

that she could intercept our retreat. She then began to make sail and gave us chase. We had a fresh breeze and were running almost before the wind ; the masts and spars of each vessel would about bear all we could crowd upon them. It was an eventful period with us, for we saw that she was determined to come up with us, and we had every reason to believe she was an enemy, and that she had too many guns for us. I presume there never was a fairer chase. I do not now record the distance from Guadaloupe to Montserrat, but be it more or less she chased us from one island even into the harbor of the other. The chase continued from 8 or 9 in the morning until 3 or 4 P.M.

“ Our pursuer was the brig *Bee*, mounting sixteen guns, and reputed a very fast sailer. She was within a mile of us when the chase began, and after having chased us several hours a heavy squall in which she was obliged to douse a considerable number of her sails, brought her within forty rods, yet she did not fire a gun. We had as many hands—eighteen—as was necessary to work our vessel, and I question whether there was ever a vessel worked in a more masterly manner. The same squall which struck the *Bee* in turn struck us also, but we having had opportunity to observe its weight and effect upon the privateer were better prepared for it. We being in complete readiness, every man having a perfect knowledge of his business, we took in our studding-sails, clewed up our top-gallant sails and let run our topsails, jib, and staysails, and immediately commenced setting them again. The *Scorpion* now left the *Bee* as fast as the *Bee* had gained on the *Scorpion* in the time of the squall. The *Bee*, notwithstanding, hurriedly continued even into the harbor of Montserrat. The *Bee* kept French colors flying