1 20, after a short review with His Majesty's ships, this course was altered to Saint John's, New Brunswick, under the convoy of the Rattler.

The evening closed in S.W. gusts and rain.

On Tuesday, May 25, Broke determined to detach the Tenedos. He took fifteen tons of water from her, and parted company, with the following letter to her commander, the gallant Hyde Parker:

“His Majesty’s ship Shannon, off Boston,
“25th May, 1813.

“Sir

“Having every reason to expect that the American Frigate Chesapeake will sail from Boston in a few days, and thinking there is more chance of her being intercepted by our frigates cruising separately than if they keep together, I have to direct that during the absence of the Hon. Captain Capel, the senior officer, you will proceed to and cruise upon the range lately occupied by La Hogue, viz., from Cape Sable to the latitude of 42.10 N., to watching for the Chesapeake, should she pass by the Shannon in night-time or thick weather. You are to take an opportunity, in such winds as you think least likely to favour the enemy’s escape, to procure water enough to last out your provisions at Shelburne, or any other port which you may find most convenient, joining the Shannon, off Boston, on the 14th June, unless otherwise ordered by the senior officer.

“I am, Sir,

“Your very obedient humble servant,

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

Being now alone, the Shannon steered in a northerly direction towards Cape Anne, passing the Sir John Sherbrooke between the shoals and cape. At night the wind and rain fell together.

With daybreak of Wednesday, May 26, came a fresh S.E. breeze, and also a suspicious-looking brig to windward. After a baffling chase she was taken off Cape Cod Light (the Lucy), and sent to Halifax. Rainy all day.

Thursday, 27th May (Ascension Day). Was marked by strong gales and constant rain. Spoke various coasters and lumberers.

Friday, 28th May. The like weather. Heavy swell. Split mizentopsail. At night, wind dropped. Fog. Out reefs.

Saturday, 29th May. Light variable winds and damp fog. Fixed and corrected nine-pounder sights. Practised at target with musket. At four p.m. spoke the Sherbrooke and General Flower, her prize. The latter had forty Irishmen on board. Took twenty of the youngest.

Sunday, 30th May. Foggy. S.S.W. Stood in to the westward; saw a coasting schooner for a few minutes. Noon, clearer but hazy horizon; saw several fishing boats. At three tacked to the eastward. Isle Shoals W. half S., ten miles. At night, rain and fog.

Monday, 31st May. Was a busy day. It opened with light, south-westerly winds, haze, and rain. At ten a.m. recaptured Hunter, Halifax schooner, taken by Yankee privateer brig (fish to West Indies). Sent Mr. Stevenson and four men in her to Halifax. Noon, 42 34, Cape Anne land W. half N. of us, ten leagues.

Exercised the Irishmen at small arms. At eight p.m. Cape Anne N. by W. seven miles.

Tuesday, June 1st, 1813.

“June 1st. Off Boston. Moderate.

“N.W. W. Lawrence.

“P.M. Took Chesapeake.”

The above three lines are a literal transcript from Captain Broke's pocket journal, when able to record the capture of the Chesapeake. It proves that he despatched the celebrated letter of challenge in the morning; "W. Lawrence" meaning, as occurs in numberless instances, wrote to Captain Lawrence. There is no trace of this letter in the Shannon's letter book: its last entry, in the very excellent calligraphy of the brave and worthy clerk, Mr Dunn, who fell in the action, bearing date May 31.

By the captain of the American cutter, which had been captured and burnt, the challenge which follows was, on this morning, despatched to Captain Lawrence, but by him never received.

It is only fair to cite Mr. James's account of this transaction, remarking, however, that he has made an error, beyond all question, in the day. Captain Broke says: "June 1st, W. Lawrence;" and June 1st, 1813, fell on Tuesday. This is apparently the only inaccuracy in Mr. James's narrative, and this may be rectified by the supposition that the letter was written on Monday but despatched on Tuesday. He says: "Early on Monday morning Captain Broke addressed to the commanding officer of the Chesapeake a letter of challenge, which, for candour, spirit and gentlemanly style has rarely been equalled. This letter was confided to a Captain Slocum, a discharged prisoner, who immediately departed in his boat for Marblehead, a port a few miles north of Boston. At the same time the Shannon with colours flying, stood in close to the lighthouse, and there lay-to. She had been as near to Boston during several of the preceding days, but thick, rainy weather had obstructed the view of the harbour. The Chesapeake was now seen at anchor in Nantasket Roads, with royal yards across, and apparently ready for sea."

Captain Broke went himself to the masthead, and, while aloft, saw Slowcum's boat had not reached the shore in time for the delivery of his letter, which ran as follows:

"H. B. M. ship Shannon, off Boston,
June, 1813.

"Sir,

"As the Chesapeake appears now ready for sea, I request that you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. To an officer of your character, it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars. Be assured, sir, that it is not from any doubt I can entertain you of your wishing to close with my proposal, but merely to provide an answer to any objection that might be made, and very reasonably, upon the chance of our receiving unfair support. After diligent attention which we had paid to Commodore Rogers, the pains I took to detach all force but the Shannon and Tenedos to such a distance that they could not possibly join in any action fought in sight of the capes, and the various verbal messages which had been sent into Boston to that effect, we were much disappointed to find the commodore had eluded us by sailing on the first change, after the prevailing easterly winds had obliged us to keep an offing from the coast. He, perhaps, wished for some stronger assurance of a fair meeting. I am therefore, induced to address you more particularly, and to assure you that what I write, I pledge my honour to perform to the utmost of my power. The Shannon mounts twenty-four guns upon her broadside, and one light boat-gun – eighteen-pounders upon her maindeck, and thirty-two-pound carronades on her quarterdeck and forecastle, and is manned with a complement of 300 men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), besides thirty seamen, boys and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately. I am thus minute, because a report has prevailed in some of the Boston papers that we had 150 men additional lent to us from La Hogue, which really never was the case. La Hogue is now gone to Halifax for provisions, and I will send all other ships beyond the power of interfering with us, and meet you wherever it

is most agreeable to you, within the limits of the under mentioned rendezvous, viz., from six to ten leagues east of Cape Cod lighthouse; from eight to ten leagues east of Cape Ann's light; on Cashe's Ledge, in latitude 43° north; at any bearing and distance you please to fix, off the south breakers of Nantucket, or the shoal on St. Georges's Bank.

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

“You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the Chesapeake without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in case of rencontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the Chesapeake, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation: we have both nobler motives.

“You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not, that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs, in even combats, that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favour me with a speedy reply.

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

“I have the honour to be, sir,
“Your obedient, humble servant,
“P.B.V. BROKE,
“Captain of H.B.M. ship Shannon.”

“N.B.- For the general service of watching your coast it is requisite for me to keep another ship in company to support me with her guns and boats, when employed near the land, and particularly to aid each other if either ship, in chase, should get on shore. You must be aware that I cannot, consistently with my duty, waive so great an advantage for this general service by detaching my consort without an assurance on your part of meeting me directly, and that you will neither seek nor admit aid from any other of your armed vessels if I despatch mine expressly for the sake of meeting you.

“Should any special order restrain you from thus answering a formal challenge, you may yet oblige me by keeping my proposal a secret, and appointing any place you like to meet us (within 300 miles of Boston), in a given number of days after you sail; as, unless you agree to an interview, I may be busied on other service, and, perhaps, be at a distance from Boston when you go to sea.

“Choose your terms, but let us meet.

“To the commander of the U. S. frigate Chesapeake.”

Endorsement on the envelope:

“We have thirteen American persons on board which I will give you for as many British sailors, if you will send them out; otherwise, being privateers men, they must be detained.”

THE BATTLE

Having so far cleared the way by the foregoing preface, we may now proceed to the particulars of the action.

The morning of that most eventful day, Tuesday June 1st, 1813, broke over the shores and islands of the Bay of Boston in unclouded summer loveliness. A faint breeze rippled the waters, and the rising sun cast long rays of light and broken brilliancy over the wide and gently-heaving bosom of Boston Bay. The Shannon, under easy sail, slowly floated down the eastern coast in order to take an early look into the harbour and upon the vessels of the enemy. Viewed from seaward, a more peaceful scene could scarcely be conceived. The lighthouse, friendly alike to friend and foe, the distant shore – the light hazy clouds over the port and town of Boston – and the lofty masts and wide-spread spars of the man-of-war lying ready for sea – these, as usual, were the prominent objects on which the eager and anxious gaze of Broke had often before rested. But to-day, or at farthest to-morrow, he had strong hopes the issue would be decided. His challenge, that model of utterance of a bravery which had well calculated and was now resolute to stand the hazard of the die, had gone forth. Meanwhile all went on as usual on board the well-ordered, well-trained, unassuming, and well-disciplined Shannon. At eight bells a.m. the gallant young Wallis (the second lieutenant) took the watch; and from that hour onward to close the events of this momentous day are all within the accurate reach and record of the historian's pen, employed only on facts furnished by eye-witnesses of the engagement. The previous day had been rainy, and there were consequently many small matters of watchful routine and ever-ready preparedness requiring attention. At ten a.m. these duties were being discharged; the beat to quarters rattled along the decks, and sent its short, sharp, and alert summons down the hatchways to the Shannon. Quickly, silently, and resolutely the men repaired to their appointed stations, and the great gun exercise, without firing, was assiduously practised, as the British frigate, with light airs of wind, made quiet reaches to and fro across the bay, full in the enemy's sight.

It was at this time that the vigilant captain, in the prime of his manhood and the calm of his settled purpose to conquer or die for his country's honour, ascended to the Shannon's maintop. Until half-past eleven he remained there, watching eagerly the tapering masts and wide-spread yards of the beleaguered ship, which, beyond a loose foretopsail, gave no sign of her departure. Slowly, and deeply disappointed, Broke descended to the deck and ordered the retreat from quarters, observing to his young officer – “Wallis, I don't mean this for general quarters, but because she (with a gesture towards the harbour) will surely be out to-day or to-morrow.” The watch was relieved, and the young lieutenant said cheerily to his successor, as he went below – “Be sure you call me if she stir.” The men went to dinner. Broke lingered still on deck, for the tide was flowing and the day already beginning to wane.

It was the gallant Falkiner's watch, and he is now not here to give us précised details; but in that quiet hour of rest from the meridian eight bells the word passed on lightening wings along the decks – “She is coming out,” and soon every Shannon's eye was on her movements. At length the watch and ward of weary, toilsome weeks was ended. Sail after sail spread forth, flag after flag unfurled, and with all the speed the light air and ebbing tide could yield her, and attended by a large number of lesser craft to witness and applaud her expected triumph, the haughty Chesapeake bore down upon her waiting adversary. Her commander, Lawrence, glowing with recent triumph, anticipated an easy victory. Colossal in figure, and with muscular power superior to most men, he was on this day fatally conspicuous by the white vest and other habiliments he had assumed. Having stimulated his men to the utmost by prize cheques and an exciting harangue, closing with the sanguinary and remorseless words – “Peacock her, my lads! Peacock her!” * - he then ascended to his quarterdeck, with the fell determination of forthwith wreaking the like speedy destruction on the Shannon. His words, however, had fallen on unresponsive and misgiving hearts. There was murmuring forward and

depressing caution aft. The men were discontented, and American officers, not of the Chesapeake (but who accompanied Lawrence, together with his two youthful sons, to the wharf from which he was to pull on board the Chesapeake), had whispered – “Be cautious; take heed. We know every British ship on the station but this Shannon.”

Far different was it on board “this Shannon,” rusty with long cruising, her ensign faded and worn (she wore but one), and short of provisions and water.

The moment, the long desired moment, of reckoning was at hand; and but one feeling prevailed on board, to exact it to the utmost.

Broke (amid the busy hum of interest on the quarterdeck) descended quietly and thoughtfully to his cabin, and there made his own final and personal arrangements. What passed in that solemn hour no living creature now on earth can tell; but we know enough of the warrior to feel assured that he then committed himself, and the wife and children then probably sleeping the sleep of the peaceful in distant England, to the great God he had so long confessed and honoured.

The battle ground, some fifteen or twenty miles from Boston, being very nearly reached, the men were at once called aft, and their commander proceeded to address them. He stood on the break of the quarterdeck, the men of the upperdeck quarters standing in front of him and along the gangways; the men of the maindeck assembled below, and within partial earshot. In substance. Broke addressed them thus

“Shannon’s! You know that, from various causes, the Americans have lately triumphed, on several occasions, over the British lag in our frigates. This will not daunt you, since you know the truth, that disparity of force was the chief reason. But they have gone farther: they have said, and they have published it in their papers, that the English have forgotten the way to fight. You will let them know to-day there are Englishmen in the Shannon who still know how to fight. Don’t try to dismast her. Fire into her quarters; maindeck into maindeck; quarterdeck into quarterdeck. Kill the men and the ship is yours. Don’t hit them about the head, for they have steel caps on, but give it them through the body. Don’t cheer. Go quietly to your quarters. I feel sure you will all do your duty; and remember, you now have the blood of hundreds of your countrymen to avenge!”

At this stirring and touching allusion to the fate of the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian*, and the *Java*, many of the hardy seamen wept. A dead and heavy silence (the voiceless calm of do or die) rested over the Shannon’s decks: but it was twice broken before a shot was fired. Jacob West, late of the *Guerriere*, said, “I hope, sir, you will give us revenge for the *Guerriere* to-day?” To which Broke replied, “You will have it, my man; go to your quarters.” Another seaman, eyeing the rusty blue ensign which fluttered at the Shannon’s mizzen peak, asked, “Mayn’t we have three ensigns, sir, like she has?” “No,” said Broke, we’ve always been an unassuming ship.”

All now went silently and resolutely to their stations.

At this moment, all being ready for action, Boston lightbearing west distant about six leagues, the Shannon finally hauled up, with her head to the southward and eastward, and lay-to under topsails and jib, the latter flowing and the spanker hanging by the throatbrail only, ready for rearing or running free, and the helm amidships.

The Chesapeake was now coming rapidly down, at an angle of impunity, having sent her royalyards on deck and reduced her sail to very much the same dimensions as her adversary. The Shannon’s royalyards were kept across, as her captain considered that those lofty sails

might be serviceable in the event of the light air dying away, or being altogether lulled by the approaching cannonade.

When nearly within gunshot the Shannon filled under jib, topsails, and spanker, and, having little more than steerage way, awaited her opponent's closer approach. All were now at their posts. On the quarterdeck Broke, assisted by his first-lieutenant, Watt, and attended by his aide-de-camp, Mr Fenn (a light-hearted midshipman and general favourite on board, more familiarly known as Tommy Fenn) and the marine officers. The purser (a volunteer), the clerk, and a trusty sergeant (Molyneux) were stationed in the waist and gangways. The maindeck was most ably officered by Wallis and Falkiner.

It was at first doubtful whether the Chesapeake would make a raking evolution astern of the Shannon, or come fairly alongside; but when she arrived within pistol-shot all suspense was ended, for she rounded-to on the starboard quarter of her opponent (precisely the Hornet's mode of attack).

Captain Broke walked forward, and through his own skylight gave orders to the maindeck captains of guns to "fire on the enemy as soon as the guns bore on his second bowport." (A man named Rowlands, who was captain of the maintop on board the *Guerriere* when captured by the *Constitution*, was so delighted with this order that he very audibly and admiringly ejaculated, "Ah, that's the man for me; she's ours!") Broke now walked forward to the starboard gangway to observe the effect of his directions. The ships were closing fast. The sails of the Chesapeake came rapidly between the slanting rays of the evening sun and the Shannon, darkening the maindeck ports of the latter, whilst the increasing ripple of the water against her bows as she approached could be distinctly heard at all the guns of the after-battery on the Shannon's silent maindeck. In another moment, the desired position being attained, the Shannon commenced the action by firing her after or fourteenth main-deck gun; the steady old captain of the gun, Billy Mindham (Captain Broke's faithful coxswain), having first reported to the officer of his quarters, Lieut. Wallis, that his gun bore, and received permission to fire; a second afterwards, her after carronade on the quarterdeck; then her thirteenth maindeck gun; and, as the Chesapeake ranged alongside, she received, in close and steady succession, the whole of the broadside. The effect of this (as witnessed from the Shannon's tops) was truly withering. A hurricane of shot, splinters, torn hammocks, cut rigging, and wreck of every kind, was hurled like a cloud across the deck. Of 150 men quartered thereon, more than 100 were instantly laid low. Nor was this all. In this moment of deadly strife, Lawrence, who was fatally conspicuous, standing on a carronade-slide, received a ball through his abdomen from the hand of Lieut. Law, of the marines. He fell, severely wounded, and, after four days of suffering, doomed to die. But to relate this at present is premature. The conflict continued. In passing the Shannon, and after receiving her first broadside, the Chesapeake made a stern board; her tiller-ropes and jib-sheet had been shot away; her broken wheel; and thus she gradually bluffed into the wind, exposed, whilst making this crippled and helpless movement, to the Shannon's second and most deliberate broadside. From the first the Chesapeake had apparently attached much importance to her small –arm force with which, indeed, from her tops and deck, she commenced the action. It was now the Shannon's turn and time to make use of these. Broke saw that she was crippled, and, by his order, the marines in the gangways and the seamen in the boats and clustering about the booms, under the direction of Aldham, Dunn, and Molyneux, poured in a precise and deliberate fire. Broke perceived the flinching of the enemy, and, throwing down his trumpet, hurried forward with the simple words, "Follow me who can!" The Chesapeake had continued drifting astern till her larboard quarter struck the Shannon about the fifth and sixth gun on the maindeck. Here the veteran boatswain, Mr. Stevens, who had fought in Rodney's action, received, in lashing the ships together, the wounds of which he afterwards died in hospital at Halifax.

The ships were in contact at but a small point and but for a short time. Fifty or sixty gallant hearts, however, had fortunately heard their brave captain's words, and followed him closely. Lieutenants Watt and Falkiner, Collier, Stack, Van Loo, Fish (first and second gunners), and others, stationed chiefly on the quarterdeck, with a large body of marines, pressed on in the way so nobly led by their captain. On gaining the Chesapeake's deck a desperate and disorderly resistance was made. Her so-called chaplain, a Mr. Livermore, of Boston (an amateur and volunteer, no more), presented and snapped a pistol at Captain Broke. A backward stroke of the good and weighty Toledo blade which the hero carried (mounted, however, in the regulation ivory and gold wire) left his reverence to his better meditations against the mizenmast; and a vigorous charge along the gangways followed. This is the most confused moment of the conflict. A severe encounter had been raging in the tops. The midshipmen-Smith in the fore and Cosnahan in the main- had vastly distinguished themselves. Smith boarded the enemy off the foreyard of the Shannon, and, after hard fighting, chased his last remaining adversary down the foretopmast backstay on to the deck. Cosnahan, in the maintop, finding the foot of the topsail intervene between the enemy and himself, laid out on the main yardarm, and, receiving loaded muskets handed down to him through the "lubber's hole," shot three men from thence. These were midshipmen indeed!

To add to the confusion, the Chesapeake's head gradually falling off, her sails again filled; she broke away from the lashings and forged across the bow of the Shannon. At this moment, it would appear, the English party had divided- the upper deck was entirely theirs; Watt was aft, hauling down the enemy's flag. Broke was on the forecastle interposing between his men and some three or four Americans, who must otherwise have instantly been cut to pieces. The first lieutenant, in his haste- unwisely, alas! We can now see-hurrying the sailors so employed, caused them to bend on a white ensign under the American ensign. The moment this was seen from the Shannon her fire recommenced, and a grape-shot from his own ship carried away the top of his head, the same discharge killing and wounding others around him. The consternation diffused by this accident on the Chesapeake's quarterdeck reanimated the conquered Americans on the forecastle. Broke had already spare their lives-that was nothing. With pike, sabre, and musket they formed behind their gallant preserver; and, when roused by a fervent adjuration from a sentinel, he unsuspectingly turned about, he found not one, nor two, but three men-but, no! let me rather say, treacherous, indomitable enemies-prepared and anxious to take his life. These were great odds; but Broke parried the pike of his first assailant and wounded him in the face. Before he could recover his guard the second foe struck him with a cutlass on the side of the head; and, instantly on this, the third American, having clubbed the musket, drove home his comrade's weapon, until a large surface of the skull was cloven entirely away- the brain was left bare. Broke sank, of necessity, stunned and bleeding, on the deck; his sword fell from his relaxing grasp, and his first assailant, who had already fallen, strove to muster sufficient strength to consummate the attack. At this moment a marine bayoneted the immediate opponent of the captain, whilst the enraged Shannons almost literally cut his companions to pieces. It was truly a sanguinary scene. Broke was scarcely to be recognized, even by his own comrades. He was plastered with lime and blood. Mr. Smith and Mindham, however, tenderly raised him; and, whilst the latter bound an old handkerchief round his captain's streaming head, he applied a strong mental cordial by directing his good aft, with the cheering words, "Look there, sir; there goes the old ensign up over the Yankee colours!"

Slowly they then led him to the quarterdeck, and seated him, half fainting, on the carronade-slide.

Whilst these events were passing on the Chesapeake's forecastle and quarterdeck, an animated conflict had been going forward (for not more than two minutes, however) on her maindeck. This also ended in the dispersion of her crew. They were driven below, a grating placed over the main hatchway, and a marine (William Young) posted sentry over it. It chanced that this man, seeing a comrade pass, stretched out his hand by way of congratulation on their victory and joint escape. Whilst doing this he was most fatally and treacherously shot

from below. The surrounding Shannons, terribly enraged, instantly poured down amongst the Americans a warm discharge of musketry. This proceeding excited anger of the brave Lieut. Falkiner, who was sitting on the booms, fatigued by his exertions in boarding. He rushed forward, and, presenting his pistol, protested he would blow out the brains of the first man who attempted to fire another shot. He then sang out to the Americans below that, if they did not instantly send up the man who shot the marine, he would call them up and put them to death one by one. This vigorous proceeding put an end to all farther resistance.

The firing alluded to aroused Broke, and, on being informed of the cause, he faintly directed the Americans to be driven into the hold, and then lapsed, from his great loss of blood, into total insensibility.

The battle was now over, and the victory won, according to the most careful and largest computation of the time, in thirteen minutes. In this brief space 252 men were either killed or wounded in the two ships. In the general engagement off Cape St. Vincent the whole loss was 296; and in the battle of the Navarino 272 only. Fresh reinforcements of Shannons were now sent on board the Chesapeake, conveying back to the English ship her gallant Captain Broke, and the first lieutenant of the enemy (Augustus Ludlow), both severely, and the latter, as it turned out, mortally wounded. Captain Broke was laid in his own cot, in his own cabin, his "good old sword" ("Pray, said he, "take care of my good old sword") being laid beside him. Lieut. Ludlow (who in the hurry of the moment, was left for a little while lying unnoticed in the steerage) sent a touching message – "Will you tell the commanding officer of the Shannon that Mr. Ludlow, first of the Chesapeake, is lying here badly wounded?" He was immediately placed in the berth of poor Watt. And Captain Lawrence, who, on receiving his wound, had been conveyed, in consequence of the shattered state of his cabin, to the Chesapeake's wardroom, remained there – in four days to breathe his last. The Americans, in full confidence of victory, had provided several hundred pairs of handcuffs for the English. "With their own" (as Admiral Wallis quaintly remarks) "they were now ornamented."

At this moment the ships were lying not, perhaps, more than pistol-shot asunder, with their heads towards the eastward. The action was over. The companion vessels of the Chesapeake slowly and sadly steered back for Boston. The sun went down over the blood-stained waters of the bay; and in the twilight interval between his setting and the moon's uprising, which that night lighted the British the first stage of their triumphant voyage to Halifax, the slain were committed to the deep – in the sublime language of the Church of England Liturgy, "to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead" – tenderly, yet quickly; sadly, and with few words. This done, the rigging was knotted, the masts fished, and the decks partially washed. The Shannons then divided. Half of her choicest officers – Falkiner, Smith, Raymond, Leake, and Johns – going on board the prize; the rest, with their now unconscious captain, remaining on board the Shannon. So, full in sight of hundreds of Americans, thronging the highlands of Gloucester and Cape Anne, the two ships, having shaped their course for Halifax, slowly receded from the land, and from the sight of the afflicted inhabitants of Boston.

Our account of the engagement closed about nine o'clock p.m. on the first of June, 1813. The Shannon and Chesapeake slowly bore away to the eastward. The yawl of the former, now repaired, exchanged a load or two of prisoners, and the Shannon's damages were carefully inspected. Her log gives them thus: "Masts considerably wounded, and rigging and hull of the ship much cut up." At midnight Cape Cod light bore S. half W. five leagues. All hands were still diligently employed refitting the rigging and stopping shot-holes; and at 2.20 a.m. on Wednesday, June 2nd, having exchanged fifty prisoners, sail was made to get further off land.

On board the Chesapeake the night was equally anxious and far more turbulent. The Americans were noisy and vituperative; her maindeck was, therefore, scuttled, and one of her "Mad Anthonys" or "Raging Eagles" (as some of her guns were denominated), was pointed down into the hold among the prisoners, and submission by that means established.

At four a.m., however, it was found advisable to exchange more prisoners, and the ships again hove-to, Cape Cod still in sight, and not more than eight or ten leagues distant. In the course of this morning the fatal results of the last evening's terrible strife became more accurately known. The most anxious surviving case, with the exception of Broke, was that of Lawrence. He lay, as we have said, in the ward-room of the Chesapeake, mortally wounded in body, and scarcely less so in mind; for he rarely or never uttered a word which his sufferings or necessities did not draw from him. Captain Broke and Lieutenant Wallace, deeply commiserating his condition, joined in requesting Dr. Jack, the Shannon's surgeon, an extremely able but eccentric man, to unite in the Chesapeake's medical officer in consultation, and to assist to the utmost of his power in alleviating the unhappy position of the Chesapeake's late commander. Dr Jack, accordingly, repaired on board the prize and was immediately admitted to an interview with the brave but unfortunate Lawrence. He tractable, gentle, and docile, as the brave always are, under the questioning and discipline of the patriarchs of medicine, as knowing they are given for our good. Few inquiries, alas! Were necessary; but, few as they were, Lawrence anticipated nearly all, and, on their mournful answer, steadily prognosticated his own decease. "I know," said he, "why you ask that question; my own surgeon asked the same, and I see from it that there is no hope for me." He was told there was, humanely speaking, none.

We may as well here all that can now be said of the Chesapeake's voyage to Halifax.

The following officers were placed on board: Lieutenant Falkiner; Mr. Smith, midshipman; Mr. Raymond, midshipman; Mr. Leake, midshipman; and Lieutenant Johns, R.M.

The monotony of the tedious voyage was suddenly broken by the well-known notes of the American national air, the lively "Yankee doodle," resounding along the Shannon's deck from a shrill fife. The Americans in hold pricked up their ears with eager expectation of a possible recapture. The British hastily armed themselves and quickly tumbled up on deck. All, however, was quiet there; but at Broke's cabin door stood the Shannon's fifer, playing in his very best manner, the hostile tune. An explanation was soon given. Dr. Jack, Tommy Fenn, and other friendly visitors, had united in entreating their almost lifeless commander to "cheer up," and on their departure he gave the order which caused so much confusion. "I thought," said he, with a faint flash of his old humour, "nothing would cheer me up so much as that tune."

The Chesapeake remained in sight of the Shannon, and was directed by her movements, during the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of June. On the 5th (Saturday), whilst off Sambro' Light, a dense fog obscured her whereabouts. The signal guns fired on that day from the Shannon must have sounded to those on board the Chesapeake with mournful sadness, for Lawrence then lay dead in her wardroom.

On Sunday morning, the 6th (Whit Sunday), all at sea was foggy still and no prize in sight. An hour after noon H.M.S. Minerva exchanged numbers with the Shannon; in another hour the fog lifted, and the Chesapeake hove in sight; and at 3.30 p.m., just as all the church bells of Halifax had called its godly and loyal citizens to evening prayer, the Shannon, but in full possession of every faculty. Lawrence, also, lay motionless, but dead; shrouded in his country's flag, and stretched upon the deck of the ship he had carried into action with a bravery which, in a better cause, might have met a better fate.

CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNTS OF THE ACTION, OFFICIAL LETTER, AND LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

I trust I shall have my reader's approval in first of all giving Captain Broke's own account of this action. It is brief indeed.

“June 1st. Off Boston. Moderate.

“N.W. W. Lawrence.

“P.M. Took Chesapeake.”

Now this passage in Broke’s journal opens up a very important inquiry, viz., whether the last line was written on the day above dated, or at some subsequent time? If at the time, we should have no right to attribute the letter conveying the account of the action to any but his own hand. If not, then the conclusion is that this letter was compiled by others, and may possibly, though even this is doubtful, have been signed by him whilst in a condition of great debility, in which his surgeon, for fear of excitement, would, doubtless, prohibit all mental exertion. The matter is more fully touched upon in Admiral Wallis’ memoranda, a few pages onward. After carefully examining the original journal, I have only been able to arrive at one conclusion, which is this, that for two or three weeks after his arrival at Halifax Captain Broke was unable to write even a line, and that his few notes were made subsequently to that period at least.

On sailing for England in October, he appears to have recommenced his naval memoranda, with the same regularity which characterizes them through his earlier years of service. Even on September 5th there is an entry noting the Shannon’s sailing on another cruise, and the changes made in her officers by the late action.

The next document to be attested is an attested copy of the Shannon’s log.

EXTRACT FROM SHANNON’S LOG

“June 1st (Tuesday). 1.30 a.m. Wore and filled. At three hove-to.

“4.0. Fresh breezes and cloudy. Land and several sail in sight.

“4.20. Filled, set courses, jib and spanker.

“6.30. Out of second reef, and set top-gallant-sails.

“7.0 Tacked; crossed royalyards.

“8.0. Moderate and fine. Cape Ann N.E. by N., ten or twelve miles.

“9.40. Tacked. Exercised great guns.

“12.0. Noon. Light winds; fine. Cape Ann N.N.E. half E., ten or twelve miles.

“1.o. p.m. Light breezes and fine. Observed the enemy’s frigate Chesapeake under weigh. Kept away to gain an offing. At one the enemy rounded the lighthouse. Up foresail and down jib (steering off the land).

“3.20. Cape Ann north, six or seven leagues, the enemy still coming down under all sail, with several small craft around him, and a large schooner.

“3.40. In top-gallant-sails and down staysails. The Chesapeake closing fast, with three ensigns up and a white flag, having on it ‘Free trade and seaman’s rights.’

“5.10. Beat to quarters. Hoisted the jib and filled the foretopsail.

“5.30. Filled the maintop sail and kept a close luff, the enemy coming down under his topsails and jib.

“5.40. The enemy luffed up on our weather quarter, within pistol-shot, and gave three cheers.

“5.50. Commenced action within hail. After three broadsides and the enemy appeared unmanageable, and, having shot away our jibstay, fell on board of us. Grappled the enemy and boarded him, and after an action of ten minutes succeeded in hauling down his flag, pendant, and ensigns. Cleared the enemy and sent the jollyboat to exchange prisoners. In boarding, lost the life of Mr Watt, first lieutenant, and several men.

“Captain most severely wounded by one of the enemy whilst endeavouring to rescue him from his own men. Could not ascertain our own loss or that of the enemy from the lateness of the evening, and the greater part of the ship’s company having boarded the Chesapeake. Out

yawl (having repaired her) and sent her to exchange prisoners. Found our masts considerably wounded, and the rigging and hull of the ship much cut up.

“12.0. Cape Cod light, S. half W., five leagues.

“June 2nd (Wednesday). 1.0. a.m. All hands employed in refitting the rigging and stopping the shot-holes low down.

“2.20. Having exchanged about fifty prisoners, made sail to get farther off the land.

“4.0. Hove-to and commenced exchanging of the prisoners.

“Filled occasionally. Found our loss in killed to amount to (not stated) men, including Mr. Watt, first lieutenant; Mr. Aldham, purser; and Mr Dunn, captain’s clerk. The wounded not yet ascertained.

“7.0. Cape Cod W. by S., eight or ten leagues. Enemy’s loss still unknown.

“Noon. Calm and fine. Prize in company.

“2.0. p.m. A light breeze sprung up from S. and W. Filled, made sail, employed fishing the mizzen, and repairing the rigging fore and aft.

“Midnight. Moderate and fine. Prize in company.

“June 3rd (Thursday). 4.0. a.m. Light breezes and cloudy. Prize in company.

“4.30. Crossed royalyards and set the sails. Set fore-topmast studdingsail.

“2.0. p.m. Sounded in forty-five fathoms: gravely bottom.

“4.0. Moderate and cloudy. Prize in company. Bent the best bower-cable to the sheet anchor.

“6.0. In studdingsails and hove-to.

“8.10. Filled. Made sail.

“12.0. Light breezes and cloudy. Sounded in fifty fathoms: sandy bottom.

“June 4th (Friday). 2.0. a.m. Sounded in forty-two fathoms.

“3.50. Saw a strange sail N. by W. Hauled-up for ditto.

“4.0. Moderate and fine. Prize in company.

“4.10. Bore up and set her broad studdingsails and main skysail.

“6.0. Saw the land on the larboard-bow.

“1.30. Saw three strange sail. E.S.E.

“4.0. Moderate and clear. Prize in company.

“4.30. Observed the strangers to bear up in chase of us.

“6.0. Light winds and fine weather. Three men-of-war in chase of us to the windward.

“6.30. Made our numbers to the men-of-war.

“8.0. Light airs and cloudy. Sambro’ lighthouse N.N.E., nine miles.

“10.0. Braced round on the larboard tack. Up courses, in royals, and down staysails. Sambro’ Light N. three-quarters E., ten or twelve miles.

“12.0. Light airs and variable. Prize in company. Sambro’ Light N. half W. fourteen miles.

“June 5th (Saturday). 1.30 a.m. Sambro’ Light N.N.E., sixteen miles.

“4.0. Light airs with a thick fog. Prize not in sight.

“5.15. Tacked.

“7.0. Fired a gun, heard the report of others. N. by E. Tacked and hove-to. Sounded in eighty-five fathoms: mud with small stones.

“7.30. Filled.

“8.00. Light breezes and foggy.

“9.0. Tacked and tried soundings: no bottom.

Tacked ship. Heard a gun to leeward, and one N.N.E. Prize not in sight.

“8.0. Light airs and variable with thick fog. Tried for soundings: no bottom.

“12.0. Light airs and foggy. Tried for soundings. Fired a signal-gun.

“June 6th (Sunday) 2.0. a.m. Tacked. Set mainsails and staysails.

“7.0. Set royals and mainsail.

“8.0. Light airs and hazy. Saw a sail on the weather bow.

“9.0. Set starboard studdingsails. Trimmed sails as necessary. Steering in for Halifax.

“Noon. Light airs with a thick fog. Prize not in sight.

“1.0. p.m. Trimmed sails occasionally. Exchanged numbers with H. M. S. Minerva, and made our number to the shore.

“3.20. Shortened sail. The Chesapeake astern.

“3.30. Passed the wharfs and received several cheers from the inhabitants, as likewise from His Majesty’s ships and vessels in the harbour

“3.40. Clewed up the topsails and came-to with the starboard-bower. With the assistance of the squadron’s boats sent the wounded to the hospital.”

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE ACTION.

It was considered by Captain The Hon. Bladen Capel of some importance that the report of the Shannon’s engagement with the Chesapeake should be forwarded to England with as little delay as was compatible with the active service requiring his attention on the station. He, therefore, almost immediately requested Lieut. Provo Wallis (who, by the disability of his captain and the death of First Lieut. Watt, had now become the senior officer in charge) to furnish him with a report of the action. It is a striking proof of the affectionate regard in which the brave Broke was held, alike by officers and crew, that his attached second lieutenant could by no means persuade himself to undertake this most honourable and gratifying duty whilst one hope remained to him that his commander might discharge with his own hand the official obligation. “I could not persuade myself” (he said and felt years afterwards) “to do this whilst there was a chance of my dear captain’s strength enabling him to write with his own hand.”

A week passed by and, as the young lieutenant still delayed, the commanding officer briefly told him that “A report had been received, and would be forward on a given day to England, in charge of Lieut. Falkiner, as the promotion of Lieut. Wallis was a certainty.”

“Very well, sir,” was the disciplined and proper reply of Lieut. Wallis. The slight, however, naturally rankled in his mind, and gave rise afterwards to a sharp correspondence, of which such portions as relate to the following letter shall be given in a future section.

Admiral King, who possessed a directly personal knowledge of this and all other particulars of these occurrences, states that Broke was greatly annoyed by the injustice thus done to Wallis, and by the several inaccuracies contained in the official letter to which his name was affixed; a letter which it is perfectly certain he was then unable (from the severity of his wounds) to have written, if, indeed (as is most questionable), he even added the sanction of his signature document.

Here, however, follows the official report:

“To Captain The Hon. Bladen Capel, &c., &c., &c.,

“Halifax.

“Shannon, Halifax, 6th June, 1813.

“Sir,

“I have the honour to inform you that being close in with Boston lighthouse in His Majesty’s ship under my command on the 1st instant, I had the pleasure of seeing that the United States frigate Chesapeake (whom we had long been watching) was coming out of the harbour to engage the Shannon. I took a position between Cape Ann and Cape Cod, and then hove-to for him to join us. The enemy came down in a very handsome manner, having three

American ensigns flying; when, closing with us, he sent down his royalyards. I kept the Shannon's up, expecting the breeze would die away.

“At half-past five p.m. the enemy hauled up within hail of us on the starboard side, and the battle began – both ships steering full under the topsails. After exchanging two or three broadsides the enemy's ship fell on board of us, her mizzen-channels locking in with our fore-rigging. I went forward to ascertain her position, and, observing that the enemy were flinching from their guns, I gave orders to prepare for boarding. Our gallant bands appointed for that purpose immediately rushed in, under their respective officers, upon the enemy's decks, driving everything before them with irresistible fury.

“The enemy made a desperate but orderly resistance.

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

“ I have to lament the loss of many of my gallant shipmates, but they fell exulting in their conquest. My brave first lieutenant, Mr. Watt, was slain in the moment of victory, in the act of hoisting the British colours: his death is a severe loss to the service. Mr Aldham, the purser, who had spiritedly volunteered the charge of the party of small-armed men, was killed at his post in the gangway. My faithful old clerk Mr. Dunn, was shot by his side. Mr. Aldham has left a widow to lament his loss. I request the Commander-in-chief will recommend her to the protection of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

“My veteran boatswain, Mr. Stephens, has lost an arm. He fought under Lord Rodney on the 12th April. I trust his age and services will be duly rewarded.

“I am happy to say that Mr. Samwell, a midshipman of much merit, is the only officer wounded besides myself, and he not dangerously. Of my gallant seamen and marines we had twenty-three killed and fifty-six wounded. I subjoin the names of the former.

“No expression I *can* make use of can do justice to the merits of my valiant officers and crew.

“The calm courage they displayed during the cannonade and the tremendous precision of their fire could only be equalled by the ardour with which they rushed to the assault. I recommend them warmly to the protection of the Commander-in-Chief.

“Having received a severe sabre wound at the first onset, while charging a party of the enemy who had rallied on their forecastle. I was only capable of giving command till assured our conquest was complete, and then, directing Second Lieutenant Wallis to take charge of the Shannon and secure the prisoners, I left the Third Lieutenant, Mr Falkiner (who had headed the maindeck boarders), in charge of the prize. I beg to recommend these officers most strongly to the Commander-in-Chief's patronage for the gallantry they displayed during the action, and the skill and judgement with which they carried on the anxious duties which afterwards devolved upon them.

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

“It is impossible to particularize every brilliant deed performed by my officers and men, but I must mention that when the ships' yardarms were locked together Mr. Cosnahan, who

commanded in our maintop, finding himself screened from the enemy by the foot of the topsail, laid out at the mainyard-arm to fire upon them, and shot three men in that situation. Mr Smith, who commanded in our foretop, stormed the enemy's foretop from the foreyard-arm, and destroyed all the Americans remaining in it. I particularly beg to leave to recommend Messrs. Etough, the acting master, Smith and Leake, midshipmen, as having already passed their examination for lieutenants, and Messrs. Clavering, Raymond and Littlejohn, as equally qualified, and being within a few weeks of their time. This latter officer is a son of Captain Littlejohn, who was slain in the Berwick.

“The loss of the enemy was about seventy killed and one hundred wounded; among the former were the fourth lieutenant, a lieutenant of marines, the master, and many other officers. Captain Lawrence is since dead of his wounds.

“The enemy came into action with a complement of 440 men. The Shannon, having picked up some recaptured seamen, had 330.

“The Chesapeake is a fine frigate, and mounts forty-nine guns, eighteen-pounders on her maindeck, thirty-two-pounders on her quarterdeck and forecastle. Both ships came out of action in the most beautiful order, their rigging appearing as perfect as if they had only been exchanging a salute.

“I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,
“P. B. V. BROKE.”

ADMIRAL SIR *PROVO WALLIS*' ACCOUNT OF THE ACTION.

This most gallant officer, on whom the serious responsibility devolved of conducting the Shannon and her prize from Boston to Halifax, at the early age of twenty-two years, was born at Halifax on the 12th of April, 1791. He was sent to England for his education by his father, Provo Featherstone Wallis, Esq., for some years chief clerk in the office of the commissioner of His Majesty's naval yard in the colony. In October, 1864, he embarked in the Cleopatra, thirty-two, under the auspices of Sir Robert Lawrie. Here, when a midshipman of fourteen years of age, he was initiated into the profession he has so highly adorned, by sharing in the obstinate conflict between the Cleopatra and the Ville de Milan, on the 17th February, 1805. After a severe action of nearly three hours' duration, having lost, out of a crew of 200 men, twenty killed and thirty-eight wounded, the Cleopatra was captured by a ship vastly her superior in force, the Ville de Milan mounting forty-six guns, and numbering 350 men, ten of whom were slain. Owing, however, to the damage she had sustained in the action, she fell an easy capture six days afterwards to the Leander, fifty, Captain John Talbot, who at the same time retook the Cleopatra. In 1808, Mr Wallis was appointed to the Curieux, sixteen, and was wrecked in her at the blockade of Guadeloupe, September 3rd, 1809. His next appointments were on November 29th, to the Gloire, thirty-eight, and in January, 1812, to the Shannon.

From this date to June 1st, 1813, Mr Wallis' history is inseparably united with that of the ship, the captain, and the crew, who achieved the victory we have endeavoured to describe.

What the noble Broke thought of him whom in after years he delighted to call his “dear shipmate” may be seen from the testimonial following:

“This is to certify that Captain P.W.P. Wallis served a year and a half as lieutenant of His Majesty's ship Shannon (then under my command), and proved himself a most diligent, zealous, and confidential officer; and more particularly so in the action with the American frigate Chesapeake (in June, 1813), when, by his bravery and skilful management, he effected

important service, having the command of both the Shannon and her prize on my being disabled by wounds.

“ P. B. V. BROKE,

“Late Captain of H.M.S. Shannon.

“Signed at Broke Hall,

“January 20, 1815.”

Lieutenant George Thomas L Watt, the first Lieutenant of the Shannon, being killed in the moment of victory, and Captain Broke being severely wounded, the command at the close of the action devolved upon Mr. Wallis, who for his gallantry was promoted, 9th July following, to the rank of commander, besides receiving a letter of thanks from the Admiralty and a sword from his captain. From 19th January until 28th December, 1814. Captain Wallis served at Sheerness, in the Snipe, twelve: he was advanced to post rank 12th August, 1819; and he was afterwards, from 4th June, 1824, until November, 1826, from 13th October, 1843, until April, 1846, employed on the Halifax, the North America and West India, and the Mediterranean stations in the Niemen, twenty-eight, the Madagascar, forty-six, and the Warspite, fifty. In the Niemen he commanded the first experimental squadron, consisting of the Champion, Orestes, Pylades, Calliope, and Algerine; and while in the Madagascar, in watching the French operations before Vera Cruz, he received the thanks of the British merchants for his attention to their interests. With senior officer in the Warspite, at Gibraltar, he obtained the approval, in 1844, of Her Majesty's Government for his judicious arrangements with the Prime de Joinville, whose attack upon Tangier and destruction of Mogador he was afforded an opportunity of witnessing. On the latter occasion he was the senior British officer present, as he was likewise during the civil war on the coast of Syria throughout the whole of the year 1845. In 1847 he was appointed a naval aide-de-camp to the Queen. In 1851 Captain Wallis was promoted to flag rank; and on April 1st, 1857, he was appointed commander-in-chief on the coast of America, and hoisted his flag on board the Cumberland, seventy. In the following year he was recalled, in consequence of his promotion. May 18, 1860, he was made K.C.B.; and in March, 1863, arrived at full flag rank. Such is the highly distinguished officer who has favoured the author with his recollections of the 1st of June, 1813, and which now follow.

MEMORANDA BY ADMIRAL WALLIS.

“For some days previous to the 1st June, 1813, the weather in Boston Bay had been very thick and foggy, so much so that we had to guess our position. The morning of the above-named day, however, was ushered in by a brilliant sunrise, and the land near Boston sighted; but we were not without fear lest the Chesapeake had effected her escape during the thick weather, as Commodore Rodgers, in President, forty-four, with Congress, thirty-eight, had, under similar circumstances, contrived to do.

“Having, however, stood in to reconnoitre, we were gratified by a sight of her at anchor in Nantasket Roads, a sure proof that she was ready for sea. When we were within about two or three miles of the lighthouse we hove-to, hoisted our ensign, and fired a gun. The challenge was immediately accepted by the Chesapeake, who let fall her foretopsail and also fired a gun, hoisting at the same time a large white flag at the fore, which, upon close acquaintance, we found inscribed ‘Free trade and sailor's rights,’ the idea for which they declared war against us. At about a quarter to one p.m. she weighed, when, seeing it to be her intention to come out, we bore-up under easy sail to get an offing, being too near her port to be brought to action, as, in case of being crippled, small craft might have been sent out, manned by the Constitution, forty-four, then refitting at Boston. After she was fairly outside, and we still running offshore, she suddenly shortened sail and hauled her wind, signifying, as it proved, that she thought we were far enough, or perhaps that we were decoying her to a comrade; but we soon undeceived her by immediately rounding-to and backing out maintop sail, when she

again bore-up and stood towards us. We continued hove-to until she was nearly within gunshot, and then filled under three topsails, jib, and spanker. The breeze was light, and the sea smooth as a mill-pond.

“At ten minutes to six, being then within pistol-shot, she gallantly rounded-to and ranged up close on our starboard (weather) quarter, and the battle began.

“The cannonading continued for only eleven minutes, when the Chesapeake, who had got before our beam, was taken aback, and making a stern-board, dropped into us just abaft our fore-channels.

“Broke, who saw the confusion on board of her, ran forward, calling out, ‘Follow mw who can!’ and jumped on board, supported by all who were within hearing.

“A minute had hardly elapsed before the ships had separated, and a general cry was then raised, ‘Cease firing,’ and by the time I had got upon the quarterdeck from the aftermost part of our maindeck the ships had got so far asunder that it was impossible to throw any more men on board of her; but it was unnecessary, as they hailed, ‘We have possession.’ I must here observe that no orders were given to prepare to board; but the happy moment was seized as already described.

“It was mere invention ‘Smith’s having stormed her foretop;’ but he did board her from our foreyard, and slid down one of her backstays. Neither did the officers of marine’s board, for when I took command of the quarterdeck I found them there. It was equally erroneous to say that the ships came out of action as perfect as if they had only been exchanging a salute; the fact being that our lower rigging was all cut through, and the masts, consequently unsupported, so that had any sea been on they would have gone over the side.

“Finally, the storey of Broke having given me the orders to take charge of the Shannon and Faulkner the Chesapeake, was fabulous – the pure invention of the concoctors of the letter; but, as you saw the medical certificate of Broke’s wounds, you cannot doubt the possibility of his having done so.

“After finding that my captain was hors de combat, and the first-lieutenant killed, my first care was to get the prisoners secured, which was an easy matter, as the Chesapeake had (upon deck) some hundreds of handcuffs in readiness for us. So we ornamented them with their own manacles.

“Having at ten p.m. knotted from the rigging, fished the masts, and cleaned up our decks, we made sail and ran offshore until daylight of the second, and then hove-to to complete our necessary repairs, after which we shaped a course for Halifax. On our way thither we fell in with the Sceptre, seventy-four, and Loire frigate. The weather at the time was thick, and until we exchanged numbers I was not a little alarmed, thinking they might be President and Congress, who were cruising, it was said, in our track. Having ascertained who they were, I telegraphed – ‘We have many wounded – do not detain us, as I am anxious to get them into hospital.’ I mention this to prove that, had I thought of my own interest only, I could have sent a despatch by them to the commander-in-chief (Sir J. Warren), whose flag they were on route to join. Nothing else occurred worth notice until we reached Sambro’ lighthouse, off the harbour of Halifax, on the fourth of June, when Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake died of his wounds. Unfortunately, a dense fog kept us out until Sunday the sixth, but on the morning of that day the fog lifted a little, and we got a glimpse of the harbour’s mouth, and in the afternoon reached our anchorage. As we passed the wharves, the whole population seemed to have turned out to welcome us with hearty cheers; and ships in port received us with yards manned, bands playing, &c. With regard to the occurrences on shore, Judge Halliburton’s account will be better than anything I could tell you. Immediately we had anchored the wounded were sent to the hospital, and Captain Broke to the commissioner’s house in the dockyard (where he remained until the Shannon was ordered for England). Shortly after our arrival the first-lieutenant of the Chesapeake (Ludlow) died of his wounds.

Both Lawrence and he were buried at Halifax with military honours; but, shortly afterwards, the American Government sent a cartel to Halifax asking for the remains. The request met with a ready compliance, and they were taken to the United States, where they were re-interred with great pomp. On the morning following our arrival the senior officer in port (Captain Hon. Bladen Capel) asked me ‘Why I had not sent him an official account of our action?’ My reply was that ‘I should feel much obliged to him if he would wait a few days, and whether Captain Broke might not be able to dictate a letter,’ as I had no wish to seize the opportunity of, as I foolishly thought, putting myself forward; besides, I loved Broke, and was anxious he should tell his own story. Capel’s reply was ‘Very well, sir.’ Two days later he told us that he should send the Nova Scotia brig, commanded by Lieut. Bartholomew Kent, to England on the 12th, and grant Lieut. Falkiner permission to take charge of the letter which he expected Captain Broke would be able to dictate. No farther communication took place between us, and on the morning of the 12th of June the Nova Scotia sailed without my having seen the letter, which proved to be a concoction of Commissioner Wodehouse and Captains Capel and Byron. You may imagine (from your having seen Capel’s letter to me when called upon to deny the authenticity of the letter) the surprise of us all on board the Shannon when we first saw the letter said to have been written by Broke. If they had possessed the decency to have shown me the letter, I would have corrected the errors, and all would have been well. The Shannon having been ordered home, Broke was sufficiently recovered in October to re-embark, and we sailed from Halifax on October 4th, 1813 (having a short time previously received a commander’s commission, Broke kindly invited me to be his guest for the passage home), and anchored at Spithead the 3rd of November. I landed with (now) Sir Philip Broke, and we started for London the same afternoon, journeying as far as Liphook that evening, the next day to Guildford, and the third into London, Broke not being in a state to do more than a few miles a day; and I was very glad when he was quietly lodged at Limmer’s Hotel, Conduit Street.

“ A day or two after he presented me to Lord Melville, then first lord of the Admiralty, and when he had recovered the fatigue of the journey we retraced our steps to Portsmouth by the same easy stages; and having seen him safely back and comfortably lodged, where Lady Broke joined him, my care of him ended. Having bade each other a fervent farewell, I parted from a man that I loved most sincerely, and from whom I had, during nearly two years, received, I can truly say, affectionate regard. I also firmly believe it to have been owing to his high bearing and sterling worth, added to the kindness of his government, that our crew were doubly incited to achieve under him a victory he had set his heart upon. I regret not having any notes by me, or I might give you other anecdotes, but am unwilling to say anything that memory does not vividly verify. I think Broke’s address to the crew shortly before the battle ran in substance somewhat thus: ‘Shannons! The Americans have, owing to the disparity in force, captured several of our frigates; but to-day, I trust, they will find out the stuff British sailors are made of when upon an equality. I feel sure you will all do your duty. In a word-remember, you have some hundreds of your brother sailors’ blood to avenge!’”

“March 16th, 1864.

“Dear Dr. Brighton,

“Should the above memoranda be of any use to you, glean from them what you please. I am indeed sorry that I have not any map or diagram to send you; but, had I not been prevented by illness, it was my intention to have consulted Shannon’s log- book at Somerset House for site of the engagement. As no evolutions were performed during the action, the pointings of the ship were exactly what the late Admiral King’s pictures delineate. You have, I think, a copy of Broke’s certificate to me, and the following is a copy of his note when he sent me a sword:

“Dear Wallis,

“I send you a captain’s sword, and hope you will soon have an opportunity of drawing it with success in the same cause which gave you rank.

“I am, &c.’ “

“All I can say of the late Sir Chas. Falkiner is, that he was an excellent messmate, and as gallant a fellow as ever lived. I appointed him prize-master of the Chesapeake, and he conducted her into the harbour of Halifax highly to my satisfaction. We never after served together. The Admiralty treated him infamously by never promoting him to rank of captain until he took it by retirement.

“My recollection of the traitors found on board Chesapeake is simply this, that there were five; one of whom was subsequently executed, and the other four sentenced to be flogged round the fleet; but I do not remember names, as I had nothing to do with the matter. There were also many of her crew who had belonged to our navy, receiving their discharge, when the war commenced, upon claiming American citizenship. Amongst the wounded were some of those who surprised Dr. Rowlands, when dressing their wounds, by asking him if he did not remember them as former shipmates? In speaking of the action I omitted to mention that a schooner accompanied the Chesapeake from the port of Boston, with merchants and others on board, to see the fight, which hove-to, out of gunshot, to windward of us.

“When Shannon was refitted and ready for sea, the port-admiral (afterwards Sir E. Griffith Colpoys) sent for me, and, after expressing regret that he could not any longer permit me to continue in command of the Shannon, in accordance with the rules of the service, informed me that he had given Commander Senhouse, of the Martin, an acting order as captain for a short cruise, as Broke was too unwell to resume his duty. He was pleased to add, that though there was not a doubt of my promotion, still he did not officially know it; he therefore hoped (and told me it was Broke’s particular wish) that I should not have any objection to do the duty of first lieutenant, as I was perfectly aware of Broke’s mode of government, and that Senhouse had promised to consult me. I did remain. We sailed, and for a short time resumed our old cruising ground off Boston. We detained two Spanish ships, which did not, however, prove to be prizes. Upon our return to Halifax my promotion, with a gratifying letter from the Admiralty relative to my conduct in the action with the Chesapeake, was given to me, and Lieut. Clark replaced me in Shannon. As I have previously told you, Broke offered me a passage home in my old ship as his guest; and we sailed on the 4th October, 1813, with the convoy, and anchored at Spithead on the 3rd November following. Nothing worthy of notice occurred during our passage home.

“Believe me, dear Dr. Brighton,

“Yours sincerely,

“PROVO WALLIS.”

It will be evident to the reader that the foregoing reminiscences, happily obtained fifty-one years after the engagement, have a value peculiarly their own- that of affording a gauge by which the accuracy of other narratives may be tested. Few events in the author’s life have afforded him greater pleasure and more grateful patriotic pride than that of sitting by the side of this distinguished veteran officer, and hearing his vivid narrative of the glorious 1st of June, 1813. It was, however, difficult to believe that one so hale, so untouched by time, and with every faculty of mind and body so ripened but unimpaired, could be almost, alas! The only survivor of a gallant band whose history is now a record of the long since past.

The third is indeed a melancholy document.

The Shannon's list of killed and wounded, in which is rather a remarkable omission, that of the name of her commander.

List of killed belonging to His Majesty's ship Shannon, action with the United States frigate Chesapeake, on the 1st June, 1813:

G J L Watt	1 st Lieut	Grape shot carried away the top of the head.
Geo Aldham	Purser	Grape lodged in lower part of abdomen. Lived one hour.
John Dunn	Capt. Clerk	Cut across abdomen by a grape, and hips.
Geo. Gilbert	A.B.	Star shot went through his middle.
Wm. Bertles	Ditto	Grape lodged in the back part of chest. Lived several hours.
Neil Gilchrist	Ditto	Cut in two by a thirty-two pound shot.
Thos. Selby	Ditto	Head shot off.
James Long	Ditto	Shot in the head and belly.
John Young	Ditto	Cut in two on board Chesapeake.
James Wallace	Ditto	Musket ball through the abdomen. Lived thirteen hours.
Joseph Brown	Ditto	Shot through the neck.
Thos. Barr	Ordinary	Head shot off.
Michael Murphy	Ditto	Shot through the middle on board Chesapeake.
Thos. Molloy	Ditto	Grape shot through the middle.
Thos Jones	Ditto	Grape through the middle on board Chesapeake.
John O'Connelly	Ditto	Grape shot through the head on board Chesapeake.
Thos. Barry	1 st class boy	Cut in two by a star shot.
J McLoughlin		Grape shot in the neck.
Wm. Perrey		Grape shot in the body.
MARINES		
Samuel Millard	Corporal	Grape shot.
James Jaynes	Private	Grape shot in the belly.
D Sadin	Ditto	Grape shot in the belly.
Wm. Young	Ditto	Shot from below by a musket, whilst standing on a grating on board Chesapeake.

SUPERNUMARIES.

W. Morrisay Grape shot in the belly.

John Moriarty Grape shot in two places.

Thos. Gormond Grape shot in the belly.

List of wounded on board His Majesty's ship Shannon, in action with the United States frigate Chesapeake, on the 1st June, 1813:

John Roach Q.masters
Mate. Musket ball through the left foot.

Peter Millan Ditto Struck by a wad lower part of the abdomen and upper part of the thighs.

Mr Stevens Boatswain
Died in hospital. Struck in the left forearm by a grape shot, and a musket shot fired in the left side of the pelvis.

Mr Samwell Midshipman Musket ball through the upper part of the left thigh.

John Robins A.B. Musket ball through the abdomen, left side.

Geo. Hill Private Contused and sabre wounds on the head.

Francis Dixon A.B. Slight splinter wound on the thigh.

Francis Alberto L.M. Canister or musket shot above the knee-pan.

John Antonio Ord. Canister or musket shot below the knee.

Owen Callaghan Super. Grape shot across the left ham.

Peter Lawson A.B. Musket ball through the right leg.

James Lloyd Boats mate Splinter wound on the fore part of the left thigh.

Thos. Ormston Ropemaker Contusion on the head; also a musket or pistol ball passing through the integuments of the head.

James Wright Ship Corpl. Bayonet wound in the abdomen.

Wm. Stark Coxswain Left arm wounded by a grape shot, and right arm by a musket Ball.

A. Sibirston A.B. Slight splinter wound fore part of the head.

L Robinson Ord. Musket shot in the right forearm.

H Nolly A.B. Musket ball wound in the side.

J Hampson	Ditto	Musket ball through the hip, cutting through the urethra.
Michael Son	Ditto	Slight hurt in the eyes from a blow of something.
Daniel Clarke	Ord.	Musket ball through the left hand
John Smith	Ditto	Grape shot across the fore part of the left wrist.
Robert Kemp	Ditto	Wound from a musket ball on the chin.
Wm. Richards	Ditto	A musket ball through the upper and outer part of the right thigh
Robert Flagg	Ditto	Contusion on the right ankle and foot.
D Cooper	2 nd Gunner	Buck-shot through the right fore-arm.
J Vissina	Ord.	Grape shot wound on the right shoulder; slight splinter wound on the right eyebrow and left knee.
Peter Gee	L.M.	Canister shot in the right thigh; splinter in the left foot.
Thos. Twiggs	A.B.	Fracture of the right arm; wound in the right breast by a grape; Splinterwound in the left breast; slight wound on the left foot and hand.
T Kennedy	A.B.	Splinter wound on the back, right hip, and left shoulder.
Luke Pike	Ditto	Grape shot, inner part of the left knee.
J Penderville	Ditto	Blow on the head, producing concussion.
Dan. Cochlin	Ditto	Contused wound on the right forearm.
Wm. Driscoll	Corporal	Both patellas fractured from a monkeytail being driven against his legs by a round shot; contusion of both forearms, and on right arm ulna fractured.
Dan Neil	Private	Splinter wound in the breast; several sabre wounds; bayonet Wound in the belly.
A Mc Cleuran	Ditto	Concussion of the brain from the blow of a wad.
James Pollett	Ditto	Musket ball through the upper part of the thigh, fracturing the Femur.
C Butterworth	Ditto	Musket ball through the thigh.
J Wilkinson	Ditto	Musket ball through the lower part of the humerus and across the back, fracturing the femur.
John Gormond	Boy 3 rd class	Cut on the head; part of the ear carried away by a musket shot.
J Saunders	Private	Buck shot in the legs.

Wm Todd	Ditto	Musket ball in the left hand; contusion in the left arm.
Wm. Johnstone	Ditto	Musket ball inside the right thigh.
J Anderson	Carptr's Mate	Slight splinter wound.
Robert Hood	Sailmakers crew	Slight splinter wound
John Lee	Capt. Forecastle	Wound on the chin from a musket ball.
P Van Loo	L.M.	Extensive splinter wound on the left shoulder received on board Chesapeake.
John Witty	Ord.	Musket ball fore part of right knee.
P Bramfield	Private	Splinter wound on the mouth and right forearm.
S Moncarey	Ord.	Wound from a musket ball in the left shoulder.
James Fish	Ditto	Splinter wound in the right eye.
J. Sandling	Capt. M'ntop	Wound from a wad about the lower part of abdomen.
Jacob West	A.B.	Sabre cut on the head.
T. Harris	A.B.	Slight splinter wound about the eye.
James Clarke	Ord.	Musket ball in the left shoulder; splinter wounds about left shoulder and arm; canister shot about the upper part of left hip.
Pat Ferreter	Super.	Dislocation of left humerus, caused by the recoil of a gun on the maindeck.

“Besides the above, Mr. Raymond was slightly wounded in the arm from a piece of iron – part of canister shot; and John Welcomb had a slight splinter wound in the eye.

“ALEXANDER JACK”

“Robert Boyd (cooper) said he was wounded in both legs, slightly, but remaining on board the Chesapeake, was not noticed by Dr. Jack.”

Such then, good reader, at the interval of an average life – a half century – are all the materials now, I think, extant which can enable the historical student to form a fair and reasonable estimate of the shortest, the most destructive, and (in point of bravery) the most brilliant frigate action ever fought.

I have collected them at some exertion, both of pen and travel, having but a single object in view, and that the exhibition of one other example of that good and nobly – brave patriotism which gilds from first to last the British naval annals of the French and American wars.

May the necessity never, never again arise. May Britain's course henceforth be only one of peace on earth, union with all nations, and love to all mankind; but should the All-Supreme ordain it otherwise, and in His all-conquering name send forth our legions and our navies

under the sacred British flag, may this generation emulate (exceed they cannot) the skill and bravery of the men who served our country then.

IV.

FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE AT HALIFAX. EXHUMATION AND SUBSEQUENT INTERMENT AT NEW YORK, &c.

It is a very sacred duty, before proceeding farther with the subject of this biography, to speak of those who fell from wounds received in this action, but who lingered some days before death released them; and first of Lawrence, the late commander of the Chesapeake.

FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE AT HALIFAX.

The following orders were issued the day previous to the funeral:

“Garrison orders, Halifax,
“7th June 1813.

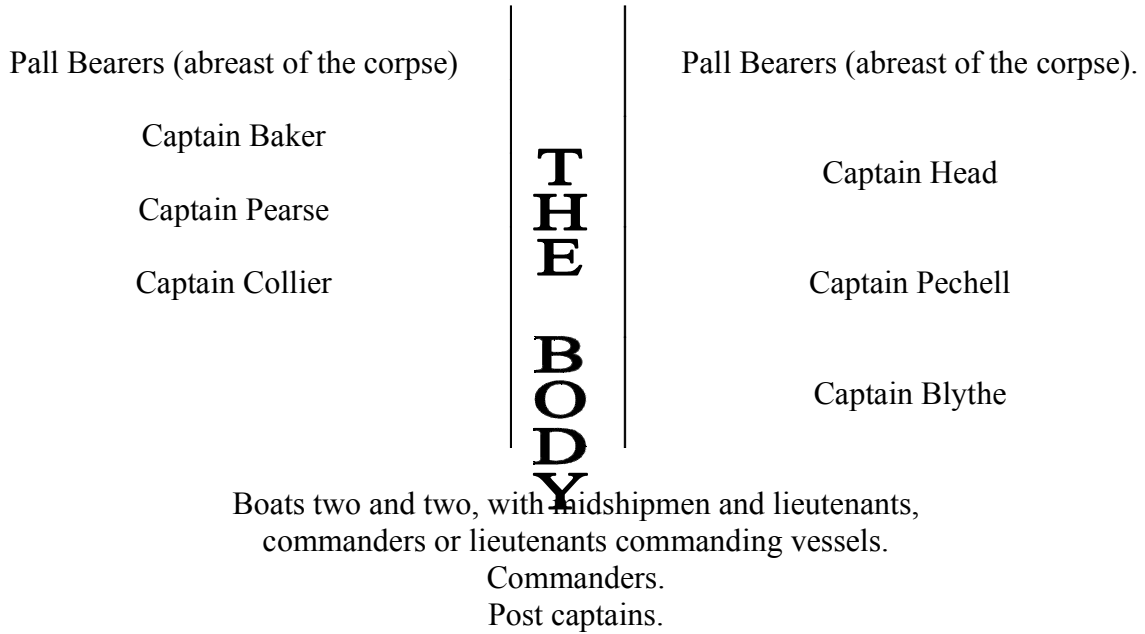
“A funeral party will be furnished to-morrow, by the 64th regiment, consisting of 300 rank and file, with a proper proportion of officers, and to be supplied with three rounds of blank cartridge each man, to inter the remains of Captain Lawrence, late of the American frigate Chesapeake, from the King’s Wharf, at half-past one o’clock p.m. The band of that corps will attend, and the party will be commanded by Lieutenant – Colonel Sir J. Wardlaw. The officers of the garrison will be pleased to attend the commandant there, at a quarter before two, to march in procession, wearing a piece of black crape around the left arm.

“(Signed) F.T. THOMAS,
“Major of Brigade.

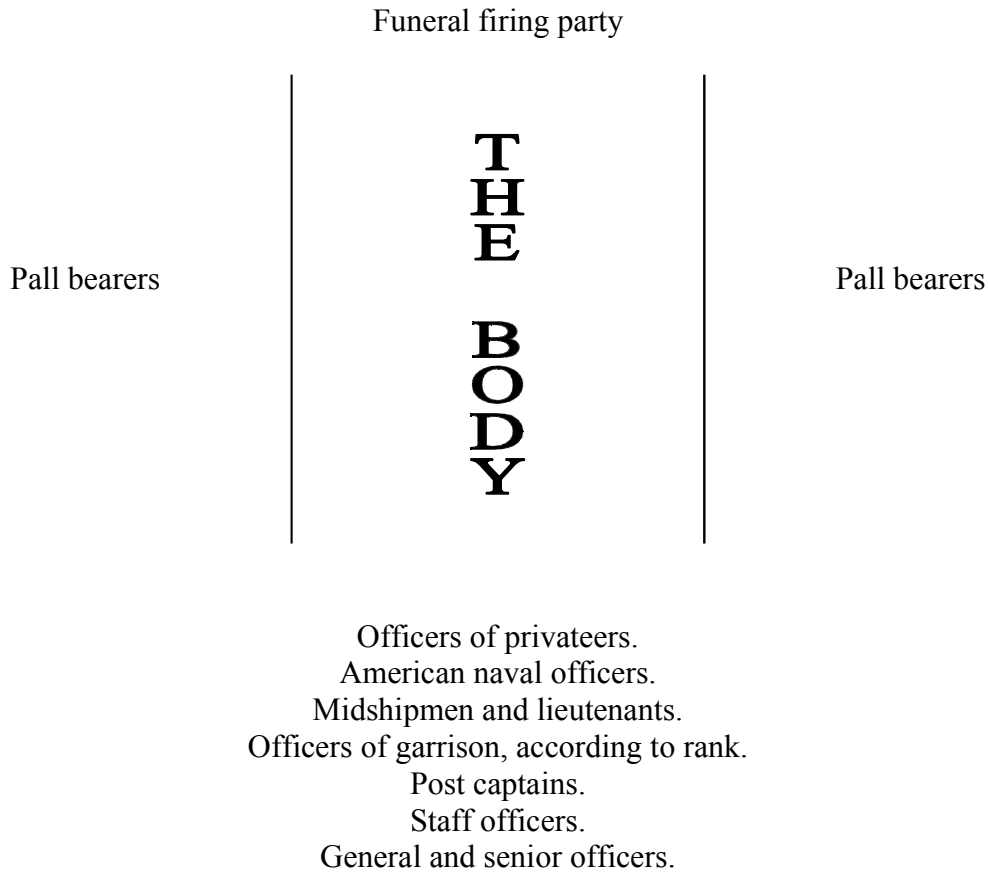
“Navy order. The body of the commander of the late United States frigate Chesapeake will be interred tomorrow, at two O’clock. The captains and commanders, with a portion of lieutenants and midshipmen, agreeably to the following order of procession, will attend the funeral, and will assemble precisely at one o’clock, alongside of the Chesapeake, for that purpose.

“T. B. CAPEL
“Captain and Senior Officer at Halifax”

ORDER OF PROCESSION FROM THE SHIP



ORDER OF PROCESSION ON SHORE



“The respect due to a brave enemy was yesterday shown to the remains of Captain Lawrence. The corpse was landed from the Chesapeake, under the discharge of minute guns, and at two o’clock reached the King’s Wharf. The American ensign was spread as a pall over the coffin, on which was placed the sword of the deceased. Six captains of the navy officiated as pall

bearers; six colonels, of the 64th regiment, commanded by Sir John Wardlaw, preceded the corpse; the officers of the Chesapeake followed it as mourners; the staff and officers of the navy generally attended; Sir Thomas Saumarez; the staff and officers of the garrison; and the procession was closed by a number of respectable inhabitants. The funeral service was performed by the rev. rector of Saint Paul's, and three volleys discharged by the troops over the grave."

Extract of a letter. June 19th, 1813. "I suppose the newspapers and letters sent from Halifax by each of the officers, whose wounds will permit them to write, will give you all those particulars of the loss of our frigate Chesapeake, which had arrived there. She came in eight or nine miles ahead of the Shannon, and appeared to outsail her fast. When she saluted the fort, six miles from the town, and showed the English over the American colours, Halifax people thought it was a president, a prize, and there was a general shout. But I undeceived all whom I could speak to, as I knew the ship; and when they found it was the Chesapeake, and their captain was dead, not a hurrah was heard, except, I believe, on board a brig. I was on board LaHogue a seventy-fourth, and am certain her crew did not cheer. Captain Lawrence was highly respected for his humanity to the crew of the Peacock, and marks of real grief were seen in the countenances of all the inhabitants I had a chance to see. I can truly say that all appeared to lament his death; and I heard several say they considered the blood shed on the Chesapeake's deck as dear as that of their own countrymen. They also speak against the war as cruel and unnatural, and hope the States will not compel them to do it. I saw three mahogany coffins carried on board the Chesapeake the day of the funeral. In one of them Captain Lawrence was placed, and the coffins put into a twelve-oared barge, which rowed minute strokes, followed by a procession of boats. The corpse was received at the King's Wharf by a regiment of troops and a full band of music.

"Six of the oldest navy captains carried the pall, which was one of the colours of the Chesapeake. This, they said, was a token that he defended his colours bravely, and that at this time they should not be separated from him. The procession was very long, and everything was conducted in the most solemn and respectful manner; and the wounded officers of both nations, who followed in the procession, made the scene very effecting. I never attended a funeral in my life where my feelings were so much struck. There was not the least mark of exultation, that I saw, even among the commonest people.

"The Shannon received five or six shots in her hull, near wind in water, but they were stopped and leaded. She was lying in the harbour, and they were overhauling and shifting her rigging. They expected to get her to sea shortly. Captain Broke and Captain Lawrence were both delirious from their wounds; and the ships were both brought in by very young officers. Captain Broke we consider as very dangerously wounded, having his head cut from the top to near the mouth by the ear. When Captain Lawrence could speak he would say, 'Don't give up the ship.' He was first wounded in the leg, which bled much and weakened him, but he would not be carried below; when he received a grape shot in the lower part of the belly, of which he died. Captain Broke was stated to have received his wound in stooping down trying to save the life of one of the Chesapeake's crew, whom one of his own men was mangling, and whose head he cut off."

CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON

(The following account of the loss of the Chesapeake appeared in a Boston newspaper on Friday 4th June, 1813.)

"On Tuesday forenoon, 1st of June, the British frigate Shannon, Captain Broke, appeared off our harbour and displayed her colours. The United States frigate Chesapeake, Captain

Lawrence, was then at anchor just below Fort Independence. As soon as enemy was seen she fired a gun and hoisted her colours. Preparations were immediately made for sailing, and when the officers had assembled on board, and the tide served, she got under-way. The Shannon proceeded down the bay, the Chesapeake following under a press of sail. Spectators were collected on every place in Boston which commanded a view of the sea; but the frigates proceeded to the eastward till lost sight of from the town, and our citizens on shore were thereby spared the distress of witnessing the result, a pain which those had to encounter who were spectators of the conflict in boats and vessels, and from whom the particulars of the battle, as far as are at present known here, are obtained. The Chesapeake had a colour at each masthead. That on the fore-royal-mast was white, and appeared to have some inscription on it. She was put under her topsails on approaching the enemy, fired a gun, and ten or twelve minutes before six the cannonade became general and severe, and the Shannon experienced some injury in her spars and rigging, while the Chesapeake suffered no visible damage and appeared to have the advantage of her antagonist.

“About six the Chesapeake, which was to windward, ran on board the enemy, and the contest continued yard-arm to yard-arm. In about five minutes there was a great explosion on board the Chesapeake, but whether caused by accident or any new combustible used by the enemy is uncertain.

“Soon after the smoke thus caused had dispersed, the ships separated, and the English colour (a blue flag) was seen over the American ensign inverted, and both vessels then stood to the eastward, undoubtedly for Halifax. From the manner in which the action was fought neither of the frigates were essentially injured in their masts or rigging. We know not whether any written challenge was received by Captain Lawrence, but one intended for him reached Salem just after he sailed from Boston. If one were delivered on board the Chesapeake, duplicates were written. The Chesapeake was rated thirty-nine guns, but we understand mounted forty-nine; the Shannon was rated thirty-eight, but, it is said, mounted fifty-two, and was superior in weight of metal. The numbers of men probably about equal. The Chesapeake had been refitted for a cruise, and was nearly ready for sea. Captain Lawrence took command of the Chesapeake a few days since. Some changes had also occurred in the other officers, and the first lieutenant was sick on shore. For the same officers to be long associated we should conceive an advantage. Many of the sailors were fresh recruits, and little or no opportunity had been afforded to discipline them, as the business of equipping the vessel for sea was not yet completed. The enemy, on the contrary, there is reason to believe, was prepared. All her officers and men had been for several months in the same relative situation, the complement in each respect was full, and the seamen had had every chance of being thoroughly exercised. From these circumstances Captain Lawrence might, without impropriety, have delayed the interview, but he yielded to his intrepid spirit as soon as he saw the foe; and, whatever speculations there may be as to what would have been the mode of battle deserving preference (speaking after the event), no doubts the bravery of the commander, officers, and crew, and that he did what he considered best.

Official account from Lieut. Budd to the Secretary of the Navy, dated Halifax, June 15th:

“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 late U.S. frigate Chesapeake. On Tuesday, June 1st, at eight a.m., we unmoored ship, and at meridian got under-way from Presidents 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 the ship for action. At half-past four p.m.

she hove-to, with her head to the eastward and southward. At five p.m. took in the royal 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 the enemy, and immediately after one of our arm chests on the quarterdeck 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 quarter-deck to inform me that the boarders were called; I immediately called the boarders away and proceeded to the spar deck, when I found that the enemy had succeeded in boarding us, and had gained possession of our quarterdeck. I immediately gave order 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 quarterdeck, but was wounded and thrown down on the gundeck. I again made an effort to collect the boarders, but, in the meantime, the enemy had gained complete possession of the ship. On my being carried down to the cock-pit I there found Captain Lawrence and Lieut. Ludlow, both mortally wounded; the former had been carried below previously 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 fourth lieutenant, and Lieut. James Broom 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 would devolve, was either killed or wounded previously to her capture. The enemy reports the loss of Mr Watt, their first lieutenant, the purser, the captain’s clerk, and twenty-eight seamen killed; and Captain 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 belonging to the Tenedos.

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

“GEORGE BUDD.

“Hon. William Jones,

“Sec. Of Navy.

“KILLED: Edward J Ballard, acting lieutenant; James Broom, first lieutenant of marines; Wm. A. White sailing-master; Pollard Hopewell, midshipman; John Evans, ditto: Courtland Livingston, ditto; John Carter, boatswain’s mate; also twenty-six seamen and eleven marines.

“WOUNDED: James Lawrence, Esq., captain (Since deceased); Augustus C. Ludlow, lieutenant (since deceased); George Budd, lieutenant; Wm. Cox, acting lieutenant; Samuel Livermore, acting chaplain; Francis Nichols, midshipman; Walter Abbott, ditto; Peter Adams, boatswain (died); Thomas Finnagan, gunner’s yeoman; Jefferson Griffith, quartermaster; James A Lewis, ditto; Forbes Delai, quarter-gunner (died); Thomas Smith, second quarter-gunner; John Veasy, ditto; John Giles, ditto; Thos. Rouse, ditto; Samuel Hutson, sailmakers, mate; and Thomas Jackson, second quartermaster; and fifty-seven seamen, eight of whom afterwards died of his wounds.

“Killed, forty-seven; wounded, ninety-nine; wounded-since dead-fourteen.

“The British returns state the loss of the Shannon to be twenty-seven killed and fifty-eight wounded.”

LAWRENCE

James Lawrence was born October 1st, 1781, at Burlington, New Jersey. He was the youngest son of John Lawrence, a legal practitioner, educated at the Grammar School at Burlington, and then commenced the study of law at Woodbury. Two years of legal pursuits fully satisfied him that his tastes and abilities were not likely to be successful in this direction, and, finally determining on a sea life, he was placed under Mr. Griscomb to acquire the principles of navigation and naval tactics.

At the age of seventeen he received a midshipman's warrant, when his first cruise was to the West Indies, in the Ganges. When the United States declared war against Tripoli he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and appointed to the command of the schooner *Enterprize*. While in this command he volunteered his services in the hazardous exploit of destroying the frigate *Philadelphia*, and accompanied Decatur as his first lieutenant.

In 1808 he married the daughter of Mr. Montaudevert, a merchant of New York.

At the commencement of the war with England, in 1812, he sailed in the *Hornet* sloop of war.

On the morning of the 23rd of February, 1813, off Demerara, the *Hornet* fell in with H. B. M. brig *Peacock*, and an engagement, of course, resulted.

“The force of the *Peacock* was sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, and two long sixes, with 120 men and boys: that of the *Hornet* was eighteen thirty-two pound carronades, two long twelve's, and a complement of 140 men. Captain Peake brought his enemy to action. The American captain received him with steady courage, laid the *Peacock* on board on the starboard quarter, and, by a superior fire, killed her captain and about thirty of her men. In fifteen minutes the action was concluded, The *Peacock* struck, and made the signal of distress. The Americans were very active in saving the wounded; but, after bringing both vessels to an anchor, the *Peacock* went down in five and a half fathoms of water, taking with her thirteen of her own crew and three of the Americans. For his conduct in this action Captain Lawrence received the merited praises of his countrymen; he was soon after removed to the command of the *Chesapeake*, that ill-fated ship, the continued source of disaster to her country.”

The slaughter on board 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 wrapped in the flag of his vessel, and laid in the cabin to sink with her, a shroud and sepulchre worthy so brave a sailor.

Not many weeks afterwards Lawrence received command of the *Chesapeake*; and on the memorable 1st of June, 1813, went on board of her, accompanied by his two little sons, and, it is said, by Bainbridge.

He died on board the *Chesapeake* on Friday, June 4th, and was interred, as above described, at Halifax, with all due honours, one of his pall-bearers being Captain Blythe of H.B.M. Boxer, who, on the following 5th of September, fell in action with an American vessel of war.

Above a month afterwards the body of Lawrence was exhumed, and conveyed (together with that of Lieutenant Ludlow) to New York, where a solid re-interment took place.

The States provided for his children, of whom he left three, the last posthumous.

The worth and gallantry of Lawrence have never found a detractor in a British writer.

With respect to Lieutenant Augustus Ludlow little can be said, but that (after bravely aiding in the desperate defence of the Chesapeake) he won the regard and esteem of the British by his frank acknowledgment of the facts of the action, and his resolute rebuke of one of his brother officers who wished to throw an erroneous gloss over the capture: "Let me hear," said he, "no more of it while we are on board this ship. We were fairly beaten."

For a time his wounds appeared to be doing well; but after his removal to the hospital at Halifax the injury to the head put on fatal appearances, and he followed (but a few days after) Lawrence to the grave. The American cartel conveyed both back to their native country, and to graves in their native land.

RE-INTERMENT OF LAWRENCE AND LUDLOW AT NEW YORK.

Shortly after the fate of the Chesapeake and her brave defenders was known in the United States, B. W. Crowninshield, Esq., of Salem, solicited the American Government for permission to sail with a flag of truce to Halifax, for the purpose of obtaining the entombed bodies of Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow. The permission being granted, Mr. Crowninshield sailed in a vessel, manned by himself and ten other masters of vessels, and, on application to the British admiral commanding on that station, obtained the object of his request.

On their arrival at Salem' the funeral obsequies of the brave deceased were again celebrated in the most solemn and impressive manner.

The remains were soon after conveyed to New York, where a procession was formed, which, with the spectators, it is supposed, amounted to fifty thousand. The burial service was once more performed, and the dead committed to the tomb.

The monument is in Trinity Churchyard, Broadway, and is so placed that the last part of the inscription can be read from the road.

It is of freestone, and bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN *JAMES LAWRENCE*
OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY,

Who fell on the 1st day of June, 1813, in the thirty-second year of his age, in the action between the Chesapeake and the Shannon. He was distinguished on various occasions, but especially when commanding the sloop of war Hornet he captured and sunk His Britannic Majesty's sloop of was Peacock, after a desperate action of fourteen minutes.

His bravery in action was only equalled by his modesty in triumph and his magnanimity to the vanquished.

In private life he was a gentleman of the most generous and endearing qualities; the whole country mourned his loss, and the enemy contended with his countrymen who should most honour his remains.

IN MEMORY OF
LIEUTENANT *AUGUSTUS LUDLOW*
OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

Born in Newburgh, 1792; died in Halifax, 1813. 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 erat pariterque in bella ruebant.

The favourite of Lawrence, and second in command, he emulated the patriotic valour of his friend on the bloody decks of the Chesapeake, and, when required, like him yielded with courageous resignation his spirit to Him who gave it.

The heroic commander of the frigate Chesapeake, whose remains are here deposited, expressed with his expiring breath his devotion to his country. Neither the fury of battle, nor the anguish of a mortal wound, nor the horrors of approaching death, could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were

“DON’T GIVE UP THE SHIP”

Trinity Church, in Broadway, at the head of Wall Street, from its antique appearance generally attracts the notice of strangers. The first church on this spot was erected in 1696. Originally small, it was enlarged in 1737; but during the fire, which destroyed the western part of the city in 1776, while the British troops were in possession, it was destroyed, and was not rebuilt till 1788. The present building is of stone, in the Gothic style, much like the old one, except its diminished size, and has a steeple 198 feet high. It contains a chime of bells and an excellent organ.

Time has, however, obliterated this record, and, in 1864, the renewed monument is thus described:

“The present monument stands in the churchyard of Trinity Church, in Broadway, in this city of New York. It is a plain but handsome affair, say ten or twelve feet in length and eight or ten feet in height; the carved alto-relievo of the hull of an armed ship afloat at one end, and of an anchor and cable within an oaken wreath at the other, being its only ornaments. It is of a brown stone, pleasant to the eye. The inscriptions it bears differ slightly in some particulars, altogether in others, from those of its predecessor. That to Lieutenant Ludlow seems here added; that to Captain Lawrence’s son omitted: while in the paragraph upon the face of the monument the words about his ‘public worth,’ &c., appear to have been dropped for lack of space.”

There is also another memorial existing in the Hospital burying ground at Halifax, a copy of which (with some roses gathered from the graves) was given to Sir Broke Middleton, now Captain Broke’s sole surviving son, by Captain Raymond, wounded in this action, which runs thus:

Sacred to the memory of the brave seamen who died at this hospital of the wounds they received on board H.M.S. Shannon, in the glorious action in which she captured the United States frigate Chesapeake, on the 1st of June, 1813.

Owen Callaghan.

Peter Lawson.

Francis Alberto.

Francis Dixon.

John Antonio

It should here be noticed that Mr. Stevens the boatswain (a gallant old sailor trained under Rodney) and Mr. Samwell a midshipman, whose wounds at first appeared slight, also died in the above hospital. Of these this volume is, perhaps the only epitaph remaining.

The following most graphic account of the arrival in Halifax Harbour of the Shannon, with her prize, was most kindly written by the renowned author of the Clockmaker and other works of equal talent and humour, the Honourable Mr. Justice Haliburton, M.P., at the request of Sir G. Broke-Middleton.

“Gordon House, Isleworth, June 1st, 1864

“My dear Sir George,

“I have received your note requesting me to state my reminiscences of the arrival at Halifax (Nova Scotia) of H.M.S. the Shannon with her prize the Chesapeake. I have much pleasure in complying with your wishes; but, more than fifty years have elapsed since that event, I can now only recall to my mind some few of the leading incidents that at that time impressed themselves strongly on my youthful imagination.

“The action was fought on the 1st June, 1813, and on the Sunday following the ships reached the harbour of Halifax. I was attending divine service in St. Paul’s Church at that time, when a person was seen to enter hurriedly, whisper something to a friend in the garrison pew, and as hastily withdraw. The effect was electrical, for, whatever the news was, it flew from pew to pew, and one by one the congregation left the church. My own impression was that there was a fire in the immediate vicinity of St. Paul’s; and the movement soon became so general that I, too, left the building to inquire into the cause of the commotion. I was informed by a person in the crowd that ‘an English man-of-war was coming up the harbour with an American frigate as her prize.’ By that time the ships were in full view, near George’s Island, and slowly moving through the water. Every housetop and every wharf was crowded with groups of excited people, and, as the ships successively passed, they were greeted with vociferous cheers. Halifax was never in such a state of excitement before or since. It had witnessed, in former days the departure of General Wolfe for the attack on Louisburg, with a fleet of 140 sail, and also his triumphant return. In later years the people had assisted in fitting out the expedition, under George Prevost, for the capture of Martinique and Guadeloupe, but nothing had ever excited the Haligonians like the arrival of these frigates. It was no new thing for them to see a British man-of-war enter the port with a prize of equal or greater size than herself; they regarded success as a matter of course. When, therefore, the news came, some time previously, of the capture of the Guerriere by the Constitution, men were unwilling to believe it, considering such an event simply impossible. I can well remember the gloom that hung over the community when the official account was received. In common with all others, old and young, although I participated in the general sorrow that event occasioned, I was not surprised; for, though unable myself to judge of the cause of the defeat, I had heard an experienced old friend of mine (the Hon. S. B. Robie) foretell the occurrence of disasters when our frigates should encounter those of the United States. He said the latter had the scantling of seventy-fours, and were equal to sixty-gun ships; that they were built with remarkable strength, mounted heavier and with more guns than our ships of the same nominal rate, and were commanded by very experienced officers. He added that the American Government, by suddenly placing an embargo on all the shipping in their ports, had the seamen of the whole mercantile marine of their country at their disposal, and were thus enabled to man their little navy with the crews of picked men; while the system they had adopted of seducing, by means of extravagant bounties, the most skilled gunners to desert from our ships, supplied their men-of-war with a class of able-bodied and disciplined seamen who would fight like demons, as the gallows awaited them if taken prisoners.

“In addition to all these disadvantages our naval officers, he said, held their enemies too cheap, and would some day be awakened to a knowledge of their fatal mistake. The people of Halifax were under the same delusion as the navy, and equally ill-informed and rashly confident. The encounter of the Guerriere with the Constitution fully justified these forebodings of my friends. The relative strength of those ships was first made known after the action, the former mounting (if my memory serves me) only forty-nine guns, with a

complement of 263 men, while the latter carried sixty guns, and had a crew of 450 men. The action was fought with great gallantry on our part, but with a want of discretion that, notwithstanding this great disparity, was said to have occasioned the loss of the ship. Other actions soon followed, with the same inequality, and with a similar fatal result. It was, therefore, no wonder that the people of Halifax were so elated by what they considered a turn in the tide of luck, for it is now known that the action of the Shannon and the Chesapeake was the commencement of a series of signal victories. It proved that absolute necessity of filling up the crews of our fleet to their full complement, of introducing a stricter discipline, and maintaining a greater state of efficiency.

“It soon became known in Halifax that the ships now approaching were the Shannon and the Chesapeake, and that the former was in charge of Lieutenant Provo Wallis, a native of Halifax, who was in temporary command in consequence of the severe and dangerous wounds of her gallant captain. The circumstance naturally added to the enthusiasm of the citizens, for they felt that through him they had some share in the honour of the achievement. No one could have supposed that these ships had been so recently engaged in mortal combat, for, as they slowly passed up to the dockyard, they appeared as if they had just returned from a cruise- their rigging being all standing and wholly uninjured. They were tolerably well matched in size – the Chesapeake being only seventy tons larger than her antagonist, and her broadside only fifty pounds heavier. The greatest disparity was in their respective crews, the American force outnumbering the British by 110 men – a superiority which would probably have proved fatal in a contest finally decided by boarding had not her losses in killed and wounded reduced them to a nearer equality. Nor was the American commander (Lawrence) inferior to his opponent in courage and weight of character. He had, a short time previously, while in command of the United States sloop-of-war Hornet, captured, after a short and gallant contest, the sloop-of-war Peacock, one of the first ships of her class in the British navy. The prestige of his name was such that the inhabitants of Boston regarded the capture of the Britisher who had so presumptuously challenged the Chesapeake as a matter of positive certainty. Lawrence was especially popular with the American seamen, who, when they heard he had received the command of the Chesapeake, flocked to his standard in great numbers from all the adjacent ports, and enabled him not only to fill up the complement of the ship’s crew with picked men, but to add to their number many additional volunteers selected from the best seamen in the eastern states. No ship ever left an American port so fully and so ably manned as this frigate. So entirely did the people of Boston anticipate an easy and a speedy victory that they prepared a banquet for the captors on their return from the conflict, to which they magnanimously resolved to invite Captain Broke and his officers. The wharf from which the last boat was despatched to the ship was crowded with an excited and exulting throng, who cheered their departing countrymen. The feeling of confident triumph was, with one exception, unanimous. A Negro in the crowd who had spent the greater part of his life about the dockyard at Halifax, observing in the boat a coloured friend, gave vent to his humour or patriotism by saying ‘Goodbye, Sam, you is going to Halifax before you comes back to Boston give my love requiring friends, and tell ‘em I is berry well.’ For this harmless but inappropriate sally he was instantly thrown into the dock, amid the execrations and derision of the enraged citizens, and narrowly escaped with his life.

“Of the action it would be presumption in me to speak. You are in possession of official documents and authentic details, while all I know about it is what I heard after the arrival of the belligerents in the harbour. In fifteen minutes after the first broadside was fired both ships were under weigh for Halifax, the Shannon leading the way and her prize following. The Bay of Boston at the time was filled with schooners, sloops, and sailboats, to witness the combat; and the adjoining headlands, between the scene of action and Cape Cod, were crowded with people striving to catch a glimpse of the capture of the British frigate. When it was observed that she was in advance, and the Chesapeake following, it was unanimously agreed that she was endeavouring to escape, and the latter was in full chase. The event was hailed with every

noisy demonstration of joy, and was communicated to the city, where the only fear entertained was that she would not overtake her flying foe in time for the victorious officers to partake of the splendid banquet, which had been provided for them. It was the last view the Bostonians were ever destined to have their frigate, which had fulfilled the prophecy of the Negro, and gone to visit Halifax.

“As soon as possible after the vessels had anchored near the dockyard there, a young friend and myself procured a boat and pushed off, to endeavour to obtain permission to visit them. We were refused admission to the Shannon, in consequence of Captain Broke requiring quiet and repose on account of his severe wounds; but we were more fortunate in obtaining access to the Chesapeake. Externally she looked, as I have already said, as if just returned from a short cruise; but internally the scene was one never to be forgotten by a landsman. The deck had not been cleaned (for reasons of necessity that were obvious enough), and the coils and folds of ropes were steeped in gore as if in a slaughterhouse. She was a fir-built ship, and her splinters had wounded nearly as many men as the Shannon’s shot. Pieces of skin, with pendant hair, were adhering to the sides of the ship; and in one place I noticed portions of fingers protruding, as if thrust through the outer wall of the frigate; while several of the sailors, to whom liquor had evidently been handed through the portholes by visitors in boats, were lying sleeping on the bloody floor as if they had fallen in action and had expired where they lay. Altogether, it was a scene of devastation as difficult to forget as to describe. It is one of the most painful reminiscences of my youth, for I was but seventeen years of age and it made upon me a mournful expression that, even now, after a lapse of half a century, remains as vivid as ever.

“The guns of the Chesapeake had all names given to them, which were painted in large white letters, such as ‘Free Trade,’ ‘Sailors’ Rights,’ ‘Bloody Murder,’ ‘Sudden Death,’ ‘Nancy Dawson,’ &c, &c. In looking back on these arrangements, one cannot help regarding with a feeling of contempt this incessant and vulgar appeal to popular prejudice, now so popular among the Americans. The two first mottoes, ‘Free Trade’ and ‘Sailors’ Rights,’ it is well known that there is more tyranny, oppression, and cruelty practised towards seamen in their navy and mercantile marine than in that of all other nations of the world combined. I observed on the quarterdeck the figure of a large man wrapped up in the American flag. I was told it was the corpse of the gallant Captain Lawrence, who fell in the discharge of his duty, and whose last words were reported to have been, ‘Don’t give up the ship.’ He was buried at Halifax, with all the respect due to his bravery and his misfortune.

“With the subsequent history of the Chesapeake you are better acquainted than myself. She remained a long time in the harbour of Halifax, and finally proceeded to England, where she was broken up.

2 The annals of the British navy furnish numerous instances of gallant frigate actions, but that of the Shannon and the Chesapeake is equalled by few and surpassed by none, while its consequences and effect on the subsequent events of the war render it, in my opinion, the most important one on record.

“The name of Broke will ever be regarded with pride and pleasure by that service of which he was so distinguished a member; and it must be a great gratification to his family and friends to know that that feeling is fully participated in by a grateful country.

“I am, my dear Sir George,

Yours always

J Halliburton

From the declaration of war by America till the first of June 1813, it was felt that, however actively and perseveringly the Shannon cruised, the time passed in a monotonous and depressing round of sameness. It was a time of the purest self-sacrifice. The motive and object were to add to the honours and renown of the British flag, to elevate the character of the British seaman, and to humble an “insidious enemy” by defeat. But prizes were useless—they were burnt. This common incentive and reward for zealous services, both with officers and men, being thus given up, and the great object for which they were so surrendered not presenting itself, disappointment was natural, and some words of discontent were too common in the ranks that should have been more patriotic. Still, all were sound at heart, and their captain was entirely beloved. The men well knew what they could do. They thoroughly appreciated the training they had received under their commander’s own eye. They enjoyed their exercises, and prided themselves on their proficiency in the use of all arms. They ardently longed for a meeting with an American frigate, quite indifferent as to her size and power. Without presumption they said “If any ship can do it, we are that ship;” and their minds were resolved to endure the severest contest and to conquer. Still, their hope was deferred—they feared it would never be realized; and, in the common duties of the daily routine, the effect upon their spirits was easily perceptible. The fire was “banked up,” not extinguished. A masthead report of “suspicious sail,” and it flamed forth again as intensely as ever.

But the events in and of war are like others. It is never know beforehand “what a day may bring forth;” and, in this case, where despondency was great, and “hope had fled upon her viewless wings,” the very next dawn of day recalled her; and, before sunset, every wish was to be gratified, every sacrifice to be repaid, and every exertion to be rewarded by the capture of the long-awaited-for enemy. At six o’clock in the evening of the 1st June 1813, the Chesapeake, American frigate, was the prize to the Shannon, after a most severe and gallant contest of eleven minutes! – “most severe,” because in those “eleven minutes” there fell in the two ships, in killed and wounded, as many men as composed the crew of an English frigate of thirty-eight guns; and on board the Shannon alone as many as any seventy-four-gun ship ever lost in battle, with only three or four exceptions! There is an account of this battle attached to some published lithographic prints which so fully describes it, and which may be relied upon for its exact truth, that it is unnecessary to go over that ground here; but some particulars of more minute detail are added as being interesting, because connected with so “important an action.”

There were landed from the Chesapeake at Halifax –

2439	18-pounder round shot.
867	32-pounder round shot.
88	12-pounder round shot for her top gun.
456	18-pounder grape shot.
272	18-pounder canister shot.
142	18-pounder double-headed shot
38	18-pounder star shot
2	18-pounder bar shot.
12	boxes loose grape shot.
78	barrels of powder, 1 cwt. Each.
77	“ “ “ 551bs each.
3	“ “ “ 75lbs each.
1	“ “ ammunition.

12,260 lbs. Nearly, total.

The following is a corrected list of officers and men who boarded the Chesapeake from the Shannon:

OFFICERS

Captain P.B.V. Broke.
Lieut. G.I.L. Watts.
Lieut C. L. Falkiner.

MIDSHIPMEN.

William Smith.
Henry Martin Drake.

SEAMEN.

1. William Stack.
2. John Dabnie
3. Andrew Webster
4. John Winnester
5. J Johnston
6. Wm. Beckles.
7. Hy. Barker.
8. John Thompson.
9. Thos. Ormston.
10. Ed. Rexworthy.
11. John Landelin.
12. William Mendham
13. Thos. Elder
14. Thos. Thompson.
15. Thos. McQuin.
16. ---Wright.
17. Jos. Wallace.
18. John Collier
19. Jas. Bulger.
20. Wm. Matthews.
21. Wm. McNeish.
22. Robin Hood.
23. Jos. Fleming.
24. Joss Fish.
25. John Lee.
26. Peter Van Loo.
27. Wm. Woodburn.
28. Wm. King.
29. Rd. Taylor.
30. Jos. Holt.
31. Thos. Hall (gunner's mate)
32. John Green, John Hampson, Thos Ormston.

MARINES.

33. Sergt. Mollineaux.
34. Thos Young.
35. John Hill

36. ----Saunders.
37. ----Osborne.
38. Four men, Belle Poules.
39. Four men Martins.
40. Four men Spartans.
41. Four men Irishmen.

45 Total
5 Officers.

50 Total.

The difference between this list and a former one is caused by additional names of men given by Joseph Johnston.

The number of souls who boarded the Chesapeake was not ascertained officially at the time. The above list is made out of the recollections of Wm. Mendham and Joseph Johnston, who were among the boarders. It may not be quite correct, but of there is any error it is in its excess. N.B. – Captain Broke told the writer that he did not intend to board personally; but, said he, “The ships touched at so small a point, and seeing that they would very quickly separate, it was necessary that every man who could possibly get on board her should go on the instant; therefore I gave the order to board, threw down my trumpet, and went on board with the rest, as a matter of necessity.” The marines of the Shannon were drawn up on the gangways – the first division on the starboard gangway, under the first lieutenant (Johns), and the second division on the larboard gangway, under their second lieutenant (Law). This division was ordered to move to the forecastle as soon as the Chesapeake fell on board the Shannon; and just as they were passing the bow of the launch, a thirty-two-pound shot struck the top of the stern of the boat and made a host of splinters, but did not hurt anyone, as it is believed, though it checked the march for an instant. This shot had come through the top sides of the forecastle, just abaft the after gun, and, in doing so, knocked all the lining planks (inside) away. They had been miserably fastened by insufficient spikenails, instead of being bolted and clinched. Another shot had knocked in the fore-end of the waist-hammocks; and it was here the purser (Mr. Oldham) and the clerk (Mr. Dunn) were killed. Captain Broke must have been within a single step of them when they fell, and it is wonderful how he escaped not only this shot but the whole fire of the broadside, which certainly marked the Shannon from end to end.

In Captain Broke’s published letter there were some errors which vexed him much: one was that Smith stormed the enemy’s foretop; the real truth is, he was going along the foreyard to do so when the Americans fled to the deck, the last of whom was a hulking midshipman with great boots on (like an English trawler wears), who slid down the topmast backstay on to the forecastle, and Smith followed him so closely down the same backstay that he alighted upon him, and tumbled him over on the deck. This midshipman was so alarmed at this that he begged and prayed to have his life spared; and Captain Broke, who was then being led (very seriously wounded) from near the same spot to the Chesapeake’s quarterdeck, took the midshipman with him by the collar, and so saved his life: the backstay had been shot in two, and so overhung the deck of the forecastle. Another was about the marine officers boarding at the head of their divisions. They did not board at all. Captain Broke was much vexed at these and other mistakes in the letter, and said to me, at Halifax, on the 28th of June, “It is all Tommy Fenn’s and Stevenson’s fault; to amuse me they used to come and tell me a heap of such tales day after day, and I thought they must be true.” Of course, his wound accounts for everything; he was so exhausted from loss of blood that every possible means to support and cheer him up were resorted to, and with this object the two youngsters had used their anecdotes!

As a singular instance of presence of mind the following fact is now introduced:

When Captain Broke was lying on the Chesapeake's fore-castle deck after he was wounded, and covered entirely with lime and blood, he had a struggle for life with a huge American who was beside him, and also wounded. The American was the stronger of the two; both were weak, and the struggle was faint. At last the American managed to get the uppermost; he had picked up a bayonette. Captain Broke had tried to find his dagger, but could not do so. The American had lifted his arm and weapon to strike. At this moment John Hill, a marine, came up. Hill took it for granted the undermost one must be the enemy! He pointed his bayonette, accordingly, and was on the point to thrust, when Captain Broke called out, "Poh poh, you fool; don't you know your captain?" Hill raised his arm and run the American through! Now, so critical was all this, that had Captain Broke lost his presence of mind, and spoken in a manner and voice unusual to himself, Hill would certainly have made a wrong and fatal attack. But Captain Broke spoke as calmly and as naturally in voice and manner as he had been used to do for years on board the Shannon, and before the man who now delivered him (one may say) as a consequence of that "presence of mind." Thirty-two British subjects were found on board the Chesapeake, and, as Captain Broke said, "after it was all over!" and, it was said at the time, as well as believed by all, that the resistance made against the Shannon's boarders was by Englishmen! Who, if captured, would probably be hung at the yardarm as traitors to their country. The three men who attacked Captain Broke and wounded him were British subjects.

When the main-deck of the Chesapeake was captured, and her crew were driven below and secured on the lower deck, it was not intended to do more till reinforcements arrived from the Shannon; but an American, after submission, having fired up through the main-hatchway gratings to be lifted and the Americans to be fired upon. Captain Broke asked what this firing was, and, when explained to him, he ordered the prisoners to be driven into the hold. They grumbled, and were slow in their movements; but a few slight touches of the steel soon brought them to obedience.

The Chesapeake was struck by twenty-five round thirty-two-pounder shot, as under:

- Nos. 1. in bowsprit, inside gammoning, three inches deep.
- “ 2. mainmast, twenty feet above deck, half through, the aft part of mast splintered away.
- Nos. 3. mizenmast, twelve feet above deck, fore part split, one-third mast away.
- “ 4. water's edge, under thirteenth gun, through.
- “ 5. ditto ditto ditto
- “ 6. under after port, through.
- “ 7. ditto ditto
- “ 8. in the run, three feet above water line, through.
- “ 9. close to gunroom port, through.
- “ 10. in stern window uprights, through.
- “ 11. ditto ditto ditto
- “ 12. quarterdeck bulwarks, main channels, through.
- “ 13. ditto ditto ditto ditto
- “ 14. ditto ditto ditto ditto
- “ 15 – 25 Aft after port, larboard quarter gallery all shot away, three large holes made by shot at the larboard angle of the stern, through the main-deck, three times as large as the hawser holes; the shot entered diagonally, crippling the larboard cabin guns, tearing down the beams overhead, and some passing out, abreast the mainmast, on the starboard side. The carpenter reported that thirty or forty round shot of sizes entered here. Through on starboard lower counter, seven planks were shot through, and stern parts were shot to pieces.

Only two nine-pounder shot struck the Chesapeake.

Nos. 1. One in mainmast, twelve feet above deck.

Nos. 2. One in the end of skid beam, over eighth gun on maindeck.

N.B. – The nine-pounder gun on the quarter deck of the Shannon was out of bearing after the first broadside, and the nine-pounder gun on the forecastle was turned fore and aft, when the Chesapeake fouled the Shannon, to fire upon the maintop, and drive the enemy’s marksmen (about sixteen, with rifles) out of it. It was at this gun Mr. Samwell was mortally wounded whilst laying it. All this may account for only two nine-pounder shot striking the Chesapeake. Besides the riflemen in the maintop there were about twelve in the foretop and seven in the mizzen.

From the slings of the mainyard Mr. Cosnahan, midshipman of the Shannon, shot five men out of the seven in the Chesapeake’s mizentop. The men in the Shannon’s maintop loaded the muskets and handed them down to Mr. Cosnahan through the “lubbers’ hole,” and he alone fired them. Now this is important to show how the Chesapeake laid on board the Shannon, for Mr. Cosnahan could not have seen into the Chesapeake’s mizentop unless the Chesapeake’s taffrail had been well before the Shannon’s gangway port. It was, indeed, only just abaft the Shannon’s forechains; for Captain Broke, in boarding, stepped from the fore end of the Shannon’s gangway hammocks on to the after quarterdeck gun of the Chesapeake, and from thence over the hammocks on to her quarterdeck gun of the Chesapeake, and from thence over the hammocks on to her quarterdeck; whilst William Stack, coxswain of the captain’s gig, boarded her by passing from the Shannon’s boom boats along her spanker boom, which overhung them. When the Chesapeake was boarded most of the men in the fore and maintops fled to the deck, and so did one out of the mizentop, the seventh man in this top kept up his fire on the boarders, and much annoyed them. He was closely watched, but no one could get a shot at him. A seaman – a tall, strong man (his name not certain, but perhaps Gormon) – stormed the top, and threw the American out into the starboard quarter boat of the Chesapeake. This was done just as the forecastle contest was ending.

It may be mentioned here that the loader of the ninth gun on the quarterdeck of the Shannon was struck by a grape shot. It entered just below the stomach, and fell into the cavity of the body; but the brave fellow loaded his gun although thus wounded. He would not go below, and was led to the arm chest, abaft the after gun, and there he lay down in dreadful agony, and begging those about him to put their hands into the wound and take the shot out, saying, “I shall do well enough if you will only do that.” Of course he died.

The Chesapeake was struck by twenty-nine eighteen-pounder round shot, as under:

1. in foremost, four inches deep, twenty feet above deck.
2. in mainmast, five inches deep, and five feet above main-deck.
3. in larboard bow, before foremost gun, through into main-deck.
4. ditto ditto ditto ditto
5. between third and fourth gun, through into maindeck.
6. under seventh gun, through into maindeck.
7. about thirteenth gun, through into maindeck.
8. ditto ditto ditto ditto
9. in larboard quarter gallery, through into maindeck.
10. ditto ditto ditto ditto
11. ditto ditto ditto ditto
12. close to stern port, fourteen inches deep.
13. under stern port, three inches deep.
14. ditto ditto ditto

15. in starboard lower counter, through.
16. ditto ditto ditto
17. ditto ditto ditto
18. ditto ditto ditto
19. upper counter, through into maindeck.
20. ditto ditto ditto
21. ditto ditto ditto
22. in stern window uprights, into maindeck.
23. ditto ditto ditto
24. in forecastle bulwarks, above fore channels, through.
25. ditto ditto ditto ditto
26. in quarterdeck bulwarks, above fore channels, through.
27. in quarterdeck bulwarks, over main channels, through.
28. ditto ditto ditto ditto
29. ditto ditto ditto ditto

N.B. – One quarterdeck carronade and four maindeck guns were rendered useless. The carronade was dismounted; one (fourth gun) of the maindeck guns was split at the muzzle for more than a foot; one in the cabin had the cascable knocked off, and was otherwise shot; another in the cabin had been struck by two or three severe shots, and the carriage shot through; another, the third from aft, was also damaged. They certainly could not have been fired again with safety. Some trucks were also alit; but this did not prevent working these guns, as the Chesapeake had half trucks bolted onto the carriages, just within the side.

So that had the Shannon not boarded, and the action had been renewed on that side, the Chesapeake's force would have been reduced by four or five guns, independent of loss of men and damaged rigging.

After the Chesapeake fouled the Shannon by a stern board she fell round off and tore away from the lashings. In doing so she carried away the Shannon's spritsail yard, her jibstay, and the flying jib-boom. Her foreyard hooked the jibstay, and so carried it away; but the jib itself was not torn, though it came down with the stay.

The Chesapeake was struck by 306 grape shot, as under:

- 7, 3 inches deep in bowsprit.
- 2, 10 ditto foremast, six feet above deck.
- 1, 4 ditto ditto twenty ditto
- 2, 10 ditto mainmast, twenty, ditto
- 7, 3 ditto mizenmast, twenty, ditto
- 4, 3 ditto ditto fifteen ditto
- 50, at various depths on larboard bow.
- 6, 3 inches in the wales, under second and third guns.
- 6, through third and fourth guns.
- 8, 3 inches deep, third and fourth guns.
- 6, 4 ditto fourth gun.
- 20, about the fourchains; ship's side covered with grape.
- 9, 3 inches deep, sixth and seventh guns.
- 11, 2 ditto under seventh gun.
- 5, 2 inches deep under ninth gun.
- 2, 2 ditto ninth gun.
- 2, 2 ditto waters edge, thirteenth gun.

3, 3 ditto at waters edge, under after port.
10, at various depths in larboard quarter gallery.
30, at various depths abaft after port, and in stern frame.
12, 3 inches deep about stern ports.
30, at various depths in lower counter.
60, through forecastle bulwarks.
5, through forecastle hammocks.
5, through quarterdeck hammocks, in wake of main rigging.
12, 3 inches deep in mizenchains.

306 total.

This list shows how well the Shannon's guns were loaded; and, if the Chesapeake's side was thus marked by grape, the round shot must have hit also, or have entered the ports.

SUMMARY OF SHANNON'S FIRE ON CHESAPEAKE.

The general cannonade lasted six minutes. It was said at the time of the action, and corroborated by the marks made on the deck over the guns on the maindeck, that, as near as possible, two and a half broadsides were fired by the Shannon from her maindeck guns. Allowing these guns to be double-shotted this would give fifty-six shots to be accounted for; add to these fourteen shots for the half broadside (double-shotted) gives seventy shots; then two or three van guns kept up their fire longer than the broadside guns, and adding twelve shots for these guns makes a total of eighty-two shots, eighteen –pounders, to be accounted for. Now, twenty-nine are accounted for by the shot holes in the Chesapeake; besides these the carpenter reported that thirty or forty had entered the stern. Allow thirty-five of these to be really effective shots, and add them to the twenty-nine, you have sixty-four effective eighteen-pounder shots, which taken from eighty-two, the probable number fired away, leaves eighteen unaccounted for. But as the Chesapeake's hammocks were driven in on the forecastle, waist, and quarter-deck, in several places in gaps, some of these eighteen shot unaccounted for may fairly be said to have struck there, and if so must have crippled some of the enemy; but if not so allowed, then only eighteen shot from the Shannon's maindeck were thrown away, and this will be admitted to be an amazing accuracy of fire. But above the hammocks the lower rigging of the Chesapeake was very much cut up, several of the shrouds were in three and even four pieces. On the weather side only one shroud was left untouched in the foremast, and on the mizenmast two shrouds were cut, and all those on the weather side, so that again some of the above eighteen shots may be admitted as effective; for such cutting to pieces of her weather lower rigging is a most important and serious injury to an opponent. Besides this effect on the standing rigging, the running rigging was much cut up close down to the upperdeck, so much so, indeed, that the Chesapeake could not have made sail, or braced her yards about, or trimmed her jib and foretopmast staysail, for want of the sheets, so as to accelerate her manoeuvres, especially whilst under such close fire; and here again some of the unaccounted for shots may have done their duty effectively.

Then with respect to the thirty-two pound shot from the carronades: as these guns would only train, less than two points before, and two points abaft the beam, except the after one, and as they were all single shotted) one round shot and one grape) and could not have been fired more than twice each gun, except the aftermost one or two on the quarterdeck and the two on the forecastle, it is near enough to the truth to say that thirty-two shots were the greatest number which could have been fired from the carronades.

To account for the cannonade lasting six minutes and yet these guns not having been fired oftener than appears by the above statement, it is necessary to remember that the Chesapeake

approached the Shannon very broad, aft, upon the quarter, sailing past the Shannon, about forty feet from her, and then got very far forward upon the bow, so that it was only the after guns which had a chance of firing more than two shots at the enemy as she approached, and the bow guns as she lay shaking in the wind and then drifting on board the Shannon. By this account, then, thirty shots, thirty-two-pounders, were fired from the Shannon, and by the carpenter's report it is shown that twenty-five took effect upon the Chesapeake's hull and masts. If the same reasoning is applied to the thirty-two-pound shots as is used with respect to the eighteen-pound shots "unaccounted for," it will appear as if not one thirty-two-pound shot fired from the Shannon was thrown away. In other words that very one of them struck the Chesapeake's hull or masts.

It may be as well to leave out of this account the nine-pounder shot fired from the Shannon, as one of those guns on the quarterdeck could not have fired more than twice, and the other not more than once or twice on the broadside, as it was turned in to act at the maintop.

Then, by these statements, we have the

Number of eighteen-pounder shot fired at the Chesapeake, 82.

Number of thirty-two pounder shot fired at the Chesapeake 30.

Total 112

Number of eighteen-pounder shot accounted for 29

Ditto ditto by carpenter's statement 35

Ditto thirty-two-pounder shot accounted for 25

Total number of shot accounted for 89

Total number of shot unaccounted for 23.

Supposing these twenty-three shots did not strike the enemy, still the Shannon's fire must be admitted to be most accurate under the circumstances. There must be more excitement at the commencement of a battle than subsequently. The object fired at was not at rest, but moving past the Shannon, which, of course, wasted time, and interfered with the execution of the guns, by making it necessary to alter their "training" continually.

It may appear a vague and large allowance, to use the carpenter's report of thirty or forty shot having entered the Chesapeake's stern, over and above the number which could be ascertained by the holes and marks which they had made; but the wrecked state of the stern, the cabin in general, and the two or three after guns in it on the larboard side, showed and proved that many more round shot had taken effect there that could be accounted for by individual marks. All was in such a state that it was evident every man who attempted to remain in them whilst the firing was going on must have been killed. The overhead in the cabin was lined with fir-wood as a ceiling; and the whole of this was covered with splinters of gun-metal, and some of the beams were splintered down for some feet in length. Looking at this wreck, the carpenter's report of thirty or forty shot having entered there, besides those "accounted for," does not appear to be an exaggeration; yet it is a statement of a peculiar kind, and must, and will, be received according as it may be wished to enhance or decry the Shannon's gunnery. If that particular statement of the carpenter be disallowed, then there will be sixty-four eighteen-pounder shot unaccounted for out of eighty-two fired (as supposed) by the Shannon. Under the circumstances of the battle this is highly improbable; and to those who know the training of the Shannon it will appear impossible.

If twenty-five out of thirty (thirty-two pounder shot) took effect, can it be possible that sixty-four (eighteen-pounder shot) were thrown away out of eighty-two, especially as the maindeck

guns of the Shannon were less interrupted than the carronades, and long guns are always more accurate in their fire than carronades? It is also not improbable that in the carpenter's survey and report of effective shot some may have been called thirty-two pound which were really eighteen-pound; but with the totals of effective shot there cannot be any mistake whatever.

It was said at the time when Lawrence was lying wounded in his own steerage he saw the rush of men down the afterladders, and asked what it meant: the answer was, "The ship is boarded, and those are the Chesapeake's men driven from the upper and maindecks by the English." This news so enraged him that he called out two or three times very loudly, "Then, blow her up! He afterwards said, "I could have stood the wreck if it had not been for the boarding!" It is difficult to know exactly what he meant; but, certainly, the expression is a compliment to Shannon's fire, and to her boarders also.

The Shannon was struck by twelve eighteen-pounder shot:

- Nos. 1. grazed the foremost four inches deep, fifteen feet above deck.
- Nos. 2. struck the mainmast ten feet above deck, an impression only.
- Nos. 3. through the knee of the head.
- Nos. 4. through, between first and second maindeck.
- Nos. 5. two inches deep ditto ditto
- Nos. 6. through two feet above water line, under forechains.
- Nos. 7. through sixth gun, in the wales.
- Nos. 8. four inches deep between eighth and ninth gun.
- Nos. 9. through, eighteen inches above water line, under tenth gun.
- Nos. 10. through ditto ditto ditto under twelfth gun
- Nos. 11. nearly through ditto fourteenth gun.
- Nos. 12. through quarterdeck bulwarks, in mainchains.

N.B. – The shot number twelve passed through the lower portsill of the port, where the ninth gun was being worked on the quarterdeck; it then passed on through the gun-carriage and knocked out the quoin; the quoin struck the captain of the gun, Driscoll, a marine, on the knees – broke the muscles which confine the patellae, and drove those bones (knee-caps) half-way up the man's thighs: he could not stand to work, and was led to the maindeck; but he would not go to the cock-pit. He was placed by the mainmast, and there he cried bitterly because he was thrown out of the fight.

At the instant spoken of Captain Broke was stepping over the train-tackle of that gun, and an eyewitness said "The shot must have passed between his legs;" it might easily have done so when one of his legs was lifted rather high to be clear of the train-tackle.

The Shannon was struck by thirteen shot, thirty-two-pounders:

1. on mainmast, on maindeck, mark only.
2. on mizenmast, sixteen feet above deck, splintering seven inches deep and five feet long.
3. through the knee of the head.
4. ditto
5. lodged in the hawser hole.
6. through, under bridle port.
7. through, between third and fourth guns, maindeck.
8. ten inches deep, between fifth and sixth guns, maindeck.
9. through, between eighth and ninth guns, and then struck mainmast.
10. through, in the copper, under twelfth gun.
11. nearly through, in the wale, just under quarter gallery.

12. through quarterdeck bulwarks of mainchains.
13. through ditto ditto of mizenchains.

N.B. – In reality only twelve of thirty-two-pounders struck the Shannon, as numbers one and nine are the same shot making two hits. Number ten shot, after going through, passed through one of the gunroom cabins, knocking out a part of the cabin bulkhead into the gunroom, and much hurting a magazine man stationed at the powder scuttle in the gunroom; the shot then rolled on, though very slowly, by the heel of the ship only, it is supposed, and would have fallen down the powder scuttle into the magazine passage had not the man stationed at that scuttle turned it away! If it had fallen down upon loose powder it might have ignited it and blown the ship up, if the precaution of damping the magazine passages had not destroyed the loose powder.

The Shannon was struck by fourteen bar shot:

1. mizenmast slightly grazed.
2. 3 inches deep in the copper under forechains.
3. 10 ditto
4. 5 inches deep in the copper under seventh gun
5. 6 inches deep under eighth and ninth guns.
6. 6 ditto
7. 6 ditto
8. 6 ditto
9. in the copper under tenth gun, and ten inches deep.
10. ditto
11. ditto
12. ditto
13. nearly through under thirteenth gun.
14. ditto

Effective 0
Non- Effective 14

Total – 14

N.B. – Bar shot did not cause any leakage. If they struck end in they entered, and were as tight as a plug; if they struck flat (as it were) they made a mark only, and fell into the sea.

The Shannon was struck by 119 grape shot:

Nos. 7, 4 and 7 inches deep in bowsprit.

- “ 4, 1 ½ inch deep in mainmast.
- “ 4, 3 inches deep in mizenmast.
- “ 7, in hawser pieces.
- “ 2, 3 inches deep in copper forechains.
- “ 2, 4 inches deep in wales, under fifth and sixth guns.
- “ 7, 5 ditto
- “ 6, 4 ditto ditto copper, under seventh gun.
- “ 12, 3 ditto ditto tenth gun.
- “ 6, 3 ditto
- “ 3, 3 ditto twelfth gun
- “ 4, 2 ditto ditto

Nos. 5, 2 deep under thirteenth gun.

- “ 1, 3 ditto fourteenth gun.
- “ 6, through quarter gallery.
- “ 20, through forecastle bulwarks.
- “ 13, through quarterdeck bulwarks, mainchains.
- “ 10, ditto ditto ditto mizenchains.

119

Effective49

Non-effective.....70

Total.....119

N.B.- The grape did not pass through anywhere below the bulwarks; but it would appear that every one of the grape shot which struck the bulwarks passed through them.

SUMMARY OF SHOT.

The Shannon was struck by

32-pounder shot	-	13
18-pounder shot	-	12
Grape shot	-	119
Bar shot	-	14
Total	-	158

The Chesapeake was struck by

32-pounder shot	-	25
18-pounder shot	-	29
Grape shot	-	306
9-pounder shot	-	2
Total	-	362

Shannon - 158

Chesapeake - 362

Difference - 204 shot of all sizes.

But as not one of the bars shot which struck the Shannon was effective by passing through the ship's side, the real difference in favour of the Shannon's fire is 218 shot of all sizes. The bar shot appeared to have struck the side of the Shannon, making great scratches or marks, and then to have fallen into the sea. One, However, struck the Shannon end on, and its end came through the side and protruded itself on the maindeck, between the eight-pounder and nine-pounder guns, eighteen inches above the deck and about four inches long; the putter parts had broken off. The bar shot were made by six or seven pieces of square bar iron, each having a welded eye, and about two feet or two and a half long, and a strong iron ring; this ring was passed through the eyes of the legs and welded. They appeared to have been made for the eighteen-pounders only. Now, looking at the above table the Chesapeake's fire was excellent, for she struck the Shannon with twenty-eight shot of all sizes every minute, and this notwithstanding the Shannon struck her with sixty shot of all sizes every minute. But confine this

view to thirty-two –pounders and eighteen-pounders, and then the Shannon was struck with four shot every minute, and the Chesapeake with nine! Or 540 shot in an hour, or at the rate of 540 round shot per hour. One question is “How many such shot must enter a frigate’s hull before she is crippled or silenced?” Is it thirty? Fifty is certainly a large allowance if the fight is a sea fight; but say forty shots must silence and capture a frigate, then it is clear that whatever frigate opposed herself to the Shannon must either take her in half an hour or be herself taken, for as it is allowed that forty shot in the hull will cripple and silence her, the Shannon would have placed there 270 in the half hour, or 230 shots more than is supposed to be required to cripple and silence her. Two French frigates were taken at different periods by one of equal force, neither of these frigates had thirty shots in their hulls. The Shannon and Chesapeake engaged within a ship’s width (forty feet) of each other, and it is worthy of remark that, even at this very small distance, some of the heaviest shot stuck in their sides. The grape shot did not penetrate into the maindecks, but only through the bulwarks, and the ports, of course. The bar shot were perfectly useless against the hull, lower masts, lower yards, and their slings, as well as against the topmasts. They would take effect against the lower rigging only, and the best way to use them would be to appoint two guns on the maindeck for that purpose, only if the ships were near enough, say a cable’s length at the outside. The Chesapeake fired away a good deal of case langridge, but it was useless except to aggravate wounds on the men.

The following extract from Rush’s Residence at the Court of London was kindly contributed by Francis Copper Brooke, Esq.; and those from the Naval Sketch Book, which follow it, by William Boone, Esq., the learned amateur book collector, of New Bond Street.

“The Chesapeake, it is true, was captured. The English captain won his prize gallantly; let no American gainsay this. We heard how the achievement was hailed in England; the more as it had been preceded by a series of encounters terminating differently. But, with whatever satisfaction received there, I cannot think that it equalled the opposite feeling in the United States. I remember (what American does not?) the first rumour of it. I remember the startling sensation. I remember how the post offices were thronged for successive days with anxious thousands; how collections of citizens rode out for miles on the highway, accosting the mail to catch something by anticipation. At last, when the certainty was known, I remember the public gloom: funeral orations, badges of mourning, bespoke it. ‘Don’t give up the ship!’ the dying words of Lawrence, slain by the first broadside, were on every tongue. His remains were interred at Halifax, with the honours due to a brave foe. But not long did they lie there. When peace came, a vessel fitted out by American sea-officers, and by these exclusively manned, brought them back to his country,. There they rest, under the laurel and cypress; for he, too, had formerly triumphed over his English adversary, ship to ship. Others may augur the naval destinies of the Unites States from their victories; I, from the feelings that followed this defeat.”

“To applications made during the past war with America, except in the case of two or three favourites at the Board, for ‘sights’ to the guns, the only reply vouchsafed was, that ‘it was not according to the regulation of the service, and could not be complied with.’ This innuendo, which, to an officer of no private fortune, was equivalent to a prohibition, luckily, for the honour of both the service, and could not be complied with.’ This innuendo, which, to an officer of no private fortune, was equivalent to a prohibition, luckily, for the honour of both the service and the British flag, had no effect on that spirited commander, Sir Philip Broke, all of whose guns on board the Shannon were sighted on his own responsibility. This officer, who is, perhaps, the best practical naval gunner in the service, not contented with this advantage, had arranged the whole ship’s battery by such an admirable adjustment that he had only to call out the number-on what (by his system) is termed the ‘quadrant’ of the gun – to insure every shot on the same deck being thrown on the same level, and, by concentration, made to strike exactly the same spot; though, from the sheer of the ship, this never could have

been accomplished had he not previously elevated or cut down the carriages of his guns by means of a spirit level.”

“ON CHEERING IN ACTION. – A splendid exception to the rule attempted to be established here occurs in the glorious instance of the Shannon and Chesapeake, in which not a sound preceded the discharge of the Shannon’s guns, which were fired in succession into the American’s ports as he ranged up alongside of his opponent, after rounded-to within pistol range of the weather quarter of the latter. In this fight it was deemed, perhaps, expedient by Sir P. Broke that profound silence should prevail, so as to insure a strict compliance with his directions, as he depended as much on his superior tactics as on the bravery of his crew. This action was anything but an obstinate engagement; and the victory may be attributed to the superior gunnery and the admirable state of preparation in which that officer kept his ship. It seems, therefore, no exception to the general inference-that in all cases of danger and difficulty, especially when the effects of temporary depression of spirits or ardour are to be apprehended, the practice is invigorating and salutary.

ARRIVAL AND ILLNESS AT HALIFAX.

It has been well observed that if, in a court of justice, several witnesses be examined as to any particular transaction, they will agree in the main but differ in their details. One will supply a fact omitted by another; and it is by condensing and blending together all the testimony of the several witnesses that we obtain a complete account of the matter to be investigated. In doing this, and however carefully, it is yet always difficult to avoid repetition; and, where the various statements range over several years, so to deal with them as to preserve the proper chronological order of a biography. I have found it so here, and it now becomes necessary to go back some paces that we may regain the time when Broke was brought nearly a lifeless victor to Halifax. It had been an anxious five days’ trial for Wallis in the Shannon and Falkner in the Chesapeake. The situation of Broke was still most critical. No details, whether of private friendship or of surgical science, can convey a full idea of the severity of his wound. Part of the skull was hewn away- the consequent haemorrhage had literally drained the system of blood- and the brain itself remained open to view, pulsating visibly, and covered only by the dura mater, or outer investing membrane. When his friend, Commissioner Wodehouse, had first seen him, he returned on deck, and, leaning on the Shannon’s capstan avowed, with a generous burst of sorrow, his belief that he never could recover. Then it was that Lieutenant Wallis, heartened, no doubt, by the happy results of his anxious week of care (a week during which he scarcely slept, and never changed nor removed his clothes), said, “Leave it to me; have his room ready in an hour, and I’ll answer for his being there.” How cheering is confidence like this, Wodehouse at once felt its influence, and departed on his errand of mercy. “Now, sir,” said Wallis, to his almost exhausted commander, “Now, sir, I want you freed from all this noise and disturbance. I have had everything prepared, and I want to take you on shore.” “Do with me as you please,” was the gentle answer of the brave, good man; and immediately the lashings of the cot were severed, and the Shannon’s chosen for the honoured task tenderly bore their commander on deck, and then as gently lowered him over the side into the boat his young lieutenant had so carefully prepared for his reception. Thus he was conveyed to his friend’s house, and there he passed many, many hours of suffering and (in the commissioner’s unavoidable absence) of loneliness.

Slowly-very slowly- he regained his strength, and in a month resumed, at intervals, his entries in his journals. When permitted by his surgeons to go out, he loved to stroll down to the dockyard and inspect the damages sustained by the stout old ship in the late action.

Meanwhile in the Naval Hospital, about a quarter of a mile farther up Chebuctoo Bay, his wounded shipmates (such as still survived) were slowly recovering.

On the 5th of September, 1813, the Shannon's damages being fully repaired, and the hostile operations admitting of no delay, she was despatched on a cruise, under the command of Captain Senhouse (acting). She returned on the eighteenth with two detained Spanish vessels and a recaptured schooner.

Thus far I have only endeavoured to present to my readers the character of P.B.V. Broke as exhibiting his claim to be numbered among the most skilful and gallant officers that ever graced the annals of the British navy. I have now to justify the assertion, made some pages back, that he was also one of the tenderest and most devoted of husbands and fathers. In order to do this it will only be needful to insert here a few of his letter to his wife.

It is much to be lamented that the existence of these letters, and more than one hundred others of preceding dates (which will be given in Part III), was not known of by Sir G. Broke-Middleton until the work had proceeded thus far, as all doubts of the authenticity of the official letter, and all criticisms upon it, would then have been omitted.

The almost daily correspondence of Captain Broke with his wife shows the tedious progress of his recovery.

A few days after his removal from the Shannon to the hospitable residence of Commissioner Wodehouse, Broke regained the power of his right hand to such an extent as to enable him to write to his wife. Outside the letter, and just over a very indistinct impression of his seal, are the words, "June 12th, 1813, all well," traced in a very tremulous hand.

"Halifax, June 11th, 1813.

"My beloved L-----,

"I am happy to tell you that we have at last gained a glorious victory, and thank God! I am fast recovering of my wounds, and trust shall be quite well in another week, and shall very soon return to my affectionate L-----, arms. I was wounded in head, which also deprived me of use of right hand; but I mend fast. The papers will tell particulars. My kind friend Wodehouse is nursing me carefully, and had written to my dear mother. I will write again soon. Heaven bless you all. Kiss little dears for your affectionate

"P. B. V. BROKE.

"Samwell slightly hurt, but almost well."

"Halifax, June 19th, 1813.

"I am, thank God! Recovering fast, though it will be some days yet before my wound is sufficiently closed to allow me to live well and get in good condition again. The constant headaches are now leaving me; I wish my beloved L-----'s were as surely removed: they made me think of you, poor Gentle! I have been living on rice milk, but am now going to eat vegetables, &c.; in another week I shall live like other people. The doctors ordered me not to talk or think; indeed, I could not, without painful exertion, till lately. But now Wodehouse and my other friends come and chat with me, and I walk about upon the lawn. I wish it was in our shady old avenue at Naction, with my sweet L-----, I read idle books to kill time, but cannot study yet. The dictating of my public letter was a painful effort to me, but I am stronger now. The neighbouring gardens have sent me some pretty bouquets of flowers for my room;

indeed, everybody is most attentively kind to me, and to all my officers and crew, and they richly deserve it. I shall escape all the jovial dinners given us on our victory, though I may be able to enjoy private society before I sail again. The commissioner thinks Shannon must be ordered home before winter for repairs. Indeed, my beloved wife, all my plan now is to return to your arms, my dear children, and friends. I can now retire with honour. I was delighted to hear George had his company and was become permanent aide-de-camp to our friend Clinton. This, and my success, will soothe my dear mother's distress, and, I trust, enable her to enjoy many happy days. Write to her for me, and Mary. I am regaining the use of my hand quickly; it was taken away by the blows on my head. Samwell had a musket shot through the flesh of his thigh, but is doing extremely well. Poor Stack lost an arm; I mean to get made cook of Chesapeake. Another gig killed, "Gilbert," and she shot through and through, but repaired ready for my L-----, Poor Mrs. Aldham! We expect her here. I have no doubt Etough, Smith and Leake will be made lieutenants directly, and some more soon. Samwell should have his time sent out, though, I fear, he is not of age yet. Tommy Fenn is well, and shot at the enemy bravely with a little gun. Barker and Grimley well. Driscoll getting on fast; I have recommended him strongly. Stokes and Mayne both well. Oh! George says, as well as I, that you should live at Stonehouse, particularly in summer. A doubtful droit has been decided in my favour, so I shall send home soon a thousand pounds more to Child's; so spare no money that you can procure comfort. Please God we shall soon meet; but live happy till we do, my beloved L-----, and enjoy yourself with the dear children God has blessed us with, and with amiable friend you have round you. Tell mamma I will write her soon. Give my love to all round you and in Suffolk. Heaven bless you all for your affectionate

"P. B. V. BROKE.

"The foolish Americans have been publishing a thousand absurd lies. Not liking to believe that their ship was bigger than Shannon, and got such a terrible beating by fair play, as she did, the simpletons say we used infernal machines. They are sadly disappointed. They had fetter for us all upon deck ready, which came to their use.

"I open this again for a cruel task. I know how my beloved L----- will feel for a person who has been so kind and attentive to her and to the dear children; but poor Mrs. Samwell's son is gone. Only the night before, the doctors considered him safe, and I thought nothing but his promotion; but his wound took a sudden turn from breaking a blood-vessel, and he went off whilst supposed to be asleep. The same chief surgeon attended him as has care of me, and every attention was shown him. I grieve for her and for my L-----. I will write a letter to her for you to send; it may be relieving you, though she will come to you the same for comfort, and to vent her grief."

"Halifax, June 26th, 1813.

"I was much distressed, my beloved L-----, at the cause of my opening my last letter again. Poor Mrs. Samwell! I enclose you a letter for her; perhaps you may prepare her by saying that her son was much weakened lately, though I fear she may hear it abruptly by the newspapers. I have just received a letter from Admiral Hope, which confirms my taking home the next convoy in the Shannon. He says Lord Melville was going to send me out a new seventy-four, but, hearing of my wish to come home, *** I am getting stronger, though, you see, I have not quite recovered the use of my hand; but my headaches are almost gone. I get some sleep now, and am beginning to eat meat. It is a slow cure, though no danger; and Dr. Rowland thinks it best not to hurry the closing up of my wound in the head, but it will, I think, be covered in a week more. I sit and read idle books, or creep about on Wodehouse's lawn for the air, and the ladies have very kindly sent me flowers to decorate my room; so I dress and plant them on the tables round me, to gaze on them and think of my L-----. No great variety: suckling, columbine, wallflower, narcissus, and some fine lilac; but unfortunate people have no

laburnum to soften the gay hue. Fine irises, such as we had at Stoke, but I want more jonquille, or a sprig of yellow broom, to foil the overpowering blue. My garden is refreshed by fresh presents every morning. Wodehouse, Capel, and Byron (all living here) come and chat quietly to me, with some other friends; and to-day some of my fair acquaintance came to congratulate me, and to prattle and smile on me to comfort me in my confinement. Oh, my poor L-----, what a delight it would have been to have been at home in all this painful nursing, with my gently, tender wife to watch and soothe me! But, now it is over, I am glad were you not here, and have escaped so much anxiety and fatigue as you would have exposed yourself to. King is just come back, quite well, from West Indies; and Sir J. Warren has sent him as fourth lieutenant of the Shannon, which I am much pleased with, and hope the Admiralty will confirm him.

“Etough, Fenn and Barker are well.

“Stark and Driscoll are recovering very fast. Oh, write George and tell him if the thousand pounds I offered him to forward his promotion is wanted to complete it, it is at hand. I must close this to be ready for the ship, and my stiff fingers are very tired. Kiss little dears for me, and remember me to all friends. God bless you all for your anxious and affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

“June 29th of 30th.

“My beloved L-----will, I hope, soon receive the three letters I sent off to-day by Vivid, a runner; and one went for Admiral Hope, to thank him for his plan. This is the first opportunity we have had since Nova Scotia sailed with the official letters and my scrawl for my L-----, and I fear you will suffer much in the interval. I am getting on prosperously, thank God! But it is a slow cure, though the doctors say it is a very fine one. I have only to do as my poor tender L----- has done so often-bear my headaches with patience, and amuse myself as I can when they go away. I read a little, chat to quiet people, creep on the grass, and dress my flowers. Any serious occupation of study is too fatiguing for me yet, but I get bodily strength fast, and (the ladies tell me) am recovering my beauty wonderfully. Mrs. Dixon made me pretty light bonnet to go on over all the turbans and dressings on my head, to keep the sun off. ‘Tis something like a beef-eater’s cap, only of grey velvet; so I must look pretty in that and my plaid mantle; but I expect to dress like a gentleman soon. Poor Lady James Townshend, an amiable young bride, is taken very ill, which is distressing to Lord James, as he is ordered to sail for England in a few days, and is prepared to take her with him. I hope she will recover in time, or I think he will throw his ship up and stay with her. If she come to Plymouth be very kind to them. He is a blunt sailor, but a worthy, good-tempered man, and an old fellow-cruiser of Shannon. She is the daughter of an officer in this dock, but has been brought up well in England, and is an unaffected though pretty girl, and of sweet disposition. She has shown great attention to me, from her love to her brother, who has long been lieutenant with me, and will now be promoted for our battle.

“Oh! My L-----’s little blue satin cover was, with the cherished lock of hair, in my bosom when I was wounded, and got stained with my blood, though the hair was preserved dry so that I could kiss it with comfort; and Lady James has made me another little blue cover for it, exactly like the former, and it lies on my table constantly, to remind me of my L-----. But my fingers are still and tired, my gently. God bless you all. I will write again to-morrow.

“Your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

“July 2nd.

“Warm weather, which makes me feel indolent, but the repairs go on well in the headpiece, though the workmen make it ache a little; and this right hand is naughty, and won’t write to my L----- so well as it should. Poor Lady J----- still unwell; I hope the wind will prevent their being hurried. Captain Brenton has paid me a compliment: he is drawing the tiff between my wooden love and Mrs. Chesapeake, in two different pictures, representing different parts of their conference, in which both ladies are very fiery. He has promised me a set as a present. So Shannon will figure in painting – and he is considered an expert sketcher. I can’t draw, or hardly write. Indeed I lead a very idle life; and Wodehouse is very good, and won’t let company come to me when he thinks I ought to be quiet. I must rest the hand, and will scrawl again soon.”

“July 2nd.

“I mistook the date before. I am improving, but shall have some opportunity of showing my patience yet before I am completely refitted. I have directed the agents to give me accounts of what will be due to poor Molloy and Samwell, and, in time, will tell their friends how to obtain it. This reminds me of poor Mrs Samwell and Mr. Smith. God bless them both, and support them through their griefs. Give my love to dear little children and all friends.

“Your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.

“(I AM GOING TO BEGIN ANOTHER PACKET.)”

“29TH, P.M.

“Some of my dearest L-----’s latest letters (April) had been cruelly mislaid and have only just reached me. Their contents were delightful, and I thanked God sincerely that the dear children had got over the frightful measles. I hope that Nova Scotia has arrived, and that Mr. Falkiner may call and give you a good account of me. I hope he will get promoted for carrying the news though it is a new thing, but Captain Capel was son kind as to indulge him in the chance. The Aeolus is not come yet, and I am right glad to hear that Lady James Townshend is embarked and appears to be quite recovered.”

“Halifax, Wednesday.

“I shall again assure my beloved L----- that I am getting well, though the doctors’ operations make my head ache so that it is painful to me to write; but they are quite proud of their performance, and say I am going on beautifully. I have always, before, made some advantage of a good sound illness, by studying; but, the head being the chief party concerned, now I am obliged to lead an idle life till my tete is completed.

“I will rejoice my L-----. The commissioner has just sent the admiral a report that Shannon should be sent home, and before winter; so I shall soon expect orders accordingly, and shall lose no time in obeying them. God bless us all soon together, my gently L-----, in domestic happiness.

“Wodehouse dines early to keep me company, and give me an airing in the gig afterwards.

“Love to little dears and all friends,

“From your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE,”

“July 13th.

“My beloved gently L-----,

“I have but just in time to write one consolatory line to you to say I am really improving fast, and now eat, drink, and take exercise with comfort to myself. Wodehouse is going to drive me out in his gig, for the air, with a grave, sober old coach-horse. Give my love to her, and say that Oliver is looking fresh and as handsome as ever. I still write with difficulty.

“Halifax, July 20th, 1813.

“My beloved L----- will imagine how disappointed I was last night, on seeing, from my evening’s ride, an English packet arrive; and, on hastening home to inquire for our letters, learning that this packet (June) and the preceding had been captured and all our letters thrown overboard. I was expecting such a delightful chat with my L-----, trusting that the dear children continued to grow healthily and happily themselves, and so to keep dear mamma in spirits. Nova Scotia has, I hope, brought you, long ere this, the happy assurance of our hopes, through my having at last earned that honourable retirement I had so long toiled for. ‘Naughty Americans’ – my old rival, Rodgers, took one packet – whom you have heard of in England as a cartel – and a roguish privateer caught the last; but with the prize, was taken and sent here by Beresford-but no letters! I am going on charmingly, and ride out every evening in the cool hours. My hand is yet stiff and awkward, so I must rest and wish you good night. Heaven protect you all, for

“Your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

“July 21st.

“Fine weather here, but foggy at sea. No arrivals. I have been gathering a bouquet of roses, pinks, and honeysuckle, which have brought me home to my L-----, and I will read over some of her old letters, to persuade myself that I am hearing from her, notwithstanding the packet mishap. Admiral Sawyer was very kind to write to my L----, in terms so pleasing to her. I am sure that he will be very happy to hear of our success, and that it is one of his old squadron that has first revenged our affronts upon the enemy. So, Master Philip got his long task very expeditiously, but does not like writing letters. I was not fond of it at school. Among the last of your letters which reached me was that enclosing the verses so prophetic, about Shannon. I dare say the poet will be very vain of his prediction coming true. I saw the ballad before, in the Naval Chronicle.

“I now hope to have no favour to ask of these grandees (the Lords of the Admiralty) for some years, expect to help my young officers. It is a great happiness to me to be able to leave them all in so prosperous a way; to see my sea children settled before I leave them – except poor Samwell. But we were, altogether, very fortunate in that rank, the enemy losing eight or nine. All my old élèves will make good officers and do Shannon credit; indeed, I regard the bringing up such a family as an essential part of my eight years’ service, and it is one that has cost me much care and anxiety. I have a right, now, to bring up my own children, surely; and, please God, I will, with my gently L-----’s aid. Heaven bless you all in health and happiness, for your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

“July 29th, 1813.

“No packet yet, my beloved L-----, to gladden us with news of those we love! Nor is our post ready to receive our letters for you; but I shall begin another to show my affectionate L---- that I am thinking of her and can write. Indeed, I am quite recovered, excepting the healing of my headpiece, and my weak right hand, which will not be right with the head. I live quietly and attend to no duty yet, and Wodehouse kindly keeps my early dinner hour to ride out with me in the cool of the evening; so we see very little company, except in the morning. I doubt Shannon will not be ready this month. Idle times! Admiral Griffiths and his convoy are daily expected; though from Portsmouth, he may bring me a letter. Surely Government will send another packet soon, two having failed successively; but I will read over some old letters, and shall have the pleasure of reading again all my -----‘s affectionate expressions, which I know are the effusions of that love which is the same to-day as when they were written; so they are always fresh and faithful paintings of my gently L-----‘s feelings at any time, and delight me as her smile would when with her.

“Sunday, August 1st.

“I was disturbed by company, and have not found leisure again till to-day, when, others being gone to church, I prayed for my dear L-----and all around her, and then sat down to talk to her. Please God send us and our friends health to enjoy ourselves, and we will be happy, however humble our estate. Why, our little George seems to have been very idle in producing his teeth. I hope he can bite hard now. So you got acquainted with Dacres? He is a good-natured fellow, but rather a rattle. He would amaze L---- when in high spirits.

“The Java! I felt (in addition to all the distress otherwise natural on such an event) much for my beloved L-----, knowing now what grief and alarms it would cause her in my absence. Thank God! Shannon has been more favoured, and I am well to assure her of it. Captain Brenton is here still, but will sail in about a month; we hope Shannon next for England. He has drawn me two pretty sketches of our battle, which I shall take care of, to show my L-----, though she does not love such pictures of fire and terror. But they represent one of the happiest moments of my life, as affording me the privilege of retiring with honour to my beloved L-----, and conscious of having earned my liberty. Poor B-----; he is cruising not far off here, and writes in high spirits, not having yet been informed of his mournful loss. I will collect the accounts of poor Marley’s affairs when I get on board again. Samwell’s I shall look after as my own private accounts till I can settle them for his poor mother. I am much grieved for her and poor Mr Smith. May God comfort them. Some ships are arriving, and, we hope, with English news; so I shall fold this up, and look anxiously for letters from my beloved L-----, whom Heaven bless, for her affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

“August 6th, 1813.

“My beloved L-----,

“I have just had the pleasure of receiving your letter. It came by Majestic. Our new admiral here, Griffiths, is a great acquisition to us; he is much esteemed both as an officer and as a gentleman. He is living here with Wodehouse till he can find quarters. If you see poor Mr Smith, tell him ‘Fenn is well, and doing duty now as the admiral’s aide-de-camp here.’ Some good prizes have arrived here lately, which makes our folks anxious to get to sea again now. Oliver has been very lucky; he has made more already than I have since I left England. But our last capture was of more value to me than all the wealth in this world; it enables me to

retire happily and without reproach. I shall, perhaps, just muster cash enough to make Nacton habitable, and sit down again on the same establishment as before; neither richer nor poorer, for all my wanderings. Heaven bless you all, for your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

“Halifax, August 10th 1813.

“Our present plan is to make a short cruise near here whilst waiting the happy orders for England, to get the old Shannon into pretty order again, and to make her new clothes fit her comfortably, that she may be ready to cross the Atlantic independent of the winter gales, and appear genteel on arrival in England. I am very anxious to hear from Spain, and wish this vile war could be terminated, that we might hope to have Charles and George at home to talk over our adventures by the fireside! Mr.-----may stay and kill the partridges this season, as I shall be too agreeably engaged with my gently L-----and the dear children to be in any great hurry to move to Broke Hall, as I am not fit yet to bustle about and become a man of business. Pray for winds for your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

“Halifax, August 14th, 1813.

“I had the happiness of receiving another packet of letters from my beloved L-----, And so my L-----fell in love with Admiral Sawyer! I don't wonder at it, he is such a friendly man to all our distressed wives; and seems to feel as much interest in our welfare as if we had been old acquaintances or relations. I did not promise to write to him, but will, to thank him for being so kind to you. There is no chance of any attack at Boston, or any other fighting, at present, in our district. Capel, Parker, and Epworth are looking out to catch Rodgers on his return, and, I hope, will put an end to his depredations. Shannon is not near ready yet. God protect you all, for your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

“Halifax, August 30th.

“My beloved L-----will be glad to know that I am not going to sea in the Shannon till Sir J. Warren arrives to give me my orders home; and then, for once, my gently wife will wish the Shannon would sail and not idle time away in port. The doctors say I shall be completely recovered, in all regards, in a fortnight more; and recommend my not embarking until I am. So the admiral has very kindly given Shannon a short but very good cruise, to get her new rigging in order; and Senhouse has been so good as to stand curate for me, and will, I hope, make prizes for his own good any my brave crew's. He will be back in less than three weeks, and I ready to relieve him. He is an excellent officer, and will do Shannon great credit, particularly if she meet another Yankee; and Essex and Congress are yet unaccounted for, and come singly. When their large frigates are destroyed we shall have fair play, and at even force they will soon be humbled.

“I only want a little patch of skin to grow over my head, and shall be complete. I am strong, and ride about, and live quite freely, though I do not visit much yet, as you know I am not fond of large parties, and our friends here are inclined to show me great attention. The merchants sent me a very handsome address, with the present of a piece of plate, as a memorial. |I want most to see my officers promoted and confirmed, but we have no

satisfactory account yet of that from the Admiralty, or Sir J. Warren, and begin to fear that a third packet is taken by these ‘Yankee rogues.’ I hope my Shannon will punish some of them, for stopping my gently L-----’s letters, when I am so anxious to hear from her. I know how much anxiety your tender mind will suffer on my account and poor Samwell’s. I hope to God Broke will get home safe, that you may not be long without letters after Lord James arrives.

“I want much to hear of our dear soldiers. The glorious successes in Spain may yet excite the Northern allies to further exertions, and persuade the tardy Austrians to join the sacred cause. It is three months today, my gentle L-----, since the latest letter I have from you was written! Though I know many an anxious and affectionate letter is on its way, or destroyed by these vile marauders, I soothe myself with thinking that you and the dear children are enjoying both our dear mamma’s company and brother William’s, in some shady retreat on the coast of Devonshire. May Heaven prosper all the plans of comfort which we have formed, and bless us soon together. Kiss little cherubs for your, &c.”

“Halifax, August 31st, 1813.

“ I have just had the satisfaction of hearing that neither of our dear brothers suffered in the late glorious victory in Spain; and that our letters, by Nova Scotia, got safe home, I trust before any doubtful reports of our action had raised any fears in my gentle L-----’s bosom. It has already relieved me greatly to know so much, and I feel thankful for the happy manner in which we have all escaped our dangers. I hope soon to meet again in social joys at home, and gladden our anxious friends’ hearts.

“Charles’ division is among those complemented by Lord Wellington; but I doubt George was not in the battle, as Clinton is not mentioned. He will be much mortified not to have shared in the victory which has thus crowned and rewarded all their labours. Our little fight is lost in the blaze of the late splendid triumph; but I see our old acquaintances at Plymouth remembered old Shannon, and added her to gay transparencies to compliment her. The paper we got was a Plymouth one, containing the Halifax account of the action, but my letter was not yet known.

“Shannon goes to sea to-morrow. King, Smith, and Etough are now lieutenants in her. Quite a revolution in the state. I hope they will make a good prize to support their new dignities. They were all little boys when I first took Shannon. I expect a commission for each, and for Leake, from the Admiralty, every day. I have been taking my usual evening’s ride among the rocks and fir trees, and make a fine figure with my turban. I am now beginning to wear a hat, but am obliged also to adorn by tete with something pretty till my hair grows. So I have been wearing the gay silk handkerchiefs you partly used for shawls for the children, and little Loolin’s work, sometimes; but I mean to wear my own beautiful hair again before I get home. Talking of silks, I grieve that I have not yet been able to get mine from Bermuda, but I won’t stay for them if they have not arrived when I am ready for sail. I don’t think I shall be sent back for them, though I may deserve scolding for leaving them there, as present hopes make me sometimes think of Nacton.

“I hope we may be ordered to touch at Plymouth; but if I go to Portsmouth I know my fond L----- will soon reach me there; but there will be no occasion to hurry and fatigue herself now-no fear of cruel easterly winds to vex her. Do not hurry any more. The wind shall not blow me away again, nor flags nor guns alarm you. The admiral, I hear, talks of our sailing next month (September), or early in October; but live happily, and give yourself no thought till you hear from me, which shall be as soon as I can form a plan for our happy meeting. God bless you all in health and spirits, wherever you are, for your affectionate returning wanderer,

“My beloved L-----will imagine my disappointment, on the arrival of the packet last Saturday, to find no letters from those I was so anxiously thinking of. But I will have patience, and trust that the kind Providence which has so much favoured me of late continues to shine prosperously on my gently L-----and all connected with her. The public papers, you will feel, must have afforded me much pleasure, particularly in assuring me that my officers have received the promotion they deserved. How my dear mother will be delighted with the handsome compliments paid us upon our triumph! And if my gentle L----- exulted so much in the former creditable mention of my services, how much pleasure will she feel at these honourable testimonies; as will all those we love, and who feel for the honour of my family. One happy quarter of an hour had repaid all my ten year’s toil, and enabled me to retire to the enjoyment of that fond society in which only I think life desirable; and that with a reputation which secures me from that restless anxiety which so often disturbs a military man, who, though satisfied he has done his duty, has had no opportunity of proving it to the world. His toils, and perseverance, and general services are only known to those of his profession and acquaintance, and people on shore suppose he had done nothing. Indeed, my beloved L-----, our success has been particularly happy; previous misfortune enhanced its value; and it will stand forward the more gloriously distinguished as being our first triumph over this new enemy. My officers and young followers are provided for, and will continue to do honour to me in their stations; and though I now retire to a tranquil domestic life, it is with that respectability which my dear father left attached to our family name, and which stamps a value even upon my former exertions in my own district, and proves my constant endeavours at public service to those who would otherwise have looked upon my military efforts as merely following the fashion, and my volunteer campaign merely an amusement for idle time.

“I now propose years of happy retirement in the performance of my duties as an English country gentleman, a husband, and a father. My lovely L-----, my dear children, and friends have much claim on me, as have those around us who so much depend on my management and example. But if the service of my country, or my own honour, shall as any future time induce me to ask a command, the character which good fortune has now confirmed to me will assure me an honourable reception. But do not be alarmed, my dearest L-----; ambition will not overcome my love; and, I think, our easy country neighbours will not censure me for inactivity. You will have seen that I am a citizen of London (I don’t know of what trade yet), and that they have voted me a sword. The merchants here have paid me the same compliment in a handsome address, and the present of a piece of plate, that I may not forget the Chesapeake. All these attentions are flattering, but my chief delight is in considering the joyful manner in which my loved wife and anxious mother will glory inwardly at the honours paid me.

“Senhouse went out in excellent health and spirits, and will, I hope, be successful. He took two prizes here lately in the harbour. My officers are much pleased with him as my representative. You say your little George is a very heavy favourite. I hope he can relieve mamma’s arms now by walking and crawling about, as we taught Willy. I hope next spring they will be climbing the slopes at Nacton, whilst I read to mamma under the trees. I suppose I must get a green coat, to remind you of the picture again. You would not believe yourself at home if I had a blue one on. I sometimes look at the painting you sent with much delight, at the children, but can let nobody else see it till my L----’s sweet countenance is done more justice to, and mine made a little more venerable. You did not tell me who drew them. I suppose I was copied from Inglehart, but that was in my boyish days.

“adieu! Heaven bless you all, for your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

“September 9th.

“No news; but I am going on well, and hope soon to be with my beloved L-----.”

“September 29th, 1813.

“My beloved L-----’s letter, exulting in my success, reached me at last by the admiral’s ship, and I was delighted to find you in such good spirits at the time, knowing how much my being wounded would alarm you till you had such satisfactory reports from Falkiner. Your letter, coming by Bramble, did not reach me till a fortnight after the first packet brought three of the same dates. I will be contented in knowing my L----- is happy, and suppose, as I had no letters by the last packet (last week), that you expect me so immediately as not to think of writing. Fortunately, good Mrs Sutton sent a happy account of you in the letter you brought for her from Budleigh, and pleased me much by praising my L----- to her brother, who kindly brought me the letters; so I have no resource but to come home and scold. He is very well, and going upon a tour to Picton or Canso with Sir Jno. Warren.

“We expect to sail on Thursday next, but the packet which will carry this may perhaps be home some time before us. If I could bespeak such winds as I could wish, I would tell you to go directly to Portsmouth, or London, if no good accommodation at the former; but I have been thinking yesterday, and wrote down all considerations on this sheet, so pray act as you like, as you will feel most happy in doing, and then you will be sure to be right with me. If I do come to Plymouth, they will probably not let me stay long there, as all convoys are ordered to Portsmouth or the Downs; but I may easily get leave to London. Perhaps you will do best not to move till I arrive and find what orders await me. Poor Mrs. Samwell! I love and pity her the more for her friendly zeal in bringing you my letters, and grieve she has had such sad news to hear by our next conveyance. Pray thank Mr. Smith for his friendly letter to me. You see I am still an awkward writer from the weakness of this hand, from the blows on my shoulder, as I now find, having affected the nerves, but exercise will restore them; this must be my apology for not answering many handsome compliments I have received; amongst others, pray say something very pretty to Admiral Martin, and tell him I feel proud of praise from so distinguished a character; but he can afford to be liberal, having earned so much himself. Indeed, I shall grieve if we do not touch at Plymouth, to see so many kind friends before we retire to our distant home in Suffolk. I am looking forward with pleasure to our sailing on Thursday; we have a crowd of passengers – mostly invalid officers. It is high time I should come home, lest I should become too vain. A lady (I don’t know who yet) sent me a new velvet cap on Sunday, with some poetical compliments; but I will be modest when I get into Suffolk, and turn farmer, and renounce vanity with my laced coat. I am very well, my gentle wife, and shall have a complete head by the time I get home. Adieu! Heaven bless you all in health and joy, soon to meet your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.

“We shall have the pleasure of Picton’s company to dinner in a snug family party to-morrow.”

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

On Monday, 4th October, in a cold, rainy, fresh north-easterly breeze, the Shannon – again under her old commander – weighed anchor, with thirteen sail of convoy, for England. “had many passengers on board,” notes Captain Broke in his journal, “chiefly officers invalided from ships and marine battalions.” They carried with them also five prisoners, under the following order:

“San Domingo, Halifax Harbour,

“24th September, 1813.

“Mem.

“It is the commander-in-chief’s directions that you receive on board Her Majesty’s ship under your command, for the Marlborough, the five seamen named in the margin, for a passage to England, who were taken in the late American frigate Chesapeake, and suspected to be British subjects, keeping them in custody as prisoners on board the Shannon until you shall receive orders for their disposal, and victualling them as such.

“H. HOTHAM,

“Captain of the Fleet.

“To Captain Broke,
“H.M.S. Shannon.”

Of these five miserable traitors four were subsequently flogged round the fleet, and the fifth, on the 18th November, hung. No less than thirty-six British subjects were found on board the Chesapeake. Their names and places of birth, together with the ships’ names from which they had deserted, are now before me, in a document attested by the agent for prisoners of war; but, for the sake of their surviving relatives, I shall withhold its publication. There is a memorandum, however, on the back of this paper, by Captain Broke, which shows the fairness with which these investigations were made:

“The five men sent to England in Shannon agreed to their places of birth as here stated, in presence of me and First Lieut. Clarke, October 7th, 1813. Simpson, gunner’s mate of Chesapeake, says he delivered the keys of the fore-magazine up to Lieut. Falkiner directly the ship was taken, or before.

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

On his return to Europe it was fully expected that the Shannon would be waylaid by Rogers in the President.

Admiral King, in his Recollections, observes: “It is presumed that Captain Broke expected to be so met by the President, as it was his challenge to Lawrence, of the Chesapeake, which Rogers, in his ire, alluded to in his letter to the States Newsman. Indeed, Captain Broke, on resuming command of the Shannon to bring her home, told his men the President might waylay him, and what he would do, and what they must do, if the Shannon fell in with her. In a jocular manner he said, ‘If they boarded again, they must not cut at the Americans, they must poke them in the guts; for some fellows were very thick skulled!’ As the Shannon had a convoy of eight dull-sailing merchant craft under her orders, and as everything done and intended to be done at Halifax was known in American through the Halifax newspapers, Rogers had full and exact information; and, therefore, he must have known the day and very hour when to sail out of port, to throw himself in the route of the Shannon. It is possible, however, that his Government did not wish to run the risk; they were ‘pretty considerably’ damped by the capture of the Chesapeake.” The convoy was slow, and the Shannon was obliged to confine herself in consequence to close-reefed topsails.

“Nov. 6th. A gale came on W.N.W.; and the old ship scudded under bare poles.

“Nov. 8th. Weather again fine. Out reefs, set topsails, up topgallant masts and yards. Quartered people.

“Nov. 9th. Exercised marines and new loaders.

“Nov. 11th. Exercised quarterdeck and forecastle guns of watch. Our chasseurs fired at target (about half equal to our marines). P.M. exercised new captains of guns, arming and priming.”

Thus assiduously did the gallant Broke prepare for a very probable encounter with either a French or American foe on his homeward voyage. None such, however, crossed his track; and, after a stormy passage, the Shannon, at eight a.m. on Sunday, October 31st, made the Scilly Isles; at 7.30 p.m. the Lizard Light. On the 2nd of November she came through the Needles, and anchored at Spithead. Soon after, the glorious old ship was paid off, and the remains of her gallant crew separated-to serve together no more on the bosom of the great deep.

“Portsmouth, Nov. 2nd, 1813.

“My beloved L----- will be happy to know I am safe arrived here, though the wicked winds would not let us touch at Plymouth. I am perfectly well, my love, though must wear my turban yet a little. The admiral has kindly given me leave to go up to the Admiralty, and there I will get longer leave and prepare Reddish (hotel in Jermyn street) or somebody else for you, if the Admiralty don't order us round to Plymouth to pay off. I don't think they will, but perhaps to Deptford, which will enable me to stay in London till paid off. Whatever be my plan, you shall hear from London to-morrow or next day. Pray don't hurry, but move at your leisure; as I am not a runaway now, and the winds will not blow me off again. So make (if I say 'come' in next letter) easy journeys for yourself and dear children, just comfortable exercise, and settle all you have to do at Plymouth quietly. I grieve I cannot come to see all my good friends there directly; but I shall know more to-morrow. Poor Mrs. Samwell! I wish I could have comforted her and poor Aldham's wife by praising those they have lost. Kind remembrances to all our worthy friends round you. Heaven bless you all, for your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.

“I hope your ladyship will excuse my scrawl. Kiss all the little dears for me. I will have the pleasure of doing so soon myself.”

Nov. 3rd, 1813, Admiralty.

“My beloved L----,

“My interview has changed my plan. Come to me to Portsmouth; we must live there a little while. I shall go down to-morrow or next day to prepare; and God bless you till our meeting.

“Your affectionate

“P. B. V. BROKE.”