

firing their Stern Chace, and the Frigates sometimes raking fore and aft, annoyed me pretty much; but retarded their Way so much, that I got up with my Bow-sprit almost over the Florissant's Stern. Finding I could not bring him to a general Action, I gave the Buckingham a Yaw under his Lee, and gave him a noble Dose of Great Guns and Small Arms, at about the Distance of Half Musket Shot, which he soon after returned, and damaged my Rigging, Masts, and Sails, pretty much. The largest Frigate being very troublesome, I gave him a Few of my lower Deck Pills, and fate him a Scouting like a lusty Fellow, and he never returned to the Action again. The Florissant likewise bore away, by which Means he got under my Lee, and exchanged three or four Broad-sides, (he endeavouring to keep at a Distance from me) which killed and wounded some of my Men; and I presume we did them as much Damage, as our Men were very cool, took good Aim, were under very good Discipline, and fought with a true English Spirit.

An unlucky Broad-side from the French made some Slaughter on my Quarter Deck, in which I got wounded, losing three Fingers of my Right Hand, and a small Wound over my Right Eye, which, by the Effusion of Blood, blinded me for a little while: I at the same Time got several Contusions over my Body by Splinters; but I recovered immediately, and would not go off the Deck till the Loss of Blood began to weaken me. The Master and Lieutenant of Marines got dangerously wounded at the same Time.

I called to my People to stand by and do their Duty, which they promised with the greatest Cheerfulness. I just ran down, and got the Blood stopped, and ran upon Deck again; but finding the straining made my Wounds bleed afresh, I sent for my First Lieutenant, and told him to take the Command of the Deck for a while. He answered me, that he would, and run along side the Florissant, Yard-arm and Yard-arm, and fight to the last Gasp; upon which I made a Speech to the Men, exhorting them to do their utmost, which they cheerfully promised, and gave three Cheers.

I went down a second Time much more easy than before. Poor Mr. Marshall was as good as his Word, he got aboard and board with the Florissant, and received a Broad-side from her, which killed him as he was encouraging the Men; and thus he died, an Honor to his Country, and the Service. The second Lieutenant then came upon Deck, and fought the Ship bravely, Yard-arm and Yard-arm. We silenced the Florissant for some Time, upon which she hauled down her Colours, and after that, fired about Eleven of her lower Tier, and gave us a Volley of small Arms, which our People returned with great Fury, giving her three Broad-sides, she not returning even a single Gun. Captain Troy, at the same Time, at the Head of his Marines, performed the Service of a brave and gallant Officer, cleared her Poop and Quarter Deck, and drove her Men-like Sheep down upon their Main Deck. Our Top-men were not idle, they plying their Hand-Grenades and Swivels to excellent Purpose. It is impossible to describe the Uproar and Confusion the French were in.

It being now dark, and we having every Bit of Rigging in the Ship shot away, the see-

ing our Condition, took the Opportunity, fat her Fore-sail and Top-gallant Sails, and ran away. We endeavoured to pursue her with what Rags of Sails we had left, but to no Purpose. Thus we lost one of the finest Two-deck Ships my Eyes ever beheld.

I cannot give too great Encomiums on the People and Officers Behaviour, and I hope you will strenuously recommend my Officers to the Lords of the Admiralty, as they richly deserve their Favor. Notwithstanding the great Fatigue the Ship's Company had had all Day, they cheerfully stayed up all Night, knotting and splicing the Rigging, and bending the Sails.

I flatter myself, when you reflect, that one of the Ships of your Squadron, with no more than 65 Guns (as you know some of our Guns were disabled last January, and not supplied) and but 472 well Men at Quarters, should beat Three French Men of War, One of 74 Guns, and 700 Men, another of 38 Guns, and 350 Men, and one of 28 Guns, and 250 Men. If we had had the good Luck to join the Bristol, it would have crowned all.

Captain Boles being on board the Buckingham, I gave him Directions to go down and superintend the lower Deck, which he performed with great Alacrity.

As we have been so greatly damaged in our Masts, Yards, Sails and Rigging, particularly our Masts, I thought proper to send the Carpenter of the Buckingham, as he can better give you an Account by Word of Mouth, of what Fishes we shall want, than many Words of my writing.

Before I conclude, I cannot help representing to you the inhuman, ungenerous and barbarous Behaviour of the French during the Action. No rascally Piccaroon, or Pirate, could have fired worse Stuff into us than they did, such as square Bits of Iron, old rusty Nails, and, in short, every Thing that could tend to the Destruction of Men; a Specimen of which, please God, I shall produce to you upon my Arrival.

I send you inclosed, a List of the Slain and Wounded.

An Account of the Number of Officers, Seamen, and Marines, killed and wounded on Board His Majesty's Ship Buckingham, Capt. Richard Tyrrell, Commander, in an Engagement with three French Men of War, viz. the Florissant of 74 Guns, and two Frigates, one of 38, and the other of 28 Guns, the 3d of November 1758.

|                   | Killed. | Much wounded. | Slightly wounded. | Died of their Wounds. |
|-------------------|---------|---------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Officers, _____   | 1       | 3             | —                 | —                     |
| Midshipmen, _____ | —       | —             | 2                 | 1                     |
| Seamen, _____     | 5       | 9             | 26                | 1                     |
| Marines, _____    | 1       | 3             | 3                 | —                     |

N. B. The Officer killed, was, Mr. George Marshall, First Lieutenant; and The Officers wounded, were, Capt. Tyrrell, Mr. Matthew Win'erborne, Master; and Mr. Harris, Lieutenant of Marines.

*Admiralty*