

concentration of power over the scattered weight of the American metal—the gathering of his long guns on the large ships as well—became apparent. For the *Lawrence* was about as near to the *Hunter* and the *Queen Charlotte* as she was to the *Detroit*, and all three of these ships concentrated their fire upon her, while Perry made sail to close in on the *Detroit*. Even the *Lady Prevost* was able to reach out with her three long guns to tear the life out of the Yankee flagship.

“How long could the American commander and his ship stand such pelting as that? For more than two hours. At noon his short guns were still unable to reach the *Detroit*, and he passed the word by trumpet down his line ordering all the vessels to close as rapidly as possible with the enemy’s to which they had been assigned. Every vessel got this order—Elliott, on the *Niagara*, himself passed it—and every officer except Elliott obeyed it as well as the faint wind would permit.

“But as the Americans closed in the three British ships—the *Detroit*, the *Hunter*, and the *Queen Charlotte*—formed a crescent around one side and the stern of the American flag-ship, the *Hunter* taking a place where she could fairly rake the *Lawrence* aft and fore, and the *Lawrence* was supported only by the *Ariel* and the *Scorpion*. There were but seven long guns on the three American vessels actually engaged, to thirty-two on the British vessels that were pelting the Yankee flag-ship. But in spite of such hopeless odds, Perry drove his ship into the thick of it until within half a musket-shot of the *Detroit*, and there worked his guns, both long and short, for life.

“As he stood on the quarter-deck, cheering his men, his little brother of thirteen stood beside him, wholly undismayed. The balls came crashing through the bulwarks, hurling unfortunates as mangled corpses across the deck, and driving the radiating splinters like jagged arrows into those who stood near by. The blood of wounded and dead splashed and flowed across the deck. The men pushed aside the limbs and dismembered bodies of their shipmates when working the guns. The surgeons’ assistants hurried to and fro, carrying the wounded below, while here and there a wounded man with bandage on his head or shoulder comes up to take again his station. The roar was incessant, the air a grimy cloud filled with the *débris* of splintered bulwarks and spars and shredded sails and hammocks, and of the down of cat-tails that the crew had gathered and stowed with the hammocks in the bulwarks.

“Lieutenant Yarnall, the executive officer, came aft, his face covered with blood and his nose swelled enormously because a splinter had been driven through it.

“‘All the officers in my division are cut down,’ he said. ‘Can I have others?’

“He got others, and went forward. Two musket-balls passed through the