

V E R S E S
ON THE LATE VICTORY, OBTAINED BY
ADMIRAL DUNCAN
OVER THE
DUTCH FLEET;

The 11th of OCTOBER, 1797.

BY P. B. M. DURHAM.

MY Muse to, high exploits, unus'd to sing,
In DUNCAN's praise, expands her feeble
wing;
Lowly begins her note, in hopes to soar,
O'er space immense, to ocean's farthest shore,
To tell the world, BATAVIA's pride 's no more.

Now bounteous Ceres, with unsparing hand,
Had blest the swains, throughout *Britannia's*
land;
Long had brave DUNCAN, watch'd the hostile
coast,
His strong desire, of an engagement, crost;
For many galling months, their navy lay,
Supine in port, nor dar'd the *glorious day!*
'Till the Convention, in an evil hour,
Order'd DE WINTER, to exert his power.
He who in arms, had never known to fear,
By some strange foresight, saw their ruin near;
But still collected, drew out all his force,
And for our shore, he shap'd his steady course.
Our ships resitting, heard the news with joy,
And straight to meet the foe, all hands employ;
Soon ready for the sea, each sail they spread,
'The vanguard, was by watchful TROLLOPE led!
His ship the *Rassel*, first descri'd the foe,
Drawn in a line, their tack on larboard bow.
Brave DUNCAN then, the signal made for fight,
To break their line, and to prevent their flight;
Bold ONSLOW, well the signal understood,
Who in the rear, soon made his efforts good.

Each gallant ship, then gain'd the like success,
And on the foe, with utmost ardour press;
Cut off from land, they boldly meet our fire,
And their brave leaders, all their men inspire.
Long the fight lasted, with unceasing rage,
Skilful DE WINTER, DUNCAN did engage!
'Till half his men, and all his masts were lost,
Undauntedly, he kept his dreadful post.
His deck was clear'd, unhurt himself alone,
His hopes, but not his courage, now were gone!
Nor did he strike, 'till a fresh ship was near,
When a deep sigh, just stopp'd a falling tear;
Then nobly yielded, to his adverse fate,
And was, to gallant DUNCAN, row'd in state.
Meanwhile fierce ONSLOW, raged in the rear,
And two Vice Admirals, on his deck appear:
Long they return'd, our dreadful broadsides close,
And mouth to mouth, th' artillery oppose.
Their broad decks swam, with mingled brains and
blood,
The ship's tall main mast, dipp'd the briny flood.
To ONSLOW then, they fell an easy prey,
A well earn'd prize for such a hard fought day;
Nine other ships, their leaders fate partake,
And each are tow'd, in their opponent's wake.
BATAVIA, now your fraud and treachery, mourn,
Your pride is gone, ah! never to return:
Ye *Frenchmen*, HOWE victorious you've known.
Ye *Spaniards*, JERVIS mark'd you for his own
Be wise in time, list when *Britannia* calls,
She trusts for conquest to her WOODEN WALLS.

