

Nelson, and not Nelson himself ever showed more courage or conduct than Sir Thomas in that action. He made us all lie down beside our guns, and steered us, without firing a shot, into the very thickest of the fight; and when we did open, masters, every broadside told with fearful effect. I never saw a man issue his commands with more coolness or self-possession.

“There are none of our continental neighbors who make better seamen, or who fight more doggedly, than the Dutch. We were in a blaze of flame for four hours. Our rigging was slashed to pieces, and two of our ports were actually knocked into one. There was one fierce, ill-natured Dutchman, in particular, — a fellow as black as night, without so much as a speck of paint or gilding about him, save that he had a red lion on the prow, — that fought us as long as he had a spar standing; and when he struck at last, fully one half the crew lay either dead or wounded on the decks, and all his scupper-holes were running blood as freely as ever they had done water at a deck-washing. The Bedford suffered nearly as severely. It is not in the heat of action that we can reckon on the loss we sustain. I saw my comrades falling around me, — falling by the terrible cannon-shot as they came crashing in through our sides; I felt, too, that our gun wrought more heavily as our numbers were thinning around it; and at times, when some sweeping chain-shot or fatal splinter laid open before me those horrible mysteries of the inner man which nature so sedulously conceals, I was conscious of a momentary feeling of dread and horror. But in the prevailing mood, an unthinking anger, a dire thirsting after revenge, a dogged, unyielding firmness, were the chief ingredients. I strained every muscle and sinew; and, amid the smoke and the thunder and the